

TRUTH

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The demoralization of the building trades in Chicago, consequent upon the great strike of the carpenters in that city last month, has led the Chicago Graphic to propose that the Government shall pass a law requiring all such differences between employers and employees to be settled by an appeal to arbitration. The right of the State to interfere in such matters it bases on the ground that society may be, and often is injured by such a sudden cessation of work in any important industry, that this is a matter which concerns more than the employers and laborers who are the principal parties to the dispute. "The relations of employer and employee," says the Graphic, "are not only a matter of concern to themselves, but a matter of the greatest possible concern to the whole community. They are not a mere private interest, but a public interest, and it is only by adopting some method of preventing, not the success of strikers but the breaking out of strikes, that the public can be protected." The advantages to be derived from such an arrangement are, that strikes would become less frequent if both parties were under obligation to state their case before an impartial tribunal, and that, should a strike occur, the suspension of labor pending a settlement would not necessarily be of any considerable duration, and would not be attended with the demonstrations which so often characterize important strikes. The mere obligation to put their differences before such a tribunal, would have a tendency on the one hand to make employers more careful and considerate in the treatment of their workers, and on the other hand to deter the most self-respecting and intelligent of the working men from countenancing foolish demands, for the reason that it would be distasteful to either of them to see their conduct condemned by an impartial tribunal. Then, too, there would be no call for public processions or mass meetings or inflammatory harangues. The walking delegate, the demagogues, the instigators of discontent, the advocates of violence would find their occupations gone. The man who "works with his law" would be forced to work with his conscience. The employer who "grinds the face of the poor" would be required to pay a fair wage for an honest day's work. It would be both contestants on the same level, and a dispassionate and impartial tribunal would keep the scales of justice between capital and labor, and their quarrels to a minimum.

before precipitating that undesirable state of things known as a strike. But that the adoption of such a measure would prove all its advocates hope, or that it is the more excellent way to prevent these industrial contests, is open to serious question. The mere fact of being compelled to refer their disputes to arbitration has no power to beget a feeling of good-will between the parties concerned. And this is the sine qua non of a peaceful and permanently harmonious relation. A question, therefore, of greater importance than how to force employers and employees to settle their dispute, in case they cannot agree as to terms, is how to foster and develop a feeling of good-will between them, a feeling that would render a strike more ally impossible. In this connection if experience counts for anything it goes to show that this can be done, but that it can only be done by adopting some measure or system which will create the impression that there is on both sides a disposition to act justly towards each other. And just here the testimony of the Social Economy section of the great Exposition held in Paris last year is of very great advantage in showing what has already been done towards solving the difficult labor problem. The promoters of that section had taken for their motto: "To point out to masters and workmen who, so far, had done nothing, the example of those who know how to act, and had acted with success." By the authority of the Dominion Government Mr. Jules Helbronner, one of the commissioners of the Labor Commission created by the Government in 1886 to study the relations between capital and labor, was appointed to gather information bearing upon the social questions of the times. This Mr. Helbronner has done with great care and skill, and has presented the Canadian public with a large volume of facts and statistics which will prove of immense value to the citizen who would speak intelligently upon these burning questions.

In his report Mr. Helbronner gives special prominence to the system of "participation in profits" which he discusses at considerable length, introducing the testimony of many manufacturers and employers of labor who have adopted the system in their establishments. As an illustration of its working take the following case of Chaix Printing House, Paris, which is only one of forty-one similar accounts:

Profit-sharing is established in the house on the following basis: 15 per cent. of the net profits are divided among the participants in proportion to their wages; one-third of the share coming to each is paid in cash; 1/3 is paid to the Provident and Retiring fund, and can only be touched when the participant leaves the establishment; one-third is paid to the provident and retiring fund and can only be touched after 20 years' service, and at 60 years of age. The result gives an average of 6 per cent. on the wages, from 1872 to 1888. Besides the workmen's share there is also the apprentices'; they share in the profits realized on the work done by them. The proceeds are paid them when they finish their apprenticeship, and form an amount varying between \$100 and \$120.

Comparing the various accounts of the working of the system it is noticeable that no definite proportion of the net profits is considered essential to the working of the system. In some establishments it is more, in some less, ranging from 10 to 50 per cent. of the net profits. Nor are there any hard and fast conditions which must be met; each establishment being free to lay down conditions as one of the manufacturers says: "There is no one thing absolutely essential to the working of the system. Moreover, it is not necessary for the parties to speak in

the highest terms of the advantages of the system, how that while tending to induce greater economy and diligence on the part of the workmen—a state of things devoutly to be wished—it naturally begets an interest between employers and men in each other's welfare. Perhaps the system of profit-sharing is too young to absolutely pronounce in regard to it, being still in the experimental stage. But though it is not certain that its general introduction would usher in that golden age for which workmen long have sighed, it is hardly open to question that the system honestly worked would have a wonderful influence in preventing strikes, and in bringing master and men more nearly together in a bond of mutual respect and genuine good-will.

It may perhaps be necessary for the protection of the limbs and lives of the citizens that those, who having grown weary of the rate at which they have perambulated for a quarter of a century, less or more, have adopted the bicycle as a means of locomotion, shall be required "to ring a bell at a distance of twenty-five feet from any street crossing or intersection of streets which they may be approaching, and shall continue ringing such bell at short intervals until they have passed such crossing," but it is well nigh crazing to the man of sensitive nerves to contemplate the result when the army of bicyclist, which swarms on some of our principal streets set up their simultaneous ringing. If some means could be devised by which the discordant noises could be reduced to harmony the outlook would not be so alarming, but until some genius with a soul of music shall bless the world with such an invention the future for the Toronto citizen looks gloomy enough. Jesting aside, however, the proposed by-law would seem to be a necessity, as the recklessness of some bicyclists is a constant menace to the safety of pedestrians, while their impudent claim to right of way is to say the least very annoying. But now, limited to a maximum speed of six miles an hour, prohibited from riding along sidewalks or foot pavements, and compelled to signal their approach to any street crossing the danger from this source will be reduced to a minimum.

Though made up largely of statistics, which are proverbially dry, the City Treasurers estimates, as presented to the Council the other night, furnish interesting and instructive reading, and ought to be carefully studied by every citizen of Toronto. The estimates for the current year amount to over seven million dollars, being about half a million more than those of last year. To raise the amount for schools, police, and the amounts required by the various committees, such as water works, fire department, parks and gardens, markets and health, etc., a tax of 1 1/2 mills will be required. It is thought, however, that after the necessary pruning is over this rate will be reduced by at least two mills. Should this supposition be realized the rate of taxation this year will exceed that of last by only 1/3 of a mill, which will leave Toronto little to complain of on the score of taxation.

In preparing his budget, Treasurer Cody was led to state some interesting comparisons and items of information. The area of Toronto, he says, is 14,963 acres, or 23 3/5 square miles, about the same as the area of New York, with a population of 1,750,000, and larger than that of Chicago with a population approaching 1,000,000. The rate of taxation in 1880 was 17 mills on the dollar, including a rate of 2 mills, yielding \$100,000 for new roadways, sidewalks and

general street maintenance. Now there is 78 miles of cedar, stone and asphalt pavements and many miles of stone, etc., paid for by special assessment, maintenance of which, however, costs upwards of \$150,000 annually and is a charge upon the general taxation. The net debt of the city is at present \$12,875,521.00 which is but 8.4 per cent of the last assessment, while the debt at the close of 1879 was 11.1 per cent of the then assessment. It will thus be seen that though the debt has more than doubled within the last decade, owing to the phenomenal growth of the city whose assessment is now nearly three times what it then was, its financial condition has actually improved. And this notwithstanding the enormous outlays rendered necessary by the rapid growth of the city.

The theory of Prince Bismarck that the discontent of the masses in Russia and Germany is due to education is one that will hardly find many friends among the educated and intelligent classes. The ex-Chancellor says: "Over-education has led to much dissatisfaction and disappointment in Germany, but in Russia it has led to disaffection and conspiracy. There are ten times as many people educated for the higher walks as there are places to fill. Further, education is making pedantic theorists and visionaries unfit for constitutional government. It would be madness to put such men in authority. The Russians do not know yet what they want. They must therefore be ruled with a rod of iron." Prince Bismarck would have come nearer the truth if instead of condemning the quantity, he had found fault with the quality of the education. A course of instruction that begets an aversion to honest labor, however menial, or renders a man less capable to perform the duties of even manual callings is sadly deficient in character. Of such education it is not difficult to believe that it does harm. Probably the Russians and Germans have been cursed with instruction of this kind.

There is some probability that the increased duty of 30 per cent. on barley, proposed by the McKinley Tariff Bill, will not pass the Senate Finance Committee, owing to the opposition of the brewer's throughout the Union. These insist that the increase in the duty on barley to 30 cents will be very injurious to the American brewers, and that it can hardly fail to result in increasing the price of beer. The shrewd politicians who control the Senate Finance Committee know very well that beer will be drunk in that country whatever the tariff on barley may be, and they also know that it will not be to the benefit of the dominant party if the brewers shall increase the price of beer, and make it clearly appear that the Republicans' Congress are responsible for it. The representatives from the cities, especially those who have large German constitencies, have suggested to the Finance Committee that the American farmer has quite enough in the rest of the agricultural schedule, and that it will be expedient to give the brewers and the beer drinkers a chance. Should this clause be struck out of the bill it will be greatly to the advantage of the Canadian farmers, who saw in the increased duty on barley one of the most unfavorable features of the bill. No decision, however, has as yet been reached, either as to the proposition to reduce, or the rate if a reduction shall be agreed upon.

The French minority of the Manitoba legislature who opposed the passage of the bills abolishing the Separate Schools of the province, and providing for other education

al changes, have appealed to the Governor-General in Council against the said legislative action. Their memorial sets forth that the acts passed did not receive the consent of any of the Opposition, Roman Catholic or Protestant; that the said acts are contrary to the general policy of the Dominion Government and the welfare of the Dominion at large, violating one of the cardinal principles of Confederation; and humbly prays that his Excellency in Council may be pleased to take such action and grant such relief and remedy as may seem meet and just.

The suggestion of Prof. Goldwin Smith, who in the annual address before the Associated Charities Conference discussed Toronto's machinery for caring for her needy poor, is one that ought not to be carelessly passed by. It is that the Council appoint a regular City Relief Officer who shall be the centre and head of the charitable organizations of the city. Such an officer would always be on hand for cases of urgent need, such as will sometimes occur, also to refer applicants to the proper organization, to help wayfarers when needful on their way, to guide the unemployed to work, to keep a register of cases, and to make it his business to post himself in all that relates to the subject, and supply information and advice. He could also be invested with authority to take action in certain classes of cases—where removal to a lunatic asylum or to an infirmary is required, or when interference in a family is rendered necessary by parental worthlessness and neglect of duty. The Inspector of Police may already have the power, but he is hardly the proper functionary to deal with difficult and delicate cases of this kind. Then again this relief officer might be the channel through whom the charities soliciting public subscriptions should give their patrons an annual account of the manner in which they have expended the means entrusted to their care. Prof. Smith claims that the appointment of such an officer would not involve any great outlay, or indeed any great change in existing arrangements. It would only be necessary to make a moderate addition to the salary already paid to the officer who assists the Mayor in this department, allowing him also something for conveyance about the city, to open a regular office for him, and invest him with the requisite authority. The money consideration therefore ought not to stand in the way. Besides, the self-denying labors of those who are reaching out hands of pity to their suffering fellows, should be an additional argument with those in whose hands the appointment of such an officer lies. The character of their work entitles their proposition to the utmost respect and the most careful consideration.

Whether from too high living or too little exercise dependent saith not, but the latest report is, that the Czar is growing very fat, and that with his increasing obesity there is a corresponding increase in his natural indolence. So averse has he become to details connected with the affairs of state that many of his officials are said to have adopted the policy of saying in a word that all is going on smoothly and then going out and doing about as they please. Perhaps it is as well for the peace of Europe that the man in whose hands such power lies should be too indolent to stir up a strife which if once begun might outlive the present generation. If Europe's tranquility depends upon a continuance of his present condition, few will pray that the scales may be less severely strained when he steps upon them.

Opinions, no doubt, will differ as to the

propriety or impropriety of the action of the Guelph Methodist Conference re alleged Rationalistic teaching in Victoria College, Cobourg. The matter was too serious, and has gained too great publicity to allow to pass unnoticed. It was boldly stated in the public journals that Dr. G. C. Workman in his lecture before the Theological Union at Cobourg had asserted that there is no Messianic prophecy, direct or indirect, in the old Testament, and that the prophets did not possess the gift of prophecy except in the sense of foretelling present facts. This doctrine the Guelph Conference strongly condemned and called upon the college authorities to take such action as should place the matter in its true light before the public, and if necessary protect the students from teachings contrary to the doctrinal standards of the church. It is difficult to see how they could do anything less than they did, seeing that they did not know what Dr. Workman's own conference was likely to do in the matter. It seems, however, that the members of the Bay of Quinte Conference, to which Dr. Workman belongs, viewed the matter quite differently. The second paragraph of their resolution bearing on the case strongly censures the Guelph Conference for acting so rashly in the matter. It is not any part of TRUTH'S business to act as judge in the case, but admitting that the Guelph Conference erred in the method of procedure they have really conferred a benefit upon Dr. Workman, and have succeeded in forestalling any report calling in question the orthodoxy of Victoria's teaching staff. By this means Dr. Workman has had an opportunity of explaining his views which he confessed are new, and after due and careful investigation by a competent committee he has been endorsed by his Conference who found no grounds on which a charge of heresy could be reasonably brought against him, and who have no occasion to withdraw the confidence and esteem in which he has always been held and is still held by his brethren. Though the way chosen may not have been above censure, the end aimed at has been fully reached. And thus out of an apparent evil good has come.

A somewhat peculiar difficulty between the United States Immigration Department and the Cunard steamship company has grown out of the application of the contract labor law. Seven Belgian glass blowers, who had been brought over under contract to work in a factory at Glassboro, N. J., were passengers on the steamer Umbria. To allow them to remain in the country was not to be thought of, and the authorities proposed that the offending vessel should carry them back whence they came. This the steamship company refused to do; and it was not until after the Superintendent of Immigration threatened the company's agent with serious consequences if he persisted in his refusal that arrangements were made to take the obnoxious parties back again to Liverpool. The affair has created quite a feeling among the members of Congress where it was brought up for discussion the other day. There is some danger of a resort to harsh measures if the company continues to disregard the law. Assistant secretary Batcheler says, that unless the immigration laws are strictly observed the offending vessels will not be permitted to enter any United States ports. It is unfortunate that the Cunard or any other company should be disposed to set at naught the laws of the country with which they are trading. Though unreasonable and discourteous as this labor law appears to many, no good can result from its open violation.

Until the people of the United States themselves feel disposed to abrogate it, it is the dictate of wisdom for outsiders to recognize its force and submit to its requirements.

The utter indifference of some of our "city fathers" to the requirements of parliamentary debate is a matter very greatly to be regretted. From the freedom with which "lie," "confounded lie," etc., were bandied about the other night, one would suppose that the user of the choice expressions had been unfortunate in his early education, or had lived in too close proximity to the noisy scenes of Billingsgate. Come, Mr. Gillespie, purge your public vocabulary, lest you should put your beautiful city in the way of forfeiting her enviable reputation of "Toronto the Good."

The *World* asks: "Why should not those who offer to buy counterfeit money be arrested as well as those who offer to sell it? There is not a particle of difference between the two classes of people so far as honesty is concerned. Both are rogues, and one class is made up of fools as well." Well said. The discrimination ought never to have been made, and will pass away when men bring their reason to bear upon the moral judgments received by tradition from the fathers.

Though nothing certain as to what the harvest will be can be predicted at this early date, it is nevertheless a source of satisfaction to form estimates and speculate upon the present prospects. From nearly one hundred different neighborhoods, representing upwards of thirty counties of the Province of Ontario, reports have been received. On the whole the outlook is encouraging. Fall wheat in some sections has been affected unfavorably by the winter frosts and the recent rains, but on high ground gives promise of a good crop. Spring grains are generally fair and in some sections promise better than for many years. Potatoes and corn have been injured by the copious rains of the last few weeks. Fruits of all kinds are likely to be abundant. Hay in most sections is unusually heavy. Altogether there is good cheer for the Ontario toilers, while as to Manitoba the expectation is that the forthcoming harvest will exceed anything the country has ever known.

Latest advices from Japan go to show that the condition of things is not particularly assuring for the foreigners who have taken up their residence in the capital of the Flowery Kingdom. The excitement over the murder of Rev. T. A. Large was just dying out, when an incident occurred which has greatly aroused the rough student element of Tokio. A Rev. Mr. Summers was out driving with his wife, when they met the carriage of the dowager Empress, accompanied by her military escort. Now, it is the custom when a member of the royal family passes along the street for the people to uncover their heads. Mr. Summers observed the rule, replacing his hat, however, as soon as the carriage had passed. One of the rear escort, either supposing that he had not removed his hat or feeling vexed that he should have replaced it so soon, brought his lance in a line with the offending head gear, so that Mr. Summers was struck a severe blow on the head. The soldier was at once arrested and court-martialed. The affair was so reported as to give the students the impression that Mr. Summers had been guilty of an act of disrespect toward the Empress dowager. At once they became so hostile, and made such threats of violence that Mr. Summers became alarmed and left for England. The next day after Mr. Summers' departure, a Rev. Mr. Imbrey, while witnessing a friendly game of baseball between the students of two of the universities, innocently stepped up over a low fence into the field. He was set upon by the rough students and beaten.

head and body and sustained injuries and knife cuts about the head. Whereunto this opposition will grow it is difficult to say. What makes the situation more serious is, that the students show no fear of the police.

That poor deceased wife's sister is a greatly persecuted creature and an object of pity. What with the harsh and ungenerous treatment she periodically receives at the hands of the nation's lords and noblemen, and what with the condemnation that is from time to time heaped upon her by the Supreme Councils of these religious bodies that are opposed to her on principle, her lot is truly a hard one and it would not be surprising if she should become desperate and conclude that life is not worth living. Whether time will work any amelioration of her condition is a question upon which opinion is divided. Taking the history of her case as a basis for judgment there is reason to conclude that though delayed for a time deliverance will come. Her friends are more numerous than once they were. There is no reason why she should give up hope though for the present she may occasionally stand in the way of efficient Christian workers (who have been so indiscreet as not to direct their affections aright) from laboring in connection with the church of their choice. The night is far spent, the day is at hand.

It is not often that a message of friendly greeting brings on "a passage at arms" between members of the two bodies concerned. Such was the case last week, however. The Woman's Enfranchisement Convention and the Provincial Medical Convention happened to be in session in this city at the same time. With characteristic courtesy and kindness the ladies sent their greetings to the followers of Esculapius. The courtesy was about to be recognized in the spirit in which it was sent, when one of the Medicos, whose moral sensibility had been previously outraged by the tactics employed by the local Enfranchisement Association, objected to any reply such as might be construed by the ladies into an endorsement of their purposes and plans. He gave as a reason that the association had been guilty of distributing literature "containing sentiments utterly subversive of mortality." Of course, no person who has any knowledge of female nature would expect the ladies to swallow such a pill in silence. Nor did they. When it became known among them what had been charged, there was great indignation, and Dr. Hannah Kimball, of Chicago, a delegate to the Convention, undertook to reply. She said:

"I solemnly affirm that only in the course of my medical education, and in the four years of that course which I spent in colleges devoted to the education of men in medicine, and that, too, from chains dealing with the closest relations of the sexes, and the outcome of these relations, have I ever heard the so-called free love doctrine, not only advocated, but by means taught for its perpetuation. In men's medical schools only have I been so instructed and by no other association."

Not having a copy of the pamphlet in question, and having never listened to the teaching which Dr. Kimball received, I am not in a position to express an opinion regarding the consistency of the male lecturing the ladies about "desecrating foundations of public morality." If it is, however, it is very important that the Women's Enfranchisement Association would countenance any measure of immorality. The leaders of the association are well-known citizens of Toronto, and their endorsement of the same is something to be noted.

Truth's Contributors.

A STUDY IN INSECT PHRENOLOGY.

BY PROFESSOR G. G.—1890.

In the few years last past the science of Phrenology has made wonderful strides. It has been applied to matrimony in the way of aiding you to choose a congenial partner of your bosom—one whose temper will "com-pat," as it were, with your own. This is why it is so hated and held up to public scorn by the legal profession. Persons phrenologically mated furnish no business for the divorce courts. By it you can select your self, for the benefit of mankind, as the raw material for a doctor or a lawyer or a preacher or a President of the United States. It is now known that your bumps and your temperament indicate what you ought to eat, drink, breathe and wear. This accounts for the unprincipled opposition of the medical profession. No doctors are fed by those who feed and dress and so forth after the dictates of their own bumps.

Very recently it has been discovered that the brute-beasts can be selected for any special use by Phrenology. You can pick out dogs that will bark in the night when your enemy wants to sleep; and mules that will buck; and horses that will either run away or balk, as you may prefer. By this beneficent science you can select cattle that will horn your enemy, and will break into his garden and convert his cabbages and his turnips and his cauliflowers and his asparagus into your milk and beef. I have a farmer-friend who never buys a sheep without feeling its bumps. In that way he secures such as will butt when they are rams, and so avoids a loss on any male sheep that proves a failure for mutton or wool. He sells him, in that case, among dairy products, as a first-class butter.

Perhaps the day will come when I shall not be alone in the belief that, throughout the dateless periods of an illimitable past, this venerable science of Phrenology, un-honored and unused, has been guiding mother Nature's processes of evolution in the selection of the fittest to survive!

The latest advance, and by far the greatest that Phrenology has made at any single stride, is to be seen in my own astounding discovery that it applies to insects as well as to beasts and men. Under the microscope you can read, from their cranial develop-ments, the characteristics of flies, gnats, bees, bigots et cetera.

A word of explanation on two points just here. First: As most insects are nearly or quite bald-headed their bumps can be appre-ciated by vision alone, without the aid of the fingers. It is well to know this when the subject is a hornet. Second: Subject to correction I think it is scientific to classify bigots as insects. All the bigots I have seen were insects. Judging by my observation no sect is without them.

A new branch of the science—a branch which I have ventured to call Insect Phrenology—its best illustration in the dear world of insects. I select a single chart of the human brain, written after observations made under the microscope of two hundred diam-eters, and compare it with the chart will be seen that some remarkable features referred to in the foregoing con-

restlessness of the fly, while under examina-tion, perplexed me greatly, for a time. Imagine me just ready to estimate the ro-lative prominence of a set of bumps, prepara-tory to entering the result on the chart. At that moment, of all others, the fly would begin to scratch his ear! or to smooth down a wing with one of his legs! or would move to a new place in the field of the microscope—and present his posterior parts to the line of vision! Sometimes he would fly away and mix up with other flies, and per-ist in looking so much like them that I could not be sure of recapturing the subject of my unfinished study. At last—as if by in-spiration—I thought of some cones of loz-enges I had. I laid one on the table. In a little time it was covered with flies, in-tent on packing their trunks with sweetened paralysis. I soon had all the quiet sub-jects I wanted, and was enabled to pursue my investigations at leisure.

In quoting from the chart referred to above I shall confine myself to the organs which were remarkable either for their great size, or because they were abnormally small. I find that I marked that fly as follows.—viz., veneration, 1; firmness, 6; combativeness, 7; inhabitiveness, 9. The highest marking of this latter organ on my former chart—whether of man, beast or insect, was 7.

The day after writing the chart I was lecturing to my class. Let me say, in ex-planation, that I conduct a school of phrenology. I turn out many bright young men who devote themselves to lecturing on the noble science for a silver collection at the door. They also write up charts of the human head for the small sum of one dollar each—when they cannot get two dollars.

It was a muggy afternoon in September, one of those heavy hot times when all liv-ing things get into a state of semi-hypnotism. As I labored on in the discourse my sluggish blood was quickened to a livelier pulse by the sight of a fly that alighted on the manu-script. I knew him, by his bumps, as my subject of the day before. That phenom-enal organ of inhabitiveness could not be mis-taken. Of course I could not have distin-guished him from other flies by the naked eye, I use a large round reading-glass with a handle to it. When he marched into the field of the glass I recognized him instantly.

As in many another sad case that fly was to become the victim of the master-propen-sities of his nature. But in this instance there was compensation. He became his-toric in connection with the discovery and corroboration of a great science.

I had reached a part of the lecture with which I was so familiar that I could look away from the manuscript. The fire of eloquence was kindling towards a brilliant climax when the fly rose from the paper and settled on my upper lip—at a point south-west by south from my left nostril. He was no sooner settled than he began to excavate with a view to putting up a four-storey brown-stone residence.

His action disturbed me not a little. It was impossible to break off the lecture to execute a deed of the building-lot he had selected. As a matter of fact the ground had not yet been surveyed by a competent engineer, and it had been—for a long time—a settled thing with me that I would not allow any irregular squatting. For who could tell what litigation and endless con-troversy might arise from it, even years afterwards. My dis-comfort with his course was further increased by the fact that the process of

excavation moved me to, hustle the intruder off. I did it in a firm but quiet and re-spectful manner.

Finding himself aloft he sailed out, on a level with my mouth, to a distance of about two feet, and hove to facing me. Then it was that I saw the first confirmation of my scientific hopes in regard to insect phren-ology. Let it be borne in mind, from this on, that I had marked that fly veneration, 1; firmness, 6; combativeness, 7; inhabit-iveness, 9.

As I proceeded with the lecture the evic-ted insect hung on pensive wing at about the same distance and level. He looked home-sick. His tears dropped like rain on the pages of my manuscript. In what some would have taken to be a mere buzz of wings, I could catch the tender, tremulant cad-ences of "Home! home! sweet, sweet home!"

A moment thus, and then—or over I was aware—he darted back to the old spot on my upper lip, a point southwest by south, from my left nostril. As he renewed the work of excavating he went on to sing in a more cheerful voice, "There's no place like home!"

My feelings were touched. It delighted me to observe so triumphant a confirmation of Insect Phrenology. I was also conscious of a thrill of sympathy with his love of home. But when the work he was doing laid bare and lacerated the network of sen-sitory nerves which underlie the epidermis I was touched in another way. Delight and sympathy were suddenly obscured by the intolerable pain of violated nerves. Where-upon I brushed my tormenter off a second time, and, it must be confessed, I did it in a somewhat peremptory and forceful manner.

Since the tragedy which followed I have gone, many times and very carefully, over the whole matter—sitting in judgment on myself, as it were. Upon every such review I have been able to acquit myself of all blame. I was preoccupied at the time. To have allowed him to acquire a squatter's right would have been an injustice to him, to my-self, and to generations unborn. To break off what I was doing and attend to surveying and conveyancing was impossible. Besides, he was torturing me, I am quite clear that I was justified in brushing him off, and that it being the second time—some degree of rudeness in the manner of doing it was par-donable. I flatter myself that a discerning public will take the same view of it.

This time the fly did not move away in sorrow, but in a passion of anger. He dar-ted out on furious wing some five or six feet and then dashed round and round, and zig-zag like chain lightning, as if possessed by some raging demon.

I had often seen men and mules fly into a passion and act in an alarming way, but this was new and terrible. May I never again see a fly fly into a passion and fly as I saw that fly fly! The terror with which he inspired me was in inverse ratio to his size. He revealed more malignant wrath to the pennyweight than I could have believed pos-sible had I not seen it. I was ready to faint when the question arose, so naturally, in my mind, "What if my wife, who weighs three hundred pounds, should ever get up as much wrath to the pennyweight as there is in that fly, and become as much madder as she is heavier?" Shade of Socrates! Let me be dis-croot!

When he had worked his excitement down to the speaking point he poised himself in the air at about ten inches from my nose and began to describe me in a way of his own. It would be difficult to crowd more profanity and vituperation into the time, and all offensive-

ly personal to me. His eyes blazed like coals of fire, being lighted up from within by an infernal malice.

The brimstone element in his language must be suppressed in the interest of the young. It seems necessary, however, in self-defence, to give publicity to some of the blistering remarks to which I was compelled to listen. In that hour I learned something of the possible meaning of "rubefaciens" and "counter-irritans." And the worst of it was that, just then, I did not need a fly-blister. My health was good. Besides, my wife is a little uncertain and peculiar in her temper—peppery, so to speak—and I never need anything in that line beyond what she supplies.

The winged fury began with a weak attempt to revile my ancestry by calling me a "son of a gun," coupling the remark with some very rugged and offensive epithets. I cared very little for this attack. All the civilized and most of the savage world have heard the report of the Gunno family. My name is Gunno—spelled with two n's and an e. He then went on to miscall me person-ally—me, Professor Gulliver Gunno! The torrent of his words was so vehement and so wicked with unreportable imprecations that, at first, I caught only such broken remarks as these—"You baldheaded old bumpsizer! toothless, ten cent rot-talker! hen-clawed old chart-scratcher!"

At this point my accuser became more coherent and raged consecutively thus: "You enormous great coward, to drive a poor little fly from his home! And you—overgrown strong brute that you are—more than ten thousand times bigger than I am! Why don't you take some one of your size? Don't fool yourself, you hairless old Tyrant! You think you can crush me! Don't you, now? But I have located my claim, and, by the big booming bumble bee I will build on it or bust! I will, so help me Gad-fly!!!"

With that he made his third and fatal dash for home—a point on my upper lip—southwest by south from my left nostril.

As you will readily believe my breath was quite taken away. Alas for that insect! At the very moment when he was making his last rush I was replenishing my empty lungs. The air was pouring into the greedy vacuum like Niagara, and that doomed fly—his heart full of malice and his tongue yet hissing with falsehoods and profanity was caught as in a cyclone and swept out of his course into my open mouth! On and on he was hurried past lips and teeth and tongue and tonsils and uvula, touching nowhere until he stuck fast in the epiglot-tis!

I could have coughed him up, and would, had not my imagination, with the speed and vividness of lightning, presented some prob-abilities of the case which decided me to take another course. Being composed of very frail textures the fly would come up dead! and so multiplied that his own mother would be unable to recognize him! There were other considerations presented—but I forbear.

In less than a hundredth part of the time it takes to tell it I saw what must be done and did it. The alternative to coughing him up was to coffin him down; and it was less disagreeable to my feelings. My courage and will-power never forsake me. With one convulsive gulp I swallowed him alive and went on with my discourse!

Now I didn't go to a magistrate and accuse myself of insecticide. At first it seemed that nothing else could restore peace to my conscience. But to the end of life I shall be glad that I took time to consi-

der the whole situation. When I weighed every circumstance connected with the tragedy I saw that instead of shortening I had prolonged the life of that fly by swallowing him. He must have lived from thirty to forty seconds longer than he would have done if I had coughed him up. I had internal evidence of this which was perfectly satisfactory to me, whatever value a jury might have attached to it. It was, beyond all doubt, a case of Insect-in-side. But that differs from Insect-i-cide by the full value of the letter "n"! That enodation of the ethical problem encouraged me to be silent, but it was a narrow escape.

My judicious silence kept me out of a number of difficulties. Think of the awkwardness of the postmortem, the coroner's inquest and the funeral of a corpse which was known to be hid away somewhere among my vitals! Silence is golden!

The moral to be drawn from the whole subject is this; if you have any bumps that are either very large or very small don't neglect them.

Take any means necessary to enlarge the under-sized organs. If nothing else will do get some one to assault and batter you on the defective place. If it be done with sufficient energy the bump will rise. I knew a man whose head was flat where veneration should have been. He was a carpenter. One day the boss found fault with some of the work he was doing. The carpenter showed his utter lack of veneration by swearing at his boss and making toward him with clenched fists and saying something about "punchin' of 'is 'ed." In self-defence the boss caught up a claw-hammer and gave him one blow on the right spot. It stunned the man but it was the making of the bump. He was never known to be irreverent toward that boss afterwards.

The exaggerated bumps cannot be treated in the surgical way. It would not do. If some of you, beloved, were to get the bump of self-esteem reduced to the normal size by amputation, life would no longer be worth living. The greater part of the brain mass would be gone! You will have to control your master-organs from within or get into trouble.

Begin at once and persevere in that way of peace and good fortune. Veneration, 1; firmness, 3; combativeness, 7, make bad, a perilous combination, when any other organ ranks as high as 9. Let a single additional example suffice. Say that over-sized bump is benevolence. In that case you grow exigent, persistent, belligerent. You presume to lecture all mankind on the subject of the moral virtues. You set up as instructor and leader of your seniors and superiors. You dub yourself "Expert Moral Reformer." You leave the impression on observing minds that you have a patent right on pretty much all the wisdom and goodness in the earth beneath, with pre-emptions elsewhere. When other people differ from your pet opinions and you don't get your way, you shake your fist in their faces. You buttonhole the same persons every day and every other day. You bore into their sensibilities as ruthlessly as that late lamented insect bored into my nerves.

Beware! A long-suffering public will bear with your teasing for a season. But some day you will find that public pre-occupied and, mayhap, impatient. On that day another tragedy in the insect world will be enacted. You will be the victim. Don't count on historic fame as a compensation for being swallowed alive. Some of the grandest things can be done only once. Of all the apples that ever did, and ever will fall to the earth only one can claim

the proud distinction of having suggested to the beholding eye of science the existence of the silent and invisible but almost omnipotent force of attraction which holds together the physical compact of the world and of the universe. In like manner, but one of all the insects in the world could become historic in revealing to science the fact that the Laws of Phrenology apply all along the line of animated nature down to the ephemeron fly whose natural lifetime is six hours.

There is nothing left for you to reveal. You may exemplify the mischievous effect upon conduct of overgrown and undergrown bumps when they are neglected. You may exasperate the public and perish. If you do it will not be as a celebrated and useful first subject whose eccentricities contributed to the discovery of a great truth, but as a fool who was deaf to the voice of instruction and warning.

GULLIVER GUNNE, Prof. Phren

India's Railway Tunnel.

An article in the Allahabad Pioneer gives some interesting particulars concerning the tunnel that has just been completed through the Khojak on the railway from Quetta to Candahar. The Khojak Pass is 7,500 feet above the sea and about 2,000 feet above the level of the surrounding country. The tunnel pierces the range at right angles, and its course is therefore due east and west, and it enters the hill about 1,000 feet below the crest of the pass. The length of the tunnel is 12,000 feet, or two and a half miles approximately, and it will carry a double line of rails. For the first half the floor ascends about 1 in 1,000, and for the second half of the journey it descends at an incline of 1 in 40. There are two main shafts, one 318 feet and the other 290 feet deep, which were sunk in order to facilitate the construction of the tunnel. The chief obstacle to progress arose from the flooding of the tunnel at more than one point. A large spring was cut and the Candahar side to the depth of 180 feet. It took ten weeks to pump out the water, and in the western heading as much as 500 gallons a minute were constantly rushing out of the west mouth. In order to overcome this difficulty a side cutting had to be made. The magnitude of the work is testified to by the banks of shade and rock at the mouths of the tunnel and at the pitheads, which are said to be quite altering the landscape in places. One curious discovery made during the progress of the work, as the result of an investigation into the cause of certain mysterious explosions, was that it was proved that "combustion had arisen inside a case of blasting gelatine."

Strong Henri Toeh Killed.

A rival of the "strongest man on earth," named Henri Toeh, who was celebrated as an athlete at French and Belgian fairs, has lately met with a fatal accident. He was firing a cannon, which he carried on his shoulders, when the gun exploded and killed Toeh on the spot. The departed mountebank was a great favorite at the Paris Gingerbread Fair, which he generally attended in his capacity as a champion wrestler. He invariably threw his opponents, who included a powerful fellow called the "Man with the Iron Mask" and an equally herculean person named Bazin, both of whom had to bite the dust before the formidable biceps of Toeh, who, owing to his prowess and muscle, was entitled the "Rampart of the North."

Cheap Advice.

"Housewife" wants to know if a "gasoline stove can be made to explode by careless management?" Certainly. Try lighting the wicks with only a seam of oil in the reservoir; if this does not work, turn the wick, when lighted, down into the oil. Should the stove fail to explode under this treatment, turn up the wicks full blaze as high as they will go. A reasonable amount of fidelity in following out these directions will generally result in blowing the most obstinate stove to flinders. Send us some more questions, dear "Housewife." There is no occupation so delightful, and at the same time so cheap, as giving advice.

Voice Culture. — Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum; improves the voice. Sold everywhere; 5c.

AN OASIS IN THE SAHARA.

It is a Very Small Spot With a Crowded Population.

Dr. Jacquot describes the first oasis he saw in the Sahara as "a little green corner, fresh and shady, cheered by the song of birds and enlivened by the murmur of waters. The dates waved their elegant plumes high in the air; the pomegranites and fig trees crowded between the columns of the palms; the wheat and barley clothed the soil in every direction, and the humid vapors vivified the foliage. One could not help trembling for the little spot, it seemed such a feeble thing in the immensity of the desert, surrounded by the desolate plains and menaced by moving sand hills.

Dr. Jacquot's description is slightly erroneous; it may do well for poets, but as a true description it is wrong. An oasis is not an immense wild garden, where numerous species of fruits and flowers crowd each other in wild confusion, but it is niggardly nature cultivated almost to the extreme by human industry, which refuses space to every fruit or flower which does not aid to sustain life. An oasis is usually about a mile and a quarter in length and about five-eighths of a mile in breadth. In nearly every case it occupies the bottom of some ravine, which shelters it in every direction. It is inclosed in a mud or stone wall about eight feet in height and about a foot in thickness. At regular intervals about this wall are round stone towers; these are sentry boxes, on the flat roofs of which are stationed nightly guards to protect the place from pillage. The gardens of the oasis lie against this outer wall, and are divided into small inclosures, each of which is the property of one person. Next to the gardens, toward the center, are fields of corn, barley, and onions, divided into parts as in the gardens, which are watered and tended like our favorite flower beds; in the center is a little rivulet, which runs from springs near one of the extreme ends.

The inhabitants of this oasis do not live each family in a separate dwelling, but in one large house called a ksar, which is usually built of stone, giving it the appearance of a solid mass, perforated here and there with a small window and diversified with jutting angles. The halls are narrow, dark, ill-smelling, uneven passages, winding about the building.

THE APARTMENTS ARE LOW-CEILED

filthy places, lighted by a single aperture in the wall. The whole place reminds one more of a dog kennel than a human habitation. In some of the ksars about 300 or 400 men, women and children, a sickly, scrofulous generation, are huddled together in a building which would seem to a European hardly able to contain more than 100.

The only interesting thing about the whole oasis is the marabout or sepulchral chapel, which stands outside the walls. It is generally square, surmounted by a cupola, the whole being built of stone or brick, executed by artisans brought from Morocco for that express purpose. Occasionally the principal cupola is flanked by four smaller ones, the interior presenting a court, surrounded by a gallery, supported on Moorish arcades. In most cases the ostrich egg crowns the cupola, but occasionally a stone or metal ball may be found occupying the exalted position. The inhabitants of the oasis choose to reserve all the luxury and magnificence of their architecture to adorn the little temple around which they excavate their resting places. They are not, like the habitations of the living, subject to the ravages of foes, but are universally held sacred, and the conqueror, covered with blood, approaches here with reverence and prostrates himself in lowly worship. Life is so uncertain, when the arms of the enemy combine with the elements of nature to threaten its existence, that it is no wonder the inhabitant of the oasis cares to lavish all his wealth, not on the dwelling which will probably shelter him but a day, but on the place which will shelter him forever from the atoms of life.

In the gardens near the outer wall of the oasis are grown the date palm, which is the principal food all over the Sahara. The trunk of the palm is usually about six to six and a half feet in height and is covered by a mass of radiating leaves. The calyx has several divisions, and the fruit is a drupe, what larger than the acorn; it is a fruit when ripe, and is inclosed in a husk from which it is easily separated.

pulpy, firm, esculent and sweet, with a slight astringency.

THE TREE IS RAISED FROM SHOOTS,

which arrive at maturity in about thirty years, and continues bearing for about seventy more, producing yearly about fifteen or twenty clusters, which weigh usually about eighteen pounds each.

When one wishes to create a date garden he summons the neighboring date gardeners to his assistance, and thus he accomplishes his work with economy and dispatch, for their services cost him nothing, except the obligation to return the same when demanded. The sand is first removed to the depth of several feet in order that the roots may reach the water; besides, a trench is dug around the tree at a regular distance, and into this, when necessary, water is poured, in order that, sinking through the soil, it may effectually reach the fibers which require it. This irrigation is chiefly committed to the women and children by those who have no slaves, and the precious fluid is carried in skins of animals or baskets of balpo flouted so closely as to be water-proof. In most cases canals are cut in every direction, communicating with the springs which supply the oasis, and when restriction is necessary each gardener pays so much per hour for the use of the water in his garden. In some cases each proprietor has a right to the springs for an hour or two, according to the title deeds of his estate. The time is measured by a rude chronometer held by the officer who opens or shuts the conduit.

In the above imperfect account we have endeavored to give our readers a description of the oasis as it is, and not as the poets or romancers would have us believe.

Army Suicides in Russia.

Another of those mysterious suicides of army and navy officers which have been causing such sensation of late in the Russian capital took place the other day in the public baths on the Puschkim street, near the Nevsky Prospect. A well-known Captain of the Imperial Horse Guards, M. L., engaged two rooms there, as if for the purpose of indulging in a Russian bath, but when the attendant offered his services, as is usual in such cases, he refused them and locked himself in. This aroused suspicion, but no further notice was taken of the matter. Ten minutes later a pistol shot was heard and several of the employees rushed up and tried the door, but were unable to effect an entrance. The police were then sent for, and, after breaking into the apartment, M. L. was found dead in a pool of blood. No papers were found on his person. It is not yet known what documents were found at his lodgings, but the belief is current that this is another political suicide, although it is right to say that this is only a rumor—a very probable one, no doubt, but of which there are no positive proofs. The suicide will be announced in the papers.

Accustomed as we are to regard Spain as one of the most reactionary countries of the globe, a feeling of surprise will certainly be created by the announcement that nowhere in Europe has labor legislation made more rapid progress than in the dominion of King Alfonso XIII. Not content with substituting universal suffrage for the comparatively restricted franchise which had been in force until recently, the Government has drawn up and submitted to the National Legislature at Madrid a series of laws for the benefit of the working classes that are far in advance of the labor legislation enacted elsewhere in Europe. The severe restrictions with regard to the labor of women and children, and the insurance of the working classes, the German plan, against accident, sickness and old age, constitute a division of the measures in question further provided for the establishment of a legal workday of eight hours, for sport free of charge by rail of boys and young men in search of employment, the organization in each town of a commune of a special board charged with the regulation of the working day, and the prohibition of the sale of alcohol to the working classes.

Literary and Art Notes.

The *Jenness Miller Magazine* for June is replete with interest for every woman, and full of suggestions most timely and helpful. The paper on "Physical Culture" is devoted to a discussion of "Walking, Sitting, and Going Up-stairs," and so complete in itself that it can be read with profit by one who has seen no other of the articles in this most interesting series. Other interesting papers are "Brilliant People," by Alice Ilgenfritz; "Wanted—a Home," by Clara Holbrook Smith; "Civilized Idiocy," by Mamie Hatchett Fairbrother, and poems by Mabel Hayden and Emil Pickhard. The Editorials are strong and the Book-talk complete. Address THE JENNESS-MILLER PUBL. CO., 363 Fifth Ave., New York.

The *Graphic*, Chicago's popular illustrated weekly, is publishing a beautiful story of Canadian life, by Mrs. Mary Hartwell Catherwood, author of the famous "Romance of Dollard," the "Story of Tonty" and other charming chapters of Canadian history and tradition. The *Graphic* story is entitled the "Children of Ha-Ha Bay," the scene being laid successively near St. Alexis, Chicoutimi and Tadoussac. Mario, a fair orphan girl; her grandfather, a hermit, at Chicoutimi; Ignace, a brave young forester, and Justine, his sister, are well-drawn characters in this, the best of Mrs. Catherwood's shorter stories. The three issues containing this beautiful sketch, (finely illustrated by Mr. A. B. Davies), may be obtained of most newsdealers or they will be mailed by the publishers on receipt of 30 cents.

The *North American Review* for June brings to a close the 150th volume of this ably-conducted and indispensable periodical. It may be described as an international number in more senses than one. Its most prominent feature is a symposium on the question "Do Americans Hate England?" One effective answer to the question is furnished by the fact that no less than three of the contributors to the rich and varied feast which is set before the reader are Britons. Mr. Parnell writes incisively of "Mr. Balfour's Land Bill," pointing out in what respects it is unsatisfactory to the Irish National party, and telling why it will be vigorously opposed at every stage. The Marquis of Lorne finds a congenial theme in "Sir Charles Dilke's New Book" on "Problems of Greater Britain." What he has to say regarding Canada and the United States will command special attention. Mona Caird, who originated the famous discussion in England as to whether or not marriage is a failure, contributes the first of two articles on "The Emancipation of the Family," presenting facts and drawing conclusions that will occasion general surprise. The symposium already referred to grows out of Goldwin Smith's paper in *The Review* for May on "The Hatred of England."

The last issue of the *Dominion Illustrated* is rich both in portraits and in local scenes. The fine view of the Abyssinia, as it arrived at Victoria, B. C., is seasonable and sure to be appreciated. The portraits of the Newfoundland delegates mark an event which is of historical importance, as the present crisis in the island colony, with which their visit was associated, is certain to be memorable in colonial annals. In the views of the exterior and interior of King's College, Windsor, N. S., we are reminded of the days of higher education in what is now the Dominion of King's being the oldest of our universities. The Collingwood scenes are well depicted, and the Cricket ground at Lennoxville and McGill will be of interest to younger readers. Altogether a very fine issue. The next number will be devoted to Victoria—especially in connection with the Royal Visit—the representation of the Dominion Illustrated having been invited to secure the best possible illustrations, games, and other interesting insular scenes of unusual interest.

don Polytechnics and People's Palaces," a subject which is particularly timely, as similar institutions are springing up in different parts of the world. The frontispiece is a portrait of Walter Besant, author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men." John La Fargo, who is writing "An Artist's Letters from Japan," this month describes the very beautiful temple of Iyemitsu, and makes some general remarks on Japanese architecture. These papers, being both illustrated and written by the famous colorist, are quite unique in their treatment of a subject which is growing in popularity, namely, the life, art, religion, and thought of the Japanese. This being the first summer number of *The Century*, Walter Camp's illustrated paper on "Track Athletics in America" is particularly timely. Perhaps the most striking feature of this number is the beginning of another anonymous novel called "The Anglomaniacs." The scene is laid in New York and the story is evidently written by one who knows well the situation. The pictures are furnished by C. D. Gibson, who knows how to give charm to his heroines,

St. Nicholas for June has an exciting and instructive story, "With Stick and Thread," by L. Clarke F. is, relating a boy-fisherman's triumph in capturing a "red drum" with rod and reel. No angler can read it without a desire to start at once for the fishing grounds. It is illustrated by M. J. Burns. Another striking story is "A Divide I Duty," by M. A. Cassidy, telling of a little boy who had one brother in the Federal and one in the Confederate army. Being unwilling to decide against either, he compromises by having a parti colored suit, one side gray and one side blue. "Hurdling" is described and analyzed by Herbert Mapes, intercollegiate champion, and the article is illustrated both from photographs and by H. A. Ogden. "Orie," by Florence A. Merriam, is a pretty story of a pet Baltimore oriole. It is illustrated by Nugent. A novel feature is "A Living Chain from Adam to Abraham Lincoln," or a list of historic personages, each of whom has been seen by the next in order, since the beginning of the world. There are poems by Celia Thaxter, Grace Denio Litchfield, Margaret Johnston, and Katharine Pyle; and humorous verses, or jingles, by George M. Murphy, Valentine Adams, William Wye Smith, and Laura E. Richards. The number is rich in continued articles: "Crowded Out o' Crofield" for the boys; "Lady Jane" and "Marjorie and her Papa" for older and younger girls; "Bat, Ball, and Diamond," the valuable base-ball series, by Walter Camp; "Six years in the Wilds of Central Africa," by Stanley's officer, E. J. Glave, and "Through the Back Ages," the geological papers by Teresa C. Crofton. Besides all these, nearly every one of which is strongly illustrated, there are the departments, and other features of interest.

Lightning Strokes Statistics.

The statistics of lightning strokes in Germany during the past twenty-six years have been investigated by Herr Kastner, who shows that the annual number of cases has more than doubled in that time. Last year there were no fewer than 1,145 strokes. They are most frequent in the hottest months of the year, June and July, and in the hottest hours of the day or those following them, (from 3 to 4 p. m.) It appears that the thunderstorms proceed from the hills, and the parts of their course most liable to be struck are woodlands and flat places, valleys of rivers, and low meadows, near lakes, while wooded and hilly districts generally escape. This last deduction is hardly in accordance with our popular ideas on the subject.

A Poem by Courtesy.

"Please read my verse!" the poet said
Unto a heartless editor.
He acquiesced with nod of head,
And took the verse and read it o'er.

"You've failed to give a title to
This work of yours," the reader said.
"I meant to do it, but to you,
Kind sir, I leave the task instead."

"Now, please, what would you call it,
Sir?"

"I've reached the poet, pleadingly,
I'd call it," said the editor,

"Well—anything but poetry."

Never forgets how good he is to

BRITISH NEWS.

A photographer paid Stanley £1,000 to sit for a portrait.

Mrs. O'Shea has filed her answer to Capt. O'Shea, and denies misconduct with Parrell.

Sir Henry James has broken down so as to be compelled to retire from practice, for a time at least.

It will soon be proposed that members of Parliament should be made to print and distribute their bills before they introduce them, at their own expense.

The last stone of the spire of Ulm cathedral was put in place on May 31st, and that cathedral now reaches higher than any other in the world, or 530 feet.

The London coaching meet for this season has taken place, but the women who promised to appear on horseback, riding astride, were not to be seen.

There is a little boom in Quakerdom in England. For perhaps 150 years there have not been so many accessions to the Society of Friends as during the past year.

The income of the University of Oxford for the present year is about £66,200. During the last year the university has increased its capital by nearly £13,000.

According to the report on London's Zoological Gardens, the profits for 1889 were \$15,000. About 2,000 animals were kept. The total expenses of the institution were \$125,000.

In New Zealand a Mormon convention has just closed its sittings, at which it was officially reported that there are 3,000 Mormons in that colony, and that 500 converts were made during the past year.

A Mr. Edward Cope, lace manufacturer of Nottingham, refused to pay his income tax, and a large quantity of yarn was seized by the inland revenue authorities and sold by auction. A large meeting of local men and merchants publicly thanked Mr. Cope for his action.

College undergraduates of old-school propensities may learn, through a lecture by Andrew Lang on "The Natural History of Society," that a relative of Kublo Khan, a chief whose bad luck brought on him the sentence of death by his tribe, was tossed in a blanket till he died.

Patti gets £800 a night. In 1821 the entire fees paid to vocalists for a season at the London Opera House, from March 10 to Aug. 18 were £8,036, while £10,000 went for the ballet. The only singer who got more than a thousand pounds a season was Camporese. Two ballet dancers received £1,785 and £1,537 respectively.

An Australian musician has invented a trombone that is played by steam. Its "God Save the Queen" can be heard at a distance of four miles. He had hard luck with it, however, for the people of his own town drove him out as a nuisance; and now he is bound to make a noise in some other part of the world.

Within a few weeks the British Museum has become possessed of a Chinese bank note issued from the imperial mint 300 years before the circulation of the first paper money in Europe, or in the first year, or one of the first years, of the reign of the first Ming Emperor. The first real bank note in Europe was that of Barcelona, established in 1401.

The telephone must have a new role of usefulness scored for it. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, near Manchester, has perhaps the finest kennels in England, the kennelman's house adjoining them. From each kennel a telephone arrangement leads to the kennelman's room, so that when any dog is noisy at night the keeper can speak to him so as to be heard without leaving his room.

The British census will be taken in 1891. The cost of the census of Great Britain in 1881 was £172,000 for a population of 26,000,000. For England and Wales the cost per 1,000 of the population was £4 15s. 6d. in 1861, rising to £5 5s. 7d. in 1871, and £6 12s. 6d. in 1881. The number of enumerators was nearly 35,000, and in 1891 the number will not be far short of 40,000.

An English statistician figures out 633,000,000 gallons as the precise amount of the wine product of France for the year 1889. Its pecuniary value is something over \$200,000,000, and, according to his calculation, this quantity of the wine would fill up a

casual twenty-four feet wide and twelve feet deep extending from London to York. The engineers of prohibition might submit some interesting plans for locking that canal, and after that they can consider just what they propose to do with the lakes and rivers of beer and whiskey.

Speaking of the correspondence and the comments of the British press upon the atrocities committed in the prisons of Siberia, the *Geashdanine* of St. Petersburg says: "No doubt, in Russia as in other countries, all is not perfect. But the English ought to begin by reforming themselves. We know with what cruelty the Irish political prisoners are treated. But in any case, the Russian Government is going to make a thorough investigation of the facts alleged in the letters from Siberia."

Some very interesting facts of crime are revealed by a Scotch sheriff. He knew of one woman who, between the years 1844 and 1865, was committed to prison 167 times for being drunk, and when drunk her invariable practice was to smash windows. A man when drunk stole nothing but Bibles, and was transported for his seventh theft. Another man stole nothing but spades; a woman stole nothing but shoes; another nothing but shawls; but the queerest thief was one who stole tubs, and was sent to penal servitude for his seventh tub.

The latest report of the Birmingham Free Libraries Committee shows that the book readers of the past year were divided as follows: Scholars and students, 392; clerks and bookkeepers, 1,133; errand and office boys, 301; teachers, 298; shop assistants, 290; jewelers, 216; composers and printers, 192; milliners and dress-makers, 169. Almost at the bottom of the list come journalists, 6; news agents, 2, and reporters, 2. Is this because they have libraries of their own, or because the people who write in newspapers lose the taste for reading books?

A metal has been produced that will melt at a temperature of 150 degrees. It is an alloy composed of lead, tin, bismuth, and cadmium, and in weight, hardness, and color resembles type metal. It melts so easily that, placed on a comparatively cool part of the stove with a piece of paper under it, it will melt without the paper being scorched. It will not retain heat, but becomes cold the moment it melts. It is used in the manufacture of the little automatic fire alarms for hotels. They give an electric alarm when the metal melts, owing to the rising of the temperature.

By a unanimous judgment the House of Lords has reversed a judgment (also unanimous) of the Court of Appeal with regard to responsibility for collision at sea. One night in March, 1887, two sailing vessels, the *City of Corinth* and the *Tasmania*, were approaching each other in the English Channel. The *City of Corinth* was running free up Channel. The *Tasmania* was going down Channel, close hauled on the port tack. In these circumstances, the ordinary rule required that the *Tasmania* should keep her course, and that the *City of Corinth* should keep clear of her. In the darkness nothing could be seen but the lights, and at first the Captain of the *Tasmania*, seeing a red light on his port bow, thought that all was right. But as the vessels neared, the red light was shut out and a green one came into view. This showed that the *City of Corinth* was coming across his path. The first thing he did was to send a man forward to see that his own lights were burning brightly, and then he called the mate on to the poop to watch with him what the green light did. It was not till the other vessel loomed into sight that he altered his course and tried to bring his ship round. It was then too late. She had only just begun to answer her helm when she struck the *City of Corinth* straight amidships, and sent her to the bottom, only two of her crew managing to scramble on board the *Tasmania*. In the litigation which followed Mr. Justice Butt threw the entire responsibility for the accident on the *City of Corinth*, but the Court of Appeal thought that the *Tasmania* was also to blame. The green light was a certain warning of what was going to happen, and in sending to look after his own lights and in calling the mate to his side the Captain of the *Tasmania* wasted time. In the opinion of the House of Lords the indecision of the Captain was not unreasonable, and the judgment of Mr. Justice Butt, who had thrown the responsibility solely upon the latter ship was restored.

Bit-Bits.

A Tribute to the Departed.

Census Taker—"Are you the head of the family?"
Wobbles—"Yes, sir; Mrs. Wobbles died last February."

The Developments of a Telegram.

A drummer on a certain route through Ontario formed an intimate acquaintance with a young woman in an Ontario village, and it was not long ere the neighbors commenced to talk about "Sadie Dash's beau" and to predict a speedy marriage. The drummer represented himself as a single gentleman, possessed agreeable manners and wholly won the love of the girl and the confidence of her parents. He frequently remained at Sadie's home during Sunday, was very attentive, and according to the generally accepted belief they were engaged.

One day a telegram was brought to the drummer while he was at the house of his lady love. He was tarrying in the town awaiting orders from "the house." The girl answered the ring of the messenger and re-entered the parlor holding aloft the dun-colored missive.

"Do you really want it?" she queried, half-playfully. "Perhaps it contains dread news."

"Guess not, my dear. It's just a line from the boss. Open it and tell me which way he wants me to go," yawned the drummer as he leisurely folded his newspaper.

The girl tore the envelope and drew forth and unfolded the message. As she ran her eye over the written words the expression of her face brought the drummer to his feet. Before he could speak she had uttered a stifled scream and fled from the room, the crumpled paper falling upon the floor. Our drummer rescued the scrap, and here is what he read:

"BLANKVILLE, March 19.—We have a ten-pound boy. Come home. WIFE."

No Charity in Kisses.

"May I take a kiss before I go, dearest?" said George as he prepared to depart.
"You may borrow one, George," said charming Jennie, "but you must not take one for mother has repeatedly cautioned me against giving kisses to any one."
So George was obliged to borrow.

Old-Time Enemies.

I wish you'd stay away from me, you horrid, pesky fly,
And if you fool around me you will very likely die.
I'm trying to be pious and I think it wrong to swear;
Keep off the grass; don't walk around where there isn't any hair.

All winter I have lived in peace, and now that Summer's come
You will oblige me greatly if you'll keep yourself to hum.
I'm fond of fun and humor, but I have a fearful dread
Of having you to tickle me on top of my bald head.

So go away and don't come back; I mean just what I say;
If you persist we're sure to have a sanguinary fray.
If I get mad one of us two will very likely die;
Ah! I may even swallow you—with huckle-berry pie.

Laughter to Match.

Dumpsey—"What called out that hoarse laugh from Blobson, I should like to know?"
Popinjay—"Oh, I suppose it was a horse-chestnut that Ponsobny was getting off him."

A Hobby Affair.

Smith—"Jones, whatever possessed you to have so many doors to that new house of yours?"
Jones—"Well, I set out to make it a knobby affair, and I think I have succeeded."

Catching Him on the Fly.

Charming Angelina and handsome George Brown were devotedly attached to one another and had been engaged for many years. None of the neighbors understood why they did not marry—they had plenty of means, and there seemed no possible reason against their uniting in happy wedlock. But the fact was poor George was unaccountably nervous, and really did not like to leave his home.

It was after many months that fair Angelina coaxed him into consent, and he agreed to undertake the responsibilities of matrimony.

"You know, George, dear, it is very nice being engaged, but I want to get married." "I never could refuse you anything, Angelina, love. Yes, we will get married."

And so the wedding-day was fixed. It was a very grand affair. All Angelina's friends and relatives appeared in magnificent apparel, and the church was crowded with spectators.

The service commenced, but when the clergyman asked George, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" etc., to the astonishment of all present he replied, "No."

Angelina fainted, and the amazement of the assembled company may be imagined. Great confusion ensued, every one left the church, and the unhappy bridegroom returned to his home amidst the scoffing of the crowd.

After some weeks had elapsed poor George came to call on Angelina once more.

"My sweet Angelina," said he, "I have come to ask your forgiveness. I really cannot live without you. May we be engaged again?"

"On one condition will I forgive you," replied the lady, "and that condition is that you will come to the church once more and give me the satisfaction of refusing you this time."

"I would do anything to regain your love, my angel."

So once again did the wedding party re-enter the church, and this time the bridegroom performed his part properly.

Then came Angelina's part, "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband," etc.

"I will," replied that lady.
"No, no, no!" shouted the bridegroom, "you promised me you would not."
But it was too late this time, and the fatal knot was tied. And we may add that neither bride nor bridegroom lived to repent the day they were so curiously united.

He Didn't Know What He Needed.

Parent—"You wish to marry my daughter?"
Suitor—"Yes, sir, that is the object of my visit."
"What means of support have you?"
"I have no actual cash, but I have something very profitable in view."
"Then what you need is not a wife so much as a spy glass."

Useless Advice.

Billings—"There is only one way to keep your trousers from bagging, and that is not to walk so much."
Kingley—"Great Scott! Don't you know that I'm the father of twins?"

A Different Occupation.

Visitor—"Your grandpa, Bobby, must be in the sore and yellow leaf by this time."
Bobby—"No, ma'am; grandpa's in the kitchen peeling potatoes for dinner."

Reasonable.

Razzle—"Did you notice how many new clothes Rossor has?"
Dazzle—"Yes. That's the only way he can stave off his tailor."

His Little Compliment.

Boarder—"Did you ever play chess, Mrs. Irons?"

Landlady—"I never did."
"You would make a strong player."
(Highly pleased) "Why do you think so, Mr. Tuttle?"

(Inspecting the hash and the chow-chow) "Your combinations, Mrs. Irons, are simply bewildering."

Wouldn't Do at All.

"Mrs. Rambo," said the pastor, as he shook her by the hand after the services were over and while the congregation was slowly filing out. "I have long thought of calling on Mr. Rambo and having a serious talk with him. Would it be advisable, think you, for me to come—let us say—to-morrow afternoon?"

"I am afraid you could hardly make any impression on Absalom if you should come at that time," replied Mrs. Rambo, timidly. "He's going to hang the screen doors to-morrow afternoon."

He and She.

The moon shone soft, the hour was late,
When they two parted at the gate,
Ah, she was wondrous fair!
Then up to her dairy room she went,
Her heart o'erflowing with sentiment,
And breathed for him a prayer.

And he walked slowly down the street,
With his lips still warm from her kisses sweet,

Through the moonlight soft and clear,
In his mind still lingered her beautiful face,
As he gayly turned into "Finnegan's place,"
And loaded himself with beer.

No Flies on Her.

"Herbert," she said, with a melting melli fluousness in her voice that sounded like the ripp of an orange ice as it thaws, "Herbert!"

"What is it?" asked Herbert. And the cold firmness of his tones showed that he meant every word of it.

"Would you love me just as well if you know that I am near sighted?"

"Why, why," he stammered, "of course I would; but are you?"

"Yes, I am afraid so. Just as a test—I can't read a word of that sign across the street; can you?"

"Yes," said Herbert, resignedly, "I can. It says 'ice cream.'"

Total Abstinence.

Temperance Missionary—"And does your husband drink liquor?"

Mrs. O'Toole—"Bless y'sowl! He hasn't tiched a drop for thrace years."

T. M.—"That's a good thing for you."

Mrs. O'Toole—"A good thing, is it? An' me as has been a widdler ever since thot day, an' wid five childer to support."

In Good Shape at Last.

Bill—"What are you doing now, Ike?"
Ike—"Best thing I ever had. Got a business now that's all prophet."

Bill—"What is it?"
Ike—"Oh, weather predictions."

It Was Second Nature With Him.

"Yes, sir!" said an old rounder, speaking of a friend; "he was a ballplayer and don't you forget it! Why, sir, it came so natural for him to catch things, that once after he had a severe fight with another man, I actually saw him trying to catch his own breath."

A Hard Row to Hoe.

Now the garden is the target
For the amateur's attack,
But he doesn't very far get
Ere a weakness strikes his back,
And the druggist is elated
At the trade there's to him sent,
For at this time there's created
Quite a boom in liniment.

A Gallant Husband.

His paper he was reading when
His wife addressed him thus, one day:
"Are women better, dear, than men?"
What's your opinion? tell me, pray."

He dropped his paper saying, "Man,
It from the Scripture doth appear
Was made a little lower than
The angels! there's your answer, dear."

A Surprising Fact.

Judge—"The jury has found you
and your sentence is death."
Prisoner—"Well, I'll be hanged."

Wanted One, Too.

An awning maker, who had received a postal card asking him to call at a house on Porter street, put in an appearance as soon as possible, and the woman of the house pointed out the window she wanted provided with a shade.

"But you get no sun on this window," protested the man.

"Well, suppose I don't?"

"But an awning is to keep the sun out."

"Is it? Perhaps you are not too old to learn something?"

"But, ma'am, do you really want an awning here?"

"Of course I do. Do you see that awning on the next house?"

"Yes, but the sun strikes that window."

"Can't help that. That woman thinks she owns the earth. She put that awning up to spite me. I am now going to put one up to show her that she can't run this town. Go ahead and have it done as soon as possible; and I want it to be fiery red with white stripes in it."—[Detroit Free Press.

He Wanted to Help Along the Bank.

They had opened a bank, the first one in the history of the town, and one day after it was in good running order Farmer Adams hitched his horse and wagon in front of the building, looked to see if the crock of butter and basket of eggs were safe and then entered the building. He was known to all the officials and each had a word for him as he entered. He looked around him in wonder and then addressed himself to the president.

"Wall, Steve Smith, you've gone and opened a bank, eh?"

"Yes."

"Got a reg'lar charter?"

"Oh, yes."

"Got things so that robbers can't get the money?"

"Yes."

"Wall, now, look-a-here, Steve, I've knowed you a long time, haven't I?"

"You have Mr. Adams."

"Knowed you when your father run off and left the family as hard up as a Spring coon with a broken leg?"

"Yes."

"Knowed you when you growed up and married Hanner Taylor."

"Yes."

"How is Hanner and the young 'uns?"

"Well, thank you."

"That's proper, but what I was gon' to say was that I guess I'll put some money in your bank—not a great deal, but jist'nuff fur a nest egg, like."

"We shall be glad to number you with our patrons."

"Yaas, but look-a-here, Steve, I don't want no foolin' about this bizness. When I want my money I want to find it right here."

"Certainly."

"And I want to find you here."

"Of course."

"And if you bust up the bank and run off with the cash, as some of 'em hev done, do you know what I'll do? hitch up the old mare and foller you to the end of the nirth and when I overhaul you I'll give you the all-firedest drubbing any man on this globe ever got."

"You need have no fears, Mr. Adams."

"Waal you hear me, and now here is \$4 to begin on. It's to sort of try you, and if everything is all right I may put \$4 more when I sell that steer."

The Early Bird After the Worm.

First Village Maid—"Did you know new minister had arrived?"

Second Village Maid—"You bet; him get off the train, and followed him from the station, and what do you think?"

"When he stepped in the mud I saw horrid Miss Smilkins whip out a stick and take measure of his foot mark."

"The mean cat has already set a trap for him."

"I may be a little late, but I'll be there."

"I'll be there."

"I'll be there."

"I'll be there."

"I'll be there."

"I'll be there."

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BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

BY FRANK BARRETT,

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

CHAPTER VII.

AT THEIR MERCY.

Nessa lay where she had sunk, her cheek pressing the pillow, her head thrown back ward towards the wall. She breathed inaudibly; her bosom rose and fell with gentle regularity. Mrs. Redmond brought the light close to her eyes; the lids, slightly parted, showed the blank, white body of the upturned ball under the long, curved fringe of the lashes, but they made no movement.

She turned to her husband, who stood at the foot of the bed craning his neck to watch the experiment with the earnestness of a surgeon following the course of an operation. He nodded satisfaction. She called Nessa by her name, raised her into a sitting posture, and let her fall back again upon the pillow, without making any visible effect upon the sleeper's senses.

"Come on! Do your work!" said Mrs. Redmond.

He drew back to the door, beckoning her.

"Where's the girl?" he asked in a whisper when she joined him.

"In her bed-room and asleep thus last half hour."

"I shan't do it on the parapet. I looked at it this morning. It isn't natural that she should get out of the window."

"Where shall you put her then?"

He pointed down the corridor.

"Is it all ready?"

"Give me the light."

He took the candle, and she followed him down the corridor, away from the staircase, and towards the unoccupied side of the house. Beyond Nessa's room the wains coted walls were grey with the dust of years. Cobwebs tapestried the angles of the unused doors, and hung in ragged festoons from the low ceiling. At the further end there were signs of humidity: the boards yielded to the pressure of the foot, there was a growth of crimped, yellow fungus in the old moulding of the lower wainscot panels. The old door that closed the corridor was green in one corner where the rats had gnawed the rotten wood away and given passage to the damp air; a prismatic slime marked the course taken by a slug; the great hinges, the rivet heads, the heavy bolt, and hand ring were crusted with red rust.

They stopped. Mrs. Redmond drew her skirts together and glanced to the right and left in terror. She had courage enough for murder, but went in mortal dread of a spider!

Redmond pulled the ring, and the door, grating hoarsely on its hinges, swung back against the wall, showing a space of impenetrable darkness beyond. He dropped on his knees and thrust out the hand that held the light, the candle flaring and guttering in the current of cold air.

Mrs. Redmond stepped boldly to the door sill and looked in. She now distinguished brickwork on the opposite side, and knew that this must be the tower of which she had heard. It had once been floored, but the roof had fallen in and broken away the rotten planks, leaving nothing but a couple of mouldering cross beams and a narrow ledge of crumbling woodwork just beyond the sill.

"What is down there?" asked Mrs. Redmond.

"Is it deep enough?"

Redmond took a brick from the ledge and dropped it. One of the stones counted twenty before the hollow sound that followed reached their ears.

"What will do?" said the woman.

He left the door open and returned to the room. There Mrs. Redmond took the light and nodded to her husband to go on.

He stepped forward, looking at the girl and the woman.

"What is it, Mrs. Pen?"

"Is it over?"

"What is the matter?"

"What is it, Mrs. Pen?"

"Is it over?"

"What is the matter?"

"What is it, Mrs. Pen?"

"Is it over?"

"What is the matter?"

He carried Nessa down the corridor quickly, as if she had been a mere infant. When his wife came up with the flickering light, he laid the supine girl down on the edge of the door sill. That was not the easiest thing to do; it required dexterity and strength of no ordinary kind. The sill was not long enough to lay her out at full length; her shoulders had to be raised and placed at the edge of the wall. Without a firm grip the flaccid body would have slipped from his hands; a clumsy movement would have broken away the rotten wood on which she rested.

"That will do," said he, when he had disposed of her to his satisfaction. "The slightest movement will finish her. If she only turns her head she must topple over."

He was still kneeling with his hand on Nessa's shoulder. Mrs. Redmond bent down.

"If a touch will do it, why not push her down and be done with it?" she asked.

He knelt there meditating on this suggestion for a moment in silence; then rising and turning his cunning eyes on his wife, he said—

"You do it."

"Not I," she replied; "I've done my share. I'm not going to have a murder to answer for."

"Nor I neither," said he, taking the light roughly from her hand.

He looked to Nessa's position again, and then carefully closed the door upon her and shot the bolt. They stood there in silence, listening for the sounds that must come—a brush against the door, the rattle of rubbish falling down the pit, the scream of terror, the crashing of rotten woodwork, and then that dull, muffled sound welling up from below to tell that Nessa was killed.

"What are we waiting here for?" asked Mrs. Redmond with quick impatience, seized with a sudden panic she could not account for. "She is not likely to move of her own accord for hours."

They went back through the passage. He first hastened to get away from the place and escape the awful sounds their ears were straining to catch. The panic was upon them both now. Near Nessa's empty room he stopped suddenly, catching his breath with a rattle in his parched throat.

"What?" ejaculated she, clutching his arm.

It was a trifle—nothing. His foot had struck against the shoe that had fallen from Nessa's foot as he carried her along. Yet this little thing had crisped the hair on his head and paralyzed him for the moment.

His wife pushed angrily past him as the light fell on the shoe. He hurried after her, sick with the dread of being there alone. They stopped on the landing below, holding their breath to listen. They heard nothing but the rushing of the blood in their ears.

They were under a terrible fascination, possessed by an irresistible anxiety to catch the sounds that in anticipation terrified them.

They entered an adjoining room, treading noiselessly, as if a sleeper were there whom they feared to wake. He set down the light upon the table. There was a bottle of whisky there, but he could not find the force to fill the tumbler that stood beside it. She, less irresolute, poured some water into the basin and sponged her face, attributing her weakness and sense of suffocation to the closeness of the night.

She stopped in drying her hands as she caught sight of her husband staring with outstretched neck towards the door. He stood in shadow there, but she could see his white face turned towards the stairs. After waiting a minute motionless, she crossed the passage hastily, the towel in her hand, and came up to his side, said, in a whisper—

"What is it over?"

"What is the matter?"

"What is it, Mrs. Pen?"

"Is it over?"

"What is the matter?"

"What is it, Mrs. Pen?"

"Is it over?"

"What is the matter?"

"What is it, Mrs. Pen?"

"Is it over?"

"Drink!" she said, imperatively.

He turned eagerly, took up the glass in his trembling fingers, and emptied it; then, seating himself, he turned his face again to the dark space outside the room.

It was no good fighting against that fascination. Her eyes took the same direction as his, her ears straining for the last despairing cry of that voice which had brightened the day with laughter and lively chat. Now that the colour was washed from her face, she looked scarcely less livid than her husband in the feeble light of the candle that stood on the table between them. Every moment added to the terror of their situation, and brought fresh horror to their waking imagination.

Supposing the fall should not kill her, he thought—supposing from the bottom of the tower she should cry in agony for help? She could not be left there to die. The servant girl, when she got up in the morning, would hear her. Should he have to kill her outright? How? Must he lower a light to see where she lay, and the loosen a beam, to throw it down to crush her? He recollected torturing a cat in his boyhood. The thing would not die. It fastened its teeth and claws on the iron bar he thrust at it. He dared not put his heel on it; he dared not leave it, for fear it should drag its broken body into the light and betray him. Supposing he failed to kill Nessa from above—if her cries brought help, and she was brought up, mangled and torn, to convict him with her last breath?

The sweat dropped from his face. The suspense was interminable. Would the end never come? His wife had said that of her own accord Nessa would not move for hours; but surely hours had passed since then. Yet that could not be; the candle his wife had lit was not yet burned an inch. It might burn to the socket before their torture was over.

And then when the light was out, when the cry came, what was to be done? Who was to put the door open that it might appear Nessa had opened it and fallen in her sleep? How was the night to be passed before they could go through the scene laid down by his wife of pretending to miss Nessa; of sending the girl to inquire if she felt unwell; of making a search, and facing the world when the broken body was found and brought to light?

These were consequences that must be faced if all went as they expected; but if some unanticipated difficulty arose—if she should not be killed outright! Then his frenzied imagination conjured up new horrors.

Suddenly he started, and turned to his wife with gaping mouth. Her lip, too, had fallen. They had both heard it—a sound; but not that they listened for. Somebody was moving downstairs.

A step in the hall! Silence! Another step! Silence! Husband and wife staring at each other aghast, without realizing the cause of their terror. A sharp rap, tap, tap! Somebody must be knocking at the hall door with a stick.

It occurred to Mrs. Redmond that the hall door had been left open to admit air. It was obvious some one had come into the house. But she sat still, spellbound with a nameless fear. Another interval of silence tried in itself, yet painfully protracted to the two conscience-stricken wretches; then the handle of a door turned.

"You must go down and see who it is," Mrs. Redmond said.

Her husband shrank back, shaking his head. She snatched up the light, and went out of the room. He waited till the room was in darkness, listening for a sound from below and for that sound from above; and then, unable to endure the suspense, and in craven fear of the obscurity, he crept after his wife. "Get down there than he found quivering up here, if that cry came, and this visitor should rush up to discover the cause.

It was Dr. Shaw. He had walked into the living room seeing a light there. His first words when he saw Mrs. Redmond were—

"Good gracious, madam; what is the matter?"

He had never before seen her without colour on her face. But even colour would not have disguised her agitation from his penetrating eyes.

She made some excuse about the weather and her nerves, with as much self-composure as she could assume.

Just then Redmond, reassured by her

tone of voice, ventured into the room. The two ghastly faces presented a curious spectacle to the student of physiognomy, and excited odd speculations.

"The weather seems to have affected you also, Mr. Redmond," said the doctor, taking his limp, wet hand.

Redmond faltered a perfectly unintelligible answer.

"If they had been doing a murder, they couldn't look more guilty," said the doctor to himself, dropping Redmond's hand with inward disgust, and seating himself.

"We didn't hope to see you so late," said Mrs. Redmond with an effort.

"It is late," asserted Dr. Shaw, looking at his watch. "Half-past nine."

Only half past nine! It should have been past midnight by the feelings of the woman and her husband.

"My round has been long; I was kept in the village," the doctor continued. "How is the girl?"

"I have sent her to bed," Mrs. Redmond answered, recollecting Emma for the first time. "I think I frightened myself for nothing. It is only a bilious attack, and I am sorry I troubled you to come out of your way, doctor."

Dr. Shaw accepted the apology with a bend of the head.

"And my other patient—the somnambulist?" The doctor addressed the woman, but his eye was on the man, who, with his head turned a little on one side, seemed to be listening, and with an intense concentration of his faculties that totally alienated his mind from other considerations. The doctor asked himself what on earth the man had been doing, with a perfect certainty that he was in mortal dread of discovery.

"She too has gone to lie down," said Mrs. Redmond in reply to the doctor's question. "Indeed I left her in her room sound asleep, thanks to your mixture."

If she had been mistress of herself she would never have said that. But her mind was not proof against the terrible strain put upon it. It was only too clear that the doctor's suspicion was aroused by the abject terror and mental collapse of her husband. She repeated her words the moment they were spoken.

"My mixture!" he exclaimed, turning his eyes sharply upon her.

His quick glance, following a movement of her hand, fell on the bottle that stood on the lamp with a wine glass beside it. There was a milky sediment at the bottom of both; if any colour had been precipitated from the mixture he gave it should have been pink.

"Yes, your mixture, doctor," she said, putting her elbow on the table and trying to fix his eye with hers.

He saw what she was about to do—she intended by a backward movement of her arm to sweep bottle and glass from the table as if by accident. Without a moment's hesitation he put out his hand and took the bottle.

"You have been tampering with this," he said, putting the bottle to his nose.

"What do you mean, Dr. Shaw?" she asked, rising with an air of indignation.

"I mean what I say. You have been tampering with the mixture I gave. This bottle contained nothing but peppermint and water this morning. There is chloral in it now, and in this also," he added, taking up the glass. "Are you aware that in certain circumstances it is felony to administer a drug of this kind?"

"How do you know it has been administered?"

"By this bottle. There would have been no necessity to refill it if the chloral had been taken voluntarily. Mr. Redmond," he said, turning round sharply, "I address myself to you. I must see the young lady at once: where is she?"

Redmond was standing as if petrified, with his livid face towards the half-opened door. The doctor's address made not the slightest impression on him. Glancing at Mrs. Redmond, he found her face also blank with some unaccountable dismay. What was the matter with them both, he asked himself. There was a sound outside beyond the hall at the foot of the tower; that was what irritated them. Was it all over? Had Nessa fallen without a cry? Or was this in definable sound but preparatory to those that must proclaim their crime intelligibly—the fall of debris caused by a movement above to be followed by the crash and ringing scream they had been waiting to hear with such long horror?

A STRANGE COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE OF FREDERICK'S "LITTLE WEAKNESSES."

It is the opinion of so many wise ladies who write in the newspapers that it is impossible to fix a too early date at which the thoughts of women first turn to matrimony, that it would be arrogance to dispute it. The very corals which female babies use must be made, we are told, in the form of a ring, if the teeth are to be "brought through" with satisfaction to themselves; the first word their lips is "hubby" (meaning husband), instead of mamma or papa. Still, it is possible that the aspiration may be general rather than particular. It is surely not always absolutely personal. "Will he marry me?" is not the idea that instantly crosses a young girl's mind upon being introduced to one of the opposite sex. We protest, at all events, that Mabel Deunham had never asked herself that question, and hence, perhaps, it was, that when it was "put into her head" by the widow of Hillsborough, with respect to Horn Winthrop, it disturbed her so excessively.

"My dearest May, what is the matter?" inquired her sister anxiously, as she gazed upon her flushed and agitated face. "Has that dreadful woman, of whom Mr. Winthrop has been telling us, said anything rude?"

"I think, on the contrary, Mr. Winthrop was excessively rude to her," answered Mabel.

"Lor, my dear, impossible!" said Mrs. Marshall excitedly. Her idea of rudeness, in the case of a Winthrop of Wajshot to wards any female of such inferior social position, being comprised in a chuck under the chin. "Why, she must have been fifty, as I saw her through the window, if she was a day."

"He did not make love to her," explained the Professor, "but he tried on her toes."

"What a very strange thing for him to do!" observed Mrs. Marshall gravely.

Mabel could not resist joining in the laughter occasioned by the simplicity of this remark, and revived by the quick passage of the carriage through the air, soon became herself again.

Still her sister had seen enough to be convinced that something unpleasant had taken place in the cottage, and resolved to stop any further cross examination upon that subject.

"We have lost our cavalier, Mabel," said she. "Mr. Winthrop is putting up his horse at the other inn, and is coming on in the dog cart with his son."

"It really was very good of him, was it not," said Mrs. Marshall, "to think of our lunch. I could not imagine what he had sent back his groom for to Shingleton."

"It seemed to me that he would rather have seen his groom again than his son," observed Frederick from the box.

"Now, don't be ungrateful, Fred," said Mrs. Pennant, administering a playful poke of her parasol to her husband.

"I don't eat lunch," observed he drily, "and am therefore under no obligation."

"But I do, you selfish creature, and so do Mrs. Marshall and May here. I am sure I am much indebted to him; and how nice it will be to have it like a picnic, on the terrace, instead of being shut up in one of those miserable inns."

"We shall have to ask him to dinner, or something to get quits," grumbled Fred.

"You things, vulgar man!" said Julia.

"I school Mrs. Marshall. The thing quits with a man like Mr. Winthrop is it to him what he has ten thousand a year if he is my part I shall be ex-

pected if he does not give us the use of these rich things to make other happy."

"I am a very proud man," said Mrs. Pennant, not without a touch of sarcasm.

"I am not without a touch of sarcasm," said Mrs. Marshall.

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us out lunch!" exclaimed Frederick, his simmering indignation boiling over at these antagonistic sentiments. "Why, we've not known him twenty-four hours!—What do you think, Mr. Flint?"

"My dear sir," said the Professor, laughing, "I have not thought about it at all; but I shall certainly not refuse to eat and drink, if there's anything good. If you feel aggrieved at Winthrop's hospitality, it is easy to show your sense of the insult by never speaking to him again."

"Well, I've always heard you were a very clever man, Mr. Flint, and now I am sure of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall admiringly. "There's is not a lawyer in all England who could have put the thing in a more sensible and proper light.—I hear the noise of wheels behind us; that is the dog cart, I do hope! When I don't get my luncheon, I feel quite a-sinking. It's a vulgar term, I know, my dear Mrs. Pennant, but there's nothing else expresses it; and I daresay you feel the same. My poor dear husband, who, however, seldom joked because he had such a classical mind—used always to say that I carried a clock inside me, so far as meals were concerned." Mrs. Marshall's frankness, combined with her extreme earnestness of manner, was here to much for the gravity of the company; even the still indignant Frederick shook with laughter.

The Professor's face moved not a muscle; but you would have thought, to hear him rattle, that he had also had a clock inside him, the works of which were neglected, and that it was striking twelve.

At this moment they reached the summit of a hill, immediately beneath which, at the extremity of a tongue of land, stood the lighthouse.

"By Jove! it's dead low-water," exclaimed Frederick. "What a way the tide goes out!"

"Yes, indeed," said the Professor. "The rise and fall here is greater than at any other part of the British coast, though not so great as in the Channel Island. I have seen a mile and more of land laid bare there; you could think the sea was never coming back again. To the right yonder, is Avenone Bay; that is quite a show place for marine curiosities—a mermaid's garden."

"Oh, do let us there!" said Mabel. "I have never seen an anemone, except in a ritzarium; and it would be so nice to have Mr. Flint to explain it all to us!"

"It is too far, Miss Mabel," said the Professor doubtfully; "and besides, there is my cavern gaping for me. Have pity on my old bones!"

"Dear me, I forgot," said Mabel archly. "It would be too cruel to ask you to leave them, of course the Elephas Primogeniture and the Rhinoceros Ticklerinus."

Mr. Flint smiled—he really did. "You have got those Latin names I taught you so very exactly, dear Miss Mabel, that I can refuse you nothing. We will go to Avenone Bay."

"You spoil my sister, Professor," observed Mrs. Pennant.

"No, no," said he gravely; "I am only rewarding her; she is very good at her lessons."

"Very," said Fred, slyly, and with a wicked glance at the blushing girl; "she remembers all that is taught her. Papa said you were to have an object in life, didn't he, May?"

It was really too bad of Frederick to say such things, and under Mr. Flint's very nose as it were—certainly brothers-in-law are the most teasing and audacious of male relatives, though one sometimes cannot help liking them. Fortunately for Mabel's embarrassment "Why, there's another lighthouse!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall at this moment.

"Come, come," said Frederick, once more full of fun and banter; "that is rather too much—we have not yet had champagne lunch, without which it is impossible to see the light-house."

"What an impudent man your husband is, Mrs. Pennant! Look yonder; am I not right?"

Here the Professor took his hat off, and with an injured air appealed to Mrs. Pennant. "Madam, I feel as if my few gray hairs were standing on end, in consequence of these remarks of your husband. Will you be good enough to tell me if this is the case?"

"Don't mind him, Mr. Flint," said she.—"Frederick, how can you be so foolish as to go on in that way, abusing Greek and

Latin when you know it made dear papa so angry that he almost broke off our engagement!—You have no idea how they used to go on Professor; it fairly made my blood run cold."

"Yes, for fear she should lose me," explained Frederick. "Poor dear Julia, I was her last chance! and yet the governor was so 'riled' by the way in which I spoke of Æschylus, that he was reckless of consequences; not that I blame him; the ancient classics were the bridge that carried him over the river of adversity, and gave him his fellowship, and subsequently his living; and if it was not for the vested interests that are thus bound up with them, they would long ago have been reckoned at their true value."

"They have a value, then, have they?" inquired the Professor, winking in a highly reprehensible manner at his antagonist's wife.

"Of course they have," rejoined Frederick with irritation; "they have very considerable merit, though not enough to make such a fuss about them: the respect that we pay to mere antiquity amounts to fetish worship. It is the same with your flint weapons and arrow-heads, and scratches of drawings found in caves. You are not content with saying: 'This is very creditable'—that is, considering the epoch at which they were accomplished, and the absence of tools to work with—but you must talk of their 'artistic beauty,' the 'flowing lines of form,' and I don't know what else. Why, it takes a very learned man indeed to prove that the bit of flint is a weapon, and the drawing not an accidental scratch. I have no patience with it at all."

"That much is evident, my dear sir," said the Professor warmly; "the rest of your assertion is not so easily to be admitted. Why, I will undertake to prove, sir, even to your intelligence, that in every specimen—and he produced his bag of precious relics—"which I have had the good fortune to secure to-day"—

Here Mabel hurriedly whispered something in the Professor's ear, which made him pause. "I don't deny," said he, "that there is some reason in what you say, Pennant, as respects our blind acquiescence in many matters which have only age to recommend them."

"Well, well, that is all I wish you to allow," said the constipated Frederick. "For instance," continued the Professor, with the air of a man who makes an admission, "there is that tangled skein of absurdities which— all English law; nothing but a superstitious veneration for mere age, could have induced us to put up so long as we have done with its vain repetitions and ridiculous formulas; its paraphernalia of seals and parchments; its stupid jargon, so useless, and yet so very expensive!"

"Oh, excuse me, professor," interrupted Mr. Frederick Pennant vehemently; "this is a subject with which I have some claim to be personally acquainted; what you consider jargon and a useless expense, are necessary safeguards: once you make law cheap and easy, and you will have a set of unprincipled and ignorant scoundrels"— In his excitement, the young barrister here turned for the first time right round upon his antagonist, and discovered that the four inmates of the carriage were in convulsions of laughter. "By Jove!" said he with comical vehemence, "you've got a rise out of me, I confess, professor. It was that wicked May there who put you up to it. She knows my little weaknesses better than anybody—except my wife," he added, but not soon enough to prevent a shadow crossing Julia's brow. "Come; was it not Miss Mabel?"

"She did whisper me: 'Try him with law,' said the professor, laughing; 'but I had no idea that you would have gorged the bait, hook and all, in that fashion. How true it is that all men are conservatives at heart! That bore's the light-house.'"

"Yes, and what is better," cried Mrs. Marshall ecstatically, "here is the luncheon! Only look!"

"Now, come, Mr. Flint," said he, "do tell me the truth, and it shall go on further. Were those Greek plays which I was made to struggle through at Oxford real masterpieces, such as have never been equalled, or only masterpieces of the period? Should we read them if they were not in Greek? Would they not suffer, in that case, the same neglect as—say the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher or Ben Jonson?"

"My dear sir, no comparison can possibly be made."

"Now, that is worthy of you, Professor. Why not be frank with me? I entertain a hatred so intense against the Greek language, which has bored and worried me for fifteen years of my life, without giving me the least gratification in return, that I should really like to have it mitigated. When I matriculated at your own college, it was necessary to get up a work of the divine Plato—the *Mencorallia* I think it was called. The great Socrates was portrayed in it asking a number of dull questions: hair-splitting, refining, protracting, and reducing his adversaries to silence by wearing the poor wretches out. May I ask whether that what is called the Socratic method, and if so, was it worth anything? He seemed to me to have been the very high priest of verbiage and king of old books."

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"Yes, for fear she should lose me," explained Frederick. "Poor dear Julia, I was her last chance! and yet the governor was so 'riled' by the way in which I spoke of Æschylus, that he was reckless of consequences; not that I blame him; the ancient classics were the bridge that carried him over the river of adversity, and gave him his fellowship, and subsequently his living; and if it was not for the vested interests that are thus bound up with them, they would long ago have been reckoned at their true value."

"They have a value, then, have they?" inquired the Professor, winking in a highly reprehensible manner at his antagonist's wife.

"Of course they have," rejoined Frederick with irritation; "they have very considerable merit, though not enough to make such a fuss about them: the respect that we pay to mere antiquity amounts to fetish worship. It is the same with your flint weapons and arrow-heads, and scratches of drawings found in caves. You are not content with saying: 'This is very creditable'—that is, considering the epoch at which they were accomplished, and the absence of tools to work with—but you must talk of their 'artistic beauty,' the 'flowing lines of form,' and I don't know what else. Why, it takes a very learned man indeed to prove that the bit of flint is a weapon, and the drawing not an accidental scratch. I have no patience with it at all."

CHAPTER X.—THE PICNIC.

The good lady who had last spoken was not without warrant for her enthusiasm. The dog-cart had reached the spot by a short cut in advance of its companion carriage; and in a green hollow, over which the only trees that were to be seen in the landscape threw their grateful shade, a cloth had been spread,

and covered with dainty viands. Mr. Winthrop and his son were standing by, ready to welcome the party to this impromptu feast, which really looked very attractive. The lobsters offered "a pretty bit of colour," contrasted with the cool green of the salad which had just been made; and a little stream which ran close by could be seen the shining tops of some champagne bottles.

"My dear Mr. Winthrop," cried the old lady, as her eye caught the glint of these last, "what a nice man you are!"

Everybody was moved to good-natured laughter.

"One has heard of making a sunshine in a shady place," observed Mrs. Pennant; "but you gentlemen have found a shade in the sunshine, and much more than a shade."

"It is indeed a magnificent spread!" said the Professor; "there seems to be everything that three out of the four elements produce."

"Nay," said Frederick, "the fourth is not omitted, for do not the viands show traces of your favorite 'action of fire'?"

"Pennant has just been 'roasted' himself, Winthrop, and is still tender," observed Mr. Flint, in explanation of this assault. "But what have you got in that blanket?—a salamander, or a boa-constrictor?"

"Well, I hope we shall find some table-ice still left in it," answered the host modestly. "Horn says there was a hundred-weight at starting."

"Ice!" exclaimed Mrs. Marshall ecstatically, at the same time settling herself down by the festive cloth—for board there was none. "Did I not say he was a nice man!"

This respectable old lady was not one of those grave deceivers who protest they don't care what they eat, or thank Heaven that they can eat anything, but who are, nevertheless, so extraordinarily particular about the under-cut of the beef, or that bit of crackling of the pork, or the liver wing of the chicken. She liked her food, and was not ashamed to show it.

"Now, I call this most charming, my dear Mrs. Pennant!" whispered she, when the ladies began seated, the gentlemen began to minister to them in the usual picnic fashion. I confess I like to be well waited upon. I hope that 'the equality of the sexes,' which they are now making such a fuss about, may never come to pass in my time, at all events; for, of course, if there's equality, we shall be no more made much of. At present, I am allowed by man to be a superior being, and I do not wish that notion to be done away with.—Yes, lobster, if you please, Professor.—Sherry and seltzer; thank you, Mr. Horn; I hope it isn't mixed too strong.—Well, since you have made the salad yourself, Mr. Winthrop, I can't refuse.—Once established an equality, my dear, and every man would be helping himself. The pretty young girls, such as May yonder (and only do look how they are all at her feet!) might still secure a little attention; but as for old ladies like me, we should starve. (It's uncommonly difficult, I say, even now, for a woman of my age to get exactly what she wants at a hall-supper, and yet they are all tolerably ancient damsels who are in favour of this reform. "The Rights of women are the Rights of men," you know. I call it perfectly suicidal.)—I p. pop.—"How pleasant it sounds! There's certainly nothing like champagne: the longer I live, the better I like it.—Now, do come and sit down, Mr. Winthrop; I am sure you have elapsed enough—that is, when you have given me just the smallest piece of ice. Champagne without ice is like kissing one's sister-in-law—it's insipid."

"My dear Mrs. Marshall," exclaimed Mrs. Pennant reprovingly, "what an idea!"

"It will be a deal worse than an idea, my love, some day, when they get that wicked bill passed in parliament about their deceased wife's sisters. How would you like your husband to be flirting in that way with May yonder—you don't mind it now, of course, but if you thought she might take your place when you were dead and gone?—Now, do let us see you eat something yourself, Mr. Horn? Not he, he's off to Miss Mabel."

Such was the rapidity of Mrs. Marshall's monologues, and so quickly did one topic succeed another therein, that she could not have reiterated one of her own speeches in proper order, had her life depended upon it. Her remarks, even when they were sharp rejoinders, were forgotten by herself as soon as spoken (for she was totally free from malice); and unlike the bee, which dies when it has left its sting,

she often wounded others by her thoughtless talk, without being aware that they had so much as received a scratch. She had no more idea that she had let fly a poisoned arrow at Mrs. Pennant in the words "flirting in that way with May yonder," than that she had thrown the salad bowl at her head; and yet she had wounded her to the quick. Frederick's thoughtless speech a while ago, "there is nobody knows my weaknesses like May," with its too tardy supplement, "except my wife," was not forgotten; and this reference to his pleasure in the young girl's society galled the still tender spot. All women are madly jealous; there needs no cause to drive the wisest of them frantic with suspicion of the man they love; a smile, a look, a whisper, addressed to him by another—though old enough to be his mother, or (still worse) young enough to be his grand-daughter—will set their souls aflame like sparks to tinder. In such a case, they lose all belief in the probity of man, and, we had almost added, the virtue of woman. To do Mrs. Pennant justice, however, she well knew that her sister was wholly innocent of wishing to divert from her the affection of her husband; but she was scarcely less angry to think that she had involuntarily done so. What did he mean, the beloved wretch, by her "knowing his weaknesses"? What business had he to let her know them? And what right had he now to desert his wife—his bride—by whose side his place should be—in order to hover about Mabel in that way? Her face was calm as she looked at them, but her bosom was a volcano in action; her appetite was gone; the cold lamb upon her plate might have been veal for all she knew, if it had not been for the mint sauce which the provident Mr. Winthrop had alotted to it from a bottle.

"Well, Ju., and how are you getting on?" was the sprightly inquiry of the unconscious Fred, as he seated himself at last beside her, plate in lap. "Isn't this jolly?"

"I am glad you find it so," was the rejoinder.—"No, I thank you; I don't require ice."

"Frederick saw that she did not. He had been too recently a lover not to recognize the indications of a tiff: the course of true love never ran without them. Unfortunately for the present need, he took a humorous view of her irritation. "Mr. Winthrop has given us silver-plate, I hope!"

"I believe so; you can see for yourself."

"That's well. I was afraid, my dear, that you had been taking your mint sauce with a steel fork; that makes people a little cross sometimes."

"I have very good reason to be cross, sir."

"Because there is no looking-glass to show to you your own handsome face!" was the astute reply. Come with me to the brook (Mrs. Marshall wants another bottle of champagne opened), and then you'll see it. I never saw you looking half so charming. Come, give me a smile, Ju."

"I cannot dissmulate like you, Frederick."

Here interceded the host with a courteous question.

"I have done admirably, Mr. Winthrop, thank you, and was never more delighted with a picnic. I was just saying to my husband how charmingly everything had gone off."

"They are all going to Nemone Bay, Ju; I'll stop with you, if you please, and sit on shore. I'd rather stop with you," whispered the wily Frederick.

"If you really would, Frederick, of course I should prefer it. But I can hardly think you are in earnest—leaving me all alone."

"Why, you and the Professor."

"The Professor? What did I care for him? There were plenty to look after Mabel, I am sure, without me."

"My dear Ju., that was the very reason why I went. Those fellows were enough to turn the poor child's head; of course, they mean nothing serious, but she might easily misunderstand their attentions. While she is staying with us, I feel, as we lawyers say, in loco parentis—in the place of her father. This Winthrop is an old flirt, and his son an impatient puppy."

"Hush, hush. If that is why you left me, I forgive you, but don't do it again. May is not a fool, and quite old enough to take care of herself."

"She always seems to me such a mere child," said the careless reply of the judicious Frederick, "but you ought to know better, my dear.—They are coming to the light-house; take my arm, and I will carry your shawl."

It was not the prick of conscience that caused Mr. Frederick Pennant to form a diagnosis so accurate of the state of his wife's mind, and to apply so sovereign a remedy; he thought no more harm of amusing himself with his sister-in-law than he professed to think; but he was one of those who, though possessed but of moderate ability in other respects, are socially very intelligent, and he had seen where the shoe pinched at a glance. A less sagacious man would have reasoned with his wife; a less good-tempered one would have "had it out with her," if not then, as soon as occasion served; but Mr. Pennant preferred to make all smooth in the manner we have seen. He had been always a favorite with women, and imagined that he understood them thoroughly; but he had a good deal to learn respecting those interesting and attractive creatures yet.

As for Mabel, Frederick had told nothing more than the truth when he said that she had had attention enough paid to her by their host and his son sufficient to turn the head of a less sensible girl. Mr. Winthrop, of course, had been obliged to give some of his time to his other guests, but Horn had been her slave throughout the repast. Never had the offices of cavalier and waiter been more assiduously combined than in his person; it was not his fault that he was less dexterous than diligent, but his compliments, to say truth, were clumsy; and, unable to open the champagne bottles, he cut their necks off, in rather a savage fashion, with a blow of his knife. When a difficulty of this sort occurred, a quick ear might have caught another sound beside the crashing of glass; this was Mr. Horn Winthrop swearing at the bottle under his breath. As the wine flowed, his attentions redoubled, and his tongue was loosened. He informed Mabel that it had been his father's cruel design to exile him from the company that day, but that the groom's return to the hotel had given him the opportunity of joining it. "I wouldn't have missed it," whispered he, "upon my soul, for all the world."

May endeavored to look as if this remark had no personal reference to herself; and, feeling that she was called upon to say something, inquired why Mr. Winthrop should have wished to deprive him of the day's pleasure.

"Because I make him look old," was the frank reply. "He does not mind going with me among strangers, because he thinks we are as like as not to be taken for brothers. However, whenever I have the chance, I always make a point of calling him father."

"But that's very unkind of you," said Mabel. "Many persons object to being thought old; and certainly your father does not look his age."

"Well, he's not a chicken, so you needn't think it," observed the young man confidentially. "He wouldn't take off his hat, like the Professor yonder, for fifty pounds, or if it was ten times as hot, just because it would show how bald he was getting."

"But what would be the harm of that?" inquired Mabel, amused in spite of herself.

"Oh, I'm sure I don't know," said Horn with a short dry laugh. "All I know is, that when he came down to see me at Aldershot the other day, he sat without his hat in the mess verandah; perhaps that was because there were no young ladies to look at him.—Well, everybody's done, so I suppose I must not eat any more. We are going to the light-house it seems; though I fancy the governor won't much like mounting up so many steps directly after his lunch. May I offer you my arm?"

Mabel had no alternative but to accept it; and, under the very nose of his father, who was hurrying up with the same offer evidently on his lips, Mr. Horn marched off with his prize.

"Just look at that!" whispered Mrs. Marshall to Mrs. Pennant, drawing her attention to the couple in question: "upon my word, the young gentleman is making play. I shouldn't wonder if there was a popping of something else than the cork before he was out. What a good thing it is, to be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

"To be sure!"

Revolting Crime in France.

One of the most revolting crimes ever perpetrated in provincial France is now before the Judges of the Department of the Horn Assizes. The accused persons are a woman named Enjalbert, her paramour Gely, a farmer who is sixty-seven years of age, and the female prisoner's son, a boy of 17. Madame Enjalbert, aided by her son, murdered her husband in a most inhuman manner almost before the eyes of his little daughter. The deed was done at the instigation of Gely, who wanted the woman to go and leave him altogether, promising to support her and her family. The woman purchased a revolver and armed her son with a club, which she observed cynically was big enough to "cave in" a donkey with. Enjalbert was then decoyed out of his house at an early hour in the morning, having been asked to accompany his wife and son to the market at Galban, near Montpellier. As the trio were crossing a bridge, Madame Enjalbert asked her husband to fasten her shoe, and, as he was bending down for that purpose, she discharged three shots from her revolver into the nape of his neck. The victim fell, and while on the ground his wife fired three additional shots at him, while his son battered in his face and skull with the club. Not satisfied with this, the woman pulled a knife out of her pocket and hacked and mutilated her husband's body in an indescribable manner. The corpse was then thrown into a ditch, where it was found next day. The woman was arrested, and admitted the crime, but wanted to exonerate her son, who, however, also confessed to participation in the deed.

Steering by Electricity.

An officer on board the German ironclad Preussen has, in conjunction with the engineer of the ship, invented an electrical steering apparatus, about which there is much talk just now in naval circles. By means of this apparatus the captain can control the rudder from the bridge or from any point on the deck—an important advantage in the noise of a storm or in action. That the invention is regarded by the authority as one likely to prove of great importance is shown by the fact that the ironclad König Wilhelm, on the very next day after her return with the Mediterranean Squadron, was sent to sea to test it.

New Goods TO HAND.

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

- Stamped Toilet Sets, in wood designs, 3s. 45c, 60c and 90c per set of five pieces
- Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 3s. 45c, 75c and \$1 each.
- Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 40c, 45c, 60c and \$1 each.
- Splashes, 18x26 and 18x44, newest designs, 40c, 50c, and 75c each.
- Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 40c, 50c and 60c each.
- Sideboard Sails, 18x72, 75c and \$1 each.
- Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 50c, and 70c each.
- Stamped Umbrella Holders, newest designs, 75c each.
- Stamped Gentleman's Companions, 75c each.
- Stamped Pillow Shams, 45c, 75c and \$1
- Stamped Tidy, all fringed, 25c, 30c
- Stamped Silet Holders, newest designs

Notwithstanding the advance in the price of wool, we are still selling our single and double, at 5c per lb. Shetland and Australian, 10c per lb. Wool, all colors, 10c per lb. Embroidery Silks, all colors, Wash Silks, guaranteed. Aaraine, in all the new colors. Fell, all new colors.

Afraid of
Fadman—"The
spoke in a rap"
Fangle—"I
tonor."

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.

—For Truth.

Rosemary and Rue.

BY MISS ANNIE L. JACK.

When the twins came to Gerald Hart's home he looked at them in curiosity and wonder—and learned the meaning of the word daughter. For they were so much alike, and he had three boys already and didn't seem to have a place for girls, they wouldn't be any help on the farm and were no use generally except to help "mother," as he called his weakly, soft-spoken wife. What funny little tots they were, but quite unlike in disposition, for Rose was always sucking her thumb contentedly, while Ruth was doubling up a miniature fist, and shaking it at the world. As they grow older they picked blackberries, and huckleberries, gathered hazel nuts and waded barefoot in the swamp for wild flowers—while the winter was spent at the village school. The eldest son Gerald went to the city, and became interested in the fur trade. He soon spelled his surname with two "t's" and put an "e" at the end, so that Gerald Hartte had a very aristocratic appearance. Now and then he came home, and was very patronizing to his old friends who gathered skunk and mink skins to sell to him, and while wearing their homespun contentedly, frankly admired his fine fur coat. Dick and Sam went off West together, and so the farm was left with only the girls and father Gerald, for the little mother died when they were twelve years old.

It was an old fashioned dairy farm where they churned twice a week, and made a few cheeses, that had to be turned every day by aching arms. The work-men were coarse and ill-mannered that often came to their table and found fault with the food, and the girls, by the time they were seventeen found life a heavy burden. So one fair spring day, with arms around father Gerald's neck they told him their plans—which were to keep a boy to do the plowing, and try to help him more out of doors—making no butter or cheese but sending the milk to the factory. "We will plant grapes and currants, which we girls can hoe and gather, and some vegetables for the market," they said. So the last year's potato field was planted in long rows, with celery between, and by the time the girls were twenty-one they had their hands full to attend to all the growing and harvesting. Rue was good to trim pickets while Rose tied the grape vines securely to them. Celery and parsnips, salsify and dwarf peas and beans grew between the rows in turn, and paid for the labor, while grapes and currants revelled in the soft warm earth that became more mellow on a year with repeated and careful attention. When the girls were left to themselves for the boys did not return to the farm, they were quite capable of attending to it. The books had been carefully kept, and they were aware of all their outlay—as well as savings—there was a little for a rainy day, and a farm that showed thrift and economy. For they had planted an orchard, and a cranberry field, that now brought in a decent revenue. Of course there were good years and bad ones, but, taking one thing with another it was a fair success. Offers of marriage came from men who were obliged to confess that they could not have done better

and admired their spirit and thrift, but, Rose and Rue seemed born to be happy old maids, and perhaps were wise in their generation. They adopted each a little waif of their own sex, and taught them lessons of honesty and morality, and in later years, a nephew came back to the old farm, who stayed with them for love of the sweet maiden aunts. "We used to dread the future said Rose, when we were young girls. Mother seemed so tuckered out always turning cheeses and feeding calves—and I doubt if she ever was rested. But we are so much better off. The crops grow on Sunday without our working and we can rest contented." True, there were years when apples failed—when prices were low—when two much rain in low lands drowned out the celery, but there was always something to fall back on, "and the roof over our heads," as Rue would say.

To her accomplishments she added that of nurse in every house where sickness was to be found, serving several winters at a training school for that purpose, returning home in spring to help the work of the farm and gather strength for her winter's duties. It was an unusual case, but one worth following for there are many country girls who would be glad of winter classes, where they could be taught nursing and earn something at the same time, taking a longer period to serve their apprenticeship by securing a diploma at last that will be a security for them in case of need; "for" said Ruth Hart, "no girl wants to be dependent upon her brother's wife and it is time something was done to suit our needs—to make it practicable that we can use our winters, and do our home duties in summer." No doubt the vitality of these girls, fresh from country life, working with an earnest purpose, would be good for the patients. At any rate, Ruth had her diploma, and was able to fill a sorely needed place, when sickness brought the need of a trained nurse to the village.

Rose took some lessons in rural architecture and became a necessity to a suburban watering place a few miles off, where she planned the small grounds, and planted trees and shrubs to the satisfaction of those who wished to beautify their grounds. It was a remunerative business, and in this position we have our heroines—living their quiet, humble life as happily as if they were in a more enviable position and not to be considered "weaker vessels" just because they were "only girls."

Don't Whip the Babies But Rear Them By Kindness.

A good member of "The Household" says: "Every sensible person must admit that children require punishment to make them good men and women." I am surprised to hear such doctrine preached in this age of enlightenment, writes Ella A. Dodds in the Detroit Free Press. The spoiled child, I will admit, is a great annoyance to all who come in contact with it, but the unwhipped baby is not always the spoiled baby. On the contrary, I believe the reverse is the fact—the whipped child is the spoiled child. I have had the opportunity to observe the effect in more than one family of the policy of kindness, and the result has in every instance accorded with my own experience. I spent several months in the family of an intelligent father and mother who lived strictly to the rule of never punishing a child, and there were children of all ages, from babyhood up to 16. How earnestly that good mother watched the moods of those sweet, bright children, and checked by various resources any threatened storm of passion or overflow of mischief. With the older ones a word or a sign of displeasure was never unheeded, with the baby a peaceful settlement was sure to be the outcome of every skirmish, and the closing scene was always a laugh and not a cry. Not one of those children ever felt the heartache of as much as a cross word

to sob over when alone in the dark; so they always met the parents frankly and with honest faces. When questioned who ate the cake or picked the last ripe pear on the favorite Bartlett tree there was no falsehood told to avoid a spanking. They had no rules to obey; but they were often rewarded for good work or good lessons. Not one of those children did I ever hear cry except from pain, nor fret except from physical ailment.

I would submit as a treatment for the baby who insists upon playing with the poker dangerously near the fire, not a spanking, with its sobs to follow; not the dark closet, with horrors to influence a precious life; but just what I saw my friend do. There was a tender flowering plant, with green leaves and bright flowers in winter, and the little child was seized with a desire to caress the sweet bloom—not to pluck it. His mother said, "Come here, my pet. He started from the impulse of habit, but like old ones tempted he could not leave the flower, but returned and fairly crowded in his glowing good nature, unmindful of his disobedience. "Come," said the mother, "see this kitty." Still he lingered. The mother waited no longer, but avoided all danger of starting the babe on the road to ruin by encouraging him to display anger by picking him gently up and attracting his attention to a favorite dog outside the window. The flower was forgotten that instant. It was moved soon after without attracting the baby's attention, and what might have been a stormy scene ended in a pleasant romp and laugh.

Mothers surely bring trouble to themselves and harm to their children whenever they resort to punishment of any kind. Oh, it is cruel, cruel! I wish I had the power to picture to you the misery that is brought into the world by the cruel rod. And it never ends. It goes to the graves at the end of the lives it has blighted.

To Preserve Strawberries.

For years I had been experimenting to get the best method of preserving strawberries, and had not found a satisfactory mode. A friend in Pennsylvania told me how she made her preserve, which was delicious. Last summer I tried a good many ways, and while several of the methods gave fairly satisfactory results, nothing was such a perfect success as the Pennsylvania rule. I shall preserve all my strawberries by it this year. Here it is:

SUN-COOKED STRAWBERRIES

Pick over the strawberries and weigh them; then put them in the preserving kettle. Add to them as many pounds of granulated sugar as there are pounds of strawberries. Stir, and place on the fire; and continue stirring occasionally until the mixture begins to boil. Cook for ten minutes, counting from the time it begins to boil. Pour the preserve into large platters, having it about two inches deep, and place in the sun for 10 hours or more (the rule said 24, but I found that one day of sunshine answered). The preserve is now ready to put into jars and place in the preserve closet. It will keep without sealing, but I used the Mason pint jars, as they are as convenient and cheap as any article one can use.

Remember that these preserves are put into the jars cold; that no water is used in cooking them, nothing but the strawberries and sugar, and that they will be very rich, so that only a small quantity need be served to a person. The flavor of this fruit is perfect. Only fine, ripe strawberries should be used. The platters of preserve can be placed on a table in a sunny window, or on a sunny piazza. It is so early in the season that there is not much trouble with flies. I do not see why the fruit could not be put in the jars and placed in the sun for two days. I shall try it this year with some of the preserve. It would make the work much easier.

Some Tested Recipes.

MAKING MUTTON. Put in a stewpan some thin slices of mutton, quartered macaroni, pepper, salt, and a tablespoonful vinegar, sauce, etc. Stew gently for an hour and keep the pot tightly covered.

ROAST LONESTER.—Half a lobster; take it from the shell, wash it in cold water and rub it over with oil set it before a good fire.

When it produces a fine froth, it is done. Serve with melted butter.

STRAWBERRY CREAM.—Mix together one-half pint of thick cream, one half pound of powdered sugar, and three gills of strawberry juice (either from the fresh fruit or preserves—but in the latter case use less sugar), and whip up. Serve with blanc mango or puddings.

FROSTED FRUIT.—Select fine fruit. Currants are very pretty frosted. Beat the whites of a couple of eggs, dip the fruit in them, then in powdered sugar; lay them in a pan lined with white paper, and set in an oven nearly cool to dry. When the icing is firm, pile them on a dish and set in a cool place.

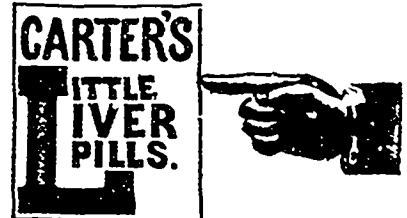
POTATO PIE.—Sift two pounds of boiled potatoes, white or sweet; rub to a cream three-quarters of a pound of butter; add to this a pound of sugar, the yolks of six eggs well beaten, then the potatoes, a lemon grated and squeezed into the potatoes while hot, half a nutmeg grated, salt to taste, a quart of rich milk, and the whites of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. Bake with an under-crust.

COCONUT SPONGE CAKES.—Time, half an hour. Six eggs; half a pound of flour; one teaspoonful of lemon essence; one of salt; half a nutmeg; one coconut. Beat the yolks of six eggs with half a pound of sugar; then add the flour, salt, essence of lemon and half a nutmeg grated. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and stir them to the yolks, etc., and the white meat of the coconut grated. Line square tin pans with buttered paper, and, having stirred the ingredients well together, put the mixture in, an inch deep, in the pans. Bake them in a quick oven half an hour, cut into squares and serve it with or without icing.

The Clove Cure.

She was talking confidentially to her bosom friend. "Now that we are married," she said, "John has stopped drinking entirely. I have not detected the odor of liquor about him since our wedding day." "Was it difficult for him to stop?" inquired the bosom friend. "Oh, no; not at all. He just eats cloves. He says that is a certain cure."

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



CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not stop here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACT

is the best we make while Carter's

MILLINERY.

In Fig. 80-103 No. 1 illustrates a tiny bonnet of tulle over a wire frame, with a bow, roll around the edge, and ties of black velvet, and a wreath of purple and gold velvet pansies.

No. 2 shows a saucer-shaped bonnet of fancy straw, with loops in front, and ties coming down over the crown of ribbon velvet. Flowers in front, and trailed along the crown to the back.

No. 3 represents a charming summer hat of fancy straw slightly rolled all around, faced with crepe, and trimmed with a wreath of poppies, buds, and leaves.

No. 4 is a large untrimmed shape, rolled slightly on the left side, narrow in the back, and with a sloping crown. These fancy straws come in black and colors for \$1.10 up.

No. 5 is of fine Milan straw faced with lace and a network of rose stems, thorns and flowers, and trimmed on the outside with ribbon and a wreath of small roses.

No. 6 represents a turban higher in the back, made of net, fancy straw brim, and a trimming of flowers and ribbon massed toward the back.

No. 7 is a large, slightly rolled design trimmed with drapings and loops of velvet, and ostrich-feather pompons.

No. 8 is of yellow fancy straw faced with yellow crepe, and trimmed with a drapery of the crepe, and half-wreath of yellow flowers and green foliage.

Nos. 9 and 10 are large, stylish shapes, having the fashionable brim wide in front, and narrow in the back, with a Milan crown and fancy edge.

No. 11 is a rolled shape showing straw of two colors, and braids in the brim, with a graceful trimming of ribbon, lace, and flowers massed toward the left side.

No. 12 illustrates a small bonnet having a brim of lace edging, and a full crown of net, with a rather flat bow in front, and ties from the back, of ribbon velvet; erect bunch of flowers in front.

No. 13 is suitable for an elderly person. This design points in front, has a velvet brim, lace crown, barb strings, and fan bow on top mingled with knots of velvet.

No. 14 has a soft lace crown, jet coronet, lace draped as a brim, strings ending in a large rosette, and veiling a cluster of roses on top that are set in front of a few loops of ribbon.

The hats are often extraordinary and unique, but most becoming to young and piquante faces. They are large circles, made often in clear drawn tulle, the wires covered with velvet, and a mass of flowers on the outside. They are worn at the back of the head, and stand up high over the face. Fine clip and Leghorn are twisted in a variety of forms, to suit the face, and the reign of flap hats has set in without doubt. Hugo jet butterflies are introduced on the outside, and the edges are often bound with ropes of jet. Bunches of roses and lilac nestle on the ample surface outside. Sometimes a gauze veil is placed round the crown, one end left to encircle the throat.

Large bunches of green wheat-eats adorn many of the large transparent tulle hats, together with bows of artificial grass, and rosettes of narrow baby ribbon. A great many flowers are worn, and red velvet plays an important part in millinery. Of course, floral bonnets and floral toques are in the majority, and are likely to be worn; but they are not the first fashion or the newest. Anyone can make a flower bonnet at home, if she can but obtain the foundation. The fashionable world needs something more distinctive.

Black crinoline is a fashionable material both for hats and bonnets of the finest texture, worked often in crochet patterns, which, with wavy edges, form the brim; one of these has a wreath of yellow roses at the edge of the open crown, another butterflies. One novel arrangement in a brown bonnet is the brim edged with close-set butterfly buds, in a triple row, sewed quite close together.

In bonnets, imagine one composed of a coronet of sparkling French jet points, interlaced with moussé-green velvet ribbon, which peeps out in loops, small at the back, and growing in size till they culminate in front; strings of velvet tying the coronet together at the back, and then passing round the throat; and a few roses, buds, and leaves, lightly fixed to the front, and resting on the dressed hair at the top of the head. Another of fancy cream lace straw,

with a brim of fine black lace, pleated to give the look of a half-opened fan, and most becoming to the face; and a wreath of mimosa, edging the straw at the sides, and going up the back, next to the hair.

The gondola shape, as near the form, of its namesake as is consistent with other requirements, is carried out in straw, almost hidden by a handkerchief of crimson silk and gold, manipulated with true Parisian skill, and finished off with three large, real, brown butterflies, two in front, and one at the back. One smart little bonnet consists of three of the new long black straw leaves, forming the sides and centre, with black velvet strings, and a maize ribbon bow in front, supporting two black swallows.

One of the most marked adjuncts in millinery now is a butterfly. The newest are made in wired lace, but they appear in jet and many other fabrics, and of all sizes. Embroidered lisse plays its part. The leading idea is the fancy straw, which is plaited in particularly pretty designs. Cord and the fine straw edging are introduced into a good applique design quite new in millinery. Fancy crinoline has come back vastly improved. Every preparation has been made to meet the need of open crowns. Some have fluted brims, others three distinct flutes over the face, which mingle well with the trimming. Many bonnets, as well as hats, are made with the rose-stem crowns ready for the flowers, to which these stems form the foundation, and straw lace edges crowns as well as brims. Where the crowns exist, they would seem to rest flat against the back of the head.

Much lace straw is employed, in which fine gold thread is blended, balls of straw helping to form the pattern. This constitutes the front, with a wreath of roses without foliage set close round the open crown, from the back of which come the narrow velvet strings to be tied in front. Some of the new bonnets are made simply of three twisted rouleaux of velvet; one of these, composed of green and red velvet, is adorned with ivy leaves and berries. Very fine passementerie on tulle foundations are the best part of the bonnet, oftentimes worked in drabs and gold, with simply a bow of velvet, and a large osprey aigrette to complete it.

One curious and quaint shape, in the hand, looks like a saucer. This is intended to be worn at the back of the head, so that the brim, which is frequently fluted, forms a flaring front above the face, and is completed by soft lace. On the outside appear floral pompons, in three tones, pink, yellow, and cream, made in cowslips, or in some flowers that sit well and closely together, forming a compact mass. Soft silk pompons are also used in millinery.

Mimosa is a favorite flower and a charming example has an emerald velvet front, with mimosa at the back. This is softened by a point of black lace falling on the forehead. Coquelicot, or poppy-red crepe, blend with jet to perfection, and crepe of this tone forms the front of a charming bonnet, has one of the coronets of jet placed crownwise at the back, with a large bunch of black ostrich plumes in front.

Some new Paris bonnets are covered with gold netting, and have gold drops on the edge. Black velvet ribbon appears in some form on nearly every hat made. Butterfly bows of it are here and there among the lace, and No. 9 is used for strings tied under the left ear, or chin. Strings on large hats are knotted loosely over the chest.

Fancy straw by the yard is sewed on frames in different forms, with lace or ribbon mixed here and there. Ostrich tips are still very much used, though this is undoubtedly a flower season. Yellow flowers are very prevalent, though aubergine and other purplish shades are greatly used.

Slight of Hand.

"Isn't it funny that Johnson could steal a hundred thousand dollars from a firm and yet have his books so fixed that the firm couldn't discover the loss?"

"Well, you know Johnson always was clever at ledger-deman."

Patterns.

Any pattern contained in these pages may be obtained by enclosing price and addressing S. Frank Wilson, 75 to 81 Adelaide Street West, Toronto. In ordering be careful to state size required, as we cannot change patterns that have been opened.

I Love Her.

Why do the birds sing so softly
As they flutter to and fro?
Why is nature so hushed and still?
Because I love her so.

The brook as it flows at my feet,
The whispering winds above
Are murmuring, murmuring gently--
I love her, I love her, my love.

The zephyrs kiss the grasses,
And as they gently move
They bend their heads and whisper:
I love her, I love her, my love.

The sparrows perched around me,
The robins chirping above,
The humming bees, the whispering winds
Are telling of my love.

Who, then, will bear my message?
O, spread thy white wings, Dove,
And fly with speed and tell her
I love her, I love her, my love.

—(M. G. Hall.)

What Should She Do?

I print verbatim the letter of a girl whose sentiments, I fear, express those of many other young women.

"I am 19 years of age. By the death of father, mamma is left with three children, of which I am the oldest. I should help to support the family, yet it is a severe trial to go out into business and incur the criticism of all the wealthy girl-friends with whom I associated when papa was alive. What shall I do? Can I not get some private employment which would bring me the revenue but not the unpleasant taunts and remarks of the girls I know?"

My correspondent in this case will excuse me if I speak to her plainly and frankly:

What shall you do? First of all, my girl, learn that nobody but a fool or a coward ever made unpleasant remarks about the girl who honestly and honorably earns her living. Believe me, those who would taunt and criticize you are unworthy either of your, or any good girl's friendship.

What shall you do? Get over the unwomanly cowardice which makes you want to hide from the world at large the fact that it is your duty to help in the household that lost its protector. The world has grown in these years, and the self-supporting self-respecting woman receives her meed of respect and applause. The woman who works is the power in the land—if she does her work well.

The woman who wants to sit at home and do her work secretly, because she feels she can not face her friends (what poor friends they must be) is not apt to do good work and is not apt to get good pay.

You may do some fancy-work that your friends, for sweet charity's sake, will buy for a while, but this isn't working; and if you are young, healthy, and have ability, as you say, you don't want to be an object of charity.

What shall you do? Go out into the world, my girl, let the sunshine of honest work clear away the clouds in your brain. Do whatsoever your hand find for you to do with all your heart and all your strength, and as surely as you and I are living you will succeed.

There is always in this world a place for a good worker; there is always proper payment for good work; but for poor work, for shiftless labor, for work about which so little pride is felt that anybody wants to hide it from the public view, there is nothing but contempt.

The woman who works need never be anything but womanly, but she must be as exact as a man. She must recognize the value of punctuality, and, above all else, if she does nothing more than sweep an office, she must conclude to sweep that office so well that she will get better wages for it than any one ever got before, and in this way make her first step toward success.

Success must be sought; it doesn't come.

uninvited nowadays. The leave you get to work, which Elizabeth Barrett Browning says is the best you can get, is yours. Having it, keep always going ahead, each day making your work better and better, not only because your employer has a right to demand it, but for your own honor's sake.

You will learn to like it because you do it well, and when the day comes around that your wages are handed to you there will be a great throb of thankfulness in your heart, not only because you are helping those at home, but because you can stand in the sight of your God and feel that "The laborer is worthy of his hire."

That is what you should do. Be honest, be good, be courageous, and you will make of yourself a woman in the truest sense of the word.

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THE HOSPITALLERS.

BY FRED M. WHITE.

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CHAPTER III.

If the mornings within the Hospital walls passed quietly and smoothly, the evenings were far more redolent of brooding, exclusiveness. When the doors were closed upon the busy city, sitting out all the world except a merry shout of children at play in the meadows beyond, the pensioners in their best red coats sat under the monastery walls, or worked in their garden patches among their vegetables and flowers. Ben Choppin, smoking his evening pipe with his friend and ally the Corporal, watched a pair of figures promenading the path round the preaching-cross—Sylvia Goldsworthy and the painter, Harold Abelwhite, in earnest converse.

"It came upon me like a thunderclap," said the sailor, as if resumming the broken thread of a story. "Miss Sylvia, she had just finished the Battle of the Nile, when our now governor walks in with the picture-chap yonder. "You are our new patron?" says the Captain.—"I have the honor to be so," says Mr. Debenham.—"Then," says the Captain, "allow me to inform you that my cottage is at your disposal; I can accept no favor from a Debenham."—"I was that astonished you might have knocked me down with the butt-end of a musket."

"I dare say," Mr. Dawson replied meditatively, "I did hear, when the Captain first came here, as he had had words along with the young gentleman's father. I only hope as it won't make any difference at Christmas."

Mr Choppin hastened to assure his friend that such a dread consummation was not likely to happen in consequence of the Captain's indiscretion. That the new patron and his chief pensioner had come to high words was common property in the Hospital, and had been warmly discussed amongst the inhabitants from a more or less personal point of view.

But Sylvia and her companion, walking in the gloaming beneath the shadow of the ancient preaching-cross, were likewise speaking of the scene that morning. The artist listened sympathetically to the girl, who spoke in a low voice, that trembled with emotion from time to time. Her features were pale, and on her cheeks were signs of recent tears.

"It is not for me to blame my father," she said after a pause. "I do not think he cared for the loss of his money; it was the treacherous action on the part of his friend that makes him so hard. — But it is not just; it is not like him to visit the sins of one upon another innocent head."

"And such a handsome head!" replied the artist somewhat bitterly. "I have not heard the whole story. Would you mind enlightening me?"

"It is simple enough. When my father gave up his profession, he had quite sufficient for his wants; indeed, he would to this day had he not been persuaded by his friend Mr. Debenham to speculate. There was a lot of money invested in certain bonds; and when they were liquidated—whatever that may mean—all the money was lost. But my father found out afterwards that Mr. Debenham had sold out the week before. If it was done honestly, it was a cruel, heartless thing

that could this Debenham benefit

no head for business," said Sylvia. "But I understand if my father had been placed suddenly in my position, I would have seriously jeopardized my chance of disposing of my property. To me it is a

reputation. I shall say good night."

the hand of love himself had turned to the blackness of despair.

"We have always been friends," Sylvia continued after a pause. "Mr. Abelwhite, can't you find some way to help me now?" "I would lay down my life to make you happy. Tell me, if this quarrel is explained away, will you be any happier then?"

"Surely. Why, then, if he should say to me—"

She stopped, and Abelwhite was grateful, for every word falling from her lips was torture to his proud and sensitive soul. There was a wild passion in his affection for the girl, an adoration such as poets tell us of; and as he looked into her serious eyes, his madness alternately cooled and burned, despair and love mingled in a breath. He paused a moment, intending to refuse, a negative that he could not have uttered if he would.

"There are some men," said he, who are born to have no wish, no ambition ungratified. They have riches and health and beauty, everything that makes life happy, and yet, should they but covet the only jewel of a poor man's heart, it is theirs."

"Fie!" said Sylvia archly. "Surely you envy no one."

"And no one envies me, which is considerable under the circumstances. — Now, what if I were to tell you that I—I, Harold Abelwhite, the cripple, can resolve this mystery and show you that it is all a misunderstanding, and that for Captain Goldsworthy's misfortune his friend was not to blame?"

"Do you know that?" Sylvia cried, her cheeks aflame. "If you only can do this, I shall be grateful all the days of my life."

"And gratitude is a lively sense of favours to come," Abelwhite quoted. "I do not say I can, it is merely a hypothetical case I am putting."

The light in Sylvia's eyes died out; a gentle sigh betrayed the deepness of her disappointment.

The painter, watching these signs of alternate hope and despair, felt his conscience tax him for this cruel levity. But the keen torture of his own feeling was too poignant as yet to spare a little room for the noblest of all virtues, self-sacrifice. Seeing that his feelings were somewhat akin to her own, Sylvia touched him gently on the arm.

His pale face blazed with excitement as he started back. "Don't!" he cried, almost roughly. "Do you think I have no feelings? that because I am not like other men

— But I frighten you you, whom I would not injure for the world. Bear with me only a little longer."

He was past all power of acting now; there was in his emotional nature no vileness of stoicism, no worldly training such as enables us to disguise grief and sorrow under the mask of simulated gaiety. He seated himself upon the steps of the old preaching-cross, and hid his face in his hands. "I have been happy here, far too happy. Do not chide me for my folly, Sylvia. I had hoped—fool that I am to see some day, when I became rich and famous. But that is only the dream of a poor crippled painter."

"Oh! surely not," Sylvia cried, in deep distress. "We shall live to see it yet."

"One part, perhaps," said the artist, with a mournful smile; "the other, never. There is something in this place that causes one to weave Arcadian dreams, an air that makes me feel on an equality with all men; and I was mad enough to think that you might, after many days — But I will not distress you. I think I can assist you, and I will."

Sylvia murmured her thanks and held out her hand. He took it, and carried it to his lips with a gentle reverence, for all the fire that had burnt itself away, leaving her hand as cold as the dead ashes behind.

"I will come to you again. I shall take a bold step, and one that I shall not fail. It is not my duty to come to me; but I shall say good night."

"Not to-night," the artist persisted. "I could not. Say good-night here, and let me go through the side-door. Do not lose heart, but wait and hope."

With these parting words of advice, Abelwhite turned abruptly away, and disappeared into the gathering darkness of the street beyond. There was no gleam of recognition in his face for presently, as he walked slowly, painfully along; but by degrees his pace increased, till at length the cottage was reached, and the owner sat himself down in his studio to think.

There was not a soul in the house to disturb those painful meditations, yet every article of furniture or ornament conjured up some unhappy memory. There was the chair where Sylvia had sat for her portrait, the very book represented in the picture lying upon a side-table. Here it was that the dream of happiness had been commenced, and raised story by story, till every airy detail was complete. And even now it was not too late. The Captain would lie in his grave before he would give his child to the son of his dishonored friend; Sylvia would never disregard her father's word, though it cost her all her happiness. Then Hugh Debenham would go away and forget; another and fresher beauty would charm his eye, and then— But then the thoughts grew darker and more troubled; for the painter knew that, juggle with his conscience as he would, it was in his power to solve the mystery and bring the lovers within each other's reach.

He had the power to do this thing; that was the worst of all. There stood the innocent-looking cabinet, the workmanship and restoration of which, by Abelwhite, Hugh Debenham had so much admired; and there, concealed within its artistic depths, lay confirmation strong as proof of holy writ. A little curiosity, a glance, and finally a somewhat closer search, had brought to light the fact that the Captain's anger was in vain, and that his erstwhile friend had done his best to save him from ruin.

"What a temptation!" he cried; "what a hideous trial of this poor body; yet there should be no hesitation. I am—so I tell myself—by education and instinct, if not by birth, a gentleman; still, I am deliberately contemplating the act of a scoundrel. If I do right, I shall lose every hope of her; if I do wrong, she will be no nearer to me than now. And yet—and yet!"

But the good angel of the man had so far triumphed with the morning, that Abelwhite resolved that there was only one honourable course before him. Not that the task was an easy one, embracing as it did certain painful disclosures, and an interview from which the sensitive nature of the artist recoiled, as some natures shrink from physical pain. It was easy enough to prove that Debenham's father had been entirely innocent of treachery towards his old friends; but this, simple as it seemed, could not be accomplished without certain disgraceful disclosures affecting the happiness of more than one of the parties most directly concerned. No man possessed of the ordinary feelings of humanity cares to bring home disgrace to his fellow-creatures, especially if they are of the gentler sex.

Abelwhite walked the entire distance from Castleford to Fotheryngby Court, a somewhat toilsome journey for one so bodily afflicted, without arriving at any satisfactory solution of the difficulty before him. He had racked his brain in vain to devise some scheme whereby the truth should be exposed without violating the confidence which he had so unwittingly gleaned from the contents of the old cabinet. In the first place, he had no earthly right to read the papers; and having done so, under ordinary circumstances, it was his duty to preserve an inviolate silence upon the matter. But after all—and there lay the difficulty—it was not an ordinary occasion, but one deeply affecting the happiness of two people. He who sows the wind must expect to reap the whirlwind; but the reputation of this homely philosophy brought no grain of comfort to the troubled breast of Harold Abelwhite.

He passed under the frowning portcullis, across the blazing parterres of flowers glowing on the lawns, and walked up the steps to the great hall door. A supercilious footman, contemplating his misshapen figure with a glance of undisguised contempt, vouchsafed the information that Mrs. Debenham was at home, though whether she would condescend to receive visitors at so unusual an hour was quite another thing.

"I don't suppose she'll see you, and that's a fact, young man," said the supercilious footman affably. "Any message you may leave"—

"I shall leave no message," Abelwhite replied firmly. "My business is important and urgent. Take in my card, and inform your mistress that I can wait to suit her convenience, but see her I must."

The servant disappeared, leaving Abelwhite standing in the hall, and returned in a few moments with a visible change of manner, and the information that Mrs. Debenham would spare him a few moments if he would kindly walk into the library.

The artist braced his nerves for the coming fray. He had no anticipation of an easy victory, knowing that his case would have to be fully proved, and that nothing short of the most convincing evidence would suffice. And as Mrs. Debenham, calm, haughty, and condescending, swept into the room, Abelwhite gave one swift glance into her face, and realised for the first time the extreme delicacy of the task before him.

"You wished to see me?" asked the lady. "What can I do for you?" "I came," said Abelwhite, clearing his throat, "not on my own behalf. It is for my friend Captain Goldsworthy that I wish to speak."

The listener, still haughty and listless, drew herself up with an air of proud surprise, though her lips trembled slightly, but not so slightly that Abelwhite saw and noticed the ominous change.

"Of course I will attend to anything you have to say, Mr. Abelwhite," replied the lady, a little more graciously. "I am rather surprised to receive any communication from Captain Goldsworthy, that is all. You will pardon me if I ask if you are well acquainted with his affairs?"

The artist bent his head. "So far as any man knows," said he.

"Then of course you are aware that some years ago my husband and Captain Goldsworthy were great friends. They were in the habit of doing business together, until a certain unfortunate quarrel—a quarrel in which the Captain was pleased to accuse my husband of something like dishonesty."

"Wholly false," returned Abelwhite laconically. "I know that."

The glib graciousness of Mrs. Debenham's manner vanished before this plain and somewhat strongly marked observation. She was simply talking to gain time, and her visitor was perfectly alive to the fact.

"I thank you for having cleared the ground for me," he continued. "It was on that very point that I wished to consult you. Knowing, as we both do, certain details, I will not go into them; but simply point out that unless Captain Goldsworthy was warned by the late Mr. Debenham of the financial condition of his company in which the former's money was invested, there was treachery. Now, what we wish to know is this, what became of the letter written by Mr. Debenham to the Captain, warning him to sell out at once?"

"Indeed, I have no head for business," said the mistress of Fotheryngby, white to the lips. "It would have been utterly unintelligible to me."

"A view by no means shared by your husband," returned Abelwhite dryly. A well-deserved compliment is never unwelcome. "Please favor me with your attention for a moment while I read this letter." So saying, the speaker drew from his pocket a few sheets of flimsy paper, book-copies of letters written with a stylus on the old carbon paper principle. The rustling of the thin leaves and the unhappy listener's labored breathing were the only sounds to break the oppressive silence.

"First a letter from your husband to Captain Goldsworthy, warning him to use no time in disposing of his shares. Letter never received. The next is far more interesting, dated a month later after the crash and evidently written in reply to an indignant outburst from Captain Goldsworthy denouncing the shameful treatment he had received. Shall I read it aloud?"

Mrs. Debenham bowed. She could not have spoken for the mines of Golconda.

"My dear Goldsworthy—I am utterly amazed at your note. On my honour, I wrote you nearly a month ago, when I had no means of personal communication, imploring you to lose no time in disposing of your shares without regard to me. I deemed that letter so important that I specially

charged my wife, who is an excellent business woman, to see you received it. For the sake of our old friendship, call upon me, for I am still too ill to see you at your house, and all shall be explained. That I did write you, warning you, my letter-book will show.—Yours sincerely,

H. CRICHTON DEBENHAM.

"There are three others, all bearing upon the same question. There is no necessity to read them?"

Abelwhite paused, looking keenly at his antagonist. Her face was very pale, but all the iron self-possession had not yet forsaken her. "You need not," she replied; and the artist felt grateful that she had inquired no further into his questionable possession of this evidence. "I think we understand each other.—Name your price."

"You are quite mistaken, madam; it is no mere question of money. I have no such purpose to serve—far from it. I hold out no promises, and make no threats. Go to Captain Goldsworthy and tell him the whole truth; then these proofs are yours. For his sake and that of his daughter, I have taken this painful course. The issue is entirely in your hands."

"And if I do this if I clear up this mystery, and make things pleasant for Captain Goldsworthy and his daughter—for that this has something to do with her I am convinced—what do I gain?"

"Really, I had not considered you in the matter at all," Abelwhite replied candidly. "You are quite right in assuming that Miss Goldsworthy's happiness is a powerful inducement, and in this view I should certainly be borne out by Mr. Hugh Debenham."

"Ah?" cried the unhappy woman, now genuinely moved, "if he must know?"

"He will never know Madam, there is something more powerful than human schemes and devices, and that is Fate. Your sin has found you out—the time for expiation has arrived. Do as I ask you, and I pledge you my word that your son shall never know."

There was a long pause between them before Mrs. Debenham found sufficient courage to reply. "I will take your word," she at length said. "If you fail me, I shall not blame you. But there is something in your face that tells me I shall not be betrayed. Anything, so long as he remains in ignorance."

"Your secret will be safe in Captain Goldsworthy's hands; not even by look will he reproach you for,"—and here the speaker lowered his voice reverently—"the loss of a little wealth matters nothing to one who has found the peace that passeth all understanding."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Record of Hot Summers.

It will perhaps assuage the discomforts of the coming summer to read some past experiences with heat compiled by a German statistician. In the year 627 the springs were dried up and men fainted with the heat. In 879 it was impossible to work in the open fields. In the year 993 the nuts on the trees were "roasted" as if in a baker's oven. In 1000 the rivers in France dried up and the stench from the dead fish and other matter brought a pestilence into the land. The heat in the year 1014 dried up the rivers and brooks in Alsace Lorraine. The Rhine was dried up in the year 1132. In the year 1152 the heat was so great that eggs could be cooked in the sand. In 1227 it is recorded that many men and animals came by their death through the intense heat. In the year 1303 the waters of the Rhine and the Danube were partially dried up and people passed over on foot. The crops were burnt up in the year 1394 and in 1533 the Seine and the Loire were as dry land. In 1556 a great drought swept through Europe. In 1614 in France and even in Switzerland the brooks and the ditches were dried up. Not less hot were the years 1646, 1679 and 1701. In the year 1715 from the month of March till October, not a drop of rain fell; the temperature rose to 33° Reaumur and in favored places the fruit trees blossomed a second time. Extraordinarily hot were the years 1724, 1746, 1756 and 1811. The summer of 1815 was so hot that the places of amusement had to be closed.

A pair of ear-rings—Two telephone calls. Voice Culture.—Adams' Tutti-Frutti Gum improves the voice. Used by the leading singers and actors. Sold by all druggists and confectioners, 3 cents.

Health Department.

POINTS ON NURSING.

What A Sick-Room Attendant Should Be and Do in Order to Insure Best Results.

The importance of careful nursing can hardly be overestimated. Many times to this, more than to medicine, is recovery from sickness due, and in very many cases, unless the skilled labor of the physician is supplemented by this necessary auxiliary, his labor is lost and his patient dies.

If you are to care for the sick you should enter upon your duties with cheerfulness and earnestness. The work is of the kind that wears and worries if you let it wear and worry; so at the outset let it be understood between you and your inner self that you will not worry and that if you wear it will be to wear well.

You have three classes of people to please besides yourself—the patient, the patient's friends, and the physician; if you satisfy the first you generally will the others, but whatever you do be loyal to the physician and satisfy him in every reasonable possibility. Remember that your work and his are entirely distinct and separate and yours is subordinate to his.

Do not let yourself consciously or unconsciously usurp his place and remember that many times without him you can do absolutely nothing. Remember also that unless you do your work well all his efforts and skill may avail nothing. If, in attempting to carry out his instructions, you have made a mistake do not fear or fail to promptly tell him of it that he may help you to rectify any harm that might otherwise ensue.

TRUE TO HER CONFIDENCE.

The work of a nurse is in one household to-day, in another next week or next month. She is permitted many liberties by virtue of her abilities and usefulness, and has opportunities for observation and knowledge concerning home affairs and household secrets not possessed by any other person. A nurse that talks in one house about matters that belong exclusively to another will be dis-trusted and dismissed. An assistant of any kind, physician, nurse, or helper, whose habits of thought and expression are not above retailing news and family secrets, should step down and out of the business or profession at once.

As you are wanted more—what you can do than say, your voice should be well under control, clear, distinct, and also gentle. A patient should never be obliged to make the extra effort required to ask you to repeat what you have said; adapt your voice to the condition of the patient and of his noisy or silent surroundings.

Be in view of the patient, he always wants to see you when he speaks with you. So do not put him to the trouble of moving to be able to accomplish this. Do not surprise him by abruptness; some light motion or indistinct sound should precede a sentence, whose suddenness might otherwise distress him.

To call a patient by name is the surest way to attract his attention, especially when this is rendered difficult by sleep, stupor, or approaching death. Avoid fatiguing the patient by making him listen to stories that require sustained attention, or to information that might distress or annoy.

THE INFLUENCE OF GOOD NEWS.

Sick persons, like all well ones like to hear good news and if they are able to be told anything let it be something that has resulted happily to somebody.

Did you never notice that people unconsciously learn to love those who bring them good news? Pave the way therefore, for favor and esteem in the heart of your patient by making your messages conduce to a cheerful frame of mind. Do not talk to your patient, while he is standing or walking; if he is very weak the extra effort of attention and listening will be very painful to him.

Invalids are often the most unreasonable of people. They have their petty whims, their diseased fancies, their willful discontent; and often their perpetual discomforts. No nurse will undertake to argue these away. They are symptoms often entirely beyond the patients control. Always considerately investigate their complaints, and, if possible, satisfy them though it may seem utterly useless. Bear in mind that

often their sensibilities are, when sick, wonderfully acute, and what may seem the vixest trifle to a well person is no trifle to them.

You should be a light sleeper, waking readily on call and never guilty of snoring. Further on we shall tell you how to correct this wretched misfortune in a patient, and your own judgment can correct it in your own case if necessary. There are many occasions when a nurse can economize time for sleep if she will school herself to waking at the first movement of the patient, or to waking at the expiration of a stated time. Few things are more certain than the possibility of waking after the expiration of a stated time as the result of training in that attempt.

THE NURSE SHOULD BE WELL.

A nurse should be well and to be most successful she should have no deformity; sick persons enjoy seeing well ones; they have enough in their own bodies to bother them without seeing ailments in those who attend them, or listening to any stories of their aches and grievances, and if you have your sick day, avoid letting it be known to the patient, by look or work, without good cause.

A good nurse will be full of kindness. And nothing is more contagious than kindness, unless it be confidence, and kindness is essential to that. The kind nurse will control by gentleness combined with decision. She will be most decisive even when no one suspects that she is so at all. "It is the triumph of supremacy," says that angel of the Crimea, Florence Nightingale, and we shall quote more than once, "to become unconsciously supreme. Nowhere is this decision more blessed than in a sick room. The decisive nurse is never peremptory, never loud. She is distinct, it is true; there is nothing more aggravating to a sick person than a whisper, but she is not loud. Though quiet she never walks on tiptoe, she never makes gestures; all is open and above board. She knows no diplomacy of finess. Her touch is steady and encouraging. You never catch her watching. She never slams the door, of course, but she never shuts it slowly, and she never talks behind it. She pokes the fire skillfully, with firm, judicious penetration. She caresses one kind of patient with genuine sympathy; she talks to another as if she were well."

Nursing not only includes obedience of the physician's orders as to medicine, but implies personal thought and attention to everything that will augment the patient's comfort, the warmth, quiet, ventilation, and cleanliness of the sick room, and the observance and noting of symptoms and the prevention of contagion.

The nurse must be intelligent and thoughtful. She must love the work, not for any romantic idea that she is an angel of mercy or from the mistaken notion that it is a life of flowery ease. She may prove herself as welcome as an angel and find a flowery pathway at times, but there will be times when her work is arduous, her responsibilities heavy, and her labors duties.

There will be times when your judgment may not coincide with the physician's orders. Remember that it is your province to obey, and when his orders are conditional use your best intelligence. "A good nurse is very careful to do not what it seems to her best, but what it seems to her the doctor will best approve." Even though you may not see his reason, or if you know it and disagree with it, never permit your self to shake your patient's confidence in him by any look or word of criticism. The nurse is the connecting link between the patient and physician. Both trust her and she should be amply worthy of that trust. Let the doctor find you faithful to his directions, whatever your like or dislike of him may be, and never conceal from him anything that you think bears upon his treatment of the case. Be plain, frank and truthful.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.

In extreme cases I have suggested bottoming the stockings with buckskin soles or sheepskin, and in mild climates this arrangement has come into use not only in nursing, but while one is engaged in other household duties.

The hair should be firmly held in place and plainly dressed, and the head and hair should be washed once a week, if oftener.

Your personal cleanliness is an essential. The sensibilities of the sick are more easily crossed than those of the

and they notice unpleasant things which they would overlook if they were well.

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

The breath should be kept sweet, the teeth brushed, the body bathed often, and the hands should be what is possible in almost every case—beautiful. They may not be so by neglect, but a little of the right kind of care every day, and lo! their ugliness is gone, and they are instruments of gentleness, and beauty, and usefulness. Keep the finger nails well pared, not torn off, and they should be brushed every day at the base and also at the end.

This caution is for the benefit of others as well as for yourself, for many a patient has been poisoned by septic and other matters carried by uncleanly attendants. Every crack, pin-prick, hang-nail, blister, or scratch is a possible receptacle for septic and other poisons.

Within a short time I have known four instances where physicians have been severely and one fatally poisoned by receiving septic matter through slight scratches on the finger. If your hands or fingers have any abrasions on the skin they should be well protected by proper dressings, court-plaster or by finger-stalls.

Have your own towel, and use it and use no other.

The hand, too, should be trained to accuracy, steadiness, evenness of motion. A thousand times you will wish for a steady hand and if a thousand times you have it you will be the gainer every time. Accustom yourself to acquire this by dropping, by counts, fluids from a bottle and in other ways that your judgment may suggest.

Your dress should be clean, neat, and of a kind that bears washing. It should not touch the floor and should be of strong material, with but little trimming. Aprons, cuffs, and collars should be in perfect order, clean and frequently changed.

The apron which you wear while serving the patient's food should never be the same that you wear while doing other and less cleanly work. Whether a nurse will wear the cap of the hospital is a matter for her to decide. Physicians generally prefer to have them do so, and as generally do they express the opinion that jewelry is out of place in a sick room.

Your underclothing should be changed frequently; in many hospitals nurses are required to change everything twice a week and the same is true often in the household.

High-heeled boots have no place in the sick room, and the same is true of any heavy, squeaky, or clunky covering for the feet. Slippers made strong and easy give good satisfaction to the nurse and the patient and many an easy, light boot give no annoying noise.

A Romance of the Nile Expedition.

A soldier of the Royal Irish Regiment, now in Ireland, who took part in the Nile campaign, has just related the circumstances of his marriage, which are painfully romantic. During an engagement in the Soudan he saw a comrade fall in front of the trench, suffering great agony. He drew him into the trench and gave him water. The man commenced to thank him, and took a locket from his neck, and was handing it to his rescuer, when a bullet struck him on the head, killing him instantly. The soldier took the locket from the poor fellow's hand, and found it contained a lock of dark hair and a photograph of a girl. The soldier kept the locket in his pouch during his stay in the Soudan. After his return home he discovered the original of the photograph, the sister of the young soldier who was killed, and they have since been married.

How a Young Man can become a Nobody.

Theodore Roosevelt says there is a class, a sure class, already important and steadily growing in size. Whether growth shall make it a curse or a blessing to the nation depends upon the use to which its members put their leisure. If he is understood to mean it means the evidence of every man possessing it is a failure. It is a class of men who are nobody.

Now First Published.]

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THE ACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

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

CHAPTER XVI

Jana and Vladimir were left alone; the whole tenderness that filled their hearts revealed itself in words, in looks and in embraces. Vladimir looked at Jana, as pure and fair as ever, and wondered that she had not changed; he had so often feared that her early sorrows might injure her beauty. The two young people exchanged thoughts and sentiments with wonderful rapidity, telling each other everything that had happened since their enforced separation.

"Many a time I should have died," said Vladimir, "if I had not thought of you. That thought strengthened me in every situation. Do you remember the day when you told me one of your strange dreams? Well, one night I stood at the window of my cell in the fortress and looked at the fast-passing waves of the Neva, when your words came back to my mind and brought me great comfort. I said to myself, 'She will come to me, I shall see her again,' and since that moment I have been resigned and content in my heart's imperishable hope."

"Dearest Vladimir! Then you have at no time doubted me for a moment?"

He hung his head.

"I beg your pardon, Jana, but at one single time; that evening when all happened—I was cruelly punished for my doubt, but I bore it all. My Jana, to doubt you is a crime!"

She laid her head on his shoulder tenderly; then she told him how she had come to Siberia, not only to bring him aid and comfort, but also to collect proof of his innocence. She asked him to relate to her once more the events of that fatal night. Vladimir narrated all the incidents; then he told her how one night he had been put on a kibitka, reaching Irkutsk after a two months' journey.

"The name on Schelm's portefeuille had explained to me all. I felt perfectly innocent. I repeated it to the walls of my prison and to the jailor who brought me my meals. The walls preserved silence, and the jailor laughed ironically. Till the very end I lived in hope my uncle would yield and procure me an investigation. This hope was not to be realized. When I sat in the kibitka and drove along the wide highroad towards Siberia, I tried a last time to struggle against my fate. I told the genslarne who accompanied me my whole story, although he seemed to be dull and unfeeling. Can you imagine that this man during the time of 18 days which we spent in going from Petersburg to Kat-Arnenburg, never had said one word to me? In the meantime I repeatedly asserted my innocence and accused infamous Schelm. It was not until we were on this side of the Ural mountains that his tongue was loosened. I do not know, Jana, if you have noticed here in Siberia people are so far out of the world that everything assumes another form? Here the fear of high personages vanishes, because they are so far distant; even the love of money has an end, because money is of no avail here. Conscience seems to speak louder here, in the face of God and immeasurable space. My gen-d'arme grew less and less silent, we met no men any more, no human settlements; slight seemed to be entirely impossible, and many a whole day we did not meet a living being. For young man," he said one day to me, "perhaps all is true what you have told me often—but I cannot help you. Why do you pour out your heart to me? Guilty or not guilty, you are a Siberian colonist, and have but one hope—the mercy of the emperor. But this also reaches but rarely the ears of the emperor, and the cause between you and the emperor is not ours, and gives him free scope. This highly honored physician has taken an interest in me and offered to accompany me."

"I think so."

"While I am gone Dr. Maas will remain and protect you here. You must know he is a friend whom my misfortunes have brought to me. He is a Frenchman, brought as a child to Russia with the great army. His whole life is a series of acts of devotion. Misfortune has taught him to love his neighbor. Another time I'll tell you his story. His own labor has made him rich, he now never takes a fee, and gives himself up mainly to unfortunate exiles. The emperor shows him, ostentatiously his faith, which is not ours, and gives him free scope. This highly honored physician has taken an interest in me and offered to accompany me."

"I think so."

"I shall my heart, Jana!"

"I shall my heart, Jana!"

"I shall my heart, Jana!"

"You are mistaken, dearest! We are no longer quite so weak as we were. That portfolio itself is a strong proof. And then I also have found out that Siberia changes men's character. Will you believe it, that this colonel of the gendarmes has been indefatigable in kindness to me? As soon as we were on Siberian soil there was no token of respect and consideration which he did not show me."

"I would be cautious, Jana," said Vladimir, "his features are not such as awaken confidence."

"There is certainly nothing attractive in his face. I felt the same aversion at first of which you speak. But I did him wrong. He was my faithful protector during the whole long journey, and much concerned about my comfort. He seems actually to have fallen in love with me."

"In love! oh!" said Vladimir.

"You will not be jealous?" threatened Jana.

"But I do not take back what I have said. I really think he is now sincerely inclined to help you, and has proved that already. I have found out, in our conversations that he is a bitter enemy of Schelm, who has injured him in his career, and on whom he wants now to avenge himself. Moreover, he confessed to me that his present mission is a kind of disguised disgrace. He is convinced of your innocence, and will help us to prove it to the world."

"Can we really fully trust his sincerity?"

"We cannot doubt it. Your former secretary, Popoff, who has come with him—"

"Popoff is here?"

"Yes, with his mother and his betrothed, who have accompanied me. For the first time since we left Kasan, Palkin has allowed them to converse with each other. They have gone ahead to Irkutsk under the escort of a gen-d'arme, to select rooms for us there."

"How did he get here?"

"He is exiled as you are; that is all I know. Only once, at Oursk, he succeeded in spite of Palkin's strict watchfulness in speaking to me; he could only whisper these words to me: 'Palkin is honest for he hates Schelm.' Popoff has in his possession some evidence against our enemy and persecutor, and only waits for a favorable moment to use it. That is why they want him to disappear in some way or other. He kissed the hem of my dress when I told him that his mother and his betrothed were with me. The colonel had told him nothing of it, and the sleigh in which he sat always remained so far behind ours that he could not recognize any one. Thus, you see, dearest, there is reason to hope!"

"God grant it, my darling Jana!"

"I have brought a large amount of money, nearly a million roubles. Much can be done with that. My father is busy with your affair in Petersburg. I shall soon start now for Irkutsk. By the help of the colonel I hope I shall prevail on the governor to permit you to live in a colony nearer to the capital, as I think this place is still 50 miles off, is it not?"

"I think so."

"Once more: Have you understood me well? Will you make no blunder?"

"Every word, colonel!"

Well, then, you can go. Mind what I have told you! Now go and announce to the countess that I shall be there in 10 minutes!"

Palkin fell into profound meditation. Jana had guessed rightly; he was desperately in love with her! But he knew very well that one incautious look, one somewhat bold word would part him and Jana forever. He had, therefore, tried hard during the journey to veil his passion under the appearance of profound and respectful admiration. He gradually came to feel that he would never again be happy in his life if he could not gratify this passion of his, and as he was perfectly convinced of the hopelessness of such wishes he resolved to commit a crime. "This does not interfere," he said to himself, with my revenge on Schelm. Lanin will tell all he knows; if he has any documents he'll give them to his wife. The main

"Pray, come in!" replied Jana. "Where is the colonel?"

"He is speaking with the inspector, who has just returned."

When the inspector reached home, the Cossacks were eager to tell him of the arrival of the colonel of gen-d'armes and as their mode of speech is, using the pluralis majestatis, they said:

"They condescended to be in horribly bad humor; their angry faces seemed to predict nothing good."

Terrified, the inspector hastened to appear before Palkin, who, at first very severe, seemed to grow milder, as pitying the poor man, who trembled like an aspen tree, and said: "Your wife has made a terrible blunder, for which you, however, can make amends!"

"I shall promptly obey all your orders," stammered the poor frightened man.

Palkin looked at him quite graciously.

"How would you like for instance, to be made captain of gen-d'armes at Irkutsk?"

The inspector expected so little promotion, after having been received so sternly, that he thought Palkin was jesting. He made, therefore, a profound bow and repeated the Siberian proverb: "Unfortunately that fur cloak is too fine for my dirty back!"

Palkin looked at him searchingly.

"You do not look to me a man of scruples. I am even convinced you are a consummate scoundrel; am I right?"

The officer answered coolly: "I endeavor to carry out the orders of my superior without inquiring what their nature may be."

"Very well! Now listen! You know I might send you to Kamtschatka?"

"Yes, colonel!"

"Well, now, if you promise to obey me I shall not only forgive you all you have done—the poor inspector hung his head—but engage to make you captain of the gendarmes in Irkutsk."

"Colonel, command and it shall be done!" Palkin whispered into his ear:

"For reasons that you need not know I am compelled to protect this man Lanin. In reality I do not care for him. I leave here to-night with the countess for Irkutsk. She hopes to return to-morrow, as soon as the governor has given her leave to live with her husband nearer the capital. If she succeeds she will return here before sunset; if she does not return, you will never see her again. Up to that moment the colonist Vladimir must not be touched! As soon, however, as night falls to-morrow I leave him in your, or rather your wife's hands. You can do with him as you choose, and I advise you to manage it so that he is never heard of again. In that case I shall bear witness in your behalf should any question be raised. The countess leaves Dr. Haas with her husband. He might be an inconvenient witness for you. Well, nobody will enquire if he should also disappear."

"All you ask of me, colonel can be easily carried out, and it will give me special pleasure to do it."

"I start in an hour. How far is it from here to where we fall into the great post roads?"

"At most ten versta!"

"Does the road pass forests or plains?"

"Both occur!"

"Do the postillions know the road perfectly?"

"Very accurately!"

"My coachman must take the wrong road; I will have it so. Tell him so in my name!"

"Once more: Have you understood me well? Will you make no blunder?"

"Every word, colonel!"

Well, then, you can go. Mind what I have told you! Now go and announce to the countess that I shall be there in 10 minutes!"

Palkin fell into profound meditation. Jana had guessed rightly; he was desperately in love with her! But he knew very well that one incautious look, one somewhat bold word would part him and Jana forever. He had, therefore, tried hard during the journey to veil his passion under the appearance of profound and respectful admiration. He gradually came to feel that he would never again be happy in his life if he could not gratify this passion of his, and as he was perfectly convinced of the hopelessness of such wishes he resolved to commit a crime. "This does not interfere," he said to himself, with my revenge on Schelm. Lanin will tell all he knows; if he has any documents he'll give them to his wife. The main

thing is to make sure of Popoff, and him I shall not let go very soon. I can pursue my campaign against Schelm as well without Lanin and his wife. Lanin's death is my gain. To-day I must find out what the Lanins know, and this night— He shrugged his shoulders and sat silent for a moment; then he rose, emptied a glass of brandy at one draught and went into the room where the other three were already sitting around the tea table. The inspector humbly withdrew, and Caroline listened at the door.

The colonel noticed it and had her shut the door. At first they spoke of indifferent things, and Jana let no opportunity go by without expressing her gratitude to Palkin. After some time had thus been spent, Palkin turned to Vladimir and said:

"Count, you know I mean well by you and wish to serve you. But in order to do that I ought to know all the details. You have no doubt proofs of your innocence. Will you be so kind as to tell me everything that I need to know?"

"Unfortunately," said Vladimir, "I have nothing of the kind. I only know I am innocent!"

"That is a pity. You have heard perhaps from the countess that my position has changed entirely since those days. Now my fate is closely connected with yours. In defending you, I defend myself. If I now possessed those papers, you might be free very soon and that rascally Schelm should take your place in Siberia."

"What papers are those?" asked Vladimir. "Unfortunately I do not know one of them."

"A receipt for 10,000 roubles, signed 'Schelm.' He drew this amount from the secret fund Oct. 30, 1849, and marked the purpose for which it was drawn thus: 'For the discovery of the conspiracy, La—.' These are the first two letters of your name. A jest that dates from the day before your wedding and which the countess has narrated to me, corresponds in a remarkable manner with that date. It could no doubt, easily be proven that at that time you could not well engage in a conspiracy. The question now is only to have an inquiry ordered."

"This would be our first evidence. The second paper is still more valuable. In this whole affair Schelm employed as his agent provocateur a certain miller of Miller-town."

"Miller?" exclaimed Lanin. Oh, "that is impossible."

"Yes indeed," said Jana; "your friend was a traitor! Rita never trusted him from the beginning!"

"Miller? My best friend? I thought of it several times, but the certainty now kills me. Is it really so, colonel?"

"Beyond doubt! I have read the engagement of this man in which he binds himself to act as agent provocateur in the conspiracy La—always the same initials and the same date."

"I presume the first thing now will be to find this man Miller," remarked Jana, "but no doubt Schelm will have sent him abroad!"

"No, I know from good authority that Schelm, faithful to his principles, has cheated his own agent. Miller is in Siberia. We shall find him, for the arms of the gendarmes are far-reaching. In the meantime, count, tell me exactly how you were arrested."

Vladimir complied with the request and when he had ended, Palkin said:

"That is as dear as sunlight, and it will be easy enough to prove your innocence. First Miller must be found—and that shall be my task. You must make up a petition to the head of the gendarmes. I will forward it. You, countess, will please not mention this to the governor, who is connected with Schelm. I warrant an inquiry will be ordered. But you must draw up the petition at once, for who knows when we shall meet again?"

"I thank you, colonel," said Vladimir, pressing his hand.

"I also shall ever be grateful to you," added Jana.

Dr. Haas, who had kept silent, now rose and shaking hands with Palkin said "You are an honorable man, and other honorable men can joyfully shake hands with you!"

Palkin seemed touched.

"You are too kind. But how time flies! Here it is 11 o'clock. Hallo: is any one there?" he cried.

The inspector came hastily in.

"Bring
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As the i
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"Bring paper and ink and order the postillion to put the horses in," said Palkin.

As the inspector went out to obey orders, Palkin turned to Lanin and asked him if he knew the roads in the neighborhood pretty well.

"Is there a good road leading to the post road?"

"No, especially not in winter. But the snow is frozen hard and the road is excellent for sleighs; along the forest you can trot all the way."

"The road cannot be missed, I suppose. I inquire not for myself, but as the countess will accompany me—"

"As long as the weather keeps clear you cannot miss the road. For five versts you skirt the forest, then you pass our fur store, and after that you follow a creek. You must always keep to the left on the right you might easily lose your way on the plain. My comrades undertake to-night an expedition against the Tunguses who steal our furs. If you leave within an hour I can keep my promise. Will you tell the inspector so?"

"Why will you expose yourself, as you are not to remain here?"

"I promised the men, colonel, and must keep my promise to my less fortunate comrades."

Vladimir sat down at the inspector's writing-desk and hastened to write his petition. Jana, leaning on a chair, followed with her eye every line he wrote. Now and then her womanly instinct made her suggest a milder expression or a better turn of the phrase. Palkin and Haas engaged in lively conversation, drinking one glass of tea after the other; Palkin poured a quantity of arak into his.

At midnight Lanin had finished. He read his petition to Palkin who approved both form and contents and took it from him.

"The postillion is waiting!" said the inspector, whose bearded face appeared in the door.

The colonel bowed to Jana.

"I await your orders, countess!"

"I am ready. To-morrow we'll meet again Vladimir. I hope no one will part us, Doctor, I trust my husband to you."

"Colonel, will you be kind enough to tell the inspector that I have your permission to join the expedition?"

"Well," said Palkin, "till the countess returns—the colonel emphasized these words—Colonel Vladimir disposes freely of his time! You understand?"

The inspector bowed low.

"And now, countess, we shall have to start!"

Jana wrapped herself in her costly furs.

"Come, I commit myself once more to your protection."

CHAPTER XVII.

"Ienar," a tall man said to his companion in the language of the natives, "the foxes are getting rare in the forest."

The other man had narrow, squinting eyes protruding cheekbones. A yellow complexion, and a face that had been tattooed. The Mongolian was easily recognized.

"That has come about because men have filled up our deserts, replied Ienar-Kus to the foreigner.

"Believe me, we do not come because we wish it. We are compelled to do so."

"No one, however, compelled the conquerors to oppress us or impose a tribute upon us."

"It is hard for you to pay the tribute?"

"Soon it will be impossible. Your merchants destroy our forests, which were created to provide for our wants. Game flees so far away that we cannot reach it any more. Oh, these are hard times!"

"If we were to spend the whole night here in complaints, not a fox nor a sable would come within reach. Friend Ienar, whistle to your dogs and take me to the Shaman valley—I must meet my brethren there!"

"Very well!" replied Ienar-Kus.

This conversation took place about six versts from the colony, beneath some pine trees that stood there quite alone in the vast mass of snow. They looked like outposts of the unfathomable forest which framed the landscape on all sides. Both hunters, clothed in reindeer skin from head to foot, were reclining on the hard frozen snow. Near by, concealed under the trees, stood a narta, a Siberian sleigh. At first sight such a vehicle looks as if it could hardly hold two men, and yet it usually

contains under the seat in addition everything needed by a traveller in Siberia—flour, grits, dried fish and other victuals, besides knives, axes and hunting gear; finally, the skin which covers the whole narta can be put up as a tent whenever the traveller is forced to remain at any place a longer time for hunting and fishing.

The two hunters, of course, did not resemble each other in the least. One was very tall and well made, with handsome, strongly marked features, slightly curling hair, and stamped in every detail as a European. He could not, however, be one of the unfortunate exiles, since he carried a double gun on his shoulder, while the law prohibits exiles having firearms. But as east or Siberia, with its almost infinite variety of flowers, trees and metals, possesses only two varieties of man—colonists and savages—this huntsman had some mystery about him. He could not be a wealthy merchant who might have left his dwelling in the city to hunt with the natives, because his worn and patched clothes spoke of poverty. His companion was evidently the chief of a tribe of Tunguses. His costume, made of reindeer skins, was, after the fashion of the natives, richly adorned with glass beads and bits of colored cloth. On his head he wore a handsome sable tolpak, and the bow, with which he killed game admirably, was ornamented with goldpieces. It was, in fact, the prince of the Tunguses himself, one of the most famous hunters far and near. He led the life of a nomad; in summer, when foxes and sable retired northward, he crossed to the opposite shore of the Baikal lake and was said to carry on a profitable trade with some tribes on the Chinese frontier. Ienar-Kus owned innumerable herds of reindeer and many tents; he had won the respect even of the Russian officials and inspired them with a certain fear, because he was closely allied with all the wandering tribes of Tunguses and other natives.

The Siberian prince whistled piercingly, and at once from five different sides five immense Siberian dogs came rushing forth. These gigantic animals resemble wolves and are of imposing size; they are yellowish, have a black muzzle and strangely shaped ears. These dogs sprang up on Ienar-Kus, barking joyously; upon a sign of their master's these intelligent animals rushed back to the sleigh, pulled it out and remained near it as if awaiting further orders.

"These good creatures," said the prince, "are so clever and bright! I learnt this way of travelling from the Samarudes of the North, and daily rejoice at it. To speed, nothing can compare with these racers. To be sure, they are not, as reindeer are, able to draw a whole family, but then they are so much faster. Besides, they are obedient, while reindeer—"

The Russian interrupted this eulogy on his dogs by saying:

"Quick, to work! It must be late!"

They took ropes from the sleigh and began putting the dogs into harness.

"We need not come back here," he said, "the forest is empty. To-morrow I'll take my hunting gear to the other bank of the Angara."

"I am very much astonished," said Ienar-Kus, "that you should be one of those whom the Czar's finger has touched, and still enjoy such great freedom. I have now been hunting 30 years in this district. I have met a great number of exiles and have learnt to know intimately many of them, but no one was like you; you never remain at any one place; you are allowed to have firearms; you go where you list and command others! I cannot understand that."

"And yet I have often explained it to you. I am the head of the colonists of this district. Before me others were here, whom you perhaps did not know."

The Tunguse shook his head.

"I have known all the colonists who were sent here these 30 years."

"Perhaps they were not as cunning and as active as I am. All the colonists of this district would let themselves be cut to pieces for me because they know how zealously I work to restore them to liberty. For three days a man has been lying in my hut, wrapped up in furs, in my bed, and grating fearfully whenever an inspector enters. This makes them think I am sick. In Siberia there are no physicians: exiles have to do their work. Our district doctor is a Polish surgeon; he knows my secret. You see, then—"

"That may pass once."

"I have other means to mislead the au-

thorities. Day and night I am at work. You know my project, and you have promised me your assistance!"

"A Tunguse chief keeps his promise!"

"I know, Ienar, and I have initiated you into all our secrets, because I know the honesty of your character. You see, my friend, in my native country, far, far away, there live many rascally people. There treachery and vulgarity prevail, such as you, simple children, of nature, cannot imagine. I must return there, in order to punish a traitor and to make amends for a crime."

"I have often told you: Rely on Ienar!"

"Did you speak with the chief of the Chalachals, that he gives us leave to march through his land? Did you tell him we would pay him 4000 fox skins and 10,000 sables? At my storehouse in the Shaman valley I still have twice as many."

"I have not yet crossed the Holy sea. When I have carried you to the Shaman valley then I'll go to the Chalachals, and you may rely upon it that I will make them do what you wish. But, speaking of furs, do you know that quite near here there is a large storehouse?"

"Oh, yes; that is the stock of our poor neighbors. The skins are the property of my fellow-sufferers; we must not touch them, not even to further the good cause. I hope, however, soon to communicate with these poor exiles, and to win them over for our cause. I have several times already sent emissaries to them."

Ienar-Kus smiled.

"I do not understand your scruples. We also hold the property of a friend sacred, but here there are only strangers. However, others are ahead of us. In a village not far from here there is a band of Tunguses, who know this magazine and mean to plunder it. They have several times already gotten large spoil and hauled it away safely; and I have noticed during the day tracks of men's feet."

"At all events I do not mean to have anything to do with that!"

In the meantime everything had been made ready. But just then the Siberian beckoned to his companion to be quiet; he threw himself down and put his ear on the snow.

"A post-sleigh! I hear bells! We must flee!" he exclaimed, rising.

"From which direction is the sleigh coming?"

"From the lakeside."

"Then we cannot flee because we would meet them. But I must be to-night in the Shaman valley. Whip the dogs! Make them gallop! We can pass them like a shadow and horses can never overtake us."

Ienar-Kus clacked with his tongue, the dogs flew. The traces of their small feet could barely be seen on the hard snow and the sleigh was jerked to and fro. The narta looked like a supernatural creature flying like an arrow over the plain, like one of the spirits of the North which the Tunguse worship. Wrapped up in their furs, their caps pulled down over the ears, the two hunters sat close by each other never uttering a sound.

The bells came nearer. Soon Ienar made out a sleigh with four horses; the animals sank half into the snow and the sleigh made little progress.

"Go on!" said the Russian. "They have lost their way. We'll pass them like a ghost."

Ienar-Kus repeated the clack of the tongue and the dogs redoubled their efforts. The stars shed a pretty fair light over the snow covered plain, and every dark point contrasted vividly with the whiteness of the pall. About 100 yards off the postillion saw the narta and cried: "Stop and show us the way!"

The hunters paid no attention to the cry and went on. At the same time Jana's head appeared at the window of the coach and she said:

"For God's sake, help us, friends! We have lost our way, don't you see."

The Russian trembled as he heard Jana's voice: he said to his companion:

"It is only a woman. Let us stop a moment and show them the way by an arrow. Do not want to be recognized. My voice might betray me."

In the meantime Palkin's face had become visible behind Jana.

"Will you stop, instantly!" he shouted. "You scoundrels! They the orders of a navel of the gen-darmes!"

The narta had already passed the sleigh and the postillion said to the colonel:

Save Your Hair

By a timely use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. This preparation has no equal as a dressing. It keeps the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, and preserves the color, fullness, and beauty of the hair.

"I was rapidly becoming bald and gray; but after using two or three bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair grew thick and glossy and the original color was restored."—Melvin Aldrich, Canaan Centre, N. H.

"Some time ago I lost all my hair in consequence of measles. After due waiting, no new growth appeared. I then used Ayer's Hair Vigor and my hair grew

Thick and Strong.

It has apparently come to stay. The Vigor is evidently a great aid to nature."—J. B. Williams, Floresville, Texas.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past four or five years and find it a most satisfactory dressing for the hair. It is all I could desire, being harmless, causing the hair to retain its natural color, and requiring but a small quantity to render the hair easy to arrange."—Mrs. M. A. Bailey, 9 Charles street, Haverhill, Mass.

"I have been using Ayer's Hair Vigor for several years, and believe that it has caused my hair to retain its natural color."—Mrs. H. J. King, Dealer in Dry Goods, &c., Bishopville, Md.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

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

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

"They are natives who do not understand Russian."

But at that moment the narta stopped. The Tunguse rose, put an arrow on his bow and shot it in the direction of the forest; then he whistled loud, and in an instant the little sleigh was lost to sight.

"These rascals!" cried Palkin. "Now they shoot at us!"

"Excuse the man, your excellency," said the postillion: "that is the way for those people to show the way; we must meet a colony in the direction in which the arrow was sent off."

"Well, then, whip your horses and go on." The horses now brought the heavy carriage around and started in a different direction. For an hour already, the colonel had been driving about on the plain; for an hour ago the postillion had told the colonel that he had lost his way. Jana was in despair because she was very anxious to reach Irkutsk. When the colonel, however, represented to her that it would be better to await the morning in some colony, than to use up their own strength and that of the horses, she yielded. After a considerable time the postillion at last cried: "We are near the forest! I see the road again!"

Deep silence reigned in the coach. Jana looked all around the vast plain, hoping to discover traces of a human dwelling. Thus they reached the forest. Of a sudden, the colonel turned to his companion, and looking at her with passionate eyes he said:

"Countess, you surely do not know the power of your beauty."

The eyes of the gen-darme glowed like will-o'-the-wisps in the dark coach, and Jana drew back frightened. They had made so long a journey together, and Palkin had ever treated her with so much respect and esteem, that Jana had become quite reassured, and now also sought to catch his words a laughable turn.

"I have heard that so often! But let us drop idle compliments, and rather think how we shall escape out of this predicament."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Kept Her Word.

"I have heard that so often! But let us drop idle compliments, and rather think how we shall escape out of this predicament."

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"I have heard that so often! But let us drop idle compliments, and rather think how we shall escape out of this predicament."

The Poet's Corner

-For Truth

Lines on Hearing.

CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH.
Deep and dark, and wailing over,
Wierd, majestic, lone and drear,

There no ray at dawn nor sunset,
Moonlight's beam nor starlight's glow,

Waves upon a summer seashore
Sprinkle gladness when they break;

Oh! the wondrous woe it tolleth
Not complaining, yet so sad,

Joy's caresses may be hollow,
When to us they seem most dear,

And such music, sweetly flowing,
Sheds upon the pensive soul

Cobourg, Ont. ERNEST E. LEIGH.

The Stranger on the Sill.

Between broad fields of wheat and corn
Is the lowly home where I was born;

There is the barn—and, as of yore,
I can smell the hay from the open door,

There is the orchard—the very trees
Where my childhood knew long hours of ease,

There bubbles the shady spring below,
With its bulrush brook where the hazels grow;

O ye who daily cross the sill
Step lightly, for I love it still;

Deal kindly with these orchard trees;
And when your children crowd their knees

The barn, the trees, the brook, the birds,
The meadows with their lowing herds,

A Runaway.

Two trotters, small and restless, cantered off one
summer day
And with them, all unwittingly, they took the
baby lay

As on they sped new sights and sounds did all
their thought beguile,

But baby May was well content, and midst the
grasses sat

Oh, the dear little hand, that are stirring
In tired and tender unrest,

Hush! for the white lids are falling,
Hush! for the rose lips are apart,

For none could guess the manner strange in
which she went away,

But while the sun was hot on high, unharmed
In wooded glade,

Were daisies white, and wilted curls of dandelion
green,

The Land of Used-To Be.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries;

A land enchanted, such as swung
In golden seas when streams cling

A land where music ever rings
The air with belts of singing birds,

Lost laughter and the whistled tunes
Of boyhood's mouth of crescent runes,

Oh, land of love and dreamy thoughts,
And shingling fields and shady spots,

I love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmering on the skies,

Love's Roses.

In a meadow gay and flowered,
On a balmy summer's day,

In that meadow, o'er the daisies,
Wander two, instead of one

Still that meadow; but the roses
From the maiden's cheeks have gone;

Rocking the Baby to Sleep.

Just when the night shadows hover,
Just when the dew falleth down,

Oh, the dear little hand, that are stirring
In tired and tender unrest,

Hush! for the white lids are falling,
Hush! for the rose lips are apart,

Where is Lord Boyle?

A correspondent writing from Victoria,
B. C., says: "I have been making diligent
enquiries concerning the fate and whereabouts
of Lord Boyle."

The second letter is from Mr. Edward C.
Gardner, of Sitka, which I received the
same day as the others.

I hear that you are making enquiries
about Viscount Boyle, the rich lord who
was in the country mining.

Richard P. Winter, of the same city, and
James Hartley, of Regina, north-west
Territory, who, I believe, came up to Alaska
with Boyle last year.

Both Reast and Winter were experienced
miners and thorough explorers. This
is the only hope entertained that they may
yet be safe among the Indians.

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn,
writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of
Northrup & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery
from Mr. Harrison, and I consider it the
very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia."

This medicine is making marvellous cures in
Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying
the blood and restoring manhood to full
vigor.

Fertilising in Midsummer.

The advice is sometimes given to divide
the manure for Summer crops, applying a
part early to give the plants a start, and
the remainder at a later date to bring them
to maturity.

The quickest, surest, and best remedy for
rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat,
soreness and lameness, is Hagar's Yellow
Oil. It quickly cures sprains, bruises, burns,
frostbites, chilblains etc.

If you have no temptations, stop! Turn
around! You are going the wrong way.
Dyspepsia and indigestion cured
By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

Destroying the Illusion.

Dr. Nachtigal, the celebrated African explorer,
was once the guest of a rich Hamburg
merchant. The merchant's son, a
young man of a somewhat sentimental
temperament, said, among other things,
that his dearest wish was to ride across the
desert on the back of a camel.

Improves digestion and strengthens the
voice, cleans and preserves the teeth -
Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum. Sold by all drug-
gists and confectioners; 5 cents.

A bank is an institution into which you
put your confidence and money, and draw
out your confidence.

It is conjectured that a specific may yet be
found for every ill that flesh is heir to. How-
ever this may be, certainly the best specific
yet found for diseases of the blood is Ayer's
Sarsaparilla, and most diseases originate from
impure blood.

A paper devoted to Indians is published
in Washington. We presume they use
copper-faced type.

Among the warmest advocates of the use
of Northrup & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery
and Dyspeptic Cure are ladies formerly in
delicate health, whose vigor and bodily
regularity have been restored by it.

The truth needs no formal introduction
Its name is written on its breast.

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

Charity begins at home, but it ends in the
poorhouse—which is a jolly good reason for
not putting up too much on it.

Our duty toward God is measured by our
ability.
If your children are troubled with worms,
give them Mother Graves' Worm Exter-
minator; safe, sure, and effectual. Try it,
and see the improvement in your child.

If the devil could tell the truth the saloons
would all end with this generation.

A Boon to Mankind.
The quickest, surest, and best remedy for
rheumatism, neuralgia, lumbago, sore throat,

If you have no temptations, stop! Turn
around! You are going the wrong way.
Dyspepsia and indigestion cured
By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.

The stomach toned
By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters
The whole system invigorated
By Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters.
Large Bottles 50 cents.

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Actions are ideas in motion.

"My father, at about the age of fifty, lost all the hair from the top of his head. After one month's trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor, the hair began coming, and, in three months, he had a fine growth of hair of the natural color"

—P. J. Cullen, Saratoga Springs, N. Y. Sin in its own clothes is never given house-room.

Great haste can never overtake a lost opportunity.

Deafness Cured. A very interesting 132 page illustrated Book on Deafness, Noise in the head. How they may be cured at your home. Post free 3d. Address, DR. NICHOLSON, 30 St. John Street, Montreal.

Immovable men, like Job, make the devil uneasy.

There is comfort in store for persons troubled with lame back, rheumatic pains, corns or bunions, who commenced without delay, a course of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, followed up systematically until relief is obtained.

"TRUTH" Bible Competition!

NO 20.

An Immense List of Rewards.

An unusual interest was taken in the last TRUTH Competition and at the urgent request of many, the publisher offers one more. The list of rewards is very large and the prizes valuable.

The questions are as follows: Where in the Bible are the following words first found: 1. WINGS; 2. LEAS; 3. FEET.

FIRST REWARDS.

- First, one very Fine Toned, Well Finished Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm \$500
Next seven, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$40
Next fifteen, each Ladies' Solid Gold Gem Ring, \$7
Next ten, each a Fine Black Silk Dress, \$30
Next twenty-nine, each a Complete Set of Dickens' Works, handsomely bound in cloth, 10 vols. \$20
Next fifty, each Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3

SECOND REWARDS.

- First one, Fifty Dollars Cash
Next ten, each Five Dollars in Cash
Next fifteen, each a Superbly Bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$45
Next nineteen, each an Elegantly Bound Volume in Cloth and Gold, Doro Bible Gallery, \$7
Next twenty-one, each a Fine Silver Plated Sugar Shell

THIRD REWARDS.

- First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, now design, \$5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service (4 pieces) \$40
Next twenty-five, each a Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15
Next thirty, each a Silver Plated Pickle Cruet 15

FOURTH REWARDS.

- First seven, an elegant China Dinner Service of 101 pieces, especially made for TRUTH
Second five, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 41 pieces, specially imported, \$40
Next seventeen, each a Coloridgo's Ancient Mariner, beautifully illustrated by Gustave Dore, handsomely bound with gilt edges, a most beautiful book, \$10
Next eighteen, each a handsomely bound volume of Life in the Highlands, \$2
Next one, Family Knitting Machine

FIFTH REWARDS.

- First one, One Hundred Dollars in cash
Next five, each Ten Dollars in Cash
Next fifteen, each a superbly bound Family Bible, beautifully illustrated, usually sold at \$15
Next seven, each a Gentleman's Fine Gold Open Face Watch, good movement, \$60
Next nineteen, each a well bound volume of Chambers' Dictionary, \$2
Next eleven, each a Gold Plated Lead Pencil, \$1

SIXTH REWARDS.

- First one, an elegant Upright Piano, by celebrated Canadian firm
Next eleven, each a Fine Quadruple Plate Individual Salt and Pepper Cruet, now design, \$5
Next five, each a beautiful Quadruple Silver Plated Tea Service, (5 pieces) \$40
Next twenty-five, each a well-bound copy of Queen Victoria's New Book, \$3
Next eleven, each a Gentleman's Open Face Solid Silver Watch, \$15
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SEVENTH REWARDS.

- First one, Twenty Dollars in Gold
Next seven, each a beautifully bound copy of Doro Bible Gallery, a choice gift book, \$7
Next eleven, each Five Dollars Cash
Next seventeen, each a Half Dozen Silver Plated Forks, \$3
Next twenty-nine, each an Imitation Steel Engraving of "Asking a Blessing" \$1

EIGHTH REWARDS.

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Second ten, each a Fine French China Tea Service of 63 pieces, specially imported, \$25
Next seventeen, each a complete set of George Elliot's Works, bound in cloth,

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Next five, each a Ladies' Fine Gold Watch, excellent movement, \$50
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One dollar must be sent for four months' subscription to TRUTH with your answers. The three answers must be correct to secure any prize. Three dollars is the regular price for a year's subscription, you are therefore charged nothing extra for the privilege of competing. We retain the right to return any money and deny any one the privilege of competing.

TRUTH contains every week, 32 pages of choice interesting reading for the home circle, and is well worth the amount charged, irrespective of any prize. Lively, pithy, pointed editorial paragraphs on current events, political and otherwise, from an unbiased standpoint for fatherly reading. Contributors' Page for all thoughtful readers. Tested Domestic Recipes, and Medical Health Notes for Mothers; Latest Fashions, artistically illustrated, for the young ladies. Choice Music and Young Folk's page for girls and boys; Copyrighted Stories and Serial Tales for all the family, as well as many other attractions. Full lists of the prize winners will be published in TRUTH immediately at the close of the competition, with street and number of cities where given, and post office addresses of town, village, and country, so all may be assured of the utmost fairness.

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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; Cake Baskets, 50c; Rings, 30c; Books, Spoons, Brooches and other small prizes, 20c; Knitting Machines, \$1.00; Family Bibles, 50c; Dickens' and Eliot's Works, 50c; Tea and Dinner Sets, \$1.00.

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The best soldier is the one who obeys orders the best.

A Trinity of Evils. Lipoousness, Constipation and Dyspepsia usually exist together. By disciplining the liver and toning the stomach simultaneously, they can be eradicated. The promptitude and thoroughness with which Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and great blood purifier removes this trinity of physical evils is a fact widely appreciated throughout Canada.

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In order to give a quietus to a hacking cough, take a dose of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL, thrice a day, or often if the cough spells render it necessary.

The richest people are those whose treasures can not be burned up or stolen.

Everyone Should Try

To secure good health. The great specific for all diseases arising from disordered stomach, such as overflow of bile, sick headache, loss of appetite, nausea, palpitation, indigestion, constipation and all blood diseases, is Burdock Blood Bitters. Hundreds of people owe their health to B. B. B., nature's regulator and tonic.

The man who does nothing is nothing.

It is worse than madness to neglect a cough or cold which is easily subdued if taken in time become when left to itself, the forerunner of consumption and premature death. Inflammation, when it attacks the delicate tissue of the lungs and bronchial tubes travels with perilous rapidity; therefore, delay, get a bottle of Bickel's Anticough Syrup, the medicine that is the formula foe of the human body, get it from the system. This medicine, a free and easy expectoration, a cough, heals the diseased parts, a most wonderful influence in assumption, and other diseases.

If parents will, and...

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Our Young Folks.

DICK.

Dick was the pet of the whole household. From the oldest to the youngest, the family never tired of watching his cunning ways and bright eyes.

Can you imagine what he was? Some one says a dog, another a bird, or perhaps some who have such cute baby brothers, may think he was a lovely baby boy. But he was neither of these, but a squirrel of the species known as wood or gray squirrel. He was dark gray, with a bushy tail as long as his body; and he had such a funny way of curling it over his back.

Frank found him one day in the woods, and after several attempts finally succeeded in catching him. Frank would follow him up a tree, but the squirrel had the advantage of the boy there, for before he could be caught, he sprang nimbly from one tree to another when the trees were close together, or else to the ground, and while Frank was descending one tree the squirrel would be climbing another. Two or three such attempts were made, when Frank, excited by the chase, risked neck and limb, and jumped from the tree to the ground, close on the squirrel who, surprised by the audacity of the movement, was easily captured before he could get away, as they do not run very fast when on the ground.

He was about half-grown. Frank took him home and showed him to the family with much pride.

He was put into a barrel for safety for a few days until something better could be found, then an old bird-cage was brought into use.

While in this he managed to get the door open some way and get out, but as the cage had been put into an out-house that did duty as wood and general store house, he hid away among some of the things, and after a lay or two showed himself, and was coaxed back into the cage, where he seemed very contented.

Frank heard of a squirrel-house, and at once made up his mind to try and secure it for Dick. He went to the store where it was for sale, and asked the price. The clerk told him one dollar and a half. Thinking this was too much, he returned home resolved to make the old bird-cage do.

But the desire to obtain the house—which was in reality a very nice one for a squirrel—was very strong, and he went again, and succeeded in purchasing it at even a lower figure than was at first asked.

The house was made all of tin with a double roof and chimney on top. The door was made so it could be securely fastened from the outside, so there was no danger of master squirrel forcing it open.

The windows were barred with strips of tin. Inside there was an upper floor, and a flight of tin stairs leading to it; and when Dick felt inclined he could ascend these, and take a quiet nap, sure that no prying meddler could reach him there.

On the outside, attached to one end of the house, was a wheel made of strips of tin. It was about a foot and a half long and nearly one foot across.

This wheel was closed at one end, and at the other had three holes large enough for the squirrel to go through, to and from his house at pleasure.

Dick would come out into this wheel, and begin by climbing up the side.

The wheel would turn slowly at first; Dick would keep climbing, and the speed of the wheel increasing until it would fairly revolve. Tired of this he would scamper back to his home, to see if perchance the wheel had rolled off in a corner.

It never ceasing delight to the family to watch him eat. He seemed fond of anything, and, I am sorry to say, was a glutton, and therein lies the cause of his fate.

One time before it was discovered that the wheel had rolled off, it was found that Dick had been in a long time in the stoop, and heard the old man, mamma and daughter, and the price was awarded.

ples, but did not consider it genteel to eat them without peeling; this he proceeded to do by holding the apple in his paws, and nibbling off the skin a little at a time, and dropping it down; he would dexterously turn the apple around until every bit of the peeling had been removed, and then eat the apple.

He was often given the liberty of a room with closed doors, but unless the door of his own house was closed, he would invariably go back into it. Still he did not seem so very much afraid of persons, but would come close up to Frank and take a piece of nut off his knee, as he sat on the floor, but he never permitted any one to handle him.

With all the attention Frank bestowed on him, and so many things that suited his taste to eat, it is no wonder he grew fat and jolly.

In the autumn Frank began to wonder where he could keep his pet in the winter. The house, during the summer, had been kept on a portico, but something better than that must be devised; various plans suggested themselves, but none as yet would answer; finally the matter was settled for him; it came about in this way.

It was one bright morning in the latter part of September Frank had given Dick his usual morning rations, and with three-year-old Tot by his side had watched him as he sat on his hind feet, with that beautiful tail thrown up over his back, and nibbling the nuts from his cute fore paws; and he thought nothing could be handsomer or nicer for a pet than this very same Dick, with his bright, snapping eyes and droll ways.

After his breakfast Dick came out and took a turn at the wheel, but he was getting so fat, he was a little lazy, so he soon tired of this exercise, and went back into his house, and up the stairs to his nest for his morning nap.

Tot went to play with her dolls, and Frank went off to school, with no presentiment of impending trouble.

The other members of the household were busy in different parts of the house, and no one was near the squirrel for some time; finally Tot grew tired of her dolls, and thought she would go and see if Dick were awake yet.

Going up to the cage she thought it very strange that Dick should be asleep on the lower floor, for he never trusted himself there, but always went up to the loft for his nap. But she thought to herself, "Perhaps he came down-stairs before he got his nap out and was so drowsy he dropped to sleep again;" she concluded he had slept long enough, and she would wake him and make him do some tricks for her.

So she gave the cage a little shake, but Dick did not stir; then she shook it harder, but still no signs of waking.

"Dick! Dick!" she called, "why don't you wake up?" but Dick did not respond by opening those bright eyes; and even touching him with a stick did not make him move.

At this the little girl became alarmed, and ran into the house crying:

"Grandma! Grandma!" Do come and see what is the matter with Dick. He won't wake up!"

Grandma came out and saw him lying there stiff and motionless; and the tears came into Tot's eyes when grandma told her that Dick was dead, and that he would never please them again with his cunning tricks, and they would have to bury him in the ground.

Frank looked very sad when he came home, but he felt it would be unmanly to let any one see tears in his eyes for the loss of a squirrel, but in his heart he loved his little pet, and mourned him sincerely.

"What a Pocket Contained."

The heavens were in their full glory tonight. So Eleanor thought as she stood leaning her soft cheek against the window pane, and watching very intently each little bright point in the bright sky. Her child's imagination was becoming creative, for she had not been pretending she lived in a fairyland. Ah! and she sighed a very impressive little sigh when she told mamma "the stars were exactly suited her."

She had seen some one in a long time, and heard the old man, mamma and daughter, and the price was awarded.

ed to mamma, when the person within that great ulster took her in his arms and gave her the first kiss, while his little daughter came in a close second.

Mr. Johnston had been away on a business trip; and one of the last things Eleanor had said to him before he started was, "Please bring me something real nice, papa, something I can play with." So before papa even started to have some supper he told Eleanor he had not forgotten his promise, and that he had her present right with him. Two little arms were around his neck in a minute, as he caught her up in his arms, and then two little hands immediately started to search all his pockets. The outside pocket in his ulster had a peculiarly large appearance. Eleanor thought it might have two big bags of peanuts in it, so she put one little hand inside to take some if they were there, but, oh! my, it didn't feel like peanuts, it was warm and soft and she gave a little jump when some small, wet thing licked her fingers. "What is it, papa, what is it?" and her golden curls bobbed up and down with delight. Papa smiled as he lifted very carefully from his pocket a little baby collie dog and put the round, soft, sleepy little ball into Eleanor's arms.

Never was human baby so tenderly caressed, and Eleanor proved herself a very thoughtful mother by immediately inquiring whether her dear little puppy had had any supper. In answer to the question, papa said, "He was afraid Mr. Puppy would have to be brought upon a bottle, as he had not quite learned the accomplishment of lapping." Eleanor would not think of going to bed until a bottle had been purchased. Then she drew her little willow rocker up before the wood-fire in her room and rocked to and fro, while she held that warm, soft dog close to her heart and hummed very gently her favorite lullaby, but the sweet song did not charm puppy, as it should, for he cried and cried, and apparently did not enjoy being rocked. Eleanor decided it was because he was so hungry, so she urged nurse to hurry and warm the milk and then mamma urged her little daughter to hurry and get ready for bed, as it was long past her bedtime.

A half an hour later mamma came upstairs to give her little daughter her usual good-night kiss, and she stood by the side of the bed for a long time looking at the pretty picture before her. For Eleanor in her night-dress with its dainty puffed sleeves and her golden curls half over one little flushed cheek was holding very closely that precious puppy; that furry little individual was not crying now but was vigorously removing the milk from the bottle which Eleanor held in one hand. He was not asleep, but hard at work; it seemed as though he just stopped long enough to look up at mamma and blink his sleepy little eyes at her. But mamma did not laugh, she just lifted puppy, bottle and all, out of bed and removed him to a small box in the playroom. In this she put a nice fur rug and this little innocent puppy curled itself up contentedly, and went to sleep thinking, no doubt, this warm substitute was its mother.

That Waterloo Ballroom.

The approaching seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle of Waterloo will once more revive the interest awakened two years ago by Sir William Fraser in the upper story of the now deserted brewery in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, Brussels, which was beyond a doubt the scene of the Duchess of Richmond's historic "revelry by night." The room is very large, but the rough beams supported by a row of six wooden pillars in the centre can be easily touched by the hand. The rubbish has been cleared away, and one can clearly see the traces of the temporary passage by which the Duchess connected her improvised ballroom with her drawingroom in the house, now occupied by the Sisters Hospitalières in the Rue des Cordons. M. Vanginderachter, who succeeded Simon, the coach builder at No. 40, is dead, and next month the building is to be brought to the hammer, the upset price being 192,000. His widow, a comely Flemish matron, such as Jacques Jordens would have loved to paint, is inconsolable, for ever since Sir William Fraser's discovery she had been honored with many visitors and has started an autograph album. She fondly hopes the hall-room will find a purchaser among the Duchess of Richmond's compatriots.

WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE.

A Horrible Incident in Connection with the Franco-Prussian War.

"I had just sold my commission in the British army when the Franco-Prussian war opened," said an Englishman a few days ago to some friends at the bar of the Hoffman House, New York. "I had still some pretty strong hankings after an active military career, and as I had been disappointed in the business project that had induced me to relinquish the hope of seeing further service with the red coats, I joined the Foreign Legion of the French army, and in the following year any craving I might have had for fighting was amply gratified. I had many adventures, some of them startling enough, but one, to which no personal danger was attached, stands out at times with unpleasant distinctness in my memory.

"A few weeks before all French hopes of final success were buried at Sedan a portion of my corps was detached to engage a party of Prussians that had been harassing some villages near Metz. We found the enemy readily enough, but they had been strongly reinforced, and though we drove them back after several hours of very hard fighting, we suffered severely.

"Night had fallen before the firing ceased, and I was sent with an order to an officer on a distant part of the field. The moon was shining as I returned, and I was walking my horse, as the animal was very tired, when I reined him in quickly, because a feeble voice called to me.

"Sir," it said, in very good English I recognize you as an officer of the Foreign Legion. You are an Englishman, I think. Will you do me a great favor, and a last favor?"

"I dismounted and found a young French officer lying at my feet. His sword and pistols were gone and he was desperately wounded. His eyes were almost closed, the death damp lay cold and heavy on his forehead, and little specks of foam and blood were on his lips. One bullet had passed completely through his body, tearing the lungs in its passage, and he was gasping and perforated in half a dozen other places.

"What can I do for you?" I asked.

"I am suffering horribly," he gasped, "and I may live for an hour yet. Will you have the great kindness to blow out my brains and end my agony?"

"I looked very closely at the poor fellow. I knew something about gunshot wounds, and it was as clear to me as is the sun at noon that he had no earthly chance of living until the dawn.

"I cannot take your life," I said, "but if you desire it I will lend you my pistol and turn my head away."

"Thank you," he muttered gratefully; that will do just as well. I have still enough strength to pull a trigger. You will find a flask of can de vie and a bundle cigars in the pocket of my cloak. They are yours, mon ami. Take them, I entreat you. Adieu!"

"Silently I handed him the weapon and turned away. A sharp report rang out. When I looked again at the Frenchman he had ceased to suffer. I took the pistol from his hand and rode away quickly.

"I have been condemned for the part I played in this tragedy, but I have never blamed myself."

How to Wash Windows.

Two servants employed in adjoining houses were talking recently about their methods of cleaning windows. The one whose windows always looked the brightest said she selected a dull day for the work, or a day when the sun was not shining on them because when the sun shines it causes them to be dry-streaked, no matter how much one rubs. The painter's brush is the best article for this purpose; then wash all the wood-work before the glass is touched. To cleanse the glass simply use warm water diluted with ammonia, don't use soap. A small stick will get the dust out of the corners, then wipe dry with a piece of cloth—do not use linen, as the lint sticks to the glass. The best way to polish is with tissue paper or newspaper. To clean windows in this way takes much less time than when soap is used.

The Assistant Treasurer of the United States says the Canadian Steamship Company must recover the contract imported glass-blowers to the port where they came, or suffer the same of their ships and their exclusion from American harbours.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Phya Phroph Song Knam has again started a rebellion at Chiengmai, in northern Siam. It will probably result in failure.

In Finland a railroad is building from Viborg to the falls of Ymatra, in order to accommodate the ever-increasing number of tourists.

According to the Cologne Gazette, M. de Giers is about to retire from the Russian Ministry of Foreign Affairs, probably to be succeeded by Prince Lobanoff Rostowsky.

Two weeks ago the contributions to the Bismarck monument fund amounted to \$48,000. A significant feature of the subscription list is the extraordinary number of south German names on it.

Steps have been taken to establish in St. Petersburg a society for the insurance of crops against climatic mishaps. The Agricultural Society of the metropolis have initiated the movement.

The Berlin Boersen Courier estimates that there are 13,000 different kinds of postage stamps in the world. Last January the Imperial Postal Museum possessed 9,500 sorts, and is now supposed to have at least 2,000 more.

Plans are being perfected by a Ministerial committee for the building of the central port in the Azov Sea in the Bay of Bielossaray and four moles in the Gulf of Taganrog, at a distance of forty versts apart. The expense will exceed 18,000,000 roubles.

The new crown of Kir Jenelek of Abyssinia has just been completed in Milan. It is of solid gold, weighs four and a half pounds, and resembles somewhat in appearance the tiara of the Pope. It is adorned with 130 precious stones, and is valued at \$5,000.

M. Peschoff, the Cossack officer who left Vladivostok in November last on horseback to ride across Siberia to St. Petersburg, a distance of nearly five thousand miles, reached the Russian capital on May 31. He received tremendous ovations throughout the day.

The Russian military authorities have issued an order that cavalrymen shall not wear their ordinary spurs when they attend a ball. They may wear spurs with blunt rowels, but they may also, if they prefer, appear in civilian clothes, with no spurs at all.

The Austrian and German press are hot with hostility to the introduction of English fashions for men. The German masher, who in Berlin is known as a "patent-falke," and in Vienna as a "gigeil," is the victim of Anglomania, and his press is trying to save him.

Herr Victor Meyer, in an address at Heidelberg, announces that we may reasonably hope that chemistry will teach us to make the fibre of wood the source of human food. The fibre of wood consists essentially of cellulose, and Herr Meyer hopes to make it starch.

The first temperance society was established in St. Petersburg on May 1, at the instance and by the efforts of Mme Kalitzkaya. The officers of the society are Prof. Wagner Senator Barikoff, the associate Treasurer of the Imperial Bank, Mr. Yvatchenko, and other personages of high standing.

A troupe of about fifty Persian singers, dancers, wrestlers, boxers, conjurers, and equestrians, nearly all of whom have been forced from their native land for high waymanry, are about to make a tour through Europe, starting from Odessa. Their performances are said to be quite wonderful.

The city of Odessa will celebrate its centennial in 1891. The day of celebration will be either May 27, on which Alexander I issued the ukase that "there shall be in Khadzhibey a city and a port," or Aug. 22, on which the first City Council was organized. Khadzhibey is the old Tartar name of the site of Odessa.

The centenary of a flower has just been celebrated by a banquet in Paris. The dahlia is just 100 years old in France. It first flourished in that country in 1790. Delegates from the Society of Horticulture and the Cercle Floral of Antwerp were present, and the press was represented by the editor of the Flora, the oldest botanical paper in Germany.

The annual production of india-rubber balls in different countries (in dozens) is: Germany, 2,550,000; France, 800,000; Russia, 750,000; England, 600,000; Austria, 520,000; America, 500,000; Italy, 450,000; total, 5,170,000.

6,500,000 dozen. The demand for German balls is increasing yearly. Germany now exports to England about 850,000 dozen and to America about 900,000 dozen.

According to the latest reports of the Minister of Education, there are 40,000 primary schools in Russia. Twenty-two thousand are public schools under the authority of the Minister of Education, and 18,000 are parish schools under the management of the "Holy Synod." Religious instruction is given in the secular schools by clergymen, who have to render an account of their doings to the Government.

It will be seen how dangerous it may be for untidy children to scratch each other, through the report of seventy-eight examinations of the impurities under finger nails recently made in the bacteriological laboratories of Vienna. The cultivations produced showed "thirty-six kinds of micrococci, eighteen bacilli, three sarcinae, and various varieties; the spores of common mould were very frequently present.

The authorities of Thaurila have initiated a hard fight against the German names which German colonists have bestowed on their settlements since 1862. Six villages bearing respectively the names of Gnadenfeld, Herrndank, Marienfeld, Tiefenbug, Philippstal, and Liebenstal were ordered to be called by the more euphonious (to the Russian ear) appellations of Karmyahik, Telesh, Spat, Sargbush, Temiblat, Maryi. These names, all but the last, are of Tartar origin.

A suit about some land in Vilna, which commenced in the year 1828, was finally settled on April 8 last by the highest court in St. Petersburg. During the long life of the litigation the property in question changed hands six times, according to the various decrees of the judiciary authorities of Vilna and St. Petersburg. It is now definitely settled in the possession of the great-grandchildren of the original plaintiffs; but it is so ruined that they can derive but little benefit from it.

The Russian Government has decided, upon the joint recommendation of the Ministers of Commerce and of Navigation, to build a new commercial port on the Black Sea at Theodosia (Kaffa) or Soanastopol. The various plans submitted for the purpose, as well as the choice of the locality were referred to a Senatorial committee, with the direction to hand in their recommendation as speedily as possible. It is expected that work will begin at the new port early this summer.

A census of wolves has been taken in Russia. They amount to 170,000, according to the enumerators. They commit great havoc among the sheep and pigs, and during the past year 203 human beings have been devoured by them. The price of a wolf's head is fixed by the Government at ten roubles. About 80,000 of them were killed last year. At this rate, if the enumerators are correct in their figures, it ought not to take long to get rid of all the wolves in the country.

The administration of the French navy has been wasteful enough to be scandalous. Under the prevailing system supplies have been granted on an absurdly lavish scale. For example, in some of the naval hospitals there were in stock eighteen nightcaps, forty-six night shirts, and fifty sheets per patient. One store contained one kind of rope in sufficient quantity to last a century. During the past two years goods valued at nearly \$6,000,000 have been condemned as useless.

"The beautiful women of the world" are requested, in a circular, to send their photographs to the Baroness Klara von der Beckler, at Ifflia. These will all be examined by a committee of artists, and those selected will be put in an album, with the title Types of Female Beauty of the last years of the Nineteenth century. Then the album will be sent to the Moscow Museum. Beautiful women of all countries are requested to forward their pictures, but don't fall and at once.

The annual list of articles lost during the balls of the preceding season in the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg has just been published. It includes a grand cross of the order of St. Anna, two stars of the order of St. Stanislas, two gold coins struck in memory of the coronation of Alexander III. at Moscow, six small orders, and fifty bits of women's jewelry valued at \$30,000. All of all these articles which are still unclaimed on June 1 will be sold, the proceeds to be given to the public hospitals of St. Petersburg.

At Ofen in Hungary, a woman has died who had not for thirty years gone outside her house. She was the daughter of well-to-do parents. Thirty years ago she was about to be married. Her lover, "to test her obedience and love," desired her on a certain day not to go into the streets. She agreed, but broke her promise and went into the town. The next day her lover broke the engagement, and thereupon she made a vow that never again during her lifetime would she leave her house—and she kept her word.

The sales of Dresden china at the works in Meissen last year amounted to \$475,000, the greatest sum ever realized in a single year. There is a Saxon tradition that the financial condition of the Meissen works is a political barometer. In 1720, for instance, the receipts were only about \$6,000. In 1807 they sank from \$100,000 to \$45,000 to rise again in 1815 to \$120,000. At the approach of the revolution of 1848-49 and of the Austro-Prussian and the Franco-Prussian wars the receipts fell off still more perceptibly.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times, doubtless Blowitz, says that the anti-Jewish movement in France is so intense that a man, who gave him the information himself, was hired by a furious anti-Semite for the purpose of assassinating an American Jew, Dr. Cornelius Herz, representative of the United States at the Paris electric exhibition. This man had seen in the Figaro an advertisement for one capable of accepting any mission. He applied, and in an interview with the advertiser he received an offer of 50,000 francs if he would murder Dr. Herz.

There has been a strike of children employed in the sugar beet fields of Saxony. The children near Brachwitz quit work because their employers refused to raise their wages from twelve to twenty-five cents per day. In Langenbogen the children demanded an advance from 5 to 10 cents per day. All the children were accustomed to attending school from 8 o'clock in the morning till noon, and to working without cessation from 1 to 7 o'clock in the afternoon. They were compelled to be in the fields, rain or shine, at their work throughout the six hours.

An immense amount of cotton has been transported from central Asia to Moscow since navigation was opened this year on the Caspian Sea. The transportation company "Kavkaz Merkurij" alone conveyed since Jan. 1 this year 60,000 poods of cotton more than it carried during the whole year of 1888. The direct traffic from central Asia to Moscow is even greater. Attempts are also being made this year to plant cotton on the Crimean peninsula and in various other places on the coast of the Black Sea. The seed was imported partly from America and partly from central Asia.

For the decade 1880-90 the duel statistics of Italy record for the entire kingdom 2,759 duels, most of them military. The hotter the weather the more duels, while in very cold winter spells the figures tapered off. Thus seven-eighths of the whole number took place in summer and one-eighth in winter. Only fifty deaths resulted out of all these duels, ninety of which were fought with the sword, 2,480 with the sabre, and the rest with the pistol. Ordinary quarrels produced 730; press and political discussions 1,322; love, 183; religious questions, 20. Most of the duels took place at Naples and the fewest at Venice.

Vienna has seen a duel between a man and a woman. A girl, 19, challenged a young doctor who had offended one of her friends and refused to apologize. He was challenged in the ordinary way by two seconds, a student and an officer of Reserves, and, when he ridiculed the idea, the girl threatened to horsewhip him publicly. The challenge was then accepted, and a meeting, with swords, also with full accompaniment of seconds and doctors, took place in a hired room in a Vienna suburb. To the man's surprise his antagonist showed herself a genuine fencer of extraordinary skill, and the result was that the affair ended when she had wounded him in the left side.

Last summer the Russian Government started a colonization in the sparsely populated regions of the empire, and the transportation of settlers to the over-crowded regions. The Minister of the Interior and of the Government have jointly appointed a commission to regulate the work of colonization in the East. That Commission is to be located in territories south of the

be opened to new settlers. Prerogatives will be offered to such settlers as will best promote the Chinese method of agriculture, as that method is the safest against the rot of grain crops, which is very prevalent in that region.

The last sensation visited upon Paris is a pamphlet by the Radical Deputy, Camille Dreyfus, entitled "The Necessary War." It says: "The moment has come for Franco to obtain the revision of the Frankfort treaty or to tear it up. France should appeal to Europe in the name of general peace, menaced by that treaty which consecrated the abandonment to Germany of Alsace-Lorraine. The moment has come for Franco to make war on Germany. Let us make war; diplomatic reasons permit it, economic reasons impose it on us, and military reasons command it. Let us make war; the historic hour has come. Two years ago would have been too soon; in two years it may be too late."

One of the most noted sportsmen in Europe, Herr, Oskar Ochsenschlager, died last month in Berlin. His horses ran in every racing country of importance, but his principal achievements were in Germany. At one time he was one of the most extensive breeders of race horses in Germany. He was the representative German sportsman, and the most venturesome, both on the turf and at cards. Fortune was invariably kind to him, until only a short time ago. He formed his first stud by taking over a number of horses from a sportsman who had got into difficulties and through them he acquired a large estate at Hoppegarten, erected a villa, and built a long range of model stables. His luck at cards became as proverbial as his fortune on the turf, but two years ago his star began to fade, and horses, cards, and stocks all failed him, so that in 1889 he was ruined, after the most brilliant career of its kind known to his country. He was not 50 when he died.

Errors of Young and Old. Organic Weakness, Falling Memory, Lack of Energy, Physical Decay. Cured by HAZELTON'S VITALIZER. Also Nervous Debility, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Ambition, Unfitness to Marry, Stunted Development, Loss of Power, Night Emits, Dropsy, Drain in Urine, Seminal Losses, Sleeplessness, Aversion to Society, Unfit for Study, Excessive Indulgence, etc., etc. Every bottle guaranteed. 20,000 sold yearly. Address, enclosing stamp for treatise, J. B. HAZELTON, Graduated Pharmacist, 236 Yonge St. Toronto. Mention Truth.

Dr. Davis' Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for females, quickly correct all irregularities. Sold by all chemists, or the agent, W. NEILL, 223 St. Catherine street, Montreal. Soc. PER. ROY.

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, 69 King St. W., Toronto.

N. WAGSTAFF, General Agent for the RAYMOND SEWING MACHINES. General Repairing done by practical machinists. Needle Oils and Attachments. 158 Queen St.

Consumption Cure. Canabis...

FUNNIGRAMS.

The dollar you take in is a dwarf; the one you pay out a giant.

As a child grows older he should grow stronger. Just like boarding-house butter.

Father—"Weren't you out very late last night?" Son—"No sir, I was in very late."

A correspondent wants to know "how long girls should be courted" On stilts, of course.

A good many people are coming to look upon original sin and original packages as synonymous.

He (despairingly)—"I wish I could find something to take up my mind." She (softly)—"Try blotting paper."

Cadley—"What is it your little boy calls you?" Marlow—"Pretty papa." Cadley—"Isn't he rather young for sarcasm?"

A writer says: "There are some things a woman doesn't know." There may be, but no man can tell her what they are.

Give it Up.—Huffy—"I thay, Gawge, how do you pronounce that word—reely or reahly?" Rocky—"I don't weally know, Fwed."

Cameo—"Young Gurley is a college graduate, isn't he?" Fangle—"I think he must be. He doesn't know what he is talking about half the time."

Modern Chivalry.—Awkward Miss (with an umbrella)—"Beg pardon!" Polite gentleman—"Don't mention it. I have another eye left."

"Clara Johnson says you and I are engaged, Ethel," said Chappie. "Clara Johnson always did say every spiteful thing about me she could think of."

Doubted—"Do you think your father likes me?" he inquired. "Oh, yes," she answered. "He said he was going to wait up to-night to see you."

"Have you read Longfellow's Resignation?" asked one department clerk of another. "No," was the reply, "I did not know he had resigned."

Fair Rivals.—Jack—"Do you remember old Lord Granly?" Mand—"No. He died before I was born; but you remember him, do you not, Edith?"

At the Opera.—Mrs. Gushly—"How that song carries me back to our home!" Mr. Gushly (cooly)—"How lucky! It will save \$3 for a carriage!"

Rocks Ahead for the Lady.—"How is your cook doing?" "Rosa?" "Yes." "Well, the whole house is sub Rosa just now, but there's going to be a change."

Decidedly Hot.—Cady—"When you asked old Richley for his daughter's hand, did he give you a warm reception?" Dingley—"Warm! It was hot. He fired me."

"Why is it that whenever a physician is sick he always call's in another doctor?" "Well I don't know, unless it's because he hates to fully realize what desperate chances he is taking."

Ernest—"I like that girl of yours. She always seems to take things cool." Jasper—"Take things cool! I should say she did! She took two ice-creams and three glasses of soda the other night."

It is a mighty unfortunate man who hasn't something to be proud of. There's Smirkins who never wastes of displaying his collection of rare books, while Pimble is quite as happy in showing his sore thumb.

Mamma—"I wonder what we shall call the baby?" Johnny—"I don't think we'd better call him any of those names papa has had him last night when he was crying. You mightn't like it when he grows up."

Second Messenger Boy—"I say, yer there, yer running down the street just like a Second Messenger Boy." "Ah, come. Some bloke gav me a push an' started me running as I was too lary to stop."

Have Been Small.—"Cholly had a little boy." "What did he do with it?" "He put it in his mouth and he was in there for a week."

a drug store)—"Do you know, I read in this morning's paper about a girl who dropped dead while drinking soda water? She—"Oh, how romantic! Let's go in and die together!"

"Well, I do hope," said Mrs. Parvenu, as she strolled across her elegant lawn in Clifton, "if the cholera comes here this year, it won't assume an epidemic form," and she fanned herself till her chin stuck out above her neck at an angle of 89 1/2 degrees.

Miss Jones—"Professor Griddle, do you dare to look me in the face and then say that I originally sprang from a monkey?" Professor Griddle (a little taken aback but equal to the occasion)—"Well, really, it must have been a very charming monkey."

Mrs. Brown—"I'm ashamed when I think of it, but I believe there's more quarreling among the human race than among the brute creation." Mr. Brown—"Ah; but then you must remember that the human race are handicapped by the gift of speech."

Condensed Information.

There are 2,750 languages. America was discovered in 1492. A square mile contains 640 acres. Envelopes were first used in 1839. Telescopes were invented in 1590. A barrel of rice weighs 600 pounds. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. A barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. The first steel pen was made in 1830. A hand (horse measure) is four inches. Watches were first constructed in 1476. A span is ten and seven-eighths inches. A storm moves thirty-six miles per hour. A hurricane moves eighty miles per hour. The first iron steamship was built in 1830. The first lucifer match was made in 1829. Gold was discovered in California in 1848. A firkin of butter weighs fifty-six pounds. Modern needles first came into use in 1515. The value of a ton of silver is \$67,704.94. The first horse railroad was built in 1826.

Coaches were first used in England in 1562.

The average human life is thirty-one years. The value of a ton of pure gold is \$602,799.21.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1632.

The first newspaper was published in England in 1588.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1826. One million dollars silver coin weighs 59,329.9 pounds avoirdupois.

One million dollars gold coin weighs 3,685.8 pounds avoirdupois.

Until 1776 cotton spinning was performed by the hand spinning wheel.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eight century.

Albert Dore gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527.

The first steam engine of this continent was brought from England in 1653.

Measure 200 feet on each side and you will have a square acre within an inch.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, Jr. in 1846.

There was shipped to the Globe Printing Co. of Toronto, last week, by the Watrous Engine Works Co., of Brantford, a steel boiler 66 in diameter, 14 feet long. The bottom of the boiler was made of one steel plate 14 feet long x 7 feet wide, and the top of two plates only. This is probably the first boiler in Canada made with the bottom of but one sheet and marks a new departure in the manufacture of return tubular boilers. Users of steam are finding out that it is a great advantage to have no seams or joints over the fire, and the demand is steadily growing for boilers made with but one sheet on the bottom. The Watrous Company are to be congratulated on the advance they have made in this direction, and no doubt it will lead to a very large business in their boiler department. We might mention that this department is one of the best equipped in Canada, having all the latest improvements for boiler makers, and the capacity for turning out the heaviest work. They are now finishing six boilers 66 in diameter for the North Pacific Lumber Co., which is made of hot two sheets of steel boiler for the British American Lumber Co. of Brantford. Any person who has boiler work will do well to consult

All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find themselves nervous, weak and 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, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power, tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be roused by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunken eyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLES, oily looking skin, etc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to insanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension every function wanes 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.

If you haven't anything but your troubles to talk about, don't say much.

A. P. 507

PARISIAN PLAITING—Skirts, 40c a yard; children's skirts or capes, 25c a yard. MISS STACKHOUSE, 45 Yonge St., Toronto.

PATENTS procured in Canada, U.S. and Foreign Countries. W. J. GRAMM, 71 Yonge St., Toronto.

CANCER BIZ Bookkeeping, Banking, Itinerary, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc., at Canadian Business University & Shorthand Institute, Public Library Bldg., Toronto. Circulars free. Theo. Bengough, Manager.

\$10.00 A DAY. For more information, address E. M. SHERWOOD, 4 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

COOKS, HOUSEWIVES, NURSES, CHEFS, ETC. EARL HERRVANT, Gold placet, highest wages. Canadian Domestic Employment Agency, 911 King West, Toronto. Write for circular.

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS. Sailing weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Saloon Tickets \$47, 50 and \$50. Return Tickets \$80, \$80 and \$110, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate \$70. Storage \$20. Apply to W. E. MURRAY, General Manager, Canadian Shipping Co., 1 Custom House Square, Montreal, or to Local Agents in all Towns and Cities.

Advertisement for a business or service, featuring a circular logo with text: "THE CHEAPEST AND BEST PLACE to America to buy Band and Music Instruments, Made, Etc." Address: WEALEY, ROYCE & CO., 114 Yonge Street, Toronto. Send for Catalogue.

Advertisement for JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. Text: "Never Travel Without a Supply of JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. It furnishes FOOD and DRINK, make DELICIOUS SANDWICHES, GOOD MEAT TEA. Convenient, Palatable, Nutritious."

Advertisement for CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. Text: "CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED. TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their correct and Post Office Address. Respectfully, Y. A. BLOOMER, 38-0, 184 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO."

Advertisement for SCOTT'S EMULSION. Text: "Stop that CHRONIC COUGH NOW! For if you do not it may become consumptive. For Consumption, Bronchitis, General Debility and Wasting Diseases, there is nothing like SCOTT'S EMULSION OF Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES OF Lime and Soda. It is almost as palatable as milk. Far better than other so-called Emulsions. A wonderful flesh producer. SCOTT'S EMULSION is put up in a salmon color wrapper. Beware and get the genuine. Sold by all Dealers at 50c. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, Belleville."

Advertisement for ST. LEON. Text: "NEVER FAILING ST. LEON. Up to three years ago Dyspepsia, that horrible sensation, wretched pain and choking. The very best medicine I could find. I did. The choking lumps got softer and softer. I was cured and remain in the best of health. St. Leon Water will cure when all other mixtures fail. GEORGE G. WILSON, Victoria Square, Montreal."

Advertisement for THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP. Text: "THE ALBERT TOILET SOAP COY'S TRANSPARENT CARBOLIC ACID TOILET SOAP. Is pleasant to use. It heals the skin, and destroys insects and germs on the hair of man or beast."

Advertisement for SOLID Leather shoes. Text: "SOLID Leather. The Best Goods Sold by the Principal Boot and Shoe Dealers. Every Pair Stamped. J. O. King & Co. TORONTO."

Census Troubles in India.

In one of the wilder districts of Bengal, during the census of 1881, a curious rumor got about among the Dravidian tribes that the number of the people was merely the preliminary to the wholesale deportation of the men to servile camps...

The same thing was done, only in a more humorous fashion, by a district officer in the central provinces. Some of his tribes took fright and ran away, and he induced their headmen to listen to explanations...

The Friendship Ring.

Your Toronto maiden encounters a friend on the street, in the stores, at church, in her home—anywhere, everywhere—and intimately prefers a request for a penny.

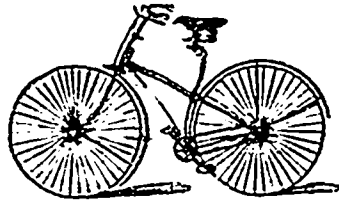
Ruffs of Flowers.

At several of the fashionable weddings that have taken place lately in the East a few of the lady guests have carried floral ruffs.

FENCE—The Cheapest, Strongest and Best Fence for Farms, Gardens, Orchard or Town Lots.

PLATE GLASS

Delivered anywhere in Canada. Largest Stock. Lowest Prices. McCausland & Son, 72 to 76 King St. West, Toronto.



For a No. 1 Roadster or Business Machine, see the 'COMET SAFETY.' We guarantee all our Machines. Catalogue free. T. FANE & CO., Manufacturers, Toronto.

Agents Wanted Throughout Canada FOR THE

Phoenix Insurance Co.

OF HARTFORD, CONN. FIRE ONLY. ESTABLISHED 1854. Cash Capital \$2,000,000.00 Assets 5,381,004.00 Net Surplus 1,391,255.33

Head Office, 114 St James St., Montreal

Advertisement for 'Retail Price 75 Cents COMPLETE WITH CLOTH' featuring an illustration of a woman and a basket of laundry.

Attention is required. The use of scalding water is another important advantage impossible with the ordinary hand-wringing mop.

POND'S EXTRACT



THE WONDER OF HEALING! CURES CATARRH, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SORE THROAT, PILES, WOUNDS, BURNS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, AND HEMORRHOIDS OF ALL KINDS.

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS For Circular Address J. DOAN & SON, Northcote Ave., - Toronto.

THE GREAT EUROPEAN DYE



Unequaled for Richness and Beauty of Coloring. They are the ONLY DYES that WILL NOT WASH OUT! WILL NOT FADE OUT!

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Advertisement for Canadian Pacific Railway Farmers' Excursions, listing routes like Deloraine, Moosomin, Glenboro, Saltcoats, Moosejaw, and Calgary, with dates from June 17 to July 8, 1900.

The Alliance Bond and Investment Company of Ontario Limited, Incorporated February 27th, 1890.

CAPITAL \$1,000,000. General Offices, 27 & 29 Wellington Street East, 34 & 36 Front Street East, Toronto. This Company undertakes agencies of every description, and trusts, such as carrying out issues of capital for companies and others...

Advertisement for 'CURE FITS!' with the text 'THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.' and 'I MEAN A RADICAL CURE.'

Confederation Life ORGANIZED 1871. HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.

REMEMBER AFTER THREE YEARS POLICIES ARE INCONTESTABLE Free from all restrictions as to residence, travel or occupation. THE NEW ANNUITY ENDOWMENT POLICY AFFORDS ABSOLUTE PROTECTION AGAINST EARLY DEATH

Advertisement for machinery including Saw Mills, Saws, Engines, Boilers, and other equipment, with an illustration of a large industrial machine.

WHEW! WHAT A WHOPPER.

The Metal Eating Plant Said to Grow in Africa.

Professor Schelwisch, the well known naturalist of Bavaria, while traveling with the Stanley expedition in the heart of Africa noticed a plant with a peculiar steel colored foliage, and on examination it was found that the shrub, although growing like other plants from the soil, was practically composed of iron. The leaves, although very thin, were bent with great difficulty, and the twigs and branches resisted pressure with a force about equal to the same amount of iron, and to secure a leaf it was found necessary to separate it from the bush with a file.

While Professor Schelwisch was digging at the base of this plant for the purpose of making an examination of its roots, the natives crowded around him in great numbers, gesticulating in a menacing manner. The professor desisted from his work and the interpreter was sent for. He explained that this was a holy tree and worshiped by the natives in their fetich religion as a God plant, and that to dig one up would bring ruin and desolation upon the whole village and surrounding country.

Professor Schelwisch offered to buy the plant, and taking up a handful of copper coins, gave them to the savages, who gladly accepted the money and distributed it among themselves. The professor then returned to the work of digging up the unique plant, but had not made any great progress when the natives again set upon him. Through the interpreter the professor informed them that he had legally bought the plant and intended to remove it. As soon as this message was made known to the savages every one who had received a coin came and dropped it in the hole at the base of the shrub. Professor Schelwisch allowed the coins to remain in the hole and walked away toward the mountain to hunt another specimen.

Next day, as the party were preparing to continue the march, the Professor was curious to know if the coins had remained undisturbed during the night by the superstitious natives, and on approaching the metal plant was astonished to find it had changed its color completely. Instead of being a beautiful steel color, the stem, leaves and what was exposed of the roots presented the appearance of newly coined copper coins and glittered in the morning sunlight like polished gold. Upon examination it was ascertained that during the night the strange plant had absorbed nearly all the copper coins, with the result of completely changing its color.

What was left of the coins in the hole showed that they were more than half eaten away or absorbed by the roots of the metal plant. Not only was the color changed, but the texture of the plant had undergone a similar transformation. It was found that the thin waxy shaped leaves were now easily bent around the fingers, would retain any shape given them and could be readily cut with an ordinary pair of scissors.

Professor Schelwisch succeeded in surreptitiously securing several branches of this wonderful metal eating plant, and was also successful in obtaining a good photograph of it. No further trace of the existence of the metal plant was found until they reached the Unamesi country, when at the base of the Nkomalakosi Mountains a perfect forest of this curious plant was found. This being an uninhabited region, no difficulty was encountered in securing specimens to take back to England.

A great fire was built about the tree, but it would not burn the least little bit.

Morbid Condition of King Humbert.

Private advices from Rome received in Berlin state that King Humbert, who has long had a tendency towards melancholy, is growing more morose every day, and Queen Margherita is afraid to leave him alone. He not only smiles since the death of his brother, whom he considered his only consolation. The financial difficulties of Italy, and the growing unpopularity of the Ceteris all tend to increase his gloom.

He has nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide. He is noble, or he is in trade, and the gentleman Nature has made.

His heart is pure the life will be all right. Sottol Frutti Gum.—Used by all Ayers etc.: Co.

Railway Engine With a Record.

There is a particularly vicious engine on the East Tennessee road. It has killed twenty-seven men, and engineers and firemen feel a superstitious dread whenever they have to take a run on the rails with this man killer. "I sometimes feel," said the grizzled old stoker a few days ago, "that there is a murderous spirit in that engine. She killed two men before she got on the rails. While she was being steamed up in the shops a plug blew out, and two mechanics were scalded to death. Then it was brought south and sent out on its first run. She mounted the rails and plunged down an embankment, killing her engineer and fireman. "Soon afterwards she was fixed up and put on the road again. She ran for a while all right, until one night the engineer that was driving her saw a head-light bearing down on him and tried to reverse the lever and run back; but the engine acted like a mule and wouldn't answer to the throttle. She went whirling on and crashed into the other train. Five men were killed in the two engine boxes. But I can't remember half the devilry that engine has played. Once she seemed to get into the dumps while on the road and just wouldn't be managed. She acted as if the devil was in her cylinders. Whenever the engineer pulled upon the throttle she would storm down the track like a cat, and it was like stopping a bucking bronco to get her down to a quiet pace. An emigrant train was running ahead, and the engineer of the man killer had orders to look out for it. After a run of an hour or so he came in sight of the emigrant train as it rumbled slowly up a heavy grade; then it disappeared over the crest, and this devil of an engine went charging up and over about a minute behind. The engineer expected to see the emigrants away down the track, but they had slowed up and were only a few hundred yards ahead. Down went the engine bellowing like mad, and as soon as the emigrants heard it, out they steamed as fast as they could. But the old cat could outrun the Flying Dutchman, and there was no stopping her. She rushed down, eating up the space between her and her prey. Eager faces were looking out the windows of the passenger car ahead, and the engineer, fireman; and cooler, when they found that they could not check the speed of the engine, stood at the doors ready for a leap. They had to take it pretty soon. Already the emigrants were leaping from the steps and rolling down the sides of the embankment. The engineman waited till the last moment before the crash, and leaped for life, but were all killed. I am afraid to say how many lives were lost as the engine tore into that train packed with emigrants, but it swelled the list of the men that the old brute had killed. "No matter what road she is on—and she has been on a great many—she has kept on killing the men who stood at her throttle. We all feel a little nervous when we have to run her, for when you steam her up it seems to put the devil in her."

What is a Gentleman.

What is a gentleman? Is it not one knowing instinctively what he should shun. Speaking no word that could injure or pain. Spreading no scandal, and deepening no stain? One who knows how to put each other at his ease. Striving successfully, always to please; One who can tell by a glance at your cheek When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one Honestly eating the bread he has won; Walking in uprightness, fearing his God, Leaving no stain on the path he has trod, Caring not whether his coat may be old, Prizing sincerity far above gold, Reckling not whether his hand may be hard, Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth Makes a man noble or adds to his worth? Is there a family tree to be had Shady enough to conceal what is bad? Seek out the man who has God for his guide, Nothing to tremble at, nothing to hide. He is noble, or he is in trade, and the gentleman Nature has made.

His heart is pure the life will be all right. Sottol Frutti Gum.—Used by all Ayers etc.: Co.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

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

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

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

How a Spider Catches Fish.

The physical powers of the lycosidae, the popular running, ground, or wolf spider, are well illustrated by an instance recorded in the proceedings of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. The result, as reported, was achieved by pure strength and activity, without any of the mechanical advantages of snare.

Mr. Spring, while walking with a friend in the swampy wood, which was pierced by a dike three feet wide, was attracted by the extraordinary movements of a large black spider in the middle of a ditch. Closer examination showed that the creature had caught a fish. She had fastened upon it with a deadly grip just on the forward side of the dorsal fin, and the poor fish was swimming round and round slowly, or twisting its body as if in pain.

The head of its black enemy was sometimes almost pulled under water, but the strength of the fish would not permit an entire submergence. It forced its fins as if exhausted, and often rested. Finally it swam under a floating leaf near the shore, and made a vain effort to dislodge the spider by scraping against the under side of the leaf.

The two had now closely approached the bank. Suddenly the long black legs of the spider emerged from the water, and the hinder ones reached out and fastened upon the irregularities of the sides of the ditch. The spider commenced tugging at his prize in order to get it to the nearest hole for a wide-mouthed bottle, leaving his friend to watch the struggle.

During an interval of six or eight minutes' absence the spider had drawn the fish out of the water; then both creatures had fallen in again, the banks being nearly perpendicular. There followed a great struggle, and on Mr. Spring's return the fish was already hoisted head first more than half its length upon the land. It was very much exhausted, hardly making any movement, and was being slowly and steadily drawn up by the spider, who had evidently gained the victory.

The question of woman's rights has once more been submitted to the consideration of the French Legislature by M. de Gaste, the Republican Deputy for Finistere, who enjoys the reputation of being the most contrary and obstinate man in the country. Possibly it was their fellow-feeling for this particular trait of his character which led the ladies of Franco to intrust the championship of their cause to this octogenarian statesman. In the course of an interview with a Paris correspondent, he declares that the equal rights platform is at the present moment far stronger in Great Britain than in the United States, and expresses the firm conviction that women are not such fools as men. He, however, practically admits that ladies are addicted to levity; for he proposes to guard against this characteristic of youth by debarring all women under the age of forty from membership of the National Legislature.

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AUSTRALIAN NANNALS.

They Are Now the Lowest Species of Humanity in the World.

Carl Lumholtz, member of the Royal Academy of Sciences, Christiania, Norway, is one of the first white men who ever lived among the Australian natives. In a general talk about the expedition undertaken by him for the University of Christiania he said:

"At the present time the Australian natives are the lowest known species of humanity. They have little or no reasoning faculties, and their only idea of a higher power is gained through fear. They are chocolate colored, wear no clothing, and their weapons are crudely made from wood. I was possessed by two things which protected me during my sojourn with the savages. They were deadly afraid of my revolvers and they would make every sacrifice for some of my tobacco. To pistols and tobacco is due my success among the wild men. I first went to the northwestern part of the territory, where no white man had ever been before. I made a hut of palm leaves and lived just as the natives did. Every night before going to bed I would shoot off one of the pistols. That seemed to perpetuate the fear they had of me when I first mingled with them. For several months the natives were generous and peaceful relations existed between us. I will never forget the first time they dragged in some captives from a rival tribe and cut off their heads and ate the bodies.

"The natives have no religious scruples. They like human flesh better than anything else. Men, women and children partake of the food with great relish. They seldom eat a white man or one of their own tribe. The palms of the hands and the thighs are considered the most delicate portions. The heads are cast away—thrown about the camp in every direction. Lice are the only things an Australian native will not eat. I was with the natives for one year and had plenty of time to learn their manners and customs. I might have cultivated a taste for rival savages, but it was bad enough to have to subsist on snakes, grubs, lizards, grasshoppers and roots. The natives are fast dying off. I hardly think there are over thirty thousand in all Australia.

Progress in Science.

Experiments have recently been made in Spain on the action of sunlight in maturing wines. Layers of new wine in bottles of colored glass have been exposed to the direct rays of the sun, with the result that both flavor and quality have been improved. In the south of Europe there has been a practice of ripening cognac by exposing the bottles on the roof for years.

The aborigines of New South Wales show great ingenuity in shaping their harpoon heads for spearing fish. Instead of shaving the wood up and down the grain as we are accustomed to whittle, they turn it round and round and chip it off across the grain.

Foreign military men are looking forward with much interest to this summer's manoeuvres between two corps of the German Army, one corps to be armed with the new rifle and smokeless powder ammunition and the other with the old equipment.

A new sketching apparatus for cyclists has recently appeared in England. The paper is placed on a small board in front of the cyclist, and the work can be roughly contoured in about half the time ordinarily required.

The effect of the electric light current on the compasses of some vessels is so great that it becomes necessary to determine how many hours the dynamo has been running before working out the vessel's reckoning.

A new electric lantern has been designed for the use of lecturers and medical classes. By a combination of lenses the colored image of an object is projected on a screen in its natural color.

TRAGEDY AT ST. HELENA.

Thousands of Tons of Rock Roll Down into Jamestown's Narrow Valley.

A story comes from Jamestown, the only important village on the famous little island of St. Helena. The town is built along a narrow valley between two elevations that rise several hundred feet above the houses on either side. The slope on the left of the town is considerably steeper than that on the other side. One Thursday morning last month, before Jamestown had woken up, a great mass of rock, weighing thousands of tons, became detached from the upper part of this west or left-hand slope, and rolled down the steep escarpment with frightful impetus. In the path of the rolling mass were two houses, built just a little way up the side of the slope. They were crushed like egg shells, and nine persons, who were sleeping in their beds, were sent to death in an instant. It is not likely that one of the victims ever realized for a moment that anything had happened.

The mass of rock that overwhelmed them was 108 feet long 25 feet high and 11 feet thick on an average. It tumbled down a steep hill about 500 feet. Most of the victims were so badly mangled that they were wholly unrecognizable. Ten other persons were badly injured. They were in partially crushed buildings at the spot where the rolling monster finally stopped.

All the men in the town turned out with picks and shovels, and it took them two days, assisted as they were by the sailors from a British man of war, to recover the bodies of the killed, though the injured were rescued in the first few hours.

On the top of this slope are the buildings of the British military establishment. One part of the slope is called Ladder Hill because a very rickety sort of a ladder with 700 rounds or steps mounts the hill from the village to the fort. It is said to be as much of a spectacle as any circus acrobatic act to see women from the interior with heavy baskets of vegetables balanced on their heads descend this ladder as erect and easily as though they were walking along a level road. At the top of this same hill is the road that winds around among the mountains to the little mansion at Longwood, famous as the home of Napoleon, and near by is the Valley of the Tomb where his body rested under a group of willows until it was removed to its present resting place under the dome of the Invalides in Paris.

At Malta.

A recent visitor to Malta sends the following interesting letter, describing the scenes he witnessed in that harbor:—

Our approach to the harbor of Naletta, Malta was made amid one of the sights characteristic of an English naval station. Half a dozen torpedo boats came dashing out of the narrow entrance on their way to practice with torpedoes. The sea was a little rough and the light, sharp boats cut into and through the waves, now tossing it lightly aside, again breasting the waves till the combers climbing over the bows swept the vessel fore and aft. Once inside the harbor, we might have known without other evidence that we were in Malta on seeing the array of battle-ships supplemented by a fleet of smaller vessels, all flying the red cross of St. George, and forming the flower of England's navy, here assembled. Here are the Benbow and Camperdown, Colossus and Collingwood, Edinburgh, Temeraire, Australia, Agamemnon, Orion, Phaeton, Dolphin, Landrail, Polyphemus, Hecla and Crocodile battle ships, armored and unarmored cruisers, torpedo, depot and transport ships, together with a fleet of torpedo boats. Here are represented all the engines of war afloat; naval ordnance by all classes of guns from the smallest to those weighing 110 tons, firing a charge of 1,000 pounds of powder and a shell weighing 1,800. Here are vessels fitted out with everything human ingenuity can devise and science supply to preserve the life of friends, and destroy that of enemies; vessels which have cost over four million dollars each. Here are docks capable of receiving the largest ships of war, stores sufficient for four years, a city and its environs so surrounded by fortifications that the eye can at first determine where the gun-curtains and the houses begin. And so England's navy guard her Mediterranean and the east.

In Dockwood Creek is the

receiving ship Hibernia, with yellow sides, gaping with a hundred port-holes, each in time past harboring a gun, now devoted to the more peaceful object of housing the crews of men-of-war temporarily bulked. Over her cutwater is one of those famous figureheads, emblematic of the ship's name, such as the vessels of old were proud to carry and in which they were personified—a fine figure of Neptune holding in his arm the harp of Erin. No contrast could be more quickly and strikingly presented to the eye than this old wooden three-decker affords alongside of one of the modern battle ships, say the Benbow.

Photographing Rifle Bullets.

Rifle bullets are now photographed in their course by means of the electric spark. The bullet is caused to traverse a dark room in which is placed the camera. As it passes the front of the camera the bullet is made to interrupt an electric current, or break contact as it is called, producing a spark which lights it up for a moment, and enables the picture to be taken. The wave of condensation in the air before the bullet and the rarefaction behind it are plainly visible in the photograph, and it is by studying these that the expert is enabled to judge which form of ball will receive the minimum resistance from the atmosphere. The bullet of the new repeating rifle, a copper pound soldered one, is said to give excellent results, the soldering on of the core giving it an advantage over the old solid leaden bullet in the matter of rotation. This kind of bullet, too, does not strip in the bore or break upon impact, thus inflicting a more deadly wound.



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"Of the many preparations before the public for the cure of colds, coughs, bronchitis, and kindred diseases, there is none, within the range of my experience, so reliable as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. For years I was subject to colds, followed by terrible coughs. About four years ago, when so afflicted, I was advised to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and to lay all other remedies aside. I did so, and within a week was well of my cold and cough. Since then I have always kept this preparation in the house, and feel comparatively secure."
—Mrs. L. L. Brown, Dunsmuir, Miss.

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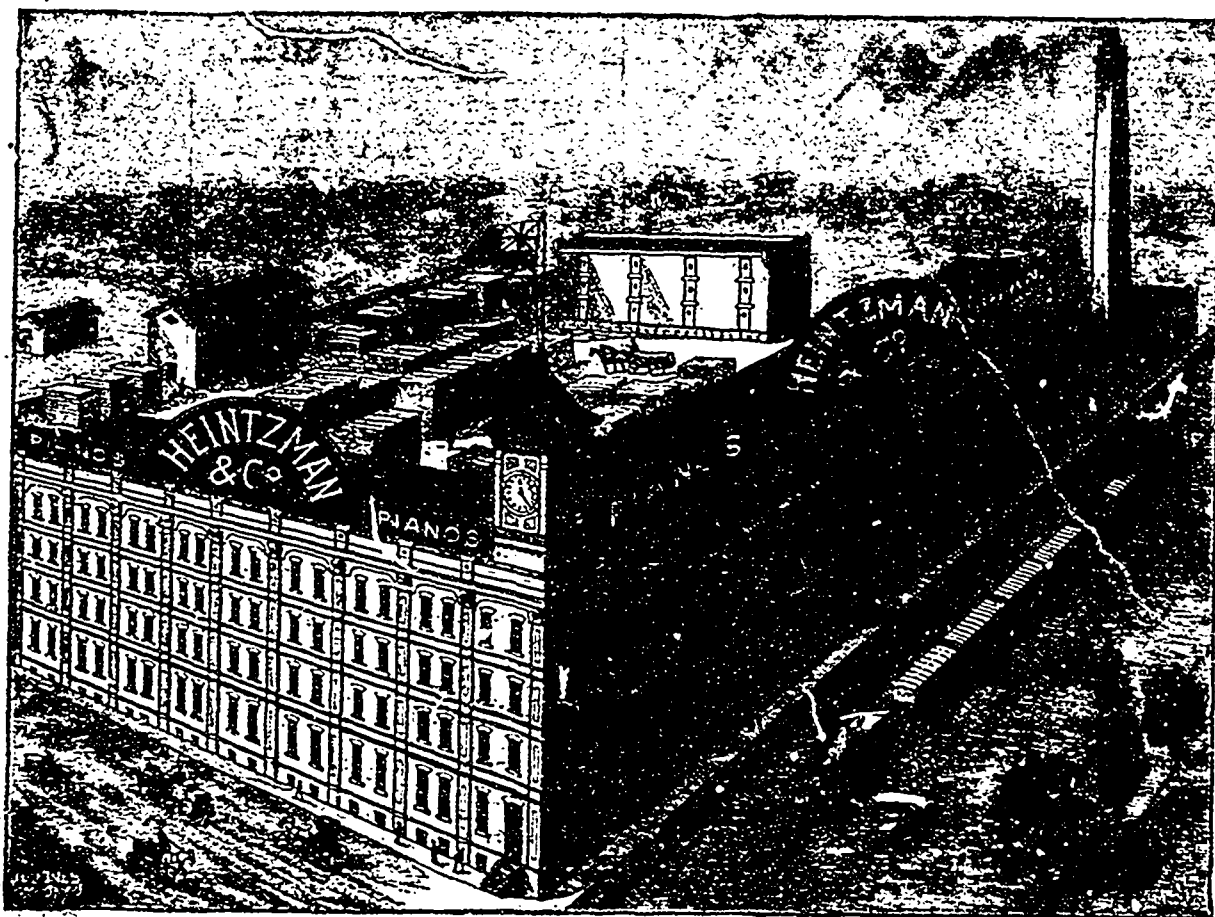
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