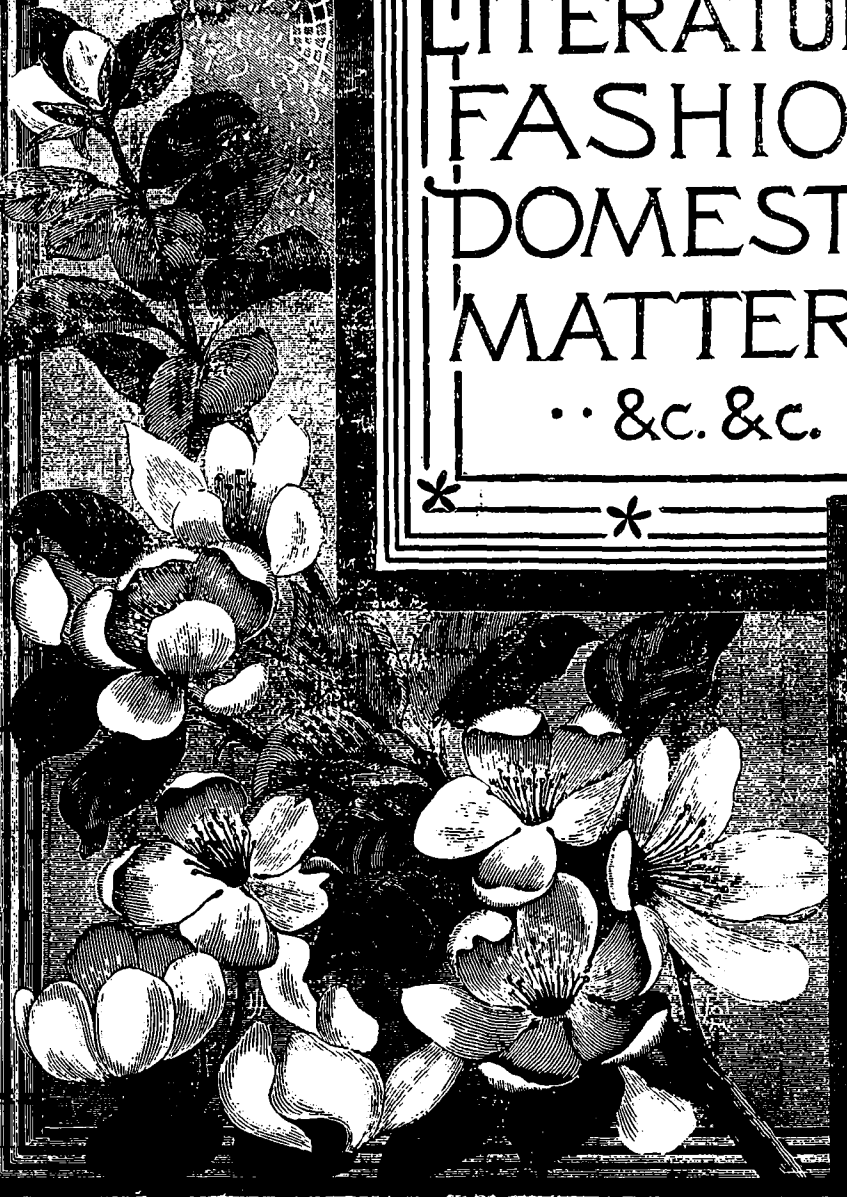


# LADIES' JOURNAL

DEVOTED TO  
LITERATURE  
FASHION,  
DOMESTIC  
MATTERS,  
.. &c. &c.



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OCTOBER, 1891.

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# THE LADIES' JOURNAL

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## A THWARTED REVENGE.

A ROMANCE OF THE GOLD FIELDS.

BY JOHN C. COLLIER.

I

"I tell you, boys," said old Saul looking keenly into the depths of the pan which he had been dexterously twisting—"I tell you there ain't the colour of gold in this 'ere claim now. I guess it's played out." And he angrily tossed the worthless mud and dirt from his pan, and flung the latter down by his side.

The rest of us laid down our tools and looked blankly at the speaker.

"No," he went on, removing his pipe from his lips; "not even the colour of gold. I reckon we'd better shift elsewhere straight away. Wat's the good of hanging around here?"

"No good at all," agreed Pete—"no good at all. We can't live on sand," looking at the long stretch of barren waste about us. "Nor"—pointing to a great reef of bare rocks a few yards off—"nor on stones."

Old Saul nodded his head sagely.

"What I ses is"—put in another of our party—"what I ses is just what Saul ses. Let's hump our swags."

"Well," I began, when a melodious voice interrupted me:

"Good morning, *Camaradocs*. What luck?" it said.

I looked up in surprise, and the speaker, a tall handsome Spaniard, nodded pleasantly to me.

"Ah," he asked, turning to Saul, "a new chum, eh?"

"Yes," Saul grunted; "only been with us a week."

"So?" the man shrugged his shoulders, "and tired already, my friend?"

"No, not tired," I answered; "but disheartened."

"Why?"

"Why?" broke in Saul; "so'd anybody be. Never the color o' gold, and work, work, work, 'till the sweat runs o' yer 'eels, and not a peg for it. It ain't all dinkum with us, sicknor."

Again the Spaniard shrugged his shoulders, and then, with a smile he passed on.

"Who's that toff?" I asked as soon as he was out of earshot.

"Oh," and one of the diggers laughed. "I don't know who he is, but I know who he reckons he is. Guess he thinks he's the boss, and is running this field on his own hook."

"That sort, eh?" and I elevated my eyebrows.

"Aye. He does give hisself a few airs. He's a hanging arter old Anstill's darter they say."

"She's far too good for the likes of him," I cried hotly.

A general laugh was raised by my chums at my expense. Although I had only been on Crooked Creek gold field for a week my heart for six days out of seven had been enslaved by her charms.

As far as I could prevent it, I determined that the Spaniard should never win her.

I stood looking after the foreigner until an intervening shingle shanty shut him from view; and then, with a sigh, I picked up my pick and listlessly stuck it into a tuft of coarse, wiry, grass near.

Old Saul laughed.

"Never mind, chum," he chuckled, "the greaser's got the running now—cos why? He's got the nickers. It's no good o' a man a-sticking his cap to 'rds Ida Anstill without them. D'ye see?" and he gave a savage kick at the pan which sent it clanging and banging twenty or thirty yards off.

"Never mind, Saul," cried Pete, as he

quietly gathered his mining implements together; "we must go on the Wallaby track agin, that's all. Mobbe we'll strike it rich nex' time."

The others, following Pete's example, commenced arranging their swags preparatory to strapping them upon their backs. Then Pete turned to me:

"Come on, Cockney," he laughed; "hump yer swag. Let's prospect a little higher up country. This field's a goner. Ther' ain't a sprat's worth o' washin' in it."

I looked about me. All around me, with the exception of the rock before mentioned, stretched the great sandy waste, glittering beneath the blinding glare of the sun. Here and there about were dotted the shanties—rough, wooden affairs—and ragged tents of the miners. Away on a slight incline behind me a few huts and dumpies—dignified by the title of a "mining settlement"—clustered together, and in the very midst stood the long, low, whitewashed shed, known as Anstill's store.

"Come on, Cockney," said Pete, as he hurled a tuft of wiry grass into the crooked yellow stream which gave the gold field its name; "pack up yer swag if you're coming with us."

I looked toward the store again, and in a moment I decided to stay where I was, be my luck what it would.

"I shall stop here a little longer," I answered.

My chums burst into hoarse peals of laughter.

"My eye!" Saul shrieked, "Cockney's fair struck this time!"

"What do you mean?"

"What does we mean, pards? What does we mean? Ha! ha! That's prime! Just as if we ain't bin over the same ground ourselves! Mobbe we ain't bin struck wi' a pair o' peerty blue eyes. Mobbe we has, eh? Why, love yer, it's as plain as yer face, Cockney, and, hivin' knows, that's plain enough. When's the weddin' caids a-goin' ter be issoced. Mobbe we'll git our dress soots ready."

I did not reply, and after the boys had laughed themselves hoarse, Pete said:

"Never mind Cockney, we knows yer secret. Miss Anstill's hit yer hard, I know, and we wishes yer luck."

Saul stretched out a horny hand to me.

"Shake," he said, "good luck to ye. Cut the greaser out. As the poetes ses, 'Adoo.'"

I clasped his extended hand and wrung it cordially. Then the rest of them came round, and I shook hands with each.

Then with their last wishes for "good luck," and Peter's advice to "keep my eye on the Spaniard" ringing in my ears, I stood and watched them as—with their "swags" neatly folded on their backs, and their "billies" in their hands—they slouched in a gloomy, dejected fashion, through the one straggling street of the town, and set off across the sands.

Then, with another sigh, and a glance towards the store, I turned, and striking my pick into the ground commenced to tear up the dirt and soil at my feet.

I cannot tell how it all happened—it seemed more like a dream. All that I know is—that when I ceased tilling and twisting my pan, and looked at the residuum from which the water had drained, all that I know is that I saw—gold!

I dug and delved like mad after that, and at every washing the precious metal seemed more plentiful. I kept on into the night, and then, at last utterly worn and weary, I looked up to the full southern moon, and realised that I had "struck it rich," and that Ida Anstill might—now that I was on the road to wealth—yet be mine. I had only one regret—that

my chums, even then tramping dejectedly along somewhere in the solitude, were not with me to share my luck.

During the next few days I worked hard with pick and pan, keeping the knowledge of my good fortune to myself, and every evening burying the day's findings in a quiet corner of my hut.

Only once, since my chum's departure had I seen the Spaniard, and then, with a mere nod, he had passed me, without apparently noticing that I was alone, or that my companions had left me.

One night, after a rapid and rough calculation of my buried treasure—a calculation which afforded me the pleasant knowledge that I was a tolerably rich man—I went for a quiet ramble across the still heated sandy fields.

The moon was at the full, and all things were as though lying in a bath of silver. Finally I turned my footsteps in the direction of the rocks, and, clambering up their rugged face, I flung myself down in a small hollow, leant back, and gave myself up entirely to thinking, and the quiet enjoyment of my beloved pipe.

From thing to thing my thoughts went flitting. Now I was back in the diamond mines at Kimberley—which I had only left behind me a few weeks previous—and then I was amongst my relations in dear, dirty London. But each time, by some strange force, not wholly unexplainable, my thoughts again reverted to the sweet face and lovely eyes of Ida.

Although I had never spoken above a dozen words to her, I was hopelessly—no, not quite hopelessly—in love with her. She, probably, had never given a second thought to me, and yet I—

What was that? Something—I could not tell what—suddenly broke in on my musings and, with a start, I was recalled to myself. I sat up and listened.

There it was again, and in a moment I was scrambling madly over the rocks, towards the road that wound between them.

"Help! Help! Help!"

It was a woman's voice, and I scrambled madly on. Then at last, with a quiet "Thank Heaven!" I dropped into the road.

It was so dark there, being bordered by rocks on either side, that I could not distinguish anything. Again I listened—straining my ears in the endeavour to hear what my eyes could not see.

A faint rustling on my right made me turn in that direction, and then again the woman shrieked.

In a moment I recognised the voice, and my heart seemed to cease its beating. It was Ida's.

"Help! help!" she shrieked again.

"Roderigues, you cur you—"

"Silence," another voice cried. "You she-cat, you vixen, be silent!"

"Where are you? Where are you!" I shouted, running over in the direction of the voices. "Help is here! It is I! Cockney! Miss Anstill!"

The sound of scuffling increased, and I heard a faint gurgling, followed by an angry voice, saying:

"You will have the whole colony here, and I—Ah!"

In the blackness I managed to grip the man's collar, and I forcibly tore him away from the girl.

"Run! Run, Miss Anstill!" I shouted. "He shall not hurt you now!"

The pattering of feet followed, and I knew that the girl had followed my instructions, and running her hardest towards the end of the rock shadowed road.

Then the fellow whom I was holding engaged all my attention. The way he struggled and swore was something awful. From side to side he swayed; he endeavoured to tear himself from me, and I endeavouring to

hold him; and at last, by some mischance, I was thrown. The fellow broke away from me and tore his hardest after the girl. In a moment I was on my feet again, and after him.

At the end of the road I could discern a strip of moon-whitened waste beyond, and already I could see the form of Miss Anstill's flying figure standing out like a silhouette against it.

I breathed a sigh of relief; another moment and she would be out in the full flood of the moonlight and comparatively safe.

But still I ran on—and then, before I could stay my course, a pair of strong, muscular arms encompassed me.

"So," a voice hissed, and the speaker's breath came hot on my cheek, "So, Cockney, you would interfere with a gentleman's love-making?"

My blood rose to fever heat, and went bubbling through my veins.

"You cur, to insult a woman," said struggling to free myself. "Let me go!"

The Spaniard laughed hoarsely.

"You have thwarted me this time!" he cried, "but you shall not do so again. I will kill you!"

He loosened me somewhat, as he put his hand down to draw his knife, and in that instant I tore myself free.

Even as his knife glistened in the air, I sprang forward, and, launching out, dealt a terrific blow at his handsome face. By the terrible oath that followed, and the pain in my knuckles, I knew that my blow had gone home.

"Maledicta!" the man hissed; "You English dog. I will kill you."

He rushed towards me, and again I sprang aside and launched out.

So the unequal fight went on in the gloom; but at last, the Spaniard, apparently tired of it, for, with a last threat, he suddenly turned and fled.

III

Although I did not mention a word to any of the men on the diggings regarding the foregoing incident, it by some means—probably through Miss Anstill—became public property.

About noon, on the following day, the Spaniard sauntered up to my claim, and, with his hands in his pockets, watched me at work for awhile.

At last I ceased in my labours, and, leaning on my pick handle, I returned his look.

"Well, what do you want?" I asked.

The man's dark face flashed angrily.

"What?" he asked, "What is to prevent me shooting you where you stand?"

I rapidly slid my disengaged hand round to my hip pocket.

"Want of pluck, and fear of the sheriff's rope," I answered.

"Ha! Would you insult me?" The Spaniard snarled, and half-drew one of his hands from his pocket.

But I had him covered: as quick as a flash my revolver was out.

"Not this time, Roderigues," I laughed. "Put your hand back."

With an oath the Spaniard replaced his hand.

"You have the drop on me this time," he cried. "I didn't know you were armed."

"You see I am," I answered. "After that little affair last night I decided to be prepared for you."

"Never fear!" Roderigues shrugged his shoulders. "I shall not be hereabouts now; you—and that finicky wench—are too much for me."

I gave vent to a thoroughly English "Hurrah!"

"Yes," the Spaniard went on, "and if it will do you any good, I will tell you why. The men have given me two hours to clear



**The English Park Fawn.**

"*Defence de chasser*" is probably the origin of the ancient term of venery which heads the notices during May and June at the gates of the Royal deer-parks, requesting that during the "fence months" visitors will prevent their dogs from disturbing the deer. It is reasonable that the respite formerly granted from the persecution of the hunter, should still be enforced to secure the deer from the yelping terriers of thoughtless London, for it is in the months of May and June that the fawns of both the red and fallow deer are born. In June, when Richmond Park is in its fullest sylvan beauty, and the young fern is up, the three main herds into which these seventeen hundred head of deer in the park usually divide, are broken up. The stags have shed their horns, and steal away in small parties into the quiet parts of the park until their new antlers are grown, and the does and hinds are severally occupied in the most anxious care of their fawns. It is not until some weeks after their birth that these beautiful little creatures are seen in any number by the chance visitor to the park. Though both the red and fallow fawns can follow their hinds within a few minutes of their birth, the careful mothers hide them in the tall fern or patches of rushes and nettles, and it is only the older fawns that are seen lying in the open ground or trotting with the herds. When the fawn is born the mother gently pushes it with her nose until it lies down in the fern, and then goes away and watches from a distance, only returning at intervals to feed it, or, if the wind changes or rain threatens, to draw it away to more sheltered ground. They are not only most affectionate, but also most courageous mothers. Not long ago, a carriage was being driven along the road which skirts the wooded hill upon which the White Lodge stands. There is a considerable space of flat, open ground between the wood and the road; but a young red deer hind which was watching her first calf was so excited by the barking of a collie dog which accompanied the carriage, that she ran down the hill and attacked and wounded the dog with her forefeet, until she drove it for refuge under the carriage. As she continued to harry the road, the carriage was turned round and driven back, but was all the way followed by the hind until it left the park by the Robin Hood Gate. Gilbert White mentions a similar attack made on a dog in defence of her fawn by one of the half wild hinds in Wolmer Forest. "Some fellows," he writes, "suspecting that a calf new-fallen was deposited in a certain spot of thick fern, went with a lurcher to surprise it, when the parent-hind rushed out of the break, and taking a vast spring, with all her feet close together, pitched upon the neck of the dog, and broke it!"

The oak-grove upon the sides, and the thick fern upon the flat top of the White Lodge Hill, are the most likely spots in which to find the hidden fawns. The red-deer seem to prefer the patches of tall rushes which grow among the oaks; and the fallow, the thicker shelter of the fern. There are also tall nettle-beds round the enclosure, in which the deer are fed in the winter, and where in summer lumps of rock-salt are laid for them to lick. These uninviting nettle-beds are, strange to say, favorite *lacettes* with the fallow hinds, and in them the writer has more than once found a sleeping fawn. It would be difficult to see a prettier picture of young sylvan life than a red deer fawn lying in one of the patches of rushes among the oaks. Unlike the full grown red deer, the fawns are beautifully spotted with white, and the color of the coat is a bright tan, matching the dead oak leaves which are piled among the rushes. If the spectator approaches from the leeward side, he may come within a few feet of the fawn, which lies curled up, with its head resting on its flank. Presently it raises its head, and looks at its visitor with grave, wide open eyes, and if not disturbed, will go to sleep again. Otherwise it bounds up and is at once joined by the mother, who has been standing "afar off to wit what would be done to him." As the hind and fawn trot away side by side, the greater grace of the young animal is at once apparent. The head is smaller, the neck and back straighter, and the ears shorter in the fawn, and the eye is larger and even more dark and gentle. The fawns of the fallow deer are quite as distinct in appearance from those of the red deer as are the full-grown animals of either kind, both in color and shape. There are three varieties of fallow-deer, and though these are often members of the same herd, the fawns of each seem generally to retain the color of the mother, the dark, mouse-colored hinds having dark fawns, the white hinds cream-colored fawns, while the young of the common spotted variety are white, mottled with light-fawn color, which gradually takes later

the dappled hue of the parent-hind. Occasionally a very light fawn may be seen, which is probably a cross between the white and dappled varieties. But none of the fallow deer fawns have the grace of the red-deer calf; they are less deer-like, and, in some respects, especially by their long, thick legs, they suggest a week-old lamb; while the head is more rounded, and the muzzle less pointed than in the red-deer. They seem to leave the fern and join their mothers earlier than their larger cousins, and are shyer and less easy of approach,—a wildness which seems difficult to account for in the young of a species which has been domesticated for so many centuries. In order to approach them nearly, it is as well to take the precaution of walking up from the leeward side. Even park deer seldom become wholly indifferent to the scent of man; a score of hinds and fawns may be lying scattered under the oaks on the hill-side during a hot June day, enjoying the breeze and shade, and plainly unwilling to move. Yet if a stranger pass to windward of them, they will all rise, and when he comes in sight, move off to a distance. So when in the winter, the keeper whom they know brings the hay to their feeding enclosure, they will scent him from a distance, and gather round the feeding-pen almost like cattle, some even venturing to pick up the hay as he throws it from the fork. But if a stranger be with him, not a deer will enter the enclosure, and few will appear in sight. Like wild deer, they seem to have greater mistrust of the danger which they can scent than of any object which they can see.

At the end of summer, when the fawns are weaned and the stags have grown their antlers, the herds re-unite, and in September the battles begin among the stags for the mastery of the greatest number of hinds. Then among the oaks of Richmond Park there are forerunners of the fights between the stags which are seen a month later on the Scotch mountains. The writer once witnessed a struggle of the kind, when belated in Richmond Park, about 9 o'clock on a moonlight night in September. The moon was up over the Wimbledon hills, and the scene near the pool by the Sheen Gate was beautiful, and he sat down by a tree to watch the night. In a few minutes a stag came up to the pool and challenged, and was answered by another from the valley, which soon trotted up to the other side of the pond. In a few minutes they charged, and the crash of horns was loud and startling in the still autumn night. After a long scuffle the newcomer was defeated and chased down the slope towards the brook. It is on the flats by the brook between the Roehampton and Robin Hood Gates that the most formidable battles usually take place. A large stag generally takes possession of the ground on either side of the stream, and any invasion of their territory is so keenly resented that the keeper of the Roehampton Lodge has occasionally preferred to make a very wide circuit by the southern path to crossing the small bridge that leads directly over the brook to his usual beat in the park. When a stag is seen to put out his tongue and let it play rapidly round his lips, it is safe to infer that his temper is dangerous, and in that case it is always well to avoid disturbing the hinds. When the red-deer stag reach a certain size they are removed from Richmond and placed in Windsor Park, for greater safety to the public. There, in September, the writer has seen as many as eighty hinds kept in sole possession by a single stag. At Richmond there are no such predominant masters of the herd, but no one can return from a day spent in observing them without feeling grateful to those who prevented the park being turned into a vast volunteer camp during the "female months."—[London Spectator.

When you have spilled anything on the stove, or milk has boiled over and a suffocating smoke arises, sprinkle the spot with salt and it will disappear immediately.

The Washington correspondent of the *Globe*, after warning the public against supposing that all the experiments now being made by the Navy Department are with plates made of nickel steel, and pointing out that the purpose of the department is to experiment with all plates that seem available and appear to be at all adapted to the purpose, says: "Thus far the plates from Canadian nickel have given most satisfaction." This will be welcome news to Canadians, who have just now more nickel than they know what to do with. Should future experiments confirm the trials already made, it is certain that a great impetus will be given to the Canadian industry.

**The Ideal Pastor.**

Clergyman and the relations that exists between them and the people of their congregations has always been a fruitful subject for discourse, and wide apart have been the opinions of writers in all ages. The chief point of contention has been as to whether the ministers should confine their labors to the spiritual, or whether they should go beyond and interest themselves in the temporal welfare of their people.

The Rev. Dr. Hermau Adler is out with an article on "The Ideal Jewish Pastor," and he offers some suggestions that have a direct bearing to the minister of creed. Dr. Adler says: "It has been truly said that the worth of a man in relation to his fellows depends upon the ideal which he cherishes. A pastor to do his duty must ever meditate but he must not judge of events and decide upon his course of action with the assumption of sacerdotal infallibility. He must humbly bring the cause before God, so that striving for the divine light he will not be wise in his own conceit; before him who is the son of righteousness so that despising the soft flatteries of an easy popularity, he will consider not what will be the easiest and pleasantest policy, but what line of action will stand the scrutiny of heaven; before him who is the God of mercy and loving kindness, so that the poor and oppressed will confidently look to him for help and for defence; before him who worketh great things, so that he will not fold his hands in idleness, but will be forever striving and toiling, acknowledging no master above him save the Lord his God.

"Momentous and paramount as are the spiritual interests of his flock, he will not confine his activity to these, but devote much anxious thought to their temporal condition. His sympathies and his energies will not be pent up within the narrow limits of his own parastate, but will extend far beyond to the lot of his brethren in countries afar off. Imbued as he is with a fervent love for his country, he will work with gladsome energy in every cause that tend to add to his country's welfare and alleviate the miseries of his fellow-men.

"But it is to the spiritual claims of his flocks that the ideal pastor will devote his chief solicitude. He will watch over God's house, imbued with the anxious desire that the divine service held within its walls shall enable the worshiper to realize the lofty ends to which his communion with his father in heaven shall serve, to purify, to consecrate, and to elevate to a higher plane his life outside the church. He will therefore strive that every service be characterized by dignity and reverence, by fervor and devotion. He will teach that a mere blind and mechanical fulfillment of priestly ordinances will not be acceptable in the eyes of the supreme, unless they serve as a stimulus to a higher life—a life of self-control and abstinence, a life of uprightness and integrity.

"The cause of the children he will most earnestly bear in his heart, eagerly solicitous, that they may be won for God and his law. To attain this end he will watch over the schools that they may ever remain nurseries of genuine piety and sterling virtue. Nor in his care for the children of the poor will he be unmindful of the sons and daughters of the leisured classes, who stand in need, not less, but rather more urgently, of the wise and wholesome restraints of religion. His care will not be confined to the young during the brief period of schooling. He will watch over the pupils at that critical period when they are launched upon the world with all its lures and enticements, endeavoring still to instruct, to guide, to mold.

"He will rally round the poor and uncultured, sympathizing with them in their struggles, mitigating their troubles, and advising them in their perplexities. Nor will he hold aloof from those who are accounted the spoiled children of fortune, but seek to shame them out of their wasteful luxury and hard selfishness.

"And thus in accordance with the scriptures he will be at one and the same time a shepherd and a watchman. A shepherd who goes out before his flock; a leader, not one who allows himself to be swayed by every passing wind of doctrine; a man of tender heart who guides his sheep to green pastures and cooling streams, carrying the young, the weary, and the footsore in his arms. And a watchman, a sentinel standing on the lofty tower, patrolling the battlements, ever alert with eye and ear, a vigilant guardian of the citadel of religion and morality against the surprise of every foe; to spread the knowledge of the unity of God, the supremacy of virtue, and the brotherhood of man."

These are the requirements that Dr. Adler considers necessary for the making of a true Jewish pastor; and it would seem that his

words may be fittingly applied to the candidate who essays to preach the doctrine of any religion upon earth.

**The Coming Woman.**

"What will the coming woman do  
To plague, perplex and interfere with us?  
Will she forbid the festive chow  
And cuspidors for acres dear with us?  
Will she invade with uplifted nose  
Retreats where female foot no'er went till late  
Barroom cosy and courtroom close,  
And force reluctant man to ventilate?"  
Brother, and so I hear.

"Will the dear haunts where manhood played  
At euchre bold and frisky seven-up—  
Haunts where so oft our reasons strayed—  
To conversation tens be given up?  
Must we then, all go home to dine?  
And must a friend in sode pledge his mate?  
How shall the coming man get wino  
At all, if she's allowed to legislate?"  
Brother, the case looks queer.

"Speak, O friend! has the woman's sphere  
The soft-soap rainbow sphere we kept her in,  
Just and vanished, and left her here  
With the world afloat to wield her sceptre in  
Is she up to our little game?  
And can she blind us, in reality,  
Down to the precepts, much too tame,  
We've preached to her for pure morality?"  
Brother, the worst I fear.

"Friend of my youth, I can no more.  
O fly with me this land iniquitous.  
Nay, for I see, from shore to shore  
The enfranchised female rise ubiquitous  
Partner in purse she'll claim to be,  
Logic of business she'll outwit us in;  
Lost from life is the dead late-key,  
And lost from earth the white male citizen!"  
Brother, the end is near.

**The Emperor's Broken Knee.**

The French papers have been printing all kinds of stories about the Emperor of Germany, one avowing that he was drunk when he injured his knee-cap recently, but the following told by *Paris Eclair* eclipses them all:

On the night following the departure of the Imperial yacht Hohenzollern from England the crew was beaten to quarters and was surprised to find the quarter-deck brilliantly illuminated. An altar had been erected on the deck bearing the Old and New Testaments and the Kaiser stood by, wearing a white chasuble with a crozier in his hand and a black and white mitre on his head. He read the most warlike passages from the Testaments and invited the crew to respond. He then preached a long sermon on the duty of sovereigns to their people, the whole service lasting from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m. The crew was then piped together. At 5 a.m. the Kaiser appeared on the bridge in the uniform of a high admiral, looking extremely haggard, and, addressing the commander, said: "Sir, retire to your cabin; I shall take charge."

The commander replied: "Sire, permit me to observe that we are in a dangerous passage and that it is advisable for your Majesty's safety, as well as for that of the crew, that a sailor remain in command."

The Emperor responded: "Never mind, God will inspire me."

The commander bowed and retired. The second officer remaining, the Emperor angrily bade him retire, the officer respectfully protesting.

The Emperor then said: "You resist, wretched creature! You trouble the spirit of God which is in me. This is the vengeance of God upon you!" dealing the officer a heavy blow on the cheek.

The officer turned crimson, but remained until the Emperor seized him by the throat and tried to throw him overboard. In the struggle that followed the Emperor fell and broke his knee cap.

The sailors watched the scene, paralyzed with fear. The occurrence was one that cannot be forgotten. The Emperor howled with pain, his eyes started from their sockets, he foamed at the mouth, he swore terribly, and in fact displayed all the symptoms of madness. The officers, after a brief consultation, carried him into a cabin padded with mattresses. Nobody was admitted except the doctor and the Empress. Men were necessary to help restrain him until his leg was bandaged and a straight jacket was put on him. The crisis lasted three days.

No class of human beings suffer so much from the poison of foul air as infants. Older children and grown-up persons are seldom so much shut up, and the diseases by which so many infants die, infantile diarrhoea, convulsions, and infantile pneumonia, strongly suggest the irritation likely to be produced by breathing these waste-poisons; though improper food must also bear a large share of the blame. Of all the evil consequences, however, of foul air none can be traced more surely than phthisis or pulmonary consumption.





SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

At one of the locomotive manufacturing establishments in Philadelphia—the shops covering an area of 337 by 156 feet—there are in operation two immense travelling cranes worked by electricity, being the largest pair of cranes in the world, but one crane, that in the gun works at the arsenal in Washington, excelling either of these in power. Each of the cranes is of twenty-eight feet span, and fitted with two trolleys capable respectively of lifting fifty tons, thus giving to each crane a power of 100 tons; the electric power is furnished by two 100-horse power generators, driven by Westinghouse compound engines. The shops turn out an average of 500 locomotives a year, and two men, by means of these cranes, can handle the entire output, the adjustment of the cranes being such that they can be raised or lowered at will so short a distance as a half an inch, and they can lift one engine completely over another. In the boiler and electric houses there are four smaller cranes, stationary, with a capacity of 6,000 pounds each, possessing the same character as to nice adjustment and ready response to the touch of wheel or lever as the more elaborate ones. This arrangement of wheels is simple—the lowest lowers, the highest lifts, and the central fixes.

A paper on the superior value of cork coverings for steam pipes and as a protection of water service pipes from frost has recently been published by a French engineer. According to this paper, one variety of these coverings which is found to be very efficient consists of pieces of cork, shaped to fit the different sizes of pipes, with radial joints, similar to the staves of a barrel, which are placed around the pipe and for the time bound to the pipe by strings. After the pipe so covered has been used with steam for some time and the cork has become sufficiently dried, the crevices are filled in and the string replaced by wire—elbows being also covered in the same manner—and after the covering is finally fixed, the pores and crevices are closed by a coat of paint or lime wash. In another arrangement, as proposed, rectangular blocks of cork, about one and a fourth inch wide, and varying in thickness from one-fourth of an inch for small pipes to five-eighths of an inch for pipes from four inches in diameter and upward, and cemented to strips of cloth by an India rubber solution, are used; the bands are lapped spirally around the pipes and elbows, and covered by another band of waterproofed canvas lapped in the same manner, so as to cover the joints of the cork bands, the whole being afterward covered by a thick coating of paint or tar.

The assertion is made by workers in ornamental wood that yellow pine, hard finished in oils, is the rival in beauty of appearance of any wood that grows, not excepting the costliest of the well-known hard species, it being susceptible of receiving and maintaining as high a degree of polish as any known wood, while, when impregnated with oil, it is well nigh indestructible. In such a condition it is found, in fact, to possess the valuable property of being impervious even to hot grease and other substance that leave an ineffaceable stain upon such a great variety of woods, including white pine, maple, &c. The yellow pine characterized by the valuable quality referred to is the long-leaf pine, or *pinus australis* in technical classification, and which grows so abundantly in parts of the South; and, as trees are found in this species having a curved grain somewhat similar to that of "curly maple," no other wood it is asserted, is capable of being fashioned into more beautiful work for cabinet purposes.

A short time ago a boiler was constructed in Manchester, Eng., with a view to testing the practice advised by some, in case of shortness of water being discovered, of turning on the feed water—a somewhat startling method of procedure according to some. In these tests the furnaces were bared of water by opening the blowoff cock and allowing the water to escape while good bright fires were burning, which could not fail to overheat the plates. When sufficiently heated to melt disks of lead, tin, and zinc, the feed was suddenly turned on through special pipes, which injected the water directly on to the heated plates, but in no case, as is often assumed, was this followed by a sudden generation of steam at an excessive pressure, but in one case actually a reduction of pressure took place. The one mishap which took place proved, it seems, to have been due to the feed not having been turned on soon enough. Again, the hogging upward of the flue tubes, which was accurately ascertained by means of rods, was in some cases found to be as much as one-half inch. The inadvisability of hurrying fires when

raising steam was demonstrated as beyond question.

A machine for cutting shingles has been devised. As described, the cedar bolts are steamed five hours, then run through a trimmer, after which they go to the cutting knife, a heavy knife running 170 strokes a minute, the shingles being cut off with ease at this rate, coming from the machine almost too rapidly, in fact, to be counted. They are hot and steaming and cut smooth, and are afterward treated the same as other shingles. It is claimed that the steaming drives out all sap and prevents all liability of warpings, there is also no sawdust, hence no waste. The highest cut made in a ten hours' run is stated at ninety-six thousand.

Several of the most prominent manufacturers of iron in Sheffield, Eng., have been endeavoring to ascertain definitely whether, after all, oil hardening and annealing, or some such process, is really necessary for steel plates, the result of the trials thus far made showing that, in respect to compound armor, the necessity is obvious. A nine-inch plate of steel was for this purpose manufactured and cut into two plates, each four feet square, one piece being left untreated and the other oil hardened and annealed. These were fired at by a six-inch gun with Fifth steel projectiles weighing 100 pounds, the striking energy of the blow upon the untreated plate being 2,389-foot tons, and the energy of the blow upon that which had been treated was 2,378-foot tons. In the latter case the projectile made an indentation of ten and one-half inches, so that light was just visible through the centre of the bulge at the back of the plate; the projectile rebounded, breaking into three pieces, and the plate, though cracked through, was whole, nor was any material splintered out either at the back or front. In the case of the non-treated plate, the shot passed through, and the splintering of the steel around the hole in front of the plate spread over a space of fifteen inches across. The splintering around the hole at the back of the plate covered a space of thirty-three inches across, and the plate went into six pieces.

French ingenuity has contrived a remedy for the inefficiency of ordinary combination locks for houses and apartments, these contrivances being usually of so little avail against professionals who, wasting no time in efforts to raise the tumblers and move the bolt, simply insert the end of a short iron lever, or "jimmy," between the door and its rubber, forcing the whole affair inward, tearing out both locks and bolts on the way. According to the new device for meeting this difficulty a combination is resorted to of the iron shore with the ordinary lock in such a manner that locking the door sets ashore in place which will resist an enormous strain, but on the return of the proprietor the unlocking of the door in the usual way shifts the upper end of the shore from the door to the frame, where it presents no obstacle to the opening of the door. The mechanism of the lock itself need not be very elaborate, although the picking of the lock would move both the bolt and the shore, for if there are tumblers enough to prevent picking with a bit of wire, and if the jimmy is insufficient for the purpose, the point of security is attained.

In silvering iron a recent process introduced in Austrian workshops consists in plunging the iron article into hot dilute hydrochloric acid, whence it is removed to a solution of mercury nitrate and connected with the zinc pole of a Bunsen element, gas carbon or platinum serving as the other pole. It is rapidly covered with a layer of quicksilver, when it is removed, washed, and transferred to a silver bath and silvered. By heating to 300° cent., the mercury is driven off, and the silver firmly fixed on the iron. To save silver the wire may be first covered with a layer of tin, one part of cream of tartar being dissolved in eight parts of boiling water, and one or more tin anodes joined with the carbon pole of a Bunsen element. The zinc pole communicates with a well-cleaned piece of copper, and the battery made to act until enough tin has deposited on the copper, when this is taken out and the ironware put in its place. The wire thus treated is much cheaper than any other silvered metals.

From a number of careful tests lately made to ascertain the precise strength of anchor bolts set in Portland cement in the ordinary way, the fact appeared that the joint was really stronger than a stone. In this demonstration, two-inch iron rods were set into the stones some eleven and one-half inches, and then subjected to the test. The first rod had a screw thread to improve the grip of the cement, and the cement began to yield at a load of 32,000 pounds, the breaking of the stone taking place at 50,000

pounds. With a plain, smooth rod, it was found that the cement began to yield at a load of 34,000 pounds, but the rock broke at 67,000 pounds. Thus, though the strength of the cement joint was not developed, it was inferred that, in a suitable setting, the cement joint on a smooth rod might be made to break the rod.

A short time ago, the French Government caused to be instituted a series of tests of gun steel at a low temperature, that is from 75° to 100° below zero Fahr., part of the bars being hardened and part unhardened, and the breaking load was increased by the cooling—3 per cent, in the instance of the unhardened bars and 6 per cent, in the case of the hardened ones. It seems that in a shock such as a gun would be subjected to the unhardened bars—cooled—broke on an average with 5.9 blows, against 14.9 blows under ordinary conditions. With the hardened bars the difference was less, 12.57 blows being required for the cold bars, against 14.4 at the normal temperature. The various bars employed in these tests, both hardened and unhardened had their elastic limit raised eleven per cent, by the cold, and their elongation was diminished twelve to fourteen per cent.

Very satisfactory results are now being obtained by some of the English paper manufacturers in bleaching paper by electricity, the process rendering the paper perfectly white, without in the least injuring its strength. This process in question depends on the use of a solution of magnesium chloride, which is decomposed by the action of a strong electric current into chlorine and oxygen on the one hand, and into magnesium and hydrogen on the other. Plates of platinum are used as electrodes.

Machines for opening and cleaning cotton have recently been improved by an automatic feeding apparatus, applied to the feed apron, and by means of which one man can tend two machines when being fed with raw or bail cotton easier than he could heretofore tend one. A large amount of seeds and leaf is extracted by this device.

Experiments lately made in Hartford, Conn., show that light can be seen through a clean cut opening of not more than one fortiethousandth of an inch. This fact was determined by taking two thoroughly clean straight edges, placing a piece of paper between the surfaces at one end the opposite end being allowed to come together. The straight edges being placed between the eye and a strong light in a dark room, a wedge of light was perceived from the ends between which the paper was placed and the opposite, which were brought together. The thickness of the paper being known, the distance a part at the two edges of the small end of the wedge of light was easily calculated, and the result was shown as above.

Watkins' Eiffel Tower.

Sir Edward Watkins' project of an "Eiffel" Tower for London has assumed substantial form. An estate of 280 acres has been purchased, a company formed without application to the public, a plan has been approved, a station erected on the contiguous railway, the foundations of "The Tower" have been commenced, and on Saturday a large party of representatives of the press were conveyed from Baker-st. to Wembley Park in twelve minutes to see what was going on. The ground acquired is undulating and woody. The estate is nearly divided between the building property and the ornamental park, with its "Tower" and Winter Garden. A fine lake of over five acres is being formed by the aid of the Upper Brent River, which will be pleasant for boating in summer and the scene of curling, rinking and skating in winter. The tower will stand on the highest eminence in the park, from which, at present, pretty views are to be seen extending some miles beyond the immediate surroundings. The design of Mr. Stewart, one of the competitors for the prize awards, has been adopted as the basis of the plan, and Sir Benjamin Baker has been associated with him in the construction. The tower will be mainly supported on four large concrete blocks, in dimensions 26 feet long by 20 feet broad, and 25 feet deep. The excavation for one of these blocks is nearly completed, the geological formation of the hill being stiff clay. The elevation of the site is about 140 feet higher than the site of the Paris tower, and the ironwork of the Wembley tower will be 1,000 feet. As this will stand on a sort of pedestal portion of 150 feet, the total height will be 1,150 feet, or 350 feet above the Paris example. The roads and ornamental grounds are being prettily laid out by Mr. Miller, and there is undoubtedly an attractive settlement being formed which if it can be always reached with the promptitude of Saturday's journey, should prove a popular place of resort as well as residence.

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

The Practical Side.

Many farmers have a great deal to say about advice being practical. Call their attention to something in an agricultural journal which, may be, you think is of real value, and often they will turn up their noses at it and say "It isn't practical." In consequence of so much use being made of this word one would naturally think that the general average of farmers are among the most practical men in the world. On the contrary, we believe, measured by good business standards, that no calling furnishes more unpractical men than farming.

Practical means doing things in the best manner and according to the best profit. To be "practical" calls for the putting in practice of sound theories and the use of the most intelligent methods. Is the practice of our Western farmers in wasting the fertility of the soil or in the breeding of their farm animals really and squarely practical? Take the dairy farmers of any section of the country. Can we believe that the majority of them are governed by sound practical ideas concerning cows when the average yield of milk per cow is only 3,000 pounds a year? If a man is really practical will he not set to work in dead earnest to milk and feed a practical cow? Can men be called practical who have kept a herd of twenty or forty cows for years and yet have never taken pains to know by a simple test which cows were not paying their keep? Would a practical manufacturer allow himself to remain in very expensive ignorance for years concerning some machine, and never show energy sufficient to test it to see if it is not running him in debt? Think of a dairy farmer who pretends to do business for profit; who sneers at the agricultural papers because they are not practical, going along year after year with half the cows in his herd absolutely not paying for the food they eat at market prices. Men who talk so much about other men being practical should first establish clear, well defined standards of what is practical.

The fact is, what is practical with one man may not be with another.

M. Henri Lecomte, the director of the Meteorological School of Aerostation at Paris, proposes to endeavour to cross Africa by balloon, starting from Mozambique. The balloon is to be furnished with a special apparatus for making hydrogen gas during the night time, is to carry provisions for 100 days, and have a capacity of 10,000 cubic metres. Many experienced aeronauts have expressed their opinion that the attempt is a rash one and the aim is quite impracticable. But nearly all advances in means of travelling have from the days of Stephenson been so spoken of.







## THE CZAR ON HIS HOLIDAY.

**How the Ruler of a Hundred Millions Lives When Believed of the Cares of Government—He is Preparing to go on His Annual Visit to the Tomb of Hamlet—Life at Fredensborg.**

The above despatch, taken presumably from English sources, is printed verbatim. This is done to show how the cable nowadays has become a transmitter of lying dispatches to an indescribably idiotic extent. Imagine, if we can, the exiled Jews going to Denmark to wreak vengeance upon the Czar! The Jews have been emigrating from Russia voluntarily for the past year and a half, basing their hopes on a good future elsewhere on the promises (so far unfulfilled) of the Baron Hirsch fund. The Czar may be a terrible despot, but so far as the present exodus of the Hebrews is concerned he has nothing at all to do with it.

The districts from which they are emigrating are at the present time suffering from a terrible famine and they should be happy to be away. The Czar arrived at Copenhagen on Tuesday, and was met by King Christian of Denmark, the Crown Prince Frederick, the King of Greece, the Queen of Denmark, the Crown Princess, the Princess of Wales, Prince Waldemar, Prince Hans and Wilhelm of Glucksberg, the King's two brothers, the diplomatic corps and the civil and military authorities of Copenhagen. He was enthusiastically cheered by the people.

## THE CZAR IN DENMARK.

In spite of the grim stories told about the Autocrat of all the Russias the Czar is personally, and especially on this annual Danish trip of his, a fascinating personality and no one would imagine, watching him enjoying himself with his sons and tenderly escorting the Czarina, that he is the man who, according to such able dispatches as the above, sends yearly thousands of poor souls to Siberia and other thousands of his Jewish subjects into the cold, cold world, where they are battle-dored about from land to land, the Lord knows where.

In Denmark, however, the ruler of nearly a hundred million people can enjoy life like any other honest man, can throw off the cares of State and help his boys to make ducks and drakes on the smooth surface of the lake in front of Fredensborg, just as he used to do in all probability when he was a boy. When in Denmark, the guest of his father-in-law King Christian, the Czar occupies a little retreat built for him near to the old castle of Fredensborg. Fredensborg itself has pleasant memories for the Czar, for there it was that twenty-five years ago (Oct. 28, new style) he wooed and won the Princess Dagmar, after she had scarcely recovered from the grief caused by the death of his elder brother.

It will be remembered that when the Czar-witz Nicholas, the present Czar's brother, died, in April, 1865, at Nice, from the effects of a fall from his horse, the direct succession to the throne of Russia devolved on the Grand Duke Alexander, who, accustomed to see the heir full of strength and health, on the eve of a prosperous marriage, had never dreamed of such a contingency. No two brothers had ever been more unlike morally and physically; Nicholas was tall, pre-eminently handsome, his clear chiselled features the counterpart of his mother's; he had received an almost Spartan training, and, intellectually, a complete and advanced education under the direction of Count Sergius Stroganoff, head of the Moscow University. On his deathbed, in the presence of the Emperor and Empress, he placed the hand of the weeping Dagmar in that of Alexander, saying to her: "Marry my brother, he is true as crystal." After the first uncontrollable anguish and mourning, the young people obeyed the Czarowitz's dying request, and were married in October 1866; the bridegroom was 29, the bride 19. They had hoped only to meet with mutual respect, trust, confidence, and they found more ardent love than usually falls to the share of wedded couples. So far the love story.

## MEMORIES OF FREDENSBORG.

It was there on the morning of leaving the old castle the bride and Czarina scratched the words: "Farewell, beloved Fredensborg, farewell." To Fredensborg both Czar and Czarina love to return occasionally to live over again the days of courtship and to forget for a time the troubles and dangers of imperial existence. Near to Fredensborg the Czar built himself a few years ago a retreat on the brink of Lake Esrom, where he spends the portion of his time he does not give to the Czarina and his family. It was built by an architect named Stillman. Mr. Stillman had many opportunities of seeing the Czar. "I confess," he once said "the much-persecuted monarch will find

himself pretty safe within the walls of his retreat. One has to run a gauntlet of Imperial Guardsmen, bodyguard Cossacks and a ferocious Russian bear dog before you can approach the Czar himself.

"Sentinels armed with muskets patrol the ground around the hermitage by day and night. In the vestibule there are six Imperial Guards under command of a trusted officer. In the anteroom leading from the vestibule to the Czar's bedroom two Cossacks armed to the teeth keep incessant vigil, and directly inside the bedroom door in front of his couch is stretched the most savage specimen of a canine that Russia can boast. So you see any intruder would meet with a rather rough reception. In addition to all these safeguards there are electric devices of various sorts and a secret communication with Fredensborg Castle. But in his bedroom there is an absolute paucity of civilized comforts. In one corner stands a camp cot with blankets and one pillow; an oak chair and a desk complete the appointments. So restless is the Czar's disposition that he frequently arises two and three times during the night to write cipher dispatches, which immediately are taken by mounted couriers to the nearest Government telegraph stations and thence wired to St. Petersburg. He has likewise given imperative orders that dispatches must be delivered to him without a moment's delay, no matter what hour of the night they arrive.

## THE CZARINA'S RESIDENCE.

Fredensborg proper, the residence now of the Czarina, is not a very imposing structure. There, in fact, all the imperial Russian and royal Danish guests will be housed for some time to come. The Schloss consists of a central pavilion, with a long suit of wings, the whole crowned by a dome or cupola of zinc. At the entrance are stationed two guards dressed in most picturesque blue costumes. The second story of Fredensborg contains the family apartments. To reach this one must mount a wooden staircase, painted white and covered with a well-worn carpet. Long, narrow corridors lead to tiny rooms, devoted to the ladies in waiting of the visiting princesses. Wandering about these corridors it is very easy to imagine oneself on a transatlantic steamer. At the left of the staircase is the royal ante-chamber and the private secretary's office. A gallery leads to the King's apartments. From the windows the view is more than beautiful. The Czar and Empress of Russia have two rooms overlooking the park, one a bedroom, the other a *salon* furnished in pale blue silk. The dressing room, which is like a closet, contains only a toilet table, covered with gray cloth. The Czar himself is a very irregular member of his family. He is often so busily engaged with dispatches that he misses the dinner hour altogether. But when he is at Fredensborg, an orchestra of sixty-two musicians plays during dinner, going to and returning from the castle by rail; otherwise the domestic arrangements of the imperial pair are very unpretending. Of all princely personages in the castle, the Emperor is the first to rise. When breakfast is served at 9 o'clock, in the rooms of Queen Louise of Denmark, the Emperor usually returns from a long morning walk. After breakfast he joins the ladies and children; while the King of Greece, or one or other of the King's brothers, plays billiards or rides out. The youngest members of the family—Danish, Greek or English—are unanimous in calling their imperial uncle the best of all uncles, and constantly gather around him. In the evening the Danish Queen and her daughters sing and play. On Queen Louise's birthday the Emperor sang last year with a few hundred children, and even led the song when the Queen desired it to be repeated. Of course, the wicked people will say that the Czar in this musical taste of his bears a striking resemblance to Nero. However, it may be said that he is a skilful player on the French horn, and is a member of his own private orchestra at Gatchina in which he takes his place like an ordinary musician and plays with intelligence.

## THE GUESTS AT FREDENSBORG.

It would be quite a task to give the names of all the relatives of the royal Dane who will have to be packed into Fredensborg this year. Last year the guests, all of whom were related to King Christian in some way, were the King of Greece, with his wife, sons, George and Nicholas, and daughters, Alexandra and Maria; the Greek Crown Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta; the Prince and Princess of Wales, and their daughters, Victoria and Maud; Maria of Orleans, young wife of Prince Waldemar, and her little sons; Princes William and Hans, the Danish King's brothers; the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark with their seven children; the Russian Emperor and Em-

## FOR THE WEARY

And worn mothers and wives—how many such there are! Not worn with age—few of them have reached middle life—but with exhausting work and worry. For the majority, it is impossible to escape these hard conditions; but the means of successfully facing them are within the reach of every one. To sharpen the appetite, aid digestion, enrich and purify the blood, build up the system, and make the weak strong, Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best of all medicines. Mary Henrickon, Park street, Ware, Mass., testifies: "For over twelve months I was afflicted with general debility, headache, and loss of appetite, followed by chills. I was scarcely able to drag myself about the house, and no medicine helped me so much as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Since taking this remedy I have entirely recovered my health and strength."

"I was sick for nine months, and finding the doctors were unable to help me, I commenced taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and Ayer's Pills. The result has been a rapid and complete restoration of all my bodily powers."—Mrs. Lydia Randal, Morris, W. Va.

"I use Ayer's Sarsaparilla with great satisfaction in my family, and can recommend it to all who have the care of young and delicate children."—Mrs. Joseph McComber, Elton st., near Atlantic ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures Others. Will Cure You

press, with the heir to the Russian throne, Grand Duke Nicholas, and Grand Dukes Michael and George, and any number of minor stars of various magnitude, King Christian, the host, and Queen Louisa, the hostess, at Fredensborg are more famous through their family connections than for royal wisdom or other distinguished traits. They have been enabled to marry their daughters in the families of the most powerful of Europe's sovereigns. Alexandra, his eldest daughter, is the wife of His Royal Highness of Wales. Princess Thyra, the youngest of King Christian's daughters, is married to the exiled heir apparent to the Kingdom of Hanover, which Prussia confiscated at the end of the Austro-Prussian war of 1866. Crown Prince Frederick of Denmark linked his fate about twenty years ago with the Crown Princess Louise of Sweden-Norway, and a large element of the people hope that some day this may bring about a union of the three Scandinavian peoples. George, the next oldest of the Danish Princes, became, through an agreement between the leading European powers, the ruler of Greece. For more than twenty years he had resided in Athens, and once every few years visits his royal father in Copenhagen. Prince Waldemar, a lieutenant in the Danish Royal Marine and the youngest son of the King, is married to a daughter of the Duke of Orleans. Last, but by no means least, King Christian's second daughter, Dagmar, shares the throne of the White Czar, having changed her name to Marie Federowna. To mention all the relatives of the Danish royal house would necessitate half a column from the "Almanach de Gotha."

## THE ANNUAL VISIT TO ELSINORE.

In a few days the imperial and royal families of Russia and Denmark will go on their annual pilgrimage to the Castle of Elsinore, the "authentic tomb of Hamlet and the parapet where the Prince of Denmark met his father's ghost." The view from Elsinore is a very lovely one, and Elsinore in Sweden is only half an hour's distance across the sound. The Czar and the Czarina love dearly this yachting trip of theirs along the romantic shores of the Danish isles. What the imperial and royal visitors will see may be gained from a perusal of an account of Hamlet's castle, written some time ago by an unbelieving American. "The first objective point of interest naturally is the 'platform of the Castle at Elsinore,' the spot where, according to Shakespeare, Hamlet first had the pleasure of meeting his father's ghost and learning from his ghostship various interesting, if rather startling, facts. Possibly Hamlet on that particular evening had indulged in an extra glass of Danish bottled beer which had rendered him

## THE CZAR'S RETREAT,

unusually susceptible to the subtle influences of spiritualistic phenomena. As to Hamlet's grave. Succeeding generations have been very kind to Hamlet in taking such pains to build him a grave and keep it in repair. It is necessary for the would-be visitor to this spot to pass through a garden and pay a small fee, after which he may wader at his own sweet will among the great trees in a pretty grove on a little ridge.

In the furthestmost rear corner is a pyramid of stone roughness, about which a sickly ivy struggles for existence. That is all there is of it; Hamlet doesn't seem to care for much style in this matter; he probably finds this rustic affair amid the trees more to his taste. Over the wall, down in a little dell, they have named a trickling stream "Ophelia's Spring," inasmuch as that maiden did not consider it quite the square thing that Hamlet should have a grave and she be left without any such little remembrance." It is to this "historic" spot that the Czar will go in a few days in his yacht.

## Women's Good Work.

It is a good work in which the Countess of Aberdeen and her associates in the Irish Industries Association are engaged—the development of a demand in England for the genuine work of the convent and cottage in Ireland. The association has opened a depot in London for the sale of Irish work, and the goods are sold for the benefit of the workers. Besides this direct dealing between producers and consumers—or if not absolutely direct, at least without the interposition of middlemen—the scheme is an encouragement to the continuance of hand labor, spinning, knitting, weaving, lace-making and embroidery; and in each of these pursuits, with the exception of spinning, there is chance for the development of an artistic taste and of an individuality in expression which no machine-made goods can accomplish. The beauty and delicacy of Irish laces have been abundantly recognized by connoisseurs. In less fanciful fabrics, table linen, for instance, the hand looms of Ireland have long held the lead for chasteness of design as well as for excellence in weaving.

Dear Countess of Portsmouth, how the children should love her. It was her Ladyship's happy thought to send round her brake to the Shelter, in London where little victims of cruelty are taken in and nursed back to health by the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This was done several days towards the end of the season. Each time the children were taken for a splendid drive in Hyde Park. The coachman knew his business, and behaved nobly. When the children wanted to stop, he stopped; when they wanted to go on, he went on. The children adored the Countess, and loved the coachman. By general consent the good fellow has been christened "the Children's Coachman." What waves of joy rich people could set in motion, if they would follow this lovely example. It is such a little thing, but so wise so thoughtful, and so sympathetic. It costs no money, but is worth more than a three figure cheque, as a purchasing equivalent of happiness and goodwill.

Little Girl—"I don't like this boarding-house. There is never anything to eat. They always say it's all gone—the nice deserts I mean."

Nurse—"That's because you eat at the second table. I always get plenty."

"Do you eat at the first table?"

"Oh, no. I eat with the cook and other servants at the third table."



## Fate in a Teacup.

Here are a few old superstitions regarding the ever-friendly cup that cheers: If while the tea is being made and the lid, which has been removed to pour in the water, is forgotten, it is a sure sign that some one will "drop in to tea."

If a single person happens to have two spoons in his or her saucer, it is a prediction that the fortunate (or unfortunate?) drinker of that particular cup will be married within a year from that date.

If you put cream in your cup before the sugar it will "cross your love," so be very careful.

If a tea stalk floats in the cup, it is called a "beau," and when this is seen unmarried women should stir their tea very quickly round and round and round, and then hold the spoon upright in the centre of the cup. If the "beau" is attracted to the spoon and clings to it he will be sure to call very shortly, if not the same evening, but if the stalk goes to the side of the cup he will not come.

Examine the tea leaves in your cup if you are plebeian enough to boil your tea instead of drawing it in the refined and dainty fashion for a lot of leaves mean money and fortune.

If you want to know how many years will elapse before you may expect to be married, balance your spoon on the edge of your cup, first noting that it is perfectly dry, fill another spoon partly with tea, and holding it above the balanced spoon. Let the drops of tea gather to the tip of the spoon and gently fall into the bowl of the one below. Count the drops—each one stands for a year.

It is a sign of fair weather if the cluster of small air bubbles formed by the sugar collect and remain in the centre of the cup. If they rush to the sides it will surely rain before night.

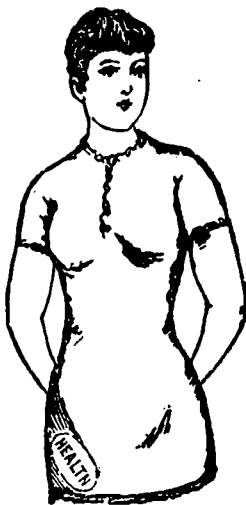
When the toast is made, three or four thin slices of bread must be cut the whole length of the loaf and placed one over the other. This done, they must all be cut in half with one sweep of the knife. If this is done by a young woman, and the slices are not severed clean through to the plate, she will not be married within the year; if the bread parts in two even heaps, she might as well order her trousseau. On no account must she take the last piece of toast or bread on the plate, unless she wishes to be an old maid.

A woman's own fame is barren. It begins and ends with herself. Reflected from her husband or her son, it has in it the glory of immortality—of continuance. Sex is in circumstance as well as in body and in mind. We date from our fathers, not our mothers; and the shield they won by valor counts to us still for honor. But the miserable little mannikin who creeps to obscurity, overshadowed by his wife's glory, is as pitiful in history as contemptible in fact.

'The husband of his wife' is no title to honor; and the best and dearest of our famous women take care that this shall not be said of them and theirs. The wild women, on the contrary, burk their husbands altogether; and even when they are not widows act as if they were.

The young who are wavering between the rampant individualism taught by the insurgent sect and the sweeter, dearer, tenderer emotions of the true woman would do well to ponder on this position. They cannot be on both sides at once. Politics or peace, the platform or the home, individualism or love moral sterility or the rich and full and precious life of the nature we call womanly—married or single, still essentially womanly—they must take their choice which it shall be. They cannot have both. Nor can they have the ruder, rougher, "privileges" they desire in this identity of condition with man, and retain the chivalrous devotion, the admiration, and the respect of men. These are born of the very differences between the sexes. If men want the support of equality in friendship, they find that in each other; if they want the spiritual purification which goes with true and lofty love they look for that in women. When women have become minor men they will have lost their own holding and not have gained that other.—[Mrs: Lynn Linton.

A nobleman, who had spent much money in adorning his garden with statues was one day very much chagrined by hearing an Old Countryman say to his wife—"Just see, Susan, what a waste! Here's no less than six scarecrows in this wee bit of the garden, while one of them would keep the crows from a ten-acre field."



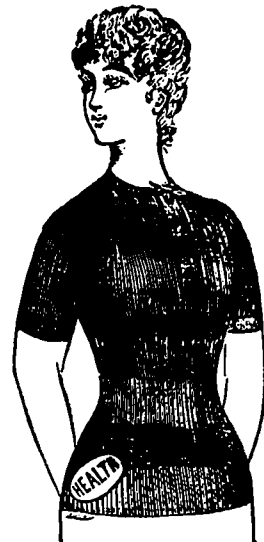
## NO "GRIPPE" LAST WINTER,

We have received many letters from ladies who wore the

## "HEALTH BRAND"

undervests last fall and winter stating that they themselves, and children, had been entirely free from colds or grippe during the whole season. (note by the manufacturers.)

Every first class dry goods store in the Dominion now keeps these goods for sale.



## Kitchen Notions.

Next to a good range a good clock is of paramount importance in the kitchen.

Coffee cake should be wrapped, while warm, in a napkin, and there remain till cut.

Keep sharp the knives for cutting meat and bread and for peeling vegetables.

Folding towel racks set on the wall near the sink are a great convenience in drying dish towels and dish cloths.

Gilding on silver should be rubbed as little as possible; wiping it with a soft linen cloth moistened with ammonia is all that is necessary.

Sometimes the fire will not burn readily at first, because the air in the chimney is cold; in that case, burn a quantity of paper or shavings before trying to light the other fuel.

Tin vessels rust and are often worthless in a few weeks, because, after washing, they are not set on the stove for a moment or in the sun, to dry thoroughly before they are put away.

Brooms which are hung up keep their first shape better and sweep more evenly than those left standing; if they are dipped in warm water every day, they will last longer than if left dry.

Ovens will not bake well unless the flues and bottom are clean. When an oven burns on the bottom, cover it half an inch with clean sand; if it burns on top, put a layer of sand or ashes over it.

It is better to have a special pot to cook onions in, lined with porcelain, or of granite ware. Iron turns this vegetable black, and it is exceedingly difficult to get the odor of onions out of these pots.

The most serviceable house rugs are old flannel or merino underwear or old cotton flannel. These never show lint and can be rung out nearly dry from hot water with out losing their moisture and warmth.

Do not fill lamps to the top, and do not burn them until they are entirely empty, for fear of an explosion. Do not keep them on the chimney-piece or in a very warm place, lest the gas expand with heat, and thus cause explosion.

The best silver-smiths advise the use of boiling hot water, castile soap, a stiff brush and a chamois leather to clean silver. A stiff plate brush is said by experts to be much better than the soft plate in general use. Silver not in use should be kept in cotton flannel bags.

If a wick does not move easily in the holder, draw out one or two threads from one side. The wick should be as large a one as the holder will receive. Do not cut it after the first trimming to make it even, but pinch off the burned portion every day with a cloth. The best wicks are woven soft and loose. If lamps or burners become sticky or clogged with dust, boil them in soda-water, taking care not to use it on gilt metal. Metal lamps are safer than those made of china or glass; no opening is needed save the one which receives the wick-holder; the lamp can be filled through that.

## For Girls Who Ride.

It is said that the young ladies of Clinton, Mo., are trying to start the Miller style of horse back riding. A traveling man was recently out driving in the su-

burbs there says that he saw five young ladies on one poor horse—all astride, and as they were dressed in ordinary dress, the sight was very funny. The introduction of the stylo of riding on horse back is attributed to Anna of Bohemia, consort of Richard II. She it was, according to Stowe, who originally showed the women of England how gracefully and conveniently they might ride on horseback sideways. Another historian, enumerating the new fashion of Richard II's reign, observes: "Likewise noble ladies then used high heads and corsets and robes with long trains and seats on side saddles on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen Anne, daughter of the King of Bohemia, who first introduced the custom into the kingdom, for before women of every rank rode as men." Stothard, in his beautiful illustrative picture of Chaucer's "Canterbury Pilgrims" appears, according to the above quoted authorities, to have committed an anachronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition sideways on her steed. That the lady ought to have been depicted riding the male fashion might have been inferred, without any historical research on the subject, from the poet's describing her as having on her feet "a pair of spurs sharp."

## Method in House Keeping.

At the bottom of all the heartache and headache caused by modern housework, there usually lies only one trouble—want of method. Only within the last hundred years has there been any effort made to train woman. She was regarded as a being to be governed by instinct or intuition, and all her work was expected to be done by some sweet haphazard method which should make itself right in the end by some rule unknown to every law of nature. The one who suggested direct rules of doing housework was held up to derision as eccentric. Cooking was like a game of chance, and success and failure were looked upon generally as matters of luck. The breadmaker who measured the ingredients for her bread was looked upon as little less than daft. The natural result of want of method in breadmaking at home was the coming in of the foreign baker, whose loaves, though inferior in every way to a good home-made loaf, could always be depended upon to be of uniform quality. The baker produced loaves which were always the same size and quality, while the domestic loaf, though delicious at times, was often a failure, owing to the want of method. When home methods become systematic methods then the home baker may come into active competition with the professional baker. Though there are thousands of women who could bake better bread than the tradesmen bakers, and would gladly earn the money for doing so, they have not been able to gain any considerable market because they cannot be depended on for a positively uniform result. Whenever a woman conducts the work of baking by purely business methods, bakes her bread by strict uniform rule as a baker does, and charges only the regular price for it, she finds a remunerative market at once for her work. From remote generations men have been taught to do their work by rule. No man hires a laborer without engaging his time for a certain number of hours. The man servant knows distinctly when and

what time he must devote to his work. The female servant alone is expected to do her work in a happy-go-easy way. At one time she is seriously reprimanded for what is overlooked at other times. The trouble with servants is largely due to want of order in laying out their work and making them adhere rigidly to it. The average maid-of-all-work has some reason in rebelling against her position when her work depends, as it often does upon the whimsical fancies of a mistress who drives her from one thing to another without system or order.

Strange as it may seem, it is yet true that there are no housekeepers who have so little trouble with their help as those who exact to the uttermost that which is required, but who do not break into the routine of work by ordering all manner of unexpected and unnecessary drudgery. The secret of peace in the household, of freedom from the thousand and one petty worries induced by domestic mismanagement, lies in the one brief word—method. When women are trained to do their household work as craftsmen do theirs, when the head of a house manages her help with the same exactness that the master workman manages his men, making each that every stroke of work tells toward the end, then we shall begin to see a solution of the problems of domestic service. These problems present themselves on every side and have even reached a point at which they threaten to turn our homes into vast hostilities, to be managed on the cooperative plan.

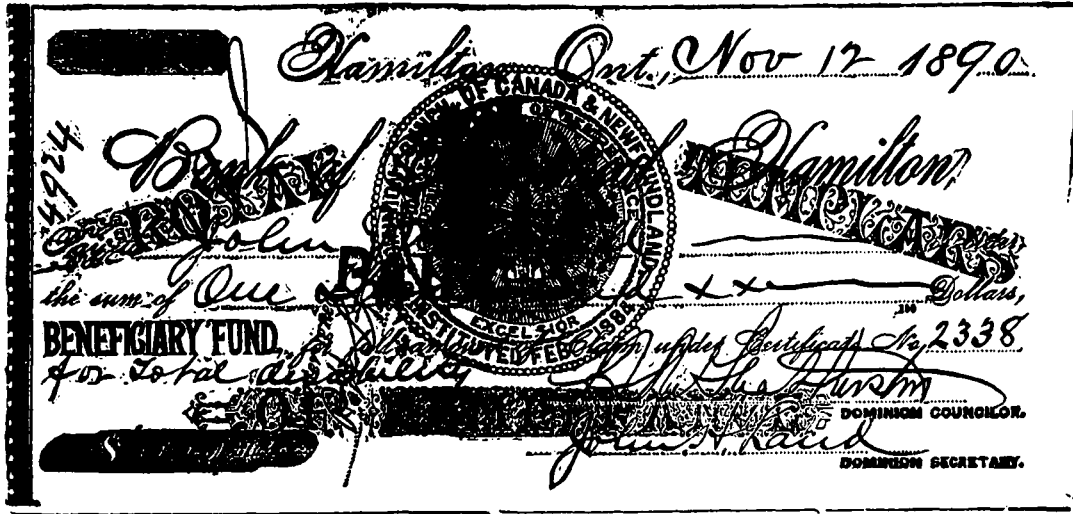
## A Strange Old Clock.

A wonderful old clock, said to have been made in England nearly 200 years ago, and which is said to have belonged to the Rev. Dr. William Tennent, a Presbyterian minister, who died in 1777, was found recently in an old farm house, near Freehold, N. J. It is related that during the time that Dr. Tennent was in his famous trance the clock, for some mysterious reason, refused to go. After his death the clock was sold to a man named Wilbur Huntley, who kept it at his home, some distance southeast of Freehold, in memory of his venerable Pastor. Huntley died a suicide. After his tragic end the clock became the subject of serious speculation. Its hands would never pass the hour of 1 o'clock at night. It would strike the midnight hour, but at 1, the hour when Huntley killed himself, it would utterly cease its functions. It is said that by pressing the hands forward and straining them past the hour of 1 they could be started on afresh, but as soon as 1 o'clock at night again was reached the clock would stop. It would tick merrily through the hour of 1 at noon-day. It still ticks away as solemnly and regularly as when brought from the shop nearly two centuries ago, but its 1 o'clock defect has never been cured.

The man who leaves a woman best pleased with herself is the one she will soonest wish to see.

A woman in Illinois recently sued her husband because he took away her salt teeth when she tried to bite him.

A chemist was called up at two o'clock the other morning by the ringing of the night-bell. On opening the door he found a damsel who told him that she was to a picnic that morning and was cut of rouse. The impudent druggist turned her off with the assurance that he hadn't the stock to cover a cheek like hers.



### THE HAMILTON MIRACLE!

The Case Investigated by a Globe Reporter.

THE FACTS FULLY VERIFIED.

One of the Most Remarkable Cases on Record.

A Man Pronounced by Eminent Physicians Permanently Disabled Fully Recovers—For-asmuch of the Cheque for \$1,000 Paid by Royal Templars of Temperance for Total Disability—Hundreds of Visitors.

(Toronto Daily Globe, July 25.)

This is an age of doubt; especially in regard to cures by patent medicines, and not without reason, for too often have the sick and their near and dear loved ones been deceived by highly recommended nostrums that were swallowed, to be of less avail than as much water. The old, old fable of the boy and the wolf applies also too frequently to many of the specific concoctions for curing the ills that flesh is heir to; and when a real cure is effected by a genuine remedy those who might be benefitted fight shy of it, saying "it was 'cure, cure' so often before that I won't try it." When such a state of affairs exists it is advisable that assurance should be made doubly sure.

A few weeks ago a marvellous and most miraculous cure was made known to Canadians through the medium of the Hamilton newspapers. It was stated that Mr. John Marshall, a well-known resident of Hamilton, by the aid of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, had been snatched from the very jaws of death, placed upon his feet and enabled to mingle with his fellow citizens with more than renewed health and strength and even brighter spirits than he had experienced for years before. This remarkable statement naturally excited the wonder of almost a continent. Some believed, most people doubted, although the facts were placed so clearly as to ward off the slightest suspicion of fraud. To investigate the very extraordinary cure and place before the people of Canada and the United States verification or otherwise of it was the special mission of a Globe reporter a few days ago.

A close inquiry into the circumstances first showed that Mr. John Marshall, whose residence is 25 Little William street, off Barton street, in the northeast portion of the city, while employed as foreman for the Canadian Oil Company, five years ago, fell upon the edge of an oil vat and hurt his back. Thinking little of the affair, Mr. Marshall continued to work on, but after a few months he became ill, gradually got worse, and in August, four years ago, became stricken with that dread disease, locomotor ataxy—a disease attacking the nerves and rendering that portion of the system attacked perfectly helpless, proclaimed by the physicians to be incurable—which left him from the waste downward, without feeling and utterly unable to move his lower limbs. All he was able to do was to raise himself by the aid of sticks and crutches and drag himself around the house, and occasionally to the corner of the street on fine days. His legs were without feeling, pins and knives were stuck into them without the sick man experiencing any inconvenience. He could take a walking stick

and beat his legs until the blows resounded through the house and yet he felt nothing! During all these years of torture Mr. Marshall consulted every doctor of ability in the city; tried every form of treatment and took almost every kind of patent medicine, but without receiving one tittle of relief. The agony was frequently so intense that he was obliged to take morphine pills in order to receive a reasonable amount of sleep.

As the months and years passed by, although the doctors continued to treat him in various ways, they plainly told the suffering man that he could not get better, the disease was set down in the works of specialists as incurable. The doomed man was a member of the United Empire Council No. 190, Royal Templars of Temperance, and under the discouraging circumstances he thought it advisable to apply for the payment of the total disability claim of \$1,000, allowed by the order on its insurance policy. Application was accordingly made but before the claim was granted the patient had to offer conclusive proof of his total disability to the chief examiner, and Mr. Marshall was sent to Toronto for a special electrical treatment. It proved no more successful than the others that had preceded it, and a number of city doctors and the chief medical examiner of the order signed the medical certificate of total disability and Mr. Marshall received from the Dominion Council of the Royal Templars a cheque for \$1,000 last November. One day last February came Mr. Marshall's salvation, although he did not accept it at first. A small pamphlet telling of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the diseases they cured, was thrown into the house, but it was placed aside and no notices was taken of it for weeks. One day the sick man re-read the circular and concluded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, although Mrs. Marshall tried hard to dissuade him, saying they would be as ineffectual as all the others; but on April 14th—memorable day to him—Mr. Marshall began to take the pills, one after each meal for a start. In a few days a change was noticed and as he continued to take the pills he gradually improved and, in a little over a month he was able to take the train for Toronto and visit an astonished brother-in-law. Now he can walk four or five miles with any of his friends.

The Globe representative paid a visit to the house of the man thus rescued from a living death. Mr. Marshall's home, cosy, comfortable, with climbing flowers covering its front, was reached only to find him out, taking a few miles constitutional up town. Mrs. Marshall, with amiable-wreathed face, and looking as happy and light-hearted as upon her wedding day, welcomed her visitor and appeared delighted to have the opportunity of telling frankly and fully—while awaiting Mr. Marshall's return—what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had done for her husband.

"It was a happy day for me," she said "when Mr. Marshall tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Many's the weary day I had before that. Look at all these things we bought, hoping they would cure him," and the good lady turned with an armful of straps and tacklings of all kinds. There was a combination of harness and attachments of leather used for the "suspensory treatment" by which the crippled man was hung in the barn by his body with his feet but a few inches from the floor. There were enough belts, bandages, supports and poles to set up a good sized store. Then Mrs. Marshall showed a collection of

crutches and sticks which her husband had used. The whole collection was a large and remarkable one.

Mrs. Marshall showed a letter received that day from New York State, in which was a query similar to many that had previously been received by Mr. Marshall, "Write me if it is a fact or only an advertisement."

"Here's a bundle of letters," said Mrs. Marshall, showing about a hundred letters tied together, "that my husband has received during the past two weeks, and I can tell you he is only too glad to answer 'em all the letters cheerfully and readily, for he is anxious to give all the information he can to others suffering as he did." A firm step here was heard at the gate and in a moment a sturdy, healthy-looking man of middle age with glowing black side whiskers and ruddy, pleasant features stepped into the room. It was Mr. Marshall, who gave no indication of ever having been a wick man, suffering from ataxy. When the reporter's mission was explained, Mr. Marshall's face lighted up with a smile, which caused a responsive one to rise upon the features of his wife, and he expressed his perfect willingness to tell all that was asked of him.

"Why, I feel a better man now than I did ten years ago," said he, cheerfully. "It's four years next August since I did a lay's work but I guess I can soon make a start again. About my illness? It was all caused through falling and hurting my back; I kept getting worse until I couldn't get off a chair without a stick or crutches. The lower part of my body and legs were useless. I tried every doctor and every patent medicine, spending hundreds of dollars. Everything that was likely to help me I got, but I might as well have thrown it in the bay. I suppose my wife has shown you the apparatus I used at one time or another. A dozen city doctors gave me up. I got enough electric shocks for half a dozen men, but they did me no good. I lost control of my bowels and water and couldn't sleep with morphine. During the day my legs were cold and I had to sit by the stove wrapped in a blanket, buffering intense agony from nervous pains in the legs, neck and head. Yes, I received from the Royal Templars a \$1,000 cheque, being declared totally unable to follow my employment. One day in April I took a notion to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, carefully following the directions accompanying each box. Why, in three days I got relief and kept on mending. I threw away the morphine pills and the crutches. I recovered my appetite and regained control of my bowels and water and I went on getting better and stronger and now you see me stronger and more healthy than I was for years before I was taken ill. I tell you I am feeling first-class," and Mr. Marshall slapped his legs vigorously and gave the lower part of his back a good thumping, afterwards going up and down the room at a lively gait.

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," he continued, "and I've gained 30 pounds since I first took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I haven't such a thing as a pain or ache about me, and another thing I can walk as easily in the dark as in the light."

Mr. Marshall offered to make an affidavit to the truth of the above story, but the reporter considered that wholly unnecessary. He carried conviction to the reporter's mind by every word and action, and there was no gaining the fact that the cure was one of the most marvellous in the nineteenth century. All the neighbors bore testimony to the genuineness of the cure. None of them could see Mr. Marshall on

his feet again and regarded his restoration to health as nothing short of marvellous.

The headquarters of the Royal Templars of Temperance for Canada are in Hamilton. At the publishing house of the order, Mr. W. W. Buchanan, general manager and one of the most prominent temperance advocates of the Dominion, was found. In response to the reporter's question he said "Oh, yes, I am well acquainted with Mr. John Marshall. He has been a member of one of the councils of this city for about seven years. He is a well known citizen and a reliable temperance man. About four years ago he was first taken seriously ill and his case was brought before the order. The provisions under which the total disability claim is paid in our organization are very strict. The weekly sick benefit is payable to any person under the doctor's care

tion, but the total disability is a comparatively large sum, only paid a member who is disabled for life, and declared by medical men to be entirely past all hope of recovery. In Mr. Marshall's case there was some difficulty it is true, he was examined upon a number of occasions, covering a period of upwards of two years. The medical men who examined him all agreed that there was little hope of recovery, but they would not give the definite declaration that our law demands—: that the claimant was permanently and totally disabled—until last November. When this declaration by two regular physicians and our Dominion Medical referee was made, we paid Mr. Marshall the total disability benefit of one thousand dollars. He was paid by a cheque on the Bank of Montreal. There is no doubt whatever about the remarkable character of Mr. Marshall's cure. A large number of our members in this city were intimately acquainted with Mr. Marshall and called upon him frequently. All were unanimous in the belief that he was past all hope of recovery. His cure is looked upon as next to a miracle. I have conversed with him a number of times about it, and he gives the whole credit to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and the application of cold water which is recommended as a subsidiary treatment by the proprietors of the medicine. He drops into my office every day or two and is apparently enjoying good health now."

The general offices of the order are in the old Bank of Upper Canada building just opposite the publishing house. Mr. J. H. Land, the Dominion secretary, was easily found, and in response to the questions asked simply corroborated all that the general manager had said. Mr. Land is a neighbor of Mr. Marshall, living within a block of him in the northeastern part of the city. He was well acquainted with him for years before he was taken sick, and pronounced his recovery as one of the most remarkable things in all his experience.

"I have not much faith in patent nostrums," said Mr. Land, "but Mr. Marshall's case proves beyond a doubt that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a wonderful medicine. He seems to have exhausted all other means and methods of treatment during his long illness and all without any benefit, but his recovery was rapid and wonderful immediately after he commenced using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Inquiries among the city druggists disclosed the fact that an extraordinary demand had arisen for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and that the claims made for them by the proprietors were borne out by numerous cures. It may here be remarked that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are offered by the proprietors as a certain blood tonic and nerve builder for all diseases arising from an over-taxed or weakened condition of the nervous system, or from an impoverished or vitiated condition of the blood—such as the complaints peculiar to the female weakness, loss of appetite, inability to sleep, dizziness, pale and sallow complexions, loss of memory, that tired feeling which affects so many, and disease resulting from over work, mental worry, abuse or loss of vital forces, etc.

John A. Barr, a well known and popular dispenser of drugs here, told the reporter that he knew of how patent medicine that had such a demand upon it, or one that had done all that was promised for it. On that day he had sold no less than forty boxes of the pills, and since he had received the first instalment he had sold nearly three hundred boxes. He told of several cases of great relief and cure that had come under his notice. Mr. Wm. Webster, MacNab street, after suffering from ataxy for years, from the first had found certain relief from taking the pills, and he is now a new man. Mr. George Lees, corner of Park and Main streets, after years of illness of a similar nature, had taken three boxes of the pills,

and was able to walk out greatly improved in health. Another case Mr. Barr vouches for was a city patient who had been cured by the pills of the effects of la grippe, after having been given up by the doctors. Many others had spoken highly of the Pink Pills as a fine remedy for nervous and blood disorders. Other druggists told the same story.

One thing worthy of note in connection with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the light expense attending the treatment. These pills are sold in boxes (never in bulk or by the 100) at fifty cents a box and may be had of all dealers or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Morristown, N.Y.

### In Unhappy Paris.

On the 1st of March 1871, the day of the entry of the German troops into Paris, rather a curious experience befell me. While as yet within the German cordon in the Place de la Concorde, I observed that I was being dogged. I had no sooner passed out of that cordon than I was vehemently assailed by an angry mob, who insisted that I was a Prussian spy. A detachment of National Guards holding a police post rescued me at the bayonet point from the genial enthusiasts who were dragging me along the street on my back, with the expressed intention of drowning me in the basin of an adjacent fountain. A good deal of my clothing had been torn off me, but that was a trifle. Overhauling myself in the police station, I discovered that along with half of my greatcoat had disappeared my notebook, which was in the pocket of the missing section of the garment. This was a most serious misfortune. In those times I had accustomed myself to write out at full length in my notebook the description of scenes or events of which I was a witness, detailing in form ready for the printing the accounts of incident after incident as the incidents successively evolved themselves. From the summit of the tower of Longchamps I had looked down that morning on

### KAISER WILHELM'S GREAT REVIEW

of his army on the racecourse, and my description of that remarkable scene, at least two columns long, was in the lost notebook. One result of this concurrent writing out is that the writer's memory does not charge itself with the recollection of what has been committed to paper; and thus I had not only lost the actual copy already indited and out of hand, but was destitute of the power to reproduce the lost matter. While I was internally bewailing myself, a citizen in a fine glow of triumph rushed into the police station. "Voilà!" he shouted, as he waved aloft my notebook in one hand and my coat tail in the other: "Here is damning evidence that the prisoner is a wicked spy! Here are the villain's notes, he lies, he has been writing down concerning our unhappy Paris!" I could have embraced the excited ouvrier, frowny as he was; he had done me an incalculable benefit in his effort to seal my doom. His face was a study when, in the gladness of my heart, I offered him a five-franc piece. The implacable patriot accepted it.

Presently, under an escort of National Guards with fixed bayonets—for the mob was still dangerous—I was marched through a couple of streets to the bureau of a sitting magistrate. My companions were a gentleman in a blouse who was accused of having stolen an ink-bottle; a tatterdenation detected in selling a couple of cigars to a Bavarian cavalryman, and a woman whom the Paris mob had

### STRIPPED AND PAINTED DIVINE COLORS

because she had been caught parleying with a Prussian drummer. The magistrate was so good as to deal with me first. Fortunately I was able to produce to him my British passport and my journalistic credentials. He called in his sister, who had lived in England, to assist him in deciding on the authenticity of those documents. She promptly pronounced in their favor, and his worship became immediately gracious. He told me I was free and was good enough to lend me an old coat in which to walk to my hotel: at the same time gracefully begging me to excuse what he termed "the little inconvenience I had experienced, on account of the not unnatural excitement of the Paris populace."

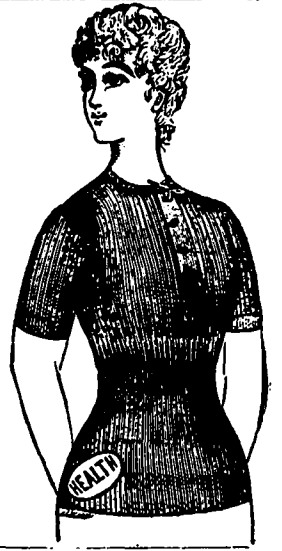
The magistrate's good sister sent me to a bedroom, where I washed off the most flagrant stains of the recent unpleasantness. Outside the mob were still howling fiercely. Time was very precious to me: I could not endure to wait indefinitely, yet I did not care to offer myself to the tender mercies of the gentlemen of the pavement. The sister in this trait proved herself a ministering

# An American Girl in London

expressing her views upon Canada, said she never had a cold and was always jolly comfortable, because she wears the

## "HEALTH BRAND"

undervests, and would send across to Murray's or some first class store this season to replenish her supply; and in her opinion every lady in Canada would do the same, as they are faultless in fit and embody every quality wanted.



angel. She said there was a door opening in a quiet side-alley, and

### ACTUALLY OFFERED TO ESCORT ME

to my hotel, which was close by. As we walked; I told the good soul I did not know how to thank her; had it been her servant I could have found no difficulty in requiting the good office, but a lady—"Oh," she broke in, "that is not so difficult, I will put my pride in my pocket. My brother has a fair salary; but he has not seen a franc of it for six months. We are gentlefolk; we cannot join the queue outside the baker's shop, and, O mon Dieu! we are actually starving, and the poor woman burst into tears. "We could not take charity," she continued, sobbing, "but I have heard of that kind (don anglais which, they say, is now being distributed freely; if only one could get a little aid from its bounty!" We had a sub-depot in my hotel; I myself was one of the accredited sub-almoners; some of the Commissioners were living with me. I hurried the lady into a room where there was no one to notice her emotion; then found John Furley and told him the little story. Furley is a man of energy. In five minutes a big hamper had been packed full of comestibles and a porter had it on his back, waiting for the lady's commands. With the chivalry of a fine gentleman Furley respectfully announced to her that one of his men was at her disposition. She came out into the passage, looked down at the great basket, whose open mouth disclosed inter alia a leg of mutton, a couple of fowls, a great honest loaf, and sundry vegetables

### SHE GAVE A GREAT OASIS,

and I thought she was going to faint. She was anaemic from sheer want, but she rallied, tears helping her; and then she went silently away with her veil down over her face, and the stalwart porter tramping behind her. It was such people as those, with pride and fixed salaries which were not paid, who suffered worst during the siege; and they, too, it was who were the most difficult to relieve when the siege was over, but without as yet any alleviation of their misery. The women were the most stubborn. The concierge would assure the almoner that the two old ladies on such an etage were literally starving. The two old ladies, when you pushed their button, would appear stately gracious. Yes, they would say—yes, the English were a kind people, and the good God would reward them. There were some poor creatures in the roof who were in pressing need. For themselves, thanks, but not, they could not accept charity; and then the door would close on the wan eyes and hollow cheeks. Ah me! it was melancholy work.

It is impossible to go into detail about the fell days of the Commune's close, and that was the only phase of it of which I was a witness. All that I can here say is that in the lurid chaos which marked the ruthless stamping out of the Commune by the Versailles Army under Marshal McMahon, the conditions under which correspondents tried to fulfil their duties were more full of peril than one can incur in any battle of which I have had experience. In a battle you know your danger. The enemy is for the most part in front; and you can either stand up and take your chance of his fire, or take cover to protect yourself from it. But in the seething turmoil of the

### LAST DAYS OF THE COMMUNE

bullets were flying from front, flanks and rear. There was universal raving lust for blood. As Mr. Labouchere cheerfully wrote, "They shot you first, and apologized to your

corpse afterward." The brightest feature of the grim drama which I can recall after so long a lapse of time, was the imperturbable coolness of Mr. Malet, now Sir Edward Malet, our Minister at Berlin. He was left in charge of the Embassy in the Rue du Faubourg St. Honore when Lord Lyons and the rest of the personnel migrated to Versailles. For two long days it seemed that Malet, or at all events the Embassy he inhabited, was the target for the artillery alike of Versailles and Communists. Shells bedevilled the ballroom, knocked great holes miscellaneous all over the building, and explosion blew up the walls of the Embassy garden, through which the Versailles were sapping their way to outflank the Communists. Malet, bland and cheery as his wont, quietly and methodically performed his duties, the shell fire apparently a matter concerning him not at all. In no conceivable circumstances could Malet look absurd; and that surely is a great gift.

### A Very Queer Story.

Here's a very queer story (says a correspondent) about a man who undertook to carry off his wife after she had married another. The body of James Lennon, according to the belief of his friends, was picked out of a bog-ditch in Ireland near his home some weeks ago. He was decently washed and buried, as they say, and a tombstone in the village churchyard speaks of his virtues, which were extolled at length by the parish priest in his paenegyric, while the church records show that his wife, through

### A STRANGE FREAK

of circumstances, was forced to change the name he gave her for that of another. The man who was found dead was one John Leonard, whose absence, as it was thought, had been extensively advertised, for his body wore the clothing of Lennon, and partly decomposed as it was, was accepted as Lennon's. It was identified as such by William Rodgers, a foreman in Lennon's employ, a man who thinks that he is the husband of Lennon's wife and the master of Lennon's mill. And all this confusion, this mixture of romance and tragedy and mystery, was brought about through the operation of the Coercion Act in Ireland. But now for the incidents of what may be termed the plot of the story. James Lennon had suffered imprisonment under the Coercion Act. His release was celebrated in a public demonstration. Fired anew with the spirit of patriotism, he used seditious language. At the fair of Rathpreland, a place two miles distant from his home, he learned that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, and that the police awaited his return home. His health made him

### FEARFUL OF THE RESULT

of a second imprisonment. His friend and neighbor, John Leonard, offered to exchange clothes and throw the police off the track until Lennon had time to seek a hiding-place some miles away. "Tell my wife," said Lennon to Leonard, "that I will take a month's rest or so to recover, and that I will not write to her meanwhile, because the post-mark would betray me. Tell her not to worry, and if the police arrest you I will have a good march on them before they find it out." The message was never delivered. Leonard fell into or was shoved into, the ditch on his way home, and the body, partly decomposed, as already stated, was found four days later by William Rodgers, Lennon's

foreman. It was buried, and Leonard was classed among the missing, and considered to know something of Lennon's supposed death. But here Lennon turns up all right, and this new feature also hinges on the Coercion Act, for Lennon would not have

### ATTEMPTED TO RETURN

from Cumberland, where he had been sojourning, had not the proclamation gone forth some days ago from Dublin Castle that all prosecutions under the Crimes Act would be dropped by the authorities. Then did James Lennon decide to return home, still unaware of the changes that were to greet him. James Lennon arrived home early on a Sunday morning. William Rodgers, his foreman, and Mrs. Lennon were going down the road to church. He followed them leisurely. The priest's residence is between the little church and Lennon's home, and as James arrived opposite the priest's house Father Doherty came out on his way to celebrate mass. He saw Lennon, whose funeral ceremony he had conducted and whose paenegyric he had preached. Naturally he was startled, and exclaimed, "My God! James Lennon are you dead or alive?" "Alive and well, Father Doherty," was the answer. "Then, James, something more terrible than death has happened." "Why, what's the matter, Father?" "Come inside, James, and I'll tell you." The two entered the priest's house. Lennon related the circumstances of his departure, and the priest realised how the blunders arose. Then he startled Lennon by relating that William Rodgers, the foreman, had determined to resign unless a share in the mill and the land, if not the heart, of Mrs. Lennon be bestowed upon him. His resignation under

### THE PECULIAR BUSINESS

circumstances then existing meant ruin for Mrs. Lennon, beggary for herself and children; but as even the priest could not change Rodgers's mind, she reluctantly consented, and Rodgers took Lennon's place in the management of the mill and home, and became the head of the family. James Lennon sat dazed. Begging the priest not to mention his existence, he started for the New World, where he thought he could forget his sorrow, and if his wife and children were happy all would be well. On leaving Castle Garden he proceeded up Broadway with no definite purpose. When opposite the Astor House he was accidentally met by John Hughes, a New York box manufacturer, who visits Ireland every other summer, and who has spent many pleasant days with Mr. and Mrs. Lennon, in the County Down. To Mr. Hughes Lennon told his pitiful story. Mr. Hughes brought him to his home and coaxed him to return to Ireland, sell his property, and take his family to America and start anew. Lennon took his advice.

### News From High Latitudes.

Sir James Grant, of Ottawa, says:—"To secure health in our Canadian climate pure wool undervests are very necessary, and I feel confident you have accomplished a good work in the production of the "Health" Brand, which cannot fail to meet the requirements of our people. Wishing you every possible degree of success in this line of manufacture so scientific and practical. Yours, etc." The above speaks for itself, and every lady who desires a light, luxurious, and comfortable undervest will find all these qualities combined in the Health Brand, for sale by W. A. Murray & Co and every leading dry goods store in the Dominion.











Sponging in the Bahamas.

The vessels employed in the sponge trade are small, varying from five to twenty-five tons, sloop or schooner rigged, and are built in the local shipyards. The construction and repair of these vessels constitute an important industry in itself. They have small cabins for sleeping purposes. The cooking is done on deck. About 500 of these vessels are engaged in gathering sponges. The number of persons gathering sponges in the Bahamas, handling them and preparing them in various stages for markets, is from 5,000 to 6,000, all of whom, except the shipowners, brokers, and shippers, are black people. Hands employed in clipping, washing, packing, and preparing finally for shipments abroad get from 50 to 75 cents per day of ten hours. The amount earned by the men who go fishing depends entirely on the number of sponges obtained. The owner of the vessel fits out at his own expense, and the profits of the voyage are divided up in shares among the owner, the master, and the men. They are never hired by the month, nor do they ever get specified wages. The most that can be said is that the men make a tolerable living, and the sponge fisherman who earns over \$300 a year is the exception.

The method of gathering sponges is by means of iron hooks attached to long poles. By using a water glass the fisherman can readily discover the sponges at the bottom, and then by the pole and hook can bring up those he may select, leaving the smaller ones untouched. Some sponges adhere firmly to the bed of the sea, while others are not attached at all, those latter being known as "rollers." About ten years ago an attempt was made to introduce dredges, but it was found that their use was likely to ruin the beds, because in passing over the bottom they dislodged and brought up not only the good sponges, but the young and unsalable ones as well, killing the spawn and working great mischief. Such an outcry was raised against dredging that an act was passed forbidding it.

When brought to the vessel the sponges are at once spread upon the deck and left exposed to the sun for several days, during which time the animal matter that covers the sponge gradually dies. This is a black, gelatinous substance of a very low order of marine life, which, during the process of decay, emits a most objectionable odor. The vessels visit what is called the kraal once a week to land the load from the deck. The kraal is an enclosed pen, fenced in by sticks of wood so as to allow a free circulation of water through it, usually built in a sheltered and shallow bay or cove, on one of the caves near by. The sponges are placed in the kraal and left to be soaked and washed by the action of the water from four to six days, when they are taken out and beaten with sticks until the decayed covering is entirely removed. Having been subjected to this course of exposure, soaking, beating, and washing, the sponges are quite clean and are taken on board the vessel, packed in the hold, conveyed to Nassau, and in this condition are sold in the local market. Of the larger sponges a catch of 5,000, or of the smaller ones 7,500, would be considered a fair lot. Occasionally a cargo of from 12,000 to 15,000 large sponges has been brought in, but this success is exceptional.

The principal varieties gathered in the Bahamas are as follows: Boat, grass, glove, hardwood, reef (white and dark), velvet (abaco and cay), sheep wool, and yellow, of which the most valuable is sheep wool. The total export in 1890 reached over 900,000 pounds, valued at \$306,896. The crop of that year was above the average, being really the most valuable one in many years. Of that crop there were shipped to the United States 708,000, valued at \$236,000. Bahama sponges are not considered very good, but a ready market is found for all that can be obtained, and at constantly improving prices. There are no indications of any failure of the supply.

It is estimated that at least a million pounds of rubber are annually used for bicycle tires. The oldest patron of the seductive wheel lives in Connecticut. His name is Michael Cullen. He is 70 years old, and rides daily from his home to his work. Mr. Cullen used to walk to and from his labor but a year ago he learned to ride wheel, and now he glides back and forth with the swiftness of the wind. The distance between the places is three miles, and it is an exhilarating spectacle to see the old gentleman, his long white hair floating on the breeze, careering like mad along the country road. Mr. Cullen is as spry and hale as most men at 40 years of age, and can easily ride his wheel at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour.

Pigeons as News-Carriers.

Some of the Edinburgh papers use carrier pigeons to convey news when the event chronicled chances to have occurred at a place remote from telegraph stations.

When a reporter desires to use the pigeons he leaves word the night before with the person in charge of them. This is very necessary. When they are to fly far or on any particular business, it is better that they should only be lightly fed in the morning. The pigeons—two or four, as may be required—are caught in the morning, and placed in a comfortable wicker or tin basket—like a small luncheon basket—with compartments. The reporter when he leaves the office carries the basket with him. He also provides himself with a book of fine tissue paper and a sheet of carbonized paper. He writes his report very legibly and compactly, so as to put as much on a page of paper as it will possibly hold. Then he rolls the paper neatly and attaches it to the leg of the bird by means of an elastic band. Or he may send two pages of copy, one on each leg.

The pigeon being released, makes straight for home. In the carrier pigeon the home instinct is strongly implanted; and if the bird has been taken off its nest it has an additional reason for wishing to get back as soon as possible. It also knows that there is a good feed awaiting it at the end of its journey.

Arrived at the newspaper office it alights on the ledge of the dovecot. To get through the usual circular-headed opening it pushes before it a couple of light wires, and these falling after it, close the aperture.

The bird is however not yet into the cot. It has only got the length of the trap. This trap, about two feet square has a flooring set upon an electric spring. The weight of the bird pressing down the spring, releases an electric current which rings a bell in the editor's room. The bird thus heralds its own arrival. A boy proceeds up stairs takes the pigeon from the trap, removes the message from its legs, and, opening a sliding-door, allows it to enter the cot, where it is welcomed by its sorrowing mate.

Modern Japan.

It has been recently stated that the "universal" testimony of those on the ground was, if any one wished to see the Japan of the centuries he must visit the country forthwith, for that the metamorphosis is taking place so rapidly that there will soon be no trace of the old remaining. It appears, however, that this statement must undergo a slight modification, since there is one who dissents from the general opinion. This is a writer in *Le Correspondant*, Paris, who says: "Despite their impatience Europeans have not been able to get into the interior of Japan. They have to content themselves with exploring the seven coast towns which have been opened them, and cannot go beyond certain limits." And again, "An error, widely spread, represents Japan as having entered on the movement of European civilization. One does not need to read between the lines to perceive the animus that inspired this article. It is plain to be seen that the object is to discredit the work being done by the 403 Protestant missionaries now operating in that country, and who have already succeeded in enrolling an actual membership of 30,797 members. Speaking of the obstacles in the way of Roman Catholic missionaries this writer says: "They have besides to contend with the rival hostility of a crowd of Protestant pastors." These he charges with using any means to obtain converts, even to the relaxing of the moral law and the payment of gold, of which he says "the Protestants are much better supplied than our priests, who receive about ten dollars a month only." Such representations may be believed in France, but they will have no influence with the peoples who take an interest in the great missionary movement of our time. These know better.

A gentleman was boasting that his parrot would repeat anything he told him. For example, he told him several times before some friends to say "Uncle," but the parrot would not repeat it. In his anger he seized the bird, and, half-twisting his neck, said: "Say 'uncle,' you beggar!" and threw him into the fowl pen, in which he had ten prize fowls. Shortly afterward, thinking he had killed the parrot, he went to the pen. To his surprise he saw nine of the fowls dead on the floor with their necks wrung and the parrot standing on the tenth, twisting her neck and screaming, "Say 'uncle,' you beggar, say uncle!"

Gen. Booth's Army.

[FROM A LONDON CORRESPONDENT.]

Never since Peter the Hermit roused the souls of all Christendom, and men went marching to the Holy Land, and thousands and thousands lost their lives in the vain effort to rescue it from the infidel—never since then has there been such an awakening and quickening of Christian zeal as these Salvationists have accomplished. When preaching and praying, when singing and marching, when blowing their instruments, beating their drums and waving their flags, their faces glow with a glorified faith; the ecstasy of their souls shines from their countenances; their eyes look forward as if they were marching on straight to Paradise and saw the wide-open gates and angels beckoning on. It is wonderful how unanimous is their fervor. Over sixty-two thousand five hundred and fifty Salvationists were assembled in Crystal Palace. These were only delegates from the armies, or squads of armies, over the Kingdom. The most perfect order prevailed; no confusion, not a cross word, not an oath, not the faintest odor of tobacco, not a drop of any sort of alcoholic drink and not a policeman was seen. The army is as perfectly drilled and as obedient to orders as Her Majesty's regulars. Moreover, it has stolen the scarlet uniform of the soldiers. Every man soldier of Booth's army wears a scarlet jersey jacket, across the breast of which is printed in gilt letters, "Salvation Army;" on the blue cap is a band, and on the band "Salvation Army," in gilt letters. When an officer shouts: "Fire a volley!" from every throat, man's and woman's, comes the answering shout; "Hallelujah!" "Hallelujah!" and the volley is fired. These men and women are training for martyrdom. They say they are to go through an awful persecution from the powers that be, but did not explain to me what form they thought the persecution will take. The army is large; its officers are 10,000 men and women. Col. Lucy Booth and Capt. Eva, the General's daughters, are both handsome young women, with bright, intelligent faces. Booth himself is a notable-looking man, with tall, spare form, fine face and large features of rather Roman cast. When I heard him address that vast audience, certainly the largest I ever saw, it was a grand sight. I could understand how he had acquired such power over so many human hearts. When speaking he throws not only mind and heart, but his soul into word and action. At 1 p. m. "The Battle of Song" took place, certainly the most wonderful sight and sound imaginable. There were 5,000 instruments, besides the grand organ and 30,000 voices. The grand hall was filled to the dome, the coloring brilliant, white, red, gold, and 10,000 small flags of every hue waved. It may not have been scientific music, but it was immense, tremendous, grand, and the whole scene beautiful beyond description.

Not the least wonderful feature of this Salvation show was a gallery called "Darkest England." Here was a dram-shop, a pawn-shop, a court of justice, a prison, a tread-mill, &c. We saw the men in the dram-shops, in the pawn-shops, the ragged, wretched women and children; saw them tried, condemned, sent to prison, picking oakum, walking the tread-mill, &c. At 5 p. m. 30,000 men and women soldiers, brass bands and all, marched in military order before Gen. Booth. As they passed every soldier shouted and cheered with a will, and the papers of the day gave all this the briefest mention, some no mention at all. Yet, to my thinking, it is the rumbling of a storm which will rouse England some day.

Mrs. Gadd—"How are you passing the time now, Mrs. Gabb?" Mrs. Gabb—"Oh, I'm dressing and undressing with the weather."

The flurry in the grain markets of the world is evidently due more to a kind of a panic than to any real danger of scarcity that will ultimately affect prices as much as the gambling in futures has already done. Immense shipments of rye are being made from Russia in anticipation of the date when the prohibitory order is to take effect. The German Government, it is said, is to buy wheat flour for the army instead of rye, thus reducing the demand for the latter, and mixed rye and wheat flour is being sold as a cheap substitute for rye in the present state of the market. The result may be a change of habits, reducing the demand for rye and increasing the consumption of wheat—a change which would probably be of ultimate advantage, for, though rye generally is the cheaper grain it is more liable to fluctuations than wheat, because less widely grown. Germany, in particular, needs, for political reasons, to be freed from dependence on Russia's production of rye.

To Search for the North Pole.

Notwithstanding that the word "failure" is written on all the expeditions that have hitherto started out in search of the north pole, Dr. Nansen, the Norwegian, who enjoys the distinction of being the first Arctic explorer to cross Greenland, which journey he accomplished on foot, and who is soon to start on another polar expedition, still entertains the hope of reaching that spot on the surface of the earth when its axial motion is practically nil. His plan, the details of which are too long to be inserted here, is to take advantage of the polar currents, of whose existence he thinks there can no longer be any reasonable doubt, and when further navigation becomes impossible on account of the presence of ice in those frozen regions, to commit himself to these currents, which he believes will bring him out again not far from the east coast of Greenland or west coast of Spitzbergen. He also believes that in his course he will pass over, or near to, the object of his search. With a ship specially constructed to resist the pressure of the ice floes, with a picked crew of ten or twelve men, four or five of whom will be qualified to make scientific observations and investigations, with food supplies and coal sufficient to last for five years, and with boats and other provisions to meet the contingencies of shipwreck, this enthusiastic explorer proposes to start on the expedition as soon as the necessary preparations can be completed. Entering the polar waters through Behring straits he hopes to emerge by way of the Greenland current in the course of two or three years. Concerning this expedition Dr. Nansen himself says: "It will be no holiday trip, this drift through regions where the days last six months, and the nights are no shorter; but it is not to seek pleasure that we go. People perhaps still exist who believe that it is of no interest or importance to explore the unknown polar regions. This, of course shows ignorance. It is hardly necessary to mention here of what scientific importance it is that these regions should be thoroughly explored. The history of the human race is a continual struggle from darkness toward light. It is therefore of no purpose to discuss the use of knowledge; man wants to know, and when he ceases to do so, he is no longer man." And this witness is true. Man is not here simply to exist and vegetate. He has aspirations after knowledge which cannot be satisfied with sumptuously provided tables, rich raiment and downy beds. He wants to know and in order to know he scales mountains, crosses seas, traverses continents, dives into the depths of the ocean, delves into the heart of the earth; in a word, he submits to all toils, braves all dangers, endures all sacrifices. Thousands therefore, will wish the daring voyager success in his hazardous undertaking, and will pray that he may be spared to tell a waiting world the story of his experience and discoveries.

Tattooing the Legs.

Of all Burmese customs, one of the most singular is that of tattooing the person from the waist to below the knees, with figures in black ink. Every man in the whole of Burmah is thus adorned; and, unless his skin be unusually dark, he looks at a little distance as if he were clothed in a tight fitting pair of knee breeches, says the St. Louis Republic. This "mark of manhood," which is usually conferred when the subject is between 12 and 14 years of age, is a very painful one, and the agony, which must necessarily be of the most intense, is often prolonged from three days to a week. The subject, stupefied with opium, lies insensible to the pain, while one figure after another gradually appears on his skin. The instrument used by the tattooer in this dainty work is a brass rod nearly two feet in length and one-half inch in diameter, weighted at the top with a little ornamental figure, and provided at the other end with a hollow point, divided into four very sharp points by cross slits. Deep as the points of the stylus sink into the flesh, they seldom draw blood, but the limbs and body soon swell in a manner that would alarm any one who did not know what the final result would be.

Eight rupees is the usual fee paid the tattooer for his week's work. The figures that compose the design vary little, consisting, as a rule, of tigers, dragons and devils. Each of these figures is usually surrounded by a border sentence invoking good luck upon the owner of the skin whereon they are inscribed. The Burmese have many curious customs, the tattooed knee breeches being one of the most singular.

One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. It is just as well, perhaps. It saves thousands of divorces and cyclones of family troubles generally.



The Home of Wesley.

The old rectory at Epworth stands a mute testimonial to the Methodist, not only of the reformer who went forth from its walls but of the singular energy and ability of the mother of the Wesleys. It was here that her wretched, obscure life was passed, yet a life so remarkable in its simplicity that few mothers have received such posthumous fame as Susannah Wesley. Here was a continual struggle with poverty. The living of the husband and father was but £130 a year, and on this absurdly small sum she had to meet the cares of a family of nineteen children. Bred in London the Rev. Samuel incurred, immediately on his installation at Epworth, the universal hatred of his parishioners, and, if we may judge from the records of his petty strifes with them, he was totally incapacitated for the work. He would go away to London to find a market for his poetry—for he manufactured rhyme—and leave the entire work of providing for the household upon the shoulders of Susannah. But amidst the ceaseless cares and menial labor which constituted her daily existence, the strength of her character is revealed, showing the true source of her prophetic religious zeal. She found time to hold kitchen services which became so popular among the humble folk that the curate wrote the Rev. Samuel in London requesting that they be discontinued, "because more people went there than went to the curate at the church." The husband away in London was amazed at the intelligence. He wrote at once to her that as the wife of a public person it behooved her to exercise discretion. Poor Mrs. Wesley replied in a letter which is still in existence, urging that great practical results were following from her work, and that she could not in conscience stop without her husband's express command. That command came at once and from that time her wise and powerful mind was devoted to her sons. Perhaps had it not been for this incident the founder of Methodism would never have been known.

And so as the pilgrims passed from the rectory they pressed their faces against the sacred walls, sanctified as much by the unhappy woman who had toiled and suffered within them as by the prophet himself who had received her counsel and teaching. They gathered pebbles from the gravelled walk and flowers from the beautiful beds to bear away across the Atlantic, where they will be held almost priceless, as in the middle ages were the palms which were borne home in triumph by the crusaders from Lebanon and the Mount of Olives. The Lincolnshire parish has much changed since the days of Susannah's struggles there. The canon now in charge receives a salary of £2,000 a year.

From the rectory door many points intimately associated with the life of John Wesley may be seen but the most important is the old church where Samuel Wesley preached. It is still used for worship and the parishioners assemble within its walls just as did their ancestors. The church was old when Samuel Wesley preached there, as it was built in the twelfth century. Its preservation is remarkable. Although it is whitened by the frosts of time, and here and there in places the stone walls have gradually succumbed to decay, yet the main structure stands firm and intact.

The pilgrims entered the lane that leads up to the church door by the same path that was traveled by the Wesleys. The great elm trees form an over-arching roof like a solemn forest aisle. They passed into the church yard that surrounds the old house of worship. Here are buried Samuel and Susannah Wesley. The tomb stands near the entrance to the church, and is a plain marble box. Among the villagers there is a strange superstition which has gone out in regard to this tomb. It was said that the ghost of Rev. Samuel was seen there at regular intervals. People began to fear to walk near the spot after nightfall. This feeling was heightened when it was asserted that the footprints of the ghosts had been left upon the stone slab, and there were strange marks there. People came great distances to see them and those who laughed at the story of the footprints went away convinced that there were traces of something on the stone, footprints or whatever it might be. What penance the ghost was doing there no one dared to state. But after time, when the ghost story had become a generally accepted fact, the whole matter was explained as a perfectly natural physical phenomenon. The marks in the first place appeared like the claws of a bird. It was noticed, however, that they became deeper in the course of a few years, and then it was discovered that beneath them was an irregular piece of iron imbedded in the rock, and then the natural conclusion is that the stone was softer around the metal and had

quickly disintegrated beneath the action of the rain and sun, producing the so-called footprints. But it is said that even at the present day there are many supporters of the ghost theory at Epworth.

The pilgrims surrounded the tomb and bared their heads while the crowd of villagers who had followed them from the time of their arrival thronged around them. Dr. S. F. Upham of the Boston Theological school mounted upon the tomb and spoke a few sentences in a most impressive manner. His words seemed to sink deeply upon the group around him who had journeyed many thousands of miles to feel the inspiration that arose within them at this spot.

"At this spot where I am standing," said he, "John Wesley stood. From here he preached as long as he was permitted until he was driven out. His life and its associations are before us. I am overcome by its sacredness. No words can express the emotion I feel within me as I stand here upon this tomb. Hallowed is the spot, sacred is this hour!"

And in response from every pilgrim standing there around the tomb there came a profound amen. Then all the voices were lifted in unison in singing one of Wesley's hymns. It was "Oh! for Ten Thousand Tongues to Sing My Great Redeemer's Praise." No voices ever sang the words in such an impressive way before. Every nook of the old church yard echoed with the sound. There were many moist eyes among the group of spectators.

The first object that attracted the pilgrims within the old church was the baptismal font at which John Wesley was baptized. It stands to-day exactly where it stood when that ceremony was performed by his father. It is about four feet high and octagonal in form. It is still used in the service of the church. Each of the party pressed his hand to it in reverence, as to a thing holy.

The interior of the church is antique. The old oaken pews which have served as resting places for successive generations, the stained glass windows of the day of Queen Anne, the chancel rail, where for centuries sacrament has been administered. The same altar from which Samuel Wesley preached is still used. From it John Wesley also discoursed before he was dismissed from the church. It is made of oak and of a design now rarely seen.

The design of the old church is at the rear beneath the huge chimney. Canon Overton, who is the present rector, opened the quaintly carved old door that leads into the small room where the records of the church have been preserved. The loth of time has not gnawed at the vellum volumes as at the iron chest which contains them. Their preservation is remarkable and probably in no vault in Europe have written documents been so successfully stored. Into the little room but a half dozen could crowd at a time, and in successive relays the canon pointed out the entry in the register of Samuel Wesley's death. It was written by John Wesley a century and a half ago, but it is clear and legible to-day. Silently the pilgrims were ushered into this little room and trembling each one gazed upon the legend in the register. It seemed as though the reformer had lived but yesterday as they saw before them the work of his hand, the writing of his pen. But this entry was made when he was filling temporarily the place made vacant by the death of his father. It was before he had unconsciously founded the new creed whose influence has ramified to all parts of the earth.

It was the field preaching that marked John Wesley's first step from the established church, into whose dogmas he had been educated. It was distasteful to him but he saw the work that Whitfield was doing and his enthusiasm began to arouse. The separation came on gradually, almost unawares. From the market place in Epworth he spoke to the common people, who filled the square in one sea of upturned faces. He preached on the common to colliers and marked, as he spoke, the tears making channels down their faces. The spots now are pointed out where all these scenes took place. The American pilgrims were shown where he was stoned and jeered by mobs, dragged from his horse and covered with filth. At the old market square they saw the simple stone that is erected where he preached. It is at the center of the little village where the streets cross and the red-tiled roof of nearly every hamlet may be seen. It is not difficult in standing upon this spot to imagine the stormy scenes which were enacted there. The same pebbles, perhaps, still lie about with which he was assailed. It was only his cool courage, which never failed him in the case of an emergency, which saved his life on some of these occasions. With his marvelous powers it required but a short

interval to change his pursuers and persecutors into champions and defenders.

There are many points over England which mark some such wild scenes. From the time of his first field preaching and lay preaching at Epworth his whole life was devoted to the work. It became a continued succession of preachings, journeys and awakening meetings. One day he was stoned in Sussex, a week later pelted with mud in Manchester. Wherever he could get men together to listen to his voice it was heard. He rode on horse-back day after day and in the course of his life, as he said in his journal, covered a distance of 100,000 miles. But through all his stormy career Epworth was the center from which his work radiated. It was there he would return after vicissitudes among the colliers and potters and it seems his greatest interest was centered in his old home. He demanded of everyone of his converts an assurance that his soul was saved, but at the same time a belief that it might fall back and be lost. Without this he held that no one could be a Christian, and on one of his homecomings, his old mother, Susannah, then upwards of seventy, told him of a peculiar thrill she had experienced during communion service, and he assured her that she had never before been a Christian, and afterward at her death he caused to be inscribed upon her tombstone the date of her death "After a Spiritual Night of Seventy Years." Time has worn that inscription entirely away and Susannah Wesley is held sacred to-day as the mother of the religion founded by her son. The eight rules that she formulated for the guidance of her children are still preserved as a testimonial of her strong, clear mind.

The memorial chapel, which was erected a few years ago to the memory of John Wesley, stands upon the same common where he preached. It is a simple frame structure, modern in architecture and not unlike an ordinary church in a Canadian village. On one wall is a simple tablet upon which is inscribed the words, "Sacred to the memory of John Wesley," followed by the date of his birth and death. Here the pilgrims repaired, the villagers following in respectful silence. At the door of the memorial chapel they were photographed in a group, the patriarchs in front, the young men and women in the rear. It was noticed and remarked the slow process of photographing in vogue in the village. The Americans, accustomed to the instantaneous process, grew nervous during the long exposure of the plate which was required by the village photographer. It took several trials before a satisfactory result was obtained.

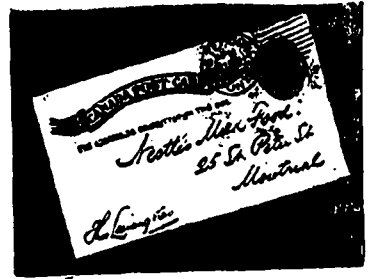
"That must have been the way they photographed people in the days of Wesley," remarked one of the pilgrims after the ordeal was over.

"I believe that is the same photographer they had here then," replied another.

Although none of the descendants of the Wesleys are now living, one gray haired old man was introduced to the pilgrims who is a lineal descendant of the man who rescued John Wesley from the flames when the wicked villagers had set fire to the old rectory. He seemed proud of the privilege which had fallen upon him and grasped each one by the hand. Within the chapel each of the visitors registered his name in the church records as the first party of American pilgrims to Epworth.

The hospitality of the villagers was without limit. They placed their homes at the disposal of the pilgrims as long as they would remain there, but the most of the party were limited to a single day. They separated in different directions, each one followed by fully a score who vied with each other in making them comfortable. The quaint old village never wore a more cheerful aspect than it did that evening. The neat little houses with their red tiled roofs were a mystery which the curious Americans were intent upon solving, and when they were within them their surprising comfort was a source of no small amount of wonder.

At 7 o'clock in the evening, while the slow English twilight was gathering, the pilgrims assembled once more in the memorial chapel, where the final services were held. There was a certain sense of sadness in the meeting, that the long pilgrimage which had been so full of spiritual joy to them all was about to close. The chapel was filled to the doors when Rev. Dr. Lippincott arose and offered prayer. There were frequent and hearty amens as he went on, and at the close all joined in singing one of Wesley's hymns. The old Bible and prayer book from which Wesley had read during his stormy years of field preaching were used in the service that followed. It was as though the spirit of the great preacher was conducting the exercises, and all who were present were visibly affected. There were several addresses by members of the



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pilgrimage. Dr. Upham, Rev. Mr. Bronson Dr. Docking, Rev. Mr. Burt and Rev. Mr. Thompson, followed by the present and former pastor of the Memorial chapel, all spoke feelingly of the work of John Wesley as a man and as a reformer. The holy communion was administered by Dr. Upham from the same sacrament table which was used by Wesley. No more solemn rite has ever been performed in a Methodist church.

After the benediction the pilgrims filed slowly from the memorial chapel and marched in a body to the old church yard. The evening was beautiful. A full moon shone from the clear sky and the air was blossom scented. They passed silently through the old elm shaded lane and formed again around the grave of Samuel Wesley. On every side the crumbling tombs of a ghost-like hue wrought with their shadows fantastic figures in the old church yard where succeeding generations had been laid to rest. To one unacquainted with the sacred mission of the pilgrims the sight would have seemed uncanny. But to these serious faced men and women who knelt in silent worship, it was a moment of triumph. They had surmounted every obstacle before them and stood, though even for a moment, at the source of their spiritual enlightenment. Then with one accord they joined in the hymn "Shall We Meet Again." The strong chorus sounded strangely in the shadows of the old churchyard, as with one thought the hymn changed to "We Shall Meet Beyond the River," which seemed to rise spontaneously from their hearts, while every eye was dimmed with tears. It was nearly midnight. The moon had passed behind one of the great elms and threw a checkered shadow over the bowed forms. Their work was accomplished. The pilgrimage was a thing of the past.

From Epworth the party separated. Some returned at once to London and others to their home. Many visited the city road chapel, where a statue of the great religious leader was unveiled several months ago. The pilgrims return to America with a consciousness of having accomplished the greatest hope of their lives. They were mostly from the every-day walks of life, unable to bear the expense of foreign travel, and this the first pilgrimage to the tomb of Wesley is likely to bear fruit, as it is the intention of the managers to make a permanent itinerary and each year send across the Atlantic a band of pilgrims.

WILLIAM WRIGHT.

To add to the continued miseries inflicted upon them by the continued rains, English farmers are now pestered with another infliction. In Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire, and Norfolk counties the insect known as the mustard bug is making sad ravages among certain of the crops. At Deeping a field of mustard was found to be badly infested, and as soon as the crop was cut down the bugs were to be seen crossing the road in extraordinary numbers. In their progress they devoured everything in the gardens and then made their way into the houses, from which they were swept out in thousands. From other quarters the statement is made that much damage has been done by the army worm, which owes its name to the fact that its movements are made with all the regularity which is characteristic of a military advance. Apparently the wet weather which has been experienced not only in this country, but throughout Europe, is favorable to the multiplication of these insect pests.









**BRISTOL'S  
Sarsaparilla.**

**The Great Purifier  
— OF THE —  
BLOOD AND HUMORS**

**Thought He Was a Hindoo.**

A postman in Egypt who carried the mail to the villages in the neighborhood of Minieh was in the habit of announcing his arrival by shouting so that the villagers should come at once for their mail and not keep him waiting too long. He was placed on a new route, and shortly after leaving the first village one of the inhabitants died. Two days later he called there again, and another villager died after his departure. After his third visit a third villager died. The villagers attributed these deaths to the evil influence of the new postman, called him the messenger of Satan, and determined to put a stop to his visits. On the occasion of his fourth visit to the village a woman, who was related to one of the dead men, insulted him grossly and threw mud at him. The postman went to complain to the sheiks of the village, whereupon the latter turned on him in a rage and reviled him in the most outrageous manner as the cause of the villagers' misfortunes. The poor postman was obliged to resign his office.

**"Seeing is Believing."**

So runs an old saw, and we fancy that thousands of those who have visited the exhibition grounds during the past few days are prepared to assert its correctness. Our representative on passing through the main building at the exhibition grounds noticed an interested throng gathered around a fine looking specimen of healthful manhood seated upon a table. The Scribe's curiosity was aroused, and he joined the man's audience, and soon ascertained that he was none other than Mr. John Marshall of 25 Little William street Hamilton, whose almost miraculous cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills has by the medium of the press been made known from one end of the Dominion to the other. Mr. Marshall was busily engaged answering questions concerning his previous condition and his wonderful cure, and there were none who heard him but were convinced that his was a remarkable case. Briefly stated, Mr. Marshall, as the result of a fall, was attacked by locomotor ataxy and rendered helpless from his waist downward. Although this disease is pronounced incurable, yet a score of physicians treated him in the hope that his normal condition could be restored, but in vain, and after spending hundreds of dollars in all sorts of treatment he was at last given a certificate of permanent disability benefit of \$1,000 granted by the Royal Templars of Temperance in such cases. Some time after Mr. Marshall was induced to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and in six weeks after beginning their use he was able to walk to any part of the city, and is to-day in better health than he has been before in years.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, BIRTH-MARKS, moles, and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrolytician, 391 Yonge street, Toronto.**

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French Pills  
For all diseases peculiar to female Irregularities, removing all obstructions from whatever cause, sent by mail on receipt of \$3 per box. Address—  
**J. E. HAZELTON,**  
Graduated Pharmacist.  
**308 Yonge St., Toronto.**

**Canada's Future Granary.**

Mr. T. G. Pears, of London, Ont., writes: We left Winnipeg at 5 p. m. on Saturday, Aug. 8th, for the promised land of Alberta, after a welcome rest at Winnipeg, where we arrived the previous evening.

Approaching the Portage plains we were much interested in the appearance of the crops, which were very fine. The wheat especially presented a grand appearance being of a rich, dark green, a sure indication of vigorous growth, and although somewhat lodged by heavy rains, was not seriously damaged, promising a bountiful harvest, much to the joy of many of our Ontario farmers' sons who were travelling westward with the intention of finding employment in the harvest fields.

All the way from Winnipeg to Brandon, crops were excellent, but at the latter point darkness put an end to our view of the country, and the following morning found us at Wapolla, with nothing to be seen as far as the eye could reach but a totally uncultivated, undulating prairie. Hour after hour we rolled over a beautiful plain, sometimes perfectly level, sometimes gently undulating—the most fertile imagination must utterly fail to picture the solitary grandeur of these illimitable prairies, where there is room for untold generations of agriculturists. Well may it be called Greater Britain, and well may we be proud of our magnificent heritage.

For fully 600 miles we travelled on over one vast plain, passing an occasional settler's homestead. At Dalgonic we saw one of the Canadian Agricultural, Coal and Colonization company's farms of 10,000 acres all fenced in, a portion only of which was under crop. I understand that this company owns ten of these farms, each comprising 10,000 acres; neat buildings are erected thereon and prospects for ultimate success appear good.

At Indian Head we had a fine view of the Government Experimental farm stations. The buildings seemed spacious and convenient, while the symmetrical rows of trees and various kinds of vegetables made a pleasing contrast to the waving fields of magnificent grain now beginning to assume the golden hue of harvest, all exemplifying what can be accomplished in these regions by systematic, careful work.

The quantity of buffalo bones piled in heaps along the railway is simply incredible; in one place we counted four piles of skulls stacked up like cordwood, each pile containing at least twelve cords by actual measurement. The wanton extermination of the buffalo in these territories is a deplorable fact, and the quantity of bones now to be seen conveys a faint idea of the enormous extent of animal life which has been supported in the not far distant past by the nutritious grasses of the prairie.

At Medicine Hat, Langevin and Cassels, natural gas has been discovered, and may be soon lighted and blazing away out of the extremity of a pipe at the latter place.

Our party was deeply impressed with the vast resources of the North-west territories as yet practically undeveloped, only awaiting the advent of the capitalist and the sturdy, persevering farmer to convert its hidden stores into actual wealth.

With a country of such boundless magnitude and resources traversed by a splendidly managed and equipped railway, controlled by a far-sighted and judicious Government, the future of Canada as one of the greatest nations on earth is assured and her position to-day is unparalleled; coming generations will reverence the memory of these patriots who opened up the country by C.P.R. in the face of the most determined opposition. The establishment of the mounted police for the protection of the settlers and the suppression of evil doers is very beneficial to the progress of the country, and would space permit, much might be said of their efficiency and smart soldiery appearance.

At 10.30 a.m. on Monday we reached Calgary and after a hearty lunch, partaken of at the Palace hotel, which by the way, is the place to take solid comfort in after a fatiguing railway journey, we went out to do the town, and were surprised to find that Dame Nature had anticipated the requirements of a modern city here and had provided in one locality first-class, easily worked stone for building, gravel of good quality for roads and a supply of excellent spring water from the Rocky mountains as contained in the picturesque waters of the Bow and Elbow rivers. With these natural advantages and a fine agricultural country in its vicinity, Calgary is destined to become in the near future one of the leading business centres of Canada.

In conclusion, I would say that I represent no interested party or company of any description, and merely give you here the

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**CANADA'S FIRST AND ONLY  
COMPLEXION \* SPECIALIST**

Certificate of Chemist.

Mrs. C. LeROY,  
DEAR MADAM—I have examined Grecian Remedies you sent me, and can certify that they are well calculated for the purposes they are intended to serve; and also that they contain no injurious ingredients.  
Yours very truly,

STUART W. JOHNSTON,  
Chemist, Cor. King & John Sts.



*Mrs. C. LeRoy*

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Free this month to all callers, or sent by mail on receipt of 9 cents postage.

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honest impressions of the country as received in my travels.

**Beautiful Banff, N. W. T.**

"I was induced to use your Burdock Blood Bitters for constipation and general debility and found it a complete cure which I take pleasure in recommending to all who may be thus afflicted."—James M. Carson, Banff, N. W. T.

If you want to live long don't try to live more than one day at a time

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dyspepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, had a distressing pain in his side and stomach, and gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately commenced taking, Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. The pains have left and he rejoices in the enjoyment of excellent health in fact he is quite a new man.

Every base occupation makes one sharp in its practice and dull in every other.

**True Faith.**

"I have a great faith in Burdock Blood Bitters as a blood purifier. I have taken three bottles for bad blood and find it a perfect cure. It is a grand medicine and I recommend it wherever I go."—Ida Sanderson, Toronto, Ont.

Jas. Shannon, Leaskdale, writes: For many years my wife was troubled with chilblains, and could get no relief until about two years ago; she was then not able to walk, and the pain was then so excruciating that she could not sleep at night. Your agent was then on his regular trip, and she asked him if he could cure her. He told her Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil was a sure cure. She tried it, and judge of her astonishment when in a few days, the pain was all allayed and the foot restored to its natural condition. It is also the best remedy for burns and bruises I ever used.

People generally are what they are made by education and company between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator deranges worms, and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs twenty-five cents to try it and be convinced.

We can not conquer fate and necessity, yet we can yield to them in such a manner as to be greater than if we could.

Henry G. James.

Henry G. James, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: "For several years I was troubled with pimples and irritations of the skin. After other remedies failed I used four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and since then I have been quite free from my complaint. B. B. will always occupy a place in my house."

**A Question of Color.**  
"Say, grandma, do people always paint the devil with red clothes on because he is wicked, and has evil spirits near him all the time?" "Yes, dearie; red is the colour of wickedness and sin." "Well, then, is it because grandpa has had spirits near him that his nose has gotten red?" And grandma suddenly commenced to knit, and said she didn't know.

**COWLING'S  
PILLS CURE  
SICK HEADACHE  
AND  
INDIGESTION.**  
Sold by all Druggists at 25c. a box

**The D.L. Emulsion**  
of  
**Cod Liver Oil**

AND THE  
**Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.**

No other Emulsion is so easy to take.  
It does not separate nor spoil.  
It is always sweet as cream.  
The most sensitive stomach can retain it.

**CURES**  
Scrofulous and Wasting Diseases.  
Chronic Cough.  
Loss of Appetite.  
Mental and Nervous Prostration.  
General Debility, &c.

Beware of all imitations. Ask for "The D. & L." Emulsion, and refuse others.

PRICE 50c. AND \$1 PER BOTTLE.

**A Woman's Awful Fall.**

A crowd of pleasure seekers at Coney Island witnessed one of the most dramatic incidents that ever occurred in Hamilton county at 5.50 last evening. Yesterday was a gala day at the famous pleasure resort on the banks of the Ohio, ten miles up the stream. Besides the customary number of daily visitors who seek relief from the city's heat by a ride over the Ohio's waves, there were crowds present, whose numbers had been swelled by several picnic parties. Thirty-five hundred people, according to the estimate of Mr. Lee Brooks, the President of the Coney Island Company, were on the grounds yesterday, witnessing the terrible fall of the woman whose coolness and bravery had previously called forth their admiration. A balloon ascension had been arranged to furnish amusement and awaken the interest of the many who had come to find relaxation from the tedious labors of the week. The courageous woman who risked her life in a vocation that seemed to suit her tastes and inclinations was known professionally as Frankie Lavelle. Others called her Anna Percival, but her right name was Anna Harkes. Her nerve was exquisite, her muscles of steel, and her hazardous undertakings had often been remarked. She was 28 years old, of slight build, but lithe and sinewy. Her father is collector of a bank in Terre Haute, Ind., the city in which Anna was born. She acquired some experience as a balloon ascensionist in Indiana, having participated in a number of exhibitions of that sort. She made three in this country, all at Coney Island with gratifying success. The fourth proved fatal.

The balloon was filled with hot air, and its bulky form swayed with the breezes as it lifted itself boldly above the heads of the spectators, who stood in idle curiosity, occupying all the available area of the pony track. From the balloon the parachute is hung; from this descends a trapeze and a rope, called the safety or life rope, two feet in length, terminating in a snaffle, hangs from the secure cross beam. Miss Harkes was attired in the gaudy dress of the performer; a short red basque, with white lace and blue trunks, covered her willowy form. A belt around her waist securely enveloped her, a steel ring being fastened in front beyond any chance of accidental release. Into this ring the snaffle fits, holding her in place, safe from harm, even though she should swoon or be overcome by fear or excitement. Mrs. Little assisted in the preliminaries and fastened the snaffle and the ring in the belt together. As the word "Ready" was spoken, Miss Harkes hurriedly spoke a few words to her friend. "When I am near the ground upon my descent," she said, "I am going to hang by my feet and come down head first."

"I wouldn't," warned Mrs. Little. "O, yes, I will," responded the little woman, in a determined tone. "Come and meet me down the road, won't you?" Mrs. Little promised, and a moment later the huge vessel arose majestically into the air. It reached a height of probably 2,500 feet, soaring with the high winds that threatened to carry it far from the banks of the Ohio. Then it began to fall, sinking like a feather upon the pinions of a zephyr, down, down, until again the outlines of the aeronaut's form could be distinguished. Down it came, six or eight hundred feet above the earth, when the most thrilling feat was undertaken. By a quick motion a rope was loosened. The balloon was released, and the parachute, leaping forward, opened in its descent, continuing in a quiet, gradual lowering.

What followed is best described by Allen Dudley, a colored boy employed in the Coney Island Club House, who watched further developments through a powerful field glass he had borrowed from John Miller.

"She was away up high," said Allen; "She seemed but like a speck. As she dropped with the parachute over a thousand feet high, I saw her hook her knees in the bar of the trapeze. A handkerchief fluttered from her hand, and was carried away by the breeze. The safety rope, fastened to the ring in her waist, was too short to permit her to hang the entire length of her body. It must have annoyed her or prevented the carrying out of her intentions, for I saw her hands working down to her waist. Whether she unfastened the snaffle or not I do not know, but I believe she did. She must have done so. I think she tried to hang by her toes, but in a moment she grasped the bar with both hands. First her left released its hold. She regained it, and in a moment her right was free. Another second and her form was darting through the air. She turned four or five complete somersaults,

and I closed my eyes that I might see no more."

And 3,500 others experienced a similar thrill of horror as they realized the terrible consequences of the woman's reckless daring.

Miss Harkes struck in Alex Kochler's nutmeg patch, about a half mile from the Coney Island grounds, a hundred yards north of the New Richmond pike, a short distance east from the village of California. Not a bone but what was broken. She must have fallen on her head, for it was torn and shattered beyond recognition.

There is some division of opinion concerning the height to which the balloon arose and the distance Miss Harkes fell. The general estimate is 2,500 feet for the balloon, 800 feet when the parachute descent was begun, and 500 feet when the poor girl lost her hold and fell to a terrible death.

There can be no mistaking the fact that Miss Harkes herself unfastened the snaffle. The ring at her waist was secure; the snaffle itself was intact. It had been previously tested, and twenty men were unable to snap or bend it.

**Nursing Sick Children.**

It is needful that mothers should learn the significance of various signs which are of great importance during the illness of young children, as these are the only means they have of indicating a knowledge of their condition. Most of these signs are automatic, or unintentional, so far as the child is concerned, but on this account are all the more significant and important. We quote a paragraph or two from "Hospital and Home Nursing," by an English author:—

"A skillful nurse should read intuitively by a sign, or a cry, what is amiss; crying is very expressive, and is a baby's only language, and an occasional good cry does it good rather than harm, by expanding its lungs. You must remember that a young baby can neither talk, sing, nor laugh aloud so that the deep inspirations it takes in crying are the only means it has of thoroughly aerating the residual air in its lungs. Do not, then, grudge the healthy cry which usually accompanies the morning tub.

"The cries of children vary much, according to the nature of their illness, and are often very significant. In brain disease the cry is piercing and shrill, and the child wakes, perhaps, with a shriek; pain in the stomach usually causes a loud, passionate cry accompanied by a flow of tears; the abdomen is probably distended, and the legs are drawn up. In chest complaints the cry is generally stifled, because the act of crying increases the pain.

"The slightest symptoms of illness in a child should never be neglected; infantile complaints develop very quickly, and require as a rule the practiced eye of a medical man to discern at once what is wrong.

"It is very desirable for those in charge of little children to have some general knowledge of symptoms, so as to know what to do in an emergency before the doctor comes; moreover, it is essential that they should have some elementary knowledge of the laws of digestion and of health. More than half the mortality among children under five years of age is caused, directly or indirectly, from errors in diet, such as giving young babies bread, biscuit, or any starchy food before they can digest it, and from the foolish and injurious custom of giving little children a 'taste' off their parents' plates. The direct result of wrong feeding is usually diarrhea, and the indirect result is, not infrequently, convulsions or fits."

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR. BIRTH MARKS**  
Moles and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrolytic, 391 Yonge street, Toronto.

A fancy from Paris is that of suspenders of gold gailoon to hold up the skirt over a shirt waist.

**ADVICE TO MOTHERS.**

MR. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25 cents a bottle.

Sunday-school Teacher—"Now tell me what do you understand by a 'moveable feast?'" Pupil—"A picnic."

**Consumption Cured.**

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East Indian missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested this wonderful curative power in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail on addressing, with stamp, naming this paper W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block Rochester N. Y.

**WORTH THEIR WEIGHT IN GOLD**

**Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.**

**Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.**

**Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.**

**Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.**

**Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.**

**To save Doctors' Bills use Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills.**

**THE BEST FAMILY PILL IN USE**

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS

Keep the Works in good order.

NORMAN, Ont., January 15, 1890.  
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.  
DEAR SIR,—Your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills" are the best regulator for the system that humanity can use. Life is as the time-piece: frail and delicate are many of its works. A tiny particle of foreign substance adheres to the smallest wheel in the works, and what is the result?—at first, only a slight difference is perceptible in its time-keeping, but wait you; as the obstruction grows, the irregularity becomes greater, until at last, what could have been rectified with little trouble, in the beginning, will now require much care in thoroughly cleaning the entire works. So it is in human life—a slight derangement is neglected, it grows and increases, imperceptibly at first, then rapidly, until what could, in the beginning, have been cured with little trouble, becomes almost fatal. To prevent this, I advise all to purify the system frequently, by the use of Morse's Pills, and so preserve vigor and vitality.

Yours faithfully,  
H. F. ARWELL.  
The Travellers' Safe-Guard.

AMAGAUDUS POND, N.S., Jan. 27, '90.  
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—For many years, I have been a firm believer in your "Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills." Not with a blind faith, but a confidence wrought by an actual personal experience of their value and merit. My business is such that I spend much of my time away from home, and I would not consider my travelling outfit complete without a box of Morse's Pills.

Yours, &c.,  
M. R. McINNIS.  
A valuable Article sells well.

BORACHOIS HARBOR, N.S., Jan. 13, '90.  
W. H. COMSTOCK, Brockville, Ont.

DEAR SIR,—This is to certify that I deal in Patent Medicines, including various kinds of Pills. I sell more of the Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills than of all the others combined. Their sales I find are still increasing.

Yours, &c.,  
N. L. NICHOLSON.

**In-Growing Toe-Nails.**

A French medical journal gives the following for the treatment of ingrowing toenail: "The half of the toe-nail towards the affected side is softened by applying a solution of potash consisting of four parts of potash to ten of water. By moistening the nail with this solution, a thin layer of the nail will be softened in a few seconds, and can be scraped off with the sharp edge of a fragment of broken glass. The solution of potash is again applied, and another portion softened and scraped off, until the nail is reduced to the thickness of a sheet of paper. With a pair of small forceps the depressed edges of the nail can now be easily raised and cut off with the scissors. This method, which is entirely painless and bloodless, gives immediate relief from the distressing pain which is occasioned by this condition. It must not, however, be regarded as radically curative in its results, as the same measure must be applied again, when the nail is developed sufficiently to again encroach upon the flesh. It is possible, however, to render the method more effective, by elevating the depressed edge of the nail, and placing under it a small bit of cotton saturated with vaseline, thus keeping the nail elevated, and so giving it a new direction as it grows.

**Kissing.**

One of the most senseless and reprehensible practices occurring in modern society is the indiscriminate kissing which is not only tolerated but encouraged by many in the most thoughtless manner. The danger of communicating various loathsome diseases in this manner is much greater than is supposed. Dreadful and disgraceful maladies have not infrequently been traced to this source of infection. A physician recently reported a most distressing case in which a young married lady of excellent character became infected with a most horrible and loathsome disease. The circumstances were truly distressing, and the young woman's character was likely to be impeached, and her social standing forever destroyed. She singularly saved her reputation and position by tracing the infection to a certain young man, who, supposed to be of good character and habits, had been allowed the habit of kissing her baby. The little one had contracted the horrible disease from the young man, who was suffering from the consequences of gross immoralities, and thus had communicated the same frightful disease to the young mother, whose character, to say nothing of her life and health, were thus imperiled. Such cases may be more numerous than is generally known.

Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum is a luxury that will invigorate digestion and never fails to create an appetite. Sold by all druggists and confectioners. 5 cents.

The principal relic belonging to the church of Sainte Gubule, in Brussels, consists of a thorn which is said to have formed a part of the Saviour's crown. It was brought to the Netherlands in the time of the Crusades.

"How are you?"  
"Nicely, Thank You."  
"Thank Who?"  
"Why the inventor of  
**SCOTT'S EMULSION**  
Which cured me of CONSUMPTION."  
Give thanks for its discovery. That it does not make you sick when you take it.  
Give thanks. That it is three times as efficacious as the old-fashioned cod liver oil.  
Give thanks. That it is such a wonderful flesh producer.  
Give thanks. That it is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Coughs and Colds.  
Be sure you get the genuine in Salmon color wrapper; sold by all Druggists, at 50c. and \$1.00.  
SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville.

A man who will read a newspaper three or four years without paying for it would pasture a goat on the grave of his grandfather.

**DR. KIDDO'S SAFE WORM KILLER**  
SIMPLE, HARMLESS, EFFECTUAL  
MOTHERS CAN RELY UPON THIS MEDICINE  
PRICE 25 CENTS

Beauty

The beautiful... the man who has not yet been... the woman who has not yet been... the man who has not yet been...

Make a Note of It!

Read it over and over again, spell it out and think it until it is indelibly fixed in your mind... Dr. Sage's Catarrh remedy is an infallible cure for chronic catarrh of the head...

How to get a Handsome Husband.

When a poor Indian maiden found it was the best... "Munka" cried they together... "Munka! you shall have a sweetheart - You shall have a handsome husband..."

Good Sense!

Disease is largely the result of impure blood... To purify the blood, is to cure the disease! As a blood-purifier and vitalizer, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery stands head and shoulders above any other known specific!

After Many Days.

Holmfeld, Man., Feb. 14, 1890. W. H. COURSTON, Brookville, Ont. DEAR SIR: For 12 years my wife was a martyr to that dread disease, Dyspepsia. Nothing relieved her; physicians were consulted and medical skill tried, without avail.

"Not all is gold that glitters" is a true saying... is equally true that not all is serpentine that is so labeled... If you would be cured of the gastric troubles, ask for Ayer's Sarsaparilla, and take no other. Health is too precious to be trifled with.

One of the peculiar symptoms of the East Indian oocles called Lascars is the pitting of a ring on the great toe when they marry. For the thorough and speedy cure of all Blood Diseases and Eruptions of the Skin, take Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery.

Smoking jackets should always be worn with puff. When the hair shows signs of falling, begin at once to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation strengthens the scalp, promotes the growth of new hair, restores the natural color to gray and faded hair, and renders it soft, pliant, and glossy.

In running the fastest mile made by a man was accomplished in 4 mins. 12 1/2 secs. Mrs. M. Stephens, of Albany, N. Y., writes us as follows: My stomach was so weak that I could not eat anything sour or very sweet, even fruit at tea-time would cause heartburn, fullness or oppression of the chest, short breath, restlessness during sleep, and frightful dreams of disagreeable sights, so that I would often dread to go to sleep.

The fastest mile ever accomplished by a man walking was made in 6 mins. and 23 secs. How to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia, chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum before and after meals. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

There is only one sudden death among women to every eight among men. Robert Lubbock, Cedar Rapids, writes: I have used Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil both for myself and family for diphtheria, with the very best results. I regard it as the best remedy for this disease, and would use no other.

Tall slender flaring vases of pale green glass sprinkled with tiny sprays of gilt flowers are among the things new and lovely. Singers and public speakers chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum to preserve and strengthen the voice. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

Rings for men, with seals like check-boards, are observed. The squares are simulated by alternate diamonds and sapphires imbedded in the gold.

When you feel unpleasant sensations after eating, at once commence the use of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and your Dyspepsia will disappear. Mr. James Stanley, Merchant, at Constance, writes: "My wife has taken two bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery for Dyspepsia, and it has done her more good than anything she has ever used."

Instead of cut-glass and silver-mounted ice-pails for the table we have egg-shaped cut-glass bowls held in tripods of reposed silver and without handles.

Silver coffee-pots for after-dinner coffee appear to be a feature. They assume vase forms, slender and widening toward the base with long handles of ivory and different woods.

Aunt's Advice

"My brother had a severe summer complaint about a year ago and no remedies seemed to relieve him. At last my aunt advised us to try Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and before he had taken one bottle he was entirely cured." - Adelaide C. Oakes, Barre, Vt.

Only You. If I'm strolling in the meadows, listening to the thrush's song, and by accident that evening you should chance to come along and should ask to walk beside me, just to say a word or two, why, of course I shouldn't mind it, for 'tis only, only you!

If you say you feel much better with your arms about my waist, can I think of getting angry when you show such perfect taste? If while walking you should give me just a loving kiss or two, why, I don't think I should mind it, for 'tis only, only you!

Foetus that should be juicy come to the table as dry as pasteboard, because the oven was not hot enough at first to instantly harden the outer surface and prevent the escape of its juices.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove the corns, root and branch, by the use of Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have tried it have the same experience.

An indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; the latter attacks only his enemies—the other injures friends and foes alike.

M. A. St. Mary, St. Boniface, Manitoba, writes: Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil is a public benefit. It has done wonders here, and has cured myself of a bad cold in one day. Can be relied upon to remove pain, heal sores of various kinds, and benefit any inflamed portion of the body to which it is applied.

Whenever you find a great deal of gratitude in a poor man, you may take it for granted there would be as much generosity if he were a rich man.

Purifies the breath and preserves the teeth, Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 5 cents.

Great efforts from great motives is the best definition of a happy life. The easiest labor is a burden to him who has no motive for performing it.

Victory at Vivian. "In our family faithful work has been done by Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a sure and quick cure for diarrhoea, dysentery and all summer complaints. I can recommend it to all as a family friend, always true and faithful." - Mrs. W. Bishop, Vivian, Ont.

There is nothing that has so much authority, and is entitled to so little, as custom—it rules all the fools with a rod of iron, and threatens even the wise.

Mr. Thos. Bell, of Messrs. Scott, Bell, & Co., proprietors of the Wingham Furniture Factory, writes: "For over one year I was not free one day from headache. I tried every medicine I thought would give me relief, but did not derive any benefit. I then procured a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and began taking it according to directions, when I soon found the headache leaving me, and I am now completely cured."

Nothing hinders the constant agreement of people who live together but vanity and selfishness. Let the spirit of humanity prevail with benevolence, and discord and disagreement would be banished from the household.

Mrs. Geo. Rendle. Mrs. Geo. Rendle, of Galt, Ont., writes: "I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry for it is a sure cure for all summer complaints. We are never without it in the house." Fowler's Wild Strawberry. Price, 35c.

The fruit season has brought out innumerable designs in small silver sugars and creams.

C. A. Livingstone, Platteville, Ont., says: I have much pleasure in recommending Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism.

The great military manoeuvres of France, Germany and Austria took place this week. Mr. J. R. Allen, Upholsterer, Toronto, sends us the following: "For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Constipation, Inward Pile and Kidney Complaint. We tried two physicians and many number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief she got, and before she had used the second she derived from it was beyond our expectations."

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time; becomes, when left to itself, the fore-runner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes, travels with perilous rapidity; then do not delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, the medicine that grasps this formidable foe of the human body, and drives it from the system.

The total number of Buddhists in the world is estimated to be 75,000,000. Pope & Bileau, druggists, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, writes: We have never sold any medicine that gives such satisfaction to the consumer and pleasure to the seller as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. We can refer you to numbers that have used it for diphtheria with entire satisfaction and success.

Antique vases, fagon forms of cut glass with silver-gilt vases, lips and handles are desirable as wedding presents.

Are You Hard of Hearing or Deaf? Call our card stamp for full particulars how to restore your hearing by one who was deaf for thirty years. John Gardner, Room 18, Hammond Bldg., 4th & Vine, Cincinnati, O.

IF YOU NEED... GARDNER... PHOTO... 999SONGS FREE!

Dr. Davis' Fembray and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists or the agent, W. NEILL, 203 St. Catherine street, Montreal.

TANSY PILLS! Sold by the... GUARD... WILSON SPECIFIC CO., Phila., Pa.

FAT FOLKS LADIES

MOTHER GREEN'S TANSY PILLS used successfully by thousands, safe and sure. Act only on the generative organs, and cure suppression from whatever cause.

Toronto Branch: 67 Yonge St.

You Get \$150 Cash if you catch on quick. \$1600 worth of Prizes

Advertisement for a drawing contest with prizes including a gold watch and sewing machine. Includes a small illustration of a watch and a sewing machine.



Breaking in isn't needed with the Ball corset. It's easy from the start. Coils of tiny wire springs in the sides make it so. Try it, and you'll like it.

If you don't, after a few weeks' wear, just return it and get your money.

FOR SALE BY ALL LADIES' CORSET DEALERS

To Mothers, wives and daughters.



**DR. ANDREW'S FEMALE PILLS.** The effect of certain medicines having been clearly ascertained, females are surely relieved from their distressing complaints, the specifics for those being infallible in correcting irregularities, removing obstructions from any cause whatsoever, and the only safe, sure and certain remedy for all the distressing complaints so peculiar to the female sex. They are, however, nothing new, having been dispensed from his office for 45 years, and are not an experiment. Explicit directions, stating when they should not be used, with each box. Pills sent to any address on receipt of one dollar. Circulars free. All letters answered promptly without charge when stamp is inclosed. Communications confidential. Address: **DR. ANDREW'S, M.S., 38 Gerard St. West, Toronto.**

**PATKINSON'S Parisian Tooth Paste**  
FOR CLEANING THE TEETH.  
30 YEARS IN USE.

**FITS** Send at once for a FREE BOTTLE and a valuable treatise. This remedy is a sure and radical cure and is perfectly harmless as no injurious drugs are used in its preparation. I will warrant it to cure in severe cases where other remedies have failed. My reason for sending a free bottle is: I want the medicine to be its own recommendation. It costs you nothing for a trial, and a radical cure is certain. Give Express and Post Office Address.

**H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.**



**Cutting and Fitting.**

Taught with the use of the Dressmakers' **MAGIC SCALE.** The tailor system improved and simplified. Perfect Fitting Sleeve a Speciality. Dresses and linings cut.

**CORSETS** made to order. Satisfaction guaranteed.

**Wire Dress Forms** For draping, etc.

**256 1/2 YONGE STREET**

**Why Do You Wear Corsets**

Which



though you had been cut out of a Wooden Block with a Jack-knife

**FEATHERBONE** Give to the Figure what Symmetry a Loose, which is a Lady's Greatest Charm.

**TUMORS** Internal or External. Cured by new Method. Write for Pamphlet. THE SANITARIUM, Union Springs, N. Y.

**BUY OLD COINS.** Pay from 5 cents to \$1,000 per ton for hundreds of kinds dated before 1871. Send stamp for particulars. Work many dollars, perhaps, for you. W. E. SKINNER, Reliable Coin Broker, 27 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.



**SUPERIOR** to Colorado or Saratoga. St. Leon Mineral Water clear-off bile and headaches. Don't feel at home without it. Colorado has no such water as St. Leon. Wm. Nash 313 Gerrard St., Toronto. I find St. Leon an excellent remedy. builds up the constitution far superior to the famed waters of Saratoga. J. S. H. Hoover, Niagara street, Toronto. **The St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Limited, Toronto.** Branch Office: Tidy's Flower Depot, 164 Yonge street.

**IF Women only Knew** THE EXQUISITE PLEASURE OF WEARING A PAIR OF **ALL FEATHERBONE CORSETS.**

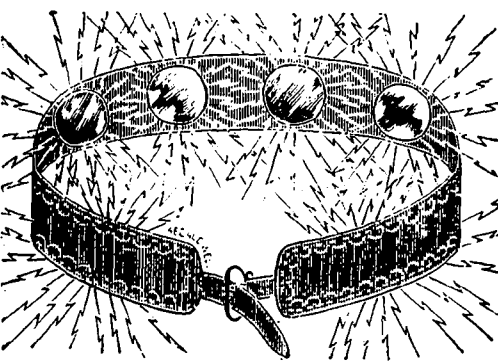
After having suffered the tortures of the old-fashioned corset, with side steels, which hurt, and break, and rust, they would always insist on having "FEATHERBONE" in preference to any other. They give the figure that symmetrical beauty which a woman's greatest charm. Sold by First-class Dealers. **ASK FOR THEM!**



**DUNN'S BAKING POWDER**  
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND  
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

**PENNYROYAL WAFERS.** Prescription of a physician who has had a life long experience in treating female diseases, proved monthly with perfect success by over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe, effectual. Ladies ask your druggist for Pennyroyal Wafers. Do not take no substitute, or imitations. Ask for sealed particulars. Sold by all druggists, \$1 per box. **PURDIE & CO., Toronto.** For sale and mailed by B. E. McGee, Montreal.

**ELECTRICITY IS LIFE**



THE ONLY **Electrical Appliances** Having Absorbent Qualities. **REPUTATION ESTABLISHED OVER 20,000 SOLD** **A CERTAIN CURE WITHOUT MEDICINE**

ALL DISEASES ARE CURED BY OUR MEDICATED ELECTRIC BELTS AND APPLIANCES Which are brought directly into contact with the diseased parts; they act as perfect absorbents in destroying the germs of disease and removing all impurities from the body. Diseases are successfully treated by correspondence, as our goods can be applied at home.

**ALL HOME REFERENCES. NO FOREIGN OR MANUFACTURED TESTIMONIALS.**

- Isaac Radford, 75 Adelaide street east—Butterfly Belt and Insoles, cured him of Inflammatory Rheumatism in four weeks.
- Samuel W. Abbott, Mill-hamp's Building, cured in six weeks. Rheumatism in knees and feet—Knee Pads and Insoles.
- A. E. Caldwell, Engaver, 71 King street, City, Rheumatism in the knee cured.
- J. McQuaig, Grain Merchant, cured of Rheumatism in the shoulder after all other failed.
- Jas. Weeks, Parkdale, Sciatica and Lame Back cured in fifteen days.
- W. J. Gould, Gurney's Shoe Works, City, not able to work for three weeks, cured in four days Sciatica.
- Mrs. J. Swift, 87 Agnes street, City, cured of Sciatica in six weeks.
- C. C. Rockwood, 45 Bulwer street, City, cured of Lame Back in a few days.
- Mrs. Geo. Planner, City, Liver and Kidneys, now free from all pain, strong and happy.
- Miss Flora McDonald, 21 Wilton avenue, City, reports a lump drawn from her wrist.
- Josiah Fennell, 27 Queen street east, City, could not write a letter, went to work on the sixth day. Sciatica.
- Mrs. Wm. Bennett, 41 King street west, City, after years of sleeplessness now never loses a wink—Butterfly Belt.
- Mrs. S. M. Whitehead, 78 Lavis street, City, a sufferer for years, could not be induced to put with on Belt.
- Mrs. F. Stevens, 17 Esgar St., City, Blind with Rheumatic Inflammation cured in three weeks by Actina, Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
- Geo. H. Lucas, Veterinary Dentist, 46 King street west, had dyspepsia for six years, entirely cured in eight weeks—Butterfly Belt and Insoles.
- Richard Hood, 49 Stewart street, City, used Actina three months for a permanent cure—Catarrh.
- Alex. Rogers, Tobacconist, City, declared Actina worth \$100. Headache.
- E. Riggs, 120 Adelaide street west, City, Catarrh cured by Actina.
- John Thompson, Toronto Junction, cured of Tumor in the Eye in two weeks by Actina.
- Miss E. M. Forsyth, 18 Bland street, City, reports a bump drawn from her hand, twelve years' standing.
- Senator A. E. Butsford advises everybody to use Actina for Fading Eyesight.
- Miss Laura Grose, 106 King street west, City, granted Eye-lids, cured in four weeks—used Actina and Belt.
- Mrs. J. Stevens, 82 Terminus street, City, Rheumatism in the Eyelids, spent three weeks in the hospital, eyes opened in two days.
- Mrs. M'Laughlin, 84 Centre street, City, a cripple from Kupture, now able to attend to her household duties.
- Giles Williams, Ontario Coal Co., says Actina is invaluable for Bronchitis and Asthma.
- J. H. McCarthy, Act. K. P. & M. Ry., Alto-mont, Man., Chronic Catarrh and Catarrhal Deafness for seven years, entirely cured by Actina.
- THOMAS JOHNSON, New Sarum, suffered with Weak Lungs and Asthma—Lungs strengthened and Asthma cured.
- Mrs. Beard, Barrie, Ont., cured of Catarrh of the eyes, standing Actina and Insoles.
- Rev. R. W. Mills, Rimston Corners, Ont., entirely well, had Catarrh very bad—used Actina and Insoles.
- H. S. Fleetwood, a wreck mentally and physically. Cause, nightly emissions. Perfectly cured.
- Thomas Guthrie, Argyle, Man., says our Butterfly Belt and Suspensory did him more good than all the medicine he paid for in twelve years.
- Thos. Bryan, 51 Dundas street, City, Nervous Debility—improved from the first day until cured.
- Chas. Cozens, P. M., Trowbridge, Ont., after five weeks, feels like his former self.
- J. A. T., Ivy, cured of emissions in three weeks. Your Belt and Suspensory cured me of Impotency, writes J. A. I would not be without your Belt and Suspensory for \$50, writes J. McGee. For General Debility your Belt and Suspensory are cheap at any price, says S. A. C. Belt and Suspensory gave H. S. of Fleetwood, a new lease of life. K. E. G. had no faith, but was entirely cured of Impotency.
- W. T. Brown, 73 Richmond street west, City, Variocoele, tried several doctors; all advised the knife. Cured in six weeks with Butterfly Belt and Suspensory.
- John Bromagery, Variocoele, cured in five weeks—Butterfly Belt, Suspensory and Insoles.
- Reuben Silverthorn, Teeterville, was almost a wreck. Entirely cured by the Belt and Suspensory.

Many Such Letters on File.

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