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TRUTH

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August 23rd, 1890.

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WHAT TRUTH SAYS

In the rejoicing consequent upon the completion of the Halifax-Bermuda cable, which unites into one system the long line of British defences on this continent, all Americans do not cordially join. On the contrary, many regard this latest achievement with feelings of annoyance, if not of approbation. To this class belongs William Drysdale, a writer in the *New York Times*, who characterizes England's policy in strengthening her fortifications in the Atlantic as an insult to the United States, and declares that "there is no parallel in history to the manner in which this friendly nation is multiplying and strengthening fortifications in front of our face in such manner that she may best hem us in, bombard us, and interfere with our commerce if occasion should arise." He is led to ask why England maintains these defences at such fabulous expense. Her motive, Mr. Drysdale thinks, can hardly be the protection of British commerce in North America and the West Indies. Financially, he says, these colonies are a heavy and useless load hung around Great Britain's neck. They do not even pay their own running expenses, much less reimburse the mother country for the incalculable sums expended in fortifying their ports and equipping them with all the requisites of war.

"Canada, the greatest of them all, has annual expenses of about \$500,000 more than her receipts and her public debt is \$240,000,000. She imports annually \$115,000,000 worth of goods, of which only \$40,000,000 worth come from Great Britain, the remainder principally from the United States. She exports annually \$90,000,000 worth of goods, of which \$10,000,000 worth go to Great Britain and the remainder principally to the United States. Newfoundland's expenses are more than \$100,000 in excess of her annual receipts, and her public debt is \$3,500,000. About one third of her imports come from Great Britain and about one-twelfth of her exports go to Great Britain. Her governor gets \$12,500 a year from the British Government. Bermuda, with her 16,000 inhabitants, has an annual deficit of \$5,000, and her public debt is about \$50,000. Her trade is practically all with the United States, and the British pay her Governor \$15,000 a year. The Bahamas have a public debt of \$400,000, and their trade is with the United States. Jamaica just about pays her annual expenses, and her public debt is \$7,500,000. About two-thirds of her trade is with Great Britain the remainder with the United States. The Leeward Islands spend \$50,000 a year more than they earn, and their debt is \$260,000. Their Governor gets \$15,000 a year. In the Windward Islands Barbadoes is perhaps the most flourishing of all the British colonies, and she has a net annual revenue of about \$50,000, with a public debt of \$150,000. Her Governor gets \$18,000 a year. Trinidad also has a net revenue of about \$50,000, and a public debt of nearly \$3,000,000. Her Governor manages to exist on \$25,000 a year, and her imports and exports just about balance. Of those two unhealthy British settlements in Central America, British

Guiana and British Honduras, the former spends \$150,000 a year more than her income, and has a public debt of \$3,500,000. About one-half of her business is done with Great Britain, and her Governor's salary is \$30,000 a year. The revenue of Honduras just about pays her expenses, and she has a public debt of \$250,000. Of her very meagre trade Great Britain gets about one-half and her Governor gets \$12,000 a year.

Assuming the general correctness of Mr. Drysdale's figures (though as a matter of fact they stand in need of considerable revision) it is not necessary to infer, as that writer does, that Britain's principal motive in establishing her line of forts, must be something other than the protection of these so called profitless possessions. This conclusion overlooks the fact that the colonies are comparatively young, and their resources almost entirely undeveloped. Though no great financial advantage is derived at present, it will not always be so. England perceives that the time will come when instead of receiving more than they give, these dependencies, by opening up markets for British productions and by supplying Britain with products necessary for the support, comfort, and happiness of the home population, will become indirectly sources of gain to the land which nurtured them into strength. Besides, it takes no notice of the fact that nations are capable of being influenced by other considerations, than the cold dry calculations of arithmetic, that sentiment is not an absolutely unknown and prohibited factor. Many thousands of the colonists are natives of the sea-girt isle and their sympathies and affections are entwined about the institutions and customs of their native land. Many thousands more, though born within the Colonies, are as thoroughly British as any who call Britain their home. To break up the present relation, to expose these patriotic spirits to the rule of another power, to force them to submit to another form of government, would be a great hardship, a real grievance. Englishmen are aware of this attachment, and though for the present they may be obliged to pay out more than they receive, they are not unwilling to burden themselves to some extent in order to keep the existing bonds in tact. There is, therefore, really no necessity for Mr. Drysdale's conclusion that this vast expenditure on the part of England in strengthening her position on the American Continent is for the purpose of checking the United States. So long as the United States refrains from meddling with the British dependencies, the "offensive line across their front door and front window" will never be used to their disadvantage. England is not envious of the prosperity of her big and blustering boy, nor does she bear him the grudge which many suppose for throwing off paternal control.

In an article on "Psychical Research" in the *August Atlantic*, O. B. Frothingham gives expression to a quaint conceit. He is pointing out a difficulty which must always confront the Spiritualist, viz., to prove the identity of the intelligences, said to be working, with people who have once lived on the earth. Then he asks, "Why should there not be an order of beings distinct from humanity, limited by the atmosphere of the globe, knowing our mundane affairs, capable of interfering with our experiences, able to manifest themselves, even to take on visible forms and simulate the once living? Such a possibility cannot be disproved, and it might in some degree account for the ordinary tone of many of the communications

as well as the impish character of many of the performances. The saints and rages do not worthily appear." Evidently the imagination has not yet exhausted the field of speculation, or reached the line beyond which it cannot further go. And yet, who can so far forget Mr. Frothingham's suggestion is absolutely baseless?

The seizure by Portuguese troops of the steamer James Stevenson, of the African Lakes Company, bids fair to reopen the trouble between England and Portugal concerning the Shire River and Nyassaland. This steamer plies on the Zambezi and Shire rivers to the Murchison cataracts, around which there is an excellent road, sixty miles long. Above the cataracts goods are reloaded on a second steamer, which runs over 250 miles north to the north end of Lake Nyassa. By this seizure the communication of the African Lakes Company between the sea and central Africa has been interrupted. It is not surprising that the British Foreign Office has felt called upon to send another vigorous protest to Lisbon.

If to discuss were to act the novel spectacle (to Canadians at least) of an ocean steamer, fully equipped, being conveyed across the country from Lake Ontario to the Georgian Bay. A ship railway is the latest scheme talked of among practical engineers, who claim that the plan is perfectly feasible and that by the expenditure of \$12,000,000 the idea could be realized. Three tracks of the ordinary gauge, laid side by side, would be required. At each end of the road lift locks would be constructed to place the vessel on the carriage, while four turntables at certain points along the route would enable vessels to pass each other. It is estimated that three locomotives would be sufficient to transport a vessel of 2,000 tons weight, including vessel and cargo, or more than 1,000 tons register at the rate of ten miles per hour or seven hours for sixty-six miles. Were the project carried out it would save 428 miles of lake navigation and 28 miles of canal between Chicago and Montreal, enabling a propeller from Chicago to reach Montreal or even Quebec before it could reach Buffalo, and save at least three days between Chicago and the Atlantic seaboard. Besides, it could hardly fail to divert much of the traffic from the railways operating in the Northwestern States to Canadian lines, seeing that the route would offer facilities for the movement of freight incomparably superior to those through American territory. The scheme will probably be brought before the attention of the Dominion parliament next session, when it may be expected a more detailed explanation will be made. Meanwhile, the old project of a Huron Ontario Ship Canal is abandoned, as being less practicable and twice as expensive as the ship railway.

President Fonseca and his government have favored the people of Brazil with an outline of the constitution according to which they propose to govern. This draft law, published by the government, is binding on the people until it is amended or rejected by Congress which is to be its leading feature. The assembly will be composed of representatives of the United States and the people of Brazil. It is provided that the constitution shall be in force from the day of its promulgation.

late international and inter-State commerce to levy duties on foreign goods imported to impose a stamp tax and postal dues, and to control the coinage. But unlike the American law, the Brazilian gives Congress exclusive control of the telegraphs, and exclusive authority to establish banks. It also stipulates that the executive shall not declare war or conclude a treaty of peace without the authority of Congress. Moreover, it differs in limiting the presidential term to six years, and denies that officer re-election. Cabinet ministers are not responsible to the people's representatives, nor are they eligible for the office of President or Vice President. Judges, Federal and State, are appointive, and are to hold office during life or good behavior. Laws passed by the National Congress, like a bill passed by the British Parliament, become *ipso facto* a part of the Constitution, and cannot be declared invalid by any other authority. There is a clean cut between Church and State, the framers of the new constitution evidently desiring to have a purely secular government. Civil marriages are to be compulsory; no Church is to receive any subvention from the State; no cemeteries are to be controlled by any religious sect; no religious teaching is to be permitted in the public schools; no Jesuit is to be suffered to reside in the country, and no new convent or monastic order is to be founded. The right of franchise is restricted by the ability to read and write. Soldiers and clergymen are also disfranchised. Considering the fact that the government owes its existence to the army, this is an astonishing provision. These are the main features of this draft organic law, which, of course, will have much flesh placed upon the skeleton when the work of confirming or modifying comes before the Congress, elected on Nov. 15. How far the law will retain its original features after passing through the impending ordeal, it is impossible to say. Should the soldiers take offence at the way in which their services have been rewarded, and the priests throw in their influence against the government, as they are almost sure to do, it is more than probable that many important and radical changes will be made.

The information that San Salvador has gained a complete victory over Guatemala will come as a surprise to persons whose knowledge of the two countries embraces no more than the facts that the latter country is about six times as large as the former, that it contains more than twice as many inhabitants, and has a militia more than twice as numerous as the smaller state. It is not surprising that everything in the way of a revolution is always subplotted in the latter country. The age of all the people is about 25 years.

man. The officers below the grade of Colonel are little better than the average soldier; above that grade they devote their time to drinking and dissipating and seldom see or think of their subordinates. Love of country they have not, and would be just as happy in China with plenty to eat. On the other hand, the troops of San Salvador are tolerably well disciplined and much better officered than those of any other Central American State. They are well paid and fed, and have that strong feeling of patriotism due to the national persecution they have felt from Honduras and Guatemala. Considering the state of their armies, therefore, there is nothing wonderful in the fact that 10,000 Salvadorians should have put to rout 25,000 Guatemaltecos.

The trouble between the warring republics is not one of Salvador's seeking. For twenty years the President and Government of Guatemala have been striving to bring about a Central American Union, on such terms as would aggrandize the Guatemala rulers. This union as proposed by her ambitious neighbor was never desired by the Salvadorians who have received much ill treatment and abuse from Guatemala. A few months ago the Salvadorians observed a suspicious intimacy springing up between their President, Menendez, and Barillas, the President of Guatemala. Shortly after it was discovered that Menendez had promised to throw his Government into the union against the will of the people. The result was a revolt, the death of Menendez, and the accession to power of Ezeta, the provisional President. On the ground of avenging Menendez's murder, and regulating the affairs of a sister republic which had not asked or desired aid, Guatemala declared war against Salvador. The result to Guatemala is that her army has been entirely defeated, a reign of anarchy has been introduced, while Barillas is said to have fled the country. Few will commiserate the intermeddling state. While pity cannot be withheld from the poor dupes that were led to death by their ambitious and selfish rulers, the result of the contest will give satisfaction to those who respect the rights of communities and States to manage their own affairs without the interference of meddling parties from without.

Should the Knights of Labor henceforth find themselves opposed by many who have hitherto been disposed to look with favor upon their organization and the ends which it had in view, they will have themselves chiefly to blame. Their ill-advised resolution in connection with the recent strike on the New York Central abroad, "that not a single passenger, nor a pound of freight" should be carried in or out of New York by its main artery, rendered them open to the charge of conspiring against public order, and against the organism of society. While they employed legitimate means in securing their ends, that is, used their unquestioned right, however they wished and pleased, no fair minded person could deny them; but they should have sought a more judicious and less drastic method of attaining their ends.

Principal Diamond of the Ontario Institution for the Blind, objects to the application of the term "asylum," which, he says, conveys a very incorrect and inadequate conception of what the institution really is. He prefers that it shall be known as an industrial school, where industrial training is superadded. That such a character is demonstrated by the institution of the late Trinity University is shown by the fact that it has received a grant of \$100,000 from the Ontario Government for the purpose of training blind youth. Eight years has it been in existence at Toronto. It is a well known fact that the institution has been successful in training many of its pupils to the point where they are able to support themselves. He

surrendered their freedom to any man or society, nobody outside of the company had any right to interfere.

How any subject can respect, much less love a ruler who is capable of devising such an infinitely cruel law as the recent edict of the Czar against the Jews in his Kingdom passes all comprehension. Besides depriving this greatly persecuted people of all educational advantages, closing the universities against them and excluding them from the professions, this cruel edict requires them, if they would live in Russia at all, to dwell in towns and cities whose population does not fall below a certain specified number. It is easy to foresee what the result of this requirement will be. Driven from the rural districts into the over crowded towns, thousands are sure to perish either by the diseases consequent upon congestion or by starvation consequent upon loss of livelihood. Here is the *ne plus ultra* of cruelty in persecution, a parallel to which history does not afford.

There is at present in our country a representative of the French government who has been sent out to examine and report upon the subject whether Canadian phosphate can be profitably imported into France in order to aid in the recuperation of exhausted wheat lands. This commissioner, who is director of the Central Laboratory, Paris, states that the guano deposits are becoming depleted, and that artificial fertilizers are too expensive for the French agriculturist. He expresses himself highly pleased with his observations, and will report accordingly. Should the French government act upon the recommendation it would result in such an expansion of our phosphate industry as even the most sanguine had never imagined.

The Royal Templars of Temperance, a semi-military temperance organization with the insurance feature added, have just held camp in Montreal. Though the order is only ten years old, it is now about 50,000 strong. Of this number 20,000 are Canadians, divided among the Provinces as follows: Ontario, 4,000; Quebec, 2,000; Manitoba, 2,000; Maritime Provinces, 1,000; British Columbia and Northwest Territories, 800. The gain during the past year was 3,000. In the beneficiary department certificates of insurance are held to the amount of \$5,273,400. The average age of the members of the insurance department is 39.92. During the year \$40,000 was paid out to widows and orphans of deceased members, but the surplus in this department was increased from \$19,500 last year to \$26,139, of which \$25,000 is bearing 4 per cent. interest. The Templars claim that owing to the circumstance that all the insured are total abstainers, the cost of insurance in this order is considerably less than in those societies which do not discriminate against the moderate drinker. To establish this claim beyond question a comparison of books would be necessary. It must be admitted, however, that a strong presumption as to its validity is found in the fact that insurance companies which have classified their policy holders on this basis, are unanimous in pronouncing the total abstinence a better risk.

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much patient effort on the part of the teachers, and how much steady application and persistence from the pupil is demanded when every subject has to be mastered by blind methods." In the light of this speaking fact the people of Ontario will require to revise their notion of this valuable institution, if hitherto they have thought of it as simply an asylum for those of sight denied.

The recent mutinies of the Guards at London, the Artillery at Exeter, and the Army Staff Corps at Chatham prompts the Montreal Star to enquire into the causes which have led to such disgraceful conduct. There must be some strong reason when troops so highly favored, receiving higher pay, better clothing, and condemned to less fatiguing duties than the Cavalry and Infantry of the line, manifest such insubordination. The Star finds the explanation in the indifference of the commissioned officers to the welfare and comfort of the men; in the arrogant and haughty bearing of the non-commissioned officers, who, finding their way open through the indifference and laziness of their superior officers, to exercise their little brief authority, do not hesitate to tyrannize over the rank and file; in the worse than blundering of those "army reformers," who, with "uniformity" their watchword, have been all too successful in doing away with many peculiarities in name and uniform in which thousands of soldiers took an honest pride; and last, in the changed condition of things which sends the recruiting officer to the cities instead of the rural districts for his recruits, many of whom now enter the ranks with the spirit of the Racial Club and the ideas of the Socialistic labor reformer, and with no love for the exercise and observance of the severe military virtues which characterized the soldier of the former age. This view of the case, especially in reference to the personnel of the present British army, is confirmed by the report of the commissioners appointed to enquire into the recent troubles. Their report states that the insubordination was due to the influence of Socialists, who in considerable numbers have obtained an entrance into the ranks of the home regiments, and made many converts among the men with whom they became associated. In the light of these facts one must conclude that the British army of to-day is not the army of a generation ago, and that the qualities which distinguished the men who fought England's greatest battles are not as conspicuous as once they were. Let us hope that the deteriorating process shall not proceed so far as to require the inscription upon our banners, "The glory has departed."

Never before did the little island of Heligoland present such an animated appearance as on the 9th inst., when the ceremony of formally ceding it to Germany took place. So great was the crowd that had gathered to take part in the interesting event, that there was imminent danger of people being pushed over the cliffs. Considerable enthusiasm prevailed among the Heligolandians who have taken kindly to the transfer, and who, on the following day, presented Emperor William with an address professing their loyalty and submission. The island, which is to be added to Prussia, will be strongly fortified forthwith. For this purpose, it is estimated, the sum of \$7,500,000 will be required. Evidently Chancellor Von Caprivi is determined upon realizing his idea, to so strengthen this point as to allow of the withdrawal of a considerable force from the frontier. Heligoland is likely to prove more valuable to its new owners than it was to the old.

Moved by the many press references to their colony in Southern Alberta, Charles O. Card, son-in-law of the late Brigham Young and leader of the Mormon colony in Canada, has written a letter to an Ottawa paper in defence of himself and his fellow colonists. The letter is remarkable

not so much for what it says as for what it omits to state. No reference whatever is made to the subject of polygamy, about which Canadians are so much concerned, and which constituted the chief theme of all the press comments. Instead of this Mr. Card pleads that his people are peaceable and industrious (which nobody denies) and that no obstacle should be thrown in the way of their efforts to develop the resources of the Canadian North West. The refusal of Mr. Card (for it is demanding too much of charity to suppose that the omission was accidental) to discuss this question or to state the attitude of the colony towards our marital laws, and his attempt to draw a herring across the trail, will only strengthen the suspicion that all is not right within the colony. What the people of Canada want to know is not whether Mormons are industrious and energetic citizens, but whether they observe the Canadian law which prohibits persons of polygamic tendencies from following their inclinations. Will Mr. Card please take note of this and govern himself accordingly?

A somewhat amusing illustration of the old saw, "familiarity breeds contempt," comes from London, England. Lester Francis Duncan, publisher of the *Matrimonial News*, notwithstanding his three score years experience of men and things, and his supposed perfect knowledge of how matters matrimonial are managed, has just been condemned to pay \$50,000 damages for violating his sacred promise to Miss Gladys Knowles, a young lady twenty-one years of age. Of all men in the Kingdom one would have supposed that Mr. Duncan would have been the last to be caught in such a trap. It seems a pity, too, for such an experience coming at sixty-four years of age is almost sure to discourage any further undertakings looking towards hymen's blissful state.

The following remarks on co-operative advertising, from *Printer's Ink*, will be appreciated by large advertisers who have tried bot systems. Those who are still following the old lines under the impression that they are saving what the "advertising agent" makes, have only to test the co-operative plan once to become convinced that they have been laboring under a huge mistake: "To the overworked advertising manager who is experiencing all the annoyances incident to making contracts with a great number of papers, issuing from more or less insignificant hamlets throughout the country, the co-operative system comes in as a most valued aid. He is delighted to find that through this means he can procure insertions in a large number of papers with not as much trouble and expense as a single publication often gives. One contract and a couple of electrotypes are all that is required. It is not strange, therefore, that with the men who have the work of placing advertisements the co-operative system should be regarded with favor."

A Calcutta correspondent of the *New York Tribune* gives an interesting account of the manner in which a company of Hindoos undertook to defraud the government under cover of the provision which grants a bounty for the destruction of venomous serpents. The occupation of hunting and killing the cobras and other reptiles in a free state was not sufficiently remunerative, and was besides attended with great danger. So the cunning Hindoos caught a number of the snakes alive and imprisoning them in a carefully constructed pen from which it was impossible for them to get out, started up cobra farming. The snakes multiplied at an amazing rate, and by killing off a part of the colony from time to time, a handsome revenue was realized. The suspicions of the Government were aroused, however, by the business like way in which the cobras were brought in, and their investigation soon exposed the whole scheme and broke up the enterprise. Just

Truth's Contributors.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.

A Sketch of the Heir Apparent by an American Ex-Diplomatist.

If the chivalrous and knightly character of the Austrian Emperor reminds one of ancient rather than of modern times, that of the Prince of Wales, on the other hand, must be regarded as thoroughly in keeping with the present age. England's future king is exceedingly what the French describe as "fin de siècle" (end of the century), whereas Francis Joseph would be set down by many as "vieux jeu" (old-fashioned). The one is the Knight of the Round Table epoch, the other the gentleman of the last quarter of the nineteenth century, and possessing all the merits and a few of the vices of the English clubman of to-day. That the Prince is quite as fully imbued with the sacred character of royalty is clearly to be seen from the harsh and cutting manner in which he has resented his sister Louise's marriage to Lord Lorne and that of Princess Beatrice to the Hebrew-descended Henry of Battenberg. While, however, he loses no opportunity of making these two brothers-in-law of his feel the impassable gulf which separates his rank and station from theirs, he is most careful to conceal from the general public his opinions as to the divinity that hedges kings and their offspring from the common herd. He possesses in a most marked degree that principal ingredient of power, influence and success, namely, tact, and it is to that in particular that he owes his widespread popularity.

I remember witnessing an amusing manifestation of this tact on the part of the Prince. The Right Hon. A. Mundella, who was born in England as the son of

AN EXILED CARBONARY,

held for many years the leadership of the extreme Radical—may, I might almost say, the Republican party in the kingdom. He was a bitter foe of royalty, and as member of Parliament for Sheffield was always the first to protest against money being granted to the members of the sovereign's family. One autumn day the Prince and Princess of Wales happened to pass through Sheffield on their way to their Scotch castle at Abergeldie. Their train only halted for about ten minutes in the station—just long enough to change engines and to examine the wheels. But the Prince made good use of the time. Hearing that Mr. Mundella was on the platform of the station awaiting some friends, and that he was billed to deliver one of his usual inflammatory and almost revolutionary addresses in the afternoon, the Prince caused him to be summoned to the door of his saloon carriage. After shaking hands most heartily, he presented him to the Princess, who following her husband's cue, was equally gracious to the Radical leader. The Prince thereupon exclaimed:

"Dear Mr. Mundella, that you are one of your eloquent admirers is a fact which I regretted this afternoon. I am glad to see both the Princess and yourself of that opinion. I am glad to see the people of Sheffield are so able to say so much for me, and I am glad to see that you are so kind as to come to my carriage."

Highnesses, the Prince and Princess of Wales, to communicate to you the following gracious message." Which he then proceeded to deliver in his most unctuous and sententious manner. After such an opening it was obviously out of the question to expect him to deliver his customary diatribes against royalty, and, like Balaam of old, he blessed those whom he had been summoned to curse. From that date forth Mr. Mundella's political sentiments underwent a considerable change. The ex-factory boy became a frequent guest at Marlborough House, and in a short time became so much reconciled to the doctrines of royalty that he abandoned his hopes of a future Presidency of an eventual British Republic to become a Privy Councillor to the Queen. He has since held office as Cabinet Minister, and according to present appearances will die a rabid and bigotted Tory of the old school.

Hundreds of similar instances might be cited to illustrate the Prince's extraordinary tact. The latter is indeed one of the principal sources of his power in England. For although jealously debarred by his queenly mother from any active share in the government of the nation, he wields a sovereignty of

HIS OWN CREATION,

which is far more powerful and autocratic than hers. For its character is of a social nature, and he is able to decree either the social success or the social death of anyone that may attract his notice. A few quiet hints as to the fact that he objects to some particular individual is sufficient to cause the social ostracism of the latter, whereas a word of commendation from his lips is all that is needed to become a leader of society. It is he alone who has made the social position of the Rothschilds in London, and that, too, within the last fifteen years. Before that they were kept outside the pale of the social world, whereas now they are becoming its leaders. Baron Hirsch, the Hebrew millionaire, is another case in point. His financial dealings with the Sublime Porte and with other Governments were of so exceedingly unsavory a nature that notwithstanding all the efforts of the Orleans Princes to secure his election, he was blackballed by the Paris Jockey Club. The Prince, however, took him up a few months ago and pitchforked him into the whirlpool of London society, of which he has now become a shining light. The financier, whose reputation was considered as being too shady to admit of his election to the Paris Jockey Club has been honored in London with the exceedingly rare privilege of the private entree at Buckingham Palace, and has blossomed forth into an honored guest, not only at Marlborough House, but also at the mansions of men so exclusive as the Dukes of Richmond and Westminster, which the Prince frequents. I mention these cases to show the Prince's extraordinary social power, an autocracy which, all things considered, has been of a beneficent and fortunate nature. Good-natured almost to a fault, his otherwise sound judgment and common sense become sometimes warped by the insidious influences of unworthy friends. When his record comes to be written in the Great Book, I think that it will be found that the chief and almost only wrong-doings of this most happy and pleasure-loving Prince will be on the score of bad friendships. It is, however, impossible to mention any notions as to the divine or human character of his royalty after hearing the witticisms of a rather risqué and sprightly French actress, or seeing him absorb a hearty midday repast at the boulevard restaurant of the boulevards. Moreover, it is impossible to mention any notions as to the divine or human character of his royalty after hearing the witticisms of a rather risqué and sprightly French actress, or seeing him absorb a hearty midday repast at the boulevard restaurant of the boulevards. Moreover, it is impossible to mention any notions as to the divine or human character of his royalty after hearing the witticisms of a rather risqué and sprightly French actress, or seeing him absorb a hearty midday repast at the boulevard restaurant of the boulevards.

than attempt to force myself to regard his jovial Royal Highness with the awe and veneration due to an anointed of the Lord, if not in esse, at any rate in future, I prefer to continue to consider him in the light of a warm-hearted and

EVEN-OBLIGING COMRADE,

as an honorable and kindly gentleman in every sense of the word, and as a man whom, either as Prince or peasant, any one would be proud and happy to possess as friend.

With traits of character such as these, it is only natural that he should be exceedingly popular with all classes. Indeed, it is open to question whether the English people do not prefer the presence to the absence of his faults. For the latter are those of a generous, pleasure-loving nature, and without these "petits vices," as the French call them, he would run the risk of being regarded with the same disfavor as his father, the Prince Consort, whose blameless life and faultless character led to his being considered by the English people at large as something of a prig. On the whole, they are right to view the faults of the Royal Welshman with indulgence. For, aside from the natural disinclination to provoke outbursts of ill-temper on the part of so good-humored and jovial-hearted a Prince, there is a universal disposition to abstain from all individual criticism or censure of his conduct. He lives in an atmosphere of such loyalty that it may almost be described as sycophancy, and although he may be made the object of collective and indirect criticism from those who do not come into actual contact with him, yet there is no one who ventures personally to point out to him the right and wrong of his ways. If he has remained an honorable and true-hearted gentleman, and if his record is free from all but mere venial sins, it is due to his own sound commonsense, his innate honesty of purpose, and his ingrained horror of everything that is mean and vulgar. And with regard to this distinction between collective and individual criticism, it is well to bear in mind that all the sentiments which foreigners are disposed to regard as indicating disloyalty and latent republicanism in England are merely collective, and not individual. The average everyday Englishman is at heart as much a snob now as he was in the days when Thackeray held him up to the ridicule of the world. There is no son of John Bull who is not susceptible to the influence of rank. As long as sentiments such as these prevail in England the days of republicanism are far off.

Great Empress, Poor Woman.

The Czarina is said to have so completely lost the beauty for which, as Princess Dagmar, she had gained a European reputation, that she has long ceased to bear the slightest trace of it. No wonder, poor woman; she has suffered enough mentally. Since her husband ascended the throne of Russia, to drive a hundred of her sex mad. She has discovered the bitterest meaning of "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," and must a thousand times have rued the day when she quitted the poor court and kingdom of Denmark to make what was regarded as so brilliant an alliance as that with the eldest son of the Russian Emperor. The assassination of Alexander II must have rudely dispelled all dreams and hopes that she might have formed of her new career. And since then her future would seem to have been growing darker and darker, her position more and more forlorn. She cannot feel the least security for her husband, her children or herself. Again and again, it is said, she has found the fell declarations of the purposes of the nihilists pinned mysteriously on the garments of her children. What could strike more terror to the soul of a mother, or give her a more shuddering sense of the ubiquity of that invisible, irrepressible power of destruction? The poorest peasant woman in Europe, could she know how the empress feels, would scarcely exchange situations with her.

Improves digestion and strengthens the voice, cleans and preserves the teeth—Adams' Fruit Gum. Sold by all druggists and confectioners; 5 cents.

Relics.

A bunch of violets now withered and gray,
A bow of satin and a scarf of lace,
Dingy now, though once they were gay
As their wearer's own gay, girlish face;
In perfume and peace they are laid away,
Hallowed relics in a hallowed place!

Would you know their story? The violets grew
In a cool green nook, near the garden walk;
If flowers could speak, tales not a few
Would they tell to you; could their sweet lips talk
They would tell of meetings in moonlight and dew
Before they were pulled from the parent stalk.

How she would come down the walk alone
And stand in silence where the flowers were,
But scarcely a moment had come and gone
Till he came, too, and joined her there;
And they spoke together—where the moonlight shone
And the court of the violets filled the air!
And how they met, at the girl's first ball,
The violets nestled upon her breast,
Rocked by her bosom's rise and fall
Into a perfect dream of rest;
And maybe they dreamed they heard it all—
The tale they had heard before our feet.

One of the bows of her slipped reef,
The filmy scarf that inwreath her head,
And tell of a night divinely sweet,
And bring to memory the words they said;
Words meant to make two lives complete—
Two lives that have drifted apart instead.

These relics speak of a merry past—
As in perfumed silence they are laid away
In the bureau drawer, where first they were cast,
In the early dawn of a happy day,
They say the first love does not last—
Ah! let the ones who have known it say!

The Care of the Hands.

Probably there is no one thing that makes girls shrink from housework more than the effect it has on the hands, especially in cold weather. It is a real trial to sit down to the piano and spread a stained, rough hand on the ivory keys; or to take one's pen in an unsightly hand to answer a letter; or to pick up a bit of embroidery, if it is only that on perforated hose, and use the needle when everything that touches the hands sticks to them because of their roughness. Sewing on woolen or silk is at such times a severe penance. There are methods of preserving the hands measurably against the destructive effect of dishwashing, scrubbing and the like. They should be kept as much out of the water as possible, and when the work is done they should be washed clean and rubbed dry. Borax water is good for washing the hands. Coarsely ground oatmeal is a fair substitute for soap in washing the hands. White unscented soaps are the best, as the highly scented soaps are usually made of rancid fats. A solution of oxalic acid will remove fruit stains from the hands, but it must not touch an abraded surface. After washing and drying the hands thoroughly, glycerine and spirits of camphor in equal parts mixed together is good to rub over them. Cocoa oil is a pleasant application. Wearing oil gloves two sizes too large is helpful in preserving the hands. One should have an old pair of gloves to take up ashes in, to sweep in and to wear in all dirty work that permits the wearing of gloves. If gloves are dipped in not very hot lye or other strong alkali, they will be worn while washing dishes. A pair of cotton flannel mittens is pleasant to wear when hanging out the clothes on a cold morning. Frequent vigorous rubbing of the hand will promote circulation and keep the skin in good condition. To take the best care of the nails, soak the ends of the fingers in hot water for some time, until the skin is softened, then dry, and with a pair of nail scissors trim off all the dead skin about the nails and trim the nails neatly.

Determined to be Polite.

A little boy was saying his prayers at his mother's knee. His little brother passed by and pulled his hair. Stopping in his prayer, the dear little cherub said:
"Now, God, please excuse me for a minute until I punish my dear little brother for dulling my hair."

Nothing but his mother's interference saved the brother from being pounded to a jelly.

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

SCOTCH DAINTIES.

(BROSE, PARRITCH, KAIL, HAGGIS AN' BANNOCKS.)

Words by JOHN IMRIE, Toronto.

Music by E. CORLETT, Toronto.

1. Gio a Scotchman a guid cog o' brose, Wi'

milk just new drawn frae the coo'; Feth, ye'll no see him turn up his nose, But tak' them and then smack his moo'.

CHORUS.

Brose, parritch, kail, haggis, an' bannocks, Are dainties a-bune a' compare! Nao English, French, Yankees, or

Canucks, Could mak' such a gran' bill o' fare!

Guid parritch for weans is sae healthy,
It mak's them grow strong, fat an' weel,
Dyspeptics are aye 'mang the wealthy,—
They eat what wad sicken an eel! —CHO.

Noo, what is sae guid as Scotch kail,
Wi' carrots, an' turnips, an' leeks?
Hielan' men are braw, hearty an' hale—
Yet gang a' the year without brecks! —CHOR.

But the haggis is king o' the table,—
A Scotchman's maist toothfu' delight,
By dining on that he is able
To match ony twa in a tight! —CHO.

When spyin' for game in Glen Sannox,
Ahint a wheen stanes on my knees,
What's sweeter than crumpin' oat bannocks?
An' eatin' a whang o' guid cheese? —CHO.

Men and Women.

A clock of solid silver has been placed in the cathedral at Charkov, Russia, in memory of the Czar's escape from death in the railroad accident at Borhi.

The little town of Kniazoff, in Russia, has elected a woman, Madame Alexandra Elyne, to the post of Starosta, or Mayor, on the logical and sufficient plea that she was the one person in the community best fitted to defend the rights and maintain the interests of the citizens.

Baron Alphonso Rothschild has lately bought a clock made by that royal and most luckless clock-maker, Louis XVI., with his own hands. It is not particularly beautiful, but being unique and the object of much competition among collectors, it brought the remarkable price of \$168,000.

Miss Isabella Hood, a distant relative of Thomas Hood, the poet, has recently died at Dundee, Scotland. She well remembered Mr. Hood both as a boy and a man, having seen him on several occasions when he visited Dundee, the last time in 1843, and she possessed a number of interesting mementos of the poet.

A number of Iowa men living near Des Moines have become so far imbued with the Edward Bellamy idea of co-operation that they have formed a colony, and hope to found a community near Lake Charles, Louisiana. Here they propose to live the ideal life, testing the advantages and possibly the follies of Mr. Bellamy's dream.

Dr. Gatling, of Hartford, Connecticut the inventor of the famous gun, is a comparatively old man, but still keeps busily at work with his plans and conceptions. Back of his handsome house on Charter Oak Hill is a long workshop filled with tools, models, and diagrams, and among these the doctor spends a portion of nearly every week-day.

Miss Elizabeth Cotesworth is about organizing a co-operative company of working gentlewomen for the raising of choice fruits and vegetables, to be delivered directly to such consumers as will take a small amount of stock in the enterprise. It is believed that in England, where these products are luxuries, unemployed women may find in this undertaking a wide field and a good profit.

Miss Charlotte Mary Yonge, who, a generation ago, conquered the world of sentimental youth with her *Heir of Redclyffe* and *Heart's ease*—the proceeds of which she gave to the cause of church missions in New Zealand—finds no exemption from work in her sixty-seven active years, but is busily engaged on her one-hundred-and-first book, which is to be a story of the time of Vespa-sian.

The New Hampshire courts have finally admitted a woman to the bar of that State. She is Mrs. Morilla M. Ricker, who has practised before the courts of the District of Columbia since 1882. It is said that she never receives a retainer or a fee, her services being gratuitous and for the cause of the needy. In New Hampshire she hopes soon to test the legal rights of her sex in a number of cases.

The Emperor of Copenhagen is said to have revived the Scandinavian en-Forway, Denmark, provinces of the decision of the Emperor's court.

The royal family of England have some of the most musical. The Queen is musical, and is learned in lace. The Prince of Wales un-derstands sculpture, and is a violinist. The Duke of York is a violinist, and the Duke of Devonshire is a pianist. The Duke of Cambridge is a violinist, and the Duke of Cornwall is a pianist. The Duke of York is a violinist, and the Duke of Devonshire is a pianist. The Duke of Cambridge is a violinist, and the Duke of Cornwall is a pianist.

and bibliophile celebrated his fifth birthday, one of the two shabby little booklets being the gift of the admirable Mrs. Hannah More—his "holy Hannah," as Horace Walpole used to call her—then already seventy years of age, but taking great delight in clever children, in which class her young friend "Billy" Gladstone was conspicuous.

Miss Fanny Gary, daughter of Judge Gary of Chicago, a young lady of wealth and position, lately worked for two weeks in a Division Street tailor's shop from seven o'clock in the morning till six at night as substitute for a consumptive girl, who could obtain her needful holiday only on condition of leaving a competent seamstress in her place, which, until Miss Gary insisted on taking it, she found it impossible to do. With the mercury in the nineties, this sort of good Samaritan succor touches the heroic.

One of the most distinguished of German men of science, Dr. Ernest von Bruecke, best known, perhaps, as an eloquent anti-vivisectionist, has just resigned the chair of Physiology in the University of Vienna, after a continuous service of forty-one years without missing a lecture. Professor Bruecke was never more able or brilliant in the classroom than to-day, but the Austrian law requires all Professors to retire with a pension on their seventieth birthday. The Emperor has conferred upon him the highest decoration in his power to bestow.

Society at Newport has developed a Whatsoever Circle of King's Daughters. Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt and other fashionable women belong to it, and it is supposed that the terms of their league are found in the injunction, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye so to them." The members fine themselves when they break any of their self-made vows, and go about privately "slumming," like an exclusive and very elegant Salvation Army. They have devotional reunions among themselves, and are said to do a great deal of good.

The Czar of Russia is especially fond of his Finnish possessions, because only in Finland does he feel himself safe from assassination. At present, accompanied by the Czarina and their children, he is making his annual picnic cruise among the Finnish Islands. Sometimes the royal party lands for five o'clock tea, when the Emperor gathers sticks for the fire, and the Empress boils the kettle. They travel and live like any plain bourgeois couple, the Czar in tweeds, in which he looks enormous, and the handsome Czarina in the simplest of yachting costumes.

Mrs. M. V. Taylor, of Washington, Pennsylvania, is one of the best known and ablest oil speculators of western Pennsylvania. Left a widow with a child to support, she began her business life as book-keeper for an oil firm, saw that money could be made in well-casings, seized her opportunity when the supply was small and the demand large, and found herself a rich woman. In oil speculation and in real estate speculation she has shown great "nerve" and judgment, and has proved her versatility by the invention of an iron tabing, which will probably supersede that now in use.

Mrs. Constance Amelia Hartshorne, of Brabourne Hall, Wirksworth, England, aspires to emulate the fame of Miss Mac-naughten, who is credited with having introduced croquet into good society in England at a lawn party given by Lord Lonsdale in 1832. Mrs. Hartshorne has invented a new field game for ladies, called "the colors," which received a fashionable trial, with great applause, in Inner Temple Gardens, London, in June. The game is said to derive something from croquet, something from the games dear to our grandmothers, and something from the clever wits of its inventor.

The royal family of England have some of the most musical. The Queen is musical, and is learned in lace. The Prince of Wales understands sculpture, and is a violinist. The Duke of York is a violinist, and the Duke of Devonshire is a pianist. The Duke of Cambridge is a violinist, and the Duke of Cornwall is a pianist.

indifferent artist, would have made her fortune on the stage.

It is said that the extraordinary deference and regard shown by the German Emperor William to King Christian, who is old, poor, dull, and of no political consequence, is due to the fact that ten years ago, at the Castle of Rumpenheim, in Hesse, on occasion of some meeting of potentates, young William, who had accompanied his grandfather as heir-presumptive, and showed himself heir-presumptive as well, was severely snubbed by the assembled royalties, with the single exception of "the beauteous Majesty of Denmark," who declared that the lad had the making of a great man in him, and treated him with an affectionate politeness and assumption of equality which won the heart of the youngster, who has ever since called his defender "uncle."

The Sultan of Zanzibar has decreed that there shall be no more slavery throughout his dominions. The decree, which has been placarded under the Sultan's seal in Arabic and English, provides in detail that the exchange, sale, or purchase of slaves, domestic or otherwise, is absolutely prohibited. Houses hitherto kept for this purpose are forever closed. All slave brokers exercising their occupation are liable to severe punishment and deportation. Any Arab found trafficking in domestic slaves will be liable to similar punishment. Any houses used in future for such traffic will be forfeited. On the death of their present owners slaves shall, *ipso facto*, be free, unless the deceased leave lawful children, who may inherit them. Slaves cannot be willed away or sold after the death of their present owner. Any Zanzibar subject marrying or married to a person under British jurisdiction is henceforth disabled from holding slaves. All slaves of such persons are now declared free. No freed slaves are in any circumstances to possess a slave. Every slave is to have the absolute right henceforth to purchase his freedom at a reasonable price. The Sultan binds himself to accord special protection to such slaves and to all slaves freed under the decree or otherwise. Every slave is to have the same rights as the Arabs to prosecute complaints and claims in courts of justice.

Fig Leaf is Full Dress with the Chins.

If no military success has been achieved by the Chin field force, much interesting information has been collected relative to the numerous tribes inhabiting the Chin Mountains. Besides the Chins themselves, they comprise Yindus, Chimbons, Welchungs, and Chinboks. Nearly every tribe speaks a different dialect. From notes made by Lieut. Rainey, commanding the Chin frontier levy, and published by the Government, it appears that some of these tribes are almost as barbarous and ignorant as the savages of Central Africa. They wear scarcely any clothes, and the historical fig leaf accurately represents the full dress of some of the villagers.

Their dwellings have no furniture; they have no laws, no religion, and no government, except an incomplete village system. Medical science and surgery are absolutely unknown. Their habits are repulsively filthy. Certain tribes are confirmed drunkards, consuming great quantities of beer brewed by themselves. They, however, display remarkable mechanical ingenuity, constructing wonderful bridges on the cantilever principle. In some tribes the sole arms are small knives and bows and arrows. They are skilful archers, killing tigers and bears at eighty yards. The women of all the tribes have their faces hideously tattooed to prevent their being carried off by the Burmans. *London Times.*

Ugliness as a Disqualification.

Extreme ugliness is one on the list of disqualification laid down by the head of the medical department in a manual just issued on "Conscription in France." Lately the French authorities seem to be much more liberal in admitting the claims of men who do not wish to serve. The rejections are 5 per cent more numerous than at the previous conscription. The French are looking more to the quality of their army than to the number of the recruits. Excessive ugliness, says this military doctor, makes a man ridiculous, prevents him from having authority over his comrades, and leaves him morbid and sensitive. If the ugliness be adequate, the claim must be allowed. "Male hysteria" is another valid plea. The army doctors say it exists among French conscripts, and it is the more objectionable as it is contagious.

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

Fate! Inconsistency.

Stephen White was known in his class at college as a church-member. It was popularly supposed, indeed, that he would some day be a minister.

Stephen himself was not so sure of this, though sometimes, when excited by a sermon or a hymn, he pictured to himself a life of missionary devotion in Africa or Asia. One day, when the music in church had moved him deeply, he resolved to write a hymn. That would be a great service for God! A hymn, that should live for ages, lifting the souls of poor, faulty men to heaven.

He sat down at his table and wrote for hours; changing, scanning, shortening and lengthening the lines, and having recourse now and then to a rhyming dictionary. The undertaking was not so easy as he had thought. Once he was almost ready to give it up, but just then he seemed to be entering a noble church. It was full of people, and at that moment they were all singing his hymn, the grand organ bearing up the grand chorus. Perhaps some of the people recognized him as he entered.

Then with fresh zeal he returned to his work.

It was late in the evening before it was finished, but as he read the beautiful and stirring verses over to himself, he felt that time and labor had been well bestowed.

With aching head, he went out for a walk. He was very tired. A little stimulant seemed really a necessity. A tavern, frequented by the fast set of the college, was still open. Stephen passed the door, and saw that the bar was empty. He was known to be a temperate man, but to-night he must have something to restore his wasted energies. Surely this once could not matter.

He entered, called for wine, and it and went out. At that moment he ran against John Page, one of the Frenchmen, who happened to be passing.

Stephen sent his hymn to a religious newspaper. It was declined as defective in rhythm. He sent it to a second and a third. It was returned to him, and when he pressed for a reason, it was pronounced to be weak in thought and tawdry in expression. Mortified and disappointed he threw the despised manuscript into a corner of his writing-desk.

Soon afterward Stephen graduated. Two years later he visited his college, and in asking for old friends, named John Page.

"Poor Page!" was the answer. "He took almost abruptly to drinking, became a perfect sot, and was expelled. The strangest part of the story was his declaration that he had been led to think lightly of drinking, by meeting you one night coming out of a grog-shop. He reasoned that if you, a man of good habits and a Christian, could drink, so might he. It was impossible, of course, that he ever saw you in such a place."

Stephen went home with a heavy weight on his soul. His weakness and inconsistency had lured a fellow-man on to his ruin.

He took from his desk the manuscript of his hymn. How empty the verses seemed now as he read them—the poor expression of a shallow and passing emotion, fit only for the fire. He had learned a lesson. Let us hope that he never forgot it. Pious aspirations are worthless unless they are genuine, and they are not genuine unless they issue in right conduct.

Life Among the Lepers.

Sister Rose Gertrude, writing from the leper station in the Sandwich Islands, gives particulars of the arrangements for a *fete*, and it is plain that all is not gloom and desolation among her patients, but that in the main they enjoy life. Towards the due celebration of this holiday a doctor gave two pigs and sweet potatoes, and prizes were to be given for athletic exercises, such as jumping and running. A pig was to be greased all over and chased until caught by the lepers; and after good feasting there were to be fireworks and a concert by moonlight. It is a happy thing that any entertainment can be found for humans being so unfortunately afflicted.

The Largest Boiler in the World.

What is described in an American mechanical journal as the largest boiler ever built was tested a week or two ago at one of the electric-lighting stations in New York. It is said to be encased in a vertical shell 2 inch thick, and to contain 600 tubes, each of which are 3 inches in diameter. The length of these tubes if stretched out would reach 7200 feet, or very nearly 1 1/2 miles. The whole boiler contains 6000 square feet of heating surface, and is of 1000 horse power.

Oarzmenn and canocists all chew Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum, keeps the throat moist.

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[NOW FIRST PUBLISHED]

BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH

BY FRANK BARRETT,

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

CHAPTER XXV.

NICHOLS' SCHEME A FAILURE.

"Oh, look here, chummy, here's a letter for you!" said Mrs. Redmond to Nessa one morning when they met in the breakfast room.

Nessa took the letter and examined the outside curiously. She had never seen one like it before. It was particularly small; the edges were gilt; there was a coronet in the left-hand corner with a complicated monogram below, which was in itself as good as a conundrum; and it was addressed to Miss Viola Dancaster.

"There's no postage stamp. Do you think it's an advertisement?" she asked.

"What a question! If you had been in society, you would know better. Don't you see the coronet? It's from some person of title, of course."

"Oh, I see! The coronet is like the label on a bottle of pickles—without which none are genuine!"

"It's horrid bad form to sneer at the aristocracy," Mrs. Redmond observed, in a tone of disgust, as if her own position had been assailed.

"Sneer at them!" exclaimed Nessa. "I couldn't. I love the whole ten thousand, especially when they send me such sweet little letters. How did it come?" With a pair of scissors she cut the end of the envelope and drew out the enclosure as she spoke.

"I found it in your bouquet."

"Which?"

"The Blue and White."

The information was lost upon Nessa, whose attention was concentrated in the diminutive sheet of crabbéd handwriting.

"It's an offer of marriage," she exclaimed, coming to the end. "Hand and fortune," she read, going over it again he doesn't say anything about his heart, and I cannot make out the man's name. Where did you say it came from?"

"The Blue and White bouquet; it fell out at my feet."

"Then it must be that dreadful young man in the box who makes such a noodle of himself every night."

"I don't know why you speak disrespectfully of Lord Carickbairn. It isn't every girl in your position who receives such a compliment from a Scotch peer."

"But unfortunately his name doesn't prevent him being very silly. Every night he is there with his enormous bouquet, and I don't think I can be accused of encouraging him."

"If you came in the canteen like the rest, and weren't such a touch-me-not young person he might express himself in some other way. What does he say?"

Nessa handed the letter. She didn't know whether to laugh or be serious. In her heart she felt flattered, as most girls do by proofs of admiration, no matter how crazy the admirers show themselves to be.

"Fancy sending an offer of marriage in a bouquet!" she murmured.

"Oh, my dear, I've had hundreds of them sent in that way. If I had accepted all the offers—I mean some of the offers—I might have had a fortune. He implores you to give him a chance. Of course you will see."

"Of the kind," Nessa

"Why not?"

"I ought to."

"The letter fixes

"I'm as inter-

"I'm as inter-

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"I should think it would make a great deal of difference to him whether I loved him or not."

"Oh, that's his look out. He doesn't ask you to love him; he asks you to be his wife."

Nessa made no reply. Silence always exasperated Mrs. Redmond.

"Look here," she said, "you'd better think this over. It's a chance you may not get again. You think it will be all right when you're twenty-one. But there's many a slip—, you know; and I bet ten to one you'll never get a penny of your fortune—Redmond will find some means to do you out of it and then where will you be? After all, what are you? A favourite because you've got good teeth and eyes and a decent figure. But how long are you going to keep your looks, and what will you be when you've lost 'em? A young woman who got her living by riding in a circus. Why, if a tradesman married you, he'd have to hush that up."

"I could not have thought of a better reason for not marrying Lord Carickbairn."

"Oh, bother your stage answers," said Mrs. Redmond, whose repartee was not of a delicate kind. "Can't you say plain out what you mean?"

"Yes, I daresay I can if I try," replied Nessa, pleasantly, her good nature overcoming a sense of irritation. "I mean this—that when I marry it will be because I can't help marrying—just from such irresistible impulse as has governed my actions always. When I feel that I must marry, I shall marry; but not till then. Even then I may not be right; but, surely, it will be better than to do that which I feel must be wrong. It would be wrong to take advantage of this offer that has been made me. Why? What does Lord Carickbairn know of me? Nothing but what he has seen under the lights of the show. He is pleased, like the rest of the crowd, with my eyes and my teeth and my figure, as you say; but when he sees nothing in me to admire and recognises me only as a girl who earned her living in a circus, he will be heartily glad." Mrs. Redmond turned aside with an impatient exclamation, "that he is not obliged to own me for his wife. But quite apart from that consideration," continued Nessa after a moment's reflection, "and looking at it only from a self-interested point of view, why should I marry him or any one else? I don't want a husband. All my heart and soul is in my business. I couldn't be bothered with him. I think that is why I never feel in love with any single one—because all my feelings are given to so many. I love all the audience, and my sole thought is to win their admiration and receive their homage. It's the passion of my life. If I heard that all my fortune was lost—gone forever—I shouldn't feel one moment's regret, so far as my own loss was concerned. And as for position, I know none in the world that I would change for one generous outburst of applause."

"That's all very fine for you," said Mrs. Redmond, "but how about me? You mayn't want money but I do. You don't seem to remember? I sacrifice I've made and all that I've done, to get you out of the scrape your 'irresistible impulse' got you into." She underlined the words with a sneer or whatever you like to call it.

Nessa was no longer under a delusion with regard to the sacrifice that had been made for her. She knew the woman, being herself a woman now. She believed still that Mrs. Redmond had saved her life, and that, but nothing more, she felt indebted to her. For a moment she looked at this coarse, pretentious friend in silence with something like pity in her face, and then she said, in her low, calm tone:

"I do remember all that you have done for me. But if I married Lord Carickbairn, I should have to compensate you for saving my life."

"I wouldn't feel the debt much more if you were to marry me," replied the lady, turning a smile of contempt and walk-

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ed with her hands in her lap by the window, "and it seems to me that I have done wrong in neglecting an opportunity of providing for the future simply because I myself feel no need of money. I ought to have remembered how much your happiness depends upon it."

Here was a surrender! Mrs. Redmond was so taken by surprise that she could do nothing for a moment. But she forgot all about her sulk, and in the succeeding flush of exultation ran to the girl's side and caressed her fondly.

"You dear, unselfish, naughty little chummy!" she exclaimed, with a kiss between each word. "I knew you would see what was square and straight. So you will see Lord Carickbairn?"

"Oh, dear no, said Nessa, decided; "there was now need to think twice about that. It is my own fortune, not his, that I intend to secure."

Mrs. Redmond's caressing hand relaxed and slipped inch by inch from Nessa's neck as she listened.

"There is a gentleman—a barrister or a judge, some one very powerful in the law—who made an offer through Mr. Fergus to take up my case and protect my estate from confiscation if I would accept his services." She narrated what had taken place on this occasion.

"You never said a word about this to me," said Mrs. Redmond, sharply.

"No; as I declined to acknowledge that I was Vanessa Grahame I did not think it worth while to talk about it."

"Why did you refuse?"

"I did not think there was any necessity to take legal proceedings for one thing," Nessa replied. She might have added that her chief reason was a wish to spare Mrs. Redmond the shame of having her husband's villainy made public, but she kept that reason secret with persistent delicacy. "It seemed to me impossible that I could be robbed of my estate, but now that you tell me it is most probable that I shall lose all I feel that I ought to avail myself of this gentleman's offer."

"What could he do?"

"I suppose he would take action at once against Mr. Redmond for attempting to— to murder me. That, I am afraid, would necessitate your being called as a witness. But your evidence would surely convict him, and secure the estate at once."

Mrs. Redmond's hand slipped from Nessa's shoulder as if it had been a hand of lead. The prospect of being put into a witness-box to face her husband chilled her to the marrow; for she knew that he would say, "That woman's place is here beside me, in the dock; for it was she who planned the murder and did the work where my hands failed. She dragged the girl. Let the doctor do called to prove my words." The woman was panic stricken at the idea.

"No, no—you mustn't—you mustn't do that!" she cried, dropping in a chair. She dared not look Nessa in the face for fear her own might betray her guilt and complicity in the attempted crime. "You mustn't do that," she repeated, with a faltering voice: "don't take any notice of me. I'm upset. I can't tell you why."

"The reason is clear enough," said Nessa, kindly: "Mr. Redmond is still your husband."

"Yes, that's it—that's it, dear little chummy," the woman said, eagerly, catching at the excuse gratefully; "he's still my husband. I couldn't give evidence that might ruin him for ever. You must forget what I said. I exaggerated. He couldn't touch your estate. Promise me you won't speak to that man—the Barrister or Fergus or any one about this. You won't take legal proceedings—promise me."

"With all my heart I give you the promise. I have said already that, so far as I am concerned, I do not wish to take any steps against him."

"Thank you! Thank you, my dear!" said Mrs. Redmond, humbly, pressing the girl's warm fingers in her cold, clammy hand.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER TRIUMPH.

Mrs. Redmond knew that barrister well enough by reputation and by sight. She had always feared and disliked him, and instinctively felt that he disliked her. He had a way of piercing her with his eye with evident enjoyment in the discomfort she experienced. He seemed to be saying to himself, "You've done something wrong in your time, my friend, and I'd get it out of you in five minutes if I had you under cross examination!" She dreaded him more than ever now, and if peeping through the curtained doors of the canteen she saw him in there she would abate from going in. She suspected Nessa of secretly communicating with him. The discovery of her own com-

licity in Redmond's crime must always be possible while Nessa lived. The fertile imagination of Mr. Nichols could not have devised a stronger incentive to the fulfilment of his purpose.

Meanwhile, week by week the greedy woman had to deny herself some luxury in order to send the five pounds to her husband. It was now more than ever necessary to keep him out of sight, but she begrudged the money none the less that paid for his reticement. The fear of justice was constantly on her mind; the necessity of scraping the weekly payment together continually prevented itself. The burden every day became more intolerable. And while existence for her was growing unendurable, Nessa was finding fresh pleasures to add to her enjoyment of life. Nothing was wanting to stir up her venomous passion and goad her on to desperation.

A new spectacle was prepared by the ballet master, and put up for rehearsal after Christmas. As soon as the holiday audience began to fall off, the boardings were placarded with new bills—

OLYMPIC GAMES.

PRIZE OF ONE HUNDRED POUNDS.

"A prize of one hundred pounds is offered to any competitor who shall win the prize of Skill and Beauty in—"

THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

at the International. The competition is open to every one without exception, submitting, of course, to the same regulations observed by the paid members of the International Company."

This announcement was flanked on each side by scrolls in blue and white—Nessa's well known colors—on which were printed, in large letters—"Irene wins!"

"The company backs Irene (Miss Viola Dancaster) against the whole world, for one hundred pounds at each representation."

On the first Monday in February the spectacle was produced. Scene painters and carpenters had been at work for weeks, and during Sunday they had got up cloths and battens which gave to that part of the building occupied by the audience the aspect of a Roman amphitheatre—nearly enough for an entertainment in which anomalies and anachronisms met you at every point. At one end of the auditorium half a dozen private boxes had been cleared away to make place for a flight of steps leading to the benches for the judges, above which rose a chair of gold for the Queen of Skill and Beauty—something of mediæval custom being incorporated into the Greco Roman medley. A light barrier running round the whole arena enclosed a narrow space for the Greek audience. The middle was occupied by a raised dais for wrestling and combats; the space between this and the barrier was divided into two courses by a circuit of tripods, each eighteen feet high, garlanded together: the outer course for the horses; the inner one for chariots and pedestrians.

At half-past seven every seat in the vast building was taken. Money was turned away at the doors, even for the private boxes. They had been secured by Nessa's admirers and their friends long before, for it was known that something quite novel and original was to be produced.

The show began with the entrance of a dozen sandalled and togged attendants with lighted wands, who, passing quickly round the course, lit up the censers on the tripods, which threw up a blue flickering flame with good effect, the ordinary lights overhead being turned up simultaneously. A venerable gate keeper, with a heavy bunch of keys, crossed the arena, and seeing the censers lit, slowly opened the arena gates.

With a burst of joyous laughter and delight, the Greek spectators rushed into the space reserved for them—men, women, and children, old and young, in all sorts of classical costume—helmet skelter; all eager to get a front place at the barrier—some creeping under and crossing the arena to get vacant places on the other side—a touch of realism being added by a father perching his child on the edge of the boxes behind, and by some bare legged youngsters climbing up and taking possession of the marble balustrades behind the judge's bench.

While the crowd is still streaming in there is a blare of martial music, and the soldiers enter, causing the trespassers on the arena to scuttle off in search of a vacant place, to the loud mirth and derision of all those who are in the front row. The soldiers are a fine glittering throng, tolerably Greek in appearance, but carrying Roman standards and eagles and headed by a band whose instruments are unmistakably of the nineteenth century. They are followed by eight chariots bringing the judges, who, alighting at the steps, ascend to take their places on the benches. They are all equally venerable in the whiteness of their long beards and flowing locks. Then comes the whole stud of horses and ponies, each led by a properly classical groom but not mounted. The procession is closed by a motley crowd of gladiators, dancing girls, javelin men, wrestlers, and others; and by the time the last man has entered, the band, having made the tour of

the two courses, have taken their places on the raised dais, and the whole arena is full of glitter and colour. As the march ends, the spectators all round the arena behind the barrier burst into a hymn. This has a striking effect upon the real audience, who themselves seem to be part and parcel of the show.

Meanwhile, the soldiers, dispersing, take up position at regular intervals amongst the crowd within the barrier, their fixed figures and glittering armour standing out well against the varied colours of the huzzling mob. The hymn is over, and the boys are shoving forward to see what is to come next. The pause is a fitting opportunity for a round of well-earned applause; for rubbish though it may be, it is good rubbish as seen from the uncritical point of view of the ordinary spectator.

The band descends from the dais, and Fergus enters on his thoroughbred in the correct riding costume of to-day. No entreaties could persuade him to bind his brow with a wreath, and assume the chiton for this occasion. He dismounts and ascends the dais; he is going to speak, and it is generally believed that he has to announce that there's a hitch somewhere—Viola Dancaester indisposed, or something of the kind—and every one listens to catch his words.

He begins by blowing his managerial trumpet modestly, and then informs the audience that certain envious detractors have spread the report that the races run in the International have been "squared," and that one of the objects the company had in view in the production of the new spectacle at such an enormous expense was to prove that, though foreign, the company had that English love of fair play which has ever kept our national sports above reproach. (Loud applause from national sportsmen.) He thereupon repeats, in the name of the management, the challenge already published in the newspapers and public announcements offering a cheque of one hundred pounds to any lady not engaged in the company who shall win the prize for skill and beauty. As none but ladies could compete, it would be taken for granted that all are beautiful, so that the contest resolves itself into a trial of horsemanship. The contest is open to all, subject only to such rules as were provided for the safety of horse and rider. Doubtless amongst that vast audience many professional ladies have been drawn here by curiosity or a spirit of rivalry. The contest is open to them as to all. Every facility will be given them by the attendants to leave their places and enter the arena, and he concludes by wishing that the best horsewoman may win.

The speech is received with enthusiastic applause, in which he reinounts and rides out of the arena. In several parts of the building there is a movement, and it is clear that some "outsiders" are determined to try for the £100. The excitement grows as the grooms lead out to the steps a string of twenty saddled horses.

A Greek herald mounts the dais, and after a flourish of trumpets, delivers the challenge to the crowd of Greeks behind the barrier, who respond vociferously. One after the other girls slip under the barrier, and present themselves as competitors; they are led up the steps to the judges, who present each with a bunch of colored ribbon. By the time they have taken their place on the dais, some ladies from the audience have come down into the arena. There are four of them. They receive favours from the judges, and instead of going directly to the dais, they return to a dressing room prepared for them to put on the regulation costume. A chariot race between men fills up the interval; then the outsiders, coming down into the arena in costume, with their colors, are greeted with a shower of applause, and led to the dais. Once more the herald delivers his challenge, whereupon a girl in pale blue, bordered with white, who has hitherto been lost in the crowd, passes under the barrier at the further end of the arena, and walks into the arena.

A cry bursts from the crowd, and is echoed by the audience above, as she is recognized.

"Irene! Irene!" shout the Greeks. "Viola Dancaester—that's she!" runs through the audience.

The first race is run by the four outsiders alone. The winner is led up the steps and seated in the golden chair above the judges. The next race is run by members of the company, and in this Nessa comes in victorious—winning easily by two lengths. And now the prize is to be contested between the two winners Nessa and the outsider who won the first race. Fresh horses are brought in, and the lady comes down the steps. The band strikes up, and the enthusiastic Greeks strike up a chant in honour of their favorite, the maiden being, "Our Irene wins!"

The outsider mounts the mare led up to the steps; then d'Esperance is brought for-

ward, and Irene takes the saddle. There is a discussion before the starting place, in which Fergus, who has entered the arena for this heat, takes part. What is the matter? Clearly the outsider is protesting in very vigorous terms. Every one is straining to catch the meaning of it. "She won't run!" "Look, she's going to get off!" "There's some dodge of theirs she's found out!" "Some precious French trick or other!" "Oh, well, that shows it's all a put-up thing. These are the commentaries heard amongst the audience on every side. Something like a decided hiss of disapprobation succeeds the ominous whispering, when Fergus rides out into the middle, and all are hushed to hear his explanation.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he calls, "the lady who won the first race—the champion of the outsiders, as I may call her, although she is a lady eminent and well known in our profession—refuses to run this heat on our side. Something like a decided hiss of disapprobation succeeds the ominous whispering, when Fergus rides out into the middle, and all are hushed to hear his explanation. "Ladies and gentlemen," he calls, "the lady who won the first race—the champion of the outsiders, as I may call her, although she is a lady eminent and well known in our profession—refuses to run this heat on our side. Something like a decided hiss of disapprobation succeeds the ominous whispering, when Fergus rides out into the middle, and all are hushed to hear his explanation.

"Irene wins!" shouted an excited young gentleman from his box; and then followed such a burst of applause as Nessa dismounted and gave up d'Esperance to her rival, that the very place shook to the storm.

There was a fair start, but it became obvious in the first lap that Nessa was to suffer defeat at last. Mrs. Redmond, though she took no part in the contest, scarcely breathed for the choking sense of exultation as she saw the distance widening between the two riders. There was an unusual and ominous silence as Nessa passed the starting place on the second lap a length behind. But she never lost courage. The mare she rode was the second best in the stud, and had carried her home in triumph many a time. She hoped to recover the lost ground in the next two laps, and, spurring the whip, cried with cheerful encouragement to her mare. Suddenly it became noticeable that the outsider was losing ground; and so she was. But it was no fault of hers; d'Esperance had heard Nessa's voice behind, and become conscious that she was not in the same hands. As she slackened, her rider applied the whip, and the high-tempered animal, who never felt the whip from Nessa's hand, resenting the treatment, swerved from her course and slackened still more. Only when Nessa's mare was neck and neck with her in the third lap, and she was fired to her duty by the roaring of the audience, now mad with excitement, she recovered her temper, and struck out to win. But it was too late they were close to the winning post, and there was no time to get the pace and for the first time in her record d'Esperance came in second.

Mrs. Redmond bit her lips through in her vexation, and Fergus himself was astounded. Daprez beckoned him from his box, and a few hurried words were exchanged as the audience thundered peal after peal of applause.

Fergus once more rode into the middle—hushing the tumult.

He said that, although no member of the company was entitled to take the prize of fered, yet the management felt that a race so nobly won called for a signal mark of approbation, irrespective of the winner's position, and he knew that he should be only responding to the wish of all there in presenting to Miss Dancaester the cheque that had been drawn for a successful rival.

With that he rode across and presented Nessa with the cheque.

Nessa, less conscious of her own triumph than of her rival's defeat, without a moment's hesitation, and absolutely forgetful that she was under the observation of a multitude, turned her horse and put the cheque in the hand of the outsider.

"It's yours!" she said. "You'd have won if d'Esperance had not heard my voice."

"By Jove, I've heard you are a lady: now I know it!" cried the woman, who, being a professional, had no false delicacy about taking the gift; but she knew how to make generous acknowledgment, and, touching d'Esperance with her heel, she trotted round the ring, holding up the cheque that all might see the use Nessa had made of it.

Nessa was lifted from her saddle, arrayed in a jewelled robe, crowned with olive, and led to the seat of honour with the band and the strong outlying one the other in her honour.

"By—: she shall be dragged down from that! mattered Mrs. Redmond, with a furious imprecation.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SUMMER SMILES.

She is ugly, but she knows how to fix herself.

Isn't it rather rough to call a grocer who simply sands his sugar an adulterer?

When angels are entertained unawares the entertainment is nothing to brag of.

"I understand you own a baby." "You're mistaken. I'm only its father."

Marriage is a lottery in which we all draw something—usually a baby carriage.

Unless a man has a character that won't show dirt he had better keep out of politics.

When Jay Gould wills away his various lines of railroads to his family, it will be "hoping that these few lines will find you well," etc.

Wife—"What do you suppose baby is thinking about?" The Brute of a Husband—"I suppose he's thinking what to cry about to-night."

"Now," said the tramp who had been laboring at the wood-pile, "I'll go around to the kitchen and see if I can't cash a few of these chips."

A learned writer declares that butter was unknown to the ancients. This makes it harder that ever to account for the flavor of some we have tasted.

Every man should have an aim in life, but he shouldn't spend too much time aiming. The quick shot gets the clay pigeon when the trap is sprung.

Barber (executing an artistic swipe down his customer's cheek)—"Does it pull?" Customer (with his teeth firmly set)—"No—it don't pull—it excavates."

"I wish I was an angel," said Willie. "Why?" "It must be bully this weather to be nothin' but a head with a pair of feather fans behind your ears."

To the Point—He (falling on his knees)—"Oh, Mary, may I address you on the subject of marriage?" She—"You may if you can dress me after marriage."

Blobson says that he never had but one early flame and that one has made him keep old times in remembrance ever since by kindling the kitchen fire at six o'clock.

"Sh!" exclaimed Tommy, listening at the door. "There's company in the parlor." "How do you know?" inquired Willie. "Mamma's calling papa 'my love.'"

"It was a pretty piggish thing in Eve to eat the apple when she had everything else she wanted." "Oh, well, what could you expect? She was only a sparerib, anyhow."

"How comes it, mam'selle, that you are so eager to accept the attentions of Lieutenant Brown? I thought you were both engaged." "So we are, but not to each other."

The youth may be of high renown, May flirt in fashion's whirl, But when his collar's melted down Where is he with his girl?

"Your daughter is making rapid progress in Tap & Co.'s store, I hear." "Oh! yes. She went in as 'cash,' then she became a 'bundle girl' and now she's a 'saleslady.'"

"Marriage is a lottery," so 'tis said; So ministers, who loving couple wed, Are guilty, it is very plain to see, Of showing favor to a lottery.

Mater—"Girls, we mustn't worry your father about going away this Summer. His finances are extremely low, I know. I looked in his check book yesterday and saw he only had one check left."

Fogg—"I don't believe in the beneficial results of ocean bathing. I had a friend who was seriously injured by salt water once." Fenderly—"How did it affect him?" Fogg—"It drowned him."

"What's the difference between ice and water?" "Ice is frozen water; that is all. There is a greater difference than that."

"What is it?" "Water always finds its level, but ice is constantly going up."

Benevolent Party—"My man, don't you think fishing is a cruel sport?" Fisherman—"Cruel? Well, I should say so. I have sat here six hours, have not had a bite, and am nearly eaten up by mosquitoes."

Mr. Freespender—"Can you tell me, dearest, how those waves closely resemble myself?" Dearest—"No, Arthur, they don't." Mr. Freespender—"Well, waves and I go broke as soon as we reach the beach."

Cresty—"Beauty! Beauty! Beauty! Beauty when you're a marriageable girl, my boy, heart upon her sleeve, blood—Indeed! It it at dress room."

"I feel," said she, "that existence be only a dream."

could not come too soon." "Very well," said the old gentleman, "take her, and presently you'll feel the same way, only more so."

She adjusted his tie. And he? Why, he kissed her. There was no one else by. And she wasn't his sister. She adjusted his tie. Who wouldn't have kissed her.

WILDFIRE ON THE PRAIRIE.

A Graphic Description of the On-coming of the Wall of Flame.

We all sprang up to see one of the saddle horse—a veteran in years and experience—standing with his head high in the air and pointed due west. While he looks as fixedly as if his eyes had lost their power to turn, his nostrils quiver and dilate with excitement. We watch him a full minute. He was the first to exhibit alarm, but now one horse after another throws up his head and looks to the west.

"It's fire, boys!"

Had it been night we should have seen the reflection. Had there been a strong wind the odor would have come to us sooner. There is only a gentle breeze—languishing, dying under the fierce sun, but resurrected and given a new lease of life at intervals by an unknown power. But now we can see the smoke driving heavenward and shutting the blue of the west from our vision—now the horses show signs that no man could mistake. A great wall of flame fifty miles in length is rolling toward us, fanned and driven by a breeze of its own creation, but coming slowly and grandly. It takes me two or three minutes to climb to the top of one of the trees, and from my elevated position I can get a grand view of the wave of fire which is driving before it everything that lives.

We work fast. Blankets are wet at the spring and hung up between the trees to make a bulwark against the sparks and smoke, the horses doubly secured, camp equipage piled up and covered, and before we are through we have visitors. Ten or twelve buffaloes come thundering—pass the grove—halt and return to its shelter, crowding us close to the horses as they can and showing no fear at our presence. Next come three or four antelopes, their bright eyes bulging out with fear, and their nostrils blowing out the heavy odor with sharp snorts. One rubs against me and licks my hand.

Yelp! Yelp! Here are half a dozen wolves, which crowd among the buffaloes and tremble with terror, and a score of serpents race over the open ground to seek the wet ditch which carries off the overflow of the spring. Last to come, and only a mile ahead of the wave, which is licking up everything in its path, is a mustang—a single animal which has somehow been separated from his herd. He comes from the north, racing to reach the grove before the fire shall cut him off, and he runs for his life. With his ears laid back, nose pointing, and his eyes fixed on the goal, his pace is that of a thunderbolt. He leaps square over one pile of camp outfit and goes ten rods beyond before he can check himself. Then he comes trotting back and crowds between two of our horses with a low whinny.

There is a roar like Niagara. The smoke drives over us in a pall like midnight. The air seems to be one sheet of flame. The wave has swept up to the edge of the bare ground, and is dividing to pass us by. We are in an oven. The horses snort, and plunge, the wolves howl and run, the heat and smoke become intolerable. For five minutes, and then the relief flame has passed, and the smoke has blown away. In this, the air is so hot that it is impossible to breathe.

"What's the difference between ice and water?" "Ice is frozen water; that is all. There is a greater difference than that."

"What is it?" "Water always finds its level, but ice is constantly going up."

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"I feel," said she, "that existence be only a dream."

Now First Published.]

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THE ACE OF CLUBS.

A ROMANCE OF RUSSIA AND SIBERIA.

BY PRINCE JOSEF LUBOMIRSKI,

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

CHAPTER XXX.

Spring, which in Siberia is of short duration, had quickly gone by, and the whole country looked a different one. Warm weather there follows immediately after the long protracted cold. One day the trees stretch forth their long, bare branches like skeletons, making the monotonous snow on which they stand with their black outlines—the next day all is green and adorns the sad landscape with a thousand gay colors.

At the end of May summer has full sway. The heat is oppressive. The Angara rolls its merry waves through flowery meadows and hills covered with shrubbery. The tomb of the Tunguses also has donned a new garment and resembles from afar a ripe melon. Not a trace of snow remains.

The court before which he had been placed had unanimously sentenced him to death, because he had laid violent hands on the representative of the Czar. The sentence against the captain had been proclaimed long since, but the execution had been postponed at Schelm's express desire. The revisor wished to impress this double execution with greater solemnity, and personally be present. His arrival alone delayed the torture.

On a smiling meadow, perhaps 500 yards from Irkutsk two companies of infantry were standing in two ranks. The soldiers had no muskets and stood opposite each other, eye to eye. A number of curious people crowded the walls of the fortress. The soldiers looked discontented. Their duty to-day was evidently not to their taste. A few steps from the men a detachment of Cossacks surrounded two chained prisoners, the former captain of gendarmes of Irkutsk and Count Vladimir Lanin. Both were deadly pale, with this distinction, that the captain trembled like an aspen, while Vladimir bore himself with perfect calmness and resignation.

The unfortunate men were to die under the nagaika. This fearful execution, known elsewhere as running the gantlet, consists in Russia in the following ceremony: The criminal is tightly bound to two muskets at the spot where the bayonet is bent. Two soldiers seize the muskets and with them push their victims forward so that he must march between the two rows of soldiers. Each one of these has a cane in his hand and is bound to strike with it the bare shoulders of the condemned as soon as he stands in front of him. At every step the latter thus receives two blows. The slightest sign of sympathy exposes the unfortunate soldier to severe punishment. It never happens that a criminal survives this punishment, as he must need receive 3000 blows, even when the companies are not full. Nineteen out of 20 die long before the execution is over.

Whether it was a deliberate cruelty or accident, but Schelm kept that waiting a long time. The execution had been ordered at 10 o'clock; it was now 10, and the revisor had not appeared yet. This long delay caused the unfortunate victims additional suffering; the captain's head had already swelled, and Vladimir also turned paler and paler. The crowd began to murmur because their daily remained unattended so long. A woman, with dishevelled hair and clothes, appeared on the drawbridge. She was the wife of the captain, who had fallen into the hands of the rebels. Her property had been expelled from the fortress, and she had been expelled from the city.

The infantry approached in the meantime, and the horsemen rode about as their duty required. Schelm held on to the commandant of the city very tight continually.

"What is to become of us?" General, what is to become of us?"

When he heard the clash of arms he found once more. The enemy and the Cossacks met, and the governor drew his sword. In the meantime, Schelm seemed to think of nothing, although Ivan, who commandant of the city, had just ordered his soldiers to march to the drawbridge to carry the countess.

"Good that I hear that!" said Schelm to himself. "I must inquire into that!"

Palkin had only a contemptuous smile for the woman. The Cossacks moved sideways, so that the carriage came to stand close by the soldiers. A priest and a physician stepped forward. Upon a sign by Schelm the captain was tied to the muskets. He had lost all consciousness, and could not take a step of his own will. He was pushed like a log of wood between the two rows of soldiers. Schelm wanted Vladimir to see what awaited him.

According to regulations the criminal is to confess his sins to the pope, as Russian priests are called, and receive absolution. The poor captain, however, was unable to utter a word. The pope only saw his tears and heard his groaning; he raised his hand to give him absolution, and the delinquent started on his awful journey. The physician had, however, just handed him a small glass of a cordial; the captain did not notice it and it had to be administered to him drop after drop. Suddenly he started, his eyes opened a moment, he saw the soldiers with their canes raised, and in a superhuman voice he shouted:

"Mercy! mercy! captain, you know."

The words died on his lips as the first blows fell on his bare shoulders.

We need not repeat the details of this awful ceremony here—suffice it to say that before long the victim no longer felt pain, and the blows fell upon a lifeless body.

His corpse was thrown aside, and Schelm gave a sign that the same process should be repeated with Vladimir. The revisor leaned back comfortably to enjoy the sight.

Vladimir advanced without being pushed. When he stood before the pope, he said in an audible voice:

"Father, give me your blessing; I die innocent!"

But before the priest could answer, horses were suddenly heard to approach and a great tumult arose. All eyes were turned in that direction. A troop of horsemen had in a moment surrounded the Tartar mound and advanced directly upon Schelm's carriage.

A man in a red costume rode at their head. "The czar of the exiles!" cried the pope, a monk from the convent of St. George. At the same time some 500 armed men came out of the forest and marched at double quick upon the place of execution. All the soldiers except the Cossacks, were unarmed. They were utterly confounded and did not know what to do. The cautious multitude led Schelm ordered the carriage to return to the city, but the road was already in the hands of the horsemen. The revisor sank, almost fainting, back into the cushions.

Palkin alone had not lost his head. He no longer saw the surprise than he dispatched a Cossack to the city to summon assistance. Then only it occurred to him that it would have been better if he had gone himself. At once he sprang from his horse, but it was too late, the retreat was cut off; he looked around and prepared to sell his life dear.

The Cossacks surrounded the carriage and advanced their long lances; the soldiers hung from their heads and made no attempt to defend themselves with their canes. The pope and the physician sought assistance near the carriage. The governor gave all orders as Schelm had just hastily and entirely Vladimir was still standing aside, bound to the bayonets, and not knowing what to do, to flee or to remain.

The infantry approached in the meantime, and the horsemen rode about as their duty required. Schelm held on to the commandant of the city very tight continually.

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When he heard the clash of arms he found once more. The enemy and the Cossacks met, and the governor drew his sword. In the meantime, Schelm seemed to think of nothing, although Ivan, who commandant of the city, had just ordered his soldiers to march to the drawbridge to carry the countess.

The battle became ferocious. The Cossacks and the rebels fought bravely against Palkin cut down many of them. The time anxiously toward the city was not coming. One of the rebels came up close to Palkin and fell. The horse-

men saw this and dashed away to take their part in the conflict that raged around Schelm's carriage. At the place where the gendarme had fallen, two weird human figures were now seen struggling with each other. A moment later the battle was over; they rested both on the bloodstained turf, and only the wounded horse uttered a melancholy sound over the two dead bodies.

Only five Cossacks were still defending the carriage; the others had fallen. Then Ivan came up and killed two of the soldiers, while the others fled to the city. The exiles now surrounded the carriage. The governor of Irkutsk was determined to defend himself to the last breath, but Schelm did not regain consciousness till loud shouts announced the arrival of succor from town.

At that moment an iron hand seized his arm. The menacing form of the so-called Czar of the Exiles stood before his eyes. He uttered a cry of terror.

"Do you recognize me?" cried the man to the contemptible coward. "I promised you revenge, Schelm, but I do not want to kill you. We have the proof of your knavery in our hands—your receipt of 100,000 roubles, and that is now on the way to Petersburg. You shall first lose your position, your office, your fortune and your honor, and then you shall die!"

"Miller!" cried Schelm, "I am lost!"

"Not to-day, but soon! In the meantime I'll leave you a little keepsake, and this like you shall have every time I meet you!"

He gave Schelm several blows with a knout upon his face. The blood gushed forth from many wounds, and the revisor howled with pain.

"And, now, children, let us flee!" Miller called out to his followers.

The succor from town came up at a rapid gallop, and the squadron was quite near already. When the soldiers reached the carriage, they found Schelm lying in it fainting, and the governor in a great rage, having been disarmed in spite of his admirable gallantry.

The exiles had fled in all directions and it was clear that to pursue them would be useless. Schelm, moreover, forbade it, fearing they might fall into ambush. Surrounded by the regular cavalry, he had himself driven back to the palace of the governor general, and did not become quiet till he had been put to bed and was in the hands of physicians.

The soldiers were ordered to collect the dead bodies. Fifteen Cossacks and 22 exiles had paid with their lives for Lanin's liberation. A few yards from them two persons were found who, even in death, held each other in a firm grasp. The exile, in his agony, had bitten the gendarme in the cheek; Palkin's hand had strangled his enemy's throat. The latter was dead, but the colonel was still alive. His face was mutilated in the most fearful manner; the strange wounds were evidently not caused by an ordinary weapon; in his neck stuck a pair of scissors, such as tailors use. Anxious to know who could have used such a weapon, the soldiers drew off the hood that concealed the features of the dead adversary. It was a woman! Long braids of light brown hair hung down behind. The woman it was who had thrust a sword into the horse and then tried to kill the rider with her scissors. Helen had had her revenge, but at a costly price.

When Schelm was told that Palkin was still alive, he frowned angrily, and said:

"Carry him at once to prison." Capt. Palkin will have to give an account of his former actions."

For Schelm had well understood Miller's words, in spite of his terrible anxiety, and knew now that Palkin was not in possession of that precious document. Then he shouted:

"By all means, let the captain's wife be found!"

The same evening Schelm summoned all the higher officials of the district, and an expedition against the rebels was agreed upon. All trembled when Schelm, whose face, with its bloody streaks and spots, presented a most fearful aspect, spoke of the tortures to which he meant to expose the authors of the rebellion.

On the following day the captain's wife, who had been wandering about in the streets of Irkutsk, homeless and friendless as she was, was brought to the revisor. He had a long interview with her and when he dismissed her he gave her a solemn promise that she should not be forgotten. So it was removed that she had been appointed postmaster at an important station. Palkin was, upon Schelm's order, accused of high treason and dragged to jail.

"Miller, I beseech you—"

"Not another word, Vladimir! I warrant your freedom, and shall carry you across the frontier; then we shall never meet again. You are not armed, I believe?"

"Oh, yes! But why should I beyond the frontier I shall need no arms."

"Who knows? We may have to fight a battle first! With whom? you ask. With the garrison of Irkutsk?"

"Then I shall also need no arms, for I do not mean to fight against the Czar and his soldiers."

"Would you rather be caught and beaten to death?" asked Miller, with a savage laugh.

"I should like to last and as far as I can, but I shall never take part in a battle against the Czar!"

Miller suddenly sprang up, seeing a man carrying up the hill on which they were sitting. It was one of the exiles who came quite out of breath, to bring the evil news that the enemy was approaching, and that in an hour the battle would probably begin.

CHAPTER XXXI.

For nearly six days now Vladimir had been among the rebels, and yet he had only once been able to see their leader, and then

Miller had declined to answer his questions. In spite of the great danger to which the close neighborhood of Irkutsk exposed the rebels they did not withdraw into the interior.

Vladimir considered himself one of them, as he owed his freedom to them, and longed to crop the frontier. But those among the exiles to whom he confided his wishes always replied that this did not depend on them, and that he must wait for their leader. Lanin became very impatient to meet Miller, but in vain; the latter had to continually inspect the outposts or to perform some other duty. The rebels were now encamped on a hill some 35 versts from Irkutsk, which rose between the Angara and a small tributary. On the summit of this hill, whence the whole surrounding country could easily be overlooked, Vladimir, Ivan and some of the higher officers were assembled. The great post road followed the edge of the forest and the station on the banks of the Angara shone like a bright, white point. The rebels were impatiently waiting for Miller's return, as they easily saw how dangerous their position was, especially now that summer had come and nothing impeded the communication.

"At last our leader is coming!" exclaimed Ivan, the same who had accompanied Vladimir on his journey to Lake Baikal. He was, this time, in the usual costume of the exiles, having laid aside the red cloak which he occasionally wore, red being a favorite color with Russians.

"Miller!" called Vladimir, "when will you lead us on?"

"That does not depend on myself," was the reply. "We must wait for our brethren who wish to join us here. They will arrive to-night. Ienar-kuz will provide boats. Look around, Vladimir. Without the assistance of the Tunguses we can do nothing. We count 500 men. We cannot use the flying ferry at the station. Therefore we must wait for Ienar. He will keep his word; he is not a civilized man, and on that account I trust him. Patience, my friends. To-night we need not fear!"

"But if we should be attacked before sunset?" asked Ivan.

"Then we must defend ourselves," replied Miller. "Nothing, however, indicates an attack. We can control from here the whole country for three miles around. Our outposts are trustworthy and on the alert. Schelm is a miserable coward, and fortunately for us Gen. Moski is absent. And now, men, leave me a moment alone; I have to speak to Count Lanin."

The exiles obeyed, and the two old friends were alone. Both sat down on the soft turf under a giant oak.

"Have you forgiven me, Vladimir?" asked Miller.

"Miller, how can you ask? You have saved my life. That thought absorbs all others. Only tell me what you intend to do."

"That depends upon circumstances. First of all I must cross the Angara, to put the river between us and Schelm. I do not fear him, to be sure, but I want to know you are in safety. Look at that station; my eyes are fixed upon that point. From thence Ienar-kuz is to come with a hundred boats to carry us across to the other bank. Then we are safe."

"And then we surely go to China? Now the whole story of that document, of which you told me, has no meaning any longer. Yesterday I was innocent; to-day I am in rebellion. Even if Jana has been successful, I shall have to remain in exile. I want, on that account, to get across the frontier as soon as possible, and forever bid adieu to my fatherland."

"Alas! I think as you do. First, however, we must have our revenge. I shall not leave Russia till I have made my enemies tremble."

"Miller, I beseech you—"

"Not another word, Vladimir! I warrant your freedom, and shall carry you across the frontier; then we shall never meet again. You are not armed, I believe?"

"Oh, yes! But why should I beyond the frontier I shall need no arms."

"Who knows? We may have to fight a battle first! With whom? you ask. With the garrison of Irkutsk?"

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"Would you rather be caught and beaten to death?" asked Miller, with a savage laugh.

"I should like to last and as far as I can, but I shall never take part in a battle against the Czar!"

Miller suddenly sprang up, seeing a man carrying up the hill on which they were sitting. It was one of the exiles who came quite out of breath, to bring the evil news that the enemy was approaching, and that in an hour the battle would probably begin.

"Then we must defend ourselves!" said Miller. "I foresaw this."

He looked round in the direction toward Irkutsk; a black line was seen closing the horizon. The peninsula lay before them, silent and peaceful; the exiles all concealed behind trees and shrubs. Suddenly Miller felt a hand touch him; he turned round, and there was a native, who came forth from behind an oak.

"In an hour," he said, in his native tongue, "Ivanar will be here with his boats."

"So much the better!" exclaimed Miller, and called to his comrades, "Children, we must defend ourselves unto death! In an hour we shall cross the river, and then we are safe from all pursuit. And you," he added, turning to the Siberian, "carry our thanks to your chief, and tell him we are all anxiously waiting for him here." Like a shadow the man vanished among the trees.

"A hundred men to the edge of the forest! They must check the enemy. Ivan, carry the order! You there watch the river, and give warning as soon as you see the boats coming. Let some one get a rifle for Brother Lamin!"

"By no means! I have told you I will not fight against the Czar. I am under your protection, that is all!"

In the meantime the dark line on the horizon was steadily growing; quite as quickly, however, Miller's sharp eyes noticed boats coming down the Angara like swift arrows. Quietly and reassured by this sight, he did not look farther, and yet at the same moment a detachment of Cossacks was crossing the ferry with a heavy travelling carriage. Not anticipating that this deserted field and this silent wood were soon to be a blood-stained battlefield, the Cossacks were leisurely leaving the ferry, and rode at a slow pace towards the station.

Now began a scattered fire of tirailleurs. Hidden among the trees and shrubs the exiles received the regulars with a hail of balls. The detachment of Cossacks, amazed at this sudden explosion, stopped a moment, but as from their low place near the river they could see nothing of what was going on beyond, they trotted rapidly up to the little white house. This they surrounded, while the travellers left the carriage and went into the room.

The firing did not cease. Miller continually watched the situation, now observing the boats on the Angara, and now examining the edge of the forest. Here the soldiers were evidently gaining ground and advancing more and more rapidly, while the boats of the Tunguses also were approaching the post station, the place of assembly for the exiles.

"Ivan, send a number of men up here," called Miller. "A hundred men will suffice to check the enemy here. Let the horses be driven into the ranks of the regulars to bring them into confusion. We have no use for the horses. They would only impede our embarkation. And then quickly down the hill to the station. The boats are already there waiting for us. It would be useless to attempt further resistance here. Ivan, be quick and return at once. We shall wait for you only to leave the place."

Ivan disappeared in the bushes. Once more Miller tried to persuade Vladimir to take up arms. Lamin shook his head. He would not fire at his brethren, he said. Ivan returned. A hundred men were ordered to remain with Miller; all the others were sent down to the river. They were to hold the station till all the exiles should be safe.

A quarter of an hour later Miller's detachment came down, like an avalanche, upon the station. Suddenly their leader uttered a desperate cry. He had now only seen the 20 Cossacks who had held the bank of the river. For the bed of the Angara lies deep between steep rocks; the post station itself is built against a rock, and hardly two men can pass between the rocky wall and the house. Thus the exiles could not rejoin their comrades on the other side of the house, nor could they, from where they were, reach the boats. The Cossacks barred the way.

"We must not be stopped here!" cried Miller, furiously. "We must sell our lives as dear as possible. At them! Children. It is a matter of life and death now!"

Despair doubled the strength of the exiles. Besides, they were 100 against but 20 Cossacks. They rushed down upon them and created boundless confusion. At first the Cossacks tried to defend themselves, but the exiles fell upon them in ever increasing numbers, as the regulars from town drove them down to the river. Before them they saw the boats and their allies, the Tunguses, and this increased their valor. The Cossacks fell one after the other, and at last the road was open.

In the meantime, however, the firing had also become more lively, and large numbers of fugitives came running down from the forest. Miller was near the station house and cried:

"Now quick into the boats. No fear! No confusion, men! We'll protect your rear and keep the enemy in check. Vladimir, get in! Farewell—perhaps we shall never meet again!"

"Do you think me a coward? I told you I could not fight with you, but that does not mean that I shall leave you!"

"Are you mad?"

"Enough, Miller! You will not make me think differently, and I will not leave you."

"Well, the times are not such that we should die with each other in generosity. Do what you like."

Every station house contains ordinarily two rooms, which are separated from each other by a passage, about six feet wide. On the right hand is the office of the imperial post, on the left a room for travellers.

Miller opened the door to the passage; through the house it led down to the river. "Ten men into the office!" Miller ordered, "and let them watch from the window the path down to the Angara."

"Ivan!" he then called, after tearing open the door.

"I am awaiting your orders!" answered the voice of the Tungus from below. "Make haste, I hear the balls whistle."

"At once!" replied Miller.

In close ranks the exiles pushed through the passage and jumped as soon as they reached the river into the boats.

"Death to every man who leaves the ranks," cried Miller. Then he wanted to enter the rooms of the travellers, but found it not only locked, but apparently barricaded from within.

"What does this mean, I wonder? Have we here, also, enemies? Listen!" he cried to the closed door. "We do not mean to hurt you, if you leave us alone. If not, you are lost. Ivan, hand me a musket and aim at the door."

In the meantime the crowd in the passage had grown thinner. A number of boats took the men, as their turn came, across the Angara. The balls of the regulars whistled overhead, but did no harm. The last detachment of exiles had left the hill and the victorious regulars pursued the fugitives. Several hundred of the exiles were already marching along the opposite bank in perfect safety, and the space between the forest and the station was almost abandoned. The last troop of the czar of the exiles surrounded their leader. The regulars appeared at the edge of the forest. Miller, Ivan and Vladimir were watching the fugitives, keeping in view, however, the door of the station room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Extraordinary Adventure of Stowaways.

At Holyhead on Monday six boys, ranging in age from 14 to 17, named Samuel McGley, Arthur Hoare, George Lewin, William Christy, Llewelyn Lloyd, and Robert Irwin, all of Liverpool and Seaford, were brought before General Hughes and other Justices, charged with offences arising out of their extraordinary adventures at Holyhead. Prisoners were landed early on Sunday morning as stowaways from the steamer Belia, outward bound for Rio. The police state that the lad broke into the gardens of Mr. Watson, managing director of the City of Dublin Steamship Company, and, being discovered, rushed to the shore, cut adrift a boat belonging to Mr. Edward Williams, but, finding her too small, leaped into another, and made out to sea. The weather was rough, with heavy waves running, and it was believed the party could not proceed far without disaster or effecting a landing. The police and coastguards consequently scoured the coast, and some hours later the runaways came ashore near Gwalchmai, where they were followed by the Anglesey police in a car, arrested, and taken back to Holyhead, twelve miles distant. The Magistrate remanded the prisoners till Saturday. Only one of the two boats has been recovered, the other having sunk.

Longest Balloon Voyage on Earth.

Two Austrian officers, belonging to the Army Railway Regiment, made an interesting aeronautic voyage on Friday night in the military balloon Radotaky. They ascended from the Prater at nine o'clock in the evening, intending only to make a short voyage. They were, however, surprised by a high wind, and carried up into the clouds, which were so dense that they could no longer see to guide the balloon, and were constrained to remain aloft till morning. At eight o'clock on Saturday morning they descended safely near the village of Bruckow, in Posen, a distance of nearly 250 miles, being a journey of 15 hours by express train. This is said to be one of the longest aeronautic voyages on record. The two officers took four carrier pigeons with them, and three of the birds returned to Vienna in the course of Sunday.

Our Young Folks.

Nature's Feast.

Dame Nature dons her sweeping cap
And then takes out her brooms,
And O, she raises such a dust
As she sweeps her spacious room!

She brushes fields and hill-sides
And the leafy forest floor,
The city streets, the country lanes,
The rocks and sandy shore.

She swings her broom, the brisk March
wind,
And sometimes lifts it high
To sweep with strong and vigorous strokes
The clouds from out the sky.

She scrubs and scours her house throughout
Until 'tis sweet and clean,
And then she hangs her draperies
And lays her rugs of green.

She freshens up the rugged vines,
She makes the way-sides fair,
She adds a bit of color here
A patch of brightness there.

She flings her perfumes all about,
She gilds the rosy east
And sends a thousand minstrels out
To bid us to her feast.

Such welcome gives she to her guests
That children love to stay
Within the house so often cleaned
In this good old-fashioned way.

ANNA M. PRATT.

A Truly Wizard.

It all began with Tommy's being taken by Uncle Jack to Signor Blitz's matinee. The very next day the nursery was turned into a hall, with Margie's half dozen dollies seated in a staring row, and places of honor reserved for Margie herself, for mamma, brother Hal, Bertha, the nurse-maid, anybody in fact, who would be so kind as to watch Tommy play at "wizard."

Tommy's rosy face wore a very sad expression, as it rose behind the little table which he had draped with a black cloth, and furnished with a mysterious collection of balls, rings and handkerchiefs collected from all parts of the house, not to mention Margie's "on flannel rabbit and his own pretty stuffed canary."

And Tommy's performances were so remarkable and unexpected that it was no wonder that mamma whispered quite loud enough to be heard upon the stage that "it actually made her feel sorry to have a real wizard in the house."

But the most exciting time must come to an end, and Tommy at length grew tired, and went to one of the rear windows overlooking the alley, and watched old Gottlieb, the wood-sawyer, hard at work on a great pile of logs which Tommy's papa had ordered cut into lengths for the library fire.

The old man's face was thin and wrinkled, his hair was quite white, and his back crooked with long bending over his work. He could not swing the saw so rapidly as once, but he worked on steadily and patiently, only stopping occasionally to take breath, and to pass his brown hand across his hot forehead.

Gottlieb and his little granddaughter Gretchen lived all by themselves in a small room in one of the tenement houses, where Tommy's mamma went sometimes to visit her poor people. Tommy had once been there with her when Gretchen was ill.

Just behind Gottlieb, in a corner of the woodpile, was his little brown wicker dinner basket.

Tommy had so often watched Gottlieb at his luncheon that he could easily guess what was in it—a great piece of black bread, of that he was sure, but nothing more except a morsel of cheese, or a small bit of dried meat.

"If I was a truly wizard," said Tommy, softly to himself, "I know what I would do. I would change that dry stuff in Gottlieb's dinner basket into the nicest dinner that ever was eaten."

Then a bright smile tugged at the corners of Tommy's mouth, drawing his eyes into a bow, digging a dimple into the side of his round cheek, and setting his eyes dancing under their long lashes.

Away downstairs he flew to Margie's room, who was busily baking hearts in a delicious atmosphere.

Martha was fond of her, and she listened quite respectfully, and she which he whispered.

Five minutes later through the entrance

Gottlieb, who, what with the noise of his saw and his own deafness, would hardly have heard the tramp of a regiment of soldiers, and, snatching up the brown basket, disappeared inside the house.

In the kitchen, all was hurry and excitement, for suppose—only suppose that Gottlieb should miss the basket!

The half-loaf of black bread tumbled on the floor, unheeded by anybody except Carlo, the dog, who sniffed at it a moment, and turned away in disdain to his place by the fire.

Ham sandwiches, buttered rolls, ginger-bread, cookies, a lovely frosted cake, and a great, rosy apple! surely nobody but a "truly" wizard could have packed so much in so small a space!

The basket was safely replaced, and not a moment too soon, for just as the log which Gottlieb was sawing, fell into two parts, the clock in the church-tower struck twelve, and the old man laid down his saw with a little sigh of relief.

When he had made a seat for himself upon a block of wood, he set the basket on his knees, bowing his head a moment, before opening it.

Meanwhile, Tommy had flown to bring mamma to the nursery window, while Martha peered cautiously through a half-closed shutter.

Gottlieb lifted the lid. His jaw dropped in surprise, and his old face turned pale. Tommy squeezed his mamma's hand with all his strength to keep himself from shrieking aloud in his delight.

The color came back to Gottlieb's cheeks, and, raising his eyes, he gazed searchingly at every door and window. There was no one at all to be seen, for Tommy and his mamma had hidden behind the curtain.

Then a lovely smile overspread the old man's face. He took off his shabby cap, and while the wind fluttered the thin, white hair on his forehead, he looked up toward heaven with moving lips.

But Gottlieb ate only the sandwiches, one of the rolls, and the finest piece of ginger-bread. All the rest he put carefully back into the basket.

"It is saving the best for Gretchen!" whispered Tommy, the wizard.

Clarence Depew's Story.

In an address before the Radio Branch of the Young Men's Christian Association of New York, the Hon. Clarence M. Depew gave an incident from his early life which carries a weighty lesson. Said he:

"The best thing I remember connected with myself is that when I graduated from Yale I thought I would lead a life of scholarship. I thought I would read and write a little, take it easy and have a good time. I had a hard-headed old father of sturdy Dutch ancestry. He had money enough to take care of me, and I knew it; and when he discovered that I knew it, as I intended to act secondarily, it was a cold day for me, and he said to me: 'You will never get a dollar from me except through my will. From this day forth you have got to make your own way.'"

"Well, I found I had a hard lot of it—nobody had a harder one and the old gentleman stood by and let me tumble and fight it out. I believe I fought with all the heart and gratitude I have for that. If he had taken the other course, what would I have done? I would have been up in Peck's Mill to night mending a stove, cursing the man who had succeeded in the work, and wondering by what exceptional luck they had gotten, but having my way to do about, I got beyond everything my father ever dreamed of; but it was done by fourteen hours, or sixteen hours, or eight hours work a day, if necessary, and done by temperance, by economy."

When you make a dollar five cents, you find five cents. When God gives you a thing for the either go or know.

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And the eyes of all the thousand thousand spirits turned and gazed upon the Tongue of Flame. And then dead Hataska spoke—though her lips moved not, yet she spoke. And this she said:

"What wouldst thou with me, Meriamun, who am no more of thy company? Why dost thou dare to trouble me, thou, by whose hand the body of me did perish, drawing me from the threshold of the Double Hall of truth, back to the Over World."

"And Meriamun the Queen said, 'Oh thou Khou, for this purpose have I called thee. I am weary of my days and I fain would learn the future. The future fain would I learn, but the forked tongue of That which sleeps tells me no word, and the lips of That which is a-cold are dumb! Tell me, then, thou, I charge thee by the word that has power to open the lips of the dead, thou who in all things art instructed, what shall be the burden of my days?'"

"And the dread Khou made answer: 'Love shall be the burden of thy days, and Death shall be the burden of thy love. Behold one draws near from out the North whom thou hast loved, whom thou shalt love from life to life till all things are accomplished. Rethink thee of that dream that thou didst dream ere thou didst lie on Pharaoh's bed, and read its riddle. Meriamun, thou art great and thy name is known upon the earth and in Amenti is thy name known. High is thy fate and through blood and sorrow shalt thou find it. I have spoken, let me hence.'"

"'It is well,' the Queen made answer. 'But not yet mayest thou go hence. First I command thee, by this word of dread and by the link of life and death, declare unto me if here upon the earth and in this life I shall possess him whom I shall love?'"

"'In sin and craft and sorrow, Meriamun, shalt thou possess him; in shame and jealous agony shall he be taken from thee by one who is stronger than thou, strong though thou art; by one more beautiful than thou, though beautiful thou art; and ruin shalt thou give him for his guerdon, and ruin of the heart shalt thou harvest for thy portion. But for this time shall she escape thee, whose footsteps march with thine, and with his who shall be thine and hers. Nevertheless, in a day to come shalt thou pay her back measure for measure, and evil for evil. I have spoken. Let me hence.'"

"'Not yet, oh Khou—not yet. I have still to learn. Show me the face of her who is mine enemy, and the face of him who is my love.'"

"'Thrice mayest thou speak to me, O thou greatly daring,' answered the dread Khou, 'and thrice may I make reply, and then farewell till I meet thee on the threshold of the hall whence thou hast drawn me. Look now on the face of the Hataska whom thou slewest.'"

"And we looked and behold the face of dead Hataska changed, and changed the face of the Spirit, the Ka that stood on one side, and the face of the great bird, the Bai, that spread his wings about the head of Osiris. And beautiful they grew, yes, most exceeding beautiful so that it cannot be told, and the beauty was that of a woman asleep. Then lo, there hung above Hataska, as it were, the shadow of one who watched her sleeping. And his face we saw not, for, O thou Wanderer, it was hidden by the visor of a golden two-horned helm and in that helm stood fast the bronze point of a broken spear! But he was clad in the armour of the people of the Northern Sea, the Anuasha, and his hair fell dark about his shoulders like the petals of the hyacinth flower."

"Behold thine enemy and behold thy love! Farewell," said the dread Khou, speaking through dead Hataska's lips, and as the words died the sight of beauty faded and the Tongue of Flame shot upwards and was lost, and once more the eyes of the thousand thousands dead turned and looked upon each other, even as though the faces spoke each to each."

"But for a while Meriamun stood silent, she was amazed. Then, awaking, she waved her hand and cried, 'Regone thou Bai! Be gone thou Kai!'"

"And the great bird whereof the face was the face of Hataska spread his golden wings and passed away to his own place, and the Ka that was in the semblance of Hataska drew near to the dead one's knees, and passed back into her from whom she came. And all the thousand thousands faces turned and looked though the fiery eyes as they gazed upon it."

"Then did Meriamun cover her face and once more speak the awful word, and I also covered up my face. But, as must be done, this second time she called the Word aloud, and though loud she called it, but as a whisper came it from her lips. Nevertheless, at the sound thereof, once more was the people shaken as by a storm."

Then Meriamun unveiled also, and be-

hold again the fire burned upon the altar, and on the knees of the Osiris sat Hataska, cold and still in death, and round them was emptiness and silence.

"And Meriamun grasped me by the arm and faintly she spoke:

"'Now that all is done, I greatly fear for that which has been, and that which shall be. Lead me hence, oh Roi, son of Pames, for I can no more.'"

"And so with a heavy heart I led her forth, who of all sorceresses is the very greatest. Behold, thou Wanderer, wherefore the Queen was troubled at the coming of the man in the armour of the North, in whose two-horned golden helmet stands fast the point of a broken spear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"As Giveth his Beloved Sleep."

He sees when their footsteps falter, when their hearts grow weak and faint; He marks when their strength is failing, and listens to each complaint; He bids them rest for a season, for the pathway has grown too steep; And, folded in fair green pastures, "He giveth His loved ones sleep."

Like weary and worn-out children that sigh for the daylight's close, He knows that they oft are longing for home and its sweet repose; So He calls them in from their labors ere the shadows around them creep, And, silently watching o'er them, "He giveth His loved ones sleep."

He giveth it, oh, so gently! as a mother will hush to rest The babe that she softly pillows so tenderly on her breast.

Forgotten are now the trials and sorrows that made them weep; For, with many a soothing promise, "He giveth His loved ones sleep."

He giveth it! Friends the dearest can never this boon bestow; But He touches the drooping eyelids and placid the features grow. Their foes may gather around them, and storms may round them sweep, But, guarding them safe from danger, "He giveth His loved ones sleep."

All dread of the distant future, all fears that oppressed to-day, Like mists that clear in the sunlight have noiseless y passed away. Nor call nor clamor can rouse them from slumbers so pure and deep, For only His voice can reach them, who "giveth His loved ones sleep."

Weep not that their toils are over, weep not that their race is run. God grant we may rest as calmly when our work, like theirs, is done! Till then we would yield with gladness our treasures to Him to keep, And rejoice in the sweet assurance—"He giveth His loved ones sleep."

Phosphoric Religion.

A well known merchant of Louisville, Ky., has a son who is a very wild young man. He seldom comes home before mid night and frequent y wears a heavy jag as the result of his conviviality. His companions make his room a sort of sobering up station and two or three of them "roll in" nearly every night. The old gentleman was one of the boys in his young days and, while he is now a very pious and proper head of a cultured household, he cannot entirely forget his early indiscretion or steel his heart against the boy who is going the old man's gait. Still he felt it incumbent on him to check the youth's career and so he devised a plan to frighten him. He got a stick of phosphorus and wrote on the wall opposite the boy's bed: "Prepare to meet thy God." The letters were, of course, visible only in the dark and the old man was careful to have the room well lighted when his son came home the next night pretty well loaded, as usual. He and a companion turned in with the gas turned up full, and old man went in and put out the light. He then made a noise sufficient to wake the boy out of his drunken sleep, and as he sat up in bed his eyes caught the handwriting on the wall. With a bound he sprang out of bed, and striking a light, he began an examination of the wall, but it was blank in the light. The gas burned all night, and the next morning the young man was very quiet and solemn. The old gentleman erased the warning from the wall, and is pleased to know where his boy is at night. The father says that he learned of the trick from a prominent preacher of the city, who was frightened out of his raughtiness in this way

READS LIKE FICTION.

Strange Story From Real Life of a Lover's Revenge.

CHICAGO, August 19.—An anonymous letter written in French was delivered on Thursday last to Mr. Claude Rosaire, a young man twenty seven years old, residing in handsome apartments on the west side in this city, and its contents revealed to him his parentage and mysterious circumstances connected with his life, matters which had been previously a hidden secret to him. Mr. Rosaire has for several years been a resident of Chicago and recently graduated from the school of elocution in connection with the Chicago Athenaeum. He has for three years held a position in the Chicago Board of Trade. The story of Mr. Rosaire is a curious one, in which sorrow and villainy are strangely mingled.

From the earliest time in his life of which he has recollection he lived with a well-to-do Canadian family in a small town in south eastern Michigan and was brought up to believe that he was an own child of the family. He was treated in every way as such until his supposed father in a fit of anger declared that he was a natural son, an announcement which so keenly affected his sensitive disposition that he left his home never to return. That was in his twenty third year. His life from that moment until the receipt of the letter last week was full of miserable uncertainty, which he succeeded in covering from the notice of his acquaintances by a persistent attention to the work and study which he had undertaken.

No satisfactory explanation, indeed no explanation whatever, of the vague charge made against him by his foster father came to clear the mystery in which it enveloped him until the letter made the history of his life less of an enigma than it had been.

This is a literal translation of the letter. I write this under the inspiration of the moment, although it is but the question of a few months, for my physicians say I cannot live more than two months. Two years ago you recited at the hospital of St. Luke. I was in the audience. I recognized you at once, but although I had been looking for you for three years I was not satisfied to find you again. Besides I had been cured of my sickness; people like myself do not suffer with remorse, only in the valley of the darkness of death. First, you are legitimate and the child of marriage. I cannot keep the secret because I cannot retain life much longer and because all human vengeance seems useless. I can reveal to you almost all your life. You think that no one in your present life knows anything about you but yourself and you have shown them in the bottom of your heart. To make sure that the things I am about to tell you are true, listen: Until the 6th of October, 1834, you believed yourself the son of George Latham of L—L—Mich. In a moment of great anger he told you that you were a natural son. That night you left and you have never spoken one to the other since. They believe you dead. George Latham, I am sure, believes you to be what he has said, but he regrets bitterly that he has betrayed the confidence of his sister. I am going to tell you about your family. Your grandmother, the mother of your mother, was the Duchess de Saint Allaise of Normandic. Her marriage was very miserable, the Duke de Saint Allaise being well known. After having spent the fortune of your grandmother he commenced against her a suit for divorce. Having lost love and courage the duchess fled to America, taking with her her only child, a baby your mother, Victoria de Saint Allaise. But a little while after her arrival in America the duchess entered the convent of the Ursulines at New Orleans, where she died five years later. Her child Victoria remained in the care of the sisters until the age of eighteen, when her great talent for music caused the mother superior to have her choose between the world and the convent. During her probation she met and loved a confederate soldier by the name of Claude Hector Rosaire. This man, your father, was only of French extraction, tracing his French blood from his great grandfather, who was a Creole.

6th of October, 1837, they were married; you will see by the inclosed certificate, melancholy they fled to Canada. Now the Rosaire was not the only man whom Victoria de Saint Allaise, but she loved. I never pardoned her for having seduced them as a hunting dog. The next year you were born. Three weeks after your birth you were taken from your nurse and sent to Ontario among the

ers. Marguerite, er. No more strangely. seek my satisfaction on

the head of the fort. I was waiting for Victoria to follow me, but she was of iron. She came and went with a face of iron, and then suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. I never found trace of her. She must have entered a convent for only those walls could elude my vengeance. I cannot write more because I will not. I hate you as I hated her. I have greatly enjoyed to see you struggle, knowing that it was useless, for my maledictions rest on the fruit of their marriage. I am foolish to talk of the stain that is on you, but a man has two natures and I cannot resist my better nature, which compels me to try to repair the wrong I have done you if it is possible. Besides there are moments when I am really and profoundly penitent, and it is in such moments that I write this. You will never be able to discover me. You have no possible means of identifying me. However, your mother guesses this—yes, she must know. Perhaps her child can find her in spite of all, but then it will be too late for your vengeance."

The letter is unsigned. With it was sent the original document certifying to the marriage of Rosaire's mother and father. Mr. Rosaire will make every effort to find his mother and will search all Catholic convents through the country. His interest in the authorship of this letter is overshadowed by his desire to learn the whereabouts of his mother and of the resting place of his father.

Blown to Atoms by Dynamite.

A terrible accident occurred at Penwylet, Swansea Valley, by which two men lost their lives and several others were injured. It appears that the men were engaged in the quarries near Penwylet railway station. Two charges of dynamite had been placed in position, with fuse attached, ready for blasting; the charges were placed at the same distance apart, and it was not intended to fire the second until some time subsequent to the firing of the first. The latter went off all right, and the men, who had retired to some distance, returned to their work. They had not been back a couple of minutes, however, before the second charge exploded, blowing two of the men high into the air, and, as already stated, seriously injuring several others. It is believed that a spark must have reached the fuse of the second charge, and thus caused the unexpected explosion. Penwylet is in close proximity to Craig-y-nos Castle, and when Madame Patti was informed of the serious nature of the accident, she, with her usual generosity, sent a messenger to make inquiry and ascertain if anything could be done for the relief of the sufferer.

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 vest designs, 3c, 15c, 60c and 90c per set of five pieces.
- Comb and Brush Bags, newest designs, 3c, 15c, 75c and \$1 each.
- Night Dress Bags, newest designs, 10c, 15c, 60c and \$1 each.
- Splashes, 18x36 and 18x45, newest designs, 10c, 25c and 75c each.
- Carving and Tray Cloths, suitable designs, 10c, 25c and 65c each.
- Sideboard Scarfs, 18x72, 75c and \$1 each.
- Stamped Laundry Bags, newest designs, 10c and 20c each.
- Stamped Umbrella Holders, newest designs, 10c each.
- Stamped Gentleman's
- Stamped Pillow Slips
- Stamped No
- Stamped

THE GIANT'S ARROWS.

BY GEORGE HODGINS.

There are two quite evident facts about arrows in the hand of a giant. The first is that they are very formidable weapons, it is much better to have them on our side than to have them aimed against us. The second is that the side on which the arrows light depends upon the point; he aims them, and the arrows have nothing to do with that at all.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children." Evidently the writer of that sentence meant to emphasize the immense importance for the good of the world, of the aiming of the lives of children, and the immense responsibility which the fathers and mothers have for the direction in which their children's lives are aimed. Christ came as a little child. The value, the importance, the sacredness of childhood are all taught by that truth. This, we may believe, is one of the reasons why God, manifesting Himself in the flesh, chose to begin our life as the beginning, and to be a little child and to be nurtured in a human home, that He might set His blessing upon childhood and hallow the relationships of the family. We remember how Christ taught us that whatever is done to the least of the little children about us is done to Him. The child who lay in the manger lies in every cradle. The Christ-child dwells in every household. Every mother has Mary's charge upon her; every father has Joseph's responsibility. My subject is the Training of Children in Religion.

As soon as a child is born into this world its father and mother ought to begin to train it in religion. For religion means, as regards the will, the conscience and the heart, just what health means as regards the body. The body is in health when it is in harmony with its physical environment. When the eye sees the light and color of the world, and the ear distinguishes sound, when the hand and the foot get strength from exercise, and food gives firmness to the flesh, then the body is in health. And religion is spiritual health. We want the child from the start to be in right relation with all its spiritual environment.

So I say that the time to begin to train a child in religion is when it is one day old. As soon as the child begins to perceive that there is light, and warmth, and food, in this new world upon which he opens his bright eyes, he ought to perceive also that there is love in it. And that is the very beginning of religion and the end of it too. That is the first lesson, and the last. The first dimming recognitions of God and of duty, are in that initial perception that this is a world of love. Before the little child can speak, it ought to be trained in the religious truth that the father and mother love it. That is a lesson in theology, and a lesson in morality.

Before the little child can put a noun and a verb together, it ought to be taught that there is such a thing in this world as will; loving, wise and firm will. That is the second lesson in religion. The child begins daily to understand that there is a wisdom which is above its wisdom, and a rule of right somewhere by which this superior wisdom is guided, and that before this right rule all its desires must give way. If the child discovers that a certain amount of crying, a certain persistence in judicious tearing, can overrule this will and reverse its judgment, then the child, instead of learning the second lesson in the religion of God, learns a second lesson in the religion of the devil, namely, that the rule of right in this world is the child's own will, its desire. And that means inevitable trouble.

A child who has learned that this is a world of love and a world of law has learned the essentials of religion. The child may add in after years certain details to these great principles, and may discover more and more of their manifold applications to life, and may recognize more and more what they mean. But the whole of religion, the secret faith, the ideal of conduct—it is all here. What you may teach a child between its first and second birthdays. The idea of love and the idea of law lead up to the idea of God. As soon as the child begins to understand, it should be taught that all love and all law center in God. Above is One who loves the child more than even the mother loves it. Above is One whose will is law absolutely, who always knows what is best and does what is best. The child comes to see what it is to love God and to keep the will of God.

But the child is forever asking for things. The relation between the child and the father and mother is largely that of receiver and giver. The child must be trained to look up in that same way toward God and to ask God. The child is taught before he can even understand the meaning of the

action in the least, to kneel beside his mother, and fold his little hands together and listen while the mother says a prayer. Little by little the meaning of that gets into the child's mind. The child begins to pray. The child has been taught that God loves him, and is his Heavenly Father, and so he prays as naturally as he speaks to his earthly father, and thanks God for His daily blessings and asks him for all that he wants, for himself and for those who are dear to him.

But the child has been taught that God's will is the wisest will above his own, and so he is not disappointed, nor does he lose his faith when he gets no answer to his prayer. He simply knows that that he has asked for something which God knows he ought not to have. He recognizes the fact that God's wisdom is wiser than his wisdom. It is a mistake to teach children to pray for things they want, without teaching them at the same time to pray, "Thy will be done." They may pray that the sun may shine tomorrow morning, but they ought to be ready to accept the sight of clouds and rain, trusting God just as much. They ought not to be allowed to think for a moment that they can beg, or cry, or tease our Heavenly Father into doing anything which his wisdom decides is not the best.

In all this the mother and father do not wait for full understanding on the part of the child. They do not wait for the child to choose for himself. They might as well decide that they will never feed the baby till he is able to spell "milk." They choose for him in spiritual things just as naturally, as reasonably and as necessarily as they do in physical things. They want the child to be in health on all sides of his nature. They do not want the child to be a little animal and nothing more, with a stout body and no mind and no heart. They bring the child into the best relations they can, with all the truth they know. That is what is meant by the baptizing of infants. The child is brought into the church, the blessing of God is spoken over him, and the cross of Christ marked upon his forehead, and the parents and friends bind themselves by a solemn promise to bring up the child in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and to teach him all that a Christian ought to know to his soul's health. After the child grows up just as he may eat all sorts of things which disagree with his body's health, so he may do all sorts of things which disagree with his soul's health; but he has been started right, anyway.

By and by, the father and the mother ought to tell the child the great revelation of the Christian religion. They ought to tell him how God so loved the world that He gave His Son to come down into the midst of men, who were forgetting the love of God, and disobeying the law of God, that He might teach them and help them, and show them how much the Father in heaven loved them, and point out the right way to walk in. They ought to tell him the story of the Christmas angels, and the manger that was used for a cradle, and how the little child grew day by day, and lived the kind of life which this little child must live. They ought to tell him of the deeds and words of wonder which are written in the gospels. And some Good Friday, when the child gets old enough to understand a little, they ought to tell him the story of the cross, and show him what that teaches about God's love for us, and about God's grief at our sins.

The father and mother ought never to tell the child that God doesn't love bad children; because that is not true. God loves all His children. When he sees badness in them, He is very sorry. God is our Father in heaven, and when we turn from His love and transgress His law He feels as a father must feel. Sin grieves God. That is the best way to put it. The father and mother ought never to tell the child that if he is a bad child he will go to hell. That used to be said to children much more often than it is now. Some of the children's books which were written twenty five years ago have to be expurgated before we can use them now. Religion has sometimes been made a device for scaring children. It is well to teach the child that when he does wrong God will punish him, because God loves him so much that he wants him to do right, even if he has to learn what right is by lessons of pain. But I think that hell and Satan are best left entirely out of the theology of childhood, as they are left out of the Apostles' and the Nicene creeds.

The father and mother ought never to teach the child that there is any doubt as to whether he is God's child or not, or that there is any choice to be made, sometime in the future, whether or not he will enroll himself among Christ's disciples. The child is God's child, and he began to be a disciple of Christ as soon as he began to think. There ought not to be in the life of any child, brought up by Christian parents, any such era or event as "conversion." Con-

version means turning back, and the child ought never to turn so seriously away as to need any sudden and great change in his life.

From his earliest years the heart of the child who is brought up in a Christian way is given to God. He ought to be taught, as soon as he is able to learn, what a solemn vow, promises and profession has been made for him in his baptism. He ought often to be put in mind of it. He ought daily to be helped to keep it. The religious life, as it is sometimes conceived of, is like a long, protracted and painful sickness, out of which the patient emerges by a sudden and miraculous recovery. The true ideal of the religious life is that it is a gradual growth in the knowledge and love of God, step by step and year by year, from childhood on, ever by new strength and new wisdom and wider experience following more closely the blessed steps of Christ's most holy life. It is no impossible ideal. Scores of people whom we know are realizing it. It ought to be a fact in the life of every child.

The chief instruction of children in religion ought to be given at home. As a matter of fact, the instructions in religion which make the most impression upon children are given at home. The teaching may be good or bad, the religion may be of God or of the devil, nevertheless it is a fact that the home lessons are most lastingly learned.

The father and the mother ought to be religion embodied. The highest ideal of a boy should be to be like his father and of a girl to be like her mother. In most cases these are actually the ideals of the boys and girls. That is how the father and mother are so responsible for their children, even as the giant is responsible for his arrows. The parents form the children. They set the tone of the children's voices and the spirit of their speech, and the standard of their taste, and the ideal towards which they aim. They shape their opinions and determine their attitude toward the great principles which govern faith and conduct; they practically determine the direction of their lives.

Nobody needs to be so careful in speech, so heedful in look and in act as a father or a mother. A page of example counts far more in the training of a child than a whole library of advice.

A Remarkable Operation.

A remarkable operation has been performed by M. Lannelongue, a skillful French surgeon, at the Hospital des Enfants, Paris. The patient was a little girl of four years, whose physical and moral development was that of a child barely half the age. She could neither walk nor speak, showed no interest in anything, and appeared in a state of dwelling idiocy, which was the more singular, as her parents and five brothers and sisters are in all respects well formed and healthy. M. Lannelongue carefully examined the matter, and came to the conclusion that the brain was arrested in its development by the stricture of the skull. He decided to remedy the evil by trepanning, and on the 9th of May last he raised a slip of the bone 10 to 12 centimetres long from between the sagittal and occipital sutures on the left wall. By the end of June the wound was healed, and a complete transformation had been worked in the child. It looks wide awake, walks, and is beginning to speak; it plays about, and has ceased to drivell at the mouth. A few days ago M. Lannelongue also operated on a similar case by raising a portion of bone, which is described as resembling a thin slice of melon, from the skull between the front and back. The wound is healing, but the operation is too recent to show any other effects as yet.

Double Murder by an Insane Man.

At Nottingham, Eng., on Monday, before Justice Hawkins, Thomas Argill, lace designer, who had pleaded guilty to the wilful murder of his wife and grandson, was ordered to be detained during Her Majesty's pleasure, medical evidence showing that he had been suffering from melancholia. Argill and his victims lived in a summer house in the Corporation Allotment Gardens, and at daybreak in March he rose and cut his wife's throat and that of their grandson with a pruning knife, afterwards trying to take his own life by battering his head with a poker. Argill is nearly 70 years of age.

PILES



The Fatal Express.

People have no idea of the fatal speed of express trains. It is a common thing to see their buffers bespattered with blood after a long and quick run. The noise of their approach disturbs the small birds from the hedgerows, and as they fly across the line along comes the thunderer at a speed of which they have no conception, and dashes them to pieces. — English Paper.

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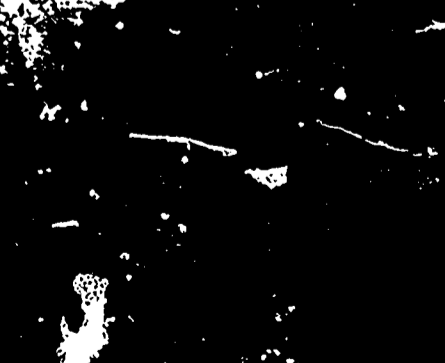
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CHAPTER IV.

The hour was a little after two in the morning; a perfect silence, broken at intervals by the roll of some passing carriage, or faint echo of distant music, reigned in the streets of Vanity Fair. Vere Dene swept down the marble steps, with their coating of crimson cloth, which lay before the Marchioness of Hurlingham's residence in Park Lane, her head drawn up, the Verediamonds flashing in the lamplight under her thin gossamer wrap. There had been some faint surprise, a little well-bred expostulation at her early departure; and Lord Bearhaven, standing at the carriage door bare-headed and regretful, murmured against the fates. "Your presence is absolutely necessary!" he asked.

"Absolutely. You understand everything, and besides, I should be miserably anxious all the time.—Good-night."

"Good-night, Miss Dene; or, rather, let us say au revoir."

The carriage rolled away into the darkness, carrying with it no delicious whiff of thought, no sweet consciousness of a night of triumph. Lord Bearhaven threw a coat over his evening dress and hailed an empty cab crawling down the street. A moment later, he, too, was hurrying Arlington Street way.

There was a fitful gleam of light in some of the windows at No. 231 as the carriage drew up and the door opened. A few feet farther on was a hackney coach with the outline of a policeman on the box with the cabman, the conveyance from Starr and Fort's, in which their confidential agent had arrived to convey the Vere diamonds to safe custody.

Under the subdued light of the shaded lamps, Vere waited, but for what she scarcely knew. The ancient butler, a faithful old servant of Vavasour Dene's, came forward with a poor attempt to conceal his agitation. "Some one has been inquiring for you, Miss," he said. "I did not know what to do. I had to hide him in the library. But—"

"Who is up, Semmes? Are all the servants in bed?"

"Every one except myself and Miss Ashton. Your maid said you left orders for her not to wait for you. Mr. Winchester has been here some time; but where he is now I know no more than—"

"And the agent from Starr's, where is he?"

"In the breakfast-room. He has been here half an hour."

Vere's heart was beating fast enough now; a curious choking in her throat checked her ready flow of speech for a moment. Then all the dominant courage of her nature seemed to come again, strengthening every nerve and limb, till she felt almost exulting in her audacity of purpose. She swept up the stairs leading to her dressing-room, her face calm and placid, as if she had no consciousness of danger, a profusion of soft lights flashing upon the living fire of jewels gleaming on her dusky hair and round the full white throat. For a moment she stood contemplating her own perfect loveliness, then she removed the glittering jewels from her wrists and throat and bosom and placed them one by one in their leathern cases. Taking the cases from the table, she laid down the stairs again. At the foot of the stairs stood Ashton, a smile of uneasy anxiety on his handsome face, a look of expectancy as to his welcome.

"After a parting under as the

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around him were penetrable to one touch of Nature.

"Do not grudge me the last embers of my manhood," said he with an imploring gesture. "Don't make it any harder, Vere."

"I hate to hear you talk like this," Vere answered, her voice trembling. "You, a young man, with all the years before you; time enough to wipe out the stain, and regain your honourable name."

"An honourable name for me, with the recollection of the cowardly part I am playing at this moment! But cost what it will, I play the hypocrite no longer.—Do you guess what brings me here to-night?"

"Yes, Chris: I know only too well what brings you here to-night."

So utterly surprised was Ashton by the unexpected reply, that he could only cling to the back of the chair against which he was standing and regard the speaker with starting eyes. That Vere had been taken into Winchester's confidence he had not had the smallest conception.

"Is it possible you can really know? And if you have discovered everything, why do you not ring the bell and order your servants to thrust me out into the street? What can you gain by keeping me here?"

"Much that I want—much that you need also. Chris, it is folly for you and me to stand here wasting bitter words. You came here because there was no help for it; you imagine yourself to be deserted. Even now, we are all doing our best to save you."

Ashton laughed mirthlessly. "To save me," he cried. "And how?"

"How, another hour will prove. For the present, I am merely an instrument in cleverer hands than my own. Only wait and see."

"Your patience will be tried no longer.—Vere, are you ready?"

The suddenness of the interruption caused brother and sister to turn uneasily. In the dim light, Winchester's tall figure was faintly visible, though the lamp shining on his face showed it illuminated by a smile of hope and pleasurable expectation. His very presence seemed to give them a fresh mead of comfort. Vere would have spoken only that he laid a finger on her lip and pointed silently to the door. For a moment Vere hesitated, as if half afraid; but gathering up her courage, somewhat shaken by the unexpected interview, without another word took up the jewel cases and left the room.

A bright light was burning in the breakfast room as she entered. There was still the consciousness of unseen danger, till beyond, in the darkness of an inner department, she discerned the outline of Winchester's figure as he came in noiselessly by another door. There was only one other person present, a tall, slim individual with a small black moustache, and gleaming eyes, but little dimmed by the purple as he wore. He bowed and brightened visibly as Vere laid the leathern cases upon the table.

"You come from Starr and Fortiter's, I presume?" she asked.

"I have the honor to be their confidential clerk, madam," replied the agent smoothly. "If you will be good enough to read this letter, you will see that I am what I represent. In such matters we usually take every precaution."

Vere glanced through the letter carelessly, after which, at the clerk's direction, she initiated it. With almost suspicious alacrity he took up the cases, and with another profound bow, walked towards the door. As he did so, Winchester came out of the inner apartment and stopped him with a gesture.

"I hardly think this is quite formal," he said. "Perhaps Miss Dene has no objection to my asking a few questions.—And you, sir, pray, be seated. If Miss Dene will do me the favor to retire for a moment—"

Vere wanted no second bidding. Already her courage, high as it was, began to fail. It had been a trying night, and the sense of a sinister overpowering. Moreover, the evil tokens had been seen, but rather implied. As she was waiting to hear more, she left the room, and stepped across to the little apartment. Her fearful lest Ashton might in some way betray himself.

As she went, the sound of her footsteps on the carpet, the patent politeness of the agent, who underwent a change.

"What?" he said grimly,

"at a loss to

"presenting as I

"know who

"approaching

"the

"agent,

"and with a dexterous movement,

"removing wig, moustache, and glasses from the other's face. "My name is Winchester, and yours is Wingate. There is not the least occasion to deny the fact."

Wingate, for he it was, dropped the cases and staggered into the seat. For a moment he measured his antagonist with his eye, and despairingly gave up the wild idea of a struggle as at once hopeless and perilous. An instant of wild balled rage was followed by a cold trembling of the limbs. There remained only a last effort for freedom to be made, and as the detected thief remembered the forged acceptance in his pocket, his spirits rose to the encounter. "Perhaps you will be good enough to prove what my name is," he answered doggedly.

"Prove it!" Winchester echoed contemptuously; "yes, before a jury, if you like. Do Starr and Fortiter's agents generally do their business in disguise, with a cab waiting for them outside with a pantomime policeman alongside the driver? The scheme was a very neat one; but, unfortunately for you, I happen to know everything."

"En avant," said Wingate, with all the cool insolence at his command. "Upon my word, you carry matters with a high hand. Perhaps you forget that I hold an 'open sesame' that will allow me to depart whether you like it or not."

"Pon my word, I am greatly obliged to you for mentioning it," Winchester returned. "You are naturally alluding to the acceptance you stole from my studio—"

"Bearing the forged name of Lord Bearhaven."

"Bearing the forged name of Lord Bearhaven. Exactly. For that reminder also allow me to tender you my sincere thanks. You are an audacious rascal, Mr. Wingate, a truism we both appreciate. If that bill was in my pocket, you would not feel so easy as you do."

"Certainly. That, as you are perfectly aware, is my sheet-anchor. Come what may, you dare not prosecute me; and so far as I am concerned, shall walk out of this room as freely as I came in."

"That is very likely," Winchester returned dryly. "But if I may venture to prophesy, not without paying something for your freedom. You may rest assured of one thing, that unless that bill is in my possession, your exit will be accompanied by an official not altogether unconnected with Scotland Yard."

"You would force it from me," Wingate cried, the first real feeling of alarm getting the better of his matchless audacity. "You would never dare—"

"I would dare anything. Can't you see that you are completely in my power? However, I do not desire to use force; it would be bad for me, and a great deal worse for you. You are counting upon Lord Bearhaven's character for severity, and also how you can be revenged upon Ashton for betraying you. Upon my word, when I think of everything, the cool villainy of this plot, now I have you in arm's length, I can scarcely refrain from thrashing you within an inch of your life; and I should do so with the liveliest satisfaction."

"You will treat me as a gentleman," Wingate faltered, shrinking back with blanched lips and chattering teeth. He was completely cowed; but the malignant cunning of his nature did not fail him quite yet. "I—I could do a lot of harm. If I sent to Lord Bearhaven and said to him—"

"Should you like to see him?" Winchester asked abruptly.

Wingate's dark eyes blazed with the intensity of impotent malice. "Like to see him?" he cried. "I would give anything, five years of my life, if I could, for the opportunity of ten minutes' conversation at this moment."

Winchester touched the little silver bell on the table. "I am delighted to be in a position to accommodate you," he replied cheerfully, as Semmes entered. "Will you be kind enough to ask Lord Bearhaven to step this way?"

A moment later, Bearhaven entered, calm, cool, and slightly contemptuous, in his immaculate evening dress, and looking down from his superior height upon the thoroughly bewildered Wingate; while Winchester, content to leave the matter in such competent hands, discreetly vanished.

"You wished to speak to me," said the now-comer after a long pause. "I would advise you to be brief in your confidences, Mr. Wingate."

"Captain Wingate, if you have no objection," responded the discomfited rascal, with a fair assumption of ease. "Let us preserve the ordinary courtesies."

"Pooh, my good fellow, a jury will not recognise so fine a distinction. I am sorry to disappoint you of your promised treat, but everything is known to me. Your con-

federate Chivers—Benjamin Chivers, to be correct—has disclosed everything. We know how you ingratiated yourself into the good graces of Starr and Fortiter's agent, how you stole his credentials from him, and where he lies drugged at this moment. What you are most desirous of mentioning is that forged bill bearing my signature. Will you be surprised to hear that I know all about that three years ago?"

"But if I liked to disclose the facts, my lord," broke in Wingate, now thoroughly alarmed, "if I am pressed to do so—"

"You dare not," Lord Bearhaven sternly replied. "I am not going to argue with you one way or another. Let me bring myself down to your level. Try it; and I will be prepared to acknowledge the signature, and Mr. Winchester will be prepared to swear you stole the bill from his studio.—And I think," concluded the speaker with stinging contempt—"I think that you will be a long while in persuading a jury to give credence to your story. Lord Bearhaven's testimony, I presume, will go further than that of a well-known sharper and blackleg."

Wingate's head fell lower and lower, till his face rested on his hands. The struggle, long and severe, had been too much for even his temerity. "I am quite in your power," he said. "I think, I hope you will not be hard upon me. Tell me what I must do, and it shall be done."

"The acceptance you have at this moment in your possession—nay, do not prevaricate; it is your last chance; so you may expect little mercy from me. Place it in my hands and trust to my discretion."

"And supposing I agree—what then? I will make terms!"

"You will do nothing of the kind; it is I who will make terms. Hand it over without another word and you leave here a free man. I say no more."

Slowly, grudgingly, Wingate drew from his breast pocket a worn leather case, and taking therefrom a narrow slip of paper, handed it to Lord Bearhaven, as if it was some precious treasure at which his soul recoiled from parting with. After a hasty glance at its contents, Lord Bearhaven held it over the flame of a lamp till nothing but a few blackened ashes remained in his fingers.

"Now you may go," he said, with a motion towards the door. "Allow me to see you safely off the premises. Your cab is still at the door, I think. You must make your own peace with the cabman and the artificial policeman."

Winchester was standing in the hall somewhat impatiently waiting for the termination of the interview. One glance at the detected scoundrel's face was sufficient evidence of the successful issue. As Wingate disappeared in the darkness, Bearhaven turned to the artist and held out his hand.

"I think we can congratulate ourselves," he said. "The paper we spoke of no longer exists.—And now I will retire, if you have no objection. Miss Dene will not care to see me again to-night, especially as—you understand?"

Winchester nodded; it would have been impossible to express his feelings in words. Once alone, he ran lightly up-stairs to the drawing-room, where Chris and Vere together with Miss Ashton were awaiting him. As he entered, the light was falling full upon Vere's face, from which all the pride and haughtiness had gone, leaving it soft and tearful. There was a tremor of her limbs, her lips worked unsteadily as she tried to smile in return for his bright face. For a moment all were silent, Ashton watching them without daring to speak.

"It is done," he said gently, noting the dumbpitoous appeal in Chris's eyes. "Thank Heaven, you are free at last."

There was another silence, at the end of which he told them all. Miss Ashton, weeping quietly, hung on every word with breathless admiration. To Winchester she firmly believed there was nothing impossible; this favourite erring nephew had always been the delight and terror of her simple life. Now the tale was told, the play was ended. With a passionate sigh, Winchester turned to go.

"This is no longer any place for us," he said.—"Chris, are you coming with me?"

"You will do nothing of the kind," cried Miss Ashton, firm for the only time in her amiable existence. "I will give Semmes orders to lock every door and bring me the keys.—Jack, you ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Winchester sighed again wistfully as Aunt Lucy bustled out of the room. He held but his hand to Vere, but she could not, or would not, see. At the door he lingered for a moment with a backward glance: and Vere, looking up at-length, their eyes met, each telling their own tale in the same mute language.

He was at her side in a moment. "What dare I say?" he asked.

"What dare you say? Rather, what dare you not say? What did you promise a year

ago, and how have you fulfilled that promise? Do you think that I forget so easily—that because riches and prosperity have come to me—Oh! can't you see? Can't you say something I may not?"

"Is it that you care for me, darling—that you still love me?"

"I am weak and foolish; but I cannot help it, Jack." Vere cried with her face aflame. "Oh, how blind you have been, and how unhappy I! Of course it is.—What will people say? What do I care what people say, when I am the happiest girl in England!—But, Jack, there is one thing I would not have them say, that I had actually to ask a man to—marry me."

There was a great glow of happiness upon Winchester's face, reflected in a measure on Ashton's pallid cheek. For a few moments he dared not trust himself to utter the words trembling on his lips.

"You always had my love," he said presently. "Fate has been very good to me in spite of myself. My darling, if you are willing to brave the world, you shall never regret it so long as God gives me health and strength to shield you.—Chris, have you nothing to say?"

"Only, that you may be as happy as you deserve to be. And what you have done for me to-night, with God's help, you shall be repaid for, all the days of your life.—And now, Vere may perhaps be persuaded to let us go."

"I will," she whispered, "for I know you will come again to-morrow. To-morrow—rather to-day; for, see, the sun has risen, and daylight has come at last!"

[THE END.]

Pretty Irish Girls.

In the remoter districts, away from the villages, among the peaty bogs and the hawthorn hedges, the roses bloom red in the cheeks of the Irish peasant girl. However she manages it on the strababout and potatoes, she grows lush and vigorous and full of sap, like the green things that fill the island.

The colleen bawn is straight, she is not infrequently tall, her shoulders are broad, her waist large but supple, and she looks as strong as a young man. Her hair is brown, perhaps with a shade of chestnut: sometimes it has a ripple in it, but oftener it is lustrous and straight, and, very possibly, so heavy as to be almost mop-like. I have seen peasant girls with braids that were like clubs, the tresses when unbound reaching the knees.

Her forehead is low, and the wave of hair is drawn back to leave it uncovered; her eyes are frank and blue, her complexion clear, though exposed to the weather has darkened it and put in it shades of yellow-brown, and the red in her cheeks is as deep as in the poppies that brighten the wheat fields. It is a splash of color, daring, as if an artist had flung it on a dark spot of his canvas, more brilliant than one ever sees in the drier climate of what they are here pleased to call "the States," spreading its warm blush quite from cheekbone to chin.

The peasant girl is often fine-looking, sometimes superlatively handsome, but never with what an American would consider any delicacy of beauty. She has few of the soft curves of more luxuriously nurtured young womanhood. Her arms are not rounded, they look muscular and hard. Her bust is flat, like an Amazon's. She is not dimpled, but she is sturdy, as becomes a scion of the "finest pisanthry in the world." Her greatest charm is her fresh and splendid vitality. She wears a red kerchief over her head or folded about her shoulders, and a petticoat of brown or dark blue stuff, which she weaves herself and which stops half way between her knees and her ankles. Six days in the week her feet are brown and bare. They are large feet, and look better in their naked shapeliness than when disguised for Sundays and holidays under coarse yarn stockings—these she knits—and the cheap laced shoes, with the peculiar combination of thick soles and high heels, which come to the small market towns. For defense against the weather she has a long black cloak gathered at the neck and provided with a hood, and which is probably the most characteristic article left of the old peasant costume.

His Lesson in Adipose.

"Mamma," said Master Harry, "how fat Amelia has grown!"

"Yes," replied his mamma, "but don't say 'fat,' dear, say 'stout.'"

At the dinner table next day Harry was asked if he would take any fat meat. "No, thank you," said Harry, "I'll take some stout."

Health cannot be maintained without good digestion. Try Adams' Tutti Frutti Gum as an effectual remedy for indigestion. Sold by all druggists and confectioners everywhere. 5 cents.

The Poet's Corner

-For Truth

Pulsinoh Lake.

(Written in April.)

Far gleaming "cedars" while hitherward
We saw the glad waters of opaline gold,
With every blue tint of the firmament blend-
ing
Below round the island faries' r. in of old.
If marvellous now in the still April morning
Ere roses arrive in the marigold brake,
No wonder MacCormick revered thine adorn-
ing
When June birds all praised thee, O beauti-
ful Lake.

If lovely in lustro while leafbuds yet hold in
Their red hearts the summer of roseate bloom,
How must thy shores smile as they softly un-
fold in
A flower-mottled garment of glorified green,
Elated by May what a solace thy splendor
Might be to a world we would gladly forsake,
Did duty allow us its strife to surrender,
Or blot out the past by thy beauty, O Lake.

Here bittern and loon have a safe habitation,
The eagle on high and the sea-gull below,
The robin gives song and the wild dove lauda-
tion,
While little winged choirs chant whatever
they know.
When gleaming comes down they make glad
the dim places,
The frog, tho' despised, does his best in the
brake,
And everything offers its quota of graces,
Excepting mankind by this innocent Lake.

Man mars his best days by contentions repin-
ing,
He cradles his peace on a pillow of thorn,
Regardless of good, unrebuked by the -hiling
Florescence that should his own spirit adorn.
The moon rises up and the waves smile to meet
her,
While thousands of stars kindle waves in
her wake,
The trees raise their arms on the breezes to
greet her,
And fleecy clouds flit o'er the azure Lake.

The thunder of warfare w'th smoke overladen,
The shock of repulsion, and struggle in gore,
The wall of the vanquished, the shriek of the
maiden
Despoiled in despair, are unknown to thy
shore.
'Ever a slave on thy border did trample,
Despots shall never subdue thee, or take
By arts or by armies thy liberties ample.
Thou blue shield of freedom, O marvellous
Lake.

Old shoreways renowned where red armies
contended
In bloodshed for that which to neither be-
longs,
May be more revered by our hosts who have
wended
To gaze on their gore and revive them in
songs:
Away with such guilt tho' 'tis classic in story,
The price of crushed empires whose poten-
tates quake.
More worthy art thou, tho' unlaurelled with
glory,
Than Naples or Gemen, O luminous Lake.
New York. A. RAMSAY.

*The ruins on the island are said to have been a
Roman Catholic mission

Just Saved Himself.

He stood by the open fireplace
To warm his pedals just,
When suddenly into his pocket
His hand he happened to thrust.

A very strange expression
Over his features went,
His little wife ran to him,
And asked him what it meant.

He roared like a fiend incarnate,
His tears poured down like rain,
As he said he laughed at a jokelet
He heard that day on the train.

"And what was the merry jokelet?"
His wife asked, full of joy,
"It was all about an ancient
Person in Illinois."

"His relations all he hated,
And when at the door of death
He called his eldest daughter
Under his husky breath.

"Oh bring me that long red stocking
Out of the chest," he said,
The daughter brought it to him,
Who, weak and almost dead.

"By one great effort flung it
Into the rosy flame—
The stocking—and twenty thousand
Dollars was in the same.

"Suddenly he grew better,
And his relatives feel gay,
As they see him chopping and sawing
Wood for a dollar a day."

The little wife laughed delighted,
And thought the joke was good:
But she'd be mind as a hatter—
Oh yes, indeed, she would—

If she knew he laughed at feeling
In his coat tail's innermost
Recess the letter she gave him
Two weeks ago to post.

-Harper's Weekly.

"Do You Remember?"

Do you think, dearest friend, you e'er will for-
get
That calm quiet evening we met in the Park,
When the crimson rays of the sun, ere it set
Stole faint thro' the shade of the evergreen
dark?

Where the birds on the trees their songs blithe-
ly sang,
And loungers looked happy, and no heart
seemed sad?
When the woods, with the shouts of gay child-
hood rang,
And joy reigned supremely, and nature was
glad?

And do you remember that bright, sunny day,
When, happy together, we strolled hand-in-
hand,
O'er the mossy bank, where, when wearied we
lay,
And list to the strains from the Sweet City
band?

Ah! little then wot we, that each word we
spoke
Was but one of Cupid's sure swift-speeding
darts?
We thought it a bright, mystic dream, till we
woke
And found love's strange symbols, engraved
on our hearts!

Toronto, 1890. W. HENRY WARE.

O Why Should The Spirit of Mortal Be Proud?

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FAVORITE POEM

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a fast-flying meteor, a swift-flying cloud,
A flash of lightning, a break of the wave,
Man passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade
He scatter'd around, and together be laid.
And the young and the old, and the low and the high,
Shall moulder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who bless-
ed—
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest

The maid on whose cheek, on whose brow, in
whose eye,
Shone beauty and pleasure—her triumphs are
by:
And the memory of those who loved her and
praised,
Are alike from the minds of the living erased.

The hand of the king that the sceptre hath
borne,
The brow of the priest that the mitre had worn,
The eye of the sage, and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the
steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his
bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

The saint who enjoyed the communion of
heaven
The sinner who dared to remain unrepentant,
The wise and the foolish, the guilty and just,
Have quietly mingled their bones in the dust.

So the multitude goes, like the flower and the
weed,
That wither away to let others succeed:
So the multitude comes even those we behold
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same that our fathers have
been:
We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, and view the same
sun,
And run the same course that our fathers have
run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think,
From the death we are shrinking from, they too
would shrink:
To the life we are clinging to, they, too, would
cling:
But it spoils from the earth, like a bird on the
wing.

They loved, but that story we cannot unfold:
They scorn'd but the heart of the haughty is
cold:
They grieved, but no wall from their slumbers
will come:
They joy'd, but the voice of their gladness is
dumb.

They died—ay! they died: and no things that
are now,
Who walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
Who make in their dwelling a transient abode,
Meet the changes they meet on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea I hope and dependency, pleasure and pain
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, the song and the
dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the gilded saloon to the bleak and the
shroud—
Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

The Land of the Beautiful Dead.

By the hut of the peasant where poverty
And night to the towers of the king,
Close, close to the cradle where infant
And joy loves to linger and sing,
Lies a garden of lights full of
fume,
Where never a tear drips
And the rose and the lily are
'Tis the land of the beautiful dead.

Each moment of life a
And beckons man
Through the heart
of drums,
The army of
Few lips that
brow,
A face from
But we know
ne
In the

Not a charn that we knew ere the bound'ry
was crossed,
And we stood in the valley alone;
Not a trait that we prized in our darling is lost,
They have a fairer and lovelier grown,
As the lilies burst forth when the shadows of
night
Into bondage at daybreak are led,
So they bask in the glow by the pillar of light,
In the land of the beautiful dead,
O, our love, now dead, our beautiful dead,
Are close to the heart of eternity wad;
When the last deed is done and the last word is
said
We will meet in the beautiful land of the
dead.

Remarkable Inventions.

The Government Commissioner of Patents estimate "that from six to seven eights of the entire manufacturing capital of the United States, or six thousand millions of dollars (£120,000,000), is directly or indirectly based upon Patents." A calculation of the same nature in this country reveals a like surprising result, the capital invested being enormous. It has been computed that Siemen's inventions have produced more than \$25,000,000 sterling, and have directly benefited the working classes of England largely by creating new industries or by re-viving flagging ones. There is scarcely an article of human convenience or necessity in the market to-day that has not been the subject of a patent. The sale of every such article yields its inventor a profit. If we purchase a box of paper collars, a portion of the price goes to the inventor; if we buy a sewing-machine the chances are that we pay a royalty to as many as a dozen or fifteen inventors at once. Lord Brougham often said that he would gladly have exchanged his honors and emoluments for the profits and renown of the inventor of the perambulator or sewing-machine.

Howe, the originator of this invention, derived the princely fortune of \$500,000 a year from it; and from their mechanical improvements Wheeler and Wilson are reputed to have divided for many years an income of \$200,000; while the author of the Singer sewing-machine left at his decease nearly \$15,000,000. The telephone, the planing-machine, and the rubber patents realized many millions; while the simple idea of heating the blast in iron-smelting increased the wealth of the country by hundreds of millions. The patent for making the lower end of candles taper instead of parallel, so as more easily to fit the socket, assisted to make the enormous business of J. C. and J. Field, who successfully introduced "Ozokerit" to the British public. The "Drive Well" was an idea of Colonel Green, whose troops during the war were in want of water. He conceived the notion of driving a two-inch tube into the ground until water was reached and then attaching a pump. This simple contrivance was patented, and the farmers who have adopted it have been obliged to pay him a royalty estimated at \$300,000. A large fortune was realized by the inventor who patented the idea of making umbrellas out of alpaca instead of ging-ham; and Fox, the patentee of the improved "Paragon Frame, left by will \$570,000 out of his profits. The weaving, dye, lace, and ribbon-making trades originated and depend for their existence upon ingenious machinery, the result of an infinity of inventive efforts. The discovery of the perforated substance used for bottoming chairs has made its inventor a millionaire. George Yeaton, the inventor in question, was a poor cane-seater in Vermont. He first distinguished himself by inventing a machine for weaving cane, but he made no money out of it, as someone filched his idea and had the process patented. After years of experimenting, Yeaton at last hit upon the invention, which consists of a number of layers of boards of different thickness, glued together to form a surface, and formed a company, and the plant valued at a half million dollars. It is in "herce" derived from a from being a lucrative business.

Yea I hope and dependency, pleasure and pain
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain,
And the smile and the tear, the song and the
dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.
'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a
breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of
death,
From the gilded saloon to the bleak and the
shroud—
Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

came. I have never thought of it since, from that hour to this, but you had a letter in your hand—I can see it now, with its large red wax—from the ironmonger; and papa was angry, and called him by some slighting name."

"The Corrugated!" exclaimed Martha; "so he did. The idea of your remembering that! What a man your father was for jokes and names!"

"But who was the ironmonger?"

"There was no such person, my dear: it was my cousin Job, the iron-master, whom your papa used to make merry about. He is alive still, though very old, and is said to have as many thousands a year as he has years of age. Poor man!"

"Why do you call him poor if he is so rich?"

"Because he is greatly to be pitied, my dear; for, just as you are unhappy to-night because you are on the point of leaving all you love for ever, so Job Maddox is unhappy at the idea of leaving all he loves—his wealth; for money cannot purchase a new lease of life. The only quarrel your dear papa and I ever had was about Job. When my mother died, and I was left—not ill off, my dear, you know, but what you would call with rather small means—it was expected, that is, some people expected, that Job, who was my only relative save ourselves, would do great things for me. He wrote me a most excellent letter of advice, I'm sure; I have got it now, with a picture of his chief manufactory lithographed on the note, and *Corrugated Iron Company* printed on the envelope; but your papa was not satisfied with that, and took upon himself to send him what he called a pastoral letter."

"I remember," said Mabel smiling—a letter such as he used to send to the farmers when they refused to let their empty wagons bring back the poor people's coal from the railway station."

"Just so, my dear. Well, Job didn't like it, and I didn't like it either; I mean your papa asking for anything upon my account; and the matter was always a bono of contention between us. What names he gave him! Dear me, dear me! "The Golden Mean," on account of his wealth and prudence; and "The Corrugated." (Cousin Job may not have been very liberal, but I am sure we have enjoyed many a hearty laugh at his expense. How strange that it should have come into our heads to think of him to-night!"

But there was nothing strange about it. A thousand recollections, "buried all under the down-trodden pall of the leaves of many years," rose up from their graves that night to people Mabel's mind. The memories of the dead, God be thanked! are not always mournful, although the echo of their mirth sounds so sadly to us from the tomb; and perhaps what was destined to be missed most and longest, in the place that was to know Parson Denham no more, was the smile that was a cordial to weary hearts, and the wit that always couched its shining lance in the cause of the weak and the poor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Woman Shot by a Priest.

Rue de la Barriere, one of the most frequented streets of Rodz, was last Saturday evening the scene of a drama which created all the greater sensation as a priest, named Courtial, was its author. This man, who had been following Madame Colinet, the wife of a carpenter, about the town during more than half an hour, suddenly pointed his walking-stick gun at the unfortunate woman and shot her dead on the spot. On seeing his victim fall the priest broke into lamentations, and wanted to accompany the lady to the hospital, but, in presence of the menacing crowd and the fear of the vengeance of the young woman's husband, he was induced to go away. He was almost immediately arrested. He affirmed that his walking-stick gun had gone off accidentally at the moment he raised it to tap Madame Colinet on the shoulder to remind her that she owed him a certain sum of money. The priest is a man of about 40 years of age, who has been without any employment for several years. He had already made himself notorious for his eccentricities. Madame Colinet, who was 27 years old, had been married only four months. The judicial inquiry has proved that previous to her marriage Abbe Courtial was received at the house of his victim, and that since the wedding Madame Colinet has never consented to open her door to him.

"That baby will never be a good business man. He has no enterprise." "Why not?" "Why, the little idiot went and got born the day after the census man was here."

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

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AT HOME.

The Prince of Wales is undeniably the best dressed man in Europe, if not in the world. His wardrobe is larger and more varied than that of any other man of fashion. It is on record that, upon a recent taking of an inventory at Marlborough House, it was found that the Heir-Apparent to the Throne possessed as many as 300 pairs of trousers. How many waistcoats, morning coats, afternoon coats, jackets, hunting suits, dresscoats, over-coats, and ulsters it was never learned, but the stock was sufficiently large enough to set up a first-class clothing establishment. The prince does not confine his trade to any one tailor. Usually, the prince dresses in very good taste; he has numerous valets, and one of these attends solely to his wardrobe. The Prince clothes himself in such garments as that worthy may select for him. He is very fond of black clothing, and the Prince Albert coat, named in his honor, or more properly speaking, the frock coat, is one of his favorites. He is also very fond of varnished boots and white over gaiters, and he delights in a silk hat. He has such an extensive wardrobe that it is seldom he wears the same suit twice in the same month. When the Heir to the Throne goes to the Scottish moors for a shooting trip or for fishing, he arrays himself in Highland costume. If he is to attend a military gathering, he always wears his regimental uniform. If he goes to Oxford or Cambridge for a visit he appears himself like one of the students, wearing the ordinary cap and gown. His sons follow his example in the matter of dressing well. They are both partial to the frock coat, varnished boots, and silk hat that so delight the father.

The world at large little thinks how hard the Prince works. We have known him to run up to town early in the morning to attend some show or other he has promised to patronize, then some public dinner later in the day, and after that a theatre or dance. Or perhaps he has been at a funeral or wedding in the early part of the day, a levee in the afternoon, and a ball at night. These are bare outlines of what His Royal Highness has to get through. Journeys to and fro, changes of dress, and other duties must, of course, be reckoned for.

The Prince is indeed a very hard-working man, for his life consists of a constant rush from place to place, and from duty to duty; but nothing is neglected and nothing forgotten. In the matter of tours, blending public, social, and private functions, the Prince has done, and continues to do, an amount of work that has never been equalled, much less excelled. During his Indian visit he was always engaged in some interesting public business, and varying his ceremonial and Royal duties with recreations of an active and exhilarating nature. It has been the same with his European tours. No living man has received more public addresses, or conversed with more of the public men of all countries or had better opportunities of acquiring the most cosmopolitan information. The range, rapidity, and variety of these quasi-public tours once furnished *Punch* with the materials for a humorous tale of magic and mystery. An ambitious mortal was depicted as intent upon following an illustrious person in his travels by means of a magic opera hat, which conveyed him from place to place. He kept up the chase for some days, flying from capital to capital, from country to country, from Court to private castle from public ceremony to private entertainment, until, physically and mentally exhausted, he was glad to be rid of his opera hat, and to resume his quiet life as an ordinary being. The story conveyed some little useful teaching. The Prince of Wales's collected addresses run from 1863 to 1883, and are 151 in number. The more numerous addresses touch such diversified subjects as commerce, agriculture, education, public works, medical charities, and general philanthropy. They are short, kindly, and appreciative, obviously bearing about them the stamp of the Prince of Wales's individuality. Not only has His Royal Highness a remarkable memory for dates, etc., but also for faces and names. Once seen, they are never forgotten.

It is a common remark by those who know the life of the Prince, that if he had been a private gentleman instead of Prince of Wales, he would have made the most distinguished statesman the world has seen, for he seems to possess the happy knack of being able to grasp a number of subjects at one time, and always saying and doing the right thing at the right time and in the right place.

Many people who are disposed to exaggerate every little incident and to cavil at every trifling action, are always on the lookout for incidents regarding the way the Prince spends his Continental Sundays. We would beg to remind such, that though it is

well known how fond His Royal Highness is of horses and all appertaining to them, yet he has never seen the "Grand Prix de Paris" run, simply because it is on the English Sabbath.

The Princess of Wales really works very hard; the entire nation know how much she has done for years for English society, and how she has preserved it from the thorough stagnation that would otherwise have overtaken it, with a Queen who seldom (from age and other causes) appears in the midst of her loyal subjects. Her Royal Highness has had a very trying position to fill; no one could have filled it so well, for she is a queen in all but name. What she gets through is something wonderful. We have known her out in the morning, at the dairy, the industrial schools, etc., then home to luncheon. After that, one or two interviews; then a walk round to view decorations, etc., for a ball to take place in the evening. After that, off to see the school children have tea provided for them; back again to dress for dinner. Then at ten p. m. make her entrance into the ball room, go through all the fatigue of receiving and putting at their ease some hundreds of people who have been invited, and remain with them until after two in the morning. Have breakfast served as usual about nine, and then start off for a drive of several miles, in sledges and a heavy snowstorm, to grace with her presence the presentation of a testimonial to a well known huntsman.

The position the Princess holds is no sinecure, but she holds the place in the hearts of the people that she gained more than a quarter of a century ago, when she became the bride of Albert Edward; and we may confidently prophecy that she will continue to do so.—*Spare Moments.*

Begging for Admission to a Gaol.

A Paris correspondent says.—There is a touch of American humour in an incident that occurred at the Prison of Sainte Pelagie here. The editor of a newspaper called *Bataille* was sentenced to eight days' imprisonment for some attacks made in his journal on Colonel Vincent during the anti-Boulangist campaign, and, by order of the Magistrate, he went to Sainte Pelagie to surrender himself and suffer his punishment. To his great astonishment the governor of the prison refused to let him in. "You must go somewhere else, I can't have you here," said the official. "But I want to get in," persisted the editor, who perhaps desired to escape the turmoil of to-morrow's fate. "I tell you I can't have you," replied the Governor, "and I won't let you in." Go back to the magistrate who sent you!" The disappointed journalist raged over the Seine to the Palais de Justice, and the magistrate then told him, with an apology of course, that Sainte Pelagie was full up, and that he would have to do his eight days in the Prison de la Sante instead. The editor, however, declined to go there voluntarily, at least—declaring that Sainte Pelagie was the place where offenders against the press laws had always retired into temporary seclusion, and that unless they found room for him there he would not go anywhere. Here the matter rests for the present.

Dr. Westcott, coroner for North London, held an inquest on the body of Maria Lange, aged sixty-eight years, who committed suicide by poisoning herself. On Wednesday morning a friend of the deceased living some distance away from the house found some of the latter's wearing apparel in her area, on which she went to the house, taking with her a policeman, who, on forcing the door, found deceased lying on the bed quite dead, she being dressed ready for interment, having on her a shroud, a pair of white gloves, and a new pair of white stockings. On the front garden being searched, a bottle was found labelled cyanide of potassium, and inquired showed that deceased had kept the poison from the time her husband had committed suicide.

Died in the Lonely Pass.

A story comes Dinapore, Bengal, with regard to two men of the Comnoughts who disappeared when the regiment was on the frontier of Tibet in the spring of 1884. A pass in the hills had to be crossed twice daily during some distance among the native tribes in May, and one of the patrols was taken up in a snowstorm by the men returning to their tents and threes. Two private soldiers were marked off as being absent, and were not suspected until they sent themselves to a... were found his rifle, the... dently from

Rheumatism,

BEING due to the presence of uric acid in the blood, is most effectually cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Be sure you get Ayer's and no other, and take it till the poisonous acid is thoroughly expelled from the system. We challenge attention to this testimony:—

"About two years ago, after suffering for nearly two years from rheumatic gout, being able to walk only with great discomfort, and having tried various remedies, including mineral waters, without relief, I saw by an advertisement in a Chicago paper that a man had been relieved of this distressing complaint, after long suffering, by taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I then decided to make a trial of this medicine, and took it regularly for eight months, and am pleased to state that it has effected a complete cure. I have since had no return of the disease."—Mrs. R. Irving Dodge, 110 West 125th st., New York.

"One year ago I was taken ill with inflammatory rheumatism, being confined to my house six months. I came out of the sickness very much debilitated, with no appetite, and my system disordered in every way. I commenced using Ayer's Sarsaparilla and began to improve at once, gaining in strength and soon recovering my usual health. I cannot say too much in praise of this well-known medicine."—Mrs. L. A. Stark, Nashua, N. H.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla,

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Price \$1, six bottles, \$5. Worth \$5 a bottle.

ACTIVE VOLCANOES IN NORTH AMERICA.

One of Them Will Make a Fine Light-house When it Brightens Up a Little.

News brought down Port Townsend by officers and passengers on the steamer Arago confirms the reports as to Mount Bogoslov being in a state of activity. About two months ago there was a violent earthquake on all the islands in the Aleutian group, and soon after Bogoslov, which is on Oumnak island, began emitting steam and smoke and fire and lava.

Bogoslov has been an active volcano since 1796, when the island upon which it is situated is said to have risen from the sea. Although always marked on charts as extinct, several times in the past year smoke and steam have been issuing from the crater, and from his original height of 1,369 feet the volcano has been eaten down to 834 feet above the sea level. Prof. Elliot of the Smithsonian Institution has visited the island upon which the volcano is situated, and has made important scientific investigations. The flare of fire thousands of feet in height can be seen at night issuing from the mountain.

Mount Shishaldin, which is 5,952 feet high, on Adalg Island, is emitting steam and smoke, and, it is thought, will soon be in a state of eruption. This mountain can be seen at sea for nearly 100 miles, and will be of great good to navigation if it should become active, as the pillar of fire can be seen for a great distance and will serve as a guide through the dangerous Oumnak Pass.

A Sagacious Dog.

A Berlin paper describes an incident which occurred the other day at the Bahnhof. A building little son, a child, was seen to visit on board an anchor in the left along and fell very

GENERAL NAVAL MATTERS.

A French naval officer, serving in the fleet at present manœuvring under Vice Admiral Duperré's command, has sent anything but a flattering report of the manœuvres. He says that when, after starting from Brest, the fleet approached the Morgat roadstead, the ships were allowed to separate simultaneously and select their own positions. It was a difficult matter for the Captains, but very simple for the general staff. Similarly, when the fleet sailed out into the open in the form of a cross, the twelve ironclads in the centre, the vanguard and the rearguard in front and behind them, and the *calibres* spread out on both sides, it was impossible to test the value of his tactics, as not one of the ships had been set aside to represent the enemy. One night there was an attack by torpedo boats, but, instead of being removed to a distance with instructions to choose their own time, the torpedo boats were permitted to remain with the fleet until 7:30 o'clock that evening. They were then told to clear off and to return between 9:15 and 10:30 o'clock when of course all the big ships were keeping a careful lookout. Naturally, the experiment was worthless.

The Italian ship *Andrea Doria* has recently undergone a successful series of full power trials of Spezzia. She, the *Ruggiero Di Lauria*, and the *Francesca Morosini*, form a group very similar to the Admiral type of the British Navy. They are of 1,000 tons displacement, 328 feet long, and 65 feet 4 inches beam. Their engines of 10,000 horse power were intended to give them a maximum speed of 16 knots. The armament consists of four 110-ton Elswick guns, mounted in two barbets, two six-inch quick-firing guns, and twelve machine guns. The machinery is of the three-cylinder inverted vertical triple-expansion type, working twin screws and the eight large double-ended boilers are placed in closed stokeholds. The results of the runs was a mean horse power of 10,500 and an average speed of 161 knots. The coal was unpicked and the stokers were Italian. The preliminary trials of the *Be Umberto*, 20,000 horse-power, are expected to take place in a few weeks at Naples.

Admiral of the Fleet Sir Thomas Symonds has made a vigorous appeal to the British Prime Minister of the strength and condition of the navy. He complains that, while the British Navy is represented as being kept up to the strength of that of any two other powers, it really has but seventy-seven battle ships to France and Russia's ninety-eight. He says England has 501 war vessels to match 585 held by France and Russia, or 579 held by France and Italy, or 556 held by France and Germany. In regard to the size of ships, the Admiral makes it a point that, if speed is to be maintained, length must greatly exceed the proportion to breadth hitherto allowed in war ships. Sir Thomas greatly strengthens his case by apt quotations from his history, and judging from his reception in the British naval papers, he must be held to be to a very large extent the mouthpiece of naval opinion.

That the late officers of the British ship *Zalozpe*, famous for her Samoan experiences, have received recognition from their Government is gratifying to navy people generally. The Captain is now in command of the *Inflexible*, one of the largest ironclads in the world; the First Lieutenant has been since made a Commander, and the Staff Engineer has been advanced to the rank of Staff Engineer. The gunner's mate, especially distinguished himself, is promoted to gunner. The rest of the crew have received appointments in other ships. The Admiralty has given its high approval of the services rendered on the occasion, and has granted eight in consequence of the services for promotion.

Described in the *Illustrated London News* as "the most successful of all the mending trades," the cloth mender mends cloth. Properly done with the finger, the rent hardly shows, and it is not in a place where the stitches are attached when the glove is worn. The silk beneath tends to prevent the rent from showing, and any one can catch on to the mending and learn to do something of the skill of an expert. The mending even may be done in silk, where it is called "mending" and may be kept in the same way.

One hundred and twenty of the mending were massaged. The son of the mender was the one who did the mending.

one tug, and fourteen launches for river police service.

Capturing A General.

The only prisoner made by the English Reserve at Waterloo was a French general, whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade-major, anxious for an adventure. Baron Malortie tells the story in his book, "Twist Old Times and New."

During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve, under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc, and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned.

While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the Reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French general and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen.

One of the group was Captain Halkett, a young brigade-major, mounted on a thoroughbred. Suddenly he exclaimed, "I'll lay any one five pounds that I will bring that French general over here, dead or alive. Who'll take my bet?"

"Done—done—done—," shouted several officers.

The captain examined the saddle girths and his pistols. Then shouting, "Good-by!" and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word.

The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted, and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through.

Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted general on the right side. At that instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp, and made for the English lines.

When the general's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider, they dashed after him. But he had a good start, and not a Frenchman dared to fire, for fear of hitting the general. Half a squad of English dragoons, seeing Halkett chased by a dozen French officers, charged them. They opened their ranks to let Halkett through, closed them up again the moment he was in the rear, and then forced the Frenchmen to turn swiftly and seek shelter under their own guns.

Amidst the maddest cheering, Halkett stopped in front of the British lines, with the general half-dead, but securely clasped in his strong arms. He jumped from his horse, apologized to his prisoner for the unceremonious way in which he had been handled, in reply to the congratulations of his comrades, said simply, "Praise my horse, not me!"

The captured general was treated with the utmost courtesy. Horses and servants were placed at his disposal, and he was sent under escort to Brussels.

A Peculiarly Feminine Task.

Every one who has attempted the task knows that it requires a particularly deft touch to mend a rent in a glove successfully. In the picture of Hilda, the heroine of the *Marble Faun*, engaged in mending her gloves, Hawthorne draws attention to the grace of this peculiarly feminine task. The best glove menders in the world, unfortunately for this sentiment, are men, "professional glove-sewers," who handle the kid and needle with methodical dexterity. A rip is a simple matter with them; it is in mending a tear in the kid that they show their skill. The color of the glove is carefully matched in silk taffeta or any silk goods of firm, light quality, and in sewing silk. A piece of the silk is run on the inside carefully under the rent so as to bring the edges together, but not so as to show on the outside of the glove, and the edges of the kid are then drawn together by almost invisible stitches, which the cloth mender mends cloth. Properly done with the finger, the rent hardly shows, and it is not in a place where the stitches are attached when the glove is worn. The silk beneath tends to prevent the rent from showing, and any one can catch on to the mending and learn to do something of the skill of an expert. The mending even may be done in silk, where it is called "mending" and may be kept in the same way.

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Don'ts From Anglers.

Don't forget to oil your reel occasionally. Vaseline and plumbago is a first-class lubricant.

Don't let your line dry on the reel. Draw it out on a chair till dry, otherwise it rots soon.

Don't use coarse tackle. "Fine and far off" is an excellent maxim, though nearly two centuries old.

Don't lie about your catch. It is vulgar—everybody does it. Be high-toned and different from the "vulgar herd."

Don't swerve one iota from the laws of the province in which you fish. Remember ignorance of the law is no palliation.

Don't make too much noise—especially with your feet. Remember old Isaac Walton's word's: "Study to be quiet and go a-angling."

Don't forget to wipe your rod with a dry cloth on returning from fishing. A good rod and a good gun need equal care, and are worth it.

Don't stand a jointed rod leaning against a support. Rather hang it by the line over the branch of a tree, if you are camping; or better still, dismount it.

Don't lay your rod down while you light your pipe. Your companion's erring path will, ten to one, lie right under the tip, and he will not step over the latter.

Don't carry your worm-bait in your hot hand till you want it—or even in your mouth. Have a bait box strapped to the waist and brought round under the left elbow.

Don't carry your rod tip first and line loose through the brush. Wind the line carefully round the rod and carry the butt in front. You will find it much easier and safer.

Don't use "cuss" words. If the situation is overpowering you may murmur, "Godfrey Daniell's blast and furnace works," but do not be too emphatic even with this expletive.

Don't forget a vial of liquor ammonia for mosquito bites. Also a "dope" of Hind's Fly Cream or Ferguson's "Repellene"—both good; or a mixture of pine tar and penny-royal.

Don't excuse yourself for not returning an undersized fish by saying, "It would have died, anyhow."

Don't kill fish to waste. Fish rather for specimens than for count. The "fish hog" is a lineal descendant of those that, possessed with the devil, ran down the mountain into the sea—in search of fish.

Don't let your capture die in the air by slow asphyxiation. If large, club it; if it be a brook trout, put the thumb in the roof of its mouth and quickly bend back the head, snapping its vertebra at the base of the skull.

Don't twist your rod in unjoining it. Draw it asunder. If it sticks heat the ferules over a lamp and allow it to cool. It will then come apart. Grease the male ferule occasionally with a little vasoline to prevent sticking.

Don't strike the hook into the jaw of any fish as if your aim was to lift the biter "quivering to the skies." A sharp twitch and then a taut line, deliberation, and patience will be the business you have in hand without heroic measures.

Don't use aniline or other corroding dyes for gut. Soak the strands in the hot sediment of strong coffee till they are a good light brown; then drop in a knob of copra as big as a bean and stir till dissolved; the result is a serviceable mist color.

Don't attempt to tie gut dry. It must be well soaked. Good gut is round and transparent, and when beat does not break but simply curves like a spring. By twisting it between the thumb and forefinger you can instantly perceive if it is flat or not.

Don't use such words as "pole" for rod, "rodster" for angler, "speckled beauties" for brook trout, "bronze backer" for bass, "chucking a bug" for fly-fishing, *et seq.* The angler's vocabulary is quite large enough for all practical purposes without these coinages.

Don't allow the hooked fish to pull down the point of your rod till its spring is no longer in use and the drag is on the line only. Rather let out line and keep the butt over upright, making use of all the resiliency of the weapon. So shall the victory be yours and the end of the fish shall be peace.

Don't place dead fish in water to keep them. If ice is lacking wrap them in a damp cloth, wring out of salt and water, and bury deep in the earth under a shady tree. Dry tissue or newspaper wrapped round a fresh caught fish will preserve the bright color. The mouth of the fish may be filled with salt.

Don't try to cast the fly too far; don't swing the arm like a semaphore signal;

don't be in too great hurry in the return for ward cast; don't forget to make the wrist and forearm and rod do the work; don't be impatient if your fly occasionally hangs in a cloud or in the summit of a three hundred feet birch—leave it in the one and climb the other calmly.

An Atlantic Travelling Thief.

At the Liverpool City Sessions on Wednesday—before Mr. Leofric Temple, Q.C., Assistant Recorder—Catherine Woods, 28, described as of no occupation, was charged with stealing a diamond ring, the property of Mrs. Anore Van Houten, a young widow lady, while on a voyage from New York to Liverpool on the steamship *Etruria* recently. The prosecutrix, who is a resident of New York, was on a journey to England, and the prisoner and three other ladies occupied the same state room. On the morning of the day in question Mrs. Van Houten left her diamond ring on the sofa whilst she washed her hands, and when she went back for it she found it was not where she placed it, and the prisoner was alone. The prisoner denied all knowledge of the ring, but from her subsequent actions the prosecutrix suspected that she had taken possession of the ring. On the 4th July the prisoner was apprehended in Cardiff, to which town she belonged, and the ring, which the prosecutrix identified as hers, was found on her finger. Before being locked up she threw the ring away but it was recovered, and she had two other diamond rings upon her finger and a massive plain gold ring. She had also £160 in her pocket. Mr. Tablin, who appeared to prosecute, described the prisoner as a dangerous woman, who travelled first class to and from America for the purpose of purloining other people's goods who happened to be in the same room with her. Mrs. Van Houten repeated the evidence already published, and confidently identified her ring. Detective Smith, of Cardiff, said the prisoner took the ring off her finger, threw it away, called him a swine, and struck him on the nose before she charged her with the theft. The Assistant-Recorder, in summing up, commented upon the prisoner's conduct in throwing away the ring, and the jury after a short deliberation found her guilty. It appeared that she had been twice previously convicted in this country, and Mr. Tobin made an application that the sentence should be postponed till next sessions, in order that the police might be in a position to prove the full story of this woman in a proper way. Her story would be found to be a most extraordinary one. She had been convicted many times in America, and had only just come out of prison there. Many robberies had taken place from travellers, and on each occasion many articles had been traced besides a great deal of jewellery which had been found upon this woman. Next sessions there would no doubt be other prosecutions. It was further stated that the prisoner had made 25 journeys to and from America. The sentence was then postponed till next sessions.

Hints for the Household.

Sixty drops of liquid make one teaspoonful.

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

Powdered rice sprinkled upon lint and applied to fresh wounds will stop bleeding.

Great improvement will be found in tea and coffee if they are kept in glass jars instead of tin boxes.

Old cotton or merino stocking tops are better than cloth for patching merino underwear, as they yield with it.

An effectual remedy for limy and greasy drain pipes is copperas dissolved and left to work gradually through the pipe.

Many women go upstairs with the body bent forward and the chest contracted—a practice very injurious to the heart and lungs.

Two quarts of water with two ounces of glycerine scented with rose, as a dressing in the bath, will impart freshness and delicacy to the skin.

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

A simple means of changing the air of a sick room is to open a window at the top, and opening the door, move it back and forward rapidly, so as to insure a current of fresh air from the window.

Few children can be induced to take physic without a struggle, and no wonder—most drugs are extremely nauseating. Ayer's Pills, on the contrary, being sugar coated, are eagerly swallowed by the little ones, and are, therefore, the favorite family medicine.

Health Department.

Diphtheria.

Of those who were attacked by yellow fever during the prevalence of that disease in Florida a year or two ago, only about one in eleven died. In the same year there were one thousand four hundred and twenty two cases of diphtheria in Boston, of which four hundred and seventy, or one in three, proved fatal. During the last eleven years there have been fourteen thousand eight hundred and sixty seven cases of diphtheria in Boston, with an aggregate of four thousand eight hundred and twenty five deaths.

Such a fearful prevalence of this deadly disease, with its incessant desolation of homes, is not by any means necessary. In Glasgow, Scotland, its ravages have been greatly checked by means of enforced isolation and disinfection, and there is no reason why our own Boards of Health, if they were armed with the requisite legal power and backed up by a wise public sentiment, might not be able to accomplish a similar result.

Diphtheria is much more fatal than small-pox, and the fact that it is less contagious only increases the necessity of compulsory isolation; for many persons expose themselves unnecessarily to diphtheria who could not be induced by any consideration to expose themselves to small-pox.

It is a fact of public interest that diphtheria does not go from house to house apart from personal communication. Except in tenement houses, therefore, the patient can be safely isolated at home, provided the public is duly notified by some simple but familiar signal attached to the door. For such as cannot be safely isolated at home, adequate municipal accommodation should be provided.

The public needs to understand more fully than as yet it seems to do, that diphtheria does not come, like influenza for instance, in the air; but that every case is from a previous case, and that thorough isolation and disinfection would in time stamp out the disease, as completely as a noxious weed would be killed out by the destruction of all its seeds.

We must add that, in its early stage, diphtheria is not readily distinguished from an ordinary sore throat. For this reason every case of sore throat in a child, especially at a time when diphtheria is prevalent, should be looked upon with a degree of suspicion, enough at least to prevent the communication of what may prove to be the dreaded disease. It should be kept in mind, also, that children with sore throats and nasal catarrh are peculiarly susceptible to infection.

Physical Training for Women.

Mr. Fredwick Treves calls attention to a perfectly new branch of the work undertaken by the society with reference to physical education. Within the last few years an immense deal of attention had been directed to the matter of physical education. It had been pointed out that the education of the mind was well looked after, while the education of the body was practically allowed to look after itself. Parents did not realize that proper physical education must be conducted on as precise and as careful scientific lines as the ordinary education of the mind. Parents were quite content to send their children to gymnasiums, and when they had done this felt satisfied that their physical education was complete. They were unaware that there was no proper control over the teachers of gymnastics and calisthenics, a large number of who were perfectly unfit for their work.

The chief object of the society had, therefore, more reference to children than to men and boys. As a result, the society has as its administrative principle, that no one could teach who could not himself perform the exercises. This principle has been carried out with the most scrupulous care. The convenience of the members would be greatly increased if a room in the building were planned with a view to this direction.

Motives of vanity and regard for the future physical development of their girls might so influence mothers who were indifferent to higher considerations to see that the physical education of girls was carried out, whether in families or in schools, under persons trained, skilled and having the requisite knowledge to make such physical training in all respect useful and in no case injurious. Neither could be said of the very limited amount of physical training now given to girls. It was pointed out that the National Health Society's diplomas would be granted to teachers of gymnastics, calisthenics and physical exercises as had fulfilled the necessary curriculum and passed the required examinations.

The society hoped by the institution of this diploma to encourage the development of physical education in this country; to render such training precise, effectual and scientific; to protect the public, on one hand, from incompetent teachers, and, on the other, to establish the position of such instructors as were fully qualified. It was intended, however, that the work of such teachers should be devoted and restricted to the one legitimate object set forth in the diploma, namely, physical training, and that they should not undertake the treatment of deformity or disease by "movement cures," "remedial exercises," "massage and the like." The diploma would certify that the candidate had passed an examination in the art and science of physical education, had fulfilled the curriculum required by the society, and was fully qualified to act as an instructor of gymnastics, calisthenics and physical exercises generally.

A Room for Sickness.

There are few things more conducive to the comfort of a family than a room suitably arranged for sickness. Without it, there is much unnecessary inconvenience; not only to the one who is ill, but to every member of the family. Especially is such a room desirable in contagious diseases. Many have lost loved ones just because the plan, and furnishing, were such that it was impossible to separate the sick from the well.

And yet it would seem, from the general management at such times, that many parents think that if one child be taken with scarlet fever, for instance, every child in the family must of necessity have it. There is no greater mistake. Scarlet fever is seldom, if ever, communicated before the eruption is developed. This may be doubted by many; but when we know that children frequently escape when exposed in the fever stage, it is certainly the part of wisdom to take advantage of this knowledge. Many parents become frightened if there happens to be a case of scarlet fever in the school. The truth is, there is comparatively little danger of taking this disease in the beginning. The danger arises from carelessness in allowing the child to return to school and wear the clothing that has been worn during convalescence, or left where the emanations from the eruption could lodge in the texture.

This suggests the exercise of the greatest possible care. A case of scarlet fever in a room where there are curtains, carpet, papered walls, with other ordinary furnishings, will make it unsafe for occupancy indefinitely, unless the germs of the disease be destroyed; and in a room of this kind, one never feels sure that the fumigation has been sufficiently thorough. On the other hand, with a room properly located and arranged, no danger in the future need be apprehended. Under these circumstances, the most dreaded of all of the diseases of children would, in the majority of cases, be limited to one case in the family, and the danger to that one greatly lessened.

The necessity for such a room in every home is almost imperative. We would be surprised if we could estimate how often and how much of the time such a room would be used. When all the members of the household are well, such a room would be quiet and restful, where any one might go for a nap, from father and mother down to baby. Its last use is of no small consideration when one takes into account the impression necessary to be exercised when some one either accidentally or intentionally falls asleep on a sitting-room couch. The convenience of such a room in all homes would be greatly increased if a room in the building were planned with a view to this direction.

The Steam Turbine Lifeboat.

At length the problem of applying mechanical motive power to a lifeboat appears to have been solved. At the beginning of 1888, Messrs. R. and H. Green, of Blackwell, suggested a boat to be driven by a turbine wheel instead of a screw, and eventually the idea was adopted and the other afternoon a party of gentlemen made a trial trip. The Duke of Northumberland is 50 feet long, 14 feet 3 inches in extreme breadth, when fully loaded has a draught of 3 feet 3 inches, and the horizontal compound surface-condensing engines are of 170 indicated horse power. She is built of the very best steel, and though so small a boat she is put together with no less than 72,000 rivets, exclusive of anything connected with the machinery. She is of immense strength, though extremely light. It is calculated that she might list over to 110 degrees without capsizing, practically she cannot be upset, and might be relied upon to live in the wildest sea that ever beats about our coasts.

The chief feature is the application of the turbine. Of course a paddle steamer would be of no use for lifeboat work, and to the screw there are many and serious objections. The turbine seems to meet them all, and the success of the boat the other day was very remarkable. Her mean speed on the measured mile has given about eight and a half knots an hour—just a trifle under. Going at full speed she was pulled up in little more than half her length. In forty seconds she made a complete circle, and in less than a minute without the aid of her rudder and by a very simple manipulation of her turbine alone.

Nothing in the way of engine power can be less complex than those of the new lifeboat. When once started they do not require to be stopped or reversed. They have simply to go straight ahead with their work, which is just to drive water through the turbine at the rate of about a ton a second. The main pulsation of a valve by two handles directs the course of the great current, and determines whether the boat shall stop dead or go ahead or astern, and that without any communication with the engine room whatever. There are no paddles to get carried away, no screw to get smashed up if she runs aground, only a tremendous outrush of water at various points about the hold, and if the rudder should be carried away, as has already been shown she can be steered with the greatest safety by her turbine alone. The well of the boat is situated aloft the machinery, and will accommodate thirty passengers. It is a wonderful little vessel.

Another ingredient of this "Elixir of Beauty" is thorough cleanliness. It is related of one of the most famous beauties of ancient times that the charm of her complexion dazzled all beholders, but it was not till after her death, at the age of 50, still beautiful, that it was disclosed that her only chemical application was soft water, thoroughly applied every day. This efficient is still available, and its power is nowise lessened. If soft water cannot be had, any water can be made soft by the addition of a few drops of ammonia or a little borax. It is to be feared that there are many who use plenty of water, but neglect the equally important item of soap. Some, indeed, have an almost superstitious fear of applying soap to the face. "Of course I use soap on my hands, but never on my face," said a young lady recently—and her countenance confirmed the statement. It was dull, lifeless—in fact, genteelly dirty! She was speaking to her physician, and explaining that she supposed soap would ruin the texture of her skin.—*Cool Housekeeping.*

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Coughing

It is Nature's effort to expel foreign substances from the bronchial passages. Frequently, this causes inflammation and the need of an anodyne. No other expectorant or anodyne is equal to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It assists Nature in ejecting the mucus, allays irritation, induces repose, and is the most popular of all cough cures.

"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, Denmark, Mass.

"A few years ago I took a severe cold which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continual use of the Pectoral, a permanent cure was effected."—Horace Fairbrother, Rockingham, Vt.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price 50c; six bottles, \$3.

THE ENGINEER'S DOG.

It was Slide's Canine Instinct That Prevented a Railroad Wreck.

"Yes, sir," remarked the gray haired gentleman with a slight tremor in his voice, "I have given up railroading now, having become a little bit too far advanced upon the road of life to sit in a cab and make a locomotive move. Oh! you want to know about that dog of mine. All right, I used to run into Chicago on the Lake Shore on old 432. That dog never missed a trip over the road with me, and I owe my life to him upon more than one occasion. His name's 'Slide,' not of 'Slide, Kelly, slide' fame, however. I'd go down to the round-house and see my old girl run out, and then monkey about her to see that nothing was out of whack until it was time to start. Right at the hour Slide could be seen coming down the street with my dinner-basket in his old mouth. When it became time to start I'd give the whistle a chance, and Slide would be on board in the cab beside me. That dog never would walk. He was too blooded for that. It became no trick at all for him to climb out on the foot-board, run along and jump down on the pilot, get up on the other side and walk into the other window. Whenever we got to New York Slide would go down and slide into town, big as life on the cow-catcher. I even taught him to pull the whistle cord whenever I commanded. Every-body along the line knew him. When I got down to oil my wheels he would always follow and watch to see that no kids jumped on the locomotive.

"I remember distinctly one stormy night as I was approaching Chicago. There was a tremendous tempest on the lake, for I could hear the dull roar of the waves beat upon the shore. I had to lay upon a siding and wait for orders to pull over any one of the fifty tracks that spread out near the city. There was a little telegraph station a few rods away from where I lay. Orders were confidently expected in a few minutes, but they did not come. My fireman and I got lonely sitting out there in the driving rain, and not even distinguishing each other's voices in the din. I remember Tom yelling, 'It'll be a hard time out on the lake to-night,' and then the light came from the station bobbing up and down and some one came hurrying up and gave me the written orders to proceed over the last track to one of the stations on the outskirts of the city and lay there until a special had passed."

"Well, the brakeman got down to throw the switch, when Slide made a bee line out of the cab and flew at the fellow as though he had gone crazy, and back. Why he simply tore rounds into shreds. He jumped at the fellow every time he made a movement for the switch, he would crouch down and beg and whine terribly.

Promotes digestion and creates appetite. Adams' Tatti Kratt's Gum. Sold everywhere 5c.

Literary and Art Notes.

It will, no doubt, interest many of our readers who travel and collect books containing information about foreign countries...

That able magazine for the home, Good Housekeeping, has given some attention of late to co-operation in the matter of dining and other topics connected with its special field...

Those who like novels in which something happens will appreciate the stirring history of Geoffrey Hampstead. The name is that of the central figure of a strong novel by a new writer, Mr. Thomas Stinson Jarvis...

The great heat, which has evoked so many complaints during the past month, does not appear to have unnerved the arm or dulled the brain of those who discuss living issues in Our Day.

The Arena has recently had a very bright compliment paid it by one of the great representatives of New England thought, who, in a letter to the editor a few weeks since thus refers to the young Boston giant: "The place that was waiting for a periodical, not only free and able, but catholic and comprehensive..."

A rich and varied table of contents is set before the reader of the August number of The North American Review. Amid so much that is good it is hard to decide what is most attractive.

The Review for July in reference to the new rules of the House of Representatives. One of these is a defence of his own position and that of the House, by Speaker Reed; the other is furnished by a Democratic leader, who masks himself behind the pseudonym "Judee."

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

A Traveller's Experience in England.

There are all sorts of tricks to learn about railroad riding in England, and some of them give a third-class passenger greater privacy than a first-class one secures.

"Two of you be lookin' out of the windows, as if it was crowded," said he; "and one of you stand before the door on the platform."

We did so, and he ran off, to return in a minute with a long, narrow strip of paper dripping with paste.

ENGAGED.

FROM Liverpool

To London

July 19, '89

He turned people away until the train started, and stood guard at our door at every station except one. Then he was busy elsewhere, and our box was invaded by a man and wife and a second woman and four children.

Afterward I never saw men filling the door to a compartment that I did not think of the guard's instructions to us at Liverpool: and, indeed, two months later, while in Devonshire, an acquaintance I had formed in that earthly paradise bade me stand beside him in the door of an empty compartment so that we might secure it all to our selves, as we did.

The Noblest Fleet.

The water side of events yesterday happened to be doubly interesting in furnishing two occurrences of peculiar interest.

Thirteen minutes were elapsed off the record for steaming across the Atlantic, and this slight difference transfers the great pride of leadership from the Inman line to the White Star.

The rapid accumulation of the six day fleet is like a great jumper after an astounding performance re-collecting his energies for an effort more dazzling still.

CHILD WIVES IN INDIA.

Behramji Malabari's Attacks on the Hindu's Great Evil.

The name of Behramji Malabari deserves to be known and respected in England to that of a native Indian who is doing good work in social reformation.

The most ill-fated of these child-wives are, of course, those who become wives not merely in law, but in fact, at ages varying from 10 to 12.

But the custom is doomed, nevertheless. And its extinction will come about in a way not the least flattering to the rule of the English.

Schoolboy Humour.

The August issue of Chambers's Journal contains an article by Mr. H. J. Barker, in the course of which he gives some specimens of the essay-writing powers of the poorer London children.

Out of the Usual Run.

A friend of ours had a fine crop of Lima beans, which were worth when of good quality several dollars a bushel that season.

There is more general value in study of an ordinary child than of an extraordinary one. The sayings of an average child have a value to the student of child life—and human life—not found in the wit and wisdom of a precocious child.

Why don't the buglarsje in the movement for shorter hours? One of them was recently caught fast asleep under a bed, and he explained to the officers that he had been up so continuously for several nights in succession, laboring at his profession, that sleep overcame him while lying there waiting to get quiet.

There's a kind inspiration in every "Good morning," heartily spoken, that helps to make hope fresher and work lighter.

Bottled Tears.

Bottling up one's tears "has a real significance in Persia, where it constitutes an important part of the obsequies of the dead.

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

Physicians strongly recommend Wyeth's Malt Extract. (Liquid) To patients suffering from nervous exhaustion; to improve the Appetite, to assist Digestion, a valuable Tonic. 40 Cents per bottle.

The most satisfactory BLOOD PURIFIER is Channing's Sarsaparilla. It is a Grand HEALTH RESTORER. Will cure the worst form of skin disease; cure Rheumatism; will cure Salt Rheum. Large Bottle, \$1.00.

ALLEN'S LUNG B... For Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, etc.

ELECTRICAL.

An instrument which can hardly be looked upon with a kindly eye by unpunctual watchmen and other employees, a part of whose duty it is to place themselves on record at stated times, is the insuamph. This device, by the aid of electric currents, presents at a pre-determined time a clear space of paper for signatures at an opening in a suitable desk, and at the end of the time of grace allowed moves it past the opening. The tell-tale and time-checking systems hitherto used, owing to the fact that the necessary signals are made by electric currents set in motion by discs, or plugs, or press buttons, are to a certain extent inefficient, as they allow of the possibility of a false register being made while the employee is absent. The insuamph, however, by making an autograph at a particular moment of time necessary, minimizes the possibility of fraud.

One of the most beautiful sights in the world will soon be seen in India. The unparalleled beauty of the Taj Mahal will be made visible at night, and still further idealized by electric light illumination. Within the next month powerful arc lights will be placed in each of the front minarets, on each of the back minarets, and on the Masjid and Jawah. The effect will be all the more striking from the fact that the main building will have no light stationed upon it, so that the points mentioned will be thrown into magnificent relief.

Recent investigations by Capt. J. P. Maclear have brought out some new and important facts concerning the behavior of lightning under certain conditions. After examining a number of trees which had been struck by lightning, he found that those which were struck before the fall of rain were shattered, while those which were struck after the rain began were simply scored, and had the bark more or less blown off. These phenomena point to the fact that during rain every tree is conducting electricity. Other considerations affecting the issue are the position of the cloud, the amount of foliage on the tree, its conditions of moisture, and its connection with running water.

In reference to a recent suggestion that an electrical tricycle would have a large sphere of usefulness, the superintendent of an electric light station writes: "I have often wished for an electrical tricycle, as I could make it very useful for lamp inspectors on street circuits, and replace a defective lamp on very short notice." He also states that he could make an electrical tricycle to carry two persons that would be of the greatest service in hunting breaks, and be preferable in many ways to the horse and hack which are now necessary on a long street circuit for expeditions and effective repairs.

An enthusiastic entomologist is receiving daily from the local lineman the moths which find their way into the arc lamp globe in an adjacent street during the night. Birds are fearlessly building their nests in the hoods of the lamps, and we are told that an electric light superintendent in Nashville recently discovered a unique present from a colored workman in the form of a sack full of honey bees. The swarm was found in the hood of an electric lamp, where it had settled the day before.

A singular wrinkle, which will be appreciated by electricians, is given in an electrical journal. A correspondent describes the visit of the electric inspector to a factory, and says that after a battery of order had been fixed for a little sugar, the inspector then became apparently queer, and the factory owner, who was apparently a little nervous, called the inspector a liar. The inspector then became very angry, and the factory owner, who was apparently a little nervous, called the inspector a liar.

An ingenious instrument called the telegraph is now used to control any individual signal at any desired point on a main line. The signal is exhibited by a light which is not interfering in any way with the ordinary transmitting and receiving signals on the same circuit. The telegraph is used on telegraph lines and is used for many purposes.

storage battery on a firm commercial basis. One of the pioneers in this work, as well as one of the first authorities in the country on the subject, is C. O. Mailloux, one of the results of whose experience has just been given to the public in a new application of the accumulator. A common source of inconvenience and difficulty in electric lighting and power circuits is the variation in load, which may in an instant jump from nothing to the full capacity of the machines. This produces not only a very undesirable fluctuation in the electro-motive force, but also sudden and severe strains in the engine, dynamo, and entire machinery, by which the cost of repairs is materially increased. Mr. Mailloux's device consists of a novel application of the storage battery for the purpose of lessening the load of the dynamos by reinforcing them at the proper time from the battery. The invention is as ingenious as it is useful, and it is likely to be largely and promptly adopted.

A new phonograph has been devised in Germany. The sound waves are recorded in wavy lines on a strip of paper or on smoked glass. As the paper moves along, a straight line is drawn at a short distance from the wavy line. The two lines are then enlarged and made metallic, or, in other words, conductors of electricity. The reproduction is effected by laying a fine platinum wire across the lines and moving it along in a position perpendicular to the straight or base line. As current from a battery is made to pass from the record lines to the platinum wire and a telephone is in circuit, it will be seen that as the wire is rubbed along over the paper, the length of wire included between the lines, and consequently the resistance of the circuit, will vary. The original sound is thus reproduced in the telephone. There seems no immediate likelihood of this instrument coming into serious rivalry with the Edison phonograph.

Another industry which is destined shortly to be stirred to its very depths by the advent of the electric motor is that of the bootblack. The first blow at what will soon be regarded as the ancient practice of shining by hand has been dealt in Chicago, where electrical blacking machines are now at work on the streets. The outfit is of the simplest description. A small motor is concealed in a box beneath the foot rest of the bootblack's chair; a flexible shaft with one end attached to the armature spindle has the other fitted with a revolving polishing brush. The only other element in the outfit is a small push button, and when this is touched the brush spins round at a speed that laughs to scorn the deftest hand that ever gave the exultant finish to the morning toilet.

A singular phenomenon is recorded on the authority of a German scientific paper. It is stated that one evening in a stearine and ceresine factory in Italy some vats of white ceresine, which is a paraffine obtained from ozokerite, were cooling down, and when they had nearly become solid the electric light that illumined the room went out. The ceresine immediately became luminous. However it was touched, and if the hand was brought near, long sparks of nearly two inches were obtained. This remarkable luminosity is said to have lasted for half an hour.

An invention which is designed to be of special use in snow storms, fogs, and cases of color blindness is an audible electric signal, which was tried in this city last week with most satisfactory results. When one train is on a block of track protected by the contrivance and another enters, a warning is given to the engineer of the oncoming train in the shape of a flat iron disk of bright red color, and the ringing at the same time of a gong. These operations are effected by an electric current along a wire, one end of which is attached to the body of the locomotive and the other to the first truck of the first car. The circuit is made as the locomotive wheels touch one rail at a magnetic point and the car wheels another

An ingenious instrument called the telegraph is now used to control any individual signal at any desired point on a main line. The signal is exhibited by a light which is not interfering in any way with the ordinary transmitting and receiving signals on the same circuit. The telegraph is used on telegraph lines and is used for many purposes.

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pecially liable to vitiation, is to produce ozone by electrical sparks, and the practice has been strongly recommended by the highest medical authorities. The delightful freshness and vigor which is perceptible in the air after a series of sparks from an ordinary influence machine is a proof of the salutary and refreshing influence produced. A physician in Philadelphia has taken a very wise step in the introduction of a small electric machine for the production of ozone. It is in a compact form, operated by a small battery, and can be conveniently carried. There is said to be a large demand for the machine for purifying the sick rooms of private patients.

The great importance of telegraphy can be clearly seen from statistics lately published. It is shown that there are 2,000,000 miles of land lines existing, valued at \$210,000,000. The cables belonging to Governments are 13,179 miles long, and are valued at \$20,000,000. The cable companies have 10,000 miles of cable, costing \$180,000,000, and have a total capital of \$20,000,000. The gross expenditure on land lines and cables has been over \$500,000,000. All this has been created during the last fifty years, and most of the submarine cable portion during the last twenty-five years.

A case of considerable interest to electrical engineers is now pending in England. Three of the engineers of a local electric lighting company were summoned by a barrister for damage to trees by wires. At an early period difficulty had existed with the trees, and several poles had been shifted in consequence of the owners giving notice that they would not allow the trees to be cut. The present action arose out of the damage alleged to be done to trees dedicated to the public in the avenue outside the complainant's grounds, and over which he claimed rights. The question is being argued on points of law, it being regarded as a test case, and important interests being involved. It is maintained that the freehold extends to the middle of the road, although the sovereign and subjects have rights to pass.

A novel use for the electric motor is reported from Altoona, where a motor-worked fan is employed in a vault where books are kept in order to preserve them from the effect of damp.

The prices paid for certain recent inventions are such as to give encouragement to those plucky and undaunted inventors who are still struggling to mature and formulate their ideas. Major Watkin received for his range-finder \$175,000 and \$500,000 has been paid for the Brennan torpedo.

A Baptism in Heligoland.

After service on Sundays, when an infant is to be christened, a small silver basin is placed on the brass lid. There is no water in it, but presently the Heligoland children, babies of two or three years old, flock in, each carrying in its little hand a cup of water, which is emptied into the basin, and the new-born islander is baptized with the water brought for that purpose by his future playfellows. Behind the altar the light falls through the purple window panes upon an old, old hour glass, placed in the dark ages before the invention of clocks and watches before the clergyman when he began his sermon. It is a marvelous church, this holiest spot on "holy land," and on the day when Lord Salisbury's gift is finally handed over to Germany one of our most interesting historical monuments will be ours no more. The graveyard round the church is nearly full, and when the last corner in it has received its sleeper the difficult question will arise as to where the Heligolander of the future will find his last resting place. The soil in the present graveyard covers the rock six feet deep, but there is hardly another spot on the island where more than four feet of earth covers the stony foundation.

Terrible Condition of the Soudan.

The reports received in Cairo from the frontier as to the condition of affairs in the Dervish country are deplorable. Each deserter or refugee confirms the story given by his predecessor. Famine and sickness appear to be ravaging the whole district from Dongola to Khartoum. An Arab merchant who has arrived from Omdarman describes the situation as follows:—"On my way from the south I was horrified to see the terrible state of the country through which I passed. Village after village practically deserted, the inhabitants having fled through want of food or in order to escape being compelled to join the Mahdi's forces."

Life in a Curious Stone.

Bernard Kammerman, of Topeka, Kas., has in his possession a singular stone, which he found a few years ago on the banks of the South Platte, in Colorado. It is a small, irregular shaped pebble of a grayish blue tint, dull and faint, like smoke, but which, if held tightly in the hand for a few minutes will communicate a series of distinct shocks like that of an electric battery, alight, but powerful enough to be felt all over the body. When thus grasped, the pebble seems to be pulsing and throbbing as if endowed with life and produces an unmistakable exhilaration of the holder's physical and mental organizations, a very pleasant sensation, resembling that following a draught of wine.

This contact with the stone quickens the pulse, and if continued increases the heart beats to an alarming extent, but without any apparent ill effect. The pebble, on being held tightly for some minutes, loses its gray hue and warms to a very pale rose color, growing translucent, when innumerable fine veins of a golden red can be seen running through it, glowing as if filled with a living fluid. When placed in water, the stone turns to a sickly green spotted with white and cream.

Mr Kammerman says he has had his singular find examined by the finest geologists in the country, but all declare their ignorance of its nature, which seems to be that of a mineral, though possessed of a kind of life of an electrical character.

NOTE.

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Rice boiled very dry is acceptably served with fish instead of potatoes.

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The Guatemala forces defeated the revolutionists after a five-hour fight.

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.

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THE ROBBERS OF THE EQUATOR.

A Tribe in Central Africa Which Collects Heavy Toll From Travellers.

No tribe in equatorial Africa bears such an evil reputation as the Wagogo of Ugogo. They are the great robbers of the Dark Continent, but, for the first time since explorers made them known, they have this year suffered severely at the hands of white men. Inhabiting a great, half-sterile plain, where there are no shady groves here and there to mitigate the fierce heat of the sun, where sources of food and water supply are few and far between, and all controlled by the merciless natives, travellers from Zanzibar have from Speke's time to the present day been compelled to submit to the extortionate demands of the Wagogo. Speke almost despaired of getting across their hundred miles of territory with any of his trade goods. Every dozen miles or so a fresh chief turned up with virulent demands for his chief and he could be passed only at a most extortionate price after hours of haggling.

Seventeen years ago a few black men were hurrying from Central Africa to Zanzibar. On the southern shores of Lake Bangweolo, a thousand miles away, they had determined, if possible, to carry out a very hazardous undertaking. They had followed the fortunes of David Livingstone for years, and when they found their great master dead in his humble hut they resolved to bury his heart in the savage continent he had loved so well and restore his body to his friends. There were times on that long journey when they hardly hoped ever to reach the coast, but after many narrow escapes they reached Zanzibar with their precious freight, and later they received the thanks of the British people, and, in addition, substantial rewards.

While on that memorable journey they approached the large country called Ugogo, whose eastern boundary is less than three hundred miles from the Indian Ocean. They were familiar with the Wagogo superstition that dire evils would befall their land if a human body were carried through the country. The party could not avoid Ugogo, for they knew no other route to the coast except the caravan road from the great lakes. If they were detected with a human body in their possession, attempting to pass through Ugogo, they knew they would be put to death. They made up the package containing the body so that it resembled as nearly as possible a bundle of merchandise. Then they prepared several other bundles exactly like it in appearance and weight, and in the long tramp through Ugogo, when the chiefs insisted upon knowing what they had in their bundles, one or another of the packages was opened to satisfy the public curiosity. The important bundle was not opened.

Every employer has had bitter experience, and none of them has crossed Ugogo save at a cost of many hundreds of dollars. Any attempt to advance without paying hongo would be simply to count destruction, and no white man until this year has piloted across the country a force sufficiently strong to bid defiance to the black-mailers. As toll collectors these natives have a unique distinction, for in no other part of Africa has any tribe been found that considers it in so large a measure its duty and privilege to rob white travellers.

This is the country where Emin Pasha has had his first serious troubles with the native tribes of Africa. He was known in the region of the upper Nile as a man of peace, and though he had several hard fights with the Mahdists and their negro allies, he won his ascendancy over the tribes of his province by gentler arguments than musketry and cannon. Dr. Peters, returning from Victoria Nyanza, fought his way through Ugogo, and now Emin has inflicted further punishment upon the savages. This summer, in his march to the interior, he has been fighting the Wagogo. A dispatch from Zanzibar says he has defeated them with great slaughter, using his Maxim gun against them, and he has seized 1,200 of their cattle.

There is no doubt that the fights Peters and Emin have had with these savages grew out of their refusal to disburse a small fortune buying the right of way through the country. It is to be hoped that further lessons of the sort will not be required to force the route to Tanganyika of the greatest obstacle that has ever impeded it. It is evident that the Germans have decided to establish a new order of things in Ugogo.

Finely cracked ice, administered in a teaspoonful of champagne or brandy, has been the rallying point for many a sinking patient. Or the ice alone, finely crushed, so that it simply melt away in the mouth, tracking down the throat rather than being swallowed as a draught, is a most useful stimulant.

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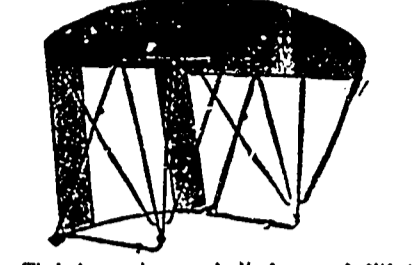
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FOREIGN NEWS.

A monument to Tolleben has been uncovered at Sebastopol, bearing on the sides "Sebastopol" and "Plevna."

The King of Dahomey has sent an ambassador to Germany to engage a band of musicians to play, no more, for his dinner.

The Russian Government has made an appropriation of 1,500 roubles annually for the maintenance of a Pasteur institution in Tiflis for the cure of hydrophobia.

The native troops in the Italian service are not niggard over a little powder and shot. In their last fight against Rivia, the son of Kaulibai, they fired 38,700 shots—and killed two men!

Parasols made of the best linden wood, manufactured by Finnish peasants in the suburbs of Viborg, are in fashion in the Russian summer resorts along lines of the Russo-Finnish railroads. They are light, elegant, and very cheap.

When a favorite dancer of a German theatre appeared as a shepherd at her benefit, after an absence in which she had grown considerably stouter, a voice saluted her with "Fränlein shepherd you have certainly eaten all your sheep."

The miracle-working wells at Galgoz, in the district of Precasburg, Hungary, are attracting so many thousands of pilgrims from the surrounding countries that the authorities have been forced to call in the military to keep order.

The entire Catholic congregation of Mount Orfano, a village near Mergozzo, Lago Maggiore, has become Lutheran; 120 persons made public confession of that faith on Sunday in the Old Catholic Church, but which now will be used as a Lutheran place of worship. The old parish priest's salary had given rise to the schism, Dalziel says.

The Noroye Fremya is informed that several societies agitate the project of petitioning the Government for laws by which the number of foreign laborers in Russian factories shall be diminished. This, the paper says, would be a great benefit for the Russian laborer, who cannot compete with the foreigner either in skill or in the ability to economize time.

Fifteen years ago, when a gentleman began the culture of bees, he suffered severely from stings, but they have now lost their force. For several years past they have caused only a slight and rather pleasurable sensation, and that lasts only for a few minutes. But this thorough inoculation against bee poison leaves him as susceptible as ever to the sting of a wasp.

By an imperial ukase recently published, the use of the German language in the female schools and colleges of Courland, Russia, is prohibited. Only German grammar and religious instruction may be given in that language, but for instruction in all other subjects, as well as for the official records and reports of the schools, no other but the Russian language may be used.

A new disease has appeared in the governments of Vilna and of Rovna, Russia, and spread so rapidly that there are five or more persons suffering with it in every village of the entire region. The symptoms are quite similar to those of the cholera, vomiting, headache, and the obstruction of the nasal canal. The persons afflicted with this disease suffer for three days. The physicians are not able to define it.

Von Lutz, a minister in Munich, is a raving mad. He is often delirious a time. He has the appearance of a man, the fact being that he has been with morphine for 12 weeks. He begged the doctors in vain to let him die, pointing to the physicians and saying "I will not give you anything near me."

A strange case of what is supposed to be hydrophobia engages the attention of the doctors of the Hotel Dieu, Paris. A man named Bergom, about twenty five years of age, fell down suddenly at the corner of the Boulevard Poissonniere and of the Rue Montmartre, one of the busiest parts of the city. He uttered fearful yells and roiling about the ground. Some people thought he was epileptic, and went forward to help him. He affected to them to keep away from him. He continued with everything near him—the trees, the houses, the Boulevard, and the people—back off the trees and houses, and lasted for nearly a week. He then became calm. The nearest policeman had another fit of hydrophobia, and was cured.

A. K. von Meck of Moscow, and an English citizen, S. Schreiber, have started a company for the exportation of meat from Russia to England. A great abattoir has been built in Libau, from whence the meat will be transported directly to London in refrigerator steamers. This opens a new prospect for the produce of the Russian farmer. Millions of cattle are annually killed in that empire merely for their hides, while there is no market in the country for their meat. The meat will be carried from the port of Libau to London in three days and twelve hours.

The exhibition of prison labor in St. Petersburg, on the occasion of the international prison conference which was recently held there, was so successful that measures are being taken now to establish in that city a permanent "Museum of Prison Work." Greece, the republic of the Archipelago, France, and Italy have already declared their willingness to contribute toward that enterprise. Besides the samples of prison work there will be models of all kinds of prisons, penitentiaries and places of retention and correction exhibited in the new museum.

A certain Capt. Wolman, whose picture gallery was destroyed by fire, was indicted for incendiarism before the Criminal Court of St. Petersburg. Proofs were produced that he had fired his house in order to get the insurance money. The jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to imprisonment at hard labor for the term of four years. An appeal was made to the Senate, who annulled the verdict on the ground that Wolman stood under the military authorities, and could not be tried in a civil court. He was tried again before the military court and acquitted. The insurance company will consequently have to pay the whole amount.

In the district of Bratzlav, Government of Polol Russia, the peasants working in the fields of a rich farmer struck for higher wages. He paid them only 20 kopecks a day and provisions, while to the peasants working in his fields in the adjoining district he paid 25 kopecks. They wanted him to pay them the same wages as the others received. As he would not listen to their demands, they one day surrounded his office, threatening to kill him. He jumped out of the window and ran home. The peasants pursued him, broke into the house, and got him out. Beating him mercilessly, they threw him upon a cart and took him to their village, where they locked him up in a dark, wet, and exceedingly dirty hut, placing a watch around it. A neighboring farmer informed the district Judge of the occurrence. The latter, arriving in the village the next day, found the peasants so determined that he had to pay them a ransom of 500 rubles for their captive. The farmer was taken to his house in a very dangerous condition.

The city of Kostroma, Russia, has a sensation of its own in the shape of a cruel father, Egor Alexieff Smirnoff, by name and a drowsy driver by profession. The son of Simirnoff, a boy of 10 years, failed to pass the examination at his school. Being afraid to come home with the report of his failure, he concealed himself for two days. But his father found him and chained him to the wall of a dark, moist, dirty room, which was full of vermin. In the corner of the room there was a lot of rotten straw. He was kept in that condition for fully six days, until his mother could no longer endure the sight of his suffering, and took courage to report the case to the police authorities. The boy was liberated and taken to the hospital, and his father was arrested. On further examination, the room in which the poor boy was chained was found to be a regular chamber of horrors. There were rings fastened to the ceiling and in the floor, by which Smirnoff would hang up his children by their hands and feet, or stretch them in a manner that they could not struggle or protect themselves, when he inflicted chastisement on them with a knout.

A strange case of what is supposed to be hydrophobia engages the attention of the doctors of the Hotel Dieu, Paris. A man named Bergom, about twenty five years of age, fell down suddenly at the corner of the Boulevard Poissonniere and of the Rue Montmartre, one of the busiest parts of the city. He uttered fearful yells and roiling about the ground. Some people thought he was epileptic, and went forward to help him. He affected to them to keep away from him. He continued with everything near him—the trees, the houses, the Boulevard, and the people—back off the trees and houses, and lasted for nearly a week. He then became calm. The nearest policeman had another fit of hydrophobia, and was cured.

body not to come near him. After some minutes the second attack passed away, and voluntarily he put on a strait-jacket and entered the ambulance which was to take him to the hospital. He is still in the Hotel Dieu, where these fits of madness recur constantly, and the doctors have no hope of his recovery.

NATURAL GAS IN CANADA.

The Enormous Output of the Ten Wells on the Niagara Peninsula.

The big company which has secured many of the most promising parts of the Welland gas region is taking steps to develop this new product on a scale which would be impossible for private enterprise. This organization, which bears the name of the Provincial Natural Gas Light and Fuel Company (limited), has exclusive drilling rights over 38,000 acres, or seventy-five square miles of land in the southern and eastern parts of the county of Welland. Although operations were commenced hardly more than a year ago there are now ten wells completed, with a combined capacity of 22,000,000 feet per day. There are also two wells approaching completion, and another about to be commenced. The immense extent of territory over which the company has secured a monopoly shows that they have laid their plans for a big thing. The system which has been followed enables them to hold their privileges over this vast area for two years practically for nothing, but after that a fee of 25 cents an acre is to be paid for the land retained. For every well drilled on this land and utilized the owner is to be paid an annual rental of \$100. He is entitled to use, without cost, all the gas he may require for light or fuel. For land occupied while drilling or for crops damaged, the company bind themselves to pay from \$20 to \$30 per acre. The owner of the land is to be entitled to one-fifteenth of all the petroleum discovered on his farm and utilized by the company.

Of the ten wells which have been drilled on these lands, eight are good producers. The operations have been carried on in the centre of this territory. The wells are about a mile apart. The centre of the group is 11 miles from Buffalo, 13 miles from Niagara Falls, 19 miles from St. Catharines, 45 miles from Hamilton, and about 60 miles in a straight line from Toronto. The cost of piping is about \$7,000 a mile. An important factor in conducting gas great distances is the pressure it has at the well. So far the gauge has shown a rock pressure of over 500 pounds to the inch.

The company commenced drilling in July, 1889, in the township of Bertie, on the farm of Philip Zavitz. The well was continued to a depth of 846 feet, when a flow equal to 1,700,000 cubic feet per day was obtained, with a rock pressure of 525 pounds. The second well, which is about half a mile north, on Elmon Zavitz's farm, was not so successful. Drilling was stopped at 851 feet below the surface. This produces 400,000 feet a day, and has a rock pressure of 540 pounds. About a mile to the west, in the township of Humberstone, the third well was sunk on Jonas Zavitz's farm. The capacity of this well is 700,000 feet per day. It has a rock pressure of 510 pounds, and is 836 feet deep. The farm of J. A. Ramsden was chosen as the site for the fourth well. The capacity of the well is 2,000,000 feet. It was continued to a depth of 576 feet, and has 550 pounds pressure. The fifth well is a "gusher." It is in the township of Bertie, on the farm of Daniel T. Zavitz. The output of this well reaches the enormous figure of 7,000,000 feet per day, more than three times the total number daily consumed in Toronto. It is a remarkable fact that the rock pressure of this well is lighter than some of the less productive, being 510 pounds to the inch. The depth is 842 feet. The next well was a total failure and has been abandoned. The seventh, which is on the farm of Adam Smith Humberstone, produces 2,600,000 feet and has a depth of 840 feet. A second failure occurred on the farm of J. A. Barnhardt, Bertie, and the well was abandoned. The ninth well, on Daniel Near's farm, Humberstone, yielded 2,400,000 feet at a depth of 851 feet. Well No. 10, the last that has been completed, is another "gusher." It blows 6,000,000 feet a day from a depth of 872 feet. Drilling is now in operation on the farms of C. Bitner, Bertie, and Trout Brothers in Humberstone. These wells are nearly completed. The thirteenth well has been located on the farm of Abram Michael and drilling will soon be commenced.

The figures given above have been arrived at by careful measurement by the mining engineer and geologist of the company, with the water, mercury, and spring gauges. They have also been attested by two experts of the Standard Oil Company, both of whom have been in the natural gas business for

several years and have had an extended experience in measuring wells. These figures are apt to give an exaggerated idea of the capacity of the wells. They do not take into account the abatement which might be expected to follow when all the wells are flowing simultaneously. Nor do they allow for the losses by friction in pipes when gas is conducted long distances. The rock pressure, which reaches the amazing strength of 500 pounds to the square inch, does not represent the capacity of a well, as will be noticed from the fact that No. 6 has an output of 7,000,000 feet at a pressure of 510 pounds, while No. 2 yields only 400,000 feet at a pressure of 540 pounds. It has been observed that wells which have "petered out" have shown no diminution of pressure as long as the gas flowed. This is accounted for by the theory that natural gas is forced up by hydrostatic pressure. The earth is honeycombed with veins of salt water. As soon as a gas well ceases to flow it fills up with this fluid. Sometimes gas and water flow together. This indicates that the end of the flow of gas is near. In other words, "drowning out" seems to be the appointed end of gas wells, and it is believed that the power which compresses the gas. Rock pressure is simply the force which gas gathers when the well is closed down for a considerable time.

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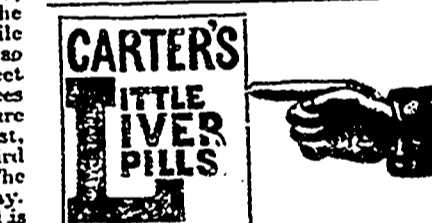
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A LOOK AT A GREAT ENGLISH MANOR.

The Estate of Worktop Just Sold by the Duke of Newcastle to a Bookmaker.

Worktop Manor, famous in English history, has been sold by the Duke of Newcastle to Mr. John Robinson, a bookmaker of Nottingham. When the Duke of Newcastle bought it in 1840 he gave £375,000 or \$1,875,000; in 1890 it brings £55,000 or \$275,000.

A fine old collection of memories relating to the aristocracy of several centuries goes with the estate. Mr. Robinson, if he is a man of imagination, may find much enjoyment in strolling over his historic acres, holding converse with the noble ghosts of long ago. The chronicles of the middle ages show that King Stephen, whose reign was distinguished for its misery and its castles, was a guest at the manor in 1101. John Harrison, who made a survey of the estate in 1836, speaks of it as "a spacious park, being seven miles and a half, and half a quarter in compass, and containeth by measure, according to the statute, 2,303 acres, two roods, and 31 4-5 perches. About the midst thereof standeth a very stately house, called the Manor, and built of freestone, being very pleasantly situated upon a hill, with gardens correspondent to the same. This park is well adorned with timber, and not meanly furnished with fallow deers; the number of them at this present is about eight hundred. There is a little river running through this park very profitable, not only in regard to the trout and other fish therein contained, but especially in regard to the water mill, well built of stone, standing upon the said river, near unto the park and the town of Worktop."

Mr. Robert White, the historian of Worktop, says that the manor was formerly the seat of the ancient Lords of Worktop. It descended by marriage to the Duke of Norfolk remaining in that family until 1840, when the entail was cut off and the estate was sold to the then Duke of Newcastle. The manor house stands in a finely timbered park of 265 acres. Mr. Robinson paid £30,000 for the estate and £25,000 additional for the timber.

Cadinal Wolsey visited the famous estate when on his way to Cavood, in Yorkshire, in 1530. Mary, Queen of Scots, wrote a letter from Walslop in September, 1583, while she was there as the sixth Earl of Shrewsbury's prisoner. King James VI. of Scotland, who was named as the successor of Queen Elizabeth after her death, arrived at Worktop from Edinburgh on April 20, 1603, after a journey of fifteen days. He could make the trip in six hours if he were alive to-day, but he wouldn't have such a fine chance to enjoy the scenery and get acquainted with his subjects. His visit to Worktop is thus quaintly set down by a reporter of the time.

"Mr. Askoth, the High Sheriff of Nottinghamshire received his Majesty, being gallantly appointed both with horse and man; and so he conducted his Majesty on, till he came within a mile of Blyth, where his Highness lighted, and sat down on a bank side to eat and drink. After his Majesty's short repast, to Worstop his Majesty rides forward; but, by the way, in the Park he was somewhat stayed, for there appeared a number of huntmen, all in greens, the chief of which, with a woodman's speech, did welcome him, offering his Majesty to show him some game, which he gladly condescended to see: and with a train set, he hunted a good space, very much delighted. At last he went into the house, where he was so nobly received, with superfluity of all things, that still every entertainment seemed to exceed other. In this place, besides the abundance of all provision and delicacies, there was most excellent soul-ravishing musique, wherewith his Highness was not a little delighted. At Worstop he rested on Wednesday night, and in the morning stayed breakfast, which ended, there was much store of provision left of fowle, fish, and almost everything, besides I read, beere, and wines, that it was left open to any man that would come and take."

King James's Queen and the royal children visited the manor in the same year, and Toby Matthew, Bishop of Durham, afterward Archbishop of York, preached before them. When Charles I. called at Worktop on his way to Scotland to convene a Parliament and be crowned, a guinea was expended in bell ringing by the church warden. The forest of Sherwood, where Robin Hood and his merry highwaymen lay in wait for the nobility, according to tradition, is a short drive from Worktop.

Worktop Manor has had some wonderful beeches and oaks. A beech blown down in 1865 covered 1,000 square yards and contained forty tons of wood. Another tree, so an ancient historian declares, measured

160 feet between the extreme ends of the opposite boughs, and was 827 square yards, under which 912 horses might stand. The original mansion was pulled down by the Duke of Norfolk, who built a new house, which, had it been completed, would have been one of the finest and largest buildings in the kingdom. It contained 500 rooms. It was destroyed by fire in October, 1701. The loss was estimated at £100,000. The present manor house is 100 pretentious.

The Bachelor.

Eccentric bachelors, if you want to be cured of your oddities and become polished Christians, marry! You, sir, with the slouching gait, the pocketed hands, the ill tailored frame, just pair off with a neat, smart little damsel, who has an eye for the picturesque, and before the honeymoon is over she will so transfigure you that you will scarcely know yourself in the looking glass.

"Beauty and the Beast," is no tale. Many a "monster" has been transformed into a gentleman by the necromantic influence of a pretty woman. You, Sir Nimrod, whose talk is of double-barrels and rotters, of deer shooting on the Adiron dacks, or moose-hunting in the Canada wilds, do you wish to be civilized and socialized? Doubtless you do. Then marry a true gentlewoman and she will soon make you as gentle and gallant a cavalier as ever shavled a lady at ball or opera. Even the miser may be won from his golden pagod by a generous wife, though it must be confessed that of all eccentricities, the greed of riches is the most difficult to eradicate.

The fact is that every eccentric bachelor is like a helpless ship that has yawed more or less out of her proper course. A good wife's advice is the tiller that he needs to bring his head round and steer him safely and happily over the sea of life.

The Silk Machine.

An industry of great magnitude in Japan is silk culture. The silk worm is "educated" to such a degree that it becomes a mere machine, and its life must be a burden to it. It lays its eggs in rows on cards; it spins its cocoon to order, and finally dies when required. Silk worm eggs are white and about the size of the head of a large pin, and they are sold on cards, like buttons. These egg cards may be kept all winter long without harm to them, and hatched out in the warm months. The young worm is an exceedingly minute and delicate animal, and the mulberry leaves adopted for its food have to be chopped up as fine as possible. As the worm grows older the leaves are not chopped finely, until, when it is full grown, it is allowed to enjoy a whole mulberry leaf intact. This life of dissipation is too much for it, and with a little encouragement, it seeks the solitude of its cocoon. The cocoons are then thrown into hot water, which kills the larva and dissolves the mucilageous matter that keeps the cocoon together. A silk-worker deftly finds the end, and in a few moments the poor worm's home is about 40 yards of silk fiber on a reel. A few of the larva are allowed to come to maturity for the sake of breeding purposes, and the eggs. To get out they break a hole through the cocoons. Such cocoons are called pierced, and from them an inferior quality of silk is made.

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BRITISH NEWS.

A passenger train ran into a flock of 120 sheep at Slaford, and killed forty.

Alderman George Mander, solicitor, Wakefield, formerly Mayor of the borough, died suddenly in a fit on Tuesday, at his residence at St. John's, Wakefield. Deceased was in his sixty-ninth year.

Lord Brassey is engaged to marry the Hon. Sybil Capel, a young woman both accomplished and beautiful, and the youngest daughter of the late Viscount Malden. Lord Brassey is 53. His first wife died three years ago.

On Monday morning Miss Bright, daughter of General Sir Robert Bright, Normandy Park, near Guildford, when returning from witnessing a field day on Fox Hills, was knocked down and robbed of her jewellery by a tramp, who escaped.

Sergt. Frederick Hodges (30), of No. 2 Company, Army Service Corps, Woolwich, was found drowned in the Thames on Tuesday. He broke out of the barracks while under arrest for some trifling neglect of duty last Wednesday, and had not been seen since.

A man has been drowned at Rockaway who is believed to be Thomas Mooney, the Irish agitator, who is alleged to have been concerned in the attempt to destroy the steamship Queen by means of a bomb in 1887, and also to have been implicated in the dynamite outrage at Scotland Yard.

As the season is closing there is an unusual rush in the matrimonial market. During the past three weeks society has been very busy in giving and taking in marriage, and from the present date until the end of next week there will be a greater record of marriages than at any other period of the season.

According to the Allahabad Pioneer, the largest reservoir or artificial lake in the world is the great tank of Dhebar, 20 miles south-east of Udaipur, Rajpootana, which covers an area of 21 square miles. The masonry dam is 1000 feet long by 95 feet high, 50 feet wide at the base, and 15 feet at the top.

At Wincan, Somerset, on Sunday, Thomas Parson, after having dinner with his wife and a young woman lodger, attacked his wife and beat her with a hammer. The young woman rescued her whereupon Parson went out, and after ineffectually trying to drown himself, returned home and hanged himself. The woman may recover.

About half-past 12 a.m. on Sunday, a fire occasioned by the bursting of a spirit lamp, occurred at 23 Devonshire Street, Cambridge Road, Mile End, London, and a young Polish Jew named John Karinski, aged 24, was so severely burnt about the body through his clothes taking fire that he died about an hour after his admission to the London Hospital.

A waiter in the smoking-room of a well-known London restaurant on Monday night noticed a packet of papers lying on the floor after two of his customers had left the room. On picking these up he was surprised to find himself in possession of £100 in £10 Bank of England notes. He counted the money in the presence of witnesses, and put it away till called for.

At Boston, Lincolnshire, on Monday evening a fishman named Skeels, cut the throat of a woman named Annie Hawes, who had been cohabiting with the woman, quarrel during the night. Two wounds were inflicted with a pocket-knife. Skeels gave up to the police, and will be brought to trial at Boston to-day.

It is stated that a boat was blown upwards, at Roker on Monday, and the crew, including a life guard, were rescued. The boat was blown back to the shore.

At Roker on Monday, a bet arose between two of them, Edward Lowe (40) and George Greaves (28). They retired to a lane, and in presence of other competitors had a set fight. Greaves was returned after the contest, but Lowe did not, and three hours later he was found in the lane in a state of insensibility. He was removed to his home before receiving medical assistance, and was arrested on Sunday.

Sanger's Circus proposed to start a large and was ascending an accidently received by the bursting of a paraffin lamp on the 15th of June. On that day the deceased was left by his wife, about half-past eleven o'clock at night, asleep on

of the explosion being in an upward direction the powder did not ignite.

A daring case of sheep-stealing occurred at Witham, Essex, on Sunday night. Twenty-eight fat sheep, the property of a local butcher, were stolen from Lodge Park, and driven on the high road to Warloy, where 14 were slaughtered and subsequently packed for the London markets. The police have arrested Thos. Mills, of Mill Road, Bromley-by-Bow. Thirteen other sheep were afterwards found at Brentwood.

Being so much longer than any other wire fence, it is really the only one deserving the qualification of "long." Its length is as near as may be 900 miles. It is the wire fence which the Governments of New South Wales and Queensland have constructed to keep, if possible, the rabbits out of the eastern part of Australia. But what is to hinder the destroying rodents, if they think not well to burrow under, to go round by the far end.

It appears from a letter signed by Lord Harrowby, the Bishop of Rochester, and others, that a gentleman just deceased has been in the habit of contributing £3000 a year to the London Bible Women and Nurses Mission, and has given as much as £60,000 in all. Among the conditions of his donation was one that no attempt should be made to discover his name. This was respected, and even death has not disclosed his secret.

The mystery connected with the disappearance of Samuel Pyle, a petty officer of Her Majesty's ship Wye, on New Year's Day, was solved on Tuesday by the recovery of his body in Sheerness Harbour, about 100 yards from the spot where the Wye was then anchored. The deceased was officer of the watch, and it is supposed that he fell over the gangway, the deck being slippery with frost. A verdict of found drowned has been returned.

It was discovered at Rzeszow, Galicia, some time ago, that several Jewish graves had been broken open, and that the bodies of two children were missing. The police made inquiries, and found out that in a neighboring village, where typhus fever had broken out, a so-called "miracle doctor" had prescribed, as a cure, the burning of the bones of a Jew in the patient's room. He brought the bones himself. The "doctor" has been sentenced to five months' imprisonment.

On Friday night last as the carrier between Portsmouth and Petersfield was crossing the South Downs, his dog ran over the adjoining lands. A gamekeeper named Webbe threatened to shoot it, and the carrier dared him to do so. The keeper fired, and the carrier's horse was wounded with shot. John Coombs, who was in the wagon, was also struck with pellets in the arm, head, and eye, necessitating his removal to the Petersfield Hospital. Webbe was arrested.

On Monday an inquest was held at the Guards Stations Hospital, North Chester Row, Westminster, concerning the death of Corporal Simon Scott, aged 25 years, of the 1st Battalion Scots Guards, stationed at Wellington Barracks, who committed suicide by shooting himself on Friday last. The deceased had left a written statement in which he said he thought it better to take his life, as he tried to do his best in the corps but without success. The jury returned a verdict of temporary insanity.

The Liverpool Cathedral Choir went to Skipton and Bolton Abbey on Monday. An old man named Pierce, attempting to leap on the rock at the celebrated "Stride," missed his footing and fell into the surging waters beneath. He was being carried away by the stream, which runs with great velocity, when, amid a scene of intense excitement, Alexander Carson, a Liverpool gentleman, leaped into the water without divesting himself of any of his clothing, seized Pierce, and held him up till both were rescued.

Late last Saturday night a number of workmen were drinking at a publichouse at Halesowen, Worcestershire, when a quarrel over a bet arose between two of them, Edward Lowe (40) and George Greaves (28). They retired to a lane, and in presence of other competitors had a set fight. Greaves was returned after the contest, but Lowe did not, and three hours later he was found in the lane in a state of insensibility. He was removed to his home before receiving medical assistance, and was arrested on Sunday.

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animal at once made off in the direction of the Park, causing a great panic. One of the clowns seized the animal in Edinburgh Road, and some of the attendants arriving, it was taken back to the inclined plane, which it at once ascended, taking its assigned position on the car.

A Zanzibar telegram says: The French Bishop, Monsignor Lovinhac, has returned here after an unprecedentedly short journey of 40 days from the south end of Lake Victoria. His caravan met that of Emin Pasha, who was himself unwell, and one or more of his officers were found dangerously ill. Mr. Jackson's caravan is reported to have reached Mwangi's capital in Uganda in the middle of last April. Karema was believed to have been killed. The whole of the population of Uganda was tired of warfare and was longing for peace. There was great scarcity everywhere as the land had been unfilled for two years.

A singular scene was witnessed in the Royal Albert Docks on Sunday, when, in celebration of a religious festival, the whole of the Mohammedan Calashes, sailors, and boys in the employ of the P. and O. Company and the British India Company, numbering several hundreds, and clad in many-colored holiday attire, preceded by a banner and Mohammedan priests chanting hymns, marched in procession round the docks. The event is an annual one, and after the religious proceedings the remainder of the day was given up to enjoyment, the neighbouring streets being gay in white vestments, gorgeous turbans, and colored sashes.

A visitor from the Flowery Land created quite a sensation in the House of Lords the other night. No one knew exactly who he was. There were rumors that he was a very big mandarin indeed, and those learned in such matters said that the blue button on the top of his silk smoking cap meant immeasurable things in the way of power when at home in China. He was personally conducted by an official from the Foreign Office, and patiently sat through the debate on Malta marriages. He wore a plain skirt of sky blue silk and a loose jacket of brown silk. The sleeves of the latter were so long that they had to be doubled up before he could use his fan.

A Paris telegram says:—Eyraud, the alleged murderer of Gouffe, the process-server, has been employing his spare time in prison in drawing up voluminous memoirs for the use of his advocate. He admits his culpability, but endeavours to throw upon his accomplice, Gabrielle Bompard, the responsibility for the original conception of the crime. Misery, he says, had driven him to despair, he was capable of killing himself or anybody else, and if he did not commit suicide it was simply on account of his mad love for his mistress who had betrayed him. He calmly expresses a strong desire to be let out of prison for eight days in order to be enabled to collect and refute "the calumnies of the lying press."

Mary Ann Chard, a chubby-looking married woman, of Andover Road, Holloway, was charged at the North London Court, with being disorderly and causing a crowd to assemble at Holloway. Constable Hardy deposed to seeing the prisoner, in man's clothes, followed by a crowd of boys, and, for her own protection, he took her to the police station. She told the magistrate that she took her husband his dinner on Tuesday, and finding he was not at work, she took some drink, and the neighbours advised her to dress up in a suit of her husband's clothes and go and look for him. This she did, and she was hardly out of the house when she was detected. The magistrate told the prisoner she had been very silly, and brought all the trouble upon herself. She was now discharged with a caution. Mrs. Chard fainted.

On Saturday evening six young men, members of a Liverpool sailing club, went for a cruise on the Mersey. When near Ellesmere Port, the weather being somewhat squally, owing to bad handling the boat filled and sank, leaving the crew in the water struggling for life. Only two could swim, and one of them swam to the lightship and got assistance. Four of the youths, who had managed to keep afloat on oars, were picked up and taken to the lightship, where one remains in a precarious condition. The fifth, Arthur Morse, aged 18, sank before he could be reached, and was drowned. The youths were all members of Brunswick Wesleyan Chapel, and a painful sensation was caused on Sunday when the news became known.

An inquest was held at Sheffield on the body of William Goodwin Woorsall, an edge tool grinder, 35 years of age. He died on Monday evening from the effects of burns accidentally received by the bursting of a paraffin lamp on the 15th of June. On that day the deceased was left by his wife, about half-past eleven o'clock at night, asleep on

a sofa in the kitchen. Shortly after midnight the family were aroused by hearing loud cries for help. On going into the kitchen they found the deceased standing in the middle of the kitchen floor with his clothes in a blaze, and the stock of a paraffin lamp in his hand. In answer to his wife's inquiries as to how he came to be in that position, he told his wife that he was attempting to blow the flame of the lamp out before going to bed when the lamp suddenly exploded. He was badly burnt about the body, and was taken to the Infirmary, where he lingered until Monday, when he died. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

Aphorisms.

We may mend our faults as easily as cover them.—[Dolwyn].
An industrious and virtuous education of children is a better inheritance for them than a great estate.—[Addison].

Cunning leads to knavery; it is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery; lying only makes the difference; add that to cunning and it is knavery.—[Bryere].

True glory consists in doing what deserves to be written; in writing what deserves to be read; and in so living as to make the world happier and better for our living in it.—[Pliny].

True courage never exerts itself so much as when it is most pressed; and it is then we most enjoy the feast of a good conscience when we stand in the greatest need of its support.—[Hibernicus Letter].

Nothing so cements and holds together in union all the parts of a society, as faith or credit; which can never be kept up, unless men are under some force or necessity of honestly paying what they owe to one another.—[Cicero].

The detractor may, and often does, pull down others, but he never, as he seems to suppose, elevates himself to that position. The most he can do is maliciously to tear from them the blessings which he cannot enjoy himself.—[Johnson].

Fashion's Newest Colors.

A long time ago people used to think that blue was essentially a color for blondes and angels. Nobody can dispute its being the color for angels, but it certainly is not the one to be chosen by a blonde. The fair skin looks cold enough, and when blue, especially pale blue, is put near it the effect given is very undesirable, because what was clear white before becomes a pallor now. Blondes had much better wear any of the rose shades, bright scarlet, warm brown, or dark green, leaving the very trying pale blue to the brown-haired lassie with a bright color, or the warm brunette whose skin does not know the unsightly touch of sallowness. Everybody likes a rose-colored lining, and, to be in vogue this season, everybody ought to have a rose-colored frock—in cotton or wool in silk or tulle, it is always most charitable in bringing out one's best features, and toning down one's worst. Combined with white the pink shades are as dainty as a bit of old china, and will suggest the pretty pink and white ladies, whom Watteau painted on fans, who played at Little Trianon with Marie Antoinette, laughed and jested, and yet did not fear when they had to face death on the guillotine for the sake of the King and the Queen.

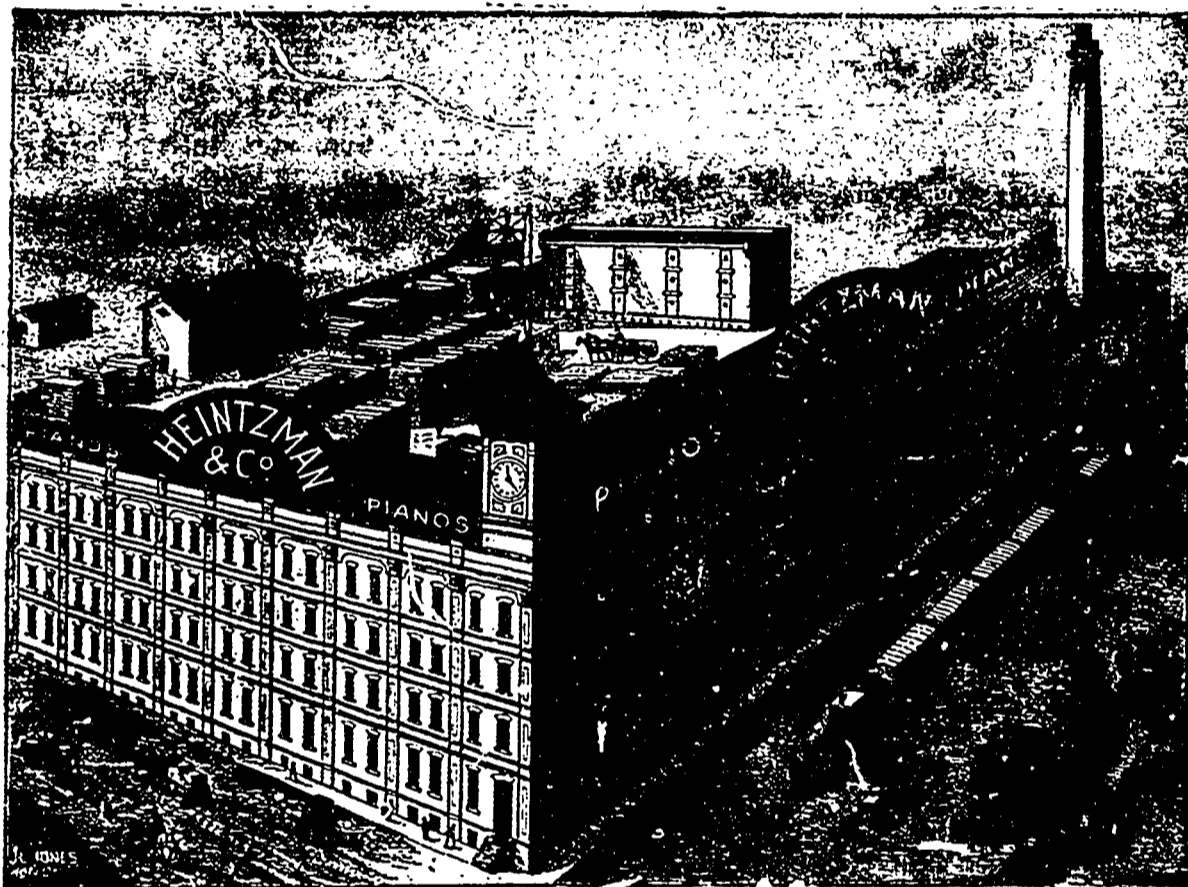
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