

Don't fail to get the first of Rider Haggard's New Story, "THE WORLD'S DESIRE," commenced in "Truth" July 26th. The Best since "She."

# TRUTH

## CONTENTS.

August 30th, 1890.

WHAT TRUTH SAYS.....	3, 4
TRUTH'S CONTRIBUTORS.....	6
POETS' CORNER.....	7
MEN AND WOMEN.....	8
TIT-BITS.....	9
BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.....	10
JOHN BULL ABROAD.....	11
THE AGE OF CLUBS.....	12
HEALTH DEPARTMENT.....	13
THE WORLD'S DESIRE.....	14
HOME.....	15
A GHOST AT HIS FIRESIDE.....	16
FASHION DEPARTMENT.....	17
AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PERSON.....	18, 19
A STRANGE COURTSHIP.....	20
THE LARGEST BRITISH SHIPS.....	21
SHIPS THAT NEVER RETURNED.....	21, 22
PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.....	22, 23
YOUNG FOLKS' DEPARTMENT.....	23, 24
BRITISH NEWS.....	24, 25
NAVAL NOTES.....	25, 26
PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.....	26, 27
FOREIGN NEWS.....	27, 28
A BATTLE WITH DEATH.....	28, 29
TRIED TO KILL THE CZAR.....	29, 30
ADVERTISEMENTS.....	31, 32

TORONTO,

CANADA

Weekly Magazine

of Current Literature

\$3.00 per Year - 10¢ per Copy

Read Haggard's New Story; A Romance of Ancient Greece

# DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

Thomson, Henderson & Bell,

BARRISTERS, Solicitors, etc. Offices: Bank of British North America Building, 4 Wellington St. E., Toronto, Canada. Registered cable address: "Thomson, Toronto."

D. E. Thompson. Geo. Bell.  
David Henderson. Walter Macdonald

Watson, Thorne, Smoke & Masten,

Barristers, Solicitors, etc., Toronto. Offices: York Chambers, 9 Toronto street. GEO. H. WATSON. HORACE THORNE. C. A. MASTEN. SAM'L C. SMOKE. J. M. CLARK.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quick, correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists, or the agent, W. NEILL, 23 St. Catherine street, Montreal. See. PEE BOX.

TORONTO AND HAMILTON STEAMERS

MACASSA AND MODJESKA.

Commencing Saturday, 7th June, leave Toronto at 7.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 5.15 p.m. Arrive Hamilton 1.15 a.m., 1.30, 5 p.m. Leave Hamilton 7.45 a.m., 10.15 a.m., 2.15 p.m., 5.15 p.m. Arrive Toronto 10.20 a.m., 1.30 p.m., 4.45 p.m., 8.15 p.m. Steamer marked with \* stop at Oakville. Wednesday and Saturday afternoon excursions. Seats. Book tickets at reduced rates. Quick despatch for freight. J. B. GRIFFITH, F. ARMSTRONG, Manager, Agent, Goddard Wharf.

## Lorne Park. Str. Greyhound

will ply between Toronto and Lorne Park (season 1904) daily, leaving Milloy's wharf, Yonge street at 10 a.m., 2.10 and 5.15 p.m., calling at Queen's wharf both ways.

Return fare, adults 25 cents, children 15c. A few more dates open for excursions. For particulars apply at office, Milloy's wharf.

## DOUGLAS BROS., Sheet Metal Workers,

Galvanized Iron and Copper Roofers, Cornice Makers, etc.

### METALLIC CEILINGS

Pannelled and Embossed, Durable, Fireproof and Ornamental

121 Adelaide St. West

TORONTO.

TELEPHONE 360.

### WINDT'S

Hack, Coupe, Boarding & Livery STABLES. Telephone 518. 8 AND 10 DUKE TORONTO.

## ONTO'S

# CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M.D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Billa Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, without injurious medication.

THE LECTURE COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

# Edy Bros Photographers,

Toronto & London  
92 YONGE STREET.

## HARTSHORN-AMMONIA

IS STRICTLY PURE,

Having no Acid, Borax, Soap, Soda, or other Chemicals mixed with it.

### DIRECTIONS FOR USE:

For the Toilet—Use about 20 to 30 drops to a basin of water.  
For the Bath—About a tablespoonful.  
For Shampooing—A teaspoonful to a quart of water, adding a little soap to make a lather.  
For Cleansing Jewelry, Hair Brushes, Combs, etc. Use a teaspoonful to a pint of water.  
To remove grease and stains from Silks, Laces, woollen Goods, Carpets, etc.—Moisten the spots with Hartshorn and rinse with water.  
For General Housecleaning, Wood Work, Walls that are Painted, Crockery, Silver and Tin Ware—Dissolve a little soap in a pail of water, then add from two to five tablespoonfuls of Hartshorn-Ammonia.  
For Disinfecting and Cleansing Hardly Soiled Cloth—Add from two to five tablespoonfuls to a pail of cold water. Soak and wash in the usual way.  
Flannels and other Woollen Goods—Require but one tablespoonful to a pail of water, and should be rubbed but slightly.  
In the Laundry—A wine glass full will do an ordinary family washing and can be used either in soaking or rubbing out the clothes, adding half the quantity of soap usually used. A little experience will satisfy one how indispensable Hartshorn is as a cleanser.  
The Accountant, the Tradesman, the Workman whose hands are daubed with Ink, Dye-stuffs, Tar, Paint, Rust, etc., will find this Hartshorn-Ammonia invaluable in quickly removing the stains, leaving the skin soft, smooth and healthy.

To be had at MESSRS. MICHIE & CO., 7 LING W.

MANUFACTURED AND GUARANTEED PURE BY

# Jno. Cowan

3 DALHOUSIE STREET, MONTREAL.

## Lardine Oil

Is yet unequalled in quality and price for all kinds of Machinery. Bolt Cutting and Cylinder Oils at the lowest market prices. All oils guaranteed to suit or no sale.

## McCOLL BROS & CO. TORONTO

### LADIES

INCREASE YOUR COMFORT BY WEARING

### FEATHERBONE

TRY A SAMPLE PAIR. SOLD EVERYWHERE.

MADE ONLY BY CANADA FEATHERBONE CO. LONDON, O.



THEY ARE MORE DURABLE

THEY ARE MORE GRACEFUL

THEY ARE MORE STYLISH

### CORSETS.

THAN ANY OTHER CORSET IN THE MARKET

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS & OINTMENT.

The Pills

correct all disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS & BOWELS and restore to Health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints of females of all ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

The Ointment

for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. Is famous for Rheumatism. For Disorders of the Chest it is unequalled.

THROATS, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, and all Skin Diseases. It has no rival, and for contracted and stiff Joints it acts like a charm.

Prepared at Thomas Holloway's Establishment, 53, Abchurch Lane, LONDON, E.C. 4. Sold in 1/4, 1/2, and 3/4 each Box or Pot and may be had by Vendors throughout the World. See Label on the Pots and Boxes. If the address not 533

## DR. FOWLER'S

EXT. OF WILD

# STRAWBERRY

CURES

# CHOLERA

Cholera Morbus

# COLIC and CRAMPS

# DIARRHOEA

# DYSENTERY

AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS AND FLUXES OF THE BOWELS IT IS SAFE AND RELIABLE FOR CHILDREN OR ADULTS.

## The Home Savings & Loan Co., Ltd

OFFICE—No. 72 Church St., Toronto. \$500,000 to Loan on Mortgage. Small and large sums. Reasonable rates of interest and terms of repayment. No valuation fee charged. HON. FRANK SMITH, JAMES MASON, President, Manager

## GILMOR & CASEY,

HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS, 47 Victoria Street, Toronto

## LEAR'S

Gas Fixture Emporium.

ESTABLISHED 1875. Headquarters for Gas Fixtures and Globes. Remember we make a specialty of these goods. Inspection invited.

19 and 21 Richmond W

TELEPHONE 2021.

## G.N.W. Tel. Co.

Special Messenger Department.

MESSENGER FURNISHED INSTANTLY.

Notes delivered and parcels carried to any part of the city

DAY OR NIGHT.

Special rates quoted for delivery of Circulars, Handbills, Invitations, etc., apply General Office or

BANK OF COMMERCE BLDG. TORONTO

Telephone No. 1144.

## NOTICE TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

Those wishing to keep their copies of TRUTH in good condition, and have them on hand for reference, should use a Binder. We can send by mail

A STRONG, PLAIN BINDER, For 75 Cents, postage prepaid.

These Binders have been made expressly for TRUTH and are of the best manufacture. The papers can be placed in the Binder week by week, thus keeping the file complete.

Address: S. FRANK WILSON, TRUTH, Toronto.

## ON 40 DAYS' TRIAL

The Great Truss for RUPTURE

This Pad closes Hernia as if your extended hand was drawn together, closing the aperture. Truss is held positively without friction day and night, and healed like a broken leg. There is no duty to pay, which many Canadians found more expensive than the truss. The easiest, most durable, and cheap Truss. Sent by mail.

GLUB FEET made natural in five months without cutting. (Appliances for above patented)

SPINAL INSTRUMENTS weight of other makes, and more effective. Send stamp for illustrated book. Valuable information. Address:

Established 1871. CHAS. CLUTHE

Patented and Mfr., 121 King St. W., Toronto, Ont.

Largest stock of Crutches, Abdominal Supporters, Suspensories, Shoulder Braces, etc., in the Dominion.

# TRUTH.

OLD SERIES.—21st YEAR.

TORONTO, ONT., AUGUST 30, 1890.

NEW SERIES.—VOL. X. NO. 617.

## TO PRINTERS.

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

## WHAT TRUTH SAYS

Secretary Proctor and General Schofield, of the United States War Department, are making a tour of inspection of the frontier forts. Canadians are kindly advised, however, not to feel alarmed or even annoyed, as the *New York Star* informs the public that the reparation of old forts and the construction of new ones are to be made in view of the "possibility of war with England." This movement of the military authorities is quite in keeping with the utterances of several officers of the United States Army, who have expressed the wish that war with Britain might arise in order that they might have an opportunity of advancing their standing in the army. But if the American taxpayers are wise they will think twice before adopting the plans of these enterprising gentlemen, to whom personal distinction is everything, and the welfare of their country, nothing. So far as England is concerned, there is no need for our neighbors to make unusual haste, or to expend great sums in strengthening their fortifications. England has no desire to engage in war with the United States or any other power. Her policy is one of peace and not of strife, while her energies are being devoted to the promotion of trade and the development of commerce. Believing that a free trade policy is at once philosophically sound and commercially expedient, she has opened her ports to the products of all nations, free of duty, and thus, notwithstanding the ungracious and, oftentimes, uncivil conduct of scheming politicians of other nations who have not hesitated for temporary gain to discriminate against their magnanimous sister nation. Under her liberal regime her own people have prospered amazingly, and in so far forth as others have followed her example they have been equally benefitted. As a result of her policy of peace her "standing army" is a mere police force, costing her people but little aside from expenditures for armor-plated ships and ordnance. The influence of her policy has affected the other nations of Europe which have long been burdened with the maintenance of enormous military establishments. Already Emperor William of Germany has expressed an earnest desire to reduce his army, while the feeling grows apace among the European nations to substitute for large armies an international board of arbitration to settle all disputes. Nor is the policy of settling international problems by arbitration without friends on this continent. Indeed to the United States belongs the honor of originating the idea. And were it not for the commanding power of "party exigencies" we should never have occasion to refer to such expressions as that at the head of this article. But even this kind of thing may be carried too

far, as President Cleveland learned to his cost. Some day those politicians who are ever ready to seize an opportunity "to twist the Lion's tail" will wake up to the uncomfortable fact that in seeking to win the Irish vote they have estranged the thoughtful Christian people who are not so void of sense and conscience as to believe that "the end justifies the means."

Appropos of the burdens with which the German citizen is weighed down, a contemporary paints the following interesting and somewhat amusing picture:

"On waking in the morning the German artisan drinks a cup of coffee on which the Imperial Treasury has levied a duty of 20 pfennigs, or about 5 cents, a pound. The sugar with which he sweetens it has been taxed at 10 pfennigs a pound, and the bread at 3 pfennigs. On leaving home for work his wife provides him with a crust of bread (on which the duty is 3 pfennigs a pound), spreads it with a layer of lard (duty of 5 pfennigs a pound), and sprinkles it with salt (duty 6 pfennigs a pound). During the course of his morning's work the man will probably take a small glass of brandy (duty 26 pfennigs per quart). At noon he will return home to dine with his family off a soup made of flour (duty 5 pfennigs per pound), with a slice of bacon (duty 10 pfennigs a pound), or a piece of beef (duty 10 pfennigs per pound), or, perhaps, a herring (duty 1 pfennig a piece). In the evening, after his work is over, he will probably refresh himself with a glass of beer (duty 1 pfennig per quart), accompanied by a piece of cheese (duty 10 pfennigs a pound), a little butter (duty 10 pfennigs per pound), and a slice of bread (duty 3 pfennigs a pound). Afterward, by light of his lamp, on the oil of which a duty of 6 pfennigs a quart has been paid, he will smoke his pipeful of tobacco, taxed at the rate of 25 pfennigs per pound, and will then retire to sleep, which is apparently the only thing that the Imperial Government has omitted to tax."

In addition to these indirect taxes, which are purely for Imperial purposes, the German citizen is obliged to contribute direct taxes to the Exchequer of the particular State to which he belongs, and likewise to pay heavy communal and parish rates. Moreover, he is called upon to devote the three best years of his life entirely and exclusively to military service. Under these circumstances it is not surprising that the young Emperor, who has shown unusual sympathy for the working men, should exert himself to bring about a reduction of their burdens. The hopeful feature in the case is that Germany is not the only European country under the military wheel. France, Russia, Italy, all stiff in armor, are groaning under their self-imposed loads. Self preservation must soon force them to adopt some means of relief. No one who seriously contemplates the situation can fail to pray, "God speed the Kaiser in his humane and beneficent work."

The recent despatch of Lord Salisbury to Secretary Blaine re the Behring Sea difficulty will render it difficult for the astute and wily American politician to reject the proffer of the British Premier, and at the same time retain the respect of right minded citizens, who are above prolonging a dispute with another nation merely for the sake of catching votes. While denying that England ever admitted the Russian claim to marine jurisdiction and the exclusive right of fishing throughout the whole of the waters from Behring Straits to the 51st parallel, and that the right to fish and catch seals in the high seas can be held to be abandoned by a nation from the mere fact that for a certain number of years it has not suited the subjects of that nation to exercise such rights, the despatch concludes: "If the United States

Government continues to differ with Great Britain as to the legality of the recent capture, Her Majesty's Government is ready to refer the question, with the issues dependent thereon, to impartial arbitration." Referring to the proposal to arbitrate the *New York World*. After admitting the incontrovertible point that the mere fact that for several years British subjects refrained from engaging in the business of seal-catching cannot be construed to be a surrender of a right to catch seals on the high seas, and that rights on the high seas are never lost by non-use, remarks, that "as for the proposition to arbitrate, the sooner it is adopted the better. Party politics and Canadian demands seem to stand in the way of a speedier settlement, and any longer indulgence in bickering would be intolerable." However Secretary Blaine may be disposed to treat the proposition impartial and dispassionate judges must see that Britain desires to act in a manner at once fair and conciliatory. Under such circumstances it seems impossible that the dispute should be much longer continued.

John D. Rockefeller, president of the Standard oil trust, whose generous gift to the Baptist College in Chicago was recently reported in the public press, is again mentioned in connection with a big educational scheme. This latest is to be a national institution and situated in New York city. It is the intention of the promoters of the project to have an endowment at the outset of \$20,000,000. Its chairs will be filled by the ablest professors in every department that can be obtained in this country and Europe. The highest scholars in science and art, and the ablest professors in theology will be secured if possible. No expense will be spared in making the attractions so numerous that college graduates from New England, from the west and the south, and from Europe and Asia will go there to perfect themselves in the studies to which they propose to devote their lives. To spend his money in endowing an institution of this character, where the lamp of instruction will constantly shine, reflects greater credit upon the head and heart of the millionaire president than gilding the registers of his palatial mansion with gold. May his performance in this laudable undertaking equal his profession.

Either the citizens of Toronto are remarkably conscientious in their observance of the regulations imposed by the Council on those who purchase their water from the city, or the waterworks inspectors can hardly be giving that attention to their business that is expected of faithful servants. According to Chairman Hill, though the inspection costs the city about \$10,000 per annum, no case of waste is ever reported from one year's end to another. It would no doubt be pleasant to conclude (for kind thoughts of others always bless the person who cherishes them) that because no cases are reported no violations occur; but the fact that notwithstanding the care practiced by the authorities in reducing the amount for street watering purposes for flushing of sewers, the reservoir has reached a point higher than ever before, makes it difficult to get back the suspicion that in every case some view of the present condition of the reservoir appears to be made by a regular inspection.

Word com

crop, especially in the west and southwest of the island, is a total failure. This means that thousands of the poor natives of these districts will be deprived of their principal food supply, and that unless help is given from without much suffering must ensue. Already famine fever has appeared in the Blasket islands off the West Coast. Those who are familiar with the history of the island forty years ago will not contemplate the present situation with pleasure. The case is urgent, and is withal one in which Canadians can practically demonstrate that one member of the national body cannot suffer without the whole body being thereby affected.

The people of Shelbyville, Indiana, are said to be living in considerable dread these days. And no wonder, when they know not what moment the ground beneath their feet may take to leaping and dancing as it did a few days ago. A correspondent thus describes the occurrence which has alarmed the inhabitants:

At 9 o'clock yesterday morning the farmers near Waldron, this county, were startled by a terrific explosion. When they reached the Ogden Graveyard, which is on a bluff near the Flat Rock dam, they discovered that fully 10 acres of the earth was in a commotion. Geysers were shooting up to the height of six and eight feet, and gas was blazing from ten to fifteen feet above the waters of the geysers. The river bed was torn up and the water had stopped running below the graveyard. Flames are still shooting from different fissures in the earth. The county had not been considered in the gas belt, although local companies have sunk wells. The skeletons of the dead can be distinctly seen in the fractures of the earth. Gas flows freely from the entire surface of the ten acres. Stones were thrown two miles. The whole county was shaken up, and the excitement is tremendous.

Not many persons are so strangely constituted as to prefer living over the mouth of a peat up volcano. And this is about the situation of the inhabitants of Shelbyville.

There is food for reflection in the arrangement which the Salisbury Government, through its official representative, has entered into with the Vatican, regarding the marriage laws in the island of Malta. According to the *Speaker*, the new Liberal weekly, this compact virtually acknowledges the right of his Holiness to decide who are validly married and who are not, and to declare that all marriages between Roman Catholics and non-Catholics are not only to be invalid in the future, but to have been invalid in the past, so that the children born of such marriages since Malta became a British possession are bastards in the eyes of the sanction of the British Government. Interference is a new thing.

less the Jesuits count on those Albanian Grace new man, the first rem is in block, the urgent age of at the

question of free trade vs. protection, or the policy of the Government which refuses to take any steps looking towards obtaining for Canadian products free entry to the market of 64,000,000 people at our doors, the attempt to extend our trade relations with the West Indies is upon its own merits, a commendable undertaking. At present these islands receive large supplies from the United States, and of such products as could be equally well if not better supplied by Canada. For instance, during the fiscal year of 1889, Jamaica alone imported from the United States of bread and biscuits, \$63,500; butter, \$103,000; cheese, \$39,000; dried and salted fish, \$82,000; herring, mackerel and salmon, smoked or pickled, \$35,000; wheat flour, \$785,000; boots and shoes, \$46,000; peas and beans, \$10,600; soap, \$14,000; white pine, \$78,000; shingles, \$29,000; shooks, staves and headings, \$50,000. The exports from Jamaica to the States during the same period amounted to \$3,860,000. The principal items were:—Cocoanuts, \$63,000; coffee, \$810,000; bananas, \$1,226,000; oranges, \$242,000; ginger, \$30,000; pimento, \$124,000; rum, \$18,000; logwood, \$430,000; and sugar, \$858,000. These facts and figures should have sufficient eloquence to induce Canadian manufacturers and producers to avail themselves of the opportunity offering to advertise their wares in that part of the world, by sending a large and representative exhibit to the Jamaica Exhibition, which is to meet next summer, and to which Mr. Adam Brown, of Hamilton, has been appointed trade Commissioner of Canada. Mr. Brown is at present visiting various centres throughout Ontario, and is seeking to impress upon the people a sense of the greatness of the present opportunity. It is to be hoped that those principally concerned in the establishment of trade with these islands will not allow the chance to pass improved.

The faith of her representative citizens in the future prosperity of Toronto does not appear to have suffered any weakening by the lull that has come over the building operations this season. Questioned as to what Toronto is likely to be twenty five years hence, such men as President Davidson, of the Board of Trade, Ex-President Matthew, Ald. Boustead, Ald. Frankland, and others of equal prominence and judgment have expressed the opinion that by 1915 the city will at least have doubled in population, if indeed it does not reach the half million line. Nor is this estimate unreasonable considering the past history of the city, and the relation which it sustains to the rest of the Dominion. During the last twenty-five years the population has grown from 45,000 to 200,000, that is, it has more than quadrupled. Its assessable property has increased in value from \$25,000,000 in 1865 to \$150,000,000 in 1890. Besides, it is the centre of the business of the province, and is the great gathering place for the products of all parts of the globe. The fair will be a success in every respect.

agement of civic affairs. Economy in Government must be practised lest intending investors be turned aside. At present the burden of taxation is heavier than is convenient to bear. This is owing in considerable degree, no doubt, to the policy of opening up new streets and enlarging the area of the city. Some idea of what has been done in this respect may be gathered by comparing Toronto with Chicago. Though the latter city has a population of over 1,250,000, it does not cover one hundred acres more than Toronto. Now it goes without dispute that the cost of the municipal government of a city so extended is greater than where compactness is a characteristic. Here there should be retrenchment, and further enlargement delayed until the present area is fully populated. Then, too, the health and morals of the city must be guarded with a vigilance which knows no cessation. For these things after all will constitute our chief glory and not our material wealth or the fact that we can number our citizens by hundreds of thousands instead of tens. Deficient in honesty, truth and righteousness, no matter what the city records may show, we shall be poor indeed.

News has been received from Buffalo that "the Provincial Natural Gas Company of Toronto, with large properties in natural gas in Welland county has entered into a contract with the Buffalo Natural Gas Fuel Company and the papers have been signed and approved by the various parties thereto." How this arrangement will be regarded by those who feel themselves responsible for the efficiency and sufficiency of the "protection wall" it is not easy to say. No provision seems to have been made for levying duty on gas itself though gas coke, fixtures, meters, pipes, etc., have not been overlooked. Hitherto the only commodity known by the name has been confined to animated vessels which have come across the frontier without question, and have given of the supply gratis or for a consideration as the case might be. That this abundant article was not assessed is probably owing to the difficulty in finding some means of appraisal, seeing that it cannot be measured, weighed, or estimated *ad valorem*.

The history of the Toronto Industrial Exhibition is one of continual progress. Each year has witnessed a finer display and more varied than its predecessor. So rapid have been the strides towards completeness and perfection that for several years past the beholder has on each occasion felt constrained to ask, "Is it possible for the managers to sustain the institution at the point it has already reached?" And yet the next year has forced the candid confession, "This is better than any that have gone before." Now, while the directors would be the first to concede that such marked improvement cannot go on indefinitely, they are pleased to be able to announce that the forthcoming exhibition, which will be held in this city on September 15 to 20, will be superior to any that have preceded it. Already they announce (and the entries are not all in) that "in all important departments the coming fair will much exceed in point of number and quality of exhibits, all previous displays." A feature of special interest will be the West Indian exhibit which is described as a very fine and comprehensive collection of the staple productions of the island. The interest in this exhibit will be increased by the circumstances that at present the Government is taking steps to establish trade relations with these islands. The arrangements for the display of Canadian products at the Jamaica Exhibition, which is to meet next summer. And while the fair will extend to all parts of the globe, the exhibitors will be of all things con-

sidered, it may be confidently predicted that the show of 1890 will, from the managers' and exhibitors' side, be a great and grand success.

John Chinaman who dwells in our midst has apparently encountered the shade of Josh Billings or at least has come under the spell of the famous advice, "Go west, young man." The other evening a dozen almond-eyed Celestials, delegates from various strongholds of the Chinese in Canada, were amongst the passengers leaving the Union Station on the Colonist train. They have gone to spy out the land, and should they report favorably a large exit of Celestials may be expected. Possibly some of Ontario's bachelors will sigh for poor John when they come to don their lians, otherwise it is probable that no great jar will be occasioned in the social machinery by the exit of men difficult to assimilate.

The equality, not to say superiority of the female intellect has again been demonstrated in connection with the census count in the United States. Superintendent Porter, under whose supervision the count was conducted, testifies that the female counters were superior to the male. One young woman he mentioned counted in a single day within a few hundred of twice the daily average. If this kind of a thing continues a little longer, no notice will soon be taken of the fact that women excel the men in spheres for which they were once thought to have no fitness. It will soon be looked upon as a matter of course and will cease to excite surprise.

An interesting case, which turns upon the right of a railroad company under the Interstate Commerce Act, to grant free passes, especially to persons whose influence would naturally tend to induce others to patronize the company's road, has just been instituted in the Ohio courts. The facts in the case are these: In July, 1888, the National Educational Society held its annual gathering in San Francisco. About thirty teachers in Ohio went out to California to attend it. Most of them paid the full fare; but it is charged that free passes were issued to the superintendent of the public schools at Cleveland, and to another gentleman and his wife. Now the law provides among other things, that, except in certain specified cases, which are not involved in this trial, it shall be unlawful for any common carrier subject to its provisions to give any undue or unlawful preference or advantage to any particular person in any respect whatsoever, or to subject any particular person to any undue or unreasonable prejudice or disadvantage in any respect whatsoever. The act also declares that it shall be unlawful for such common carrier to charge, demand, collect, or receive from any person or persons a greater or less compensation for the transportation of passengers or property, or for any services in connection therewith, than is specified in its published schedule of rates. The question, therefore, to be decided is, "Has the company in question, by granting the passes aforesaid, violated the spirit and intent of the act." Many will watch the case with deep interest.

The revolutionary spirit, which has been so active in South America during the last few months, and has wrought such great changes in Brazil and the Argentine Republic, is reported to be stirring in Chili where a serious conflict has arisen between the Executive and the Legislature. For refusing to give them a Cabinet enjoying their confidence the National Congress has retaliated upon the President and has absolutely refused to vote any supplies. Consequently, everything is in a state of confusion: trade is paralyzed; while thousands of workmen are thrown out of work and are on the verge of starvation. Mobs, rendered

desperate by want, are forming in many places, and the insurrection bids fair to spread throughout the country. Unless the deadlock is speedily relieved the country will be given over to anarchy and ruin.

In his parting address to Canadians, Sir Fred. Middleton, who sailed for England last week, took occasion to state some facts which, had they been given at the time his case was before the committee would doubtless have tended to lessen his offence in the popular estimation and would probably have materially altered the character of the committee's report. The General points out that the responsibility for the offence (for he frankly admits the act was illegal, though at the time he considered himself justified in doing as he did) was not his alone, for that Mr. Hayter Reed, the officer appointed by Lieutenant Governor Dewdney to represent the civil authority in the disturbed district, at least concurred in, if he did not order the confiscation. Then, too, the General claims that he felt justified in seizing the furs by the fact that he had been asked by Sir Adolphe Caron "to bring back some souvenirs of your campaign for Sir John, Sir Hector, and myself," a request which he very naturally interpreted to mean that the ministers wanted to get something that had been captured from the rebels. It is a pity these facts were not brought to light at a time when they might have been of more service to the gallant soldier, and when they might have saved him much of the mortification he has felt and will continue to feel. The wisdom of his course in withholding information bearing so directly on his case is not above question, and indicates the weak point in his character, viz., a lack of discretion. That he did not disclose them at that time is probably owing to a desire to shield his friends. If this was his reason he has paid dearly for his generosity.

Besides showing where the blame for the confiscation of Bromner's furs belongs the address of General Middleton disposes of the charge that he neglected to recommend for promotion and honors those of his companions-in-arms who had distinguished themselves during the uprising. This imputation he shows to be entirely void of truth, and that so far from "neglecting" he really "exceeded military official etiquette" in his anxiety to obtain rewards for the deserving. He specifies particularly several communications which he addressed to the Minister of Militia in one of which he took the liberty to name the decorations and promotions that he would favor. Besides, he recalls an interview with Sir John Macdonald and Sir Adolph Caron in which he pleaded for rewards for his officers. His request he tells us, was denied for two reasons: one being that as only two or three C. M. G.'s would be granted jealousy would be created among those who did not receive them; the other, that the inability to include in the list for honors the names of the two officers commanding the French-Canadian regiments would occasion trouble, which these Ministers did not think it advisable to incur. Thus it will be seen that "political exigencies," and not the selfishness of their commanding officer is the reason why those of our citizen-soldiers who should have been promoted have been allowed to go unrewarded. As to how this refusal will affect the political fortunes of the ministers chiefly concerned, opinion is divided. According to a prominent colonel at Ottawa, "it will hurt Caron and the Government in two ways. The English speaking officers now know that Sir Adolphe Caron, backed by Sir John Macdonald, vetoed the bestowal of honors on them, and the French-Canadian officers know very well that the Minister of Militia could by a simple request have had Gen. Middleton add the names of the two French-Canadian commanders. Sir Adolphe took care, however, that he wa-

the only Frenchman rewarded. It will create bad feeling all round." In view of the leniency with which the long-suffering Canadian elector is wont to regard the political sins of rulers it is not certain that anything very serious will occur when the day of reckoning arrives. For, speaking generally, Canadians are first partisans and will condone much that is questionable rather than endanger the chances of their party. And more's the pity.

The remembrance of the ruin wrought by summer frosts in the North-west in former years gave intensity to the feeling of regret experienced by many, when a few days ago it was reported that that region had again been visited by the destroyer, and that much damage had been done. It turns out, however, that the report was without foundation, and was started by interested parties who sought thereby to "bull" the market. Recent advices state that in no place did the temperature descend to the freezing point. Now that the harvest is well under way, all apprehension on this score may be dismissed.

In the light of the fact that there are in this city 1,505 privy pits, of which 575 are unusually foul; 246 dirty lanes, some of which are raised several inches by the filth of years; and many houses where the drains do not connect with the sewers, and where garbage and slops are thrown upon the surface of the ground, the recent alarming increase of typhoid and diphtheria is no longer a mystery. On the contrary, the wonder is that the cases are not more numerous, and that the city is not being visited by a veritable epidemic of these diseases. That such a state of things should exist is a discredit to the city and to the officers entrusted with carrying out her sanitary laws. It is hard to believe that everything has been done that should and could have been done to remedy the evil. Certainly, our inspectors have from time to time made reports and have frequently lifted up their voices in condemnation of many of these places, but as to taking active measures for the suppression of the nuisances little appears to have been done. Meanwhile, these agents of death, regardless of what was being said about them, have been getting in their fatal work. What is wanted in such cases is action, prompt, firm, decisive. If the law is defective and the health department hampered in its action, then let the necessary power be given to deal thoroughly with the evil. And then let the officers be held responsible. As touching this point the *World* suggests the following change, which must commend themselves as reasonable and wise, and which if acted upon would speedily remove the present evil: "The Board of Health officer ought, on discovery of a nuisance dangerous to health, to be compelled to serve a notice on the person responsible, or on whose property it exists, to have it suppressed in two or three hours, and failing compliance it should be done at once by the board at his expense. After such notice the continuance of a nuisance ought to be made a misdemeanor with consequent penalty, for surely it is as foul a crime to kill a human being by an inexcusable nuisance as to do so in anger."

To treat with indifference or contempt those whose help one may subsequently need in order to carry out some cherished scheme is not an illustration of the wisdom for which the children of this world are renowned. Such, however, was the lack of policy shown by the Illinois legislature in dealing with the request of the Chicago Labor Unions regarding the World's Fair. When the "enabling act" was under consideration, the Unions asked that a case be inserted that in the work of preparing or the Fair the eight hour day should be the rule. But notwithstanding the fact that both the State of Illinois and the

United States have an eight hour law, the Senate, on the plea that they had no right to dictate the hours of labor, rejected the amendment. Whether they acted wisely remains to be seen. Certainly they have not done with organized labor, which will shortly confront them when the people are asked to vote the \$5,000,000 provided by the act. Here the Unions have resolved to again press their demands, which have increased meantime so as to embrace, besides the original stipulation, that only union labor be employed, and that American citizens be given the preference. It is predicted that unless these requests be granted the vote will surely be defeated. And this means the probable collapse of the undertaking. According to the *Chicago Mail* the situation is: "No recognition of organized labor, no \$5,000,000 loan: no loan, no fair."

The ruthless modern critic has again been engaging in his destructive work. This time it is one of childhood's cherished idols he has shattered. Who has not felt his youthful heart thrilled by the story of William Tell shooting the apple off his son's head? Who has not pictured in his imagination the drawn bow, the flying arrow, the apple split in twain by the unerring shaft? Who has not felt like praising the purpose of the father in carrying a second arrow with which to pierce the tyrant's heart had he chanced to harm his son? And now we are asked to believe that all this is a myth, and that the thrilling events which so moved our youthful fancy never occurred. "The authorities of one Swiss Canton," we are informed, "have issued positive orders prohibiting the oft-told and generally accepted narrative of William Tell from being taught in the public schools as a part of Swiss history. The order treats the narrative of Tell and Gessler as pure fiction, for which there is not a suspicion of historical foundation." After all, though the disillusioning may be painful, it is better to know the truth, which to the honest heart must ever be more precious than any or all things else.

The poet Swinburne has been summoning the Muse to aid him in giving expression to the indignation he feels at the manner in which the Czar is treating the harmless Jewish subjects found throughout his Empire. That the verse-maker has cause for indignation few will deny who reflect that of the four million Jews scattered throughout Russia, nearly one million who are farmers, laborers, and landowners, will, by the recent edict, be robbed of their property, rendered homeless and reduced to beggary, and that all are practically denied access to the educational institutions of the country, to the professions, or to government offices however subordinate. But that he has succeeded in keeping his indignation righteous is not so clear. Witness the following lines: "God or man, strike swift; Hope sickens for Hurl the tyrant howling, down his father's way."

Such language, however great the provocation, cannot be justified, and is more likely to produce fresh evils than cure that against which it is directed.

The ignorance concerning colonial matters on the part of Englishmen whomight be expected to be better informed has been so frequently displayed that it no longer excites surprise. It ought to be considered no strange thing, therefore, if these same persons should manifest similar haziness in regard to states and nations less closely related. One of the latest instances of misconception is that of the *London Standard*, which in commenting on the execution of the convict Kemmler says: "Electricity for the last few years has been the toy of the American people, and they have employed it for every conceivable purpose. At last, some ingenious mechanist suggested that it should be used to get rid of criminals. The

idea seems at once to have captivated the minds of the members of the State Assembly, and they proceeded to adopt the suggestion. No doubt they soon grew persuaded that they were acting in the interests of humanity, though in truth they were lending themselves to a popular craze and were merely endeavoring to show that there was no end to the wonders of electricity!" This gross misrepresentation of the facts moves the *New York Times* to remark that "the *Standard* may be excused for not knowing that electrical execution was adopted in this State on the recommendation of a commission of legal, penal, and scientific experts after a thorough investigation and an exhaustive report for the sole purpose of displacing a most barbarous method, and it is also excusable for being misled into the belief that the first trial was a failure, but we do not see what right it had to assume without evidence or reason that the law was adopted hastily or lightly as the result of a "popular craze" and merely to show what electricity can do." This rebuke is not altogether unmerited, out whether it will have the effect of leading the offending journal to be more careful when it comes to attributing motives must be left for time to reveal.

A political movement which has already acquired considerable force has recently been set on foot among the Presbyterians of Ireland, who feel that hitherto Presbyterian interests have not been properly represented in the House of Commons. The matter is being discussed in the various presbyteries, and action taken in the direction of forming a large and thoroughly representative committee to forward the movement. Doubtless there are arguments that can be advanced in favor of such action, and probably it appears to these people the only practicable way of having their claims regarded, but the principle is philosophically unsound, while its application tends only to evil. Anything and everything that tends to narrow the outlook of a representative to that which concerns those and only those to whom he is responsible for his election must be condemned. Instead of such sectionalism, which is the reproach of much of our modern legislation, the endeavor should rather be, to encourage that lofty sentiment which "knows no man" where conflicting claims are involved.

After much loss on the part of the companies and untold misery and distress on that of the men, the great railroad strike in Wales has at length been settled on a basis that is declared to be equally satisfactory to both parties. The differences between the two were never very great, and a compromise was speedily effected as soon as the men decided to deal directly with their employers, and to abandon all extraneous interference on the part of the Socialists and professional agitators.

The year 1890 will be memorable in the annals of Britain for the settlement of disputes with other European nations. For hundreds of years England has been the principal colonizing country of the world—France following at a great distance. Her sons have gone into every quarter of the globe and have raised the standard of English rule and authority. Lately the example has become contagious, and Africa appearing as a prize to be won by many, France and Portugal were sharing the rich reward. Competitors were brought in, and respectively claimed continents. Disputes two ways were settled by diplomacy. Had the same prevailed there would have been a spirit of peace for each other.

and reason has taken the place of bullets. The latest agreement, and one which establishes peace all round, is that recently entered into with Portugal. According to the Portuguese version of the treaty, England recognizes as Portuguese territory the hinterland of Angola from 11½ degrees south latitude to the northern boundary of the German sphere, Great Britain having free way between her northern and southern territories. All the country westward from Lake Nyanza will be British territory. The agreement also provides that any further boundary disputes shall be referred to arbitration. The transit dues in Portuguese territory are not to exceed three per cent. ad valorem.

The investigation that the new Government of the Argentine Republic is making into the conduct of its predecessor discloses that the country had been "worked" by its late President for quite all it was worth. The only wonder is why CERMEN, when he had squeezed his country dry and had reduced the value of Government paper to a quarter of its face, should have tried to maintain a place of which the usefulness had been exhausted. He would have been more comfortable, one would suppose, removed from the criticisms of his countrymen, which were likely to assume a violent form, and enjoying in foreign parts the £10,000,000 he is said to have deposited in London. Probably the explanation is found in the old saying, "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad." For mad and blind he must have been to suppose that such wholesale plundering of the public could be carried on forever, and that the day of reckoning could be indefinitely postponed.

We have reported about the usurers called "Kulaks" who ruin Russian peasants by the thousand and rob them of all that they have. We now read in the *Russkaya Viedomosti* of Moscow reports from Orel and Kharkov that agriculture in both these governments has dwindled down to a minimum on account of these Kulaks. The best and most active peasants, having been robbed of their land, have emigrated either as new settlers on the Government lands in the Caucasus or are seeking work as day laborers elsewhere. Their fields, now in the possession of their robbers, cannot even be farmed out, for all the business enterprise of the peasants remaining seems to have been checked. With those peasants the question is not how to enlarge their activity, but how to hold their own against the Kulaks. It was discovered, moreover, that bankers of good standing helped the Kulaks in their nefarious enterprise. Two banks in Orel advanced money to Kulaks at forty-eight per cent. interest, which the latter lent to the peasants at three or four times that rate. In the government of Kharkov 864,531 acres of land, more than half of the entire agricultural area, are mortgaged to Kulaks. Thus it appears that the system of robbing the peasants was promoted in the highest financial circles for years. The credit for discovering and denouncing this system belongs to the weekly paper of St. Petersburg, the first to comment; two months ago.

Those About  
The new  
minors in  
stringent  
ing to  
age of  
at

### Truth's Contributors. ALONG THE THAMES.

#### A Canoe Journey From Oxford to Windsor.

In these days of express trains we hurry generally from one great city to another, and see much the same kind of life in all lands, but in the small towns and hamlets, which we get only a glimpse of from the car windows, is to be found the true life of the people and many a historic place or quaint custom. Therefore we decided to take to the river from Oxford southward; also to avoid the steamboat, which makes regular trips, and to go by the more primitive conveyance of the rowboat. This would make us masters of the situation, so that we could pause or land as the humor should take us. We spent the preceding Sunday in quiet in the scholastic and somewhat gloomy shades of Oxford. We went to church at St. Mary the Virgin's, which to me was the most interesting spot in town.

Sunday over, we started on our voyage. I had previously secured a good roomy Canadian canoe, with waterproof sheets, and an old waterman with such a benevolent face that Bouguereau must have seen him before he painted his "Helping Hand." We pushed off at 10 o'clock. I was disappointed at first to find the Thames so narrow, but its charm in its whole course is not grandeur but

#### CARESSING LOVINGNESS.

A mile and a half and we came to Isley Lock. I recognized immediately the old mill, which is sketched by every artistic Englishman as a part of his education. We landed and went up to the church, while the boat passed the lock. Some laborers were eating dinner. It consisted of bread and lard. They generally get potatoes once in the day, and bacon on Sundays. Beef is reserved for the great holidays—Christmas and Queen's Birthday. Their wages are fifty-six cents per day. As we reached the church the congregation were coming out from daily prayer—first, the clergyman, in surplice; secondly, a lady, probably his wife; thirdly and lastly, another lady. Under such circumstances I should be a King's Churchman to save conscience; or hold some theory which gives value to official services without a congregation; or else give that time to East London. I wonder if men and women pray less than formerly, or whether it is that they mingle prayer with work more than formerly? But in dreaming I walked straight through the toll-gate, and the woman in charge ran after me for the halfpennies. We were soon adrift again. What beautiful villas these are, with the greenward sloping with grace down to the water! Evidently these are places to live wherein, and spend money, not make it. These are pleasure grounds, not farms. One sees here what a stream of wealth is pouring in from foreign lands to be spent here in the hands of Englishmen, and of the Irish peasants are toiling to support the little children whom I saw half-naked, hurrying to take off the over-crowded and over-ripe, and the people do not play!

#### ONLY

...the world. I was surprised at the... I had expected to find the firmness... but there was no strength... far more than I had... earnestness and con... method me. After all... victim to his... cut in a machine... to cut his head off... of certification of... No came... every nick of... start was

returning. We stopped at Abbington for dinner, landing at the flower garden in rear of the "King's Head." These river inns are famous for neatness and good wholesome fare, but where do they get so many pretty and ladylike girls as waiters? I am told that in these towns it is something like the coronation as May Queen to be engaged as waitress at the inn. However, the results are disastrous to the traveller's plans. You propose on landing to swallow luncheon in ten minutes, and to row through the quaint streets for thirty minutes, but you take your luncheon as leisurely as though you had no other object left in life; you require much information and ceaseless waiting upon, and still appear surprised to find that you have only time enough left to go directly to the boat. Consequently I could not go to the tomb of John Royse and ascertain if his will was faithfully executed—that twelve pence of good bread be distributed there every Sunday to twelve old widows, "women ormen." At Dorchester we went to the remains of the Roman entrenchments. They must have surrounded a winter camp while the country was but half subdued. The stones about here appear to be flint and chalk. The former are in strange shapes, like the sockets of great bones, or the ciniders of a conflagration. At Benson we stopped to rest the boatman, who had rowed about twenty miles.

Wallingford seemed a good place for the night for three reasons: first, the boatman was tired; secondly, Blackstone, the writer on law came from here, and I conjectured that his thought of his heavy volumes would induce sleep; thirdly, after sitting in a rowboat for a twenty-miles' course, one cannot longer find any place for one's legs.

By nine in the morning we were off again and soon passed the pleasant nook at the ferry of "The Beetle and Wedge"; and then Goring, where the Roman officials in the first and second century had their villas; then Hart's Wood, where the

#### GRAND OLD BEECHES

were so early taking on the gilding of autumn. We did not land till noon, at Pangbourne, and then we walked over the bridge to Whitechurch to dine at the "Bridge Inn" and were well repaid by its neatness and courtesy. In my stroll I was joined by a gentleman who was a perfect type of the country squire who says his prayers and votes the Tory ticket with the same rhythmic regularity that he drinks his old port. I asked the squire how the recent extension of the franchise in England had worked. He said that it had ruined them; that "the people" were beginning to feel their power, and the result was the strikes that were taking place everywhere.

All along on this part of the river one is reminded that this, ages gone, was the seat of furious war between the conquering Saxons and earlier Britons. One can see Reading now, where are the great cracker bakeries, and around which are the seed gardens. I determined to stop for a few moments, because in the Town Hall is the best portrait of Archbishop Laud, and I had always been desirous of studying the face of a man who tried so late as the seventeenth century to introduce the absolute monarchical principle. He had the reddish, flabby cheeks that I had imagined and the drooping eyelids that seemed not to dare to open wide on the light, and the actor's took in but a very small part of the world. I was surprised at the... I had expected to find the firmness... but there was no strength... far more than I had... earnestness and con... method me. After all... victim to his... cut in a machine... to cut his head off... of certification of... No came... every nick of... start was

just making for the four-oared race, and we drew in toward the bank. The young men pulled with great strength of stroke. There seemed no effort after style, but only to make everything tell for speed. Pains

#### POUNDED WITH A POLE

are the ruling fashion. The ladies attain good speed as well as grace with them. The champion lady punter made almost as good headway as the single dingeys. Wargrave is a pretty place, with good fishing. According to Mr. Leslie, it was there that St. George, after he had fought with the dragon, ordered a pint of strong beer. The inn, bearing the name "George and the Dragon" and having bear to sell on draught, establishes the point to the unprejudiced mind. I fancied that the boys of Wargrave had an air of restraint about them, for Mrs. Sarah Hill some time ago left a pound in gold to be given every Easter Day to two boys who had been obedient always to their parents, had never spoken any bad words, or told a lie, or stolen or broken any windows, or done any mischief. I understand that the number of annual applicants is not large.

The river banks are below here, lined in places with house-boats. This is a new feature of life here. They are occupied by families as summer residences and moved from time to time up or down stream. An annual rental is paid for this to the Thames Conservancy of \$25. Some of them are luxurious and have beds of flowers in pots on their tops. We saw Venetian gondolas at the front doors of some who were receiving callers, so that in places the river is as gay as the Grand Canal in Venice on St. Mark's Day. At Henley we found good fare at "The Red Lion," for which we were grateful after a row of twenty-eight miles. It is the headquarters of the Royal Regatta, and its meeting this month is almost as much of an event in society as the Ascot races. The town interested me because of its beauty, and because General Dumouriez died there. I could not help thinking how seldom it is that the great man and the great opportunity exactly meet. Dumouriez came very near being the Bonaparte of the French. He had the genius and the audacity, but he lacked the perception which Bonaparte had that the time had come for the Revolution to have a master. How Dumouriez must have fretted in this quiet town while Bonaparte was going through the stages of his brilliant career; and how often he must have considered that the time had been possible for him if he had kept his grasp of the reins and not thrown them up in a fit of ill-humor.

We were floating down early next day toward the impressive arches of Medmenham Abbey, but the place has an unsavory repute. In the halls where the Cistercian monks had once prayed and labored, two rakes named Dashwood and Wilks got up a mock monastery, which the people called "Hell Fire Club." To "do as you like" was their motto, and it is tolerably made out that they liked neither praying nor psalm-singing. To be sure, they sang a good deal, but their songs occasionally ended in what the simple folk judged to be

#### THE YELL OF DEVILS

in their company. They are gone now, and the spot is a peaceful one where children sport. As we made a bend in the river we saw on the right bank the stately walls of Bisham Abbey, once a preceptory of Knights Templar, and afterward a residence. Henry VIII. exiled Anne of Cleves there. Elizabeth was there in her girlhood and enjoyed it; but dark and tragic memories hang to its walls. It is said that one of its ladies beat her little son to death there for inking his writing book, and that strange lights are sometimes seen in that room and that the spectre of a woman appears, ceaselessly washing her hands of blood stains. Some people are sceptical about it, but in a recent repairing of the house a child's writing-book, badly inked, was found secreted. We stopped for the last time at Great Marlow

to make a pilgrimage to Shelley's home, where he wrote the "Revolt of Islam" and "Rosalind and Helen," and then drifted down stream till we could see the great towers of the Castle at Windsor. The evening was falling and the Eton boys were out in their sharp-beaked skiffs. We considered that if one of those eight-oared boats struck our canoe we must either sink or swim. As the ladies objected to both horns of the dilemma, we pulled in at Windsor and took the train for London.

#### Black-Mailers on English Compartment Cars.

The stories about the advantage taken of the compartment system in English railroad cars by female adventurers are not greatly exaggerated. In London, on the sulphurous and cavernous Underground Railroad, one day while I was a passenger there, an Englishman told me of two instances of attempted black-mail that were fresh in his mind. In one he played a conspicuous part. Happening to be left alone with a woman in a compartment, she raised an outcry when the train slowed up at one of the stations. He asked her what was the matter, and she said that unless he gave her a sum of money she intended to have him arrested. He defied her, and she screamed again, continuing her cries until the train stopped and a guard came to the door. To him my acquaintance told the plain story of what had occurred, and it chanced that the guard believed him.

"I've seen you travelling a bit too often up and down the road," the guard said to her; "and I'll advise you to say no more, but leave before you get into trouble."

The gentleman said that very shortly after this happened he was travelling on the same line when he noticed a man and woman get off at a station and go to the lunch counter. She followed behind her companion, insinuating that there was not time to get what ever he wanted. He was very complacent and leisurely, however, and just as the guards were shutting the doors he urged the woman to run. She did so, and he helped her into the car as it began to move. Then he slammed the door and remained on the platform, while the train sped away.

"That was a narrow escape," said he. "That woman and I were together in a compartment, and she insisted upon talking to me. I am certain she is a black-mailer. I flatter myself I outwitted her pretty neatly."

#### Horrible Story of Cannibalism.

The *Natal Mercury* says:—We give the following as received, without passing any opinion upon the report, which will doubtless either be confirmed or refuted in Maritzburg:—A wife of one of the chiefs near Fort Pieter was taken ill with a bad cold, and the native doctor was summoned to prescribe the necessary cure. According to the doctor's idea nothing would cure the cold but the fat from some human being's heart. Apparently the doctor himself was the most fitting subject to abstract the fat from. By the chief's orders the doctor was therefore slain, and the fat of his heart eaten by the cold-stricken chieftainess, and the other part of his body was devoured by the other members of the chief's household. The chief was ordered to surrender, and the magistrate, fearing a disturbance, ordered 300 of his native police. Fortunately no fighting occurred, and the chief surrendered submissively. He, with all his implicated, were brought into the city under the escort of several members of the N. M. P. He will remain under arrest until the Government have fully inquired into the circumstances connected with his case.

#### The Gambling Mania in France.

As the number of race courses around Paris has greatly increased, and as they are not conducted as they should be, M. Constant thinks of creating a special body of police to keep down the evil features. He speaks of a Special Police Commissioner with a body of detectives under him for each course, and of making the managing company pay for this means of keeping order. The suppression of the agencies for the parimutuel may eventually do good, but the gambling fever is still too high for any salutary change to show itself. On the contrary, the small tradespeople who used to run next door to stake their money now go to the race course, and neglect their business to gamble on horses. The wife of a tradesman, with whom I have long had dealings, told me, with tears in her eyes, that if she was not there to attend to the shop they must be ruined, as her husband thinks of nothing but betting. Her grievance is a common one.

Read on publisher's page particulars of a free voyage to Europe.

The Poets' Corner

-For Truth

Be Thou With Me.

The night is dark, my path is full of snares...

Long have I walked, my feet are labor-worn...

On must I walk, my journey is not o'er...

And at the end when Death is drawing near...

Gold and Silver.

GOLD.

The wheat lay cut in a thousand rows...

Lionel rode past the harvest fields...

His acres were broad and the browsing sheep...

He found her there, while the sunlight died...

SILVER.

The wheat stood bound in a thousand rows...

You'd think the old-time Juno had sent...

"The years are reapers curer than men,"...

EMILY Y. THORNE.

Back Where They Used to Be.

Pap's got his patent right, and rich as all crea-

The likes of us a livin' here! It's just a mortal

Climb clean above the roof and look from the

Let's go a visitin' back to Griggaby Station-

I want to see the Wiggenses—the whole kit and

I want to see the pester quilts that Jones girl is

And joke about the widower who come purt'

Let's go a visitin' back to Griggaby Station-

I want to see Morindy and help her with her

And I want to see the Samples, on the old lower

What's in all this grand life and high situation.

There is a God!

There is a God—I know full well,

There is a God!—the heavens declare

There is a God!—each flower I see

There is a God!—thus saith the sea,

There is a God!—the mountains high

Thou art my God!—Thy word doth show

Toronto. JOHN IMRIE.

Stony Lake.

Air:—"Scott's Wha Mac."

Where "Cherong" his waters pours

There the laurel'd hills appear

But where "Burlough" greets the sun

"Julien's" terraced heights reveal

Yonder, by the sunbeams kiss'd,

Javish glories crown "Bo-shink"

Who may tell of Dummer's shore?

See, from where "Wah-hu" stands,

Wash "Mt. Rosey's" rugged bench—

When on my day of life the night is falling,

Thou who hast made my home so of life plea-

Be near me when all else is from me drifting,

I have but thee, O Father, let Thy Spirit

Suffice it if, my good and ill unreckoned,

I find myself by hands familiar beckoned

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,

And flows forever through heaven's green ex-

There from the music round about me stealing,

I find would learn the new and holy song,

And find at last beneath Thy trees of healing,

The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Literary and Art Notes.

To be helpful to women is the chief aim

Dr. Andrew D. White takes up The Fall

In The Chautauquan for September appear

kinds of people in this world—those who do

Middlesborough, England is well known

The citizen soldier has the place of honor

Powerful Lord Arthur Cecil.

"With reference to your statement that

To Those About

Young man, the first

## Men and Women.

The Garibaldi family has agreed to sell to the Italian Government the island of Caprea for \$60,000, the house and grave of Garibaldi being reserved.

Attention has recently been called to the fact that most of the bric-a-brac and other goods of Gladstone were left by him stored in the Prime Minister's official residence in Downing street when he left it in 1886, and have remained there undisturbed ever since, apparently with the idea that they will probably be needed again there by Mr. Gladstone.

Miss Stewart, a Scotch girl of Cincinnati, was a few years ago superintendent of the restaurant department of the Woman's Exchange at a small weekly salary. She and two sisters are now running a restaurant of their own in the Chamber of Commerce building, where they earn \$10,000 a year. They furnish but one meal a day, from 12 a. m. to 3 p. m. It is a business man's lunch, and their success shows the weakness of the average man for "home cooking," which is their specialty.

Mr. and Mrs. Navarro have been making a tour in the Midlands of England, and have spent some time at Nottingham. They went there very quietly and unannounced, so that, though the features of the bride are familiar enough to most people, they happily escaped recognition and the inevitable mobbing of the curious which would have followed. "How like Mary Anderson," said the proprietor of a shop where they made some purchases to a friend, and the resemblance was certainly striking.

Sir Henry de Burgh-Lawson thinks that he will revolutionize naval construction by his plan for constructing ships with three keels, between which their bottoms are curved in combination with special internal propellers, worked and housed in chambers from which the water is partially excluded each propeller having a separate set of machinery, working independently of each other. Sir Henry claims that roiling would be almost prevented and that the ship's power of climbing waves would be immensely increased.

Saxony and Berlin dailies say that Prince Bismarck has asked the Emperor to see to it that no monuments shall be erected to him in Berlin during his lifetime. The ex-Chancellor is said also to have requested the Bismarck Monument Committee to devote the money already collected by it to the construction of a memorial church in Berlin. In the Reichstag Bismarck once said that "it disturbed him to walk by his fossilized self in Kissingen and Cologne." "I am not particularly susceptible," he said at another time, "to this kind of manifestation of gratitude."

A. Kh. Steven of the Archaeological Commission in the Crimea was called by a special despatch to Ay-Todor in Taurida to investigate a discovery made in the grounds of the imperial Princess Olga Theodorevna (wife of Michael Nikolayevitch, the uncle of the Czar). Digging in the ground the laborers found remains of very ancient buildings and coins. A coin with the inscription "Sabina Augusta" attracted special attention, but there are other Roman coins of the first century, and Armenian coins of the time of Tigran which may be of historical value.

It is known that Bismarck, now twenty years of age, was called by a special despatch to Ay-Todor in Taurida to investigate a discovery made in the grounds of the imperial Princess Olga Theodorevna (wife of Michael Nikolayevitch, the uncle of the Czar). Digging in the ground the laborers found remains of very ancient buildings and coins. A coin with the inscription "Sabina Augusta" attracted special attention, but there are other Roman coins of the first century, and Armenian coins of the time of Tigran which may be of historical value.

It is known that Bismarck, now twenty years of age, was called by a special despatch to Ay-Todor in Taurida to investigate a discovery made in the grounds of the imperial Princess Olga Theodorevna (wife of Michael Nikolayevitch, the uncle of the Czar). Digging in the ground the laborers found remains of very ancient buildings and coins. A coin with the inscription "Sabina Augusta" attracted special attention, but there are other Roman coins of the first century, and Armenian coins of the time of Tigran which may be of historical value.

the last thirty years the descendants of Thory have been trying to find a way of recovering the 800,000 thalers, with interest. Three weeks ago they all met in Cologne and resolved to send their lawyers to Paris to move the French Government to pay over an indemnity. It was said that the French Chambers had already considered their claims and advised the Government to pay them.

The authorities in Tunis have forbidden the departure of pilgrims for Mecca on account of the report that cholera is prevalent there. It is not at all unlikely that the diseases spread abroad through these pilgrimages to the holy city will in time make the journey so unpopular that the number of visitors will be greatly reduced. The Dutch traveller, Schmonck, who is the last European to visit Mecca in disguise, tells a harrowing story of the sufferings of the pilgrims while in the city, and of the total lack of sanitary or other measures that would contribute to their health and comfort. Pilgrims from Mecca are often a source of great uneasiness in the African coast towns, whose people are never sure that a pestilence does not accompany the devotees. The steamers of the Rubattino Company are supposed to stop on every trip at Jeddah, the port of Mecca, but their visits there are quite irregular, because the other ports where they touch are very likely to have a quarantine against Jeddah. In fact, Mecca is coming to be regarded as a good deal of a nuisance even in some Mohammedan regions.

Pur. Ramabai, who came to this country from India a year or two ago, and enlisted great interest, through her lectures in many large cities, in her scheme for helping the child-widows of her native land, does not seem to have been very successful in carrying her plans into effect, if we may credit "The Sacramento Record-Union," which sounds a note of discontent with the situation. The gentle Pandita collected no less than \$30,000 in California alone, it is alleged, and was joined there by Sarah D. Hamlin, who had aided in securing contributions. "The Record-Union" says: "Since her sojourn in India, Miss Hamlin has written some very interesting letters to a San Francisco daily, in which there has been an inauspicious lack of reference to the great reform to be instituted by the Pandita."

Now comes the intelligence that the Pandita Ramabai is residing near Bombay, having a house a little out of the city, and having caged, corralled or captured for the purpose of her experiment one child-widow. Just exactly what manipulation this single occupant of the great reformatory is to undergo to reform her from the original depravity of being a child-widow we are not informed.

It requires a good deal of philosophy to face with a smiling visage and unruffled temper such a situation as that described by Dr. Junker in his new book. While at Suez on his last trip to Africa he met two wealthy Englishmen who were to be his fellow travellers down the coast on the Snakin steamer. They were off for a hunting trip along the Blue Nile, and they had sent a splendid equipment from London to Suez. While they were having a good time in Cairo their equipment arrived at Suez, and by accident was loaded on the wrong steamer, and when they reached the Suez Canal to take the Snakin boat they found that all their guns, ammunition, tents, and the rest of their outfit were a thousand miles on the way to Australia, where they probably arrived in good condition. The unfortunate Nimrods had to order another outfit from London.

"Forward! To victory or death!" is the motto of Dr. Nansen, who next year is to undertake a journey to the North Pole. It is a most appropriate motto for his enterprise, for if he gets into the unknown area far north of the New Siberian Islands, he must work out his own salvation or perish. It is quite certain that no Government or private enterprise would imperil the lives of its men in the forlorn hope of carrying out Nansen's proudful followers swallowed up in the unknown of the Ice King. All the money now been provided, and if a 170-ton vessel will certainly plunge into the ice of the Siberian Islands in September, the currents will relieve responsibility as a navigator. The man who has urged his will carry him and lead up to the third, which counts the point about which so much fuss has been

explain the important fact that he has induced a Government to supply most of the money he needs. This is somewhat remarkable, as expeditious in search of the North Pole have not been at all popular of late years.

## Cardinal Manning.

The death of Cardinal Newman deprives England of one of the greatest religious leaders she has ever had. By mental constitution the dead cardinal was a skeptic, whose personal necessities drove him to seek rest in one authority after another, and finally to renounce the responsibilities of private judgment in the Church of Rome. His *Apologia pro Vita Sua* always will remain the book by which he will be best known; and certainly a fuller or more candid account of a great intellectual transformation never was given to the world. But it was his "Sermons" which first made a deep and lasting impression on young England of 1833-42, and gave him his position as the supreme leader of the Oxford movement. They rendered a great (though limited) service to the religious life of England, because they stood in sharp antagonism to the literary slovenliness and the cheap unctiousness of the current popular preaching, and led the young to associate religion with reverence and dignity. The most eloquent and the most pathetic of them is that which foreshadows his own withdrawal from the English Church, and deplores its fate to be earnest in persecuting those who have been most reverent towards its past and most zealous for its honor. His secession, as he himself shows, was an intellectual necessity, which grew out of long processes of thought on the questions which divided the two Churches. As Mr. Gladstone has well observed, the old-fashioned High Churchmen who took part in the Oxford movement, — Keble, Pusey, Palmer, Isaac Williams, etc., — remained in the Church of England to the last. It was the Oxford men who, like Newman and Robert Isaac Wilberforce, had been brought up as Evangelicals, who withdrew to the Church of Rome. The impetus of their conversion to High Church opinions carried them farther. Hence although many were lost to the English Church in the eight years between Newman's withdrawal and that of Archdeacon (now Cardinal) Manning, yet the Anglo-Catholic party was not even crippled, but went on in its way under new leadership to larger conquests. Newman's career after his secession was far less remarkable than before it. Immediately after his conversion he threw himself into the defense and advocacy of the teachings and policy of his new communion with all a convert's zeal. Even Roman Catholics of the old English kind were scandalized by his public quotations of the revelations of Hildegard and Birgeetta as though these were authoritative revelations of the inner life of Christ. It seemed as though he were about to run a career similar to that of his follower, Frederick W. Faber. But in later years the vigorous understanding of the Englishman reasserted itself, and he fell into disfavor with Pius the Ninth and the dominant party in the Church at Rome. It is said he was forbidden to complete his English translation of the Bible, which might have given his brethren a version worthy to stand beside that of the Protestant Church. He was passed over in the choice of bishops and archbishops, when the hierarchy was re-constituted in 1852. He was again ignored when Dr. Wiseman's death left the archiepiscopal see of Westminster vacant, and Manning, a more recent convert, was preferred before him and raised to the cardinalate. He justified this neglect in the eyes of the ultramontane party by declaring in 1869 that the declaration of papal infallibility was "inopportuno," and by emphasizing the elements the Church of Rome had in common with the English Church, rather than those which were distinctive. Not until the accession of Leo XIII., when the weight of years had made him unfit for the toils of the episcopate, was he honored with the purple, in 1879. But lesser men and more pliable minds always have been put before him, in accordance with the demands of a system.

## "Russia."

Considerable of a sensation has been caused both in Europe and America by the publication of an ode entitled "Russia," written by the English poet, Algernon Charles Swinburne, in which he advocated the assassination of the Czar. There are three stanzas, the first two of which liken the horrors of a Russian prison to darkest Hades (in fact there is a little too much of the sulphurous to make them pleasant reading), and lead up to the third, which counts the point about which so much fuss has been

made, and will be found interesting reading. It runs:

"God or man, be swift; hope sickens with delay;  
Smite, and send him howling down his father's way!  
Fall, O fire of heaven, and smite as fire from hell,  
Halls wherein men's torturers, crowned and cowering, dwell!  
These that crouch and shrink and shudder, girt with power—  
These that reign, and dare not trust one trembling hour—  
These omnipotent, whom terror curbs and drives—  
These whose life reflects in fear their victims' lives—  
These whose breath sheds poison worse than plague's thick breath—  
These whose reign is ruin, these whose word is death,  
These whose will turns heaven to hell, and day to night,  
These, if God's hand smite not, how shall man's not smite?"  
So from hearts by horror withered as by fire  
Surge the strains of unappeasable desire;  
Sounds that bid the darkness lighten, lit for death;  
Bid the lips whose breath was doom yield up their breath;  
Down the way of Czars, awhile in vain deferred,  
Bid the Second Alexander light the Third.  
How for shame shall men rebuke them? how may we  
Blame, whose fathers died, and slew, to leave us free?  
We, though all the world cry out upon them,  
Were our strife as theirs, we could not strike but so;  
Could not cower, and could not kiss the hands that smite;  
Could not meet them armed in sunlit battle's light.  
Dark as fear and red as hate though morning rise,  
Life it is that conquers; death it is that dies.

## The Wheat Crop of the North West.

Senator McInnes, of Hamilton, who has just returned from the Northwest, is enthusiastic respecting the crop prospects in that country. The yield of wheat, he says, will be something immense. The average crop will probably exceed twenty-five bushels to the acre; and the average will be over rather than less than 20,000,000 bushels. The price received will approach, if it does not reach, a dollar a bushel, and, as about 15,000,000 bushels are available for export, about \$15,000,000 for this one crop may be expected to roll into the prairie country this winter, carrying joy and prosperity to the pioneer farmers. No frost has damaged the crops in any part of the country, and the only injury sustained has been in a very limited district down on the Dakota frontier, where a hail storm beat down the crops over a narrow district. The Regina and Long Lake railway has been extended to the Saskatchewan. It has already crossed the south branch of that stream, the road is graded to Prince Albert, and it will be in operation by the time the wheat is ready for shipment. It is a most gratifying fact that the danger from frost is no greater at Prince Albert than at Winnipeg, while the harvest is just as early. The future of the Northwest is now assured. In some seasons the crops will probably suffer from summer frosts. This evil will grow less as the country becomes settled, the swamps are drained, and trees are planted; and it will to a great extent be obviated by early seeding, and the introduction of early varieties. The settler's heart grows glad as he looks out on his wide fields of waving grain, and feels that the harvest of a single year will pay for his land and all the machinery he has on it. Mr. McInnes saw one farmer who had 320 acres of land; 100 acres were free; 160 acres were pre-empted at \$2.50 an acre. He had 210 acres in one wheat field from which he expected to take 5,250 bushels, worth about \$5,000.

Although the Mormon settlements in the Canadian Northwest are small compared with those of Utah and some other of the Western Territories, complaints are frequent of their corrupting influence upon the Indians and of the general evil effect of their presence. Polygamy is such a barbarous practice that it constantly degrades those who follow it and all who are brought into close contact with them. It is a matter of congratulation that the United States has taken vigorous steps towards crushing out this organized offense against law, morality, and civilization, and that its efforts seem likely to be crowned with success. Canada must do likewise.



## Gill-Bits.

## Not Half Warm Enough for Him.

"Warm!" he said, putting on a heavy pair of gloves and buttoning his light overcoat; "you don't call this warm weather, do you?"

"Do I call it warm?" said the other, mopping his brow and trying to fan himself at the same time, while his face grew redder and redder. "I call it gridiron heat."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow, the mercury isn't above ninety-two."

"Ninety-two!"

"And it hasn't been above 100 more than once this year."

"Shades of all the Icelanders!" cried the red fat man, "what would you like to have it 135 in the shade? Would you like to boil eggs in the public fountains? Do you want foundries to run their furnaces without fire? One hundred! Do you want to sizzle and vanish in steam? One hundred!" he screamed in shrill, agonized tones, and he danced around madly in his wrath until his face was of flaming scarlet. "One hundred! Why, man, haven't you got any blood in your veins?"

"Oh, yes," said the other, shivering as a warm breeze touched him, "but I have a 40,000 tons of ice cornered."

And then, says the New York Tribune, the little stout man fell in a swoon and an ambulance carried him to the hospital, where he was recorded as suffering from prostration by heat, while the ice king went home to order the servants to put more coal on the fire.

## The Biggest Yarn.

"One of the biggest things I ever heard a drunken man say," remarked a gentleman to a reporter, "occurred on the train recently." The fellow was in that peculiarly talkative state when he felt that he must converse with everybody and continuously. All kept clear of him as long as possible, but finally the train got so well filled that a gentleman was forced to take the seat which had remained vacant in front of the intoxicated man. At once the fellow began:

"Shay, mister, did ye ev go fishing?"

"Yes, of course I have," came the gruff response.

"Shay, I bet I've caught more fish'n you ever did," pursued the man.

"I don't doubt it," replied the stranger in a tone meant to stop the conversation right there.

"I'll bet \$5 I've caught a bigger fish'n you ever did," persisted the loquacious Bacchanal.

"Well, I don't care to talk if you have," said the victim, as he shifted his seat to show the drunken man that the conversation was ended. But the inebriated didn't see it in that light.

"Shay," he persisted, leaning over the back of the seat and placing one hand on the shoulder of his unwilling companion, "shay, how big a fish did you ev catch?"

"Why," replied the man, in a frantic attempt to silence his persecutor, "I caught the mammoth cod on the steamer Empire State last summer, forty-three pounds."

"Hub, came the response in a disgusted tone, as the drunken man leaned back in his seat, as if pitying the weak efforts of his companion, "I've used larger bait than that."

"The laugh which went up from the passengers in that vicinity who had been closely following the conversation struck the intoxicated gentleman as quite appropriate and he remained silent for some five minutes, gazing in contempt upon his crushed victim."

## An August Vacation Episode.

"Maud, I should like to know the meaning of this reception."

"Mr. Hazard, you shall!" answered the proud country girl, freezing. "I have found you out, sir. That is all."

"What do you mean dearest?"

"Don't come near me, sir! Stay on the other side of that table. I have found out that you have been amusing yourself at my expense."

"For heaven's sake, Maud, explain!"

"I know I am free-laced, sir," she said with flashing eye "but I did not think you capable of joking about it with your friends."

"I haven't done anything of the kind, Maud," protested the young man.

"You have, sir! After you had—had proposed to me last night and I—I had said yes and you had gone, I overheard you telling Mr. Bellchamber out there on the front porch what glorious fun it was to go into the mountains in August and catch speckled beauties!"

## Mr. Bowser Tries a Few Experiments in Natural Philosophy.

"Humph!" suddenly ejaculated Mr. Bowser the other evening as he sat reading his paper.

"What is it?"

"Nothing, except that I've been a fool!"

"How?"

"Why, here we've been roasting almost every night this summer in our bedroom, when the exercise of a little common sense and natural philosophy on my part would have made us comfortable. Mrs. Bowser, if the wind was blowing into a window over a pan of coals, would it be hot or cold?"

"It would be hot."

"Exactly. I am glad to find a woman possessed of so much knowledge. Now, suppose the wind blew over snow or ice?"

"It would be cold."

"Certainly, and I'm an idiot for not thinking of it before. I'll try it to-night."

When we went to bed Mr. Bowser brought up a large lump of ice and placed it on the window-sill. He contended that it made a great difference, and fell asleep chuckling over his natural philosophy. By midnight, however, he had all the clothes kicked down to the footboard and his pillow on the floor as usual. The lump of ice had disappeared, but we soon found the results of it. As it melted the water had soaked into the carpet half way across the floor, and running down through the parlor ceiling had flaked off two square yards of the fresco. I fully expected Mr. Bowser to declare that the idea was mine and that I urged its adoption, but he surveyed the ruin and then calmly observed:

"That's what comes of marrying a woman who doesn't know anything?"

"But what did I do?"

"It's what you didn't do. Why didn't you tell me to put that ice into the bowl?"

Here's fifty dollars' damage all on your account!"

That evening he came home an hour earlier than usual and he had a large bundle under his arm. He didn't wait for me to ask what it contained, but unrolled it and said:

"Here's a better thing than ice. I propose to sleep in this hammock after this."

But where will you hang it?"

"Oh, I'll find a place. How stupid of me not to have thought of it before!"

After prospecting for awhile he decided on the flat, gravelled roof of the kitchen, which was easily reached from an up stairs window. He found a place for the hooks and stretched the hammock and an hour before our usual bedtime he was prepared to occupy it. He removed his coat, vest, collar and shoes, kissed baby good night and went out of the window, while I sat down beside it to watch the course of events.

Mr. Bowser had slung the hammock about three feet above the roof. He walked over to it, gave it a shake and fell into it. No he didn't. It dodged him and he went down on his hands and knees and got up muttering:

"Oh! That's your game is it? Well you don't beat me again!"

It took him ten minutes to get stretched on his back in the folds of the hammock and he had scarcely heaved the first sigh of satisfaction when he gave a kick and growled:

"Consarn it, but the mosquitoes have found me out already!"

For the next ten minutes he was busy with the pests, and it was while he was thrashing his arms about and kicking his feet that the hook at the foot of his hammock pulled out, and Mr. Bowser came down with a crash on the roof. The gravel flew and he uttered a yell, and I appeared at the window to ask:

"Mr. Bowser, what has happened? Has the roof collapsed?"

"Collapsed nothing," he growled, as he hunted for the hook.

"But what was that noise?"

"I didn't hear a sound. I got out of the hammock to lower it a bit. Go back to bed and stay there!"

When he thought I had gone he fixed the hook and got back into the hammock, but I could hear him growling under his breath about pitch, gravel, mosquitoes and idiots, and I knew he wasn't at peace with all mankind, for the next half hour I could hear him slapping at the insects and twisting about.

Then I suddenly caught sight of three or four boys skulking up the alley. It was bright moonlight, and from the way they acted I knew they were "on" to Mr. Bowser. Some of them and probably seen him slinging the hammock before dark and suspected his design. They came opposite, stood in line and at a signal all leaped and jumped behind the barn. Each one threw a potato, and while one hit the hammock, the others crashed against the house with a loud noise.

"Jawhittaker! but what on earth is that?" gasped Mr. Bowser as he lit up.

"Mr. Bowser, is everything all right?" I asked from the window.

"Everything all right! What's the matter with you? Why don't you go to bed?"

"I—I thought I heard another noise."

"Oh, you did! Well, I didn't. I was almost asleep when you yelled out."

I pretended to go away and, after a bit, Mr. Bowser settled down on his back and everything was quiet. Then the boys came out again. There were four of them. They had a hat full of missiles and each threw three or four before making a retreat. Mr. Bowser was hit in the head with a potato, and in the side with a tomato and on the leg with a cucumber, and the noise of the other missiles against the house was like a cannonade.

"Here—whoa—police!" shouted Mr. Bowser, as he struggled up, but at that moment the head of the hammock gave way and he was poured out on the roof in a confused heap. He made two jumps for the window and got in, but not in time to catch me. He came into the bedroom with pitch on his hands and feet and gravelstones in his hair and before I could say a word he began:

"Mrs. Bowser, I'll get even with you for this, if I have to live one hundred years!"

"Why, what have I done?"

"Never you mind! Look at me! Aren't I a pretty sight?"

"Yes, but why did you try to sleep out there?"

"You ask why—you! Why—why—?"

And he was so overcome that he danced around on one leg and couldn't find the soap and towel until I got up and placed them in his hands. It took him an hour to get the pitch off and as he came to bed he said:

"The train leaves at half-past ten in the morning."

"What train?"

"For your mother's. My lawyer will open a correspondence with her. I shall instruct him to deal liberally with you and you can see our child two or three times a year."

## Had to Tear Himself Away.

"I had hoped, darling, that as your husband I might live and die happy, but now it cannot be. To-night we must part and part forever. You will never see me again. I am going far, far away."

"Now, you frighten me, Edward; do not talk thus. What should part us?"

"Ha! ha!" he laughed bitterly and smiting his forehead. "Would it were not so. But all regrets are vain. We part to-night forever."

"Oh, Edward! Why, why?"

Simply because the boss has engaged an expert to start to-morrow on examining the books of account."

## Compensation.

"I am sorry for you, Walty," the kind-hearted surgeon said, "but the thumb will have to come off."

"My hand won't be of much account, will it, doctor?" inquired Walty tearfully.

"You will have your four fingers left, but you will not be able to grasp anything firmly."

"I can't help papa pick fruit nor weed the garden for mamma, either, can I?"

"I am afraid not, my boy."

"Well, then, cut 'er off, doc!"

## Reciprocity is Needed.

"What's that?" asked the Fourth street belle, as he pronounced a kiss from her.

"That's a free trade," he replied.

"And what's this?" she inquired, as she kissed him in return.

"Reciprocity, I suppose."

"Well she gurgled, "I guess we need reciprocity, don't we?"

"That's what the people want," he said, as he repeated the dose.—Willing Sport Sun.

## A Girl's Scheme.

Daughter (petulantly) "Can't we go to Muskoka or thenshore at all, then, papa?"

Papa—"No, we can't—not this year."

Daughter—"Well, I don't care."

Bess, let's go down the street to the trough and say we've been to Muskoka, anyway."

## A Confusion of.

Dr. Begosh (anxiously)—

ment I expected, Mrs. Brindle—

Mrs. Brindle—"Me and onions, and you corned beef and—"

Dr. Begosh—

you against Mrs. Brindle—

cheapest at—

## Betting on a Sure Thing.

Incredulous Party—"You say you have won money on the White Stockings this season?"

Baroball Crank—"Yes; I'm \$100 ahead on them."

"How do you manage it?"

"Whenever they win a game I always bet they are going to lose the next two."

## Modern Romance.

Miss Sweetlips (just after the proposal)—

"Oh, Mr. Proseyboy, you don't know how glad and grateful I am."

Mr. Proseyboy (ecstatically)—

"Then you really love me!"

Miss Sweetlips—"No, but your proposal brings my record up to mine this month and wins my bet with Miss Giggletitter."

## What Interested Him.

Young Mr. Hankinson had sat in embarrassed silence for some moments looking at the shapely fingers of the lovely girl as if taking the measure of one of them for a golden circlet. Presently he spoke.

"Miss Pinkie," he said, "you will not think I am taking too great a liberty, I hope, if I ask you a—somewhat personal question?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Hankinson," replied Miss Pinkie, softly.

"Then please tell me," he rejoined, "how you got those warts off your knuckle. My little sister's hands are covered with them."

## She Just Thought She'd Drop in as She Was Passing.

A busy Chicago housewife had just dusted the furniture and was about to wash the windows when there came a violent ring at the door bell. A faded looking woman, carrying a green parasol and a bag that puckered like a tobacco sack, walked in when the door was opened and, refusing to give her name, entered the parlor.

"Would you object to giving me your name?" said the housewife when the strange woman had seated herself.

"Never mind my name."

"Will you please state your business?"

"Never mind my business."

"Well, but why am I honored with this visit?"

"You'll find out soon enough."

"I should like to find out now if it will not be putting you to any unnecessary inconvenience."

"All right. My business is not very important, to be sure, but perhaps you might take some little interest in it. Your name is Mrs. Natterson, I believe."

"Yes."

"Ah, ha! How long have you known your alleged husband?"

"My alleged husband?"

"Yes."

"I have been married three years."

"That is, you think you have been married that long?"

"I surely do not understand you."

"Oh, it's a matter of no consequence, but as I happened to be in this town and more especially as I chanced to be passing, I thought that I would drop in and tell you that this man Natterson married me in Massachusetts some five or six years ago, I forget which. But it amounts to nothing, you know."

"Merciful heavens, madam, you horrify me!"

"Oh, not necessarily, I assure you."

"Is it possible that I have been deceived?"

"Well, it looks rather that way."

"And have you come to this conclusion?"

"Oh, not at all, I just happened to think for a moment that true that men do marry in Massachusetts, but if they do, why should I be deceived?"

"Quite enough," she concluded, and she turned to go.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

(NOW FIRST PUBLISHED)

# BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

BY FRANK BARRETT,

Author of "FETTERED FOR LIFE," "THE ADMIRABLE LADY BIDDY FANE," etc., etc.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### AT A LOSS.

The next morning, as Mrs. Redmond was on her way to rehearsal, she met her husband. He stopped her as she was sailing along, her lips pursed up, her nose in the air, and her eyes on the other side of the way.

"I want to speak to you," he said. "Oh, that's no good," he added, as she creased her brows and jerked her head significantly over her shoulder. "Nessa won't see us. She went into the show half an hour ago; and I thought I'd take advantage of the occasion, you know, to drop in and have a chat with you."

"I sent you the money on Friday—what else do you want?"

"That's the very thing I want to talk to you about. Five pounds isn't enough."

"It's as much as you'll get out of me, any how."

"Oh, no, it isn't," he replied, shaking his head with an incredulous smile.

"It's as much as I can afford more I have to pinch and deny myself absolute necessities to get it."

"Oh, that's all jolly nonsense. You don't expect me to believe that."

"It's a matter of indifference to me what you believe or don't believe."

"Oh, is it?"

The lines about his mouth took a still more unpleasant curve, and his eyes grew narrower.

"I've seen the paper this morning. Seems to have made a big hit last night."

"There's some new business to be struck in; the call's for eleven, and it's half past now. I can't stop to talk to you."

"I'll walk down to the show with you—not fast, or we shall have to stop about at the door to finish our conversation. Jolly big hit. What did Nessa get for that bit of business?"

"Nothing but that cheque she was fool enough to give away."

"Rot! It was all a put-up job, of course; but you wouldn't be fool enough to agree to her giving away the cheque unless she received another in its place."

"I tell you she didn't take a shilling of it. Something was offered, I believe, but she refused it."

"Gammon!"

"Oh, I don't ask you to believe me."

"Thank you—I won't. I never did; and it's not likely to begin now."

It is not pleasant to a liar to be doubted when lying; but when, by accident, telling the truth, it is still more unpleasant. Mrs. Redmond's feelings were unutterable.

"I don't ask you what Nessa gets a week, because I shouldn't believe you if you told me," he continued. "But it's as obvious as the print on your face that if she draws big houses she draws a big salary. As her manager, you'd look to that."

"When we accepted the engagement, I agreed to take four pounds a week for rehearsal."

"Oh, come! four pounds a week for Viola, with you thrown in as a make-up."

"You might make a pretence of the truth. Four pounds a week?"

"I didn't say so."

"I wanted to get at it," he said, "but she is drawing a big salary—four hundred pounds a week."

"That's what I told you."

"I saw it in the paper."

"It only appeared in the paper."

"I saw it in the paper."

"It only appeared in the paper."

"I saw it in the paper."

"It only appeared in the paper."

"I saw it in the paper."

"It only appeared in the paper."

"I saw it in the paper."

"It only appeared in the paper."

"I saw it in the paper."

"It only appeared in the paper."

"I saw it in the paper."

"It only appeared in the paper."

"I saw it in the paper."

"It only appeared in the paper."

"I saw it in the paper."

"I will take my oath I haven't ten pounds in the world. You needn't expect any more than five pounds, for I haven't got it, and you won't get it."

"Then I will take my oath you shall see me some time on Sunday."

"You talk like a fool. I couldn't raise a hundred pounds to save my life."

"Oh, yes you could," he said, lowering his voice. "You could raise a great many hundred pounds if you chose. But you don't choose. You run no risk, and you live very comfortably, and you're putting by a nice little sum every treasury day. You're getting careful and thrifty in your maturity. You're quite content while you can pocket the enormous sums that Nessa is receiving, and don't want anything better. You're like a fat, heavy leech, that gets more lethargic and lumpy whilst there is blood to be sucked. But that won't do for me. I'm going to put a little salt on your tail and wake you up. You won't get anything more out of Nessa after Sunday unless you give me a fair proportion. Do you understand me, my angel?"

"Oh, I understand you well enough not to be frightened by your threats. You're not fool enough to cut off your nose to spite your face. You know well enough that if I get no more out of the girl you'll get no more out of me. You won't sacrifice five pounds a week for nothing."

"No, I shan't. It will be worth five pounds to see you kicked out of the show. It would afford me just as much pleasure to see you out in the cold as I get from your miserable sivers; and how many more am I likely to get? Two at the outside, I reckon, if I let things slip on. Look at that girl's success. Why, there was a string of bouquets all round the course after her business last night. It would be a paying concern to have such a girl for a wife if she had no expectations. But it's got about somehow that she's heiress to a big estate. You've been fool enough to blab, I daresay. Anyhow, it's known who she is—Nichols heard it in the canteen. It will be in the papers soon; they grab at every bit of news about the popular favorite, and she'll be nailed by some fellow for a certainty. It's the fashion now for swells to marry professionals. Some sucking lord will get hold of her, and she'll be the pet of society, like Mrs. Thingamebob. But the family lawyer will look after her estate and sift her affairs. Then what will become of you? Well, you may think yourself lucky if they leave you alone. That's the best you can hope for. But look out for squalls, my sweet creature, if you dare to make yourself known to Nessa or any of her husband's lot when she's married. Why, they'd pay me handsomely to let 'em know what sort of a friend you are to the girl; and, by George! I'll let 'em know if you force me to come and see you next Sunday. I'll tell you if I can't do better—I give you fair warning, mind: I'll sell you to the enemy. Nichols gave you a hint, and you haven't chosen to act on it. Now I've given you a hint on my own account, and if you don't take it, so much the worse for you. Ta ta!"

Mrs. Redmond had a shrewd suspicion that this hint came from Nichols also. It was too masterly for her husband. She saw that their motive was to stir her up to immediate and decided action; but she was convinced that Redmond's threat was not an idle one, because the interests of Nichols and himself were threatened by delay. She saw, as well as they, that among Nessa's admirers there were many who, from capidity, for a less mercenary fascination, would gladly offer her marriage. The woman scarcely needed stirring up. Her own devilish inclinations prompted her to take desperate measures for the attainment of the girl. The will to do that was present; the means alone were wanting.

Her imagination had been busy with the prospect of that expedition. A detachment of troops was slowly making its way towards the theatre.

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

"I'll be here in a moment."

a bullet fired. For a few pence she could buy drugs to poison a whole family. There was no difficulty about that. With two substances to be bought separately, without a question, at any druggist's shop, she could distil in an ordinary oil flask prussic acid by the pint. Poison almost as deadly as that had been at the hair dressers, the grocers, the general shops—anywhere, despite all Acts of Parliament. It wasn't want of knowledge that hindered her, but the fact that she knew too much. For she had learnt in the course of roading that in nearly over case of poisoning the poisoner is found out. That frightened her. She remembered the narrow escape she had from being openly convicted of administering chloral to Nessa at Grahams Towers. And yet she clung tenaciously to the idea of discovering some method of poisoning Nessa safely—with the infatuation of an ignorant inventor to solve the problem of perpetual motion. She could not see that the problem was insolvable—that she, with a very inefficient intelligence, was attempting a task that has baffled the highest ingenuity of scientific criminals in seeking the means of taking human life with impunity. She had actually tried an experiment in the art of murder. Taking a hint from the novelist, she had attempted to suffocate the girl by laying a wet cloth over her face. It was a signal failure. Nessa had woken out of a sound sleep as soon as her lungs failed to get their due supply of air, compelling Mrs. Redmond to snatch off the cloth and decamp for safety. She liked the idea of strangling the girl with a cord in her sleep, and setting fire to her by overturning a lamp; but she dreaded the examination that must follow at an inquest, and the evidence of the doctor, who might have some test to prove that she was killed by strangulation, and not by suffocation from smoke. Then she turned her mind to killing with the fumes of charcoal in the French way. It would be easy to introduce a pan of the stuff lighted into her room when she slept, but, unfortunately the girl obstinately insisted on having the window open at the top. It seemed as if the Fiend himself had refused to have her for his minister.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### NESSA'S LAST RACE IS RUN.

The rehearsal had begun when Mrs. Redmond trotted into the arena from the stables. She was always behind time. Four two-horse chariots were trotting the outer course; the ring master on his horse keeping pace with them in the inner course, shouting instructions as he went. Fergus stood on the dais. Nessa, with eight or ten girls mounted, waited near him in the course below. Mrs. Redmond crossed the outer course and joined them as soon as the chariots had passed.

The chariots were driven by women. This was an innovation; ordinarily they were driven by men. Mrs. Redmond turned her head in contempt as she noticed the feeble way in which they handled the reins.

"It goes all right, Waring, doesn't it?" asked Fergus of the ring master as the chariots drew up.

"Oh, yes! they'll manage it well enough by the end of the week."

"I can't do it, Mr. Fergus," said one of the charioteers. "I must decline, if you please; I am afraid of the gas standards."

"Quite right to say so, Miss Melville. It's a dangerous job, I know. And I warn you all it'll be more trying when the tripods are lit. Will any lady volunteer to take Miss Melville's work?" Fergus turned to the group of equestriennes, adding, "Of course we cannot spare you for the work, Miss Lancaster."

There was no response.

"Slightly there must be some amongst you who can drive a pair of horses." He fixed his eyes upon Mrs. Redmond, who he knew was as clever a driver as she was a rider. "The idea is this," he continued for her benefit, knowing she had only just come in. "When the horse race is run, the chariots are brought in, and the herald invites lady competitors. You come in from the crowd in the usual way, and the race is run on the outer course. The winner then takes her chariot into the inner course, while the winner of the preceding race takes the outer course—horse against chariot. There will be but one rider and one chariot, and you'll have the whole course to yourselves, and then take the laps as close as you like. I need not say that the rider as usual will have to be careful with the tripods, but the chariot can verge the dais all the way round—no fear of upsetting that. Of course if chariot wins chariot will take the prize. Now then, there's a chance for you; who volunteers?"

Mrs. Redmond looked straight before her as if she hadn't heard a word.

"Surly brute!" muttered Fergus between his teeth. Then as none of the girls offered

to take Miss Melville's place, he said "Well Miss Melville, as no one seems to have the pluck or the kindness to come forward on your behalf, I must ask you to do your best for to-night. There's no nonsense about you, and you can keep behind. No one will notice it except myself, and I shall not forget your service. I promise you that if you don't like it after to-night, I'll find another for the business to-morrow. May I ask you to oblige me?"

"Oh, I'll do it to oblige you, scor, Fergus I don't mind coming in last."

"There's a good girl. Now then, Waring, chariots round again, if you please. Take it a bit quicker, ladies, and the first in will then do a heat with Miss Lancaster to see what start may be given. Tail off, Miss Melville, when you get to the top."

"Further out, further out!" called Waring, galloping along the inner course as the chariots neared the top.

Fergus watched with anxiety. Mrs. Redmond put her horse forward, taking suddenly an eager interest in the heat.

The chariot just managed to escape collision with the tripod, and that was all; but at the bottom they came to grief, despite the ring master's warning, the innermost chariot fouling one of the tripods, and throwing the other chariots into confusion. Fergus tilted his hat over his eyes and scratched the back of his head as Waring set the charioteers right and brought them round.

"You must keep away from those confounded standards," he called out, tilting his hat back impatiently. "Why will you keep all of a lump at the turns? Make your running in between, but do, for Heaven's sake, take the top and bottom wide. I'll have it over again, and you must keep at it till the thing goes right."

To the surprise of everybody, Mrs. Redmond called out—

"Give me a hand down, Fergus; I'll tool one of the dust carts round."

Fergus helped her down, and without taking off her skirt she took Miss Melville's place in the last chariot, bringing the frightened and restive horses under control in masterly fashion. She took the inside of the row at the start, and kept the others in their places to the finish, for she was not less feared than disliked by the girls, and not one dared to press upon her at the turns. She won, of course, by a couple of lengths.

"There's no fear now," said Waring, as he trotted up to Fergus. "One word from that woman is worth a week's shouting from me. They give her a wide berth, and she knows how to keep it. A cool, strong hand; she can do what she likes with the horses."

Nevertheless, Fergus had the business repeated thrice before he dismissed the other chariots. Then Mrs. Redmond and Nessa ran a heat: the chariot in the inner course; the horse in the outer. This seemed to most of the onlookers a mere matter of form—to test their relative powers. There was not the slightest danger, each having an unimpeded course, and Mrs. Redmond's interests keeping her as close in to the dais as possible. Only Fergus saw that the woman was terribly in earnest.

As it was a trial of pace to decide what start should be given to the chariot, Nessa honestly put her mare to her best; Mrs. Redmond, on the other hand, kept a tight rein; but, notwithstanding, Nessa only got in a length in advance, the difference in the radius being so much against her. Fergus, who detected the unfairness on the part of Mrs. Redmond, grudgingly decided that she was to have the start of a length at night, but he gave Nessa a word of warning as he helped her down from the saddle.

"My dear, you'll have to do better than ever to-night. That woman means to win. The trial wasn't fair, for she was pulling all through. You can't afford to be generous, and must take the turns a little closer. You can do that without danger, and you must win for the sake of my reputation as well as for your own."

"Thank you for telling me. I will do my very best. I could keep closer in."

"Then do. Every inch out makes a difference—a foot out means a length in the three laps."

Nessa's unselfishness was not so complete as to reconcile her to the prospect of defeat by Mrs. Redmond. It had seemed so natural to her to win that since her first success she had never contemplated the possibility of losing. Such a possibility terrified her now as she realized how much of this wonderful happiness she enjoyed was due to her success. She felt that she should lose all that made her life so dear if she were not to receive the applause of the audience, not to be invested with that glittering robe, and be led to that gilt chair above the white wig of the judge. It would break her heart to go out with the

crowd of girls who had lost and be pitied instead of envied.

Fergus himself was uneasy about it. From a business point of view, it might not be a bad thing for Nessa to lose a race now and then, but this consideration was overruled by the strong liking he had for the girl and friendly sympathy with her. In the evening, shortly before the call, he went upstairs and knocked at her door. She had now a dressing room to herself. After a couple of minutes, Nessa came out to him in the corridor dressed for her first entrance.

"Just ran up to see how you are getting on," he said, carelessly, but glancing anxiously at her face. Then something unusual and unlooked for in it fixing its attention. He added, "Why, you've got color on for the first time; what's that for?"

"That they shan't see what I feel when I'm beaten," she answered in a tone so dull, so unlike herself, that it silenced her honest friend for a moment.

"Oh, nonsense! You are not going to be beaten," he said, presently.

"Yes I am. I shall lose to-night. I feel quite sure of it."

"If you do I shall know that it's my fault. You want courage at such a time as this, and I've just gone and taken it all away."

"No. You won't find me wanting in courage—but I shall lose all the same."

"You know I may have been wrong. She may not have pulled her horses."

"She did. I am sure of that to; for she has not come home to-day. She has been afraid to face me."

"You are wrong again there. She went out to lunch with a fellow (catch her refusing!) Who would be afraid to face you, I should like to know?"

"You would if you were doing me an intended injury. I'm not an angel. You don't know how wicked this has made me feel towards her."

"I'll cut this confounded business out altogether."

"No, I will not consent to that. You may think me a coward; she never shall." She spoke with such firmness and dignity that Fergus saw the uselessness of attempting to alter her decision.

Just then the call boy ran up the stairs.

"The overture, miss," he said, and hurried down the corridor to the general dressing rooms.

"I've kept my eye on the mare. She's in fine form. I suppose I can't do anything for you," Fergus said, offering his hand.

"No," said she, as she gave her hand. "Only please don't come to me when it's all over. Let me get over it by myself."

They parted—Fergus relieving his dejection by cursing Mrs. Redmond from the bottom of his heart, and himself as well for not openly accusing the woman of foul play and denying her any advantage in the start.

Nessa was glad to enter unnoticed amongst the crowd. It seemed to her that the building was more densely packed than ever—that more had come to witness her failure than had been attracted by her successes. Some of the supers recognising her offered to give her a place at the front of the barrier; but she declined it. For the first time she dreaded the moment when all eyes should be turned upon her. It came at last; as soon as she slipped under the barrier and stepped out into the arena, she was recognized by the expectant audience. Her name was on every lip—every one had heard of her generous gift to the unsuccessful rival; all looked for some new and extraordinary evidence of her daring and address. Never had she received such prolonged and enthusiastic applause. Yet it failed to chase away the settled gloom from her mind; the presentiment of disaster hung over her like a black impenetrable cloud. Mrs. Redmond kept her distance, and never once dared to meet Nessa's eyes.

A groom coming to Nessa's side, said, in an under tone—

"Mr. Fergus says, will you have Caprice for the first race, and keep Esperance fresh for the final heat?"

Nessa assented to this arrangement. It was almost a matter of indifference to her whether she lost the first race or the last as she was to be beaten.

There were half a dozen competitors from the audience to-night. The races were run as on the preceding night. The outsiders' heat was won by an Italian woman; Nessa won in the "International Company" heat. When the two horses were brought in for the race between the two winners, Nessa graciously offered the choice to her adversary. After taking in the animals "points" with a keen, shrewd glance, the Italian chose Caprice. Nessa won on the other by a length and a half. Nessa was once more triumphant, and when she had trotted round the arena a line of bouquets marked her course.

Fergus had arranged that the robes of vic-

tory and the triumphal chair were to be taken after the chariot race; but just at the last moment he had changed his instructions, with the hope of inspiring Nessa for the last effort; so to Nessa's surprise and Mrs. Redmond's expressed disgust, on having returned to the steps where she started, Nessa was lifted from her horse, clad with the tinsel robe, and led up to the chair, the collected bouquets being placed at her feet and the steps leading to it. Nessa was glad to sit there once more; but she felt that it was for the last time.

The chariots were brought in, and the challenge given to the women beyond the barriers. Mrs. Redmond was the last to offer. Her victory was a foregone conclusion—the race was a feeble one, and yet she won by more than the length of her chariot. Nessa and Fergus knew that she was reserving her horse's strength for the single combat.

Once more the herald came forward challenging the crowd to compete with the charioteer. A note from Fergus slipped into her hand had prepared Nessa for her business. When the herald had given the challenge three times and no one from the crowd responded, Nessa rose upon which there was a tumult of applause from company and audience. She came down from the throne amidst the flowers that covered the steps, and put off her wreath and robes. Then Esperance was led in. She patted the mare's neck, looked round the house once more, and mounted. In dead silence Mrs. Redmond brought her chariot to the starting line on the inner course: then a length was measured, and Nessa brought her mare to the mark. Fergus whispered a word of encouragement as he passed her, and the next minute the signal to start was given.

Before they had gone half way down the first lap, Nessa perceived that Mrs. Redmond was putting her horses to their utmost speed. She knew they never could keep up the pace, and so made up her mind to reserve her mare for the final lap. In the second lap Mrs. Redmond was far ahead; but Nessa and Fergus both saw that her horses were almost spent with the tremendous effort exacted from them, and that there was yet a good chance of Esperance getting in a winner.

"Now!" cried Fergus, as Nessa darted past, entering on the last lap.

"Now, now! my dear mare!" cried Nessa.

Up to this moment Mrs. Redmond had stuck close to the dais, taking all the advantage possible of the inner course, but now, with a cry of bravado, she drove away to the outer limits of the course, as if in contempt to give her rival a chance. The manoeuvre was seen by the audience and raised some applause from those who admired the audacity; but, before the hands had ceased to clap, a wild scream rose from the whole audience. The chariot wheel had caught in the leg of a tripod at the lower end of the arena, and had swung the horses right round and flung them down across the outer course, and in the next instant Nessa's mare, kept close in to the standards, and going at the very top of her speed, dashed into the floundering horses of the chariot.

It had happened in such a brief space of time that few actually saw what occurred; but as Esperance limped across the arena with an empty saddle, it was known to all that Blue and White had come to grief at last.

She lay motionless on the tan. The colour was still on her face, but a thin stream of blood flowed from the corner of her lips, and Fergus raised her shoulders her head fell back, and her half closed eyes were already glazed.

"By God!" he exclaimed, "that devil has killed her!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hereditary Tufts of White Hair.

Every one who knows Mr. Whistler knows Mr. Whistler's white tuft, which is as much part of the man as his butterfly is part of his writings. "Attention may be drawn," says the *British Medical Journal*, "to a remarkable example of a similar peculiarity which was published last year by M. E. Pascal in the *Univers Illustré*. In an old Limousin family with which that gentleman is acquainted nearly all the members, both male and female, have from their earliest youth a tuft of perfectly white hair, such as adorns the head of a well-known London artist. This tuft is generally situated over the brow, but sometimes it is on the temple and more rarely at the back of the head. The family has been famous for this distinctive mark in its own part of the country for 300 years, and they are said to be as proud of it as Edgummet was of the hereditary horseshoe cin on his forehead. The white lock, which can be seen in the family portraits for many generations back, is said to be rather becoming, even to the young women of the line

JOHN BULL ABROAD.

Heine's and Emerson's Definition May not Apply Then.

In a few weeks another season will be over and past, and those of us who have a sufficient amount of luck, money and sense combined will be scouring the continent with a view to regaining the health wasted in late hours and big dinners in London. Once more we shall give the intelligent foreigner ample opportunities of studying the peculiarities of the English character. Once more the Paris opera-house will be invaded by our compatriots in morning dress, while burly Englishmen stroll down the Boulevard des Italiens in knickerbockers and shooting boots. If rudeness is not the badge of all our tribe, we must at any rate confess that we have a noble disregard for the conventionalities of others, and that we are superbly indifferent to the feelings of Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, Italians, et id genus omne.

We care nothing for the Parisian caricaturist, with his most uncomplimentary cartoons. We scorn him, and he does not even succeed in stinging. Our providential ignorance of the awful German language enables us to listen with equanimity to criticisms on "der tolle Engländer." The phrase is unknown to ninety-nine Englishmen, and to about one German, out of a hundred. They may abuse us, or laugh at us, or shun us; it is all the same as far as we are concerned, and, in the language of the P.R., we still come up smiling.

Some of the criticisms of foreigners may perhaps serve to amuse, if not to instruct us. They are mostly directed towards certain salient points in the English character which impress the inhabitants of these countries we favour with our visits more than we are perhaps aware. Our religious notions, our love of independence, our exclusiveness and unsociability, our curious variations between impetuosity and masterly inactivity, our athleticism, our horseyness—all these strike the foreigner and give him occasion to blaspheme. Heine's definition of the English aristocracy, for instance, is summed up in the words "Asses who talk of horses." Emerson declared that in the case of England "the horse was in the saddle and rode mankind." We carry this kind of sanctimonious piety with us in our portmanteau. It is very cheap and no duty is charged. As it has no weight we are in no danger of having to pay extra for our luggage from this cause. Of course every foreigner thinks of Edinburgh on a Sunday with a shudder. Nassau Senior told how a Hebrew expired in great agony owing to having made a pun in that city on the Sabbath. Bismarck, too, has complained bitterly of the intolerance shown by the North Britons to those who whistle on Sunday.

One of his jokes against the English relates to our supposed sensitiveness as to our rights. "An Englishman," said Bismarck, "once fought and overcame a sentry in order to hang himself in the sentry box, that being a right which he considered it his duty to vindicate in his own behalf and that of every free-born Briton." A few years ago when there was a passion among the English visitors at Hamburg for lawn-tennis, many of the German residents were scandalized by the scanty attire of the gentlemen and the objectionable character of the English "blazers." They accordingly sent a deputation to the "Mayor" or "Burgomaster," or "Chief Civic Functionary," to complain of the indecency of the game, and to ask him to interdict it. This request that great and good man refused, on the characteristic ground that if he stopped lawn-tennis he would have to prohibit all English games; "for," said he, "all English games are indecent."

The Germans have many stories about our poor innocent selves. One, which may be read in almost any "Anekdotenschatz," tells of an Englishman in a railway accident who, hearing from a porter that his valet had been killed and subdivided, requested immediately that the portion of the valet on which the right hand waistcoat pocket was found might be brought to him in order that he might obtain the key of his dressing-bag. This is phlegmatic. But where his property is concerned the Englishman can be better than any other.

For instance, going away. "I'll be along along twinning or anasthetizing by means without a name, who's the dog the benefit for tich is, I think, fair to fall

Mr. Summerheim—on what has happened in the hundred was Summerheim—Nassau Senior—warren—W. he has

Englishman, proud of his country and himself, returned to his hotel, and there on the table to his stupefaction and surprise saw his own watch! The next day it was known about Rome that a French gentleman had been hunted down by a powerful ruffian and robbed near the Quirinal. —[London Globe.

Too Little Rest.

Emily Huntington Miller in the *Home Magazine*: The most precious thing in the household is the mother. She is worth infinitely more to her children as a mother, a counselor, a close personal friend, a genial companion, a sympathetic teacher, a wise and watchful guardian, than she can possibly be as seamstress or caterer. Let her be slow to waste herself on duties that are not supreme, or lose the preciousness of her home-life by making herself a slave to what is not essential. Here is a piece of work she can do, but some beautiful purpose that might elevate her own and her children's lives could be accomplished in the same time, and must be set aside for it. What are her woman's wit and ingenuity for if they can not help her to some device by which she can accomplish the double good of saving herself and putting the work and the money into some other woman's hands?

"No, we do not use so much jelly," said a woman in answer to her neighbor's question, "but I like to make it, and I do not like to sew, so I make a quantity to sell, and give my sewing to Mrs. G—. I can earn enough in a day to keep her at work a week, and it leaves me so much leisure for reading and other things that I never felt I could afford the time for."

Our women have too little rest, too little actual leisure; they are always under pressure of duties, and they do not stop to consider whether it might not be wiser to accomplish less and make better workmanship; to drop a part of their undertakings, and give themselves with less divided aim to the rest. We do not even follow the teachings of our own best judgment in these matters. Other people decide upon our duties and plan our work for us, and we submit. We rebel, perhaps, and protest more or less vigorously; but in the end we submit, and take up the work somebody thinks we ought to do, or add to our burdens this one thing more which somebody clearly sees we are ordained to carry. And so harassed, and hurried, and pulled lither and thither, we get through life in the condition of the poor old soul to whom heaven looked most attractive as a place where she was "going to do nothing for ever and ever."

Half Old Englishmen.

In America the young man is the man of the hour. Precocity pays. In England the old man not only has a chance, but by common accord is master of the situation. It is the exception with us for a public man to be regarded as at his best before he is between fifty and sixty. In the professions the most eminent and hardest working men will be found to be over sixty. Last week old Lord Almarick, who fought at Waterloo, entered upon his ninety-second year. Lord Cottesloe was ninety-one last year. The late Viscount Eversley was in his ninety-fifth year when he died recently. The present writer once saw him when he was ninety-one. His Lordship was returning from shooting, near Windsor, and he was remarking that he would soon have to buy a pair of spectacles as his aim had not been so good of late. When he was Mr. Shaw Lefevre he did public service as Speaker of the House of Commons. Sir George Burns, the founder of the Great Steamship Company, and a great ship-builder, died last month, aged ninety-five, and in full possession of his faculties. Lord Wexborough, Mr. Tynham, Lord Portman, and a hundred other well-known names were gaged in active life. Probably the average age of the 500 public functionaries, legal, political, and other public men, is over 60.

NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

[ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

# THE ACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

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

## CHAPTER XXXII

At the beginning of the conflict, or rather at the arrival of the coach with its escort of Cossacks, a woman had left the house and looked curiously through the open window at the new-comers. This was the widow of the captain of gendarmes of Irkutsk. When the exiles had reached the house she had fled with the official and hid behind some rocks. Now, when she found that the rebels were too busy with their own escape, she quietly left her hiding place, approached the house from the riverside, and stopped below the window. Thus she could see everything that happened inside. She mustered the travellers, then laughed aloud and ran as fast as she could to the little barn, in which a mass of oats and straw was stored away. She took them, bundle after bundle, and piled them up at the side of the house. While at work in this way she murmured scornfully to herself.

"I know this accursed woman. She surely brings his pardon. But the old witch, as she called me, shall have her revenge first!"

In a moment the whole big pile was on fire, the black smoke rose in dense, dark clouds and the sparks flew all over the little structure. A cry of horror was heard in the travellers' room, into which the wind blew great masses of smoke.

"We must open the door and defend ourselves or we shall be smothered by the smoke," said a voice.

"That shall be done at once!"

"No, I'll do it!"

"Pray let me attend to that business," said the first voice again. "I am least needed in this world. Consider, he who opens the door is almost sure to perish."

"Wait!"

Caroline jumped up on one of the blocks of stone to look into the room. When she saw how the smoke was gradually filling the room, she again laughed aloud although she could no longer recognize the travellers. Suddenly a loud noise was heard, and Miller cried:

"Look out! We are in danger."

At the same time he fired at the door. It opened, and Miller, who had aimed his rifle again, saw a man whose features he could not recognize fall to the ground, with the words, "I die."

Miller, Vladimir and Ivan at once rushed into the room, which the draft created by the open door had cleared pretty well of smoke. The other exiles all hurried through the passage down to the river in order to reach the boats and, in their safety from the closely pursuing soldiers.

The exiles noticed how Caroline was continually feeding the flames. Several wanted to hurry past her down to the Angara, but the insane woman thought they wanted to put out the fire and put herself in their way. The desperate fugitives seized her and pushed her into the flames; the woman uttered a superhuman cry and fell down fainting.

The wind had now scattered the clouds entirely, and the bright sunlight once again illuminated the blackened walls of the house. Vladimir had at once recognized in the man who met him and his comrades the traitor and Gen. Moski. At the same time he tore the gun from Miller's hands and rushed to the door.

"Miller!" exclaimed Miller.

"Flee!"

"A band of rebels!"

"Unarmed! I am here in the con-

front of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

of the

Lanin declined. "I surrender to Gen. Moski" he said.

Behind Vladimir Jana's form suddenly appeared.

"Mr. Miller, surrender also! I remind you of your promise! I need your evidence in order to save my husband!"

Miller hesitated a moment; then he cast aside the dagger and said:

"Since you make that demand, countess, I will stay. Ivan, flee quickly! Countess, you surely do not demand the death of this man also? God knows it would serve no purpose!"

"I demand no man's death!"

She pointed at the window. Quick as lightning Ivan was through it and hurried down the steep rocks. The balls struck the water, a body fell into the waves. From the ashes of the expiring fire a human shape black all over, arose suddenly, uttering groans of pain. She was moving off when all at once a ball struck the wall, glanced off and hit her in her bosom. Caroline fell with a heavy sigh. Jana approached the doctor's body. Quite unarmed, as he now was, Miller followed her, and raised the head of the dead man. A ball whistled past between Miller and the countess. The soldiers were occupying the rocks on the bank of the river. Some exiles who had not been able to reach the boats, were hiding behind protruding rocks from the Russian balls.

"You have not told me yet," said Gen. Lanin to Vladimir, "how you got mixed up with the band of rebels?"

"I fled from my pursuers. I had been sentenced to death by running the gauntlet!"

"What? You to run the gauntlet?"

"Yes, indeed!"

"Now, I see it all!"

"General! Jana called to him, while she and Miller were busy trying to move the dead body into a quiet corner, "could you not stop the firing?"

The passage was empty. The last exiles had reached the Angara. They saw that they could not possibly reach the boats of the Tunguses, and thus they prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible. The regulars, on their side, did not dare advance, because they feared an ambush.

"General! Jana repeated in a tone of imploring prayer, "can you not make an end to this unnecessary butchery?"

A soldier cast a cautious look into the room and made a sign to his comrades. The colonel and several of the officers entered the room of the travellers.

"The governor-general!" exclaimed the colonel, greatly surprised.

The soldiers presented arms, the officers bowed low.

"Stop the firing!" commanded General Moski.

The governor enjoyed universal esteem in Siberia. The soldiers did not like to fight against the exiles. They were, therefore, delighted when they saw the general, and his first order was received with genuine enthusiasm. The colonel at once stepped to the door and shouted:

"Stop the firing!"

Here and there a single shot was still heard but soon all was quiet. The Siberians in their boats on the Angara ceased rowing in amazement; several of the exiles jumped into the river to reach the opposite bank, and a few surrendered to the regulars, having no longer any hope of escape.

The officers came up to the station house in constantly increasing numbers, and all questioned the two generals, utterly disregarding for the moment military discipline, so great was the excitement. Jana had carried the doctor's body, with Miller's help, out of the house, and then Miller took his head and laid it on his knees.

"General!" said Jana, "is there, perhaps, any objection among you?"

The officers immediately approached the general who had accompanied the expedition. A heavy post detachment of Cossacks, which was slowly approaching, would be here in a moment. The doctor's surgeon, after a moment's hesitation, had entered the house and laid the wounded man on a table without repeating any words.

"Miller, you are, I fear, forgetting that you have been a spy, and that you are now a rebel. General, I do not know how far your powers may go, but this man who is generally known by the name of 'Czar of the Exiles'—"

heard that the revisor was coming to draw close to the governor-general. The officers formed a circle around the two generals, and the soldiers formed in rank and file.

Through the open windows Schelm's voice was heard.

"Why do you not fire? Why? The exiles are actually fleeing, and no one hinders them? Fire! Fire, and let not one of them escape!"

A few of the soldiers fired their guns. The natives, frightened, rowed down the river. The soldiers, however, had aimed high, and wounded no one.

"Who has stopped the firing?" cried Schelm, furious. "The colonel will report to a court-martial! The enemies of the czar must be rooted up!"

Just then he noticed Vladimir, and at once shouted:

"There, we have at least made one good catch! Now I have gotten you, you arch rebel! You have deserved your punishment now, but we have not time now to make any ceremony about you. Hi, there! Take this rebel out and shoot him on the spot!"

Now only the governor-general of East Siberia came forth from the crowd of officers who had surrounded him.

"Mr. Schelm, you seem to give orders here in my presence."

Schelm drew back a step, pale and trembling.

"Count Moski!" he exclaimed, in a hardly audible voice.

A few more shots were heard outside. Count Moski turned to one of the officers, and in a stern voice said:

"I have ordered to stop that firing. Who dares to act contrary to my orders?"

The officer hurried out, in the meantime Schelm's courage also had returned somewhat. As yet he had not seen Count Lanin among the officers. Jana and Miller, who were still busy about Haas, were completely masked by the crowd that filled the room.

"I ordered the pursuit of the rebels," said Schelm.

"By what right do you assume to give orders to his majesty's army?" asked the governor, casting a look of contempt at the revisor.

"By the right of an inspector-general, as I am—"

"You! Do you fancy perhaps—!"

"General, my powers."

The officers moved a little aside and thus allowed Count Lanin to be seen.

"Lanin! The Czar's adjutant-general!" exclaimed Schelm, when he recognized him.

"Treason! I am lost!"

The house closely occupied by soldiers, the many dead bodies lying around, the bloody conflict but just ended and the flight of the exiles—all this was not calmed to make people cheerful, and yet, as they heard the word "treason" from the lips of Schelm, it sounded so very ridiculous that they could not help laughing aloud!

Instantly, however, all were silent again and an indistinct voice was heard to utter, these words:

"I pardon him who has inflicted this fatal wound. Pardon you likewise! God has aided you? Thank him all of you!"

Haas expired. Miller tenderly laid the lifeless head down and approached Schelm.

"Well, did I have my revenge?" he asked, seizing him with his iron grasp. "Did I not foretell you that in the fortress already?"

Schelm trembled like a leaf in a high wind, while his eyes erred about and around.

"And now ask on your knees pardon of those whom you have so mortally offended," continued the Czar of the rebels, trying to force Schelm down on his knees.

Count Lanin, however, remembered the Czar's orders, and as he knew that the Emperor objected to any humiliation of a superior officer in the presence of inferiors, he interfered with authority.

"You forget that it is not for you to be judge in this matter? You are a rebel and my prisoner."

As soon as Schelm found out that he had some protection he drew himself up again. Gen. Lanin went on:

"It is not for you that you should attack an officer in the Emperor's service. Stay quietly where you are!"

The officers had murmured, for much as they hated Schelm, they could not quietly see a rebel treat his former superior with indignity. Schelm understood this at once, and now fancied that he was out of danger. Vladimir, he hoped, was still in his power, and he would try at all hazard to keep him in his hands. He assumed a haughty carriage and said:

"Miller, you are, I fear, forgetting that you have been a spy, and that you are now a rebel. General, I do not know how far your powers may go, but this man who is generally known by the name of 'Czar of the Exiles'—"

"Is included in the amnesty granted by his majesty," exclaimed Jana, holding out the document with the emperor's own handwriting and his seal. Here is the order issued by his majesty: "All who have been sentenced in connection with the Ace-of-Clubs conspiracy, as well as Count Vladimir Lanin, receive complete amnesty and pardon. Uncle, you will no doubt confirm what I say."

"Certainly, but here—"

"There is no but, general!" she added turning to Gen. Moski. "Will you be kind enough to support me?"

"The Czar has issued this amnesty, and it must be carried out!"

"But certainly we cannot pardon or overlook this rebellion—this armed resistance, this shedding of blood to-day?" said Schelm in opposition.

"My husband was at the head of this rebellion," said Jana, "and yet says the Czar: No law of the empire shall touch Count Vladimir Lanin! Vladimir, do you not command these people?"

Lanin did not understand what his wife's intentions were, but, accustomed blindly to believe her words, he answered promptly:

"Yes, indeed!"

Miller had, as soon as he had dropped Schelm's arm, gradually drawn nearer and nearer to the window. With one bound now he was outside, and called out aloud:

"No! He was not the leader! I was! I who speak to you. I want no pardon and no amnesty! I have been the Czar's enemy, and I shall be his enemy. I want nothing of you but my liberty, and that you cannot take from me. You, Schelm, mind, if the Czar's justice does not reach you, you shall not escape my revenge."

"He jumped upon a rock and thence into the river."

"Fire! Kill the man!" cried Schelm, beside himself. "You have heard what the rebel said."

No one obeyed the revisor. The universal surprise favored the flight and escape of the fugitive. No one pursued him.

"Mr. Schelm," said Gen. Lanin now, His Majesty the Emperor has appointed me inspector in your place. You will have to give me an account of your administration. The soldiers can be marched back."

"First of all, however, this man must be seized," said Schelm.

"You will please leave the government of Eastern Siberia henceforth in my hands," replied the governor, dryly, "you had better occupy yourself with your own affairs now."

Turning to the officers he next asked if they had made any prisoners. When they answered no, he continued: "So much the better. Then we have to inflict no punishment on anyone. We'll return now to Irkutsk. Mr. Schelm, you will be kind enough to come with us. We have to discuss many questions with you."

"General!"

"I beg," whispered Gen. Lanin into his ear, "you will not compel me to arrest you here in the presence of all these people. I have his majesty's express orders to arrest you on two charges: Forgery of documents and malfeasance in office."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Horrible Outrage by Gypsies.

A horrible case of kidnapping is reported from Torok-Becse, in Hungary. A few days ago a party of peasants were enjoying their mid-day meal in the shade of a tent when some gypsy beggars came to solicit alms. Amongst them was a little blind girl, five years old, who excited the compassion of one of the peasant women. She drew the child towards her, and spoke kindly to it. At the sound of her voice the little one threw herself on the woman's neck calling out "Mother! mother!" A year ago the latter had lost her little daughter but had long since given her up as dead. At first she failed to recognize her in the blind girl who accompanied the gypsies, but, tearing open her dress, she sought a mark on the chest, which, sure enough, was there, and left no doubt as to its being her own lost child. It had been taken away by the gypsies, who had put its eyes out, so as to prevent any recognition of its parents or friends. As soon as they perceived the little one knew her mother again they made off, but were subsequently captured. The peasants would have lynched them had not the gendarmie interfered and escorted the wretches to the lockup.

A piano teacher has been arrested in Bada-Poath, for selling young girls, his pupils, to rich old men in South America and Constantinople for immoral purposes. He got the girls to their destination under the pretence that they were getting musical employment.

Adams' Tattu Fruit Gum.—Used by all base-ball players, etc. 5 cents.

Health Department.

Torpid Liver.

If the liver is inactive, and consequently fails to make bile enough, the poisonous, waste elements, which should be eliminated in this manner, are retained. The bile is not retained, because it is not made. The materials for the bile are not bile, any more than alkalis and oils are soap. One of the elements of bile is a resinous substance called cholesterine. If this is not carried off properly, very serious and sometimes fatal consequences follow. In the liver itself, it accumulates and forms gall-stones, a diseased condition accompanied with the greatest pain. Gall-stones are sometimes so nearly pure resin that they can be ignited and burned.

One of the symptoms of a torpid liver, is a brassy taste in the mouth, indicating the presence of cholesterine.

Another symptom is specks before the eyes, and these specks are of cholesterine, deposited in the crystalline lens of the eye, where they intercept the rays of light. Sometimes these specks float about, moving with each movement of the eyeball. If these specks become very abundant, they form an impediment to vision.

If the liver is not doing its full duty in the manufacture of bile, the digestive apparatus suffers greatly. A person with a torpid liver is always lean, for he is unable to digest the fat making elements of the food. One with hard, plump tissues cannot possibly have a torpid liver; for a pretty good liver is absolutely necessary to the deposit of a large amount of adipose tissue.

Another consequence of torpidity of the liver is that the food is not well absorbed after it is digested. Such persons may eat enough to be fat, but their food does them no good, beyond maintaining existence.

The gastric juice is a very corrosive fluid, and if the quantity of bile produced is insufficient, the gastric juice is not neutralized as thoroughly as it should be when it meets the food in the small intestines; and as the small intestines have no means of defending themselves from its action, irritation is set up. Such persons will have pain in the bowels, just below the liver, and often complain of a tenderness in that region. The trouble is not in the liver, but in the duodenum. Not infrequently, however, this irritation sets up a catarrh, and the catarrh travels up to the liver, and dams back what little bile is made; and then the bile must be absorbed into the body, and the skin will not only be dingy, but yellow.

If the bile is scanty, it does not exercise proper antiseptic action, and fermentation sets in before the food is completely digested and ready for absorption. Alcohol and carbonic acid gas are formed, and the bowels become bloated, putrefaction takes place, and offensive gases are formed. Poisonous substances are thus developed, which are absorbed to a greater or less degree; the breath is tainted, and every tissue and portion of the body and the brain itself, all suffer the poisonous effects. The person may have vertigo, and feel dull and unable to concentrate the mind, with overpowering sleepiness after meals. He is being poisoned by poisons generated within his own alimentary canal.

Yet many people who have torpid livers and indigestion, treat it as a trifling matter. It is really a dreadful thing for one's brain to be so poisoned that it cannot even think properly. The nervous system, as a whole may be affected, and the disturbance may become so great as to lead to insanity.

The bile is a natural laxative, and stimulates peristaltic action. If the bile is deficient in quantity, then the action of the bowels is partially paralyzed and excretions which should pass off are retained for days and even weeks. During all this time, poisonous substances are generated and being absorbed. It follows that a person with a torpid liver is sick and miserable, and suffers from an innumerable multitude of ills.

If the liver is too torpid to attend to its duty of regulating the supply of sugar, the digested sugar passes directly into the blood, and brings on that disease known as diabetes, which is often very difficult to cure.

Again, the liver may fail to perform its function, and consequently the refuse matters of the body are not completely reduced and changed as they should be to enable them to be thrown off by the organs of elimination. This condition is often made apparent by a whitish, brick-dust, or a pinkish sediment in the urine. These sediments mean that the liver is torpid, and is not converting the waste substances which come to it in the form of uric acid, into urea. Uric acid, or its derivatives, is often deposited around the joints, and the person may have an attack of rheumatism, pleurisy, gout or some allied affection. Nature tries

do something with this worse than useless material, so she deposits it around the joints, in order to save the delicate membranes of the heart and brain and lungs from suffering from their presence. Sometimes, in place of rheumatism, the person will have neuralgia or a one-sided head-ache.

Causes of Near-Sightedness.

Nationality has an influence, though a slight one, in the production of near-sightedness, as shown by contrasting Jews with other people. The complexion, whether fair or dark, also seems to have some influence.

The shape of the cranial bones is also a factor, but how far is not yet determined. Deep orbits and a short face are very frequent in near-sighted persons, but often the same mold of face is found without myopia.

Heredity is an important factor. Children are most liable to be near-sighted when both parents have been similarly affected, less liable when only the mother and least when only the father is thus affected. Boys of myopic parentage are twice and girls four times as strongly inclined to myopia as the offspring of non-myopic parents.

There is but little difference between the tendency of boys and girls to become near-sighted. If any exist it will be found that under the same conditions more girls than boys will become affected.

Occupation has the greatest influence in the production of myopia, as especially marked in those occupations which demand frequent and continuous accommodation of the eye with convergence of the visual axis.

Needle-work at an early age, unsuitable seats, insufficient light, and means of teaching which make too great demands upon the eye, such as dark slates, poor paper small type, etc., all possess a most harmful influence.

The following is recommended by way of prophylaxis:

Schools should be well lighted; this should be so arranged that in gloomy weather the darkest part of a room should receive light the equivalent of ten candle-power. The window surface of a room should bear the proportion to its floor surface of at least one to five. The interruption to light should be few; for this reason the pains of glass should be large, and the frames should be of iron. School buildings should be somewhat isolated, not surrounded by other buildings, trees, etc., which lessen the amount of light.

The seats should be adapted to the sizes of the pupils, there being at least three sizes in each room. All the pupils should be measured twice a year and seated accordingly.

On entering school each pupil's eyes should be examined by a physician and the result recorded; all the pupils should be examined at least once a year, and should any show signs of myopia they should be carefully guarded against further predisposing causes in the assignment of seats, and in the apportioning of exercises, etc. Glasses should not be worn unless by direction of a physician, neither should their use be forbidden except by the same authority.

Text letters should be displayed in each room in a suitable place; if on dark days the vision of any of the pupils should be found wanting it would be better to temporarily substitute oral instruction for exercises in reading or writing.

As little as possible of the school work should be done at home. Here, also, each child should have a chair adapted to its size. The hours for study should be arranged by the teacher.

Black slates should not be used, but in their stead white slates or paper. In textbooks and in writing books white paper and black ink should be insisted upon.

These demands are clearly put, and further, they can be easily complied with. The most difficult thing would be to regulate the amount of work at home, as well as seats adapted to the size of the children. The latter condition is not only of the highest importance in its relations to the production of myopia, but it plays a prominent part in the consideration of spinal curvature.

The Proper Weight.

Growth is very irregular in children and young people generally; perhaps two inches may be gained in two months, and for the next ten months not another inch, even up to the age of ten or twelve years.

While growth is thus rapid fatigue is readily reduced; during the pause weight is gained and work or training can go on again.

As a general rule a child in the fourth year should be 3 feet high, and weigh more than 25 pounds; in the sixth year, 3 1/2

feet high, and weigh 42 pounds; in the eighth year, 4 feet high and 50 pounds in weight; at twelve years old, 5 feet in height and 70 pounds in weight is a fair average.

At the term of adolescence 23 pounds should be added for a gain of 3 or 4 inches in height, 112 pounds is about the average weight for 5 feet 6 inches; 120 pounds for 5 feet 8; 140 pounds for 5 feet 10; 154 pounds for 5 feet 11, and 163 pounds for 6 feet.

The Domestic Doctor.

Powdered chalk and vinegar are good for a burn.

Severe pains in the bowels and stomach are often speedily relieved by the application of a bag of hot salt.

Eruptions caused by heat may be soothed by bathing them in a solution thus prepared: To a pint of rose-water add one tea-spoonful of common carbolic acid. Do not let the wash get into the eyes, as it will make them smart.

Of all the causes of premature baldness none is so common as indigestion. Dyspepsia and weak and falling hair go hand in hand. As the one affection has increased so has the other, and not all the oil of Macassar, the bear's grease of Siberia nor the cantharides of Spain will prevent a man's hair from shortening and thinning whose stomach is badly out of order. Indeed, anything which debilitates the nervous system has a weakening effect on the scalp tissues, which shows that loss of hair may proceed from general as well as local causes.

One of the best hot applications for pain in pneumonia or dysentery is a flannel bag filled with hops and wrung out with hot vinegar. The process may be avoided by the use of two tin plates. After the bag is ready pour a little vinegar in one plate, set it on the top of the stove and lay the bag in it. Place the other plate on the top to keep in the steam. When the vinegar has all evaporated into the hops add a little more and turn the bag. In a few minutes the bag will be steaming hot but not dripping. This keeps it light, a thing always to be considered when the chest is weakened by pneumonia, and saves the hands of the nurse from the scalding vinegar.

Soft, Wavy Hair.

Soft, wavy hair is a personal beauty any woman can possess, if she only has patience in pursuing the methods prescribed. Where nature has supplied the pretty crinkles, one has only to let her have her way by not drawing the hair too tight; but in the end, as fine an effect may be obtained through imitation waves wrought with comb, pins and liberal use of elbow grease and water, says the Illustrated American. Take, for instance, hair that is naturally straight and inclined to be harsh. A stiff brush passed twice a day in 200 or more strokes over the scalp down to the extreme ends of the hair, will soon make the most wiry locks pliable and easy to manipulate. Every morning after the brushing make the hair on the forehead and sides of the head very wet with soft, blood-warm water. Now a skillful use of the hand is required, for while the hair is thoroughly damp it is easy enough to pinch it up between the first and second fingers to simulate waves. Make the curves rather exaggerated, extending in ripples as far back as possible, and if at first the lines refuse to stay in place, use invisible hairpins to hold them. Be very careful, in doing the back coiffure, not to pull the sides in the least, and let them dry in this condition. If this plan of procedure is strictly adhered to for six months, the handsomest waves are guaranteed, and at the end of that time the process morning and evening will amount to little more than a form.

A "Lethal Chamber."

Dr. Richardson explains that in the "lethal chamber," of which he is the inventor, dogs are put to death by anesthesia, and not by suffocation. "They go to sleep precisely in the same manner you and I would if we were about to undergo a surgical operation under chloroform, with the difference that when they are brought into profound sleep they are allowed to sleep unto death. Death by drowning is simply six minutes of suffocation; death by anesthesia is a painless passing away." Dr. Richardson, "to elect death by drowning or anesthesia without a moment's suffering, I give the dog the benefit of which is, I think, fair."

Mr. Summerheim—Abraham has failed. "No, the hands of Summerheim—" Sonnebaumheim—"W"

SUMMER SMILES.

The happy medium—The one who has not been exposed.

Very few persons can hold their own on their first sea voyage.

Between two horns—hesitating between gin fizz and whiskey straight.

Your strict temperance man takes very little pleasure in going fishing.

The gravedigger is always getting into a hole in the pursuit of his occupation.

After spending an hour with a pretty fool, how refreshing homely people are.

The receiver is as bad as the thief, but neither of them feels as bad as the loser.

The pin has a head and the needle has none, but the latter is twice as sharp as the former.

It is a little singular to say the least that after a man has been painting the town red he usually feels blue.

Stranger (in Tombstone, Ariz.)—"I hear your bank has suspended." Resident—"Yes; so is the president."

When a man starts out to lecture he puts on a dress suit. When a woman starts out to lecture she puts on a nightgown.

Why is it that the same hammock that once held two persons will not hold them a year or so after they have been made one?

"Love will come in love's own time," warbles a poet. And that is what makes love remind us so much of a hotel waiter.

Speaking of the total depravity of human nature, have you ever noticed that nothing makes a doctor so happy as to discover some new disease?

"It is the disposition of women to marry," says a thoughtful contemporary. But what dispositions some of them show after they are married!

One can't tell who are the rich and poor in this country, but as far as clothes are concerned a good many girls who go sea bathing are certainly well off.

Mrs. McCarthy (to peddler)—"Is thin cabbage nice, Mr. O'Leary?" O'Leary (gallantly)—"Bedad, they're as fresh and green as yourself, Mrs. McCarthy."

"Who is happy on this mundane sphere?" sneeringly exclaims Pessimus. "The girl with her first engagement ring," triumphantly replied Optimus.

"It is very sad," she mused, "but Charley hasn't got a bit of romance. Last night I said to him, 'My king,' and he turned suddenly, and growled out, 'Mike who?'"

Lady—"I heard you had a fire here and are selling goods at a bargain?" Butcher—"That's right, ma'am. Look at those for fine hams for fourteen cents a pound, only slightly damaged by smoke!"

"Young man," thundered the camp meeting orator, "were you ever fired with enthusiasm?" "It is a painful subject," he responded, "but I was. Miss Welley's father supplied the enthusiasm."

Gus Snooks—"Confidentially, doctor what did Miss Gaygirl die of?" Doctor—"Heart failure." Gus Snook—"I thought there was something the matter with her heart when she refused me last winter."

The engagement ring; Since lovers quarrel and spat and fight And all that sort of thing.

His right that love's engagement should Be centered in the ring.

Somebody has invented an automaton that plays the piano with expression and brilliancy. If an automaton can play the piano with expression and brilliancy, the girl next door who plays the piano is not an automaton.

Bank President (to cashier)—"Didn't you go to Canada?" Cashier—"No, because I've some private business, and I didn't want to go." President—"You're worth \$25,000 and live on a back street in this city."

Muldoon—"Or not?" O'Connell—"Or not?"

Muldoon—"Up a creek without a bridge?" O'Connell—"Up a creek without a bridge."

Mr. Muldoon—"I've a headache." Mr. O'Connell—"I've a headache."

Mr. Muldoon—"I've a headache." Mr. O'Connell—"I've a headache."

Mr. Muldoon—"I've a headache." Mr. O'Connell—"I've a headache."

Mr. Muldoon—"I've a headache." Mr. O'Connell—"I've a headache."

Mr. Muldoon—"I've a headache." Mr. O'Connell—"I've a headache."

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.]

[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED.]

# THE WORLD'S DESIRE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD AND ANDREW LANG.

*Selenam vero immortalem tutasse indicat tempus.*—SERVICUS. ANNEID II., 501.

BOOK II.  
CHAPTER I.

THE PROPHETS OF THE APURA.

"These things are not without the Gods," said the Wanderer, who was called Eperitus, when he had heard all the tale of Rei the Priest, Son of Tames, the Head Architect, the Commander of the Legion of Amen. Then he sat silent for a while and at last raised his eyes and looked upon the old man.

"Thou hast told a strange tale, Rei. Over many a sea have I wandered, and in many a land I have sojourned. I have seen the ways of many peoples, and have heard the voices of the immortal Gods. Dreams have come to me and marvels have compassed me about. It has been laid upon me to go down into Hades, that land which thou namest Amenti, and to look on the tribes of the Dead; but never till now have I known so strange a thing. For mark thou, when first I saw the face of this fair Queen of thine I thought she looked upon me strangely as one who knew my face. And now, Rei, if thou speakest truth, she deems that she has met me in the ways of night and magic. Say, then, who was the man of the vision of the Queen, the man with dark and curling locks, clad in golden armour after the fashion of the Achæans whom ye name the Aquainasha, wearing on his head a golden helm, wherein was fixed a broken spear?"

"Before me sits such a man," said Rei, "or perchance it is a God that my eyes behold."

"No God am I," quoth the Wanderer, smiling, "though the Sidonians deemed me no less when the black bow twanged and the swift shafts flew. Read me the riddle, thou that art instructed."

Now the aged Priest looked upon the ground, then turned his eyes upward, and with muttering lips prayed to Thoth, the God of Wisdom. And when he had made an end of prayer he spoke.

"Thou art the man," he said. "Out of the sea thou hast come to bring the doom of love on the Lady Meriamun and on thyself the doom of death. This I know, but of the rest I know nothing. Now, I pray thee, oh thou who comest in the armour of the North, thou whose face is clothed in beauty and who art of all men the mightiest and hast of all men the sweetest and most guileful tongue, go back, go back, into the sea whence thou camest, and the lands whence thou hast wandered."

"Not thus easily may men escape their doom," quoth the Wanderer. "My death may come, as come it must; but know this, Rei, I do not seek the love of Meriamun."

"Then it will may chance that thou shalt find it, for ever those who seek love lose, and those who seek not find."

"I am come to seek another love," said the Wanderer, "and I seek her till I die."

"When I pray the Gods that thou mayest prosper, and that Khem may thus be saved from her doom. But here in Egypt there is no man so fair as Meriamun, and thou shalt seek farther as quickly as may be."

"Eperitus, behold I must away from thee, in the temple of the Holy of Holies, I see his High Priest. But I am bound by Pharaoh first to bring thee to the Palace."

Then the Wanderer from his side brought him by a side entrance to the Palace of the Pharaoh at Memphis. And first he showed him the chamber that had been the place of the beauty of the Queen, with its walls of ivory and its floor of silver, and its ceiling of gold.

"Let the people go. Great Khem, because of the people, let the people go!" The heart was softened and he would let them go, but Meriamun would not let them go. It is the God of these slaves, Khem, but it is the Queen Meriamun, who has been proved back by that which garrils her. Do not so cowardly heart. Thou wilt.

Let the people go. Great Khem, because of the people, let the people go!" The heart was softened and he would let them go, but Meriamun would not let them go. It is the God of these slaves, Khem, but it is the Queen Meriamun, who has been proved back by that which garrils her. Do not so cowardly heart. Thou wilt.

Let the people go. Great Khem, because of the people, let the people go!" The heart was softened and he would let them go, but Meriamun would not let them go. It is the God of these slaves, Khem, but it is the Queen Meriamun, who has been proved back by that which garrils her. Do not so cowardly heart. Thou wilt.

Let the people go. Great Khem, because of the people, let the people go!" The heart was softened and he would let them go, but Meriamun would not let them go. It is the God of these slaves, Khem, but it is the Queen Meriamun, who has been proved back by that which garrils her. Do not so cowardly heart. Thou wilt.

Let the people go. Great Khem, because of the people, let the people go!" The heart was softened and he would let them go, but Meriamun would not let them go. It is the God of these slaves, Khem, but it is the Queen Meriamun, who has been proved back by that which garrils her. Do not so cowardly heart. Thou wilt.

The Queen was decked in Royal attire, her shining limbs were veiled in brocaded silk; about her shoulders was a purple robe, and round her neck and arms were rings of well-wrought gold. She was stately and splendid to see, with pale brows and beautiful disdainful eyes where dreams seemed to sleep beneath the shadow of her eyelashes. On she swept in all her pride of beauty, and behind her came the Pharaoh. He was a tall man, but ill-made and heavy browed, and to the Wanderer it seemed that he was heavy-hearted too, and that care and terror of evil to come were always in his mind.

Meriamun looked up swiftly. "Greeting, Stranger," she said. "Thou comest in warlike guise to grace our feast?" "Methought, Royal Lady," he made answer, "that anon when I would have laid it by, this bow of mine sang to me of present war. Therefore am I come armed—even to the feast."

"Has thy bow such foresight, Eperitus?" said the Queen. "I have heard but once of such a weapon, and that in a minstrel's tale. He came to our Court with his lyre from the Northern Sea, and he sang of the Bow of Odysseus."

"Minstrel or not, thou dost well to come armed, Wanderer," said the Pharaoh; "for if thy bow sings, my own heart mutters much to me of war to be."

"Follow me, Wanderer, however it fall out," said the Queen.

So he followed her and the Pharaoh till they came to a splendid hall, carved round with images of fighting and feasting. Here, on the painted walls, Ramesses Miamun drove the thousands of the Khita before his single valour; here men hunted wildfowl through the marshes with a great cat for their hound. Never had the Wanderer beheld such a hall since he supped with the Sea King of the fairy isle. On the dais, raised above the rest, sat the Pharaoh, and by him sat Meriamun the Queen, and by the Queen sat the Wanderer in the golden armour of Paris, and he leaned the black bow against his ivory chair.

Now the feast went on and men ate and drank. The Queen spoke little, but she watched the Wanderer beneath the lids of her deep-fringed eyes.

Suddenly, as they feasted and were merry, the doors at the end of the chamber were thrown wide, the guards fell back in fear, and behold, at the end of the hall, stood two men. Their faces were tawny, dry, wasted with desert wandering; their noses were hooked like eagles' beaks, and their eyes were yellow as the eyes of lions. They were clad in rough skins of beasts, girdled about their waists with leathern thongs, and fiercely they lifted their naked arms, and waved their wands of cedar. Both men were old, one was white-bearded, the other was shaven smooth like the priests of Egypt. As they lifted the rods on high the guards shrank like beaten hounds, and all the guests hid their faces, save Meriamun and the Wanderer alone. Even Pharaoh dared not look on them, but he murmured angrily in his beard:

"By the name of Osiris," he said, "here be those Soothsayers of the Apura once again. Now death waits on those who let them pass the doors."

Then one of the two men, he who was shaven like a priest, cried with a great voice: "Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Hearken to the word of Jahveh. Wilt thou let the people go?"

"I will not let them go," he answered.

"Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Pharaoh! Hearken to the word of Jahveh. If thou wilt not let the people go, then shall all the first-born of Khem, of the Prince and the slave, of the ox and the ass, be smitten of Jahveh. Wilt thou let the people go?"

Pharaoh hearkened, and those who were seated at the feast rose and cried with a loud voice:

"Let the people go. Great Khem, because of the people, let the people go!" The heart was softened and he would let them go, but Meriamun would not let them go. It is the God of these slaves, Khem, but it is the Queen Meriamun, who has been proved back by that which garrils her. Do not so cowardly heart. Thou wilt.

Let the people go. Great Khem, because of the people, let the people go!" The heart was softened and he would let them go, but Meriamun would not let them go. It is the God of these slaves, Khem, but it is the Queen Meriamun, who has been proved back by that which garrils her. Do not so cowardly heart. Thou wilt.

Let the people go. Great Khem, because of the people, let the people go!" The heart was softened and he would let them go, but Meriamun would not let them go. It is the God of these slaves, Khem, but it is the Queen Meriamun, who has been proved back by that which garrils her. Do not so cowardly heart. Thou wilt.

still have cities that must be built, and you slaves shall build them."

Then the Pharaoh cried: "Hence! I bid ye. Hence, and to-morrow shall your people be laden with a double burden and their backs shall be red with stripes. I will not let the people go!"

Then the two men cried aloud and pointing upward with their staffs they vanished from the hall, and none dared to lay hands on them, but those who sat at the feast murmured much.

Now the Wanderer marvelled why Pharaoh did not command the Guards to cut down these unbidden guests, who spoiled his festival. The Queen Meriamun saw the wonder in his eyes and turned to him:

"Know thou, Eperitus," she said, "that great plagues have come of late on this land of ours—plagues of lice and frogs and flies and darkness, and the changing of pure waters to blood. And these things our Lord the Pharaoh deems have been brought upon us by the curse of yonder magicians, conjurers and priests among certain slaves who work in the land at the building of our cities. But I know well that the curses come on us from Hathor, the Lady of Love, because of that woman who hath set herself up here in Tranis, and is worshipped as the Hathor."

"Why then, O Queen," said the Wanderer, "is this false Goddess suffered to abide in your fair city, for, as I know well, the immortal Gods are ever angered with those who turn from their worship to bow before strange altars?"

"Why is she suffered? Nay, ask of Pharaoh my Lord. Methinks it is because her beauty is more than the beauty of women, so the men say who have looked on it, but I have not seen it, for only those men see it who go to worship at her shrine, and then from afar. It is not meet that the Queen of all the Lands should worship at the shrine of a strange woman, come—likethyself, Eperitus—from none knows where: if indeed she be a woman and not a fiend from the Under World. But if thou wouldst learn more, ask my Lord, the Pharaoh, for he knows the Shrine of the False Hathor, and he knows who guards it, and what it is that bars the way."

Now the Wanderer turned to Pharaoh saying: "O Pharaoh, may I know the truth of this mystery?"

Then Menephtah looked up, and there was doubt and trouble on his heavy face.

"I will tell thee readily, thou Wanderer, for perchance such a man as thou, who hast travelled in many lands and seen the faces of many Gods may understand the tale, and may help me. In the days of my father, the holy Ramesses Miamun, the keepers of the Temple of the Divine Hathor awoke, and lo! in the Sanctuary of the Temple was a woman in the garb of the Aquainasha, who was Beauty's self. But when they looked upon her, none could tell the semblance of her beauty, for to one she seemed dark and to the other fair, and to each man of them she showed an altered loveliness. She smiled upon them, and sang most sweetly, and love entered their hearts, so that it seemed to each man that she only was his Heart's Desire. But when any man would have come nearer and embraced her, there was that about her which drove him back, and if he strove again, behold, he fell down dead. So at last they subdued their hearts, and desired her no more, but worshipped her as the Hathor come to earth and made offerings of food and drink to her, and prayers. So three years passed, and at the end of the third year the keepers of the Temple looked and the Hathor was gone. Nothing remained of her but a memory. Yet there were some who said that this memory was dearer than all else that the world has to give."

"Twenty more seasons went by, and I sat upon the throne of my Father, and was Lord of the Double Crown. And, on a day, a messenger came running and cried:

"Now is Hathor come back to Khem, now is Hathor come back to Khem, and, as of old, none may draw near her beauty!" Then I went to see, and lo! before the Temple of Hathor a great multitude was gathered, and there on the Pylon brooded the Hathor's self shining with changeful beauty like the Dawn. And as of old she sang sweet songs, and to each man who heard, her voice was the voice of his own beloved, living and lost to him, or dead and just. And every man has such a grave in his heart that whence Hathor seemed to rise in changeful beauty. Month by month she sings thus, one day in every month, and many a man has sought to win her and her favour, but in the doorways are they who meet him and press him back: and if he still struggles on, there comes a clang of swords and he falls dead, but no wound is found on him. Now, Wanderer, this is truth, for I myself have striven and have been proved back by that which garrils her. But I alone of men who have looked on her and heard her, strove not a second time and so saved myself alive."

"Thou alone of men lovest life more than

the World's Desire!" said the Queen. "Thou hast ever sickened for the love of this strange Witch, but thy life thou lovest even better than her beauty, and thou dost not dare attempt again the adventure of her embrace. Know, Eperitus, that this sorrow is come upon the land, that all men love yonder witch and rave of her, and to each she wears a different face and sings in another voice. When she stands upon the Pylon tower, then thou wilt see the madness with which she has smitten them. For they will weep and pray and tear their hair. Then they will rush through the Temple courts and up to the Temple door and be thrust back again by that which guards her. But some will yet strive madly on and thou wilt hear the clash of arms and they will fall dead before thee. Accursed is the land, I tell thee, Wanderer; because of that Phantom it is accursed. For it is she who brings these woes on Khem; from her, not from our slaves and their mad conjurers, come plagues, I say, and all evil things. And till a man be found who may pass her guard, and come face to face with the witch and slay her, plagues and woes and evil things shall be the daily bread of Khem. Perchance, Wanderer, thou art such a man," and she looked on him strangely.

"Yet if so, this is my council, that thou go not up against her, lest thou also be bewitched and a great man be lost to us."

Now the Wanderer turned the matter over in his heart and made answer: "Perchance, Lady, my strength and the favour of the Gods might serve me in such a quest. But methinks that this woman is meeter for words of love and the kisses of men than to be slain with the sharp sword, if, indeed, she be not of the number of the immortals."

Now Meriamun flushed and frowned: "It is not fitting so to talk before me," she said. "Of this be sure, that if the Witch may be come at, she shall be slain and given to Osiris for a bride."

Now the Wanderer saw that the Lady Meriamun was jealous of the beauty and renown and love of her who dwelt in the Temple, and was called the Strange Hathor, and he held his peace, for he knew when to be silent.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Facts and Figures for the Curious.

At 6 o'clock on the night of Friday, Aug. 1st, thousands of copies of Stanley's book were distributed to the trade, and by the following Monday it was circulated throughout the length and breadth of the land. The first English edition of 20,000 copies (this is inclusive of the *luxé* edition, etc.) It is estimated that during the last four months nearly 11,000 men, women and children have been employed upon it. In England alone 60 compositors, 17 readers, 12 reading boys and 200 machine and warehousemen were at work on it. In the binding of 40,000 volumes 500 men and 600 women were employed. There are ten foreign editions. The printing ink consumed amounts to 1 ton, 10 cwt.; multiply these figures by eight for the foreign editions and you arrive at the enormous quantity of twelve tons. The paper for the English edition weighs sixty-five and a half tons. As the foreign editions are not so large as the English, the figures are multiplied by four only, which produces a total of 262 tons. The binders' cloth used for England amounts to 4,500 yards, in America to 6,000 and in other countries to 1,000 (they have paper covers in many cases). That makes over eight miles! It is estimated that 268 printing presses have been in use to print the book.

## Cucumbers not Noxious.

Many people are under the impression that cucumber is very indigestible, and when they eat it they do so under protest, and with apprehensions of possibly dire consequences. How this delusion can have arisen it is difficult to say, unless it be that cucumber is often eaten with salmon and other indigestible table friends. It is not the cucumber, however, but the salmon that sits so heavily upon our stomach's throne. Cucumber, in fact, is very digestible when eaten properly. It cannot, indeed, be otherwise when it is remembered that it consists mainly of water, and that those parts which are not water are almost exclusively cells of a very rapid growth. In eating cucumber it is well to cut into thin slices, and to masticate them thoroughly. Even the vinegar and the pepper that are so often added to it are of service to the digestion; not taken in excess. The cucumber, as every one knows, belongs to the melon tribe, but in our somewhat cold country it does not grow to any very large size, and therefore it is firmer and looks less digestible than its congeners, the melon.—[London Hospital.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum purifies the breath and preserves the teeth. 5 cents.

The Home.

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

A Danger to Guard Against.

In these days, when women may choose from almost as many occupations as their brothers, there is danger than the bread-winning occupations will receive undue attention in comparison with that given the old-time occupation of home making. It is popular now for parents to give the girls a trade, and it is going to become more popular year by year unless it becomes a cause of too great a neglect of the principles of home-making, for there are few parents who do not want their daughters to be independent, whatever position they may assume in the abstract discussion of the subject.

This is especially true of mothers who have been obliged to feel their dependence, and have been far from happy in consequence. Men who have so much to say against the advancement of women would be surprised and chagrined if they could know how much they were doing, by their offensive attempts to assert their superiority, to make women strive still harder for advancement.

These mothers are apt to become over-confident, and carried away by the one idea that the daughter is to have a business education, and be made independent of the duties which they have found so irksome.

"My daughter will not be likely to marry," said a lady a few days ago, "because she is abundantly able to take care of herself. I have not neglected to show her something of the life which a married woman is compelled to lead, and to compare it with the freedom and independence of the woman who takes care of herself.

That may be all very well but there is something of at least equal importance which this complacent mother has neglected, and that is the persistence shown by Mother Nature in the carrying out of her plans. Girls do not marry so early in life when given the means of independence, and a larger proportion of them do not marry at all; but the fact remains that most of them do marry, and no mother has any right to delude herself with the hope that her girl will not be one of them, and therefore will need none of the education which will fit her to be a true home-maker. The adoption of that course virtually places her in opposition to the true principles of independence, by weakening the influence of the home, and renders it less possible for the girls of the future to attain that independence which she craves for her own. She should remember that women are held in highest respect in those countries where the home is most sacred.

The principles of home-making should be considered of the greatest importance in the education of every woman without regard to anticipated future station in life. The woman who is given a business education will come nearest to being an ideal wife and mother if her home training has not been neglected; but it is a fact that too many mothers of the present day are made so blind by the unpleasantness of their own lives, that they are really unfit to train their daughters in any but a one-sided way, and the greatest hope for the homes of the next generation lies in the amount of outside influence which can be brought to bear upon our semi-independent girls by those who are broad-minded enough to see both sides of the question, and to realize and point out the dangers which will arise from a too close adherence to either side.

Facts Worth Knowing.

Spirits of turpentine will take grease or drops of paint out of cloth. Apply it till the paint can be scraped off.

Tar can easily be removed from clothing by immediately rubbing it well with clean lard, and then washing out with warm water and soap.

If soot be dropped upon the carpet, throw upon it an equal quantity of salt, and sweep all up together. There will be scarcely a trace of soot left.

Turpentine and black varnish is the blackening used by hardware dealers for protecting stoves from rust. If put on properly it will last through the season.

Put French chalk or magnesia on silk or ribbon that has become greasy, and hold it near the fire. This will absorb the grease so it may be brushed off.

Iron rust may be removed from marble by taking one part of nitric acid to 25 parts of

water, and applying it carefully to the spots. Rinse off with ammonia and water.

To make good mucilage without using gum arabic, take two parts of dextrine, five parts of water and one part of acetic acid. Dissolve by heating, and add one part of alcohol.

For solder, take a mixture of two parts of tin to one part of lead. For a soldering fluid, dissolve zinc in muriatic acid, then add a little sal-ammoniac, and dilute it with a little water.

To clean marble, mix whitening with common soap, till thick as paste. Spread it on the marble and leave it for a couple of days. When the paste is cleaned off the stains will also be removed.

A carpet, especially a dark one, often looks dusty directly after sweeping. Wring a sponge almost dry out of water, and wipe off the dust from the carpet. It will brighten it quite effectively.

This is the way they clean and renovate furs in Russia: Some rye flour is put into a pan upon the stove and heated, stirring constantly with the hand, as long as the heat can be borne. Then spread the flour all over the fur, rubbing it in well; then brush, or beat it softly, till all the flour is removed. It is claimed that this method will make the fur appear almost or quite like new.

SELECTED RECIPES.

Appetizing and Seasonable.

STEWED ONIONS.—Select young onions and put them into boiling water and stew them fifteen minutes; drain off the water and pour a cup of cold milk over the onions. Let them stew in this until tender; season to taste and thicken the milk with a tablespoonful of butter rolled in one of flour, then cook five minutes longer.

ROAST GREEN CORN.—Mrs. Herrick says in "Liberal Living" that corn is excellent roasted in this way: Select tender ears, turn the husks and remove the silk, then recover the grains with the husks. Lay on the floor of the oven and roast, turning often. Wrap in a napkin laid in a dish. Send to the table with the inner husks left on.

WHOLE WHEAT BREAD.—Put one pint of milk in a bowl, pour into it one pint of boiling water and when lukewarm add one teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of brown sugar, one-half cup of yeast or one half yeast cake and sufficient whole wheat flour to make a stiff batter. Beat well, cover and let it stand in a moderately warm place over night. In the summer any place in the pantry is warm enough. Early in the morning stir in sufficient whole wheat flour to make a soft dough. Beat well and turn into greased pans. When very light or about double its bulk bake in an oven three-quarters of an hour.

PICKLED BEANS.—String two quarts of tender green beans and throw them into a kettle of boiling water, add a teaspoonful of salt and boil twenty-five minutes. When done drain in a colander and let stand until cold; then put into a glass or stone jar, sprinkle over a little cayenne, add a tablespoonful of chopped horseradish and cover with good strong cider vinegar. The above recipe is for a pickle to keep all winter.

GRAPE JELLY.—The luscious grape, beautiful in its pristine bloom and so delicious to the taste, contains a saccharine substance, says *Table Talk* which, when subjected to great heat becomes so gritty that one would almost imagine it had been sprinkled with powdered glass. Grapes are in their prime just before they turn. At that stage they contain a gelatinous quality that they lose as they near perfect ripeness. If possible secure them at that time. Pull the grapes off the stems and put them into the preserving kettle just covering them with water. When thoroughly cooked to pieces, strain through a flannel bag. Put the juice on in the kettle or a new tin pan. Let it boil five minutes, skim, remove from the stove, measure the juice allowing a cupful of sugar to one of the juice. Boil until it is jellied, skimming as needed. If grapes at this stage cannot be procured and you are forced to use the "dead ripe" ones, slip them from the skins, using only the pulp. Made without the skins, the common black Concord makes a bright red jelly which is entirely free from the glossy substance found in jellied or preserved ripe grapes when the skins have been left on.

Baron Hirsch, the well known Jewish philanthropist of Vienna, has given \$20,000 to the Young Men's Hebrew Benevolent Society of Montreal, to form a fund to enable the society to take care of destitute Jews in that city and educate their children.

A Bad Fruit Season.

The New England Homestead says: "Apples will be scarcer and more costly this season than for many a year. There is but half a crop of winter fruit in the famous Annapolis Valley of Nova Scotia, and a still greater reduction in the apple belt of Southern and western Ontario and Michigan along the lakes. In Maine and some sections of Vermont and New Hampshire there is a fair yield of apples, being best in Maine. Throughout Southern New England, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and the interior States generally, the promise of winter fruit is worse than ever before known. The apple belt of Western New York, along Lake Ontario and Erie, which in good seasons ships much more than 1,000,000 barrels to New York or foreign markets, has almost no crop whatever this year." The Homestead confirms this fact by the testimony of over 300 correspondents, and believes that the great majority of farmers in that region will not have enough apples for home consumption.

Curiously enough there is one considerable area in Missouri and Kansas, within a radius of 100 miles of Kansas City, on which there is a phenomenal crop of winter apples of fine quality. Eastern buyers are already buying it up at good prices. Summer and fall apples are also short and command good prices. The Homestead thinks that choice Western fruit, like prime Baldwins, will rule at \$4 to \$5 per barrel in Boston and New York within three months; \$4 has already been bid for one lot in Addison County, Vt., and the exports of apples from the United States and Canada of the 1890 crop will not be much over 500,000 barrels, against 700,000 barrels last year and 1,000,000 in 1888.

Peaches are a practical failure in Southern Ontario and Michigan, as well as in the Southern States and Connecticut. Pears and plums yield unevenly, but are far below an average crop and must command good prices. Grapes, however, are an immense crop, save in sections of New Jersey and the South, where the black rot is playing havoc with the fruit. The scarcity of other fruits will sustain the market for grapes.

The shortage of large fruits is due to the fruit buds, the cold snap following warm spells last winter, and to a cold wave and rain that blasted the blossoms, while drouth in July caused much fruit to drop.

The Homestead's preliminary report of the potato crop indicates a disastrous shortage in the South and West, a curtailed crop in New York, and a fair average yield in New England and Canada if spared by the rot, which is now making its appearance. Potatoes in Ireland are sadly blighted, and are also rotting in Scotland.

Overland Route to Europe.

OTTAWA, Ont., August 23. - Ex-Gov Gilpin, of Colorado, and party have just left Victoria, B. C., for Alaska. Gov. Gilpin is now developing the project for the construction of a line through America across Behring Strait into Siberia, thence through Asia and Europe to the eastern shore of the Atlantic. He says that the transcontinental lines now established and reaching into Northern Oregon constitute the first American division of the proposed railroad. The plateaus and valleys along the base of the Rocky Mountains offer a natural route through Alaska to Behring Strait. Bridging the Strait, the line would cross over into Siberia, and thence, running in a southerly direction, connect with the lines of railway now under construction to give the Russian Government an outlet to the sea at the mouth of the River Amoor. From this point of connection, south and west, the lines would project through the Chinese Empire, India, Arabia, and thence across the Straits of Gibraltar into the Morocco, and coastwise around the continent of Africa.

The passage of the Behring Strait is the only apparent obstacle, and two objections are offered. (1) that the Strait is in the Arctic circle. (2) the considerable distance intervening between the American and Siberian shores. These objections present no impossible or very difficult problems. The Strait is only forty eight miles wide, with the Dromede Islands near the mouth. Bridges a little more than two miles on this island would make the passage. The water has a shallow depth in some places exceeding a depth of 100 fathoms, or the temperature having a temperature of 40 degrees below the Behring Strait into the small mouth of the Bering Sea. The icebergs are making a great many obstacles to the route.

Putting Children to Bed.

The mother who puts the timid child to bed, and takes away the light, and goes downstairs, and leaves him to his conjuring, careless and indifferent and disbelieving, or bent on overcoming the mischief forcibly, is destroying something that one would think of small worth to her—not only his nervous fibre, but his love of herself; and the day will come when fate will have its revenge on her in his own indifference to her, and she will recognize it, even if he behave in all outward respects like a dutiful son. This is the opinion of a writer in *Harper's Bazar* who also says: If the mother cannot stay with him herself, she can at least leave the door open so that he may hear the cheerful down-stairs voices, the hum of life not to be shut into his tomb, as the unformulated thought of his desolate little mind makes it; she can leave a lamp on the hearth, and so let there be some light to dispel his fancies and to keep back the dark and its unshaped visions. She may regard it as trifling, but to him it is tremendous.

When a few nights have failed to bring calm to the little being and the last going to bed alone is as bad as the first, and threats have only made the matter worse, and reasoning has produced no good result; when he has tried to conquer, and the effort has left him trembling as violently as if he had an ague—then it is something not to be overcome by harsh or peremptory measures, and the mother should see to it that this child has some active physical exercise just before going to bed that will make his little body glad of rest, and she would best lie down beside him, or find some work that she can do upstairs till he falls asleep, in order to afford him the comfort of companionship and the sense of her embracing love, and soothe his irritable nerves to repose instead of rousing them to action.

It she had put the child to bed alone from the very outset of his career, so that it was the natural order of things to him, and he had had the habit established of quiet sleep and absence of fear from the first, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred there would never have been any trouble of the sort.

POTATO PUFF.—One pint of hot mashed potato, add a teaspoonful of salt, a saltspoonful of pepper, one-half spoonful celery salt, one tablespoonful of butter and hot milk enough to moisten well. When partly cool add the yolks of two eggs beaten well, then the whites beaten stiff and bake ten minutes. Marking the top of the potato before putting it in the oven in squares or diamonds makes it look attractive when served.

New Goods TO HAND.

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

- Su. Piped Toilet Sets, newest designs, 35c, 45c and 90c per set of five pieces.
- Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 75c and \$1 each.
- Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c and \$1 each.
- Splashes, 18x36 and 18x45, newest designs, 50c and 75c each.
- Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable for sets, 50c and 65c each.
- Sideboard Scarfs, 18x7, 75c and \$1 each.
- Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 75c and 90c each.
- Stamped Umbrella Holders, newest designs, 75c each.

Stamped Gentleman's Combs, 50c each.  
Stamped Pillow Shams, 45c each.  
Stamped Tidy's, all styles, 75c each.  
Stamped Biscuit Holders, 75c each.

Notwithstanding the high prices of wool, we are still selling single and double bed sheeting at 75c and 90c each.

Ice Water, 75c each.

Embroidered, 75c each.

Woolen, 75c each.

Woolen, 75c each.

Woolen, 75c each.

Woolen, 75c each.

# A GHOST AT HIS FIRESIDE.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON IN THE "COSMOPOLITAN."

For maiden or moon shall a live man yearn? Shall a breathing man love a ghost without breath?

"The moon and chill us - you cannot burn; Go back, girl ghost, to your kingdom of death."  
In a small place small events become great; and the whole neighborhood of Denefield was in-state of excitement about the new occupants of the Ruthven House, as, from time immemorial, everybody has called the largest house in the parish. Denefield was characterized by a pleasantly rural flavor. Though only seven hours by rail from London, the large interests of the outside world seemed vague and unimportant, to most of its inhabitants, in comparison with a dinner at the vicarage or the engagement of the doctor's daughter.

Ruthven House had been the home of the Ruthven family for centuries; but one after another they had died, and the direct family had grown smaller and smaller, until finally the last Ruthven—unnamed, a quasi invalid and a passionate book lover—had shut up his ancestral abode, and announced that it was for sale, removing himself to the tempting neighborhood of the British Museum.

It really seemed singular that Ruthven House should have remained vacant after that for five years, frowning un sociably with its closed windows on its humbler neighbors. It had on one side the sea, with a stretch of lovely undulating shore.

On the other side were rich meadow lands where cows of distinguished pedigree made themselves at home in the long grass, and walks softly shaded by those dear English trees whose boughs are so in love with their native earth that they almost touch it.

Any one who wished to escape from the stress and tumult of life into a modern Garden of Eden could not have done better than take up his abode at Denefield; and to this conclusion Mr. Robert Sheldon speedily arrived, when, having seen a land agent's advertisement of Ruthven House, he came down from London to look at the old place. He bought it forthwith, and horses and carriages, many of them, arrived by rail, and pictures that ought to have been the portraits of his ancestors but were not, and glorious glass and china, and fine furniture, galore.

"Rich as mud!" was the doctor's comment; and, "Yes, just about," was the lawyer's satirical answer. At last came the family—a family of three, father, mother, and the one sole daughter of their house and heart; and then life began afresh in the old Ruthven House, where so many past generations had lived and died. When the Sheldons were really established, there had been a brief discussion at the vicarage as to when and whether they should be called on.

"Yes," answered the vicar, "but the important fact is that he has made the money, and there is need enough of some of it in the family. I think you and Bella would better call this afternoon."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

"No," said Philip Girton, the son of the vicar, "go, and serve up our new roast for dinner."

changed him in his cradle. There was no trace of relationship to the other three about him. They were all large, blonde, and contented-looking. Philip was dark, slight, gracefully moulded, with brown eyes usually dreamy but capable of intense expression, with sensitive lips and nostrils, and the slender hands with long fingers that belong to the artistic temperament. He was uncommonly handsome, in a high-bred way that must have been his inheritance from some of his far-off ancestors.

"What were they like?" he asked rather eagerly, when at last the family were alone.

"Whv, you know," Mrs. Girton answered, "you really can't tell much about people in one call. Mrs. Sheldon seems nice and motherly. I can't quite make out the daughter—Rose, they call her; I think she's a little odd. Mr. Sheldon seems to be laughing in his sleeve at everything and everybody."

"They must be awfully rich," put in Bella, "I never saw such beautiful furniture in my life."

Philip turned to his sister: "What did you think of the girl?" he asked. "Did she seem odd to you? Does she go in for philanthropy, or suffrage, or books?"

"Oh, books by all means. There were books everywhere; and Mrs. Sheldon apologized for the way they were lying about on chairs and tables. 'I can't make Rose tidy with her books,' she complained; but Mr. Sheldon laughed, and said he did not think they were much in the way. I looked at the titles of some of them, and I thought I would rather she read them than I."

"What were they?" Philip asked growing interested.

"Oh, there were books of George Meredith's and of Browning's, and there were actually some volumes about evolution and political economy."

"Pretty was she?"

"Yes, perhaps you would think so; but she was too restless."

"Yes," added Mrs. Girton, "She played with her bracelets and twisted her watch chain, and really seemed as if she couldn't keep still."

"Ah, how you must have bored her, dear mother and sister mine," though, Philip; but he dropped the subject, and waited his opportunity.

It came soon. When the Sheldons returned the visit of his women-kind he was out; but a feast for the new neighbors was speedily arranged, and naturally Philip was to take Miss Sheldon in to dinner.

He had many visions of Rose Sheldon after that first one; but he will never forget, until he forgets everything in death, how she looked as she came up the garden walk that June evening a little before sunset. She wore a long, softly falling white frock, cut simply, but displaying her beautiful white throat and delicate arms—a thought too thin perhaps, but lovely in shape. Some red Juno roses were on her girlish bosom, and one was fastened in the dark coils of her hair. She had large eyes—he could not quite tell whether they were dark, gray, or hazel, for it seemed to him they changed their color as he looked at them. He contrasted her spirited face with the serene inanity to which he was accustomed in his own family; and he said to himself: "Pretty, indeed! She is the most beautiful woman of her time."

He was absurdly mistaken: Rose Sheldon was a lovely girl, with plenty of peers, however, and not a few superiors; but from that moment she was Philip Girton's standard of comparison, before which all others fell short.

Never was dinner like that dinner to him. He ate ambrosia, he drank nectar. In point of fact, he hardly knew what or whether he ate or drank. For the first time in his life he was under a spell which made him oblivious of everything in the world but one face and one voice. Thanks to Bella, he understood what would interest this beautiful neighbor, and never had ceremonious dinner seemed so short to either of them. When the ladies went away, he pulled himself together a little; but while he bore his part in the talk that went on around him, and sipped with the others his father's burgundy, he yet felt a gentle presence still by his side.

In the midst of the talk and the sipping of a rich contraburgundy, he felt a beautiful old air, set to music, and written by Mary...

...written by Mary...

...written by Mary...

...written by Mary...

...written by Mary...

...written by Mary...

...written by Mary...

"It's a voice I know rather uncommonly well," Mr. Sheldon answered, with his broad smile of good-fellowship. "I have heard it a few times before this; " and he laughed, as his wont was, as if he thought he had said something very amusing. Presently they joined the ladies, and after tea had been served they all strolled out into the garden. A late nightingale was singing still, as if the passion of his song must some time find his far-off mate; and when the song ceased, Philip quoted from the loveliest of odes—

"Fare far away, dissolve and quite forget What thou among the leaves hast never known."

"You love Keats, then?" she asked, and turned toward him her pure face, on which the summer moon was shining. His heart was beating so madly as he met her eyes that he could hardly speak. He managed to answer her quietly, and she capped his quotation with another; and then suddenly it seemed to him as if he had known her forever—as if there never could have been for him any past into which she had not entered—any future of which she would not be part.

"I have never had a friend," he said, after a moment of silence. "Do you know what I mean?"

"Yes, I think I know. There have been people you saw every day, and liked well enough; but they did not understand you—they did not speak your language. I know, for that has been my own life, too."

Again he was silent a moment, gathering courage for what he wanted to say; and then he plunged into it boldly.

"I think we could be friends—you and I. We should understand each other. Shall we try, or are you and your books sufficient to your own life?"

"No, not sufficient," she answered in a very low tone; and he fancied she sighed faintly, but it may have been the breeze which was just waking up among the trees.

"Would you, could you, let me be your friend—with all that friendship means of mutual confidence and frequent meetings and shared pursuits?" He knew that his voice was trembling with eagerness—try his best he couldn't help that. Her hand was on his arm, and he closed his own over it lightly. She was silent for a moment, and then she said very gently:

"If you do not tire of it, yes. It seems too good to be true; for no one has ever shared my interests yet—no one at all."

Just then Mr. Sheldon came up to them, with his air of a little too jovial good-nature.

"Come, Rose," he said, "the moonlight is very romantic, but the dew is heavy, and I don't want my song-bird with a cold in her head. Romance will do a good deal, but even romance couldn't idealize red eyes and a swollen nose."

And so he drew his daughter's hand through his arm, and led her to her mother, and the family from Ruthven House departed.

This was the first time Philip Girton had ever fancied himself in love—but indeed this was no fancy. I wonder sometimes if a great passion is not always born in a moment—if that cool, well-considered feeling which comes of propinquity and reason ever ought to be called love at all. At any rate, Philip Girton had taken the fatal malady at a breath. There was no sleep for him that night. At five in the morning he dressed himself and went out into the virgin light of the June day, and almost before he knew it he was standing in front of the entrance to Ruthven House.

Dear to a man is the shawl that has folded the litho loveliness he adores; the glove that is so intimate with her hand; the rose that has died on her bosom. In the same way, dear is the house which is her temple—whose air is sweet with the breath of her divinity. Philip Girton lingered for a space in front of this dwelling which had become for him a shrine. The very birds in the garden seemed going mad with joy—and small wonder!

At last he returned away resolutely and went down to the shore of the sea, where the waves were aglow with the sunrise. Ah, first days of love—why should it be the fashion to scoff at them? You of the brim-d hair, scoffing become you! Were you not young once—even you? The summer and the sea spoke a new language that morning to Philip Girton. The summer meant something more than fine weather; and the sea something other than a great sheet of water on which ships might float, in which men might swim. He had no doubt at all as to whether life was worth living—life, which meant the hope of seeing again his queen Rose of the rosebud garden.

He was shy of domestic comment already; and he went home in good time for breakfast and was careful to keep up his end of the talk, saying as little, however, about the Sheldons as possible. Then

he went to his room, where he was accustomed to give the morning hours to study, since for the present his one hope of self-maintenance was in tutoring. But it was a new language that he found upon his lips, and all its roots were Roserose. He threw away his books at last, since their lore was vain, and lost himself in a shifting, splendid dream of her. And then a voice broke into the midst of his dream—a clear, rapid, yet musical voice—her voice. She, her very self was underneath his window, and saying to Bella, who was busy with her flowers:

"Will you forgive such an early call? But I left my music, and I thought I would stop over and get it. Your garden is bewitched by moonlight, but it is almost lovelier still in this frank sunshine."

She had spoken as blithely as the lark sings; and Mrs. Girton, who sat with her sewing under a neighboring oak, heard her, and came forward and joined Bella in a warm invitation to stay for luncheon. They had not quite made up their minds whether or not they liked Rose Sheldon; but they were always hospitably inclined, and then the Ruthven House people were fast becoming the lions of Denefield.

Miss Sheldon assured them there was nothing she should like so much; but she must go home first and see if papa could spare her—she would be going to London in a few days, and she could not make arrangements while he was here without consulting him. This need to consult and content papa was the key to much that came afterwards, and even then it struck on the ear of the unseen listener with a note of surprise. Bella—who had had her own way ever since she was put into short clothes—was more amazed still. She suggested that one of the servants might go; but no, Rose was firm. She must go, herself, and see if papa wanted anything; and off she went.

Rose was wise in her generation, and she knew well how entirely the comfort of her life depended on not crossing the will of her father. Easy-going and jocular as Mr. Sheldon seemed to the careless observer, he held the traditional rod of iron over his own household. No weak man could have started from the ranks of labor and come up to be the owner of Ruthven House. To the hundreds of men and women in his employ, he never repeated a command. He expressed his wishes mildly enough, but they were final. Let the least item of them be forgotten, let any of his subordinates be careless of them by the shadow of a shade, and the offender found himself out of business without a moment's warning.

Rose had had one contention with him as long as she could remember anything. It was in behalf of the life of her favorite cat, who had incurred his displeasure. She never forgot how he looked at her when she ventured to remonstrate and entreat, after he had ordered that the creature should be killed, or how he held her hand firmly in his and made her watch the poor beast in its death agonies. Did Rose ever love her father for one moment in her life after this scene? Honestly I do not think she ever did; but to her, from that moment, the will of papa meant more than the will of God. She might hope to move, by her entreaties, the powers of Heaven, but no plea of hers would move the stern will which she had never known to waver.

As for Mrs. Sheldon, I think she really did love her lord, for she was a born serf by nature, and there had never been one single conflict between her and the master of her home and heart; and certainly when Robert Sheldon had all things his own way he was easy-going enough. He was most lavish of his money, most indulgent to all wishes that did not conflict with his own, and he had a glow of animal spirits which captivated his slower-witted wife, delighted his acquaintances, and was by no means without its own charm for Rose. He was very compliant when she ran home with her request. This family, the mother of whom was a baronet's daughter was a shade higher in the scale than any one with whom the Sheldons had familiarly associated hitherto, and just at present it suited papa's whim that his Rose should see as much of them as possible, and learn their way; while it was a sweet and subtle flattery to him to see that his child—his infinitely surpassed the baronet's granddaughter in beauty and in charm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Good Suit.

"I want a running suit."

"This is a good durable suit."

"Are the colors fast?"

"Yes. You'll have great difficulty in keeping up with them."

The man with the most "horse sense" is the one who lets horse racing severely alone.



Practical Suggestions.

**Good Housekeeping:** Carelessness in measuring and preparing dishes is often the cause of failure. When a recipe is found good it should be followed exactly.

It is not only an economy for home-makers to keep an account book, but it is a great satisfaction to know from year to year exactly what has been expended.

The excellence of baked potatoes depends upon eating as soon as done and not before. They are worthless till cooked, and dry rapidly as soon as baked through.

To remove charet stains from table linens rub on salt as soon as possible and wash in the usual way. If not entirely removed apply lemon juice and dry in the sun.

What is more disagreeable to use than a rusty flat-iron? Rub them with fine emery dust and sweet oil. If you can not make them smooth send them to a factory and have them ground.

If the stove is cracked a good cement is made for it as follows: Wood ashes and salt in equal proportions, reduced to a paste with cold water, and filled in the cracks when the stove is cool. It will soon harden.

Save stale pieces of bread, and when an easy day comes dry them thoroughly in an open oven, and with a rolling-pin crush as fine as dust. These, then, will always be at hand for preparing oysters, cutlets, croquettes, etc.

Go to bed at night to sleep; and not to think over the troubles of to-day, nor the anticipated trials of to-morrow. One woman said: "I plan my next day's work each night after retiring." Poor, little, nervous thing, she looked it.

Keep celery fresh by rolling it in brown papersprinkled with water, then in a damp cloth, and put in a cool, dark place. Before preparing it for the table, submerge it in cold water and let it stand for an hour. It will be found very crisp.

When furnishing a home, do not neglect to purchase pictures. They serve to recall pleasant memories and scenes, and when hung to harmonize with the furniture and in keeping with the use of the room, they are highly ornamental. Buy good ones, or none.

When one is fatigued, tea is an efficient restorative. It forms an agreeable, warm drink, which is neither heating to the blood, nor oppressive to the stomach, particularly if taken slowly when one is sitting quietly. Large quantities, however, induce nervous disorders.

The importance of letting the sunlight fall into all parts of our dwellings can not be too highly estimated. Good health is dependent on sunlight and pure air. An eminent physician has said: Sunlight should never be excluded except when so bright as to be uncomfortable to the eyes.

Silver, washed after each meal in very hot water, with sometimes a little ammonia in it, will be bright and shining for a long time without other cleaning. When a more thorough cleaning is necessary, use any good silver polish, being sure to rub lightly, as the bright luster soon wears dull, and if it be plated, soon wears off.

**Eat Before Going to Bed.**

Most students and women who are troubled with insomnia are dyspeptic, and they should, therefore, eat before going to bed, having put aside work entirely at least an hour before. If they are not hungry they should simply be instructed to eat, and if they are hungry they should eat whatever they want, says the Medical Journal. A glass of milk and a biscuit are sometimes all that can be taken: first, or mashed potato buttered. If possible the night meal should be taken in another room than the sleeping apartment, and for men in the city it will be found advantageous to go out to a restaurant. Before eating, however, a bath should be taken, preferably cold or cool, which should be given with a sponge or stiff brush, and the body thoroughly rubbed off with a coarse towel afterward. The bath need not be more than five minutes in duration. Further than this, the patient should go to bed at the same hour every night and arise at the same hour every morning. There is a popular superstition that grown people should not eat immediately before going to sleep: that it will give them indigestion or nightmare, or both. The writer cannot see why adults should be so very different in this respect from babies. The average person should be in bed seven or eight hours, which is time enough for the digestion of almost anything edible. In our American life the digestion carried on through sleep probably has the better chance for thoroughness.



FIG. 45.—No. 4600.—Misses' Dress. Price, 25 CENTS.

Quantity of Material (21 inches wide) for 10 years, 8 1/2 yards; 11 years, 10 yards; 12 years, 10 1/2 yards; 13 years, 11 1/2 yards; 14 years, 12 yards; 15 years, 12 1/2 yards.

Quantity of Material (41 inches wide) for 10 years, 4 1/2 yards; 11 years, 5 yards; 12 years, 5 1/2 yards; 13 years, 5 3/4 yards; 14 years, 6 yards; 15 years, 6 1/4 yards.

If made of materials illustrated, 4 1/2 yards of 42-inch material and 2 of a yard of 1 1/2-inch velvet will be required for the medium size.

The guimpe on this figure is taken from Pattern No. 4123. Price 20 cents, and is appropriate for all-over embroidery, tucked muslin, insertion, lace, etc., consisting of a yoke, frill around the neck, shirt-sleeves, and wristbands. The body portion is drawn up around the waist, holding it in position when the dress is put on over it. The dress represents Pattern 4600, price 25 cents, and may be used for light woolen fabrics, dainty cottons, or India silk, plain or figured. The full skirt is simply gathered and hemmed, the elbow sleeves hang in knife-plats, the round "baby" waist is shirred in several rows at the top, and a sash of the goods from the side seams is tied in the back. Epaulets of velvet trim the shoulders, and a corselet belt of the same is held by a buckle in front.

**Teachers and Gentle Voices.**

That "excellent thing in women, and in man also, when in the school room—the 'gentle' voice, though not necessarily 'soft' or 'low'—is a means of grace to teacher and taught alike. Few teachers realize how accurately their gain or loss in influence can be measured by the quality of the tone in which they talk. There is no excuse for the hard, sharp, rasping tone, so common as to be usually reckoned one of the characteristics of a "school ma'am," even in the noisiest room or among the most unruly children. The law of similia, similibus curantur does not hold good in such a case. Screaming and shouting at children is to make demons even of little angels, and they must be angelic, indeed, who can escape such transformation. The teacher should know how to make distinctness serve in place of force, to the end of sparing her own throat and the nerves of her pupils.

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

**A Thibetan Great Lady.**

After half an hour's absence Lhacham returned, and resumed her seat. With her right hand she twirled a golden prayer-wheel, while with her left she caressed her son, who was seated beside her. She pressed me again to take tea and biscuits, and some bread made of buckwheat and millet was placed upon my table. At midday she ordered dinner to be brought. Several china cups, also maple-knot cups mounted in gold and silver, were then produced from a chest of drawers in the room, and a cleanly-dressed boy brought in a tray filled with cups containing different dainties. Before beginning I inquired of Lhacham if there were yak-beef in the dishes. "No, no; all that you see in the plates and cups is made of mutton of the first quality. Although we prefer yak beef to mutton, yet, knowing that you Indians have a repugnance to this delicacy of Thibet, I ordered our cook not to mix beef with mutton." I relished the dishes very much, using chopsticks and the pins which in Thibet serve for forks. Lhacham occasionally took a sip or two of tea and conversed with me, showing great interest in my narrative of Indian marriage customs and female seclusion. But when I related to her that in India sometimes one husband had several wives, while the P'iling-pa (English) and enlightened natives had only one, she stared at me in wonder.

"One wife with only one husband," she exclaimed in comic surprise. "Do you not think that we Thibetan women, are happier than the Indian or P'iling women, of whom the Indian must be the most miserable?"

"Pray tell me," said I, "is it not inconvenient for one wife to have so many husbands?"

"I do not see," observed Lhacham, "how Indian women can possibly be as happy as Thibetan women are. The former have to divide among many the affection and the property of their one husband, whereas in Thibet the housewife, one woman, is the real mistress of all the joint earnings and inheritance of several brothers. These, her husbands, being sprung from the same mother, are undoubtedly one, and therefore the same flesh, blood, and bones. Their persons are one, though their souls may be different."

After dinner Lhacham asked me if I would be presented to her chief husband, the Shab-pe, to whom she said she had already made mention of me. I thanked her for her gracious kindness, and said I would avail myself of the honor of a presentation another day.

**Girls, Respect Yourselves.**

There is very little left to call the people you love if you lavish words of affection on every stranger whom you meet. If you call a young woman whom you have known just half an hour "Dear," and one whom you have known three days "Darling," there will be no tender, endearing term for you to address to those who have your whole heart. Girls who are not of necessity gushing, are often apt to speak in the most familiar manner. Good speech is certainly pure silver, but there are so many times when silence would outweigh it and be perfect gold. To tell of one's family affairs, to tell of one's joys and worries to some one who has a sympathetic manner, and seems to invite it, is at once a weakness and a misfortune. To write a letter in which you use endearing terms, in which you discuss personal matters, is more than merely indiscreet it is dangerous. Don't you think if you are a bit familiar in speech or with the pen to a man that he is going to more than meet this half way? Don't you think if you call him by his first name, he is very apt to call you by yours, and perhaps before people whom you do not care to have think lightly of you? If you permit him to speak of things not usually discussed, do not imagine for one moment he is going to regard the conversation as confidential. He will always tell it to somebody, and you can then imagine how much farther down in the esteem of two people you have gone. Don't let any man be familiar with you to the extent of calling you "Old girl," or citing you as "One of the boys." You don't belong among the boys, and any you shouldn't be counted there. Don't let man, unless you are betrothed,

kiss you. Lips are of little worth to John which have been pressed by Tom, Dick and Harry.

**The Brittany Girl's Petticoat.**

In Brittany a curious matrimonial custom prevails. On certain fete days the young ladies appear in red petticoats, with white or yellow borders around them. The number of borders denotes the portion the father is willing to give his daughter. Each white band, representing silver, denotes 100 francs per annum, and each yellow band denotes gold and tokens 1000 francs a year. Thus a young man who sees a face that pleases him has only to glance at the trimmings of the petticoats to learn what amount accompanies the wearer.

**Patterns.**

Any pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, 73 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

**SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, BIRTHMARKS** moles, and all facial blemishes permanent, removed by Electrolysis. DR. FOSTER, Electrician, 133 Church street, Toronto.

**COATSWORTH, HODGINS & CO.**

**BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, NOTARIES** CONVEYANCERS, &c. Money to Loan. Offices, 15 York Chambers, 9 Toronto Street, Toronto. EMERSON COATSWORTH, JR. FRANK HODGINS WALTER A. GEDDES ARNOLD MORPHY.

**STRONG'S**

**BAKING POWDER** Guaranteed strictly pure, 25c per pound. Sold only by

**A. E. FAWCETT** DRUGGIST, 67 KING ST. W., TORONTO.

**Dr. A. Wilford Hall's**

**Health Pamphlet on HEALTH & LONGEVITY**

Dr. A. Wilford Hall's discovery for curing bodily diseases and prolonging life, without the aid of medicine or a physician, is attracting unusual attention all over the country, and hundreds who have been invalids for many years are rising up to attest the marvellous virtues of a discovery which is in perfect harmony with the laws of nature. We add our own testimony to the incalculable benefits we have derived from nature's own simple cure, and express our gratitude that a gracious Providence has, physiologically, revealed man to himself.—*Christian Leader.*

Please send for circulars at our expense. Price of book, which contains all necessary instructions, \$1. Address **C. C. POMEROY, Gen. Agent,** 40 1/2 King Street W. Toronto.

**C. V. SNELGROVE,**

**DENTAL SURGEON,** 97 Carlton Street, Toronto, Ont. NEW PROCESS.

**PORCELAIN FILLINGS AND PORCELAIN CROWNS** A SPECIALTY. Telephone No. 3091.

**Walking Shoes for Ladies and Men.** The completeness of our stock in this department only to be seen in order to be appreciated. We are safe in saying that we can fill in any quality of good desired. Upon us paid to the comfort and strength of shoes, so that they offer the greatest strength and service. All workmanship can do to make thoroughly worthy shoes. This has been done. Stylish shoes, which are durable and comfortable. We have a large stock of walking shoes. We have a large stock of walking shoes. We have a large stock of walking shoes.

**PILES**



## AN ATTRACTIVE YOUNG PERSON.

## CHAPTER I.

"I'm afraid Mrs. Piggan will have to go," said the rector.

Mr. Sowerbutts, a stout, middle aged farmer, granted his dissatisfaction. The other members of the Little Puddington School Board offered no opinion.

"Yes; I think we must give the old lady a quarter's notice, and get rid of her," continued Mr. Dowthwaite. "She is terribly behind the age, there's no doubt of that. The school has earned hardly any grant for the last two years."

Mr. Sowerbutts gave another grant, meaning to express thereby his contempt alike for Mrs. Piggan's grant-earning powers, the grant, and the Education Department.

"I expect in another year the Inspector will bring down the wrath of the department upon us in earnest. Perhaps they will dissolve the board and order the election of a new one."

"That won't do, nohow," said Mr. Sowerbutts, decisively.

"Then Mr. Sowerbutts moves that the present holder of the office of schoolmistress be invited to resign, and that the Chairman be requested to insert advertisements for a new teacher in the *Church Times* and other newspapers," said Mr. Dowthwaite, making a jotting of the motion as he spoke. "Mr. Wintle seconds the motion," he added, with a glance in the direction of that gentleman. Mr. Wintle, whose eyes had been fixed the whole time on the rector's face, gravely nodded; and the rector rose from his chair to intimate that the meeting was at an end.

Mr. Dowthwaite spent the whole of the afternoon in drafting an advertisement and sending copies of it to various clerical and scholastic newspapers. "Must be a sound churchwoman. One able to play the harmonium preferred," he added to the list of requirements. There was standing difficulty about getting a not utterly incompetent performer on the harmonium at Little Puddington; and the good rector thought he might as well make the obnoxious Education act useful for once.

The interview with Mrs. Piggan he deferred till the following morning, as being the most unpleasant part of the business. It went off, however, better than he had feared. By degrees he got the old lady to understand that if she sent in her resignation it would be gratefully accepted, and she would be considered as having put the parish and the country generally under an obligation.

"You see, Mrs. Piggan, we are obliged to follow the times," said good-natured Mr. Dowthwaite, in an apologetic tone. "We can't afford to lose the grant another year, we really can't."

"Oh, I suppose not, Sir," said Mrs. Piggan, fixing her eyes on the rector's face. "I've been schoolmistress in this parish for two ah! twenty years, an' we've done very well without any grant. I've brought up my children to learn their catechism and do their duty, like their fathers before them. I can't teach F-rench an' d'rorin, an' such like; and much good it would do them if I could. However, I've saved enough, thank Heaven, to be independent of every one; and — Betsy Jane Pugh, stop talkin' and go on with your sum, or it'll be the worse for ye."

The rector listened in silence, and finally made his escape, thankful that the most disagreeable part of his duty as a reformer was over.

But his difficulties were by no means at an end. The day after his advertisement had been received one hundred and twenty applications for the vacant position. The first day brought him two hundred and thirty, and the second day produced ninety. The applicants were able to teach any subject, as well as several of the testimonials of the high

rank of the school.

turned to his wife, who had kept

the list of names, and

with a

glance

at the

list, she

said

to the

rector,

"I

think

we

ought

to

give

the

forty-nine names—an obviously impracticable number.

At the next monthly meeting of the board matters were no further advanced. The table of the morning room at the rectory—which served as a board room—was covered with letters of application and copies of testimonials; and the members of the board sat gaping at the piles of documents in helplessness and dismay.

"Well, gentlemen," began Mr. Dowthwaite with a very vague notion of what the rest of his sentence was to be, when a knock at the door interrupted him.

"Come in," he cried.

"Please, Sir," said Thomas, "there's a lady wishes to see you."

"But I am engaged, Thomas."

"But this lady has called about the School Board."

"An applicant? It is rather irregular, certainly. I particularly mentioned in the advertisements that no personal applications were to be allowed," said the Chairman to his fellow-laborers. "However, since the young person is here, we may as well see her. Show her in, Thomas."

A moment afterward a slim, upright figure, in a dainty Summer costume, appeared in the doorway, and the farmers present rose instinctively to their feet. Only the rector retained his presence of mind.

"Thomas, set a chair," said he.

The young lady bowed with the utmost self-possession, and took the seat which was offered her. She was decidedly pretty. There was no doubt of that, in spite of her paleness and her thin lips. Her fair hair was brought down smoothly over a brow as white as any woman could desire; her features were all delicately formed, her eyes being especially attractive. Her age it might have been difficult to guess; a man would have admitted that she might be over twenty; a woman would have said she did not look thirty.

"Your name is—Miss—ah? Miss Grayling?" asked the rector, referring to the card which Thomas had handed to him.

The young lady bowed. As she lifted her head, she saw that the rector was still scrutinizing the card, and she comprehended the other members of the board in one swift glance, finishing with the curate. Mr. Cope dropped his eyes. Miss Grayling smiled inwardly.

"And you have come about the vacancy in the parish school, I understand?" inquired the rector.

Again Miss Grayling bowed without speaking.

"I particularly requested that no personal applications were to be made," said the rector, in an injured tone.

Miss Grayling gave a little sigh. "I was afraid I had done wrong," she said, with her eyes on the carpet; "but I was so anxious that my application should not be overlooked. If you would kindly excuse my coming, I think you would find my testimonials satisfactory."

As she spoke, she lifted her eyes to those of the reverend gentleman, dropping them immediately in a very modest and becoming manner.

Mr. Dowthwaite was mollified.

"Where have you been teaching?" he asked.

She mentioned the name of a village in Yorkshire, and Mr. Cope busied himself in hunting up her letter of application and her testimonial from a large bundle of similar documents. Having found them, he laid them before the rector in silence.

"Not very much experience; not so much as we could have wished—only six months," said the rector. "Now, we particularly wanted a certificated teacher."

"I have little doubt that I could pass the examinations if you think it desirable," said Miss Grayling quietly; "but I think I may say I am capable of teaching the village children everything necessary."

It was, indeed, absurd to imagine that this elegant young lady was not capable of acting as preceptor to Betsy Jane Pugh and her companions; and the rector, feeling this, tossed the rather scanty testimonials aside.

"I ought to tell you," he said, "that this is a very modest appointment. You know the salary is not large, and depends partly on the amount of grant earned by the school."

"It is not—ah!—not an exalted position, is it?" he exclaimed, suddenly.

"No, Sir," said Miss Grayling, with a pleasant smile.

"I will consider your application," said Dowthwaite, shrugging his shoulders rather nervously.

"Thank you, Sir," said Miss Grayling.

She rose, and as she slowly moved from her seat, she said to the rector, "I will wait in the hall, or in the parlour, if you please."

"Very good, Miss Grayling."

"Thank you, Sir."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

"Good-bye."

decided on? I have a long journey before me, and if you could—"

She did not finish her sentence; but she glanced at the other members of the board as she spoke. Mr. Sowerbutts and his friends had not, meantime, spoken a word; but now they uttered a half-articulate murmur, and the rector bowed in a stiff but courteous fashion. The modest request was granted, and Miss Grayling withdrew.

Somehow, the young lady had made the board feel that she was, in a sense, awaiting their verdict—that her fate hung in their hands.

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. Dowthwaite "I don't know that we could do better. This young—ah!—person is recommended, by the—lifting his double eyeglasses to his nose—"the vicar of Little Shenstone. There can be little doubt as to her capability to undertake the duties. And really, if we began hunting through all these papers, we might go further and fare worse."

"Ear, ear," murmured Mr. Sowerbutts, in a hollow, bass voice, tapping the point of his stick gently on the floor, and acceding to the suggestion that Miss Laura Hill Grayling should be appointed to the vacant office.

## CHAPTER II.

In the course of a month the new schoolmistress entered upon her duties. The village children regarded her with mingled admiration and awe as she came into the little schoolroom for the first time in her spotless morning gown. The dress was only of cotton, but it was neatly, even stylishly made. They gazed with wonder and delight as Miss Grayling contemptuously flung poor Mrs. Piggan's cane into the empty fireplace, and they promised themselves golden days for the future.

In that particular, however, they were disappointed. The new teacher, they soon discovered, was not to be trifled with. They had to work harder than they had ever done before; but they did not grumble. They literally worshipped their schoolmistress; and would no more have thought of disobeying her than of disputing the authority of the village constable.

When the rector visited the school every Monday morning he was delighted with the order that reigned there. He thought Miss Grayling a very exemplary and superior young woman. He lent her books. He gave her much advice as to her work, with which he had not thought it worth while to trouble good Mrs. Piggan, and his counsels were invariably received with a charming deference.

It was the custom at Little Puddington for the curate to give the school children a lesson in Bible history on Wednesday afternoon; and Mr. Cope looked forward to his first lesson under Miss Grayling's auspices with some inward trepidation. In spite of himself he felt a certain tremor as he addressed the new teacher, and yet he found himself continually desiring to speak to her. By degrees, however, this wore off; and he came to look forward to Wednesday afternoons as pleasant interludes in his rather monotonous weeks. He, too, was solicitous for the new teacher's mental pabulum, and lent her books, beginning with popular history books, going on to Sunday afternoon tales, and finally reaching the stage of undeniable yellow-backed novels. Miss Grayling smiled to herself as she placed Mr. Cope's "Orley Farm" in her desk beside Mr. Dowthwaite's "Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family."

But everybody liked Miss Grayling. The children's mothers looked on her as a superior being. Even cross old Miss Sowerbutts, at the Mount Farm, liked to have her go over on a Thursday afternoon, when John was at market, drink a cup of tea with her, and enlighten her as to the real fashions as worn in London. The only person who did not join in the chorus of approbation was Miss Jordan, the rector's sister-in-law.

"Don't you think we were very fortunate in getting such a superior mistress in Mrs. Piggan's place?" said the rector to his sister-in-law one Sunday after church.

"I dare say," said Miss Jordan.

"There is a marked improvement in the behavior of the children, both at church and in school," continued the rector, in rather a magisterial way, as if to resent the implication of an undue partiality for Miss Grayling, which was visible in Miss Jordan's face.

"The boys don't make half so much noise in going out of church before the sermon as they used to do," continued the parson.

"I've no doubt the young woman is very well fitted for her place," said Miss Jordan.

"Dear me!" said the rector to himself, "it's odd how few women can forgive another woman, in a somewhat lower rank of life, for having a pretty face and an attractive manner!" Whatever the reason, it

was plain that Miss Jordan was not captivated by the new mistress. They avoided each other, as if by mutual consent.

It happened that one afternoon, in early Summer, Miss Grayling had gone up to the Mount Farm, by invitation, to drink tea with Miss Sowerbutts. It was a Thursday—a day when the farmers always attended market at the neighboring town of Groby.

"I must make haste and get home before dark," said Miss Grayling, as the day began to close; and she went up to put on her bonnet. The operation, however, took some little time, as it was diversified by an exhibition of Miss Sowerbutts's mother's wedding dress, and various other pieces of raiment of a quite remote antiquity, in all of which Miss Grayling took keen interest.

"I declare it's getting quite dark," exclaimed the schoolmistress at last, as she threw on her hat in a great hurry and went down stairs with her hostess. Arrived in the garden, however, it was impossible to go without a morsel of Mrs. Sowerbutts's delicious sweet-briar; the peas, too, were in a most interesting state of development, and by the time they had been duly admired, the farmer's burly form was seen slowly advancing between the hedge-rows, borne onward by his gig and his good mare, Jess.

Certainly Miss Grayling looked a pretty figure as she stood at the porch of the farmhouse shaking hands with its mistress.

"Well, Miss, and how are ye?" said Mr. Sowerbutts, with a very red face, as he leaned out of the gig to shake hands with his sister's visitor.

"Very well, thank you. But I must say good evening. I really must get home before dark."

"What's the need for that? Jess and I must see thee home."

"Oh, no, no! I couldn't think of such a thing. You must be so tired, and the poor horse, too. Good-bye." And Miss Grayling took a hasty farewell of her friend, and ran down the roadway with the prettiest little steps in the world.

Meanwhile Mr. Sowerbutts was slowly turning round the unwilling Jess.

"But, John, the mare will be overdone. She can find her way home. Or I'll send Jacob with her," said Miss Sowerbutts, regretting in her heart that she had ever invited the schoolmistress to the farm.

To this John made no reply, and having succeeded in turning the horse and gig he speedily overtook Miss Grayling, who was walking on ahead in the most determined manner.

"Whoa! whoa!" cried Mr. Sowerbutts to the mare. "Now, Miss, will 'ee get in?" And he held back the apron as he spoke.

"Really I can't—I can't take you back to Puddington after your journey," said Miss Grayling, stooping hesitatingly. "No," she said, more firmly, as Mr. Sowerbutts only sat and looked at her without speaking; "there is really no necessity for it."

"If I ask ye to come I mean it," said the farmer, "an' I take it as a favor."

"Oh, if you put it so politely, I shall be very happy," said Miss Grayling, as she held up her little gloved hand and was hoisted into the gig.

It was, after all, only a mile and a half to the village. For the first minute nothing was said.

"You plays that there 'armonium in church beautiful," said Mr. Sowerbutts, at length.

Miss Grayling laughed and turned her smiling face upon her companion.

"Do you think so? I'm not so sure of that myself," said she.

"Beautiful!" responded Mr. Sowerbutts, with emphasis. "An' settin' there, in the chancel, with the red window shining on yer 'ead, you look like a saint in glory!"

"Oh, Mr. Sowerbutts! you really shouldn't be so very complimentary," said Miss Grayling, tranquilly. "And now, tell me how things went at market to-day."

The conversation thus took a more prosaic turn, and Miss Grayling evinced the deepest interest in the price of hay, calves and other agricultural topics, until they reached the cottage in which she lived.

## CHAPTER III.

The Government inspection was always one of the events of the year at Little Puddington. It generally took place in the end of August. The Inspector was an elderly gentleman, whose proper name was Christopher Wensby; but whose ordinary name among the teachers of his district was "The Walrus," from the fact that his bald forehead and white mustache pointed downward in a straight line on each side of his mouth gave him a decided resemblance to that creature. Report stated that Mr. Wensby and Miss Jordan had had tender, or semi-tender, passages at some remote epoch. At any rate, they were very good friends; and Mr. Wensby always dined at the rectory

once a year, when his tools in the little village school room were over. The day came; the inspection was duly performed, and at the end of the day Mr. Wensby sat down at the rector's hospitable table.

"And what do you think of our new mistress?" asked the rector, as he began to carve the joint.

"A very superior person—very superior person indeed," returned the Inspector.

Miss Jordan's chin was lifted a little higher in the air as this answer was given; but the gesture went unnoticed.

"Ah! Glad you think so. We consider her quite an acquisition," said Mr. Douthwaite.

"Yes; there seemed an improvement in all directions," continued Mr. Wensby; "but especially in the needlework. Under the former mistress the needlework was very clumsy; now it is admirable."

Miss Jordan smiled incredulously.

"I assure you I have received very neat specimens of buttonholing," said the Inspector. "The department cannot fail to be pleased with them. I can show you them after dinner, if you like."

"I should very much like to see them," said Miss Jordan, dryly.

After dinner, accordingly, the specimens were produced, and very neatly executed they were.

"I don't believe our girls ever did that work," said Miss Jordan, solemnly, as she bent over the buttonholes.

"But I saw them?" ejaculated Mr. Wensby.

"Saw the stuff in their hands, I dare say," returned the lady. "What do gentlemen know about things of that sort?" she added, contemptuously.

"I have always to report as to the quality of the needlework," said the Inspector, stiffly, and with a slight blush. "But if you assure me, from your own knowledge of the children, that they could not have done this work themselves it will be my duty to institute further inquiry."

"I am certain of it," said Miss Jordan.

That evening Mr. Wensby compared notes with his host, and the rector confessed that he was surprised—secretly, he was startled—to find what a large number of "attendances" had been made, even by the most irregular of the village children.

"We have a board meeting to-morrow," said Mr. Douthwaite.

"Then ask Miss Grayling to attend it," said Mr. Wensby, "and ask her whether the children actually did the needlework themselves. If she says they did, I will fix a day—I can come over in about three weeks—to see them do some more specimens; and Miss Jordan can be present. If there is a marked discrepancy between the two sets of work—why, of course, I must report accordingly; and you can consider the matter at the next board meeting."

All this made the rector feel very uncomfortable. But there was no help for it, and the next day he sent a verbal message to the schoolmistress, requesting her to step over to the rectory, where the School Board was then sitting.

"Miss Grayling," said the rector, not without embarrassment, "I believe that her Majesty's Inspector will be able to report very favorably of the condition of the school." Miss Grayling bowed politely. "There is one point, however, on which I should like to ask you one or two questions. These pieces of sewing, now"—and he produced them from a drawer as he spoke—"seem to me very neat, very creditable; but are you sure that the children whose names are attached to them did them themselves, unaided?"

"Quite sure," said Miss Grayling tranquilly.

"And the attendances—they seem much larger than they used to be. Are you sure you have kept the register accurately?"

"Perfectly sure," said Miss Grayling, looking the clergyman full in the face.

One or two members of the board moved uneasily in their seats, and Mr. Sowerbutts seemed to be on the point of protesting audibly against these aspersions on Miss Grayling's good faith. The rector felt very uncomfortable.

"Very good, Miss Grayling," he said; "I am glad to hear you say so. And I think we needn't detain you any longer."

The schoolmistress slowly rose, bowed in her usual dignified manner, and withdrew.

Before long it got abroad in Little Puddington that Miss Grayling was in disgrace, or at least in a condition of suspended favor. Various reasons were given for this, the most popular theory being that the new mistress had been caught stealing the school pence. The matter was discussed in the alehouses, at the doors of the cottages, in the churchyard after service. Through it all Miss Grayling went on her way, serene as usual, preserving exactly the same manner to every one as if the voice of scandal had never mentioned her name.

A little before 6 o'clock one evening the Rev. Augustus Cope knocked at the door of the pretty cottage in which Miss Grayling lived. For some months—ever since he had first seen her, in fact—the susceptible curate had been under the spell of the young lady's sweet brown eyes. He had struggled with himself long and manfully. He was not in a position to marry and Miss Grayling was not a suitable match for him. He knew all that very well. He did not like to think of what his aunts, Miss Cope and Miss Georgina Cope, would say on being presented with a village schoolmistress for a niece. But, then, he had not looked on the face of any other woman who could be called a lady—save Miss Jordan's—for nearly eight months. He was in love; he could not help it; and now this unpleasant matter added at once to his love and to his embarrassment. Even now he did not know his own mind. His ostensible object was to exchange one of the harmless novels, with which he now kept Miss Grayling well supplied, for another of the same type.

"Miss Grayling," began the curate, as he seated himself in the little parlor, "this can not be true!"

"What is not true?"

"These shameful accusations, these aspersions—"

"Of course not, and I did not think that you, Mr. Cope, would pay any attention to them," said the schoolmistress, with quiet dignity.

"Oh, no! not for worlds!" exclaimed the curate; "I believe in you as I would in a saint! Dear Miss Grayling—Laura—I may call you Laura?—I find it difficult to say how I feel for you—and how much I long to shield you from the calumnies and troubles of the world in the shelter of an honest man's love."

As he spoke, the curate took Miss Grayling's white and well-formed fingers between his.

"I offer you my heart and all I have," he continued, his eyes searching her downcast face. "Alas! that it is so little! I know well we cannot marry on my present stipend, but I have youth and strength on my side. Sooner or later I must get a living, and then—and then—Oh, Laura! say that you love me!"

"Mr. Cope, I feel honored and flattered more than I can say, and my heart—ills me it is not indifferent to you, but—"

She paused, and the tones of the church clock striking fell on her ear.

"Mr. Cope!" she exclaimed, withdrawing her fingers as she spoke, "you are more than generous, but I cannot trust myself to give you an answer now. I must not be rash, or unjust to you. Leave me now—leave me, I beg you. I will write to you to-morrow."

Somewhat surprised at this sudden dismissal, the agitated curate took his hat and stick and departed.

Next day he received a daintily-scented note from Miss Grayling, in which she said that, much as she honored him and highly as she valued his friendship, she could see that it was not for his interest to marry a dowdless girl, and she therefore declined his proposal. Her decision, she added, was quite "irrevocable." There was but one "irrevocable," and somehow this circumstance did something toward mitigating the grief with which Mr. Cope received his letter of dismissal.

The testing examination, which was to confirm or overthrow Miss Grayling's reputation, was fixed for a Friday afternoon. The School Board meeting happened to fall on the following day, Saturday.

At 3 o'clock on Friday Mr. Wensby arrived, and Mr. Douthwaite and Miss Jordan went with him to the schoolhouse. The children were all there, with clean pinafores and shining faces, but Miss Grayling was absent. Miss Jordan's face wore a peculiar smile as one of the older girls informed the rector that Miss Grayling had not been at home for three days.

Miss Jordan soon set the children to work, and in five minutes the Inspector was convinced by the clearest evidence that not one of the schoolgirls could make even a decent buttonhole, much less one like those contained in the specimens.

"You had better get rid of your superior young person as soon as you can," he said to Mr. Douthwaite, as they went back to the rectory.

Next morning, however, when the School Board met they found a letter awaiting them from Miss Grayling, in which she said that in consequence of the undeserved aspersions which had been thrown upon her management of the school she felt that the course most consistent with her dignity was to resign the post which she had had the honor of holding.

The rector was indignant, and moved that Miss Grayling's resignation be not accepted, but that in consequence of the revelations

that had been made she be summarily dismissed. Mr. Sowerbutts was not present, but the other members of the board, who had but a very limited idea of the heinousness of Miss Grayling's offense, murmured at the severity of the sentence, and at last the rector was persuaded to let the resignation be accepted.

The following day was Sunday. It was the curate's turn to preach, the rector's to read prayers. The choir and the school children were in their places, and Miss Jordan scanned the congregation with an approving glance from the rectory pew.

"Dearly beloved brethren, the Scripture moveth us," began the rector.

At that moment an unwonted rustle was heard at the door, a subdued murmur ran through the assembled worshippers, and the rector, lifting his eyes, beheld the schoolmistress moving up the aisle on the arm of Mr. Sowerbutts! There could be no doubt of what had happened. The curate received a shock such as he had never before experienced. Miss Jordan forgot herself in her amazement, and stared at the bride as if she had been a ghost. Mr. Sowerbutts tramped stolidly on till he reached his own pew, and then, having dully installed his wife therein, began to say the responses in a louder tone than usual.

The bride, in a dainty Parisian bonnet, looked very pretty. Her triumph was complete. Miss Sowerbutts retired to a cottage which she owned in the outskirts of Groby, and the schoolmistress reigned over the Mount Farm and its owner with gentle but firm sway.

When Mr. Wensby came to Little Puddington for the next annual inspection he was proceeding to the schoolhouse in state, bearing Miss Jordan on his arm and escorted by the rector, when the party met a pony carriage, in which was seated a pretty and beautifully-dressed woman. The lady bowed graciously to Mr. Wensby, and he, not remembering the circumstances under which he had last seen that attractive smile, returned the salute. Mrs. Sowerbutts glanced at Miss Jordan and smiled maliciously. Miss Jordan dropped her hand from her companion's arm, and the rector, stepping forward, whispered something in his friend's ear.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Inspector; "that woman! I hadn't an idea how she was, I assure you. I thought I knew the face—that was all."

But Miss Jordan had suddenly become deaf, and on the subject of the senior churchwarden's wife she continued to be deaf for the remainder of her days.

### Some Good Recipes.

**SWEET CORN SOUP.**—One pint of chopped corn, two-thirds of a quart of milk, two tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of flour, two eggs, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of sugar, one small onion chopped, one half a tablespoonful of pepper and one teaspoonful of Worcester-shire sauce; after cutting the corn from the cobs, put them on to boil in water enough to cover; let them boil 20 minutes; then remove them; add the corn, after chopping it quite fine, and the onion; cook 15 minutes; then add the milk and the rest of the seasoning; thicken with the flour, which should be mixed smooth in milk; cook about five minutes after the thickening is in; beat the eggs well, and stir them in after the soup is removed from the fire; also the Worcester-shire sauce.

**FRIED CHICKEN.**—Cut a chicken into good pieces for serving; wipe dry; season with salt, pepper and a little sage; roll in flour; have a cupful of suet lard boiling hot; sprinkle in a little salt and pepper; put in the chicken and fry slowly until brown; place it on a hot platter; to the fat in the spider add one cupful of warm milk and half a cupful of water, and one tablespoonful of flour mixed smooth; pour this over the chicken; garnish with parsley and pieces of lemon, and serve at once.

**GOOD SALAD.**—Take one head of lettuce; wash all the leaves thoroughly; remove the meat from a two-pound lobster, saving the coral; chop the lobster, but not very fine; add to it one-half a saltspoonful of capers, one teaspoonful of vinegar and a little oil; add one-fourth of the lettuce to the pieces; place some of the large lettuce leaves on the edge of a platter; put the salad in the centre; pour over a dressing of yolks of two eggs well beaten, one spoonful of mustard, and a little melted butter to thicken it, and mix with the coral and shrimps.

**CREAMED CABBAGE.**—Cut cabbage in halves; boil for an hour; drain it and remove the stalk and chop the cabbage in a pan with water enough to cover it; add half an ounce of butter and salt to it; stir it thoroughly over it.

**BEEFSTEAK PIE.**—Take two pounds of good steak; put it on to boil, with water enough to cover well; add a small piece of onion chopped, and cover closely to confine all steam while cooking; boil until very tender; then remove the meat and cut it into bits, carefully removing all gristle and bone; line a deep dish with a good biscuit dough; season with salt and pepper; thicken the liquor in which the meat has cooked and pour it over the meat; add a top crust and bake one hour.

**SALT FISH CAKES.**—One pint of salt fish picked very fine, two pints of raw potatoes; cook together in cold water until the potatoes are thoroughly done; drain off all the water; mash with a potato masher until very smooth; add a tablespoonful of butter, two well beaten eggs and a little pepper; mix with a wooden spoon; have deep boiling fat in the pan, and drop the mixture in by spoonfuls and fry brown.

**APPLE BREAD Pudding.**—Remove the crusts from slices of bread; butter them well, and line the bottom of a pudding dish; pour over as much boiling water as the bread will absorb; peel and chop juicy, tart apples; add a thick layer of the apples; sprinkle with sugar and any spice preferred; fill the dish with alternate layers of bread and apple; add small bits of butter to the top, bake one hour and serve with cold sauce.

**PRESERVED CUCUMBERS.**—Slice the cucumbers half an inch thick, and dip the slices in pulverized sugar; put them into a pan over a fire and turn constantly until every part is coated with sugar and dry; put it into jars; make a strong, clear syrup, with lemon juice added; when the syrup is nearly cold, pour it over the fruit, adding a little extract of ginger before doing so.

**PICKLED APPLES.**—Pare and core sweet apples; take one quart of cider vinegar and dissolve in it 4 pounds of sugar; boil five minutes; add cloves and cinnamon to suit taste; put into the vinegar as much of the apple as will cook conveniently; stew slowly until a fork will pierce it readily; skim the fruit out and add more, putting the cooked apple into a jar; after it is all cooked, pour over the boiling vinegar that is left; the fruit should be covered with it; cover the jar closely and keep in a cool place.

**BEEF RISsoles.**—Chop fine some cold roast beef, season it well with salt and pepper and to each half pint of this add a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, and a half cup of bread crumbs, then add two whole eggs, and work the mixture to a smooth paste. Form into round balls, dip in egg and then in bread crumbs and fry in smoking hot fat. Serve with a nice brown sauce poured around them.

**A RICH APPLE CHARLOTTE.**—Toss some cored and peeled apples till quite tender with a piece of thinly cut lemon rind, a very little water and sugar to taste. When quite to a pulp let it stand till cold. Then beat up a couple of eggs till light and mix them with the apples together with an equal quantity of fresh buttered and broken bread. Have ready a buttered mold, sprinkle it very thickly with baked bread crumbs, fill up with the apple, &c., and then add a fine layer of bread crumbs. Bake in a slow oven, turn out carefully and serve sprinkled with pulverized sugar and, if liked, cream or a plain custard.

It is generally supposed that the fact that bread grows stale arises from the bread becoming actually drier by the gradual loss of water, but this is not the case. Stale bread contains almost exactly the same proportion of water as new bread after it has become completely cold. The change is merely in the internal arrangement of the molecules of the bread. A proof of this is that a stale loaf into a closely covered tin for half an hour or an hour to succeed that of boiling water, and it to cool it will be restored to its original properties to the state of new bread.

### Married After

Some for Naples, the person who was married after the death of the first wife.

# A STRANGE COURTSHIP

CHAPTER XXI.—COMING DOWN BY DEGREES.

It is not to be supposed that other letters from friends, conveying more or less of sympathy, had been received by Mabel on the occasion of her father's death, besides those of Lady Moorcombe and Mrs. Marshall; moreover, a considerable number of persons had given themselves the personal trouble to attend the funeral; and each had made some little offer of help in a neighbourly way. All these had been gratefully acknowledged, but declined. Mabel did not wish to impose her sombre company upon these good people, even for "a few days," or whilst "she could look about her;" the neighbourhood of Swallowdip would have been at all events, insupportable to her, she could not have endured to be a guest in the place that had so long been her home; and, besides, it had seemed to her somehow that these invitations had been given for the most part in a half-hearted manner. Though she was far from complaining or repining, it struck her that if such misfortunes had happened to another as had occurred to herself, she would have held out her arms to the poverty-stricken orphan, and not merely offered her hand so civilly. The contrast between the warmth of their expressions of condolence with their scanty proffer of material aid, was remarkable. They thought nothing of invoking all the blessings of the Creator upon her unprotected head, but they evidently thought a good deal of asking her to stay with them from Saturday till Monday. Their former behaviour to her, while her father was alive, had not, of course, been so impressively kind, but it had suggested bottomless depths of benevolence, should any occasion ever arise for its exercise. She was quite willing to believe that their goodwill towards her had been exhibited upon her father's account—that there was nothing in herself to have earned it; but she could not understand why it had cooled now that he was dead. To her his memory seemed even dearer than he himself had been; and his lightest wish had all the force of a command.

Mabel's own opinion of herself, notwithstanding her little reign at Shingleton, was a very humble one; but she felt sad at heart to think how the influence of his father had passed away already with his breath, and to feel that perhaps in a few short months he would be forgotten—"a dead man, out of mind." Over this reflection she shed bitter tears, which Martha strove to arrest by dry and sober argument.

"My darling," said she, "you are very young and ignorant of life, or such ideas would not distress you. If *The Benevolent Annual* had not turned out so unsatisfactorily, your father's daughter would have occupied quite another place in the hearts of these good people. In one of the few bits of poetry I ever learned, Poverty is said to freeze the genial current of the soul; and that is true not only of the person who is poor, but of those who observe that he is so. The homes of your well-to-do neighbors would all have been open to you, had you not been in actual want of a home; but they are now very careful to assign a limit for your stay with them, lest you should stay on for ever. I see by your blush that that is an uncomfortable idea to you, but it is so to them also. Once of the doubtful gains we reap from an experience of life is the capability of putting one's self in the shoes of others; which is peculiarly difficult to do from your individual character, as well as from your youth. Your dear father was older than I, but he never made an impulsive and generous mistake. He had magnificent contempt for his own interests. It made him mazy and—well, at least one

of men that are very reckless with their money who have no hearts to be touched—it is in the main correct. No man acknowledges himself mean, even to himself, any more than he acknowledges himself ungrateful; and from long habit he becomes most ingenious in glossing over what is amiss with him in this respect, and inventing excuses for his conduct. Women, in particular, are adepts at this form of self-deception. They will refuse aid to their own sisters 'upon principle' (a form of words which is almost invariably used in apology for a baseness); or, 'for fear of inducing a habit of dependence; or, 'lest they should seem to be encouraging imprudence.' It is necessary to stand on this exceedingly high ground, in order to discover these excuses, and also not to see the obvious need which renders it disgraceful to be looking for them."

Mabel remembered how Mrs. Marshall, a very different character from Martha, had spoken upon this same matter, and how similar had been her verdict. "Perhaps you are right," sighed she; "but I was not thinking of money matters, or mere giving, at all."

"That is what it all comes to, however, my darling," said Martha quietly. "when, as Cousin Job says, 'it is tried.' Of course, you don't want these people's money, nor indeed their help, in any way; but they are charry of their sympathy (which you do want), for fear you should."

"I think Mr. Duncombe—such an old friend of dear papa's—might have written a line," said Mabel, "since he could not come to the funeral."

"Mr. Duncombe has written, my darling."

"O Martha," cried Mabel reproachfully, "you have made me think very unjustly, and—"

"Pray, forgive me, dear. Perhaps it was ill-judged, but I feared lest something which he wrote might cause you—for my sake, you know—to give up our little scheme of life, and—he did tell me not to show you his letter unless I thought it desirable to do so—I meant to give it you as soon as we got down to Brackmere, and were nicely settled; I did indeed."

"Let me see his letter."

"It is quite at the bottom of my big box, my darling. I was so afraid of your getting at it; but I can tell you what he said, almost word for word. I used to think Mr. Duncombe cared for nothing besides port wine and legs of woodcock, and I did not scruple to say so; but your father was right in standing by his friend.—I write to you, madam," says Mr. Duncombe, "not because you have ever shown yourself my all but because, in spite of some foolish prejudices and narrow views of life, you are a sensible woman; you will know best whether what I have to offer to my dear friend's daughter in her need is worth her acceptance, and, indeed, I leave it to your own judgment as to whether the proposition shall be made at all. It is not what I could wish it to be. It is not, believe me, what it would have been could I have foreseen this calamity ten years ago. But the fact is, imagining that I had no one to look after; but myself, I have always lived up to my income, and—excellent madam, I fall on my knees—a little beyond it. Well, with respect to the present emergency, I have just been to consult a man of money, one Pickles Thornton."

"Thornton?" exclaimed Mabel; "are you sure that was the name?"

"Thornton—yes; why not? It seems to me that Pickles is more open to doubt. Do you happen to know any gentleman so wronged by his sponsors?"

"No, dear, no. Pray, go on."

"And the advice he gives to me is this: Buy a presentation for the young lady to the Ecclesiastical Retreat. This, it seems, an asylum for clergymen's daughters, considerably superior to the usual run of such institutions; and, in fact, a suitable residence for any young lady. I can command, for a moderate price, the sum requisite for this purpose; but, of course, Miss Mabel will know the method pursued, nor my interest in the transaction. Pickles Thornton is the governor of the place."

"I will be glad to do anything, in case you think it a matter, and the presentation will be in the usual course. I have heard of the Retreat—an asylum for clergymen's daughters—and regret exceedingly to hear of my own dear friend's daughter being left out of my own hands. Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"Denham—what, I will substitute for—"

"You surely would not have accepted his offer!" cried Martha in alarm.

"No, dear, I should not; but it would have saved me a heartache to know that it had been made. Was there?" Here Mabel's voice faltered a little. "I know you have done it for the best, and I forgive you beforehand, but have you kept back any other letter from me, Martha?"

"If Mr. Thornton the elder knew what had happened, Richard, thought the poor girl, must also have known. The wild idea that she might have written had flashed on her brain."

"Certainly not, my child. I should not have kept back this, but that it was left to my own judgment to do so. You will write to him now, of course."

"I—never!" cried Mabel. "That is—what am I saying— Of course, I'll write to Mr. Duncombe. How delicate, as well as kind, his letter is."

"Yes—Duncombe's value increases every day," said your father once; because, you see, he is a gentleman, and the breed is dying out."

Mabel wrote that very night, some words that pierced through many folds of fat, and melted a bon-vivant's heart. She loved the old college don for having proved his right to be called her father's friend. It was unreasonable, she whispered to herself, that those who had not known her father should express regret for his loss. It was out of the question that Richard, for instance, should have written. How foolish and wrong of her to have dreamed of his doing so! And as for the Professor, whose golden amulet was the only ornament she wore—well, perhaps he had found a megatherium, or other antediluvian trifle, which was monopolising his attention. Poverty was the weeder of the garden of friends, and had done its worst in her case as in others: that was all.

There was indeed immediate need of all Mabel's stock of philosophy. The farewell to faithful Mary, who had offered in vain to live with her dear young mistress without wage, exhausted her little balance in that respect, and overdraw the account. The driving from the rectory door, that was never more to open at her bidding, was an ordeal which she had so often pictured to herself in all its wretchedness, that its sting was dulled. The tortured soul, unlike the bruised body, which with every beating grows more tender, has less and less capacity for pain the deeper the iron eats into it; but it dies a hundred deaths in a hundred ways. There was one sad picture which had not presented itself to Mabel's imagination, although it had sapped on horrors of a like kind—the last look of the church, seen through the trees after they had left the village, with the sun shining full upon the chancel window, under which the dead man lay. How cruel it seemed to leave him! Would it not have been possible to live in some humble cottage near his resting-place, until the time came for them to meet again!

The noise and bustle of the railway station dispelled these tender dreams. Unhappily, the Moorcombes were on the platform, and greetings and condolences had to be exchanged. "How dreadfully distressed" her ladyship was, and "how nice it would have been if Mabel could have come to the Grange;" and "yet, perhaps, after all, there was nothing like complete change of scene. Sir John was not so demonstrative, but he shook her hand with honest warmth."

"You will remember that your father had a friend in me, my dear," said he, almost in a whisper; "if ever you need one yourself!"

"Ahem!" said her ladyship significantly. The baronet had fits of thoughtless generosity—prodigality, indeed—which had to be watched and guarded against by his natural protector; and when he made a promise, however ridiculous, such was the man's obstinacy, that he would keep it.

"Well, at all events, my dear," said she with one-lady fervour, "this opportunity of seeing you, after we had thought we said good-bye, is most delightful. See, Robert has secured a compartment, so we shall have you—and—Miss Barr of course—all to ourselves."

Mabel looked despairingly at Martha, who, in reply, exhibited two blue tickets.

"We are going second-class," observed Mabel.

This unprecedented position of affairs was too much for even Lady Moorcombe's justly celebrated taste and usage du monde.

"God bless my soul!" muttered Sir John. Fortunately, the engine at that moment shrieked with impatience.

"Good-bye," exclaimed her ladyship, and hurried into the carriage."

Martha and Mabel took their humble seats, and were just about to congratulate themselves on being alone, when, as the train moved on, the door was swung open, and in

jumped Robert, Sir John's man. He would have jumped out again, at the risk of his neck, but for Mabel's good natured smile.

The world goes round, and the stars move on in their courses, notwithstanding that these things happen; cases of shipwreck are described, wherein people of all classes are thrown together indiscriminately, even for months. It would almost seem as though Providence did not invariably keep its eye upon society. Philosophers and critics may say what they like, but I contend that it was exceedingly embarrassing for Mabel to have to sit in the same carriage with Robert, between whom and herself no conversation had ever passed, beyond "Haunch of mutton, miss!"—"Thanks," at the Grange dinner-table.

And it was infinitely worse for Robert. He blushed, and shuffled with his shoes. It would have been a relief to have used his pocket-handkerchief; but he did not dare. He had purchased, as literary aliment for the journey, a copy of the *Illustrated Criminal Record*, but he had to keep it in his pocket, for fear the woodcuts should alarm the young lady. By way of making matters easier for him, Martha Barr asked this young man if he was married; in his intense confusion—for he was a modest youth—he answered "Yes," then "No," then became red and silent, wishing that he had never been born.

At the first station, muttering something about an apple, in order to cover his retreat, he rushed frantically out in the direction of the refreshment room, and never returned.

"Poor Robert," said Mabel, smiling; "I am afraid we have frightened him away."

"Yes, my darling, it was very unfortunate," sighed Martha, "after I had taken such pains to prevent anything unpleasant."

"How so, dear? Not that there was anything unpleasant?"

"Well, I mean by taking second-class tickets as far as Didcot. We change there, you know, and after that— We're not very rich, now, my darling, you see—and Brackmere is a long way off, so I'm afraid we shall have to go third-class."

"Why not?" said Mabel simply.

"Well, some folks think that people bite in the third-class—as though it were the cattle-train."

"You must think me very proud and very silly, Martha. I hoped that you had had a better opinion of me, and would have begun as we were to go on."

"Well, at your own station, dear, I thought I would just stretch a point; and it's very vexing to find that the very thing has happened which one endeavoured to avoid."

"My dear Martha," cried Mabel, embracing her old friend, "let this be a lesson to you not to spoil me any more; let the rod of Adversity correct me for my own sake; I have much, very much, to learn, and, I fear, much to lose."

"No, no, it is not much to lose," said Martha, who had taken out her leathern purse, and was performing with dumb lips some obscure calculation over its contents. "Two-and-four and two-and-four is four-and-eight pence; well, we must make our pears and sandwiches serve us, instead of that half-crown dinner at the junction—that's all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Sparrows Stop a Clock.

The Sarnia town clock stopped at 4:20 o'clock Thursday morning, and Mr. Williams, on going to ascertain the cause, found that the hands had been securely tied down by strands of twine and grass. The mischief had been done by a pair of English sparrows, who had selected the angle formed by the hands as a site for a nest. The movements of the hands interfered with their plans, and the birds put their wits to work to devise a remedy that would secure the stability of the nest.

Their first scheme was to wind the shaft on which the hands are pivoted round and round with grass and cords. That failing, they tied the hands to each other and to the framework in such a manner that it took considerable time and a great deal of labor on Mr. Williams's part to remove the obstructions. The engineering skill displayed by the birds in accomplishing their object showed that they possessed reasoning power of no mean order, besides an amount of industry and perseverance in gathering the material within the few hours at their disposal that is almost incredible.

The Russian answer to the petition of Armenians is that all applicants for admission to the Russian Church will be welcomed, but Russia will not commit herself to any particular policy in regard to Armenia.

Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, good for the breath and teeth. Sold everywhere. 5c.

THE LARGEST BRITISH SHIPS.

The twelve largest British ships, apart from war vessels, are as follows:—

Table with columns: Name of Vessel, Reg. Tonnage, Lgth. feet, Bath. feet, Dpth. feet, Horse power, Line.

The "Oroya," also belonging to the Orient Line, is the sister ship to the "Orizaba" and the same size. All the twelve ships above mentioned, with the exception of the "City of Rome" and the "Orizaba" are, in consideration of an annual subvention, held by the owners at the disposition of the Lords of the Admiralty as armed cruisers or transports in case of necessity for their services arising. There are fourteen vessels in the British navy which have a displacement of 10,000 tons or upwards. The tons of displacement, however, largely exceed the registered tonnage, which latter is not given for Her Majesty's ships as it is in the case of ships in the merchant service. For instance, the "City of New York" has a displacement of 14,500 tons, or 1,000 tons in excess of its registered tonnage. The names of such fourteen ships are as follows:—

Table with columns: Name, Displacement—tons, Guns.

None of the ships in the Royal Navy exceed in length 350 feet, and though of greater tonnage in some instances, none of them equal any of the Atlantic and Ocean liners in size. The largest British battleships are now being built at Chatham and elsewhere, and are each to be of 14,150 tons and 13,000 horse-power—their names "The Hood," "Repulse," "Renown," and "Royal Sovereign;" while two other ships, not first-class, are to have an estimated horse-power of 20,000.

The Most Powerful Light in Existence.

This is the lighthouse at St. Catherine's Point, Isle of Wight. In it there are three engines of 36-horse power each, by Robey & Co., of Lincoln. Two of these are used for working the dynamos, and the other for the fog-horn. Two of the engines are kept constantly in steam, one each for the light and the fog-horn; the third should either of the others break down. In the centre of the chamber is the reflector, a cylinder composed of a series of sixteen plano-convex condensers or lenses, each 14 inches in diameter. These are set in the midst of hundreds of beautiful prisms, and the whole separated by strips of lead into sixteen divisions, so that when the reflector revolves the leaden bars come in front of the carbon point and so obscure the light for six seconds each. The revolving mechanism is worked by a small compressed air engine—in itself only like a fair-sized toy—which can be started by a touch of the finger. A handle is provided, so that should the engine become disabled the reflector could be turned by hand, a regulator being fitted to mark the speed. The electric light is obtained from a carbon lamp of special

pattern. The ordinary light is equal to three million candles, but a light of six million candle power can be, and has been, obtained. This maximum would, however, only be used during a dense fog. It is impossible for any one who has not seen it to imagine the wonderful brilliance of the light, but some idea may be formed when it is stated that it can be distinctly seen 45 miles away, and that at the Needles, 14 miles distant, it is quite easy to read very fine print by means of the reflection.

Canadian Ship Railway Scheme.

There have been in years past various plans suggested to connect the upper waters of Lake Huron with Lake Ontario by means of a ship canal that should be large enough to float our lake vessels when loaded. If any such scheme were practically feasible it is easy to see, by a glance at the map, that a great saving in distance and time would be effected in the cheap transportation of Western grain to the Eastern seaboard. But this far the work necessary for the accomplishment of such a project has been of too enormous a character and calling for too great an outlay of money to warrant any attempt at undertaking it. A kindred enterprise has been revived of late in Ontario and is now being discussed with much interest. It is an immense ship railway to traverse substantially the same route as that of the proposed canal. The "lay" of the country is declared by engineers to be favorable. The route would be from Georgian Bay, on the north-eastern corner of Lake Huron, to the mouth of the Humber River, west of Toronto. The distance between Lakes Huron and Ontario is only sixty-nine miles, which may well be called a "short cut." It is estimated that on such a line three large locomotives could take a vessel of 2,000 tons weight, vessel and cargo, or more than 1,000 tons register, at the rate of ten miles an hour. To transport the same amount of cargo by rail would require five locomotives, with trains of twenty cars each, and each car holding ten tons. Of course this project does away with all cost and delay of transshipment. Vessel and cargo would be taken out of the water at one end and let down into it at the other. The total cost is estimated at \$12,000,000, being one-half the cost of a ship canal of the same capacity. This route would save 425 miles of lake navigation and 25 miles of canal between Chicago and Montreal.—Detroit Tribune.

What Calves are Best to Raise.

I am greatly in favor of breeding most of the cows to come in in the fall—September and October. A cow will give more milk in a year as she goes to fresh pasture just at the time when she naturally begins to shrink in her milk, and she gives the most milk at the season when butter brings the best price. All the work of the dairy comes hard during the hot months, and the more cows we can have dry then the better. After long experience with both spring and fall calves I much prefer to raise the latter. A fall calf can be kept in a warm stable where it will thrive well all winter, and go to pasture when weaned from milk at the season of abundant and succulent food, and get a good start before fly time. A spring calf is weaned at the season of failing pasture with a long winter on dry food before it.

A friend who lived near enough to a city so that he could always get what calves he wanted, for several years followed winter dairying, raising his fall calves by hand and making butter until May. Then he brought young calves in the city and put one to each cow. They were not allowed to run with the cows, but were kept in a grass lot and taught to eat bran, and either sold for veal at two-months old or kept for stock cattle. The most disagreeable thing about dairying to me is milking in fly time, and this would relieve us of that and probably give us large or a larger profit during the year. The small farm dairies which are so managed that the cows come in in the spring and shrink in the milk during July or August so as scarcely to pay for milking give a large amount of labor and a small margin of profit.

A Wise Employee.

Boy—How do you stand in with your employer so well, Tom, you never laugh at his jokes?

Tom—No; but I dine at his restaurant, and pretending not to see him, I retell all his stories, saying loudly, "I can't tell it as well as he can, but here's a rattling good yarn Mr D. told us this morning." I've been promoted three times this year.

Health cannot be maintained without good digestion. Try Adam's Tutti Frutti Gum as an effectual remedy for indigestion. Sold by all druggists and confectioners everywhere 5 cents.

Skill in Farming.

PROF. JAMES W. ROBERTSON AT A DAIRY CONVENTION AT SEAFORTH, ONT.

A great many people have the idea that a man who farms does not require any skill in the carrying on of his occupation—that skill belongs to professional men, and is necessary for them only. Now a man who farms, from the nature of his calling, must essentially be a man of skill, and then a man of strength, and not first a man of strength and then a man of skill. A man can overcome difficulties much more successfully through skillful operations than through the application of mere physical strength. The day for purely physical strength has long gone by and men who would farm with profit must farm with skill. The prevalent idea is like this, that the dairyman among farmers is a man whose sole occupation consists in producing or manipulating or selling milk. He may perhaps rise to be a manufacturer of the products of milk, but beyond that measure outline of work, men think he requires to know nothing and do nothing. I will try and make my meaning clear, and speak first, as to why a man needs skill in carrying on the work of a dairy farm. It is his business to find food for the others of the race, because most of the food we consume from our tables comes as a product of some dairy farmer's skill, if the single commodity, called fish, be excepted. If you go through the whole list you will find that most of them belong to the products of dairy farming. The man who finds food for all the world must be a skillful man, because his occupation demands skill. It gives him a sphere for the exercise of skill of the highest order. As a man produces food he will have to seek that food from two sources of supply, from plants and from animals, and through these from all the resources of nature that are put there to be brought out by the application of his skill. But he is more than a producer, he becomes a manufacturer of foods such as are made by animals on the farm—milk, cheese, butter, beef and things of that sort. In that way you see a man requires first the deepest and highest and farthest reaching skill that he may control the forces of nature and make them operate for his service. He requires skill for that, he requires skill to understand the operation of machinery whereby he elaborates raw products into finished goods. You see avenues for the exercise of skill. His judgment must first determine the kind of plant that will render him the most service directly, or indirectly, through animals. A man would never think of growing strawberries for the production of milk. In that case his cow would consume more value in strawberries than she would produce in milk. I have known a cow to eat two baskets of strawberries, but they did not increase her milk supply in the least. I have merely given that absurd illustration to show that, while men do not grow strawberries as a rule for the feeding of dairy cows, they sometimes grow a product on their farm that is in manner, but not in degree, as extravagant for the production of milk. A man's skill shall solve for himself the question of the cheapest food, so far as its potentiality and efficacy is concerned. There is room for skill here, surely. Then a man's skill shall not merely select the kind of plants that he shall grow, but his skill shall select the varieties of the plants. In the growth of oats a man may select any one of 200 varieties, and if he selects them in a haphazard fashion they will serve him in a haphazard way. My friend, Professor Saunders, told me that by careful selection of single grains of a variety of the oat plant he obtained three thousand nine hundred odd grains from the planting of one seed. If we can be skillful in selecting seeds of equal vitality and vigor, we would not merely get a thirty-fold, but a three-hundred-fold, service from the crops that we grow. A man growing crops may even get a five-hundred return from the seed if he will sow the right sort. Then a man's skill shall make preparation for the furnishing of food, for the seed which he plants, and many a man by failing to supply food for his crops which grow on his fields is robbing himself of food for himself. Be content always just and generously repay a man for the capital and skill that he may bestow on the soil will find that the skill makes preparation. When it is not merely the means and tools, but the skill, no skill, right into the soil upon which the shall reap the fruit of the sun that

Indigestion

It is not only a distressing complaint, of itself, but, by causing the blood to become depraved and the system enfeebled, is the parent of innumerable maladies. That Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best cure for Indigestion, even when complicated with Liver Complaint, is proved by the following testimony from Mrs. Joseph Lako, of Brockway Centre, Mich.:—

"Liver complaint and indigestion made my life a burden and came near ending my existence. For more than four years I suffered untold agony, was reduced almost to a skeleton, and hardly had strength to drag myself about. All kinds of food distressed me, and only the most delicate could be digested at all. Within the time mentioned several physicians treated me without giving relief. Nothing that I took seemed to do any permanent good until I commenced the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, which has produced wonderful results. Soon after commencing to take the Sarsaparilla I could see an improvement in my condition. My appetite began to return and with it came the ability to digest all the food taken, my strength improved each day, and after a few months of faithful attention to your directions, I found myself a well woman, able to attend to all household duties. The medicine has given me a new lease of life."

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price \$1; six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

duty of the farmer to exercise his skill in such a way on the soil that he may harness the old sun every morning and make it do his will. He cannot do that if he has not skill. The sun, with his strength, energy and potentiality, thrills down for our service when he tries to store these into plants. We eat to get strength that we may control the strength and do something. Whence comes the strength? From the old sun. I want from food strength and sunshine, and when I get really strong butter I get the strength and no sunshine. (Laughter.) The old sun is streaming like this on all the fields; if he comes to a man's farm whose fields have no plant food, then the old sun looks into that man's soil, and finding no material into which to store his strength, he merely loafs around that field. When a horse pulls me in a waggon the horse is merely expending what he got from the sun; when the engine is puffing along it is only expending what the old sun stored in the fuel centuries ago. When I eat my own food I am merely getting for my use the energy that the old sun accumulated in it under the direction of the skill of some man whose right it was to rule his acts and make him subservient to him. A man would be a successful farmer needs to be a man of skill and then a man of strength. If a man goes at his work with his fist he is not so successful as if he goes at it with his head, because with the latter he could clear a way for the application of the strength which he has. Therefore let a man exercise his skill in such a way that all the power in nature will serve him, and that he will have dominion over the sun and over water in the soil. A man who has skill, but he needs to apply it. A man who applies his skill to the soil, the plant can do so best along the line of skillful selection of plants to conditions and farm and locality, and the handling plants, that the sun shall not be robbed of his strength. A man who has skill, but he needs to apply it. A man who applies his skill to the soil, the plant can do so best along the line of skillful selection of plants to conditions and farm and locality, and the handling plants, that the sun shall not be robbed of his strength. A man who has skill, but he needs to apply it. A man who applies his skill to the soil, the plant can do so best along the line of skillful selection of plants to conditions and farm and locality, and the handling plants, that the sun shall not be robbed of his strength.

YO, HE, HO! MY LADS, YO HO.

Ships That Never Returned.

How the Lake Shipping Trade Fluctuates—An Old Fresh Water Sailor Talks of the Lake Marine.

The festive musical mosquito was transacting a feverish business in the neighbourhood of the old Northern docks in Toronto. The vicious, hot-headed insects were out for blood, and in spite of the recognized defence in tobacco smoke their activity made conversation almost impossible. Between slaps old Captain Moulton remarked that the lumber and barley shipping, so far as Toronto was concerned, had gone to the old boy. He didn't know exactly why and he did not care a continental, but that was a fact all the same. "Why I remember," he said, and here he stretched out his right arm and described a crescent extending from Queen's wharf to Union station, "when all these docks along here could not begin to accommodate the craft that centred at Toronto to load lumber, barley and wheat for the other side. Just look here. See these old wharves about here. Decayed, gone to smash, hundreds and hundreds of feet of wharf room that ain't never used for anything except kids and loafers what come down here to raise Cain and go in swimming. Fifteen years ago, standing up on Front street there and looking over in this direction you could hardly see the Island for the forest of masts."

The old fresh water sailor walked out to the edge of the old Northern dock and looked over into the water as if he had lost something. He gave a tug at his waistband of his trousers and resumed his melancholy narrative.

MEN WERE TOO BUSY TO DRINK.

"I remember in 1874, right about the spot where we are standing now. I was master of the Two Brothers then—she was a daisy chaser, fore and aft schooner—went ashore on the American coast near Oswego a few years afterwards when her blooming owners handed her over to another man—as I was saying in 1874, these docks along here, and all the elevators were so crowded with stuff to be shipped you couldn't move. Men worked day and night. Make big screws (wages). Those times men were too busy to drink. Elevators and storerooms were so over-taxed we loaded schooners direct from farmers' waggons.

"I ain't one of the kind as thinks the country's going to pot. It's the railways. Why do they do it? Not because they have got to cut to make a living. The railroads will move stuff to-day from the Bridge to Toronto as cheaply as from Oswego to Toronto. The railroads are dead leery for fear the boatmen might make a cent. The Grand Trunk would rather lose \$200 clear cash than see a boatman make a cent out of freight it might handle. And up the country here where the Grand Trunk has got it all its own way grain is rotting and lumber is warping, waiting for cars to move it, and a big about is going up about a car famine. That makes me sick."

"Go down to the Harbour Master's office and ask Poss if what I say ain't right; he'll give you figures. I have got to go home and be ready to take Mr. Moulton to prayer meeting."

ANOTHER OLD SAILOR SAYS A WORD.

Anybody who knows anything at all about the fringe, as the Esplanade is vulgarly called, knows or has heard of Captain Moulton. At present he is captain of the Ontario. He has worked on either side of the Lake Ontario all his life and more lives in picking up his memory. Apparently he has been looked and acted upon in a different view of the world. He has seen the wheat and corn fields in the west and more than once he has seen a large excursion party. He has seen the... of a Brigand.

dise were about the only imports that came from the United States.

Table with 3 columns: IMPORTS, 1863, 1869. Rows include Merchandise (tons), Wood (cords), Coal (tons), Stone (toise), Salt (barrels), Salt (bags), Lumber (feet), Lime and plaster (bb'ls), Potatoes (barrels), Fish (barrels).

MOVEMENTS OF VESSELS.

Comparing the records of the last sixteen years the arrivals and sailing of vessels show a large decrease. Schooners, sailing craft and propellers show a large decrease, while steamboats show a slight increase, which increase may be readily accounted for by the fact that the Hamilton and Niagara boats carry freight, and each time they arrive it is counted as a steamboat arrival. The following tables explain themselves:—

Table for 1874—Arrivals. Columns: Loaded, Light. Rows: Sailing vessels, Steamboats, Propellers. Total arrivals: 2,524.

In 1876, two years afterwards, every class of vessel showed a decrease.

Table for 1876—Arrivals. Columns: Loaded, Light. Rows: Steamboats, Propellers, Sailing vessels. Total arrivals: 2,278.

In 1880 there were increases in the arrivals of steamboats and propellers, but a very large decrease in the schooners.

Table for 1880—Arrivals. Columns: Loaded, Light. Rows: Steamboats, Propellers, Schooners. Total arrivals: 2,221.

In 1881 everything dropped, and the season was particularly bad.

Usury That Thrives in Italy.

The British Consul at Brindisi, in the course of an interesting report on the trade and agriculture of his district, especially of the province of Lecce, observes that there are but thirteen local or co-operative banks in the province, and small proprietors unable to obtain advances from the agencies of the large banks, and having no co-operative bank to assist them, had to resort to usurers to obtain funds to cultivate their vineyards. In the published statistics of the Chamber of Commerce for the province for the year 1888 some astonishing figures are given on this subject. "How the Chamber has obtained the information I am unable to say, but the surprising feature is that, after paying the land tax of 40 per cent. on the assessed value of the land, the owner has been able to pay such rates of interest as those quoted below, (as he must have done or sacrificed his property.) Such being the case, it can only result that had these unfortunate proprietors been able to get money on fairly easy terms, say 8 to 10 per cent. per annum, they would have found agriculture in this province a very profitable speculation. At first sight it would seem that such a state of things might be worthy of the attention of foreign bankers; if proprietors can and do pay such rates of interest, surely legitimate banking business would prosper here. The communes cited are in out-of-the-way positions, far from the larger towns, which in some measure explains matters." The table appended gives a list of twenty-eight communes, with the rate per cent. per annum charged for money loaned to agriculturists. The lowest rate is 40 per cent., and prevails in two communes. In one it was 50, in five 60, in one 72, in two 100, in three 120, in one 150, in one 160, in one 200, in three 240, in two 250, in two 300, in one 400, in one 480, in one 550, and in one 1,200 per cent., or cent. per cent. per month. This is an average of about 215 per cent. per cent. throughout the whole province.

SWALLOWS AS MESSENGERS.

A Proposition to Substitute Them for Carrier Pigeons.

For some time past a great deal has been said about the wonderful progress made in Continental countries with carrier pigeons, and of the large numbers that are ready for immediate service in case war should break out. Military men acknowledge that they will form a very important adjunct to the signal corps and have encouraged their breeding. There is a rival to the pigeon looming up in the shape of the swallow, and application has recently been made to the French Minister of War to substitute them for pigeons.

The idea is not now started for the first time, although it is a most excellent one. Pliny relates that a Roman noble named Cecelia, who had a racing stable, employed swallows to take to Rome the news of the result of the chariot races. In those times things were conducted in more or less style. Four horses from the same stable were harnessed to a car, and the swallows returned to these nests bearing the colors of the winners. Pliny also tells of a garrison that was cut off by enemies from all communication with the outer world and whose hopes were only kept up by the arrival of a swallow from friendly allies. A thread was fastened to the leg of a swallow and a number of knots were tied in it. These indicated the days that would elapse before the arrival of succor, so that when the day arrived the garrison sallied out, and the besiegers, being unable to stand the combined attack, were forced to withdraw.

It has been satisfactorily proved that the training of the birds requires only a few weeks. A farmer trained a lot of the swallows in three weeks so that they were perfectly tractable. At a public exhibition recently given, he had a different-colored ribbon tied to one of the feet of each of the birds, and then opened the door of the cage. Away flew the birds to the four winds and the spectators thought that they had seen the last of them, but after a while first one and then another returned with the same rapidity with which they had departed and perched on the finger of the tamer, who returned them to their cage.

The swallow is, as a messenger, considered by those who have had ample opportunity for comparison, superior to the pigeon. His flight is higher, more rapid, and he is more faithful, more intelligent, and easier to take care of. In long flights he does not have to stop so often for rest, and his food is taken as he flies.

The Tiger of the Beach.

The octopus, who lurks in the coral reefs or under the ledges, has only to show himself to make a brave man chill. The fiendish perseverance with which the shark follows a ship day after day melts one's nerve away. There is death in the touch of the sting-ray. Destruction in the fall of a whale's flukes. Certainty in the rush of breakers on a rocky shore. But the grimness of all these is overshadowed by the soft purring, and gentle lapping of the tiger of the beach—the unseen beast who gathers a dozen victims where another claims one.

We stand here on the sandy shore with the surf only knee high. The sky is clear, the sun shines brightly, and there are a hundred people about us. If one should predict danger he would be ridiculed. What's that? The sand suddenly cuts out from under our feet, feeling as if someone had pulled at a rope we stood on. Was it a cave? Did someone pull a stick away? No. It was the soft, low growling of the tiger of the beach—a note of warning. It was the undertow. It startled you for a moment, but you soon forget it and push forward into the surf. Now you stand just right to get the shoulder breakers as they roll in, and in the excitement you forget the cruel fangs and sharp claws waiting for you. The shore is only a few yards away. Men, women and children are laughing; why should you fear?

Of a sudden the water deepens. You push back and jump the roller thundering in, and now there is no sand for your feet to touch. The undertow has been pulling, pushing, and coaxing you on, and now—! You can swim. You are startled, but you see the shore is nigh. You strike out bravely, but your legs feel as if weighted down. The vexed waters boat you and keep you short of breath. You exert more strength. You make a grand effort. You are simply stalled at the mysterious something which has dragged you out.

A h-h! See his face blanch! See his wild strokes! Look into his eyes and read the horror they express! The undertow is cold—cold as well as merciless. It has pulled him out and down the coast foot by foot, until he suddenly realizes that he is

drowned. If man notice that he is far out no one speaks of it. If they see him beating the water they pass it by as sport. The tiger of the beach has crept down among a hundred people in open day to snatch a victim, and he has accomplished it.

"Help! Help!" It comes too late. The life guards are too far away. Even were they right here they could not save him. He has been looking death in the face for the last two minutes, and he was unnerved before he cried out. He cried out because men always do in their last moments if they are in this. Terror has blinded him. He does not see the people running up and down the beach. Terror has made him deaf. He does not hear the shouts sent out to him to make a last effort. Even as they shout he throws up his hands, utters a long-drawn cry of agony, and the spot where we last saw his head is now covered with foam. The tiger has pulled him down.

A STEAM LIFEBOAT.

She is Built of Steel and Propelled by Hydraulic Force.

A steam lifeboat was recently completed and run on an experimental trip on the river Thames in England. The new craft is designed on a plan quite similar to that of the ordinary lifeboat, and is built of steel, with ample watertight subdivisions, there being fifteen watertight compartments, making the boat practically unsinkable. The boiler and engine are raised so that they are about three feet above the main deck, and the arrangements are for a supply of forced air to keep up the draught. The place for the passengers is in the after portion of the boat, there being room for thirty people.

The mode of propulsion introduces a very novel feature for this type of boat, and although it is not a new idea, the application in the present case embraces some new and original ideas, the practical workings of which are held by marine engineers to be extremely well worth further development. The turbine has been adopted, and water comes through the forward portion of the boat, and it is discharged when it has attained its maximum velocity on each side. The capacity is sufficient for the discharge of a ton of water per second. The speed reached was fully eight nautical miles per hour, and with the hydraulic propulsion very great handiness was had. From full speed ahead, the boat, when fully loaded, can be brought to a dead stand in the water in thirty-two seconds, and may can be gathered again in four seconds. In case an emergency should arise from an accident to the machinery, a mast is furnished having enough power to steady the boat in a seaway and allow her to make some progress. The boat will be sent to one of the life-saving stations for the purpose of thoroughly testing her qualities in actual service.

Colic Stones.

Travellers who have penetrated into the easternmost part of southern Russia find some strange beliefs as to the power of fish charms. Many fish found in those countries have two small, hard, round bones on the side of the head. They are believed to have the power when worn by the owner to prevent colic, and they are termed colic stones. The more wealthy of the peasants have colic stones mounted in gold, and they are worn upon the neck as a valuable addition to a necklace.

The bones of the common bullhead are much used among the Russian peasants as a charm against fever. Among European nations in the middle ages doctors of medicine had faith that two bones found in the head of the tench have medicinal virtues. The bones were applied to the skin in cases of fever. The tench is a European fish, and the United States Fish Commission are endeavoring to introduce it to American waters.

When I am Dead.

When I am dead, my dearest, Sing no sad songs for me; Plant thou no roses at my head, Nor shady cypress tree; Be the green grass above me With showers and drowdrop wet; And if thou wilt, remember, And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows, I shall not feel the rains; I shall not hear the nightingale Sing on, as if in pain; And dreaming through the twilight, That doth not rise nor set, Haply I may remember, And haply may forget.

—Christine Rossetti.

**Publisher's Department.**

TRUTH, WEEKLY, 32 PAGES, issued every Saturday, 10 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year. \$1.00 for three months. Advertising rates—30 cents per line, single insertion; one month, \$1.00 per line; three months, \$2.50 per line; six months, \$4 per line; twelve months, \$7 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publisher for its discontinuance and all payments of arrears are made as required by law.

PAYMENT FOR TRUTH, when sent by mail, should be made in Money Orders or Registered Letters. All postmasters are required to register letters when requested to do so.

DISCONTINUANCE—Remember that the Publisher must be notified by letter when a subscriber wishes his paper stopped. All arrears must be paid.

ALWAYS GIVE THE NAME of the Post Office to which your paper is sent. Your name cannot be found on our books unless this is done.

THE DATE AGAINST YOUR NAME on the address label shows to what time your subscription is paid.

THE COURTS have decided that all subscribers to newspapers are held responsible until arrears are paid and their papers are ordered to be discontinued.

LADIES' JOURNAL, monthly, 16 pages, issued about the 20th of each month, for following month, \$1 per year, 10 cents per single copy. A limited number of advertisements will be taken at low rates.

THE AUXILIARY PUBLISHING CO. printing 185 Weekly Papers and Supplements for leading publishers in some of the largest as well as the smaller towns in Canada. Advertising space reserved in about 120 of these papers and supplements. Rates—\$1 per single line; one month, \$3.00 per line; 3 months, \$8 per line; 6 months, \$15 per line; 12 months, \$30 per line. The largest and best advertising medium ever organized in Canada.

Estimates given for all kinds of newspaper work.

S. FRANK WILSON, proprietor, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. West, Toronto, Ont.

**THE WILSON ADVERTISING AGENCY.**

Manufacturers, Wholesale Merchants and other large advertisers will advance their own interests by getting our estimates for any advertising whether for long or short dates.

Advertisements inserted in any paper published in Canada at Publishers' lowest rates. As we pay "spot" cash for all orders sent to publishers, and the class of advertising we handle is all of the best, publishers much prefer dealing with our establishment to any other.

Publishers will kindly send their paper for filing regularly.

Do not advertise till you get our quotations. S. FRANK WILSON, Proprietor, 73 to 81 Adelaide St. W. Toronto

H. F. MacCarthy, Wholesale and Retail Druggist, Ottawa, writes:—"I was afflicted with Chronic Bronchitis for some years, but have been completely cured by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in doses of five drops on sugar. I have also pleasure in recommending it as an embrocation for external use."

Samson was the first man to get a gate on him.

A feeling of lassitude  
Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

Unpleasant taste in the mouth  
Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

Sleepy, tired feeling  
Removed by Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitter

Large Bottles 50 cents.

Big words sometimes express very small ideas.

WHEN THE VITAL CURRENT is vitiated from any cause, scorbutic blemishes in the shape of pimples, sores and blotches soon begin to disfigure the skin. In such a case the most effective purifier is Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, which expels impurities from the blood as well as regulates digestion, the bowels, liver and kidneys. For Female Complaints it has no equal.

That man is lucky who can partake of meals that his cook also relishes.

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became a Miss, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Child's, she gave them Castoria.

The best natured man down town is the man who has women folks at home to grumble at.

Deafness Cured.—A very interesting 132 page illustrated Book on Deafness, Noises in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d.—Address, Dr. Nicholson, 30 St. John street, Montreal.

No matter how great a burden it is to him, the doctor can usually endure life if he has patience.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, BIRTH MARKS, Moles and all facial blemishes permanently removed by Electrolysis. Dr. FOSTER, Electrolytician, 133 Church street, Toronto.

**A FREE VOYAGE TO ENGLAND AND RETURN.**

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

This offer will only remain open till the last day of September, inclusive. Therefore send now.

In addition to the above everyday till further notice a fine China Dinner Service, of 101 pieces, will be given to the person sending in the largest list of words made from the same name.

THE TORONTO TRUTH. The word contest is only open to actual subscribers of TRUTH.

Send one dollar for a four months' subscription, with your list of words, and your subscription will be extended four months.

Address, The Publisher of TRUTH, Toronto, Canada. Webster's Dictionary will be used in deciding who are the winners.

No proper names allowed, and no letters in any one word to be repeated oftener than they occur in "The Toronto Truth."

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

Few children can be induced to take physic without a struggle, and no wonder—most drugs are extremely nauseating.

Ayer's Pills, on the contrary, being sugar-coated, are eagerly swallowed by the little ones, and are, therefore, the favorite family medicine.

If you succeed, you are a success. If you do not, you are a fool. That's the long and short of it.

The public should bear in mind that Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil has nothing in common with the impure, deteriorating class of so-called medicinal oils. It is eminently pure and efficacious—relieving pain and lameness, stiffness of the joints and muscles, and sores or hurts, besides being an excellent specific for rheumatism, coughs and bronchial complaints.

When the weather is miserable it is not difficult to find many men who have seen better days.

It Saved His Life.

GENTLEMEN,—I can recommend Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, for it saved my life when I was about six months old. We have used it in our family when required ever since, and it never fails to cure all summer complaints. I am now fourteen years of age.

FRANCIS WALSH, Dalkeith, Ont.

Miss Laura—"Do you want these corsets?" Clerk—"Usually. Er—you are not engaged, are you?"

VOLUMES OF BOMBAST have been published about the multifarious and irreconcilable effects of many proprietary remedies. The proprietors of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery content themselves with facts susceptible of proof. They state their Purifier to be what it has proved itself to be, an eradicator of Dyspepsia, Constipation, Liver and Kidney troubles, and a fine general alterative.

It is an awful strain on a woman's patience to have a husband who thinks he knows how to cook.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

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

Man is, properly speaking, based upon Hope; he has no other possession but Hope; this world of his is emphatically the Place of Hope.

Promotes digestion and creates appetite Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold everywhere. 5 cents.

Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors.

Four Years in Sawyerville.

"For four years I had pimples and sores breaking out on my hands and face caused by bad blood. Medicine from the doctor was tried without avail, but after using two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters I am well."

Mrs. MABEL LEONARD, Sawyerville, Ont.

**Notice to Prize-Winners.**

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

Attention to these particulars will facilitate matters, and save a good deal of time and trouble. Prize winners must invariably apply in the same hand-writing in which the original answer was sent, so that the letter and application may be compared before the prize is given out.

The following sums must accompany applications for prizes, whether called for at the office or delivered by express or freight:—Pianos, \$20; Cabinet Organs, \$5; Sewing Machines, \$2; Tea Service, \$1.50; Gold Watches, Silk Dresses \$1; Other Dress Goods, 50c; Calico Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Elliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

EPHRAIM'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Ephraim has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame." Civil Service Gazette.—"Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by grocers, labelled.—"JAMES EPHRAIM & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London, Eng."

THE SHEEP OF THE JUST.

For sleepless nights depending on worry, vexation, indigestion, etc., Burdock Blood Bitters is a remarkably efficient cure. "I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for sleepless nights and now sleep well all night. I recommend it to all suffering from imperfect rest."

Geo. H. SMITH, Stony Creek, Ont.

Women hate the inexorable. They like a condition of things in which nothing is so surely fixed but that the rule may be broken in their favor, or the hard decision reversed.

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

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

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

Large Bottles 50 cents.

The old appear in conversation in two characters; the critically silent, and the garrulous anecdotic.

Mothers Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take, sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.

There ought to be no rich men; it is bad for the state that men should be rich; it is ruin—ruin—for a man to be born rich.

A lady from Syracuse writes: "For about seven years before taking Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure, I suffered from a complaint very prevalent with our sex. I was unable to walk any distance or stand on my feet for more than a few minutes at a time without feeling exhausted, but now I am thankful to say, I can walk two miles without feeling the least inconvenience." For Female Complaints it has no equal.

Women, the most delicate get used to strange moral situations. Eve probably regained her normal sweet composure about a week after the fall.

A short road to health was opened to those suffering from chronic coughs, asthma, bronchitis, catarrh, lumbago, tumors, rheumatism, excoriated nipples or inflamed breast, and kidney complaints, by the introduction of the inexpensive and effective remedy, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil.

At the same time that we take our medicine, there springs in the consciousness a pleasure which alleviates us, sleeping in, with many tormenting images.

Why go limping and whining with corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Corn Cure will remove them in a trial, and you will not be sorry.

Whoever expects to suffer it; whoever expects it.

How to cure dyspepsia—Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all grocers.

**What Imbibers Drink.**

SIN: I thought it might interest you to know what is being done by this Berlin—house."

FRANK HOLFORD.

The Distillers and the Wholesale Wine Trade.

DEAR SINS: We take leave to draw your attention to some of our specialties concerning your trade, and should consider it a great favor if you will give same a trial when an opportunity offers.

We manufacture:

"1. Essences for the spirit trade especially—Cognac essence (about 4 pounds of essence for 100 gallons of spirit 10 under proof). Price 7s. per pound, free house, London, duty paid.

Rum essence (about 4 pounds of essence for 100 gallons of spirit 12 over proof) Price 6s. 6d. per pound, free house, London, duty paid. Gin essence, price 6s. 6d. per pound, free house, London, duty paid.

We have been repeatedly highly complimented by the trade for producing such fine essences, and we venture to say that there are not similar essences in the market that can compare with same.

"2. Every description of wine flavors, especially port wine essence, at 3s. 9d. per pound, free house, London, duty paid; sherry essence, at 3s. 6d. per pound, duty paid, &c.

"3. Vegetable colors, in powder, guaranteed harmless for every purpose, we only mention: Port wine color at 3s. per pound. Red wine color at 2s. 9d. per pound.

Cognac color at 20s. per pound, a beautiful and rich color for coloring brandies and spirits generally; its use will be found far more advantageous than adopting sugar coloring. Rum color, for rum our R. E. color will be found the most suitable. Price 20s. per pound. It is equally rich; about eight drachms are sufficient for coloring one gallon of fluid.

"4. Every kind of preparation, &c., for the clearing of dark and light wines, as: clearing powders, gelatine, agar-agar, gelatine lime, terra di vino, &c.

"5. Every description of sugar colorings in casks of about 6 cwt. or 7 cwt., as: Rum coloring (in 40 o. p.) spirit coloring (in 58 o. p.) and wine coloring, 4s. 6d. to 7s. per gallon.

BERLIN, Aug. 1.

**Forecasting Thunder Storms.**

When the daily weather charts are drawn, if we find that there is an unevenness in the isobaric lines—that is, if these are wavy, or bulge out irregularly—we know that thunder storms are likely to burst some where or other over the country, but that is all we can say. At each station the barometer is unsteady—the mercury moving up and down in the tube—during the actual continuance of the storm, but this oscillation of the mercurial column has nothing to do with the irregularity in the isobaric lines above mentioned. Forecasting these storms is, therefore, always an uncertain and thankless task, for local success is rarely attained.

Among the earliest symptoms of the approach of a thunder-storm is the appearance on the western horizon of a line of cumulus (wool pack) clouds, exhibiting a peculiar turreted structure. I say on the western horizon, for most of our changes of weather come from that quarter, and it has been proved that thunder-storms, like wind storms, advance over the country, generally from some westerly point. The bank of clouds moves on, and over it appear first anemones and then sheets of lighter upper cloud—cirrus (or mare's tail), which spread over the sky with extreme rapidity. The heavy cloud mass comes up under the cirrus and it is a general observation that a violent electrical explosion or downfall takes place from a cloud unless a cirrus, emanating from its base, are visible when the cloud is many ways from a distance.

**To Bleach a Table.**

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

The callow for a day or two lay upon the table its comely white.

## Our Young Folks.

### A Boy's Belief.

It isn't much fun a-living  
If grandpa says what's true,  
That this is the jolliest time o' life  
That I'm a-passing through.  
I'm 'fraid he can't remember,  
It's been so awful long,  
I'm sure if he could recollect  
He'd know that he was wrong.

Did he ever have, I wonder,  
A sister just like mine,  
Who'd take his skates, or break his kite,  
Or tangle up his twine?  
Did he ever chop the kindling,  
Or fetch in coal or wood,  
Or offer to turn the wringer?  
If he did, he was awful good!

In summer, it's "weed the garden!"  
In winter, it's "shovel the snow;"  
For there isn't a single season  
But has its work, you know.  
And then, when a fellow's tired,  
And hopes he may just sit still,  
It's "bring me a pail of water, son."  
From the spring at the foot of the hill."

How can grandpa remember  
A fellow's grief or joy?  
Tween you and me, I don't believe  
He ever was a boy.  
Is this the jolliest time o' life?  
Believe it I never can;  
Nor that it's as nice to be a boy  
As a really grown-up man.

### Wait On Yourself.

There is one lesson which every young  
person ought to learn. It is a duty.  
Wait on yourself.

Do not grow up to depend on others. Make  
it a rule to do whatever you can yourself.

Don't call on your mother, or your sister,  
or the servant, for service which can just as  
well be performed by yourself, without call-  
ing on anybody. If you have lost your  
slippers find them. The world is wide, and  
if they are to be found in it, why cannot you  
find them as well as anybody else.

We are continually hearing the cry among  
young people, when any of their belongings  
are lost: "Oh, I can't find it! Ask mamma,  
or call Kitty."

What is the reason you can't find it?  
Have you lost your eyesight that you can  
not see, or have you lost your reason that  
you do not know when you have found what  
is lost?

We know numbers of young men who de-  
pend on "mother" to hunt up their shirts,  
and their stockings, and their neckties, and  
hang up the overcoats and hats which they  
fling anywhere, and produce from the house-  
hold litter the newspapers they may hap-  
pen to want to refer to. Now, what reason  
is there in this sort of thing? Isn't a young  
man of five-and-twenty, with no rheumatism  
in his legs, and no neuralgia in his teeth,  
and no corns on his toes, just as well able to  
hunt up things, and take care of his  
clothes, as is his mother, who is, probably,  
twice his age, and who has her hands and  
head full of household cares and trials?

We know of young girls who can go to  
balls, and dance till daybreak, who are al-  
ways too tired to darn their own stockings,  
and expect "ma" to mend them. "Ma  
so love mending!" They will stay out  
darning pinafore, staring at the moon, with  
Fitz Hoodle, or young Mr. De Smith,  
at midnight, and never dream of taking  
any rest. But if they have a ruffled apron to  
mend, they must do it. They are so afraid of  
the expiration and then taking

the apron nowadays, are a helpless  
lock at them and wonder  
invention will be? We see  
who cannot hold and tend  
because they have no  
The young mothers are  
degrees, and  
attends on  
society in

do not always feel themselves the  
most in creation or wish to talk  
They are rather compli-  
about their tastes rather  
or personal interests.  
can only be indi-  
very, or pretty decidedly  
questions if you  
I hope you  
long walk," or "You  
than to ask "Are  
you come far?" Take  
granted of your  
force, "Do you  
but you are  
question-

It does not hurt anybody to wait on him-  
self. It teaches a young man the useful  
lesson that he was put into the world for  
some other purpose than to make a slave of  
his mother, or to order round servant-girls,  
and men-servants.

It gives him a confidence in himself, and  
in his power to be and to do; and gives him  
the comforting assurance that if all the ser-  
vants in the world should vanish into space  
in the twinkling of an eye, he could still  
manage to brush his coat-collar, and get his  
beard off without their help.

### How to Talk Well.

If one might choose between being very  
handsome, with tolerable manners, and being  
plain, with a fine, well-modulated voice and  
better manners than ordinary, he would  
wizely prefer the latter. We do not feel  
the charm of well-taught speech, because it  
is so seldom heard. But once felt it has a  
spell which lingers in the mind forever.  
The beauty of the face strikes the eye, the  
tone of the voice strikes the ear.

A fine voice, which does not mean a loud  
one by any means, is always a distinct one,  
which can be unerringly heard without effort  
of the speaker. An indistinct utterance is  
always a sign of mental or physical deficien-  
cy, which ought to be promptly mastered.  
And it takes very hard work often to get  
the better of this slovenly pronunciation.  
Learn to speak. It is easier when you come  
down in the morning to grunt in answer to  
good morning than to say the two words,  
but you must not allow yourself this piggish,  
boonish habit of grunting in place of speech.  
Neither, John Alexander, must you let  
your sleepy, dreamy, unsocial temper con-  
trol you so that you speak in a dull, thick  
tone at the back of the throat, which is of  
all others the most trying voice to under-  
stand.

Slow speech is an intolerable affront to  
others and waste of time. I went to church  
yesterday and sat out a sermon which wasted  
thirty-five minutes of the possible forty  
years I have yet to live, listening to such  
novel and profound remarks as these:  
"Animals are endowed with life," "Human  
beings have reason," spoken in a ponderous  
way, as if the speaker's wife were wool-  
gathering each sentence. You may believe  
I would not have wasted so much of my  
precious life waiting on such sluggish mis-  
dancing if the sexton had not scented me too  
far up the aisle to get out without making  
a procession of myself before the congrega-  
tion. You must learn to talk to the point  
and with celerity—that is, not chattering  
but with smooth, ready flow of language  
without jerks or confusion.

To speak sweetly, make the toilet of  
your mouth and nose with care three times  
a day. There should be three minutes  
after each meal given to personal cares,  
rinsing the mouth, clearing the throat and  
using the handkerchief, which should then  
make its appearance as seldom as possible.  
A habit of deep breathing also clears the  
voice and gives it fullness and softness at  
command.

Only good feeling and great kindness of  
nature can give sweetness—heart sweetness  
—to a voice but the smooth, vibrating tone  
that one listens for and wonders at comes  
of physical well being, a warm, lively tem-  
per of mind and body, which may be im-  
proved by keeping one's self very comfort-  
able, and then getting all the work out of  
one's self he is capable of doing.

What to say, and how to say it, is all  
there is to the art of conversation. True,  
this is like saying that earth, air and water  
are all there is, to the world, as if it were  
simple as beeswax. But it is something to  
know when you want to begin to improve  
talk, and that is by finding out just what  
you want to say. The other day a very  
bright woman asked me how she should  
write an advertisement for a merchant, I  
asked her for an idea of what she wanted  
to say, and the first sentence she uttered  
was the announcement complete. It was  
simple, concise, perfect. Happily the  
forms of polite speech are laid down for us  
the "good morning" for those we meet with  
whom we are not intimate the "how do you  
do" for friends and neighbors.

do not always feel themselves the  
most in creation or wish to talk  
They are rather compli-  
about their tastes rather  
or personal interests.  
can only be indi-  
very, or pretty decidedly  
questions if you  
I hope you  
long walk," or "You  
than to ask "Are  
you come far?" Take  
granted of your  
force, "Do you  
but you are  
question-

ing infection, or "You play tennis, I sup-  
pose?" And if your unhappy respondent  
does not understand either of these things,  
do not make him any more unhappy by  
pause or comment, but turn to something  
pleasanter for him.

Learn all the forms of courteous and com-  
plimentary speech, but use them with dis-  
tinction. You should know when to say  
that you will be pleased to accept a courtesy  
or attention, when you will be "happy" to  
do the same, and when you will be glad, in  
the open-heartedness of frank intimacy.  
Learn the shades of civility, they give value  
to intercourse and meaning to cordiality  
when it comes. Use the salt and spice of  
conversation freely, but be choicer of your  
sugar, and, above all, don't be oily! There  
are people so unctuously polite that one  
near them feels like being careful for fear he  
gets grease on his clothes. One has to take  
all their smooth words with much salt. Sin-  
cere courtesies need no flavoring added.

### Lincoln's School Days.

Little Abe was first sent to school when  
he was about seven years of age. His father  
had never received any "book learning," as  
education was termed among such people,  
and it was with difficulty that he could  
write his own name. One day about four  
weeks after Abe had been sent to school, his  
father asked the teacher, "How's Abe get-  
ting along?" The teacher replied that he  
was doing well; he wouldn't ask to have a  
better boy. He had only one lesson book,  
an old spelling-book. During the school hours  
he was attentive to his task, and at night  
he would study over the lesson he had been  
engaged upon during the day; the highest  
ambition of his life at this time was to learn  
to read. He believed if he could only read  
as well as his mother, who read the Bible  
aloud to the family every day, the whole  
world of knowledge would be opened to him,  
and in this conjecture he was about right.  
As the old Baptist minister told him one  
day, "When you can read, you've got  
something that nobody can get away from  
you."

In the Kentucky home there were but  
three books in the family—the Bible, a cate-  
chism, and the spelling-book which Abe  
Lincoln studied. He had not been long in  
Indiana before he had read the *Pilgrim's  
Progress*, his father borrowing it from a  
friend who lived twenty miles away. He  
was very fond of reading *Esop's Fables*, a  
copy of which came in his way. A young  
man taught him to write. As writing-paper  
of any kind was very scarce and expensive,  
Abe used to practice his writing exercises  
with bits of chalk or a burnt stick on slabs  
and trunks of trees. Sometimes he would  
trace out his name with a sharp stick on  
the bare ground. When, finally, he was  
able to write letters, he was called to do the  
correspondence of many of his neighbors,  
for very few grown persons in that region  
could write even a simple letter.

As Abe Lincoln grew older he became a  
great reader, and read all the books he could  
borrow. Once he borrowed of his school  
teacher a *Life of Washington*. His mother  
happened to put it on a certain shelf, and,  
the rain coming through the roof, the book  
was badly damaged. Abe took it back to  
the school-master and arranged to purchase  
it of him, paying for it by three days' hard  
work in the cornfield; and he was entirely  
satisfied with the bargain at that. At the  
age of eighteen his library consisted of the  
*Life of Franklin*, *Plutarch's Lives*, the  
Bible, the spelling-book, *Esop's Fables*,  
*Pilgrim's Progress*, and the lives of Wash-  
ington and Henry Clay. A boy might have a  
much larger private library than this, but he  
could scarcely find an equal number of books  
better calculated to impart wholesome les-  
sons as to correct living and right thinking.  
—*Harper's Young People*.

### Garden Work in August.

The present month is the one in which  
most attention in the garden will be required  
to care for the growing plants, and destroy  
weeds, and little to their propagation, says  
*Vegetable Magazine* for August which gives the  
following suggestion. Still a little spinach  
and radish and cress seed can be sowed for  
late fall use.

Strawberry beds should be kept free from  
weeds and the plants where they are too  
thick, and crowding, thinned out. If there  
should be a lack of rain, see that the celery  
trenches are supplied with all the water  
they need to keep the plants growing freely.

After the fruit has been gathered from  
the gooseberry and currant bushes, the watch-  
fulness that thus far has been kept to de-  
fend them from the worms is apt to be re-  
laxed, and the leaves soon become a prey to  
a brood of devastators that may have grown  
up unnoticed. The dusting of the bushes  
with hellebore should be kept up as long as  
necessary to preserve the foliage and ripen

## Sick Headache

IS a complaint from which many suffer  
and few are entirely free. Its cause  
is indigestion and a sluggish liver, the  
cure for which is readily found in the  
use of Ayer's Pills.

"I have found that for sick headache,  
caused by a disordered condition of the  
stomach, Ayer's Pills are the most re-  
liable remedy."—Samuel C. Bradburn,  
Worthington, Mass.

"After the use of Ayer's Pills for  
many years, in my practice and family,  
I am justified in saying that they are an  
excellent cathartic and liver medicine—  
sustaining all the claims made for them."  
—W. A. Westfall, M. D., V. P. Austin  
& N. W. Railway Co., Burnet, Texas.

"Ayer's Pills are the best medicine  
known to me for regulating the bowels,  
and for all diseases caused by a dis-  
ordered stomach and liver. I suffered  
for over three years from headache, in-  
digestion, and constipation. I had no  
appetite and was weak and nervous  
most of the time. By using three boxes  
of Ayer's Pills, and at the same time  
dieting myself, I was completely cured."  
—Philip Lockwood, Topeka, Kansas.

"I was troubled for years with indigestion,  
constipation, and headache. A  
few boxes of Ayer's Pills, used in small  
daily doses, restored me to health.  
They are prompt and effective."—W. H.  
Strout, Meadville, Pa.

## Ayer's Pills,

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine.

the wood perfectly. Upon the perfect ma-  
turity of the wood depends the ability to  
produce a good crop the following year.  
Cuttings of any kinds of plants made now  
and dibbled in, in a nice piece of ground,  
will root easily on account of the warmth of  
soil and the favorable atmosphere: when  
first put in, water and give a little shade,  
which, however, should be withdrawn as  
soon as practicable. Most of the soft-wood-  
ed house plants can be increased in this  
manner, and also many kinds of shrubs.

Beds of foliage plants need to be  
watched and trimmed and kept in shape;  
clipping off the tips of the growing shoots  
will make the plants branch out and thicken  
up, and spread into a compact mass.

Seeds of pansy, carnations, picotees and  
sweet william can be sowed for flowering  
plants the following year.

### He Grasped the Situation.

Henry was a bashful lover. He scarcely  
dared touch his lady's hand. He loved her  
well and she was worthy of his affection, for  
she was modest, intelligent, sweet and hon-  
orable; but like all good women she yearned  
for the respectful caresses that are the evi-  
dences of pure affection. She, however,  
yearned in vain. Henry worshipped her  
—he might kiss the hem of her garment,  
but to kiss her lips or cheek—the very auda-  
city of the thought made him tremble.

They sat together by the sea looking out  
on the track of the moon a light which white  
winged yachts were crossing, now and then.  
"It was a witching hour. A scene for  
love and calm delight.

Suddenly she moved slightly away from  
him.

"Please, Henry, don't do that," he said.  
"What?" he asked in genuine surprise.  
"Oh, you needn't tell me," she replied.  
"You were just going to put your arm  
around my waist—and you were going to  
try to kiss me."

"Dear Lillie—"  
"Oh! you needn't tell me different; you  
were going to do it. Well, after all, I sup-  
pose you are not to blame. It is just what  
a lover would do to his sweetheart and I  
suppose I must not be offended if you do do  
it."

And Henry grasped the situation and did  
exactly what Lillie supposed he would do,  
and the moon grinned and the stars winked  
and the wailets laughed and a mosquito  
that was about to alight on the maiden's  
cheek flew away and settled on the nose of a  
grass widow who was sitting near the hand  
stand.

Brownson—"What an unselfish man Brown  
is! Always sacrificing himself for the sake  
of some friend." Parker—"And what has he  
done now?" Brownson—"Why, he's just run  
away with Tim Henpeck's wife."

If you want something delicious and  
healthful to chew try Adams' Tutti Frutti  
Gum.



BRITISH NEWS.

Three young children belonging to Knock County Clare, were drowned by the rising tide on Sunday while collecting shells in Clanderlaw Bay.

A paraffin lamp exploded on Saturday night in a dwelling-house, 52 Waterloo Street, St Luke's, London, and a woman, named Margaret Hickman, aged 48, was so severely burned that she died.

At Rushbrook, near Queenstown, early on Saturday, Mr J. Kutting, principal teacher of Male National School, was accidentally drowned while bathing in front of his house. The sad event was witnessed by his wife.

The London secretaries of the Jagersfontein United Mining Company (Limited) write that they have received information from the company's head office at Kimberley that a diamond has been found in their claims weighing 133 carats.

At Bolton on Monday, a man named Cunningham, aged 65, after remonstrating with his wife on her drinking habits, sharpened a pocket-knife on the curbstone in the street and stabbed her twice in the breast. She was taken to the infirmary, and her life is considered in danger.

A special train containing some directors of a company, while proceeding on Monday over the Killorglin and Farrangore branch of the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, struck a child, killing him instantly. The driver and stoker were arrested, but liberated on bail at Tralee.

A railway employe at New Street Station, Birmingham, attracted by an offensive odour from a package marked "Stationery," opened it, and discovered the body of a male child. The neck showed signs of strangulation. The package was received some days ago—from whence is not at present known.

On Monday night a cyclist named Arthur Johnson, aged 18, of Sparkbrook, Birmingham, was riding with several cyclists on Stratford Road, when in passing between a brake loaded with holiday-seekers and another vehicle, he was flung off his machine, and the wheels of the brake passed over his neck, causing immediate death.

A sad drowning case has occurred at South Shields. Five youths in a small boat had been out at sea. When approaching the harbour they endeavored to get a tow behind a barge. The boat was upset, and the occupants thrown into the water, one, named John Dunwoodie, a telegraph clerk on the North-Eastern Railway at Newcastle, being drowned.

At Leeds Assizes on Monday, Samuel Harris, aged 30, was charged with the murder of his wife at Leeds on the 9th of May. Prisoner and his wife had lived unhappily together, and he had been in prison for assaulting her. On the day named he suddenly attacked her with a knife, inflicting seventeen wounds. He also attempted to murder his child. He was found guilty and sentenced to death.

A petition is being signed by members of the Opposition and others in favour of releasing the Guards who have been imprisoned, and allowing them to rejoin their regiment. The petitioners pray that "quality of mercy" which her Majesty possesses be extended to the men, and they urge that sufficient example has been made of the culprits. Mr. Howell, M. P., is presenting an extensively signed petition from Bethnal Green and elsewhere.

During the severe thunderstorm at Buckingham on Sunday, a travelling jeweller from Nottingham, named Hamilton, whilst sheltering behind a hawthorn bush, was struck by lightning. A farmer named Tibbits, seeing the fallen bush on fire, went to the spot, and found Hamilton in flames and the jewellery from his broken box scattered in all directions. Hamilton was severely burned, and it seems marvellous that he did not instantly lose his life.

The Manchester Magistrates on Tuesday remanded Robert Hartley on a charge of stabbing Patrick Maloney on Sunday night. During an affray between rival gangs of scuttlers knives and other weapons were used indiscriminately, and five persons were treated for their injuries at the infirmary. Maloney, being severely wounded, was detained as an in-patient. A similar disturbance occurred on Monday, and two youths were fined 40s for disorderly conduct.

On Saturday morning the Naval Construction and Armaments Company launched from their yard at Harrow the second of three steel-protected cruisers which they are engaged in constructing for her Majesty's Government. The event was of all the great or significance from the fact that this company has now launched two cruisers embraced in the programme of the Naval Defence Act before any of the other builders entrusted

with work at the same time have launched one.

William Midwinter, the Australian cricketer, has been put under restraint, and is confined to the lunacy ward of the Beadigo Hospital. Bad health and business troubles had affected his brain, and recently he possessed himself of two revolvers. These were taken away from him, and he then tried to set fire to his head, and his conduct became so violent that assistance had to be called in. He was secured by constables and taken to the asylum, where it is feared he will have to remain permanent.

While a cricket match was in progress at Alderston Camp on Saturday afternoon a thunderstorm broke out, and a flash of lightning struck a tree against which several soldiers were leaning watching the game. Private Sandford, 1st Liverpool Regiment, was killed on the spot. Privates Evans and Burns, also of the Liverpool regiment, were badly injured, and now lie in Cambridge Hospital in a critical condition. Three other men of the King's Royal Rifles were also conveyed to the hospital suffering from the effects of the shock.

A shocking tragedy occurred on Sunday morning at Eckington, near Sheffield. A collier named Edward French, who had been living apart from his wife, went to see her on Saturday, and later on screams were heard from the house. The woman's brother went to see what was the matter, and found Mrs. French lying on the floor with throat cut from ear to ear. She died immediately afterwards. French left the house, and after telling two men what he had done, went and laid himself on the Midland Railway in front of a passenger train which passed over him, severing his head from the body.

A remarkable surgical operation is reported from P. Madown. Dr. Hadden was going his rounds in his carriage. He suddenly observed the coachman, who had been eating a piece of bread, fall forward in his seat. The doctor found the man was choking. He had him removed to the roadside, and did everything to restore respiration but failed. The coachman was then taken in a state of collapse into a house, and without a moment's delay, the doctor performed the operation of tracheotomy, cutting open the windpipe and inserting in it a tube for the purpose of artificial breathing. By means of this the man's life was saved.

A disgraceful scene was witnessed at Spalding, Lincolnshire, on Monday evening. Professor Russell, Nottingham, was announced to make a parachute descent in connection with the annual sports. About 5000 people had assembled, but, after waiting two hours, it was announced that the balloon could not be got up in consequence of being filled with impure gas. The crowd then tore up the balloon and mobbed the professor. Fighting took place in various parts of the field between the opponents and supporters of the professor. The people shouted, demanding the return of their admission money. Ultimately Russell was locked up in the pavilion for safety.

In the course of his report to the annual delegate meeting of the Tyneside and National Labour Union on Monday, Mr. Stanley, general secretary, related an incident against himself, which created great merriment. He said:—"On a cold bleak day in January, when the frost was nipping, I got tossed out of a respectable manufacturer's office whilst making a moderate demand on behalf of the men. When I reached the outer doors, and thought I was safe two fiery dogs seized my nether garments. It is, however, pleasant to relate that the outcome of that visit was a concession to the men, although I received no compensation for my breeches."

The staple fruit crops (says the *Gardener's Chronicle*)—apples and plums—are very deficient. Damsons and the Victoria plum are an utter failure. Cherries have been fairly plentiful in Kent and walnuts and other nuts show a better record than some other fruits. With "bush fruit" and "soft fruit" the returns are more favourable. Strawberries have been abundant, but the wet season has rendered them soft, tasteless, and hard-travellers. Red currants have borne well, but black currants are poor. The precursors, we are told, will be, and have been, busy. But those whose thought is for apple will, it is predicted, experience much disappointment.

A Lahore paper regrets to hear that Major Pike, of the Suffolk Regiment, has been only mangled by a bear in Cashmere. It was carried from the Lolab Valley to Srinagar, and is now under the care of Dr. Nere. It would appear that Major Pike had concluded that a bear which he had shot was dead, while it was only seriously wounded, and on his approaching too near to the animal they had a regular "rough and tumble." A friend in Lahore who had tele-

graphed to Major Pike at Srinagar, on seeing an account of his encounter with a bear, has had the following reply: "Am very fit; shall be quite right in a week; killed the bear."

At West London Police Court on Tuesday, Fanny Hardy, of Bedford Park, surrendered to her recognizances to answer the charge of threatening to kill the Rev. William Trovelyan Kevil Davies, of Leominster. In opening the prosecution, Mr. Matthews, who appealed for the complainant, said that the history of the case was that in 1865 Mr. Kevil Davies executed a deed allowing defendant £150 a year, with a further provision that in the event of the birth of a child there should be an additional allowance. A child was born, and the additional allowance made. Defendant was greatly excited throughout the proceedings, and the magistrates again adjourned the case.

On Saturday, at Eastbourne, a tradesman named Thomas Wickens was charged with attempting to commit suicide by driving four long nails into his head. Dr. McQueen produced four nails which he had with difficulty withdrawn from the head of Wickens. These nails had penetrated three inches, and gone through the brain, but to the surprise of the medical staff, at the Memorial Hospital, Wickens had fully recovered. Wickens said he drove the nails into his head in succession with a hammer, and that he had felt better in his head since the occurrence. He is now sane and able to resume business, and, medically, his recovery is regarded as the most wonderful on record. The magistrates ordered him to be discharged.

The Price of Wheat.

Latest advices from England say that the wheat market is strongly advancing, owing to the publication in the *London Times* of that journal's normal estimate of the English wheat crop. This estimate is based upon reports from more than 400 correspondents scattered over the United Kingdom, and that they are correct enough for all practical purposes is proved by the fact that in two years out of three the *Times*' estimate has come within one-tenth of a bushel per acre of the official returns published after the crop had been harvested. The estimate of the yield of wheat this year is three and one-tenth per cent under the average and four and one-tenth per cent under the yield of last year. This promises a yield of 23½ bushels per acre on some 2,530,000 acres, giving a net yield of 72,105,000 bushels for 1899, against 75,883,611 for 1898. The *Times* further says that everything now depends upon season, and that its forecast depends upon fair weather for realization. The *Times* also says that Great Britain will be dependent upon foreign supplies for some 19,000,000 quarters of wheat, or more than 150,000,000 bushels. An estimate obtained from the highest authorities in France indicates that the French importations of wheat will be 25,000,000 bushels above the importations last year. Thus, taking it altogether, it will be seen that the prospects of improved profits for Canadian farmers, who have generally been blessed with an abundant wheat harvest, are excellent.

The Apple Crop.

The winter apple crop of this Province at least may be put down as a failure, and to those who are acquainted with the importance of this product of the farm it is unnecessary to say that the loss will be very heavy to the country. The damage to the trees began after the time when the early apples were appearing and before the late apples began to make their appearance on the trees, so that it is the crop of winter apples, the most valuable to the country because of the great export trade in the hardy fruit, that suffered the most. The damage to the early apples was not so great but the crop of early fruit is also short. Astrachan, Harvest, Duchess and Snow apples suffered the least, and the crop of these will be larger than that of other varieties. "You may go through orchard after orchard in Ontario," said a well-known fruit dealer the other day, "and find that orchards that last year or other seasons yielded a thousand bushels will not yield more than a barrel this year. The apple crop in the old country will be a good one this year, and Canadian apples will, as is expected, be so large."

Do instantly what you can during the hours of reflection—business and never lose it.

If you want to be healthy and cheerful, get Carter's Little Liver Pills.

I think about the only difference between people in this world is that some know what they want, and some don't.

Read on publisher's page particulars of a free voyage to Europe.

For CRAMPS, COLIC, and all Bowel Troubles, use PERRY DAVIS' PAIN-KILLER

Used both internally and externally. It acts quickly, affording almost instant relief from the severest pain. BE SURE TO GET THE GENUINE 25c per bottle.

MEDICINE and FOOD COMBINED!

SCHEMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL & HYPOPHOSPHITES. Increases Weight, Strengthens Lungs and Nerves. Price 50c. and \$1.00 per Bottle.

Ministers and Public Speakers use SPENCER'S Chloramine Pastilles

For Clearing and Strengthening the voice. Cures Hoarseness and Soreness of Throat. Price 25c per bottle. Sample free on application to Druggists.

TO MOTHERS PALMO-TAR SOAP

Is Indispensable for the Bath, Toilet or Nursery, for cleaning the Scalp or Skin. THE BEST BABY'S SOAP KNOWN. Price 25c.

HOWARTH, CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST, The Old Reliable, 245 YONGE STREET.

Try our Winter Fluids for chapped hands. Lubin, Atkinson's and other Perfumes. Sponges, Hamols Skins. A full assortment of Brushes and Combs of the finest quality.

HOWARTH'S SERRAPAPILLA for Purifying the Blood is excellent. THE RELIABLE.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles attendant to a bilious state of the system, such as indigestion, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, etc. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation and preventing the annoying effects of indigestion. They also correct all disorders of the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEADACHE

Achoy... who... last... here... the...

NAVAL NOTES.

The trial of the plate made by Messrs Schneider & Co. of Le Creusot, France, for the Chilian armor-clad Captain Peat has been officially tested at Gavre. The plate chosen by the Chilian officers for the proof measured 19.32 feet long by 6.75 feet wide...

"Having regard to the thickness of the plate, the results obtained are considered as very fine. The complete similitude of the three shots indicate the complete uniformity of this plate. The plate has been received with the mention very satisfactory, which is the highest."

British service papers are strongly agitating an increase in the pay of naval officers, with a view to inducing the "right class" to join, so that when the inevitable conflict comes the service shall be prepared to meet the demand for efficient naval officers.

Messrs. Gruson, of Paris, have recently obtained some good results with smokeless powder. The highest pressure recorded was 2,325 atmospheres, (15.3 tons per square inch.) the projectile of 7 killed (15.4 pounds) having a muzzle velocity of 632 metres (2,270 feet).

The French Minister of Public Works has completed a valuable canal from the Seine to the Oise. The length of the canal is 100 miles. It has been constructed in order to facilitate traffic by water between Paris and the east of France; it will also afford a superiorly-existing detour by way of the Oise and it will also relieve traffic from the congestion attending the navigation of the canal between Paris and the east.

constructed by Messrs. Robert Napier & Sons. The ship having just been completed, with guns on board, had her official full power trials off Sebastopol. The six hours full-power trial was carried out without a hitch, the mean indicated horse power being 12,503 and speed 17 knots without forced draught.

The Barham, one of the new armored cruisers under contract for the British Government, went out for an eight hour natural draught trial a fortnight ago, and at the end of the third hour the tubes of all the boilers gave out. The officers of the ship did not dare to attempt to keep steam, made a signal for assistance, and were towed back ignominiously into harbor.

The Laugh.

There is no laughter so musical, none so innocent, none so evidently spontaneous as that of little children. The grimiest misanthrope must admit its charm. As we grow older, though we are still of hilarious tendencies, there is no longer any music, or only of the tongs and tin-kettle kind, in our exclamations. Some of us, and they, perhaps, not the least genial, having realized how literally true is Schiller's "Ernst ist das Leben, find a difficulty in getting out any vocal hilarity at all. We may be laughing inwardly, but the sound we are capable of emitting is the mere ghost of what we could compass in earlier years.

Nevertheless, it cannot be denied that, for getting on in the world, a cherry laugh is a valuable ally. We are apt to think well of, and to befriend, if necessary, the man who never fails to see the point of our witticisms, and gives loud and hearty evidence of his appreciation.

Statisticians as Directors.

The statistician has been at work again, and finds that out of the 508 members of the House of Lords, no less than 57 are Directors of public companies. Out of these 57 there are 22 Peers who share in the direction of 122 companies, subdividing dividend-paying concerns.

They are troubled with heart ailments more than another class, and through excessive work and the heat of London...

CANADA'S GREAT FAIR.

A Great List of Entries and Many Attractive for the Coming Show at Toronto, From Sept. 28th to 29th.

The success that has attended the Great Industrial Fair, which is held annually at Toronto, has been remarkable, and it is evident that the exhibition for the present year, which is to be held from the 28th to the 29th of next month, will again surpass its predecessors.

A joint concern—a skeleton.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for Coughs and Colds, is the most reliable medicine in use.

Apple pie order is not uncommon even in slovenly restaurants.

There must be great merit in SLOCUM'S preparations. His OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL has taken the first place as a cure for consumption and kindred diseases.

It is a very strong-minded man who can have a bad cold and not have the influenza.

MISS HELEN RORKE, graduate of Alma Ladies College, has been for several years stenographer and typewriter to Mr. Mottford, Superintendent of the Michigan Central R. R.—a responsible and valuable position.

All Men

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak, or exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symptoms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizziness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, headache, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with redness, etc., etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured.

The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wastes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free sealed. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats strong, rapid and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Toronto, Ont.

WANTED in every town in the Dominion, reliable men to represent the Dominion Bldg and Loan Ass'n, 65-67 Yonge St., Toronto.

AGENTS WANTED—Big money. Choicest books. Control of territory. Apply at once, E.N. Moran & Co., 120 Yonge St., Toronto. \$3.50 PER DAY—Good men and women. For selling article. J. E. CROSE, 43 Victoria Street, Toronto.

TREE SALESMEN—Whole lot or piece. Root Trees' PAY. STARK NURSERY, Lonsdale, Ont. PATENTS procured in Canada, U.S. and foreign countries. W. J. GRAHAM, 21 Yonge St., Toronto.

PRIVATE HOSPITAL FOR THE CURE OF CANCER & TUMORS without the knife. Doct. Geo. W. MONTGOMERY, 68 Bloor St., TORONTO, O. C.

PEOPLE out of town coming to the exhibition should have their dresses Parisian fitted. Skirts 40c a yard; Children's skirts or capes, 25c a yard. Miss Stockhouse, 127 Yonge Street, Toronto.

ENGRAVING—J.D. JONES' WOOD ENGRAVER. ILLUSTRATIVE & ADVERTISING PURPOSES. TORONTO, CANADA.

LEATHER BELTING. Best value in the Dominion, F. E. DIXON & CO., Makers, 10 King Street East, TORONTO. Send for Price Lists and Discounts, etc.

TEACHERS can make money during vacation by canvassing for one or more of our fast-selling books and Bibles, especially History of Canada, by W. J. Withrow, D.D. Latest and best edition ever published, prices low, terms liberal. Write for illustrated circulars and list of our publications. Toronto.

ALBERT COLLEGE, BELLEVILLE, ONT., Leads all other Colleges in Canada in number of matriculants prepared annually. Special inducements are offered to those requiring a Business Education. Send for calendar. Address PRINCIPAL BYRN, M.A.

Canadian Home Goods & Electrical Supplies. G. W. NESS. Send for catalogue.

Cheapest and BEST PLACE to America to buy Band and Musical Instruments. Made in U.S.A. Address WHALEY, ROYCE & CO., 153 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

\$5000 Will buy interest in a thorough, fully protected by patents. To the one who is able to handle the Secretaryship for the Company a guarantee of fifteen hundred will be given. Closest investigation solicited. Call or address ELDRIDGE & CO., Room 12, Cor. Queen and Victoria Sts., Toronto.

ELDRIDGE & CO., Cor. Queen and Victoria Sts., Toronto, will exhibit at the annual exhibition commencing Sept. 28th, closing the 29th, a fine display of Canada and U.S. Patents of the latest dates. Any parties having any good patents of merit and desiring to have the same included in this exhibit, can make satisfactory arrangements by addressing the above firm.

A MAN who wishes a good position and has six or seven thousand dollars to put in a reliable company can now get the opportunity by addressing ELDRIDGE & CO., Cor. Queen and Victoria Sts., Room 12.

ANY parties having small capital to invest, would find it to their interest to communicate with ELDRIDGE & CO., Cor. Queen and Victoria Sts., Toronto, Manufacturers Agents and Commission Merchants. Patents bought and sold. Business chances negotiated.

DRESSMAKERS' MAGIC SCALE.

The Tailor System of cutting improved and simplified. Complete in one piece.

MISS CHUBB GENERAL AGENT.

Perfect-Fitting Skirts a specialty. Waist Trimmings and Dressing Cut. Corsets Made to Order. Satisfaction guaranteed. Wire Dress Forms for Dressing, etc.

428 1/2 Yonge St., Just South of College

PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

One of the latest appliances of electricity appears in the form of an electric soldering iron. It is a hollow cone of copper containing a metallic plug, between which and the inner surface of the cone is a coil of fine wire separated from the plug and the face of the cone by means of layers of asbestos.

Recent experiments on the physiological effects of the electric current lead to the belief that a continuous current causes death by a direct action on the substance of the heart, and death by an intermittent current is due to the alteration of the nerves and the inhibitory mechanism of the heart.

Observation shows that the dust particles in the air vary enormously during the presence of mist or fog without being accompanied by any difference in the apparent density of the fog.

Sea air has been found to have a thickening effect upon the leaves of plants and trees. Moreover, plants grown in salted soil produce thicker leaves.

In Russia the fields are being cultivated by electrical appliances, the gain so far being apparent more in time saved than in increase of crops.

Artificial musk is a recent chemical achievement, a process for its production having recently been patented in Germany.

Revenge in Burnah.

A headman informed me one day as I passed through his village of the whereabouts of a well-known dacoit a few miles off. On this information the man was tracked and executed an hour or two afterwards. Some months later this headman and his brother, both well disposed to our rule, were waylaid and murdered by the gang to which the above-mentioned dacoit chief had belonged. In another case a man who had been impressed to serve the dacoits as cook and baggage-carrier escaped and took refuge in a well-defended post, only, however, to hear a few days later that his old mother, who was living in her native village, had the night before been murdered. Some information on which one or two dacoits were captured was given by a man who himself lived in a large town with a military station, and was, therefore, safe. His nearest relatives, however, a mother, sister, wife, two young children, and an infant a few hours old, living in their own village, were very shortly afterwards all murdered in one night. They were beheaded and laid out in a row, from the largest at one end to the baby at the other. Such was the terrible vengeance of the dacoits on the families of those who were themselves out of reach. Hundreds of similar instances might be related, all showing the same system, and only differing one from another in the various methods by which the acts of revenge were carried out.

Whenever the dacoits believed that they were in no danger of interruption from our troops, elaborate tortures were added to simple assassination; if, however, a sudden alarm was raised, a blow with a dah from each of the gang in succession made their vengeance sure. It is astonishing how accurate the information of the dacoits frequently is, and how carefully they watch the movements of every post. A district magistrate, accompanied by the officer commanding the military police and by a district superintendent of civil police, returning from village C. through village B., (where a post was to be established) to village A., received intelligence the day after their arrival of an attack upon B. and the murder of a woman whose husband and brother had both rendered us important service. The dacoits waited to perform this outrage until the officers had passed back through B. with baggage and personal escort, thus seizing the most favorable opportunity for their purpose, as any convoys would have accompanied the party to save escort, and no patrol was likely to pass directly after the passage of a considerable body of troops.

SWEET WATERMELON PICKLE.—A subscriber writes for a recipe for making sweet water-melon pickle. Peel off the outer rind and then scald in fresh water, just letting the water come to a boil then spread the fruit on dishes until all the water has drained off from it. Then add three pounds of sugar and one quart of vinegar to every ten pounds of the fruit with such spices as you like. cinnamon and mace are generally preferred. Let the fruit boil about thirty minutes or until it no longer looks raw. It is often that more vinegar is necessary than the above recipe calls for, so put enough to nearly cover the rind. Sometimes it is necessary to scald this over occasionally when the weather is warm. This is a delicious sweet pickle and keeps well.

Read on publisher's page particulars of a free voyage to Europe.



TEN POUNDS IN TWO WEEKS THINK OF IT!

As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites Of Lime and Soda is without a rival. Many have gained a pound a day by the use of it. It cures

CONSUMPTION, PROFUSA, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS AND COLDS, AND ALL FORMS OF WASTING DISEASES. AS PALATABLE AS MILK. Genuine made by Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Salmon Wrapper: at all Druggists, 50c and \$1.00.

Eye's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest. CATARRH Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 7c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa., U.S.A.

DOMESTIC REVIEW

For Fall containing over 1000 illustrations of Ladies', Misses' and Boys' Garments. Price 30c in stamps. Domestic Catalogue, Fall, 3c. Domestic Monthly for Sept. 15c.

New York Domestic Fashion Co., 37 Temperance Street, Toronto, or at any of Pattern Agencies.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS J. DOAN & SON. For Circular Address, 77 Northcote Ave., Toronto

WANTED Salesmen

Best Trees. Best Terms. Best Plan. Best Outfit Free. Special Aids for Beginners.

Mo. Nursery Co., Louisiana, Mo

COLIGNY COLLEGE, OTTAWA FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Spacious buildings, lighted with gas, heated by hot water, all modern conveniences, extensive grounds. First-class staff under Lady Principal from Europe. Board, furnished room, fuel, light, tuition in English, French, French and German from \$150 yearly. Thoroughly efficient Music and Fine Arts Department. Session opens Sept. 16th. For circulars write to REV. DR. WARDEN, Montreal.

FITS EPILEPSY OR FALLING SICKNESS

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 Liverpool and Post Office Address: H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

SOLID Leather.



The Best Goods Sold by the Principal Boot and Shoe Dealers. Every Pair Stamped.

J. O. King & Co. TORONTO

Beauty Restored and Health.



From kidney and liver troubles, we suffered down for 30 years. My wife got as yellow as a squaw. We got St. Leon Water. It is the rare stuff; done us all the good we could desire. She has regained the fresh color and bloom of long ago. Others I know praise St. Leon Water. The palace Hotel is open at Spring in P.Q. for the reception of visitors. For particulars address The St. Leon Mineral Water Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont., or to St. Leon Springs Quebec.

The People's Annual Holiday CANADA'S GREAT INDUSTRIAL FAIR

AND AGRICULTURAL EXPOSITION TORONTO Sept. 8th to 20th - 1890 -

The best and largest Exhibition of Live Stock, Agricultural Products, Fine Arts, Manufactures of all kinds, and Ladies' Work, etc., etc.,

in the Dominion of Canada and attended annually by over 350,000 VISITORS including every Stock Breeder of any importance in this country.

THE GREATEST ENTERTAINMENT OF THE YEAR \$50,000 FOR PRIZES

and educational, instructive and enjoyable SPECIAL FEATURES.

The Newest and Best Attractions attainable. Grand International Dog Show, etc. BRIGHTER & GREATER THAN EVER

The best time to visit the Metropolis of Ontario.

Cheap Excursions and low rates on all Railways, etc.

Entries positively close August 16th For Prize Lists, Entry Forms and all other information, drop a post card to J. J. WITHEROW, H. J. MILL, President, Manager, Toronto.

WAREHOUSE TELEPHONE TWINESS 614 CRAIG STREET MONTREAL Send for catalogue.

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS.

Sailing Weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Saloon Tickets, \$10, \$50, and \$50. Return Tickets, \$30, \$50 and \$110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate \$25. Steerage, \$20. Apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager Canadian Shipping Co., 4 Custom House Square, MONTREAL, or to Local Agents in all Towns and Cities.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE



Unsurpassed for Richness and Beauty of Color. They are the ONLY DYES WHICH DON'T WASH OUT! WILL NOT FADE OUT! There is nothing like them for Strength, Coloring or Fastness.

Our Package EQUALS TWO ordinary dye packages. If you doubt it, try it! Your money will be refunded if you are not convinced after a trial. Fifty-four colors are made in Turkish Dye, embracing all new shades, and others are added as soon as they become fashionable. They are warranted to dye more goods and do it better than any other Dye. Same Price as Inferior Dye, 10 cts. Canada Branch: 451 St. Paul Street, Montreal. Send postal for Sample Card and Book of instructions.

POND'S EXTRACT



THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHOIDS OF ALL KINDS. Good Internally & Externally. Price, 25c, \$1, \$1.75. POND'S EXTRACT CO., New York & London.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF.

A Perfect Substitute for Meat To those who cannot eat meat in hot weather. It contains all the NUTRITIOUS ELEMENTS of primo Beef, in a form that CAN BE DIGESTED by the WEAK STOMACH.

CONSUMPTION SURELY

TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive cure for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, H. G. ROOT M. C., 186 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.



## FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Minister of War lately offered a prize for the swiftest bird in a flight from Périgueux to Paris, 310 miles. There were 2740 entries, and the winner did the distance in 17 hours and 31 minutes.

When the Americans residing in St. Petersburg asked permission to celebrate the Fourth of July the authorities peremptorily refused them the privilege. But the French men of that city and of Moscow were allowed to celebrate the establishment of the first republic of France on July 14 with great pomp and public demonstrations.

In the government of Poland the peasants have no scruples about selling their children. Instances of a very revolting nature are reported in a Moscow daily. One peasant sold his daughter, a girl of 8 years, to travelling mendicants for the sum of six rubles; another one brought two girls to the town of Granova, where he sold the older, a child of 7 years, for five rubles, and the younger 3 years old, for three rubles. Such instances have occurred in many other towns of the government.

A society "for the endowment of poor marriageable girls" is being started in St. Petersburg on the same plan as that of the Moscow society, which works for the same object which was mentioned some time ago. The constitution of the new society is being drawn up, and the license of the Government is confidently expected.

A very rich vein of iron ore has been discovered in Kherson, near the village of Privolna, about 300 sazhen from the river Ingula. It is estimated that the yield will be sufficient to keep fifteen iron factories at work. The Minister of Mountain Works has ordered engineers to sink shafts and to begin mining as soon as possible. With the rich yield of coals in that district it will be easy in a very short time to work the new mines for all that they are worth.

A Roman doctor has discovered in many of the skulls in the different Etruscan tombs, as well as in those deposited in the various museums, interesting specimens of ancient dentistry work and artificial teeth. The skulls examined date as far back as six centuries before Christ, which proves that dentistry is not a modern art.

The forty-two days' fast which Jacques, the old French soldier, commenced at the Westminster Aquarium on June 21st, was brought to a most successful conclusion on Saturday. The stipulated time expired at four o'clock, but in accordance with his expressed intention Jacques did not break his fast until nearly half-past five, when in the central stage he took the first food which had passed his lips for six weeks in the presence of a crowd of spectators.

The Sultan of Turkey has received a present from his aunt Adile of a Georgian slave, who is described as an exquisitely beautiful damsel of sixteen. She was taken to the Yildiz Kiosk in a gilt coach, closely curtained, and escorted by a number of gigantic Nubian eunuchs.

A duel with cavalry sabres took place on Thursday in Denmark between Lieutenant Gartenschild, of the Danish Royal Dragoons, and the Russian Baron von Rathen. The quarrel arose about an equestrian performer in the Circus Rusch at Copenhagen. The baron received a wound across the forehead, but is in no danger.

In imitation of the example of the Cossack, two gentlemen have started to travel on horseback from St. Petersburg to Paris. One is an American citizen, the other is a Russian, who does not give his name. They are accompanied by a crowd of Russian and English hangers-on. They are to travel by express from one city to another, and make their way on as lightly as possible. They are well acquainted with the people on their route, and they promise to get to Paris in the shortest time.

In Australia there grows a species of acacia commonly called the "angry tree." It reaches the height of 80 feet after a rapid growth, and in outward appearance some what resembles a gigantic century plant. One of these curious plants was brought from Australia and set out in Virginia, New York, where it has been seen by many persons. When the sun sets the leaves fold up, and the tree becomes as tightly coiled as a little ball. The branches are handled the same way, and they move incessantly for a time.

The angry tree is removed from one pot to another, and the leaves are kept from one side to the other, like quills on a pen. The plant is given off by the leaves, and fills the air, and so that the leaves are kept from one side to the other. He was an angry man, and he was angry.

ity to communicate with the outside world or to effect their liberation.

Telegraphic advices from Athens announced that a disastrous fire on the celebrated Mount Athos has destroyed the largest part of its wonderful forests. Of the 20 Greek and Russian monasteries and 100 hermitages which have been located on the mountains for centuries, many have been destroyed, the damage being estimated at five million francs. Twenty monks and hermits perished in the flames.

The government of Minsk, Russia, is overrun by wolves, which have been so bold as to enter the villages and attack the children in the street, four little ones having been killed and eaten in the village of Rudnia in open daylight. The Governor has declined to lend military aid to exterminate the pest on the ground that the peasants are quite able to help themselves.

An Exchange Company's telegram from Paris states that the *Dix Neuvième Siècle* publishes a telegram stating that another Nihilist plot against the Czar has been discovered in St. Petersburg, where numerous arrests, including that of Professor Corlovski of the university, have been made. The *Figaro* has received a despatch confirming the above, and adds that many arrests have also been made in Moscow. Two superior officers compromised in the plot have committed suicide.

A bee keeper living near a large hotel being built at Kingston, in Jamaica, recently found his hives in the utmost confusion, with many bees lying about exhausted or dead. The electric light was used at the hotel to carry on the building operations by night, so the bees mistook the light for day light, and went out to collect pollen round the neighbourhood thus illuminated. When they came home the day was dawning, and they flew off again without any rest till they worked themselves to death.

July 18th was the 47th anniversary of the death of the Bohemian reformer, John Huss. He was burned at the stake because he had embraced and proclaimed the doctrines of Wycliff. The Russian papers did not allow this anniversary to pass without reminding the Bohemians that they were Slavomans and that in their national character as well as in the spirit of Huss's religious teachings they were nearer related to Russia than to Austria. *Khudozhestvennoye Obozreniye*, an illustrated weekly of St. Petersburg, points to the fact that the Bohemians never allowed themselves to be Germanized, despite the influences brought upon them for five centuries, and that the Hussites in Russia are treated with the same consideration as the members of the "orthodox" (Greek Catholic) Church.

A Paris correspondent describes a notable present made by the town of Ratibon to the Archduchess Marguerita, daughter of the Archduke Joseph. On her recent marriage to the Prince of Thum and Taxis. This is a palatial railway carriage, in which every need of a lady of rank in travelling is anticipated. Even a safe is provided for her jewels, and there are folding mirrors in which, when she leaves the hands of her dressers, she may see herself all round and from the feather of her bonnet to the tip of her toe. These mirrors were supplied by a firm of cabinet-makers in Paris.

A Daily News Athens telegram says—A few days ago the Turkish authorities seized about twenty Christian notables of Siatista in order to compel them to reveal the names of those who were supposed to harbour brigands. They were taken bound to the town of Servia, and beaten unmercifully by the gendarmes who accompanied them. One special act of cruelty is mentioned. Some gendarmes, with a refinement of cruelty quite new, thrust a red-hot bayonet into the nose of Nicholas Doukas, a notable, who is dying from the effects of their brutality.

In Australia there grows a species of acacia commonly called the "angry tree." It reaches the height of 80 feet after a rapid growth, and in outward appearance some what resembles a gigantic century plant. One of these curious plants was brought from Australia and set out in Virginia, New York, where it has been seen by many persons. When the sun sets the leaves fold up, and the tree becomes as tightly coiled as a little ball. The branches are handled the same way, and they move incessantly for a time.

The angry tree is removed from one pot to another, and the leaves are kept from one side to the other, like quills on a pen. The plant is given off by the leaves, and fills the air, and so that the leaves are kept from one side to the other. He was an angry man, and he was angry.

served all his faculties intact to the last moment, and was fond of dillating, while playing at whist in his cafe, on his adventures.

A young French officer on the staff of the Minister of War, named M. de Sirotko, lost his life on Saturday in the course of some pyrotechnical experiments at Versailles. M. de Sirotko and several other officers were upon the shooting grounds witnessing a discharge of rockets, when one of them burst upon his head, cleaving the skull. M. de Sirotko died as he was being removed to the hospital.

## PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Oak trees can not be raised in flowerpots. You will never be happy unless you try to be.

Never look back and you won't want to go back.

Indecision is the biggest robber on the face of the earth.

The party who won't forgive is the one who is in the wrong.

You are not fit for a leader unless you are a faithful follower.

To Nature's influence open thy bosom's door, And likelier guests shall bid thee than before.

A heaven-born love illumines everything; Sweet thoughts borne upward on thy spirit's wing.

Prejudice, whatever be its source, gets nothing out of the Scriptures. The Herods of to-day get no answer from Christ. The influence of skepticism makes the Scriptures silent. —{The Rev. William M. Taylor.

Think truly, and thy thoughts Shall the world's famine feed; Speak truly, and each word of thine Shall be a fruitful seed;

Live truly, and thy life shall be A great and noble deed. —{Dr. Bonar.

If you succeed well, and act well, and be convinced what is God's interest, and prosecute it, you will find that you act for a very great many who are God's own. —{Oliver Cromwell

Be true to your own church. Don't run down either its pastor or its members; either its doctrine or its policy; either its ordinances or its usages. Give it a hearty and loyal support by word and deed. Remember that it belongs to you; that it is part of your religious life; that in and by it you are being trained for usefulness here and immortality hereafter; that its honor is much in your keeping; that its growth and purity are affected to the extent of your influence by what you say and do; that people who have faith in your word will look upon it largely according to your reputation; that you have promised to its interests; and that with its good name and prosperity are bound up the glory of the church and the peace and fellowship of the world. —{The Presbyterian.

There is much speculation with reference to the composition of chewing gum. It is not an uncommon opinion, expressed by some individuals unacquainted with the ingredients of this article, that it is manufactured from some obnoxious substance. This however, is not the case as the following interesting fact will show. During the period intervening between the years 1848 to 1855 the senior member of the firm of Adams & Sons resided in the southern part of the United States. His business was of such a nature that he frequently went to Mexico and while there collected many specimens—products of the soil of the wonderful country. In 1867 Mr. Thomas Adams, Sr., commenced to experiment with these different specimens among which was the gum chicle.—the crude article from which Tutti Frutti is made. The fruit of the tree from which the chicle exudes is called sapodilla. It is about the size of an apple, is delicious in flavor and is largely used by the natives as an article of diet. When the Indians or natives of Mexico start out upon a long journey across the country, it is customary to supply themselves with chicle in order to allay the pangs of thirst, as in all tropical countries water is more or less scarce. The business of Adams & Sons has grown steadily from the time they put the first box of Tutti Frutti Gum upon the market, and they have found it necessary to increase their quarters and facilities from time to time. To-day they occupy the largest building and have the largest plant in the world for the manufacture of chewing gum. They have a capacity for turning out enough chewing gum to supply the world.

## SUMMER SMILES.

A crying need—A handkerchief.

Troubles sometimes comes singly. All children are not twins.

The labor question: "Is it six o'clock yet?"

Fire and brimstone left Sodom without a house and lot.

A Preferred Creditor—One who never proceats a great deal.

The hen is not a cheerful fowl. She broods a great deal.

It is easier to live within your income than to live without one.

People who say sharp things often get the reputation of being blunt.

The ballot girl doesn't kick at what she is paid, but for what she is paid.

The horse probably knows more than any other animal about wheel and whon.

"What kind of life is your husband living now?" "Exemplary." "Where is he?" "In jail."

Stern Parent—"Young man, can you support a family?" "Please, sir, all I wants is Sarah?"

Can it be said that a young man is heartless just because he has given his heart to a beautiful maid?

Oh, I wish I'd been a man?" cried Mrs. Bjonson. "I wish to heaven you had!" retorted Mr. Bjonson.

A woman can disguise her wrinkles, debts and deceptions from a man, but she can never hide them from another woman.

"Don't you know, prisoner, that it's very wrong to steal a pig?" "I do now, your Honor. They make such a row."

"That man made money just by his sand." "What? That underzized, miserable little specimen?" "Yes; he's a brickmaker."

Mother (mournfully)—"My dear Charlie what would you do if I happened to die?" Little Charlie (eagerly)—"I'd eat all the sugar."

A thorough-going teetotaler has remarked to us confidentially that the only objection to a gospel temperance tent is the fact that the ropes will get tight.

Our devil, who is something of a philologist, suggests that the common feminine exclamation, "Snakes alive!" is simply a contraction of "Snakes alive!"

Miss— "I am surprised, Bridget, to see you straining the jelly through one of the fine napkins." Bridget—"Ye needn't mind, ma'am. It isn't a clean one."

What is it the German philosopher says, "A handsome woman is always right?" That was the way he said it. I suppose he meant that pretty girls are never left.

Excited citizen—"Officer! Officer! A man has just jumped off that pier." Policeman (who can't swim)—"Well, then, can't no law agin bathin' with clothes on, is there?"

Bloodgood—"Well, now did your bet with Miss Southmayd come out?" Travis—"It resulted in a tie." Bloodgood—"Why, how could that be?" Travis—"A silk tie for me, don'tcher know?"

Papa (who had a bad word when he tore his trousers)—"I forgot myself then, Sammy. It was wrong of me to say such a word." Sammy—"Oh you needn't apologize, papa! I often use it myself."

The little rascal got spanked for hanging his cap up on the floor. "There," said the mother, "now do you know where to put your cap?" "I know were I wish I had put it," answered the hopeful, as he rubbed himself.

Friend—"I suppose you grieve very much over the death of your husband?" Mrs. Snooks—"Indeed I do. If I had utilized before he died the tears I've shed since he died I'd have had half a dozen new dresses than I've got now."

Einstein—"Did you hear about Cohen? Ven Rebecca Sonnensheim wouldn't marry him he vendt andt took a kvarter's vort of morphine. Vat fools some men are!" Minaberger "Vas'n't he, though? Ten cents' vort would haf done der piznez chust so vell."

Blotson has adopted the precaution of leaving all his change at the savings bank each evening before he returns home. He says that his wife reminds him now in a Pullman car passenger every time she jockles his trousers, because she "goes through without change."

The time may come when politics will mean all that is noble and good; when a small boy will break an apple in two and give his little sister the bigger half; when a tramp will work and a stray dog won't bite; but the day will never dawn when a fly can tickle a drowsy man's nose without making him jump.

**A BATTLE WITH DEATH IN THE AIR.**

**The Frightful Experience of a German Aeronaut in a Recent Trip.**

The German aeronaut Wolff recently had a most terrible experience during a trip in a balloon from the grounds of the Coogno Exhibition of the Art of War. In company with Peter Schmitz and a manufacturer named Depenhauer he started in the balloon Stollwerk at 1 o'clock on a cloudy afternoon. The balloon flew one mile almost straight upward into the thick of a storm. Wolff, fearful of the strong winds and hail around him, decided to make a landing as soon as possible.

"There was nothing but woods and woods under us," he said, subsequently. "The balloon descended with violent rapidity. I finally discovered a little clearing on a steep mountain side and prepared to anchor. The balloon descended more slowly, and the people who had observed us hurried together underneath to help us land. I drew the ventilator a little further open and motioned to Schmitz to get out. Depenhauer alighted, and all was well, when suddenly a whirlwind struck us. A terrible jerk sends me on my back in the car. I jumped up to find all things swimming down, down below me, and two men clinging helplessly to the edge of the car. I catch the nearest one, a peasant who tried to assist in the landing. Too late! His strength is gone; he lets go, and I hear with horrible distinctness the muffled thud of his body on the ground.

"My heart sickens, but I rally to save my friend Schmitz, who still sticks to the car's side. Already the clouds are sinking beneath us. We are at least two miles above the earth. I try to raise Schmitz into the car, but he has sunk so far down from the edge that I can hardly grasp his wrists, and he is too weak to make an effort for himself. Both of us groan our despair, for all seems over. Slowly and painfully I raise him a little, set my teeth in the back of his coat, and endeavor to bind him fast with the storm line. A few moments drag by in hope and despair, and I finally succeed in fastening the rope under his arms and in tying him so to the car. There is no safety in the device, however, for were Schmitz to lose consciousness for an instant his body would relax and he would slip away. I call to him, 'Spread out your arms! Spread out your arms!' I hear his body move in response to my admonition, but his voice is lost to me.

"All this has occupied twenty-five minutes, and we have in the meantime been slipping upward. Everything now depends on our making a quick landing. I draw open the valve, and we begin falling. We plunge into a great storm. The balloon spins around in circles, and sways about like a drunken man. Rain, hail, thunder, and lightning sweep over us. The balloon reels so that I must lie on my face to remain in the car.

"Peter! Peter!" I call to my friend. "Hold fast! Only hold fast!"

"No response, for he cannot hear me. The agitation of the balloon has loosened the rope and he has sagged back again, down the side of the car, so I can see only his finger tips on the edge. I creep to the side of the car, seize his right wrist with my left hand, and with my right hand and teeth I tug at the valve.

"I cannot hold out longer," comes in a weak voice from Schmitz, "I am slipping away."

"One minute, only a minute more," I cry back, "and we will be there."

"The nearer we come to the ground, however, the more violent becomes the oscillation of the balloon. Finally we slip over a house, a barn, and drop like a shot to the ground."

"Let go," I shout to Schmitz, "and jump away from the anchor."

"He obeys and the balloon, 195 pounds lighter, soars upward. I pull at the valve with all my strength till the anchor catches a small tree. But the tree gives way, and with the rebound the car springs up to the balloon, and for a moment I hang on almost by my teeth. The anchor catches again in a tree. Again a jerk, a crack, a rebound, and I am tossed about like a ball. Once more the anchor catches. I find myself just above the top of a dense old cedar. Head first I dive into the branches and fall from bough to bough till I reach the ground. The anchor rattles near me. Another tree breaks, and the balloon sails off to the northeast.

"I had landed near Clive. In an hour I had the whole neighborhood out looking for Schmitz. He was not to be found. 'Dead,' I thought, as I limped painfully along between two peasants in the direction of the Overath railway station. Presently a group of men and women hurried toward us from a side street. Three of them were half carrying a man. I hastened to them as rapidly as I could, and had Schmitz in my arms.

"To-day my head is dense and weighty. Every bone in my body aches and pulsates.

I cannot sleep, and I have no peace, since I can get no news of the poor peasant who fell a sacrifice to his willingness to help me."

**Prince Bismarck and the Newspapers.**

In one of his latest interviews, Prince Bismarck expresses both surprise and scorn that certain newspapers that had always been ready to dance to his music while he was Chancellor, and could hardly find words to express their high appreciation of him, had utterly neglected him since he had retired to private life. He looked upon this change of tune as a mournful sign of modern degeneracy and an example of ingratitude almost beyond belief. The fact that these newspapers were sycophants, and that it is the nature of sycophants to worship the rising sun, seems to have dawned upon the ex-Chancellor all at once. It has come upon him in conjunction with other painful truths so numerous and startling that he has not yet had time to digest them all. They are pretty well catalogued in the *Fortnightly Review* for August. The manifold tyrannies, blunders, and untruths of which he has been guilty in his domestic policy are there set out in a cold but unmasterly way. The Bismarckian policy towards the press is sketched in colors which sufficiently account for the hasty desertion by the editors of the dispenser of the "reptile fund," which he had no longer the means of satisfying their cravings. In the settlement of the affairs of Hanover, after the war of 1866, the King of that country was allowed the capital sum of \$12,000,000, the interest of which at 4 per cent. was to be paid to him by Prussia annually. In return for this the King was to return to the treasury the sum of 10,000,000 in State bonds which he had taken with him in his flight. He complied with his share of the contract, but no sooner had he done so than Bismarck declared that the ex-King of Hanover was engaged in a conspiracy against Prussia, and was forming a Hanoverian legion in France, and that it was necessary to deprive him of the means of paying his forces. He therefore asked that the Hanoverian or Guelph Fund, as it was called, should be placed at the disposal of the Government (that is of himself), in order to "hunt these reptiles into their holes." He observed also that absolute secrecy was necessary to enable the Government to carry out its purposes with the reptiles. A bill was passed accordingly, and in this manner the sum of nearly \$500,000 per year was put in Bismarck's hands to be used without any public accounting. It soon became known that it was used for corrupting the press. The *Frankfort Zeitung*, having given a hint of this, was proscribed and condemned; the witnesses whom he called, being officials, were not allowed to testify. It is not difficult to understand why the implicated newspapers turned so suddenly from the setting to the rising sun. With one word the new government could blast their characters for ever. By lifting a corner of the veil it could expose them to public contempt as partakers of the Reptile Fund.

**Joseph Chamberlain and Behring Sea.**

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who is visiting friends in Massachusetts, has been credited by rumor with being an unofficial representative of the British Government, charged with a mission connected with the Behring Sea controversy. Rumor is often wrong, and it may have only assumed that a man who is socially very popular in the United States and politically an ally of the Salisbury cabinet in England, would be charged to use his popularity to obtain those closer interviews with the Washington Government which cannot always be accorded to publicly appointed diplomats. Mr. Chamberlain has been interviewed, and spoke simply as an English public man to whose opinions importance naturally attaches. While he agrees with the readily expressed opinion that the whole controversy is unworthy of a quarrel between England and the United States, he is too familiar with history and public affairs to regard it as of no importance. Many public men on both sides of the Atlantic dismiss the Behring Sea issue as a trifle scarcely worth the diplomatic ink expended in despatches. Mr. Chamberlain, however, points out clearly enough that nothing can be said to be of little importance which might by any possibility lead to war. Wars, as he truly says, are occasioned by slight and unintended irritations. A hot tempered or indiscreet officer on either side may bring about a collision, striking a spark which, fanned by the excited public opinion of two proud nations, will spread into war despite all that diplomats and statesmen may do to prevent it. Mr. Chamberlain, if he is correctly reported, denies that Behring Sea can not be considered a closed Sea; and so long as the United States Government sticks to the

position it has taken, there must follow a succession of diplomatic standing offs. As the question is a vexatious one and full of the elements of possible danger, its early settlement should be hastened. It is too much to expect that either nation will wholly give way, but surely a compromise, just to each, is not impracticable.

**British Farmers Coming.**

The Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa, has arranged for a number of British tenant farmers' delegates to come to Canada as early as possible with a view of preparing a short report on the agricultural resources of the various provinces of the Dominion. It is proposed that one shall be selected to represent the North and the Midlands, one from Wales (who should be able to speak and write in the Welsh language), two from Scotland (one from the north and one from the south), and two from Ireland (one from the north and one from the south). Our Government will provide travelling facilities to and from the Dominion, and on the railways in Canada, as well as a reasonable sum for travelling expenses. On the return of the delegates they will be expected to prepare short reports, which will be published at the expense of the Government. Only six gentlemen can be selected to come out this year. The exchange of courtesies and manifestation of good feeling between the British and Canadian farmers will have its good effects. The Dominion agriculturists will learn from the British farmer in many points not a little, in return for the hospitality which we are proposing thus in the best spirit to show to him. There is in this design, of course - that is quite manifest - no element of statecraft: it is purely an effort to benefit agriculture, by making the best methods widely known, to advertise the country, and to extend the influence of practical experience.

Castles in the air do not bring in any rent.

Orsamen and canocists all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, keeps the throat moist.

**Toronto Veterinary Dental School, Limited**  
GEO. H. LUCAS, V.D., Principal.  
163 King St. W., Toronto.  
Session begins Oct. 1st.

**FREE**-In order to more fully introduce our Inhalation Treatment we will cure cases of Catarrh, Asthma or Bronchitis, free of all costs, for recommendations after cure. Poor or rich invited. Call or address Medicated Inhalation Co., 256 Church street, Toronto.

**COVERTON'S NIPPLE OIL.**  
For cracked or sore nipples, also for hardening the nipples before confinement. This Oil wherever used has been found superior to all preparations. One trial is sufficient to establish its merits. Price 25c. Should your druggist not keep it, enclose us the above amount and six cents for postage. C. J. COVERTON & CO., Druggists, Montreal.

**The Music Supply Association**  
Membership Fee \$1 per Year.  
All Sheet Music supplied to members at about one half usual prices. For particulars, address  
Music Supply Association,  
49 King St. W., Toronto.

**DR. JAMES' PILLS**  
Are the most effectual remedy in use for all Female Irregularities. They are small and pleasant to take. Price \$1 per box. Sent by mail on receipt of price  
James' Medicine Co., box 542, Toronto.

**USE HAIR MAGIC**  
For Your Hair.  
Dr. Dorenwend's German Hair Magic is an effectual cure for baldness, if only slightest chance of roots left, restores color and cur a dandruff. For saloetry where, ask your druggist for it. \$1 a bottle for \$3. Sent on receipt of price anywhere.  
A Dorenwend, Sole Manfr. Toronto, Can.

**A NOVEL OF OUT-DOOR LIFE**  
In Town and Country Libraries.

**Geoffrey Hamstead**  
BY A NEW CANADIAN  
**THOMAS STEWART**  
12mo. Pp. 320.  
A novel with a interest. Every come the graphic and yachting and the St. Lawrence.  
**D. APPLE**  
1, 3 and 5

FOR THE  
**Handkerchief,**  
THE  
**Toilet**  
AND  
**The Bath.**  
Beware of Counterfeits.  
**MURRAY & LANMAN'S**  
**Florida Water.**  
*The Universal Perfume.*

**Burdock BLOOD BITTERS**  
WILL CURE OR RELIEVE  
BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, INDIGESTION, JAUNDICE, ERYSIPELAS, SALT RHEUM, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE,  
DIZZINESS, DROPSY, FLUTTERING OF THE HEART, ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, DRYNESS OF THE SKIN,  
And every species of disease arising from disordered LIVER, KIDNEYS, STOMACH, BOWELS OR BLOOD.  
**T. MILBURN & CO.,** Proprietors, TORONTO.

**Consumption Cured**  
**Canabis Sativa Indian Remedy**  
SEND FOR TESTIMONIALS.  
**DAN TAYLOR & CO.,**  
133 YONGE ST., Toronto  
AGENTS FOR CANADA.

**DR. JAMES' PILLS**  
Are the most effectual remedy in use for all Female Irregularities. They are small and pleasant to take. Price \$1 per box. Sent by mail on receipt of price  
James' Medicine Co., box 542, Toronto.

**USE HAIR MAGIC**  
For Your Hair.  
Dr. Dorenwend's German Hair Magic is an effectual cure for baldness, if only slightest chance of roots left, restores color and cur a dandruff. For saloetry where, ask your druggist for it. \$1 a bottle for \$3. Sent on receipt of price anywhere.  
A Dorenwend, Sole Manfr. Toronto, Can.

**A NOVEL OF OUT-DOOR LIFE**  
In Town and Country Libraries.

**Geoffrey Hamstead**  
BY A NEW CANADIAN  
**THOMAS STEWART**  
12mo. Pp. 320.  
A novel with a interest. Every come the graphic and yachting and the St. Lawrence.  
**D. APPLE**  
1, 3 and 5

HE TRIED TO KILL THE CZAR.

A TALK WITH BEREZOWSKI IN HIS LONELY PACIFIC HOME.

The World Knew Him for a Day When He Shot at Alexander II. In the Bois de Boulogne—Now Living in Exile in a Cabin on an Island—He Writes to the Present Czar and Gets a Kind Reply.

In a little thatched hut far away in the Pacific Ocean an elderly man leads an almost solitary existence. For a week, in 1867, his name was in the mouth of the world. He was the patriotic Poleander who, fired by the sufferings of his countrymen, and burning to avenge the wrongs, attempted to kill Alexander II., Emperor of Russia, while his Majesty was the guest of Napoleon III., at the Paris Exposition that year. The man is Berezowski, and both he and his crime are now well nigh forgotten. The sensational episode has, however, been recalled by the fact that Mr. F. Ordinaire, a correspondent of Le Figaro, who has written a long illustrated article on New Caledonia for that journal, tells of an interesting interview he had with Berezowski in his secluded home and illustrates the talk with a picture of the would-be regicide as he sits with his dog in front of his humble cottage.

One day during the Czar's visit to Paris he was driving in the Bois de Boulogne surrounded by his escort when a young man rushed toward the carriage, and, before he could be prevented, levelled a pistol at the Emperor's head. Perhaps his failure to hit the imperial target was due to the fact that he was running when he fired. At any rate the Emperor, though very badly frightened, of course, was not harmed, and amid the greatest excitement and uproar the man who tried to kill him was seized and hurried off to jail.

It was a lucky escape for the Czar, but it spoiled his visit to Paris. Amid the pageants and festivities that Napoleon III. had prepared in honor of his illustrious guest, the Czar left Paris forever and hurried back to his capital.

Many of the French assert that this second attempt to assassinate the Emperor of Russia had a profound effect upon the history of France. They say that Napoleon III. expected at this meeting to form a close alliance with Russia, and that his plan was defeated by the sensational episode that led to the Czar's abrupt departure. The result, they say, was that the Czar became closely allied with William I. of Germany, and remained a mere spectator three years later when Germany had France at her feet humbled in the dust.

What occasioned Berezowski's attempt to kill the Czar? It happened to be the year that the last of the Polish insurrections was suppressed by Russia with a heavy hand. It was the year when the Polish Council of state was abolished in order that the administration of the conquered state might be fully assimilated to that of Russia. It was the year when the Russian language was forced upon Poland, an act that the proud and patriotic Polanders regarded as a cruel outrage. His native land was growing under the Russian yoke, and Berezowski determined to avenge her wrongs upon the potentate whom he regarded as chiefly responsible for them.

He failed, and that fact saved his own life. He occupied only a few hours, and it was over he knew that the next morning he would bear him away to a remote tropical island. There he spent the next twenty-two years. For a long time he was kept a close prisoner of labor, but, as his behavior improved, he was finally permitted to earn his distance from the big prison by his entirely unconstrained life of a hermit.

Mr. Ordinaire, who has written a long illustrated article on New Caledonia for that journal, tells of an interesting interview he had with Berezowski in his secluded home and illustrates the talk with a picture of the would-be regicide as he sits with his dog in front of his humble cottage.

The hut was very scantily furnished, and a single room served the owner as workshop, bedchamber and dining room. Berezowski's blue eyes had a rather vague and preoccupied expression. They seemed not to see what was right before them, but rather to seek the distant horizon through the open door.

"I no longer have any hope of going back to Europe," he said. "Amnesties and favors of all sorts seek out political prisoners and even common criminals here, but every one but my personal friends seems to have forgotten me in the cabin where you see me. The result is that long ago I resigned myself to the situation. If they were to tell me to-day, you may go back to France, I am not at all sure that I should avail myself of the privilege, I am acclimated here. Heat does not trouble me, and indeed is indispensable to my health. A colder climate would probably kill me.

"So I am resigned to my fate as an exile. My maize, my manioc, the milk of my cows supply my material needs, and I receive by every steamer the newspapers of my country and little sums of money which permit me to live in comparative comfort. However, I should like to know if you can tell me whether it is the French or the Russian Government that opposes my liberation?"

"You must know," replied Mr. Ordinaire, "that your attempt against the Czar had the effect to throw Russia into the arms of Germany, and that our disasters in 1870 were almost the immediate consequence of the friendship of those two countries."

"Is that so?" remarked Berezowski. "When I shot at the Emperor I certainly did not foresee the gravity of my action from the international point of view of which you speak. My only thought was to avenge Poland and call the world's attention to her terrible wrongs."

"I do not think the present Czar bears me any ill will. A while ago I elaborated some plans that had long been in my mind for digging a canal to connect St. Petersburg with Siberia. I sent them to Alexander III. and after a while I got an official letter from St. Petersburg saying that the Czar had examined my plans and thanked me for my courtesy. There was nothing in the letter to indicate that he had any recollection of the shot I fired in 1867."

The interviewer says he could hardly repress a smile. Berezowski does not appear to have told him how he proposed to carry his wonderful canal over the enormous mass of the Ural mountains.

"There is one thing," continued Berezowski, "that interests me a good deal more than the question of my return to Europe. I should like to know what has become of the fund of 100,000 francs that was raised for me by subscription in France."

Mr. Ordinaire says he did not succeed in convincing the exile that this fund existed only in his imagination, and that all the money that had been raised for him was a few francs to present him with a handsome revolver. The man believes he has been robbed by unscrupulous Polanders to whom was committed in trust a fund raised for his benefit.

The impression made by the interview was that Berezowski is not entirely in his right mind, and that is probably the case with a large proportion of the men who attempt to right the wrongs of society by killing kings.

Brain Grafting.

Attempts have been made to graft nearly all the different tissues of the body. Skin, bone, teeth, muscles, nerves, glands, eyes, mucous membrane, etc., have all been grafted with more or less success, but successful brain grafting has heretofore been performed. It occurred to Dr. Thompson recently, while studying cerebral localization in the lower animals, that it would be interesting to graft a piece of brain tissue from one side of a dog's brain to the other, or from one animal's brain into another's and study its vitality. He secured a large dog and performed his experiment. A half inch trephine was used, and a button of bone was cut nearly through over the left occipital region, leaving a small attached margin so that the button could be elevated and then depressed like a trap door. Through the opening the brain tissue was removed. A cat was similarly treated, and in eight seconds a portion of its brain tissue was grafted to the opening in the dog's head. The result of the experiment favors brain tissue has sufficient vitality to survive for seven weeks the transplantation without wholly losing its brain substance, and a portion for further research.

MYSTERIES OF THE PACIFIC.

Interesting Evidences of a Civilization of Great Antiquity.

Modern science, which has brought to light buried Troy, revealed the place of ancient Babylon, untombed the mummy of the Pharaoh of Moses, and constructed something of a history for the Aztecs and the mound builders, stands baffled before the mysterious ruins of the Pacific sea islands.

Kusaie, otherwise known as Strong Island, of the Caroline archipelago, with a circumference of fifty miles, is covered with massive ruins of remote date. They bear the outlines of fortifications and are built of stones ten feet long, duly squared on six sides of a geological formation not met with on the island.

Ascension Island, known also as Panape, is larger than Kusaie, possesses similar ruins, but much larger. In one place remains a wall 300 feet long and 30 feet high, forming a court.

Little Easter Island, on the eastern outskirts of Polynesia, has no running water, no trees, nothing to attract inhabitants. Yet this island is peopled by Polynesians of the fair type, such as are found far away in the Society Islands, and is covered with remains of a prehistoric civilization of which every record but that of stone has perished.

At the southwest end of the island there are to be found the ruins of nearly a hundred stone houses, built in regular lines and facing the sea. The wall of these houses are five feet thick and over five feet high, built of layers of flat stones, and lined inside with flat slabs. Internally the houses measure about forty feet long by thirteen feet wide, and they are roofed over with slabs overlapping like tiles. The inside walls are painted in three colors—red, black, and white with figures of birds and mystic beasts and faces, and geometrical figures. In one of these houses was found a curious stone statue, eight feet high, and weighing about four tons, which is now in the British museum.

The sea cliffs near this ancient settlement are carved into grotesque shapes not unlike the paintings on the walls, and the coast is marked with hundreds of these sculptures.

Again, on each headland of the island there is an enormous stone platform, built of heavy blocks of great size, fitted together without cement. They are built on sloping ground, presenting on the seaward side a wall face twenty or thirty feet high and two or three hundred feet long, and on the landward side a wall of about three feet in height, rising from a levelled terrace.

Upon these platforms are stone pedestals, which have supported images, and on some broken figures remain. On one platform fifteen images were found, in size ranging from three to thirty-five feet in height. They are of human shape, representing the upper part of the body only, with arms and

hands close to the sides. The heads are cut flat to allow of crowns being placed on them, which crowns seem to have been made, not of the same material as the statues, but of red tufa. This has been traced to an extinct crater within a few miles of the houses, and on the brink of this crater a large number of crowns were found, finished and ready for removal before some strange fits deposed the island of these ancient worshippers.

The images themselves are made of gray lava which is only found at quite another crater at the other end of the island. At this crater—called Otouli—there are several finished and partly finished images, just as they were left by the workmen. The head of one of these measures twenty feet from the nape of the neck to the crown. The faces of the images have well-defined features, with thin lips, broad noses, expanded nostrils, and a general disdainful expression. It is believed, from the appearance of the eye-sockets, that obsidian eye-balls were intended to be inserted. The ears are very carefully carved, and are prominent.

There are also, in different parts of the island, wooden tablets covered with curious carvings and strange hieroglyphics, which no one can explain.

At Opara, or Rapaiti, Capt. Vane Hall found a temple, or castle, in five stages, surrounded by walls which inclose stone houses, and also square platforms of stone on the sides of one of the hills, similar to those on Easter Island. This isle is 2,000 miles from Panape, but the inhabitants of the latter say their ancestors came from Opara.

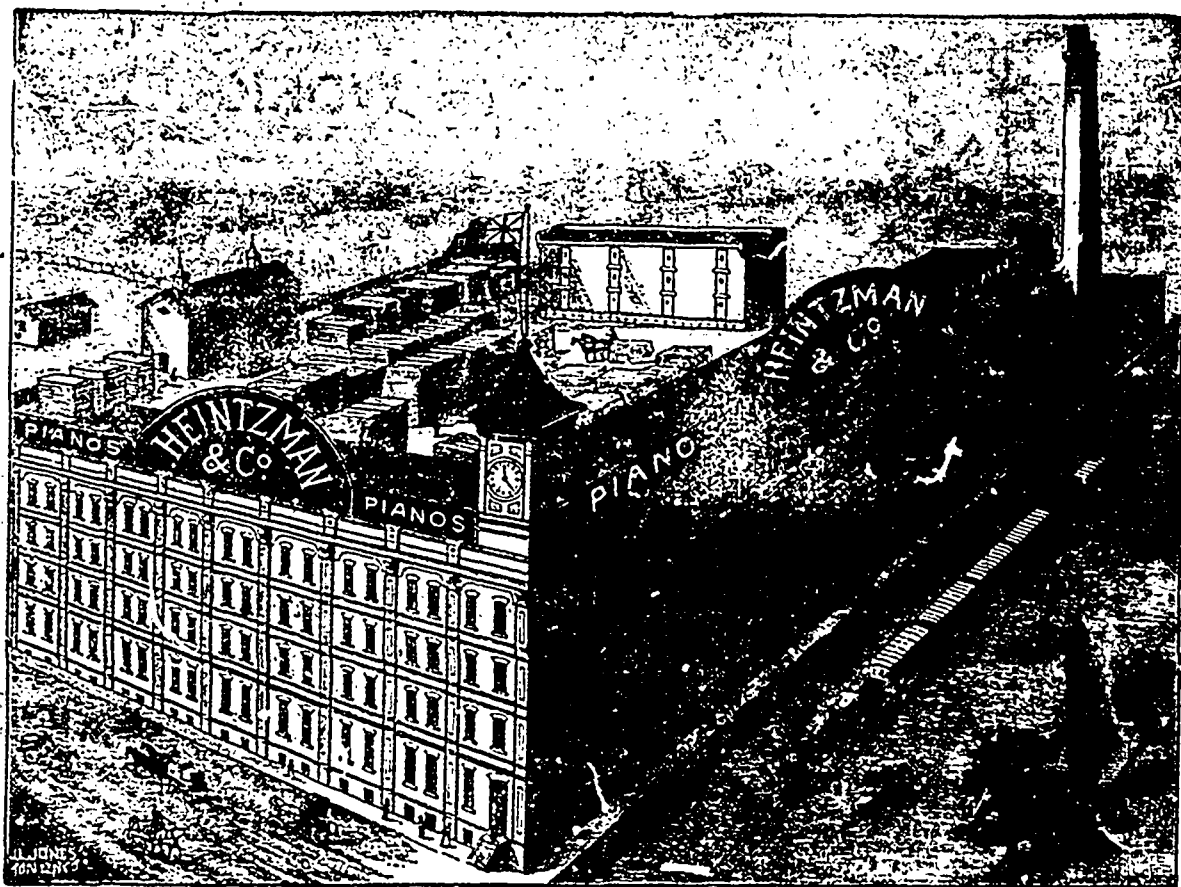
Who were these ancient people? The ruins presents an antiquity equal to that of the pre-historic civilization of America. The present inhabitants are simply tattooed savages. The ancient race possessed intelligence far beyond anything now found in the Pacific; had ideas of architecture, sculpture, painting, and engineering and an elaborate religion. Archaeologists and ethnologists have given us no light yet. The mystery of the Pacific awaits solution.

Advertisement for Nervous Debility treatment, listing symptoms like falling memory, lack of energy, and physical decay, with contact information for J. E. Hazelton.

Large advertisement for James Pyle's Pearline Washing Compound, featuring an illustration of hands and text: 'All hands want Pearline—it's handy. Enables one pair of hands to do the work of several; millions of hands use it; millions more will when they learn its value.'

# Heintzman & Co

## -PIANO-FORTE-



## MANUFACTURERS

Send For Illustrated Catalogue

Factory

West Toronto Junction

115

# DRUGGISTS, Wholesale and Retail Manufacturers of **C. C. C.**

Best remedy for Coughs, Colds and Hoarseness.  
23 Taft's Ammaline, sure and positive cure for  
Asthma and Bronchitis.  
Flexoderma, sure cure for Chapped Hands, etc.  
Puro Drugs, 20 per cent. cheaper by buying  
from us. Write us for particulars.

**R. O. SNIDER & CO**  
St. Lawrence Market, Toronto.

**Dr. Frank J. Stowe, Dentist,**  
111 Church Street, Toronto.  
My new invention Teeth inserted removable  
without plates. Numerous Testi-  
monials.

**J. G. ADAMS & SON,**  
DENTISTS,  
346 YONGE ST. Entrance on Elm St  
J. G. ADAMS, L.D.S. J. ADAMS, D.D.S., L.D.S

**WM. MILLS, L.D.S., D.D.S.,  
DENTIST,**  
North Cor. of Yonge and Albert Streets.  
Entrance 4 Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

**POSTAGE STAMPS**—Will pay cash for an old  
collection or for good  
specimens of the early Canadian issues.  
20 Wellington St. E., Toronto.

**12** BEAUTIFUL Chinese Handkerchiefs,  
with colored borders, very elegant; also  
a genuine Asiatic Folding Fan—hand  
painted and very artistic. All by mail  
25 cents (stamps or silver.) Address Canadian  
Novelty Co., Montreal, Q.

**V. P. HUMPHREY**  
Leading Undertaker & Embalmer  
**309 Yonge St.**  
Directly opposite Agnes street.  
Telephone 1414.

**W. H. STONE,  
UNDERTAKER,  
YONGE 349 STREET**  
Opp Elm Street. Telephone 932.

**STONE & SON  
UNDERTAKERS**  
6239 Yonge St  
PHONE 931

**The Accident & S. Co.  
OF NORTH AMERICA.**

**THE OLD AND RELIABLE  
HOME COMPANY.**  
Responsible and Jones, - Gen'l Agents  
The failed BUILDING, cor. King and Bay St.,  
Toronto, Ont. Telephone No. 1067.

**Parisian Hand Laundry**  
Building called for regularly and  
class work guaranteed.  
Telephone 1493.

**WEST EAST, TORONTO.**  
Proprietors  
distance from  
he is entirely  
of a Bill M  
men patches  
of a Bill M  
of a Bill M

**ES!**  
The only  
of a Bill M  
of a Bill M  
of a Bill M

**ES!**  
The only  
of a Bill M  
of a Bill M  
of a Bill M

**ES!**  
The only  
of a Bill M  
of a Bill M  
of a Bill M

**ES!**  
The only  
of a Bill M  
of a Bill M  
of a Bill M

# Trowern,



**Jewellery Manufacturer**  
—AND—  
**WATCHMAKER,**  
REMOVED TO  
**113 KING ST. WEST.**

4 Doors East of Rossin House.

**Every Lady and Every Cook**  
should investigate the merits of  
the Arnold Automatic Steam  
Cooker and Coffee Pot, which  
are rapidly finding a place in  
many kitchens throughout the  
Dominion. Why? Because they  
reduce good cooking to simple-  
ity and certainty. Prices \$1.50  
to \$5. Delivered free anywhere  
in the Dominion. Send for Catalogue. Retail-  
ers: Gros. 323 and 331 Yonge St., Toronto.

**A. MacArthur**  
101 and 103 Farley Ave.  
**COAL & WOOD.**  
AT BOTTOM PRICES.  
101 & 103 Berkeley St.  
Telephone 514

## THE GLORY OF MAN STRENGTH VITALITY



**How Lost! How Regained,**  
**KNOW THYSELF.**  
THE SCIENCE OF LIFE  
A Scientific and Standard Popular Medical Treatise  
on the Errors of Youth, Premature Decline, Nervous  
and Physical Debility, Impurities of the Blood.

## EXHAUSTED VITALITY UNTOLD MISERIES

Resulting from Folly, Vice, Ignorance, Excesses or  
Overtaxation, Encouraging and undoing the victim  
for Work, Business, the Married or Social Relation.  
Avoid unskillful pretenders. Possess this great  
work. It contains 200 pages, royal 8vo. Beautiful  
binding, embossed, full gilt. Price only \$1.00 by  
mail, postpaid, concealed in plain wrapper. Illus-  
trated Prospectus Free, if you apply now. The  
distinguished author, Wm. H. Parker, M.D., re-  
ceived the GOLD and JEWELLED MEDAL  
from the National Medical Association for  
this PRIZE ESSAY on NERVOUS and  
PHYSICAL DEBILITY. Dr. Parker and a corps  
of Assistant Physicians may be consulted, confi-  
dentially, by mail or in person, at the office of  
**THE PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE,**  
No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass., to whom all  
orders for books or letters for advice should be  
directed as above.

## CAMERAS!

**ARTIST CAMERAS!**  
**DEFECTIVE CAMERAS!**  
**COMPLETE OUTFITS**  
LENSES, SHUTTERS, DRY PLATES, CHEMICALS.  
New Catalogue free on application.

**ISAY & CO**  
GREET TORONTO.

**PEOPLE**  
Cure Compulsory  
LENE TABLETS  
small, scrutable.  
HEALTH  
Particular English  
CALIBRE  
New York.

## 5¢ For five cents (stamps or silver) to pay postage, etc. I will send you FIVE a Royal Package, of great value, which I send ON TO PORTLAND Arthur Labelle, 185 St. John St., Montreal, P.Q.

**THROAT AND LUNGS.**  
Consumption and Asthma, and all diseases of  
the air passages, treated successfully by Inhal-  
ation of Oxygenized Air and Medicated Vapors.  
Nervous Debility, Impotency, Catarrh and all  
diseases of the urinary organs permanently  
cured in a few days. Consultation free. Call  
or address  
**DR. PHILLIPS,**  
78 Bay Street, Toronto.

**WM. MUNRO & SON,**  
Builders and Contractors.  
**Doors, Sash and Blinds**  
TELEPHONE 1811.  
69 Adelaide St. W., and 12 & 14 Pearl St.

**PENNYROYAL WAFERS.**  
Prescription of a physician who  
has had a life-long experience in  
treating female diseases. Is used  
monthly with perfect success by  
over 10,000 ladies. Pleasant, safe,  
effective. Ladies ask your drug-  
gist for Pennyroyal Wafers and  
take no substitute, or inclose pos-  
tage for sealed particulars. Sold by  
all druggists, \$1 per box. Address:  
**THE EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., Detroit, Mich.**

**DYE WORKS.**  
Gentlemen's - Summer - Suits  
Overcoats, Ladies' Dress Goods,  
Jackets, etc.,  
Cleaned or Dyed First-Class.  
Also Ostrich Feathers and Kid Gloves, etc.  
—AT—  
**A. JAMES, 153 Richmond W., Toronto**

Registered at  
110a. TORONTO Hon. G. W. ALLAN,  
President.

**CONSERVATORY  
OF MUSIC**  
Over 1,200 pupils last three years.  
Fall Term Begins Monday, 1st September  
Send for 90 page calendar containing an-  
nouncements for coming season.  
**EDWARD FISHER, Musical Director.**  
Cor. Yonge Street and Willon Avenue, Toronto.

**Who Reads Truth?**  
Boys, Girls, Young Men or Women, or to  
every subscriber who will take the pains to  
write us during the next thirty days and give  
the number of members of their family who are  
regular readers of this paper we will send by  
mail a pack of HIDDEN NAME CARDS, and  
our 100 engraved picture catalogue. All sent  
free of charge.  
**A. W. KINNET, Yarmouth, N.S.**

**CURLINE**  
Dorenwend's New Discovery.  
Sales Immense.  
Every Lady Delighted.  
This new discovery curls,  
crimps and frizzes the hair  
quickly, and its effects are  
lasting, often for weeks. No  
sticky, oily or injurious pro-  
perties. Gives lustre and  
beauty to the hair. Sold by  
all druggists, or sent on receipt  
of price, 50c, 10c extra by mail  
**A. DORENWEND,**  
Sole Manufacturer for Canada  
and United States.  
**PARIS HAIR WORKS,**  
63 & 105 Yonge Street, Toronto.

**AUXILIARY  
PUBLISHING  
COMPANY,**  
78 to 81 Adelaide St. W.,  
TORONTO, ONTARIO.

The ONLY Company in the Dominion  
Making a SPECIALTY of the  
Ready-Print Business.  
Country Publishers Save 33.3 Per Cent  
by getting their Half-Prints  
from us.  
Estimates Furnished on Application  
Special Transportation Rates with Ex-  
press and Railway Companies.



**Full Set (4 magnificent portraits (14 colors)  
of Beautiful Women! New goods, cabinet sizes,  
ALL CLEAR. Just imported from Europe. LATEST  
PARISIAN FASH. By mail (sealed) 25 cts.  
stamps or silver. Canadian Novelty Co.,  
Montreal, P.Q.**

**THE YORKVILLE LAUNDRY,**  
43 ELM STREET.  
**W. D. PALSER, Proprietor.**  
All kinds of Laundry work well and promptly  
executed. Parcels sent for and returned to any  
part of the city. Telephone 1550.

**HOFLAND'S  
STEAM LAUNDRY,**  
435 Queen Street West, Toronto  
Two doors East of Spadina Avenue.  
Best work in the West and guaranteed.  
Parcels sent for and delivered.

**Orange Blossom**  
DR. J. A. MCGILL'S Celebrated Specific is the  
only sure and safe remedy for all Female Weak-  
nesses and Troubles. It has caused a complete  
revolution in the treatment of Female Diseases.  
Be sure you get "ORANGE BLOSSOM." Trade  
Mark on every box. \$2 for one month's treat-  
ment. Sold wholesale and retail by MISS E.  
W. SMITH, General Agent, also agent for fam-  
ous LANGTRY LOTION, for the complexion,  
12 Gerrard Street West, Toronto, Ont.  
Orange Blossom sent to any address postpaid.

**FAIRCLOTH BROS.,**  
Interior Decorators.  
IMPORTERS OF  
**WALL PAPERS**  
Artists' Materials, etc.,  
Stained Glass for churches and private resi-  
dences. House Painting, Glazing, Paperhang-  
ing, Calcimine, etc. Estimates given.  
**10 SEYMOUR STREET,**  
Near Yonge Street, Toronto.

**R. JOYAN, PLUMBER**  
STEAM - AND - GAS - FITTER.  
BELL HANGING, ETC.  
Estimates Furnished.  
**641 Yonge St.**  
TELEPHONE 3359.

**MOTHS**  
25c  
Buy a Roll of the BEST  
Moth Preventative at  
**H. WILLIAMS & CO.,**  
4 ADELAIDE ST. EAST.

**SLATE AND FELT ROOFERS**  
MANUFACTURERS & DEALERS IN  
Roofing Materials, Building and  
Carpet Felts.  
Proprietors of Williams' Flat Slate Roof,  
the Best Roof for Flat Surfaces, being smooth  
and durable. Pavement with Trinidad Asphalt,  
the Best for Floors, Walks, Collars, etc.  
Do not use Coal Tar Materials and  
call it Asphalt.

**H. WILLIAMS & CO.,**  
4 ADELAIDE STREET, EAST, TORONTO.

**UMBRELLA  
RE-COVERED**  
while you wait  
with our SIKK  
that will not cut  
**EAST'S 336 YONGE ST.**  
TORONTO  
TELEPHONE 1178.