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MONTREAL

Saturday Night

VOL. I.
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Price Five Cents



THE FIRST BITE.

[Written for Saturday Night.]

How well we all remember,
The tiny little brook ;
Where first we went a-fishing,
With a bent pin for a hook.
For rod, we had a tapering branch,
For bait, an earthworm red ;
The line, it was not silken,
But only common thread.
The branches waved above us,
The brooklet murmured low,
And laughed among the pebbles,
To the deep, still pool below.

Oh, we were proud and anxious,
As we cast our line and hook,
Upon the singing ripples
Of that tiny little brook.

And then what boyish pleasure
As we felt the sudden strain
Upon the thread, that told us
That our skill was not in vain.

And with what joy we landed
That tiny little trout !
And how loud our friendly comrades
With pleasure raised a shout !

Since then how many fishes
Have yielded to our skill :
The baskets have been heavy ;
Of sport we've had our fill.

And yet our memory lingers
Round that tiny little brook,
Where we fished in merry childhood
With a bent pin for a hook.

And of all the splendid triumphs,
Fairly hooked—or slyly bought !
There is none that sheds such glory
As the first fish that we caught.

—CATARAQUI.

GREATEST RUN ON A RAILWAY.

Unusual attention is being paid to high speed railway trains and steamships. For some years past the fast steamships have striven each week to discount all speed records, and as we go to press the records of all previous running on long distances are made to appear slow in comparison with the latest achievement now given to the world, in the report following:—

140 MILES DONE IN SEVEN HOURS—420 MINUTES—THE NEW YORK CENTRAL FLYER MAKES A MOST WONDERFUL SHOWING IN A RUN AGAINST THE WORLD'S TIME TO BUFFALO.

New York, September 11.—An experimental train, consisting of five cars, left here early this morning from the Grand Central station with the intention of covering the 143 miles between here and Albany in 100 minutes. The only passengers on board are Vice President Webb, of the New York Central Railway, and seven invited guests. It is the intention of the management to run the train through to Buffalo, if the first stage proves a success. The trial to-day is simply to test the speed capacity of new engines, and the ability of the roadway to stand such terrific pressure.

The train steamed out of the Grand Central Station at 5:40.30 a.m.

Albany, N. Y., September 11.—The "Flyer" arrived at Albany at 7:54.55 a.m., covering 143 miles in 134 minutes 55 seconds. The train stopped at Albany and changed engines, doing it in one minute.

The train before reaching Albany passed Rhinecliff Station at 7:07 o'clock. While in sight of Rhinecliff it ran two and one-half miles in one minute and fifty five seconds. The first 74 miles of the run was made in 70 minutes.

Rome, N. Y. September 11.—The New York Central "Flyer" arrived here at 9:42 flat, making the run from Utica (fifteen miles) in 14 1/2 minutes, including taking water from the trough in East Rome. The 109 1/2 miles from Albany was made in 106 minutes.

Syracuse, N. Y., September 11.—The fast train reached here at 10:17.15 and left at 10:19.50. Locomotive No. 903 took the train west.

Rehoboth, N. Y., September 11.—The New York Central "Flyer" left Syracuse at 10:20 a.m., being pulled by engine 203, in charge of "Charlie" Hogan, chief locomotive inspector of the Falls division. The 83 miles between Syracuse and Rochester were covered in 73 minutes. Nothing but a cloud of dust could be seen as the train ploughed through the Central yards and trainshed, where a large crowd had assembled.

Buffalo, N. Y., September 11.—The New York Central "Flyer" arrived at the Central station in Buffalo at 12:40, having made the distance from New York to Buffalo, 440 miles, in 420 minutes, or seven hours. This breaks all long distance records of the world, and proclaims the Central-Hudson road the possessor of the championship. This beats the time of the Empire State Express one hour and forty minutes, and knocks nearly three-quarters of an hour from the latest English record of 450 miles from Euston to Perth in 7:45. The "Flyer" passed Batavia at 12:07, West Batavia at 12:14, Looneyville at 12:25, and entered the train shed here at 12:40 flat, amid the cheers of hundreds of people gathered to witness the actual finish of a wonderful record-breaking performance.

The 440 miles were run at a speed of 62.86 miles an hour; that part of the run from Syracuse to Rochester was covered at the rate of over 6:22 miles an hour, and the short run in sight of Rhinecliff at the rate of 78.26 miles an hour.

In the ordinary running of a locomotive at say 30 miles an hour that speed makes a wind pressure of 130lbs to the square foot, which has to be overcome by the pressure within the boiler, but

in the speeds of the "Flyer" from New York to Buffalo covering the 440 miles in 420 minutes there was a head pressure from the wind created by the advancing locomotive of 191lbs to 311lbs per square foot, that pressure overcome by the boiler pressure, while drawing the cars.

Sixty miles an hour is the speed of a heavy storm, and the speed of the flying train was the speed of a flying wind storm.

The locomotives that withstood the friction under such speeds are monuments to the genius of mechanics.

Heroes and Heroines of Canadian History Competition.

To encourage young folks in the study of our history, "SATURDAY NIGHT" offers the following prizes: A Prize of \$10 to the girl or boy under sixteen who writes the best essay of 300 words on some hero or heroine of Canadian History. Another prize of \$10 to the boy or girl under thirteen who will write the best similar essay.

All essays must be certified, as to age and authorship, by parent or teacher, and accompanied by the following coupon, with blank spaces filled in. To be sent to Competition Department "SATURDAY NIGHT," on or before Oct. 30th, 1895.

Canadian History Competition.

Essay on _____

By _____

Address _____

Aged _____

Certified by _____

HALF A CENTURY OF INVENTIONS.

Those of us not yet fifty years of age have probably lived in the most important and intellectually progressive period of human history. Within this half century the following inventions and discoveries have been among the number:—Ocean steamships, street railways, elevated railways, telegraph lines, ocean cables, telephones, phonography, type-setting machines, type-casting and setting machines, mild steel, the Bessemer and other processes, improved steam engines, air-brakes, automatic machines, long distance telephones; the manufacture of paper from wood by the use of alkalis; the manufacture of pulp for paper by mechanical process; the manufacture of paper from wood by sulphuric acid; the manufacture of paper that before cost ten cents, at less than two cents per pound by improved machinery; sewing machines, knitting machines, self-binding agricultural machines, seeding machines for farmers, bolt and nut machines, automatic screw making machines, innumerable improvements in machines of every kind; photography, and a score of new methods of picture-making, aniline colors, kerosene oil, electric lights, steam fire engines, chemical fire-extinguishers, anaesthetics and painless surgery, gun-cotton, nitroglycerine, dynamite, giant powder; aluminium, magnesium and other new metals; electro-plating, spectrum analysis, and spectroscopy; audiphone, pneumatic tubes, electric motor, electric railway, electric bells, type writers, cheap postal system; steam hoisting, steam and hydraulic elevators, vestibule cars, cantaliver bridges. These are only a part. All positive knowledge of the physical constitution of planetary and stellar worlds has been attained within this period.

My four-year-old boy remarked confidentially to the cook the other day that he "would hate to be a chicken." "Why, Bob?" "Cause I would have to lay eggs, and I don't know how," was the response.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editors of Saturday Night:

Sir,—The reference to the trials and troubles of a pursor on the river boats in the "Sagunay Trip," in your last issue, pleased me greatly. I recently travelled several times on the 'Carolina' and was struck with the politeness of both Capt. Rivarin and Pursor Footnor. I took some interest in watching the passengers at the ticket office, and was astonished at what the pursor has to put up with. The growling and grumbling that went on by presumably respectable people who could not get just what they wanted, made me surprised and would have made me mad if I had been in charge. Then, the annoyance of men who had been patronizing the bar and had got to quarrelsome pitch, was great. Moreover, I suppose that some of these same 'gentlemen' would be the very ones to make complaints if things did not go just to suit their precious selves. Thank goodness, I am not a pursor!

Yours truly, TRAVELLER.

ANENT GOOD BEHAVIOUR.

To the Editor of Saturday Night:

Sir,—Can you find space in your valuable paper for a few lines from a mother anent the behaviour of the girls at one at least of the seaside places?

I have been staying for some weeks this summer at Murray Bay, and found the place very pleasant, although it was a very wet season. But the girls, or young ladies, as they would claim to be, made me feel disgusted. And I should be sorry to take my girls there when they are grown up, if they are to copy those that I saw there. They appeared to feel free enough to act in the most loud way and to carry on as if they felt no restraint. If golf is responsible for the mannish gait and boyish shouts, then it is no game for ladies. It appeared to me that if you had lots of money to keep in the swim, you were all right; but if not, then, it was equally right to drive over you or do anything else that might suit the people who believed they owned the whole place. Why, one day, whilst sitting resting in the road near Hon. E. Blake's house, some of the golf playing rowdies started playing in the road, and nearly tumbled over me, and then in the drawl of the fashionable set, excused themselves. Now is this the way of decent society?

Trusting that you may find room for this, and thanking you in advance. I am, dear sir, yours, etc. MOTHER.

Social and Personal.

Mr. J. N. Greenfields has been confined to his apartments with indisposition.

Messrs. J. G. Shaughnessy and R. B. Angus left on Tuesday evening for Toronto.

Mr. J. Stephenson, Superintendent of the G.T.R., is enjoying a brief respite in Toronto.

Mr. William Orme, editor of the Sunday Sun, has had a serious relapse from his recent illness.

Mr. J. B. Pease, managing Editor of the Kingston Daily Whig, was at the Queen's on Wednesday.

Mr. C. H. Dobbin, of the Sherbrooke, has deferred his return to Montreal until the month of October.

Dr. A. Laphorne Smith, of Bishop street, has accepted an appointment to a professorship in Bishop's College.

Mr. James McShano left for New York on Sunday night. Mrs. McShano and Miss McShano also contemplate a trip to New York.

The members of the Ladies' Golf Club are awaiting the return of their secretary, Miss Ethel Gault, who is out of town on a brief respite before arranging for the social festivities of the Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Macmaster and family have returned from St. Andrews, N.B., where they have been visiting since Mr. Macmaster's return from Ireland, in connection with the Shortis' case.

Mr. E. C. Whiting, Secretary of the Metropolitan Football Club, was married on Wednesday at Trinity Church, to Miss Florence Smith, sister of Mr. A. Smith. The happy couple left for Toronto on the C. P. R. train.

The Kermesse for the benefit of the Notre Dame Hospital, which was to have taken place in September, has been deferred until October, owing to the absence of several of the ladies interested in the enterprise.

Dr. J. Norman Taylor, formerly of the staff of the Montreal General Hospital, and a well known player of the Shamrock Lacrosse team has been married to Miss Edith Armstrong, daughter of J. F. Armstrong, gold commissioner for East Kootenay. The wedding took place at Golden, B. C.

Among the prominent arrivals at the Windsor during the past week were Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Otis Till, Orange, N.J.; Mrs. Thyson and Miss Thyson, Washington, D. C.; Col. Leach, R. F., and Mrs. Leach, Halifax; J. Burstall, Quebec; F. C. Thomson, Sherbrooke; Dr. John Adams, Glasgow; W. F. MacPherson, Winnipeg; Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Riddell, Dorval.

Among the arrivals at the Hall were J. B. Cameron, Quebec; Rev. A. W. Mills and Mrs. Mills, Ottawa; John MacIntyre, Cornwall; A. A. Taillon, Ottawa; C. B. Powell, Ottawa; G. Mackinson, Newfoundland; Arthur E. Baldwin, Toronto; C. B. Davlin, M. C., Quebec; H. J. Reeve, Toronto; Mathew M. McCarthy, Sherbrooke.

At the Queen's: Mr. J. T. Shirriff and wife, Hull, Que.; C. Jenkins, Petrolia; W. G. MacLean, Toronto; H. B. White, St. John, N.B.; C. C. Woods, London, Ont.; Rev. A. J. Ball, Guelph; N. T. Allen, Halifax; The Bishop of Niagara; J. W. Dawson, Manager of the United Counties Railway, St. Hyacinthe; Dr. Cornell, Brockville; James Walsh, Halifax; Rev. F. S. Vroom and wife, Windsor; O. Hyman, Ottawa; F. W. Gaudet, R.C.A., Kingston.

At the Balmoral: Mr. A. C. Lorion, Fitchburg; M. J. Adams, Toronto; W. J. Robertson, St. John, N.B.; Rev. J. D. Barchill, Nelson, N.B.; Mr. R. R. Davis, Toronto; Mr. C. F. Raymond, Guelph, Ont.

NEW MUSIC.

We are in receipt of a very pretty new song (now being sung with great success by America's popular vocalist Lucky Thurlow), entitled: "Answer with a Kiss," words by Wm. H. Gardner, music by Wm. H. Friday, jr. Both words and music are unusually pretty and taking, and the composition is altogether devoid of the vulgar doggerel that unfortunately characterizes so many would-be popular songs. This new waltz song, with its charming rhythm and haunting refrain, (published by Chas. Held, Brooklyn, N.Y.), is sure to be a hit, and we are pleased to bring it before the notice of our music loving public.

NECESSARY TRIFLES.

One of the first wants that make itself felt on returning home from the summer holidays is the numberless kitchen trifles that are worn out or misplaced. The first run—after the good supply is all ended to—is to the hardware store, and the residents up-town are now supplied with an excellent one at 2445 St. Catherine Street (near Drummond), where Messrs. Mason & Co. have a capably selected stock of household requisites.

A SCOTCH JOKE.

Tourist (to Highland sentry on a cold frosty morning)—Sentry, are you cold with the kilt?
Sentry—Na, but I'm near kilt wi' the cauld,

LOVE'S STRATAGEM.

What though without the north wind blows,
And down the gale the leaves depart,
Your mouth, that sweet incarnate rose,
Makes summer weather in my heart.
Kiss me again love, when your eyes,
Your midnight eyes, and mine are met,
The light of all the stars that rise,
And stars that set,
I do forget.

What reck I of my garret drear,
Where Autumn's chilly gusts make moan,
With our young laughter ringing clear,
With your dear hand within my own?
Kiss me again,—ah, kiss me now!
For Song's, if not for Love's sake, do;
'Twill tune my lips and soul, I vow,
More sweet, more true,—
To sing of you.

My "heart?"—as that same word you said,
To me a simple way there came,
If you will lay your perfect head
Upon my heart 't will breathe your name.
Kiss me again,—the old sweet way,—
But now that you do kiss me, oh!
My poor heart has no word to say.

It loves you so,
Sweet heart—you know!

—BEATRICE GLEN MOORE.

CHIT-CHAT.

[Written for Saturday Night.]

Although some of the Parisian fashion plates show trimmed skirts for the coming season, they are not likely to take fast, the plain skirt still holding its own. Suitable for this season is a blue serge tailor-made, or by dress-maker, for that matter, so long as it is close-fitting, with blue braid as trimming, or, as I saw lately, small pearl shirt buttons. Large pearl buttons are also much used; in fact this long forsaken ornament is coming in again in all shapes, colors and sizes. Ladies *chapeaux de soie*, for walking, are still in vogue this Autumn; the shape only is somewhat changed, the crown being lower, with a neat wing or quill at the side, as a finish. These hats are seen in various colors; but black, of course, looks well with any dress.

Sage green serge or cloth, tailor made, with vest, collar and cuffs of undressed leather, machine stitched, in fancy stitch, with green silk, makes a pretty walking suit, and is quite new.

Reuben's *chapeau de soie*, with low crown, black and green feathers, matches it perfectly.

A pretty and seasonable walking dress for a young girl, of very small checked brown and white, with fold of white cloth around the bottom or a few inches above, white cloth sleeves with plaid cuffs. A felt sailor hat of a pretty brown shade, with band of plaid ribbon and white quill, to be worn with the suit. Many shades of brown with a black speck through the goods are favored this month, with squirrel or sable trimming, which may be purchased by the yard. The squirrel trimming is quite expensive. Combinations of black and white in velveteen suits are still the rage.

A pretty ground for afternoon driving toilette, is a pansy-purple velvet, with shoulder cape of moss green velvet or silk, lined with lilac, the cape having double frill of lilac *chiffon* around the neck, the edge of the cape deeply embroidered with chenille of lilac and green. A bonnet, the crown composed of pale violets, with heron-feather spray at the back, ties of moss-green velvet ribbon fastened at the back of the bonnet, in large wide-spread bow, with an ornamental buckle of emeralds, a tiny bunch of violets where the ties meet.

Steel trimming is much used, and cut jets are right up to date, some bodices being completely covered with jets. A pretty bodice to wear with

a black skirt is an old rose-colored, with the yoke all beaded with jet, also the collar and cuffs.

Now that evening entertainments are commencing a few hints as to the gowns may not be unwelcome. A pretty tea-gown is of yellow Japanese silk brocaded with pale blue, the bodice (corset-shape) of cut jets, elbow sleeves of the above-mentioned silk with points of jet from the shoulder half way down the puff; the bodice finished round the bust and shoulder with a full frill of yellow and chiffon. The skirt made with organ pleats at the back, the front from the side-seams an underskirt of pale blue, the brocaded-yellow falling in three large plaits at the left side, displaying the blue underneath, on which are jet points.

Persons in half-mourning attending a quiet *musical*, will find a most becoming gown one of cream *ponçee* silk, with jet butterflies, scattered on the skirt, the bodice of the same silk, and the rounded or V-cut neck finished at the top with cream and black *chiffon*. The front from the shoulder, and descending well under the arm, a trimming of jet butterflies. The sleeves large puffs of cream silk, a butterfly on each, the bottom of the sleeve being finished with black and white *chiffon*, *faillé de pigeon*, cashmere (or silk) with pink silk, is a beautiful combination now in vogue for evening gowns.

Many shades of yellow and golden brown are late favorites for morning-gowns, as well as for evening *toilette*.

An odd morning gown which came to my notice lately, was of fine yellow cashmere, Empire style, with bands across the front being of steel braid and jet, orange and golden brown leaves woven through the goods.

Long ulsters are to be worn this fall; some trimmed with fur, others with military braid. A pretty grey well-fitting ulster, with black braid and nickel buttons is among the very latest. Still, more worn and better liked are the shoulder capes, of different colors and makes. Particularly stylish is a triple cape of black silk *cape* cloth with pointed jet trimming. Fur capes will be much worn, and besides looking well they are so comfortable. The latest come a little below the elbow, quite full across the arm, but quite close-fitting on the shoulders, with a very high rounded collar forming a V, at the back of the neck which has the recommendation of not interfering with the *coiffure*. These capes are lined with quilted silk of light colors, the favorite color being yellow. Lastly, small fur caps, turban style, will be very fashionable, with the inevitable bird's-wing at the side.

If you are thinking of buying a fall coat just call at Boisseau Bros.; they have an imported variety in rough and smooth cloths. Among others, nice navy blue, double-breasted revers and collar garnished with *app'ique* trimming.

E. H. McN.

AN IRISH JOKE.

A young Irishman appeared before one of the Dublin magistrates to lodge the following complaint: "Yor worship, me name is Pat Braiy. I live at 20 Regent street, and I want your advice."

"Well, Pat, what is it?"

"Sorr, I live at 20 Regent street. The reservoir about me house has burst, and the water has come down and drowned all me chickens. Phwat shall I do?"

"You had better take your complaint to the water commissioners."

"Sure, an I have been to the water commissioners. I told them the reservoir had burst and drowned all me chickens."

"And what did they say, Pat?"

"Phwat did they say, they axed me why I didn't keep ducks."

MY LOVE.

My love is like the red red rose,
That breathes the sweet perfume;
For in my love all charms repose,
And I, those charms consume.

My love is no expensive wife,
Tho' very dear she be;
Three pence a day, upon my life,
Is all she costeth me.

Of flowers and jew'ls, bonnets and lace,
She never feels the need;
No flowers at her command I place,
Save, only one poor weed.

And yet not e'en the fairest girls
Can with my love compare;
Altho' she boasts no glossy curls,
Not e'en one scrap of hair.

Thrice daily after every meal,
I press her to my lips;
And then as sweet a kiss I steal,
As bee from lily lips.

May I all other earthly loves
From my remembrance wipe;
While loving one poor piece of clay,
My beautiful my—pipe.

c. d.

CARMALITA.

[Written for Saturday Night.]

So these lives that had run thus far in separate channels,
Coming in sight of each other, then swerving and
blowing asunder, parted by barriers strong;
But, drawing nearer and nearer,
Rushed together at last, and one was lost
in the other. —Longfellow.

The sun shone fiercely down on the long yellow stretch of burning sand in the Arizona desert: the air was heavy with heat as I guided my horse slowly along, picking my way here and there among the tall green cacti to avoid the chollas, large balls of thorns that fasten themselves into the horse's hoofs and seem to wound them; the ground seemed covered with them, some too small to be seen at a distance. The Mexicans have a superstition that the horse is a magnet and attracts the chollas; it seemed so to me when suddenly Charlie reared, nearly throwing me, then stood still, trembling. I jumped down, and in his poor foot was a great prickly ball. He kept quite still while I drew it out, the blood staining the sand around him, but when I tried to start him again he was quite lame. What was I to do, out on the desert alone; in a few hours it would be dark. If I tried to walk I'd be lost in the dark. I who had always wished for adventures had found one at last; it was not as pleasant as I had thought. Poor old Charlie rubbed his nose against me, as if begging pardon for his lameness; how lonesome it began to feel as the sun set. I seemed to be alone in a great white world of sand the cacti looked dark in the gloom, and seemed to be guarding the desert with their branches stretched out, like giant's arms; now and then a lizard would slide past me, or a gopher would look at me with his bright little eyes, shake his head with a mocking look, then disappear in the gloom. It felt as if I had been there hours when I heard the distant sound of hoofs' feet. O how glad I was! but what if it should be going another way. I listened and nearer they came. An old Mexican with white hair and a sun-burned, weather-beaten face, riding a little burro, his long legs nearly dragging on the ground. As the donkey crept along he started as I came in front of him, and, in a mixture of English and Mexican, I made him understand, "Si, Si," he said with a grin as I showed him Charlie's foot, "Mucha

cholla woted, none eat," which meant I did not know there were so many chollas; then he told me it was very lucky for me he had just past, as there was going to be a sand storm. The sky had turned a yellowish red and the clouds seemed nearly touching us, but the Mexican told me we would reach the town in time, and after taking five or six more thorns from Charlie's hoof we started, old Esrobasa, as he told me was his name, watching the clouds with anxious eyes. We had been riding some time when he said, "This reminds me of a night some years ago; a very sad thing happened, and you might have shared the same fate." I asked him to tell me about it. "It is a long story," he said, "but if you like I'll tell it."

Once, a good many years ago when I lived in Mexican Town, in the house next to mine lived the belle of the Mexicans, a pretty girl with big dark eyes, fair skin, not dark as most of our girls; some said her father was an Englishman, but we never saw him, as she lived with her aunt; she was a great favorite with everyone, even the dogs used to follow her as she went through the town, and when she passed by China Town, the Chinamen sitting smoking with their opium pipes in front of them, their heavy little eyes twinkled and they often offered her Joss sticks or opium as a sign she pleased them, she would take them from them always with a smile. I often watched her when she thought herself alone, from my window; I could see the garden where she lay in her hammock eating the juicy pomegranates or picking grapes in the arbor. They had the prettiest garden in Mexican Town everyone said; down near the gate a stream flowed under a little bridge, great pieces of prairie grass waved like white feathers, the pomegranate trees were loaded with the ripe fruits, showing the blood-red fruit inside where they had burst open. There Carmelita, "Carma" they called her spent most of her time; the amusements of the other Mexican girls never seemed to please her; she never played the concertina or joined their dances, but every evening she was sure to be seen in the little church where the lower class of Mexican women always appeared with heavy shawls on their heads, looking like a crowd of nuns, with two or three dogs following even into the church; hairless dogs most of them, the color of a Maltese cat.

Carma never missed mass, and her admirers waited at the door for the pleasure of walking home with her; it never seemed to matter to her which it was, she was as nice to one as to the other; some complained that she did not seem to care at all for her own people, and blamed her father's being English, and it was true she seemed happier when away from the Mexicans; she had come to Mexican Town a few years before with her aunt, from Los Angeles, where she had been to an English school; most of her friends shook their heads wisely and said it was a great mistake as she might despise her own people later, but if she despised them she never showed it. Some times she would have me to clean up the garden in the autumn, take away the fallen fruit, and she always gave me a large basket of fruit she picked instead of those from the ground.

Carma would often saddle her pony and ride out alone, sometimes staying away for hours. One day when she had been longer than usual I heard that her pony had taken fright and she had been saved by a young cowboy who caught her from her horse as she fell. After that I often saw the cowboy in her garden or riding with her. I heard he was a college man who had come out to be a cowboy for the fun and adventures. He was not strong looking at all, tall, fair, with sun-burned skin and blue eyes, just the opposite to Carmelita. As the days went on they seemed to become greater friends, he always at her side. I wondered how it would end, as he had to go back East soon, I heard him say, I noticed "Carma" on Sunday in the little church, her expression

seemed so puzzled and sad, as she bent her head now and then over her book. One afternoon I was sitting near my window dozing when I heard voices in the garden. I listened, one sounded angry, the other sad. I looked up and saw Carma and the cowboy. I understood English well and I knew he was vexed, she trying to pacify him; then they went into the house and I never saw them together again.

About six o'clock her aunt came running in to me, to say Carma was out riding and a sand storm was coming up. I came to the door. The sky was heavy and yellow, the air hot; everything was still, not a sound; we seemed to be waiting for something awful to happen; a leaf in the street stirred, then another, then a piece of paper flew past; we heard a sound like something tearing and a great wall of yellow dust came rolling up the deserted street. I pulled Carmelita's aunt in, and shut the door, just as the storm burst; from the window the town looked one great mass of smoke as the dust whirled here and there, dragging everything along with it, then the lightning flashed, the thunder sounded like pistol shots from a gigantic pistol, even the house shook. My neighbor sat in a corner shaking with fear for her niece. "Carma," she moaned to herself. It was not very long before the storm blew over as suddenly as it came, but no Carma, the stars shone out brightly, the air felt fresh, the leaves of the cotton trees looked green again, as the rain had washed the dust from them. We waited and waited, till a passer by told us he had seen Carma riding down near the station, but perhaps in the dark of the storm she had lost her way and gone out on to the desert. I and some others with our horses and torches rode out to find her. As we went along we set the large cacti on fire till the desert was a blaze of light, and Carma could have seen us at a great distance. After riding a little while we saw a dark spot behind the mosquito bushes, and on coming nearer it proved to be Carma's pony lying stiff and dead, near him was his mistress, her face turned up to the stars, one hand beneath her head. She must have died at once, as her face was as peaceful as I remember her in the little church at her prayers, but on her temple was a great dark spot where her pony in his struggle must have kicked her. We carried her home in a sad procession, our dark figures moving slowly along the grey sand the red light from the burning cacti shining on us, and as the light flickered on her dead face she seemed to laugh. Well we buried her a few days after in the little cemetery out of town. Every one in Mexican town followed, all the girls in white walking behind the coffin in a line. When we reached the graveyard many were weeping as they remembered her, and as it is the Mexican custom to open the coffin before it is lowered into the earth, the lid was put back, and we looked on her face for the last time, when I heard a cry, and right across the coffin fell her friend, the cowboy; no one had seen him come. We lifted him tenderly, for he had fainted, and carried him into town. I never saw him again, but next year, on the very day Carma died, they found him on the desert, in the place where she had fallen, dead, his face buried in the sand. He had laid there till he smothered. Some said he blamed himself for her death at coming to meet him at the station at the last, she had wandered into the desert and died; we never know, but we never forgot Carma and her blue-eyed cowboy, finished the Mexican with a sigh, as he rubbed one rough hand against his eyes.

While he had been talking the clouds had cleared and the stars shone out as brightly as on the night of Carma's death, and as I rode home through Mexican town past the little adobe church, grey in the moonlight, by the small house, where I could see the men gathered around tables gambling, a favorite Mexican amusement, and women in highly colored dress dancing to the concertina, I wondered if any of them remembered Carmelita.

VIOLET GWENDOLINE MOORE.

AMUSEMENTS.

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

NIOBE.

The mythological extravaganza of Niobe has proved a capital attraction for the opening of the season at the Queen's Theatre, and our readers who missed it early in the week, should not allow the Saturday performances to go by, if they want to have a good hearty laugh at a jolly play, without any farcical horseshy or suggestiveness. The play is an entirely modern one, and although brought out in London, has wisely been Americanized as to local allusions, while the humour is never allowed to sink below the level of tragic comedy. The plot—in barest outline—hinges upon an antique statue of Niobe, temporarily stored in an insurance agent's house, coming to life through the intervention of a live electric wire. As the agent, Mr. Dan, (capitally portrayed by Mr. Frank Norcross) has an "old cat" of a sister-in-law, the complications of a Greek maiden in a modern household may be imagined; for although Mr. Dan repeatedly declares his decision to avoid anything that has "no money in it," yet his warm heart and sense of justice lend him to befriend the girl so strangely brought into his domestic circle. Fortunately the art-lover who owns the statue, falls in love with the living Niobe and all ends happily. The part of Niobe is taken by Miss Minerva Dorr, and she fully satisfies this peculiar role, her splendid physique being statuesque in style, while her ingenuous acting carries out the idea of a girl suddenly brought into an entirely new life, and utterly ignorant of her surroundings. Miss Lillian Dix took the forbidding character of Helen Griffin, the sister-in-law, in a capital manner, while Miss Maude Storey as the wife, and Miss Bonnie Norcross as the irrepresible Hattie Griffin, were both very good. Mr. Walter Hawley as Cornelius Griffin, the young man who shifted his worries on to other people's shoulders, was also very good. The whole play ran very smoothly, the dialogue being brisk, the jokes good, and the players entering into their parts thoroughly. Although the idea of a statue becoming alive, is similar to Pygmalion and Galatea, and while the play recalls still more strongly the "Tinted Veils," (a weak dramatization of a dramatic novel) yet "Niobe" is essentially distinct from both, and stands as a thoroughly successful comedy.

Mention should be made of the work of the orchestra under the direction of Mr. Herbert Sponcer, and especially of Mr. William Furst's violin solo which was deservedly encored.

"JACK HARKAWAY."

Story of the Play.

J. B. Sparrow's romantic spectacle, which is underlined as the next attraction at the Queen's Theatre (commencing Monday) for an engagement of one week, will not only prove attractive from being one of the finest plays of its character on the stage to-day, but from being of the famous Harkaway's stories; and, additionally so, telling as it does of the romantic incidents of the Peninsular wars when Napoleon and Wellington played for the World as a stake over 100 years ago. The diplomatic incidents of England, France and Spain, of that period, will undoubtedly prove interesting from an historical standpoint. The plot deals with thadventures, or rather misfortunes, of Jack Harkaway, the son of Col. Harkaway, the head of the British War Department. The young man, after enlisting in H.M.S. navy, waits at home for his commission. He is in love with his father's ward, Miss Emilio Travers, and so also is his old enemy, Henry Huntston, of the British Embassy. The latter has long been Jack's enemy, and is also a traitor

of his country, having sold important State secrets of the English War Department to France. He plots to secure Jack's downfall by throwing the blame of his own treacherous acts upon him, which he does by means of an intercepted letter which young Hathaway has written to Emilio's brother Tom, who applies to him for money with which to pay a gambling debt. This is found under suspicious circumstances, and worded in such a manner as to let the Secret Service officials believe that it refers to secret documents of the State. Jack is accused of the crime, and rather than betray Emilio's brother, he allows his father to believe him guilty. He escapes from prison, however, with the assistance of his chum, Harry Dick, and his faithful servant, "Monday," and books passage as a common sailor on the "Fairy Queen," which sails for the coast of Portugal. Huntston, Emilio and her aunt also take passage on the same vessel; the ship is wrecked at sea; Jack and his comrades are picked up and carried to Fort St. Julian, on the Portugal coast.

Through Huntston they are recognized as young officers and sentenced to be shot at day-break, while the women of the party are sent on to Lisbon. Through the night the English plot and capture the Fort, and Jack and his companions are set free. Ignorant of their escape, Emilio arrives home, and finds that Col. Harkaway believes that his son died a traitor at St. Julian. She discloses Huntston's villainy to the Colonel, who challenges him to a duel; the two men meet and the Colonel is wounded, but Jack arrives in time to take his place and acquit him of the wrong in the past.

From this brief synopsis it will be seen that the plot is replete with interest and startling incidents and exciting scenes. The two big mechanical effects of the play: first, the sinking of the "Fairy Queen," and second, the Naval Battle and the fall of Fort St. Julian, are recognized to be the most complete and realistic scenes that have yet been placed on the stage. Mr. Theodore Babcock, the young romantic actor, has been engaged to interpret the principal role.

The production has been enthusiastically received in Boston and Philadelphia, and may be considered a genuine success, and as it is purely a Canadian production, it is bound to triumph.

"The 20th Century Girl," an operatic spectacular burlesque of 72 people, is an early "booking" at the Queen's Theatre.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Next week will see the most important engagement of the season at the Academy, in the performances of Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry, supported by the London Lyceum Co. The repertoire will be as follows: Monday and Tuesday, 'Faust'; Wednesday and Saturday, matinee, 'Merchant of Venice', Thursday and Friday, 'King Arthur'; Saturday evening, 'Waterloo and the Bells.'

THEATRE ROYAL.

This week the "White Rat," a play depicting low life in New York, has been drawing crowded houses, and to-day (Saturday) will see the final performances in the afternoon and evening.

Next week the play will be "Girl Wanted," in which Frank Bush will appear in his great Hobrow impersonation, and in other characters taken by the stranded actor that he represents.

Major Tomtit: 'Yes, she does sing divinely. Proud of my wife, sir.'

The Colonel: 'I suppose you know the mean things the boys say about you?'

Major Tomtit: 'Certainly; they call us Beauty and the Beast. Now what has my poor wife done to be called a beast.'

"A LITTLE NONSENS E NOW & THEN"

"What's the Matter with the Little Fiddle?"

The parish clerk of a certain village was a bit of a rhymer. One day he came to the Vicar. "Sir, he said, "one of the hymns for Sunday has got in it:

'And may our hearts in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.'

Now, most of the people here would understand 'violin' better, as not many of them have seen a harp, don't you think it would be better to say, as old David Jones leads the choir with a fiddle,

'And may our hearts be tuned within,
Like Uncle David's violin?'

'Very well Thomas,' said the vicar, with a smile. When the time came for giving out the hymns for morning service, poor Thomas had forgotten his manuscript; nothing daunted, he began:

'And may our hearts—
And may our hearts—'

But the rest would not come; suddenly, however, with a burst of inspiration, he shouted triumphantly:

'And may our hearts go iddle-diddle-diddle,
Like Uncle David's little fiddle.'

The New York *Clipper* advertises for 'A lady high-kicker; must do splits.' If there is a lady of that kind in Montreal, will she please go and do them at once, as there is something uncomfortable about the look of that advertisement, and we would like it taken out.

'What is the difference between 'wages' and 'salary?'

'Well, generally, one means a great deal of work and some pay, and the other a good deal of pay and some work.'

"EVIL BE TO HIM WHO EVIL THINKS."

Many times Mrs. Archand regretted visiting her brother's house, a house so regardless of the most ordinary of Christian tenets, where the Sabbath dawned and fled without austere inactivity and unmeaning ritual. What a place for her and her daughter Kathleen, whom she had guarded with such vigilance.

Her roveries was broken in upon by her nephews, those godless young men! she would remain behind the curtains and verify if possible by their conversation the opinion she had given their father of them.

'Ah, I tell you, my boy, she's a clipper,' said Dick.

'Yes, not so bad,' answered Ernest, 'but she is not the idol for me.'

'Give it a name' laughed Dick.

'Why Kathleen, to be sure, she's an all-righter if you like; smart, trim, stouy, and the latest new-comer, and can show a clean pair of heels to the whole bovy.'

She gasped, her daughter's name to be bandied thus, she would let them know at once—but no! she would sound the depths of their infamy.

'But their are others,' sang Dick, 'just as fast, and even quicker in stays than your Kathleen.'

'Don't think much of the others,' said Ernest, but I do like her form, by jove it's just immense.

'Yes she's a good form,' admitted Dick, 'beautiful from bow to stern'

'And,' continued Ernest, 'when the wind catches her, and she lays down with her clean white sheets.—'A shriek interrupted him, and the aunt purple in the face, dashed out of the room. Their explanations were received with chuckles from their father, but their aunt bade them an eternal adieu, and would never believe that they had been talking about—yachts!

CHRIST IS THE CHIEF

REV. DR. TALMAGE ON THE MOST CONSPICUOUS FIGURE IN HISTORY.

A Sermon That Must Be Full of Inspiration to Christians Everywhere—Christ the Object of Faith and Love and Hope. Treasures In Heaven.

New York, Sept. 1.—For his sermon for this forenoon, Rev. Dr. Talmage selects a topic which must prove full of inspiration to Christians everywhere. The title of his discourse is, "The Chieftain," and the text, "The chiefest among ten thousand," Canticles v, 10.

The most conspicuous character of history steps out upon the platform. The finger which, diamonded with light, pointed down to him from the Bethlehem sky, was only a ratification of the finger of prophecy, the finger of genealogy, the finger of chronology, the finger of events—all five fingers pointing in one direction. Christ is the overlapping figure of all time. He is the "vox humana" in all music, the graceful line in all sculpture, the most exquisite mingling of lights and shades in all painting, the name of all climates, the dome of all cathedrals, grandeur and the perfection of all language.

The Greek alphabet is made up of 24 letters, and when Christ compared himself to the first letter and the last letter, the Alpha and the Omega, he appropriated to himself all the splendors that you can spell out either with those two letters or all the letters between them, "I am the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the end."

The Chieftain.

What does that Scripture mean which says of Christ, "He that cometh from above is above all?" It means after you have piled up all Alps and Himalayan altitudes the glory of Christ would have to spread its wings and descend a thousand leagues to touch these summits. Pella, a high mountain of Thessaly; Ossa, a high mountain, and Olympus, a high mountain, but mythology tells us when the giants warred against the gods they piled up these three mountains, and from the top of them proposed to scale the heavens, but the height was not great enough, and there was a complete failure. And after all the giants—Israhel and Paul, prophetic and apostolic giants; Raphael and Michael Angelo, artistic giants; cherubim and seraphim and archangel, celestial giants—have failed to climb to the top of Christ's glory they might all well unite in the words of Paul and cry out, "Above all!" "Above all!" But Solomon in my text prefers to call Christ "The Chieftain," and so today I hail him.

First, Christ must be chief in our preaching. There are so many books on homiletics scattered through the country that all laymen, as well as all clergymen, have made up their minds what sermons ought to be. That sermon is the most effective which most pointedly puts forth Christ as the parker of all sin and the correction of all evil—individual, social, political, national. There is no reason why we should ring the endless changes on a few phrases. There are those who think that if an exhortation or a discourse have frequent mention of justification, sanctification, covenant of works and covenant of grace, therefore it must be profoundly evangelical, while they are suspicious of a discourse which presents the same truth, but under different phraseology. Now, I say there is nothing in all the opulent realm of Anglo-Saxonism, of all the word treasures that we inherited from the Latin and the Greek and the Indo-European, but we have a right to marvel it in religious discussion. Christ sets the example. His illustrations were from the grass, the flowers, the barnyard fowl, the crystals of salt, as well as from the seas and the stars, and we do not propose in our Sunday school teaching and in our pulpit address to be put on the limits.

Words and Their Power.

I know that there is a great deal said in our day against words, as though they were nothing. They are to be misused, but they have an imperial power. They are the bridge between soul and soul, between Al-

mighty God and the human race. What did Christ write upon the tables of stone? Words. What did Christ utter on Mount Olivet? Words. Out of what did Christ strike the spark for the illumination of the universe? Out of words. "Let there be light," and light was. Of course, thought is the cargo, and words are only the ship; but how fast would your cargo get on without the ship? What you need, my friends, in all your work, in your Sabbath school class, in your reformatory institutions, and what we all need is to enlarge our vocabulary when we come to speak about God and Christ and heaven. We ride a few old words to death, when there is such illustrious resource. Shakespeare employed 15,000 different words for dramatic purposes; Milton employed 8,000 different words for poetic purposes; Rufus Choate employed over 11,000 different words for legal purposes, but the most of us have less than 1,000 words that we can manage, and that makes us so stupid.

When we come to set forth the love of Christ we are going to take the tenderest phraseology wherever we find it, and if it has never been used in that direction before all the more shall we use it. When we come to speak of the glory of Christ the conqueror we are going to draw our similes from triumphal arch and oratorio and everything grand and stupendous. The French navy have 18 flags by which they give signal, but those 18 flags they can put into 66,000 different combinations. And I have to tell you that these standards of the cross may be lifted into combinations infinite and varieties everlasting. And let me say to these young men who come from theological seminaries into our services, and away after awhile, going to preach Jesus Christ: You will have the largest liberty and unlimited resource. You only have to present Christ in your own way.

Christ's Power.

Brighter than the light, fresher than the fountains deeper than the seas, are all these gospel themes. Song has no melody, flowers no sweetness, sunset sky no color compared with these glorious themes. These harvests of grace spring up quicker than we can sickle them. Kludging pulpits with their fire and producing revolutions with their power, lighting up dying belts with their glory, they are the sweetest thought for the poet, and they are the most thrilling illustration for the orator, and they offer the most intense scene for the artist, and they are to the embassador of the sky all enthusiasm. Complete pardon for direct guilt. Sweetest comfort for ghostliest agony. Brightest hope for grimmest death. Grandest resurrection for darkest requiem. Oh, what a gospel to preach! Christ the chief. His birth, his suffering, his miracles, his parables, his sweat, his tears, his blood, his atonement, his intercession—what glorious theme! Do we exercise faith? Christ is its object. Do we have love? It fastens on Jesus.

Have we a fondness for the church? It is because Christ died for it. Have we a hope of heaven? It is because Jesus went there, the herald and the forerunner. The royal robe of Demetrius was so costly, so beautiful, that after he had put it off no one ever dared to put it on, but this robe of Christ, richer than that, the poorest and the weakest and the worst may wear. "Where sin abounded grace may much more abound."

"Oh, my sins, my sins," said Martin Luther to Staupitz, "my sins, my sins!" The fact is that the brave German student had found a Latin Bible that made him quake, and nothing else ever did make him quake, and when he found how, through Christ, he was pardoned and saved, he wrote to a friend, saying: "Come over and join us great and awful sinners saved by the grace of God. You seem to be only a slender sinner, and you don't much extol the mercy of God; but we that have been such very awful sinners praise His grace the more now that we have been redeemed." Can it be that you are so desperately egotistical that you feel yourself in first rate spiritual trim, and that from the root of the hair to the tip of the toe you are scarless and immaculate? What you need is a looking glass, and here it is in the Bible. Poor and wretched and miserable and blind and naked from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, full of

wounds and putrefying sores. No health in us. And then take the fact that Christ gathered up all the notes against us and paid them, and then offered us the receipt! And how much we need him in our sorrow! We are independent of circumstances if we have his grace. Why, he made Paul sing in the dungeon, and under that grace St. John from desolate Patmos heard the blast of the apocalyptic trumpets. After all other candles have been snuffed out, this is the light that gets brighter and brighter unto the perfect day; and after, under the hard hoofs of calamity, all the pools of worldly enjoyment have been trampled into deep mire, at the foot of the eternal rock the Christian, from cups of granite lily rimmed, puts out the thirst of his soul.

Consolation For the Dying.

Again, I remark that Christ is chief in dying alleviations. I have not any sympathy with the morbidity abroad about our demise. The emperor of Constantinople arranged that on the day of his coronation the mason should come and consult him about the tombstone that after awhile he would need. And there are men who are monomaniacal on the subject of departure from this life by death, and the more they think of it the less they are prepared to go. This is an unmanliness not worthy of you, not worthy of me.

Saladin, the greatest conqueror of his day, while dying, ordered that the tunic he had on him be carried after his death on his spear at the head of his army, and that then the soldier, ever and anon, should stop and say: "Behold all that is left of Saladin, the emperor and conqueror! Of all the states he conquered, of all the wealth he accumulated, nothing did he retain but this shroud." I have no sympathy with such behavior, or such absurd demonstration, or with much that we hear uttered in regard to departure from this life to the next. There is a common sensible idea on this subject that you need to consider—there are only two styles of departure: A thousand feet underground, by light of torch, tolling in a miner's shaft, a ledge of rock may fall upon us, and we may die a miner's death. Far out at sea, falling from the slippery railings and broken on the hulliards, we may die a sailor's death. On mission of mercy in hospital, amid broken bones and reeking leprosy and raging fevers, we may die a philanthropist's death. On the field of battle, serving God and our country, slugs through the heart, the gun carriage may roll over us, and we may die a patriot's death. But, after all, there are only two styles of departure—the death of the righteous and the death of the wicked—and we all want to die the former.

God grant that when that hour comes you may be at home. You want the hand of your kindred in your hand. You want your children to surround you. You want the light on your pillow from eyes that have long reflected your love. You want your room still. You do not want any curious strangers standing around watching you. You want your kindred from afar to hear your last prayer. I think that is the wish of all of us. But is that all? Can earthly friends hold us up when it is billows of death come up to the girle? Can human voice charm open heaven's gate? Can human hand pilot us through the narrowness of death into heaven's harbor? Can any earthly friendship shield us from the arrows of death, and in the hour when Satan shall practice upon us his infernal archery? No, no, no, no! Alas, poor soul, if that is all. Better die in the wilderness, far from tree shadow and from fountain, alone, vultures circling through the air waiting for our body, unknown to men, and to have no burial, if only Christ could say through the solitude, "I will never leave thee, I will never forsake thee." From that pillow of stone a ladder would soar heavenward, angels coming and going, and across the solitude and the barrenness would come the sweet notes of heavenly minstrelsy.

Their Last Words.

Gordon Hall, far from home, dying in door of a heathen temple, said, "Glory to thee, O God!" What did dying Wilberforce say to his wife? "Come and sit beside me, and let us talk of heaven. I never knew what happiness was until I found Christ." What did dying Hannah More

say? "To go to heaven, think what that is! To go to Christ, who died that I might live! Oh, glorious grave! Oh, what a glorious thing it is to die! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" What did Mr. Toplady, the great hymn maker, say in his last hour? "Who can measure the depths of the third heaven? Oh, the sunshine that fills my soul! I shall soon be gone, for surely no one can live in this world after such glories as God has manifested to my soul."

What did the dying Intonway say? "I can as easily close my eyes or turn my head in sleep. Before a few hours have passed I shall stand on Mount Zion with the one hundred and forty and four thousand, and with the just men made perfect, and we shall ascribe riches and honor and glory and majesty and dominion unto God and the Lamb." Dr. Taylor, condemned to burn at the stake, on his way thither broke away from the guardmen and went bounding and leaping and jumping toward the fire, glad to go to Jesus and to die for him. Sir Charles Huro, in his last moments, had such rapturous vision that he cried, "Upward, upward, upward!" And so great was the peace of one of Christ's disciples that he put his finger upon the pulse in his wrist and counted it and observed it, and so great was his placidity that after awhile he said, "Stopped!" and his life had ended here to begin in heaven. But grander than that was the testimony of the wornout first missionary, when in the Mamertine dungeon he cried: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, will give me in that day, and not to me only, but to all them that love his appearing!" Do you not see that Christ is chief in dying alleviations?

Hope For the Redeemed.

Toward the last hour of our earthly residence we are speeding. When I see the sunset I say "One day less to live." When I see the spring blossoms scattered, I say, "Another season gone forever." When I close the Bible on Sabbath night I say, "Another Sabbath departed." When I bury a friend I say, "Another earthly attraction gone forever." What nimble feet the years have! The rubucks and the lightnings run not so fast. From decade to decade, from sky to sky, they go at a bound. There is a place for us, whether marked or not, where you and I will sleep the last sleep, and the men are now living who will, with solemn tread, carry us to our resting place. Aye, it is known in heaven whether our departure will be a coronation or a banishment. Brighter than a banquet hall through which the light feet of the dancers go up and down to the sound of trumpets will be the sepulcher through whose rifts the holy light of heaven streameth. God will watch you. He will send his angels to guard your slumbering dust, until, at Christ's behest, they shall roll away the stone.

So also Christ is chief in heaven. The Bible distinctly says that Christ is the chief theme of the celestial ascription, all the thrones facing his throne, all the palms waved before his face, all the crowns down at his feet. Cherubim to cherubim, seraphim to seraphim, redeemed spirit to redeemed spirit, shall recite the Saviour's earthly sacrifice.

Stand on some high hill of heaven, and in all the radiant sweep the most glorious object will be Jesus. Myriads gazing on the scars of his suffering, in silence first, afterward breaking forth into acclamation. The martyrs, all the purer for the flame through which they passed, will say, "This is the Jesus for whom we died." The apostles, all the happier for the shipwreck and the scourging through which they went, will say, "This is the Jesus whom we preached at Corinth, and at Cappadocia, and at Antioch, and at Jerusalem." Little children clad in white will say, "This is the Jesus who took us in his arms and blessed us, and when the storms of the world were too cold and loud, brought us into this beautiful place." The multitude of the beatified will say, "This is the Jesus who comforted us when our hearts broke." Many who wandered clear off from God and plucked into paganism,

ism, but were saved by grace, will say: "This is the Jesus who pardoned us. We were lost on the mountains, and he brought us home. We were guilty, and he has made us white as snow." Mercy boundless, grace unparalleled. And then, after each one has recited his peculiar deliverances and peculiar merits, recited them as by solo, all the voices will come together into a great chorus, which will make the arches echo and re-echo with the eternal reverberation of triumph.

Edward I was so anxious to go to the Holy Land that when he was about to expire he bequeathed \$100,000 to have his heart, after his decease, taken to the Holy Land in Asia Minor, and his request was complied with. But there are hundreds today whose hearts are already in the Holy Land of heaven. Where your treasures are, there are your hearts also. Quaint John Bunyan caught a glimpse of that place, and in his quaint way he said, "And I heard in my dream, and, lo! the bells of the city rang again for joy, and as they opened the gates to let in the men I looked in after them, and, lo! the city shone like the sun, and there were streets of gold, and men walked on them, harps in their hands, to ring praises withal, and after that they shut up the gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them!"

INTO FLAME.

We were coming east on the Union Pacific when our train was delayed at Mojave, Cal. It was evident that we would have plenty of time, and I made a hasty acquaintance with a citizen who soon introduced me to an old engineer, John Bartholomew, who had the reputation of having the most thrilling record in the history of the road. I asked the old man to tell me his story:

"It isn't much of a story," said the white haired old veteran, "but if you want to hear it I'll tell you. It was in the summer of 1870. I was running an 'extra' passenger engine on one of the mountain divisions of the U. P., and, a young engineer then, I had a rather unenviable record as a wild and reckless runner.

"At that time the government was making lots of changes among the army posts on the frontier, and almost every week we had one or more of what we called 'government specials,' moving the soldiers and their families and belongings from one post to another. One morning I was 'called' to go out on one of these runs, and as I coupled my engine to the train the conductor handed me a message from the superintendent telling us to rush that train through with all possible speed. It just suited me exactly. I had a light train—four baggage cars, three coaches and a 'sleeper'—and I knew I could 'make a record' for a fast run, something I had been waiting for for a long time.

"In the first hour I made 50 miles, and then—well, I never had a chance to better it. We received an order to meet a passenger train and pass a freight going in the same direction as ourselves at the next station.

"There were two side tracks there, and the freight train occupied one of them, and I pulled in on the other. The station was right at the top of a very heavy grade, and the track down this hill was very crooked. The passenger train came a little late, and in my hurry to get out I did not give the brakeman time to open the switch, and I got the front truck of my engine off the track. It did no damage to the engine, but it gave the fire that left me as I am now a good chance to get a-going.

"At last we got started, and as I looked back from my cab at the first curve I saw the freight train on the main track ready to follow us down the hill. My train was running at full 50 miles an hour as I turned the last long curve at the foot of the grade, and there in plain view was the mouth of Winnemucca tunnel choked from the rail to the roof with a mass of roaring flames. It was nearly a quarter of a mile away, and I knew I could stop my train, but I looked back across the curve and could see, hardly 1,000 feet behind me, that heavy freight train rushing along almost as fast as I was running. It was before the time of airbrakes on freight trains, and I realized in less than a second

that no power then in use could at that time save the lives of the hundreds of soldiers and their wives and little ones in the cars behind me. The very force of the collision would drive my train into the tunnel, where, without power to move, they would surely perish.

"I thought quick then. My fireman had jumped the minute he saw the fire, and I was alone on the engine. I knew the timbers in the tunnel were very heavy, and my only chance was that the fire had not burned through them so that they had dropped to the rail. I threw coal into the fire-box until we reached the mouth of the tunnel, and then I dropped the cab curtains, shut the windows and waited.

"I was right in my guess. None of the timbers was down, but one big one, burned out at the top, was started by the jar of the train and fell just in time to catch the corner of the cab. The speed of the train threw the log lengthwise with the track, but it took the engine cab with it. I had been all right until this happened, but then in the intense heat I commenced to roast. I pulled out the throttle as far as it would go and then crawled back into the tender and lay down beside the iron water space and prayed for death. I just remember seeing the blue sky as we shot out of the mouth of that living hell, and that was the last I knew for over a week. I was in the hospital for over a year, and as no one else was hurt except my fireman, and he was at work again in about a month, I have nothing to regret. When I could get out and get around, the general manager told me I should draw engine-men's pay as long as I lived, work or not, as I pleased. I try to do what I can, but, as you see, it's not much, but I always get my pay just the same."

Brave old John Bartholomew! He was made of the stuff of which heroes are fashioned, and in these days of soulless corporations it is pleasant to know that the management of one great railroad appreciates his sacrifice and tries to make his declining years pleasant.—Exchange.

Pure Soft Soap.

Engineers often find it difficult to get pure potash soap for lubricating purposes. The following recipe is recommended as in every way satisfactory: Take 20 pounds of absolutely pure, fine, strong caustic potash; dissolve it in an iron or earthenware vessel with 2 gallons of soft water. Add this strong lye to 9 gallons of oil heated to about 140 degrees F., pouring it a small stream and stirring continually till the two are combined and smooth in appearance—about 10 minutes is necessary. The mixing may be done in a wooden barrel. Wrap it up in blankets to keep in the heat that is generated by the mixture itself slowly combining and turning into soap. Put it into a warm room and leave it for three days. The result will be 120 pounds of the finest concentrated potash soft soap, pure and free from adulteration. Any vegetable or animal oil will do. Pale seal oil for wire drawing and lubricating is the best. For ordinary washing, when made with cottonseed oil, the soap is both cheap and good, and besides being useful for machinery purposes produces a very superior soap for flannels and greasy or stained woollens in cold water.—New York Ledger.

Origin of "Prussian Blue."

"Apropos of the microscopic examination which Dickens' works are undergoing, especially 'Pickwick,'" writes a correspondent, "I observe that Sam Weller's commendation of his boy messenger as 'My Proochan Blue' has given rise to heart searching. The phrase originated in the popular admiration of the color of the uniforms worn by Blucher's soldiers when they appeared in London, on the occasion of the visit of the allied sovereigns, after Waterloo. Prussia was pronounced 'Proochia' in those days. An enterprising dyer produced the color and called it 'Prussian blue.' It was called 'royal blue' in the fifties."—London World.

Will This Be Catching?

Long as she has resided in England, the Princess of Wales has never mastered the English accent. "Chunnel," for instance, she pronounces "shannel," and there are many other little difficulties of speech which betray that she is a foreigner born and bred.

A COLLEGE PRANK.

Princeton graduates of 50 years ago remember with affectionate regard President James A. Carnahan, who for many years controlled the destinies of that great institution. He was one of the earlier of Princeton's great heads, and his remains now lie in the historic presidents' plot in the famous old cemetery which holds likewise the dust of Witherspoon, Jonathan Edwards and his ill fated son-in-law, Aaron Burr.

President Carnahan, like most of Princeton's heads, was a Scotchman, noted alike for his austerity of manner and goodness of heart. Unlike most Scotchmen, he had a keen sense of humor, though with national pride, and perhaps not wishing to offend his fellow Scots, he kept it in the background. He could be as savage a looking man as ever wore a tartan, but down in his heart there was a great under of the milk of human kindness, which one had but to press gently to find a grateful stream.

Boys were boys 50 years ago as they are today. Princeton's boys of that period were no worse than they are now and no better. Their pranks in those days, however, took a different form. There were no boat racing, no football, no base-ball, no athletic sport to work off the superabundant animalism, and the boys had their ingenuity taxed to find means of diversion. They would muffle or steal the clapper of the chapel bell, would smear the blackboards with oil, would fill up Princeton's sacred Revolutionary cannon shot holes in the walls of the old Nassau with bird lime, with a picture of a Scotch hen, with some kind of cackling legend above it. The professors were always getting it in some way. Peter Bogart, who was a grandnephew of the first Frelinghuysen in America, was also a descendant of John Witherspoon. He was noted as a man with two sides to his nature. He was curator of the theological seminary and an intimate friend of President Carnahan. He was likewise a close friend and sympathizer with the boys in all their sports.

One day in the early thirties Mr. Bogart got a gentle tip that the "boys" were going to play a huge joke upon "the prex." The boys had usually let President Carnahan alone. His dignity and his awful voice had a repressing effect upon youthful spirits, and by common consent it was not considered advisable to monkey with the stalwart Scotchman.

It was the week before Christmas, the weather being very cold, when Mr. Bogart gave his chief a quiet hint that the boys were going on a certain night at a certain hour to take his family carriage out of its house, run it down to Willow creek, two miles away, there hold certain orgies and festivities over it and then run it into the creek up to the hubs to be frozen in solid before morning. The boys thought it would be rare fun to see "old prex" and his coachman cutting the carriage out with axes the next morning. The carriage was one of the old fashion su. strap hung vehicles, with tight doors and a flight of steps that folded up when the doors were closed.

On the night agreed upon the boys stealthily approached the president's carriage house, and after much mystery and silence reached its doors. They ought to have been a little puzzled to find that the door was slightly ajar, but they were probably too excited to notice that. They swung the door open, attached a long rope to the carriage pole, and about 20 young rascals lined themselves on the rope after the fire fashion of the day. They observed silence until they got off the campus, but when they struck the Nassau pike well out of hearing they got to work with their songs and gibes and jeers. On the way to the creek they frequently stopped the carriage to gather about open flasks of applejack and with great glee picture what was to happen next morning when "old Scotty prex" found his carryall imbedded in the ice. The night was very cold, and when the boys reached the bank of the stream they found it already frozen over, but a dozen of them with axes soon had a place broken through, into which they trundled the president's carriage. Then they built a big

fire, and then some more applejack and sang a lot of college songs. They were just about to detach the rope from the carriage and proceed homeward when every mother's son of them found himself transfixed to the spot.

"Young gentlemen," said a great and majestic voice as its owner opened the carriage door and let down the folding steps, "I am exceedingly obliged to you for the pleasure of an enjoyable evening." It was President Carnahan, wrapped in huge covering and well caparisoned with fur. "I don't know," he continued, with withering sarcasm, but pleasant voice, "when I have had so enjoyable a ride. It is rare indeed that a man of my years can call into his personal services so well born and so well bred a body of young men, willing to haul his carriage about, and I want to add further that I appreciate keenly the delight with which your various exercises have impressed me. I will add further that between the kindly light of the moon and my own knowledge of the round of most of your voices I have a pretty correct list of the names of the young gentlemen to whom I am indebted for this distinguished honor. So now, my young friends,

you will kindly unman the rope we will proceed on our journey homeward. We have had a pleasant time, and we have all enjoyed it. I know, but let us have no delay, please, for the night is very cold."

And there was nothing left for those miserable, crestfallen students to do but man that rope, haul the carriage out of the frozen creek and pull it home amid a silence that could be felt.

Dr. Carnahan and his friend, Peter Bogart, sat inside the carriage and chuckled. But the president kept his word. He knew every scamp engaged in the prank, but he never again referred to the subject.

Who were on the rope that night? Well, five or more at least well known to fame subsequently. W. C. Alexander of the Equitable Life Insurance company was one, ex-Secretary of War McCreary was another, ex-Secretary of State Frelinghuysen another, ex-Minister to France William D. Dayton yet another and ex-Governor Robert S. Green of New Jersey was the youngest of the lot.—Chicago Tribune.

He Sent.

Jigley—You said you would never go and see your girl again until she sent for you, and now I hear you sent to her.

Wigley—I don't care a cent who sent. I sent to see if she'd sent, and she sent to see she had not sent, but would have sent to see if I'd sent if I'd not sent to see if she'd sent first.—Great Divide.

An Earthly Paradise.

Mrs. Winks—So your friend George is married. I hope he is happy.

Mr. Winks—Happy is no name for it. His home is a little paradise on earth. His wife is an accomplished cook.—New York Weekly.

The Women and Their Bloomers.

It is to be hoped that the excitement will soon blow over. If it continues to increase, it will overshadow the silver and antislavery issue and plunge the country into a squabble over a very frivolous matter. We call it frivolous because it is plain that it will speedily adjust itself. The great majority of women are modest, and they may be trusted to select their own costumes. If they are let alone, very few will dress in a fashion not in accord with good taste and good morals. But are bloomers male attire? They were invented by a woman for women, and they are not worn by men.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Negro Women Delegates.

For beauty, brains and brightness the delegates attending the first national conference of the colored women of America, which is being held in this city, have never been surpassed at any gathering of Afro-Americans. It is an object lesson to listen to their scholarly lectures and witness their businesslike methods. Their rich leaders the colored women have great possibilities.—Boston Traveller.

Saturday Night.

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INTERESTING—AIR.

Though invisible, air is a body, as well entitled to the name as any matter revolving with the earth.

It consists of two gases, oxygen and nitrogen, in the proportion in volume of 10.81 parts oxygen, weighing in relative proportion 23.01, and 79.19 in volume of nitrogen, weighing 76.99; or stating the weight specifically, 100 cubic inches weigh 31 grains; it is in the proportion of 1 to 800 for the weight of water.

Heat causes the air to expand; heat will diffuse through the air uniformly, one degree of heat being sufficient to expand 480 times the bulk of air to which the heat is applied.

A given body of air at 491 degrees of heat is just twice the bulk it was at freezing point, and at nine hundred and eighty-two degrees it is three times the bulk that it was at freezing point. Engineers should have this in mind when designing furnaces, and engine drivers ought not to forget that it is not the bulk but the weight of air they require in a furnace to give perfect combustion; a better understanding of this would result in the saving of millions of dollars in money and less annoyance from smoke belching chimneys in our midst.

Because the air is not seen and handled as we see and handle visible bodies of matter, the ordinary observer makes light of the unseen element, and by their ignorance inflict loss upon themselves and others; take also a household example that at times makes the good wife unhappy, a smoking chimney, why? bad draught, yes, a bad draught, invariably blamed to the construction of the chimney, and often with reason, but if even the construction were perfect, if the air in a chimney is at no higher temperature than the temperature of the room, the chimney will give back the unburnt particles of combustion to the room in the form of smoke; the air will not ascend, taking the smoke with it, if the air in the chimney is not heated; the heat gives its elasticity, 100 volumes at freezing point becomes 1375 volumes at boiling point in the temperature; it is the varying temperature that make winds, the flow of the wind being from cold to warm parts, the warmed air rising and flowing over the cold, and the cold air flowing under the warm until an equilibrium is reached.

Not many realize the weight or pressure of the air because the pressure is uniform, yet if air be weighed in a perfect vacuum it will be found to weigh nearly 15lb. to the square inch at a temperature of 60 degrees, or about one ton to the square foot, and nearly fourteen tons weight pressure to the average size man or woman.

The flow of air into a vacuum is from 1350 to 1400 feet a second, and is an important factor against pig headedness in some of the engineers who bank upon the force of firing regardless of the saving they can effect by having a feeling re-

gard for kind nature by wooing the elements as we do the coy maiden.

Steam boilers sometimes leak and the leaks are blamed to the makers of the boilers, sometimes the cause is from a play of a very tiny jet of air upon a seam or joint, at other times from the action of air within the boiler; the latter form of cause for leaks was well determined by actual test in a large wood pulp boiler under the eye of the writer; it may be worth money to some who may read this; it is worth relating, for the benefit of those of a practical turn of mind:

In a certain paper mill, manufacturing paper from wood, the wood in the form of small chips was put into great big boilers about thirty feet high; with the chips, there was a caustic liquid made from soda-ash and steam, or rather water; the man-holes of the boilers were closed air tight after the boilers were filled, and when closed the boilers contained air in the liquid, in solution and above the liquid; the liquid was converted into steam by the action of fire, and after each use the boilers leaked; a boilermaker had to be on hand to caulk the joints incessantly, and his work was warm, for to avoid delays he had often to go inside the boilers before they were cooled. There was no question about the strength of the boilers, nor doubt that the joints were tight, but notwithstanding the material and workmanship, and that the caulking made the boilers water tight, they would leak; after some study, a very simple experiment was tried; a small hole was drilled into the top of the boiler, it was tapped and a tiny pot cock was screwed into the head of the boiler; then when steam was being raised at the commencement of the pressure, air being more elastic than water rose with the heat and passing from the boiler through the pot cock blew a candle out at four feet above the boiler. The candle was the air test. It was the fact that air varies more under the influence of pressure than water, that it was more elastic from heat, and diffusing uniformly it found the exits where water would not pass and led the way to openings which the currents of air in solution made for the steam and the liquor test followed with resulting enlargements and leaks.

Men who travel from the valleys to high mountains often experience a difficulty in breathing from the slightest exertion; that is due to the rarity of the air; the air being denser in the plains we must have the same weight of oxygen in the higher level, but as it cannot be had in the same density we dare not and cannot put forth the same amount of exertion, for as a candle takes longer to burn on the top of a high mountain than in the valley so must the traveller give out less energy on the mountain than he can do in the valley, and accommodate himself to the more rarified air of the heights in the mountains.

All air contains more or less moisture, and moist air is lighter than dry air; this we feel in our own persons when in parts of the country where drouth is frequent, or where the air currents are so far removed from water that they are less saturated with the evaporating particles with which air currents at the sea side or near large bodies of water are.

There is a practical value to be gained by the study of this question, the saving of millions now wasted in smoke, the improvement of health and increase of the comforts of those near to the manufacturing establishments of the great cities. We propose to continue the subject for those who wish hints of incalculable value to those who will apply them.

FRED, three years old, and his baby sister were to have a drink of water. Fred reached for the glass, saying: 'Let me have it first,' but mamma said, 'No, little girls always first.' Sir Fred replied, 'No! gen'l'men first. They're just as thirsty as girls.'

'Ye little scalpeen!' cried Mrs. Muldoon. 'I'll tache ye now niver to come home agin half-drowned to yer poor ould mudther till yez knows how to swim!'

BOHEMIAN CHRONICLES.

IV.

Before beginning this week I feel it a duty (as well as a pleasure) to congratulate those readers who have done themselves the honor to compliment me on my "Chronicles;" which, I assure them, proceed from the heart, without guile. Should there ever be an indication to the contrary, I wish to state in advance that it is a—slip of the pen. There is only one MONTREAL SATURDAY NIGHT, and I am its prophet, and:

Honey's sweet, and quills make pens,
And that is French, by Jinks;
Which means in English, "Evvil be
To him who evils thinks."

And now if you are good, I shall tell you little fairy-tales about funny, funny animals that we very seldom see, called: Men with heads.

Alma Tudema's studio in London is reached by a flight of golden stairs, the steps being entirely covered with plates of polished brass. It is a great contrast to go from the room so entirely Greek in its character, to the study of Mrs. Alma Tudema, which is a Dutch interior, with quaintly carved oak walls, and little diamond shaped windows brought from Holland.

The character of Robert Louis Stevenson, according to the description of a personal friend was indeed an amiable one. "He was eager to help his fellows, ready to take a second place, offended with great difficulty, perfectly appeased by the least show of repentance. Stevenson was the most exquisite English writer of his generation; but those who lived close to him are apt to think less of that than of the fact that he was the most unselfish and lovable of human beings.

Mrs. William Morris, wife of the London artist, poet and Socialist, is said to be the most beautiful woman in England, she is described as having features that are perfect in their regularity, a complexion like ivory, eyes deep, soulful, and actively sympathetic, — and other wonderful things that suffice description.

Among the curios possessed by Mrs. Kendal is the silver cigar-case, to hold only one cigar, that once belonged to George IV. Mrs. Kendal is still very fond of curiosities, and one day while looking into a shop-window at something, was accosted by a lounge, who mistaking her slight figure for that of a younger woman; asked, "Are you fond of antiquities?" Raising her heavy veil she answered: "Yes,—are you?"

There is a funny story about Jules Sandeau, and Georges Sand, who was more than a sister to him,—in fact they wrote their first novel, "Rose et Blanche," together in the same garret, in their early youth, and she took the first syllable of his first love name as her pseudonym, with a dream of making it famous, that was realized after she had forgotten him. Some twenty years after those days, coming out of a post office in Marseilles, a tall woman and stout little man came into collision, both had tempers, he muttering "El'pant," while she snapped to her companion: "I wonder who that bald monster can be." It was Jules Sandeau, it was Georges Sand, it was their meeting after long years:—Mais ou sont les noiges d'antan? How strange the fatal fascination that woman had for young men of genius,—Sandeau, Chopin, de Musset, and how many more did she teach to love and to suffer. Nobody has read Paul de Musset's transparent "Elle et lui," without realizing that it is the heart-story of poor Alfred de Musset's youth; nobody has laid it down (it seems to me), without feeling that it was the woo she wrought the boy-poet that gave us the "Nuit d'Octobre," which (without entering into an argument on false sentiment or false morality), is in spite of its subject, one of the most beautiful, most wonderful, most human heart-cries that earth has ever heard.

Dumas pro one night at a brilliant Parisian

reception was much irritated by the personal questions put with a view to mortify him by an aged and childless notion of a noble race. "Was your father not a creole?" "Yes." "And your grandmother a negress?" "Yes." "And your great grandfather, and your—" "Stop," said Dumas, "I can't go back beyond my great-grandfather, who was an ape,—my family beginning just as yours has ended."

Paul de Curzon, the great French landscape painter, who died last month in Paris, was the victim of a monomania. He lived in perpetual dread of paralysis, was always detecting imaginary symptoms, and what with presentiments and absence of mind, he was at times rather depressing. One evening at a large dinner party, having sat unusually pale and silent for a long time, he cried with a gasp—"It has come at last!" Everybody looked in astonishment. Yes, he went on, "I have been pinching my leg over and over and over, and could not feel it!" "Pardon me" said the lady next to him, but you were pinching er—me, and I could."

"Conventional Lies," Max Nordéan's most sensational book before "Degeneration" has lately been republished by Laird and Lee, in paper covers, who has also his Paradoxes and Paris sketches in preparation, to be published in the same form. The principal lies he treats of are the Lie of Religion, the Lie of Aristocracy, the Political Lie, the Economic Lie, and the Lie Matrimonial.

Most people know that Victorien Sardou, the great French play wright, was near death from starvation when fortune first smiled upon him, but most people do not know that his life was saved by the tender care of the woman now his wife. A poor actress, then, living in the same building in whose garret he lay dying, she took pity on him, nursed him, and on his recovery introduced him to the theatrical world.

"Barthelemy Saint-Hilaire," says *Current Literature*, "who is ninety years of age, will soon publish two thick octavo volumes on Victor Cousin's philosophy. The celebrated translator of Aristotle is still out of doors every morning at five o'clock." Isn't it a shame that the poor old thing (who can write on Cousin,—of all philosophy at 90!) should be still out of doors at 5 o'clock, for the want of a latch-key. He must have married a pair of the New Bloomers.*

Anatole France, the novelist, is candidate for the seat in the French Academy left vacant by Camille Doucet's death.

The secrets of the great Home Rule movement will never be written now, as Mrs. Parnell, after long deliberation, has made up her mind to destroy all her husband's letters.

A French magazine publishes the portrait of M. Bouve, a devoted admirer of Victor Hugo, who possesses 4,000 portraits of The Master. One of the collection is a notorious caricature,—so is M. Bouve.

Rudyard Kipling's grand-uncle has lately blossomed as a poet in verse,—eminently respectable. He was near doing the like act, and blossoming once in a hundred years, for he is verging on ninety. The good die young.

The *Rigaro*, endeavoring to answer the everlasting question: "Among all known compositions for the piano, which is the most difficult of execution?" interviewed the most celebrated pianists and teachers in Paris, without much success; but sixteen compositions and groups of compositions are named as those of the greatest technical difficulty, as follows: Beethoven's sonatas, op. 57 and 106; Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue; Brahme's Variations on a theme of Paganini; Balackireff's Islamey, Chopin's Ballades, first, third, fourth, and the finale of his sonata in B flat minor; Liszt's Etudes and twelfth Rhapsody; Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor, and his Etudes Symphoniques; St. Saen's Allegro Appassionata; a sonata by Thal-

berg and another by Von Weber. The most difficult of all though, on such good authority as that of Louis Diemer and Francis Plante, is prominently Balackireff's Fantaisie Orientale Russe, Islamey.

I wonder what "Gip" does now the "le petit Bob" is grown up, when she wishes to tell a story so risque that it is difficult even with her delicate handling. In earlier days, when she had anything particularly startling to remark, she would prefix it with, "As little Bob told me this morning,"—to the great amusement of those who had seen the baby.

A lady once remarked in Carlyle's presence that she thought there should be a tax on the single state. "Yes, madam," he replied, "as on other luxuries."

One of the only women he ever loved, one day was begging Theophile Gauthier to be careful what he said in his poems addressed to her, as everybody read his poetry: "Oh, make your mind easy on that score," rejoined the author of "Emaux et Camées," "nobody knows you by the name I have given you,—and nobody could ever recognize you by my descriptions."

How many know that the name of the inventor of the violin in its present form is Gasparo da Salo. He was born at Salo in 1542, and was the son of Maestro Francesco di Santino Bertolotti, who bore the surname of Violino, and was a maker of lutes. It is strange that so little is known of Gasparo's life, although his violins were famous long before those from Cramonua. He developed the ancient lute into the wonderful violin of modern days. He became Maestro in 1568 at Breccia, then a centre of musical, literary and artistic culture. His violins even then were known beyond Italy, and documents still extant, which are a sort of census return by order of the Venetian Republic in 1568 and 1588, show that Gasparo da Salo had risen to be a citizen of high standing.

The popular English novelist, Alice King, who was totally blind from her earliest childhood, became nevertheless a daring horsewoman, galloping over hills and rough moorlands that would try anyone but an accomplished rider. She was educated at home, and became proficient in French, German, Italian, Spanish, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. She did all her literary work on a typewriter, with which she could write as fast as people with their sight can write with a pen. By her own efforts she established for the working-men and boys of her father's parish a reading-room, cricket club, and other institutions. And the time she had to spare from her literary occupations was used in teaching and influencing the parish children. A wonderful girl indeed, poor Alice King.

The two greatest philologists and critical archaeologists (poor things, poor things,) that were ever made, even in Germany, were Wilhelm and Joseph Grim. A little girl, one day, evidently misled by the similarity of the names, called at Dr. Grim's house and asked to see the "Her Professor," who received her with great kindness. Looking intently at him, she asked, "Is it thou who hast written those fine maerchen? (Grimm's fairy tales.)" "Yes, my dear, (amusedly), my brother and I have written the "Hans Maerchen." "Then thou hast also written the tale of the clever little tailor, where it says at the end that whoever does not believe it must pay a thaler? (dollar.)" "Yes, I wrote that too." "Well, as I do not believe it, I suppose I must pay a thaler, but as I have only a groschen (about six cents) wilt thou take that on account?"

Sheridan, the wit, and notorious spendthrift, appearing one day in a pair of shining new boots, wagered that not one of those present could guess how he got them. The most ingenious plans imaginary were suggested, but not one hit the mark. When everybody had given up, he said proudly, "I paid for them." Which

I don't suppose anybody believed. On another occasion he came across a creditor as he was about to ride away from his club. Escape was impossible, and consequently the creditor was in great good humor and complimented him highly upon his mount, asking him to put the horse through his paces, which was done with great effect. "I should like to see him canter some day," said the admiring dun. "Certainly," rejoined Sheridan, clapping spurs to the horse and making off at full speed!

The journal, *The Artist*, has an interesting article on Joan Richopin, with a full page portrait. The writer of the sketch says that though the poet is not at all handsome, "it is a face that grows on one,"—which is quite true; but, thank goodness, the "one" is Joan Richopin himself. I should be very sorry to have that kind of a face growing on me!

Topics of the Week.

"The topic this week is the yacht-race." Everything else pales before the excitement of the international sailing competition. Even wheat takes (metaphorically) a back seat, and the tickers are only looked at for the latest news. To what a point has sport arrived! Business is laid aside for the struggle between two small boats, owned by millionaires. Thousands of dollars change hands, probably millions, on the skill of boat-builders and boat-sailors!

Our City Council—or perhaps in this case one member—has been raising a fuss. Mayor Villeneuve has actually dared to speak plainly of the doings of the police committee, of which Ald. Robert is chairman and chief patron. The Mayor was actually so forgetful of the feelings of Ald. Robert as to say that it was reported that the contract for the police uniforms was given to the highest, instead of the lowest tenderer. Now every right-minded man must sympathize with Ald. Robert in having the management of his committee published in such plain language. But Ald. Robert should think that the Mayor could not imagine that he was so thin-skinned as to feel such a trifle! Why, the chairman of a committee that gives a contract to the highest tenderer, cannot be expected to be so modest! May we suggest to Ald. Robert that it will be easy to prevent Mayor Villeneuve from making such cowardly attacks on his immaculate character, and that is by acting in the interests of the rate-payers for the future! By-the-way, why should Ald. Robert set such his narrow limits to his right of insulting people? For he is reported as saying: "I have a right to insult any one who is a greater ass than I am!"

If rumor speaks true, the Volunteer Electoral League is preparing for the next campaign, and a great work—and probably a great victory—lies before them. It is very easy for the members to under-rate their own importance and to belittle the actual work they did at the last election. As one of them who had been in charge of a "bad" poll said, "Why I have been no use; there was not a single attempt to telegraph a vote; and my office boy would have done as well as myself." Now, that is a huge mistake. The value of the league and its members was almost entirely negative; it was not what they did, but what they prevented. If the office boy had been in charge instead of his master, that box would have been stuffed, for a noted contractor was a candidate. The fact that the telegraphers know that

There were intelligent men in each poll, every one anxious to have the honor of making the first arrest, stopped the whole game. So the members must remember that their mission is to prevent illegal voting, and that their mere presence will accomplish this. We trust that Mr. Ames and his fellow managers of the league will not only tempt all the old members, but enough new ones to provide for every poll in the city.

Just imagine—if it is not too great a stretch—that Montreal would be like if we had an honest Council. Why look at the fortunes accumulated by the Aldermen who have sacrificed their time and neglected their business to serve in the Council? Look at the fortunes that contractors have made out of civic contracts! Why our taxpayers would hardly know what the cost was, if there would be no dead-lock for want of funds.

The arrest of the men charged with arson brings up two thoughts. First, how is it that such wholesale fires have escaped the watchful eye of our police so long. Second, why cannot arson be made a capital offence. Here is some wretch who for the sake of a few hundred dollars, jeopardizes the lives of human beings. Brutality such as this deserves the gallows far more than does a man who in passion or revenge commits murder.

So Keir Hardie has not been a success in Chicago. His attack on the city for hanging the anarchist rioters did not go down with the assembly of Methodist members who had invited him to address them. But what a funny idea for these reverend gentlemen to invite such a man to speak before them! Really they quite deserved the surprise they got. Mr. Hardie is looked to liberate Montreal on his way home, so we may expect some fun. Possibly the labor organizations may take charge of him, but he is hardly likely to be a drawing attraction.

A suburban magnate made a curious statement this week. In his municipality the water has been condemned as unhealthy, and the doctor ordered filters to be provided for the school over which this gentleman exercises control as a trustee. This canny Scotchman, however, objected to the expense, saying that "as the children were being poisoned at home with the water, they might as well be poisoned at school too!" In his zeal for economy, he evidently overlooked the difference between a parent and a public body. Parents have the right, and unfortunately exercise it freely, to poison their own children by administering rich cakes, impure water, and similar things not legally defined as poisons. But a school board that provides poisonous water for the scholars committed to its care by the public, become murderers in fact, and are legally responsible.

Passing Thoughts.

The summer is past.

The fall is upon the land.

The holidays are over for one more year.

Mothers and children are home again, and the husband once more is a family man.

The summer girl has faded away, and women will again be modestly clad—until the balls begin!

Why is the fair sex always called modest?

Women wear low dresses and no sleeves at balls; they appear in—or more outside of—beauty bathing dresses.

A man dare not show his bare wrist, and yet it is not the "modest sex."

Men are greedy. They have stolen our hats, ties, shirts, collars,—even our

knicker-bockers; and last—and most hideous—they are stealing our sweaters!

That final word is not euphonious; it is brutal, and yet what other is there?

We, who pretend to refinement or culture, never say "sweat,"—it is always perspire,—if an allusion to such a common sort of natural function is necessary.

Now, "sweat" certainly does not sound lady-like; it is, in fact, hardly a gentlemanly word! "Sweater" seems redolent of the gymnasium and training.

Fancy a dainty, lady-like, womanly girl in such a monstrosity as a "sweater!"

Surely our mantle-makers, or whoever presides over such things, can find a better name.

There is the word "respirator;" how would "Perspirator" do instead of "Sweater."

There is one thing that women can copy in men with advantage: That is the proper way of getting off a car!

Did you ever notice how a woman invariably gets off a car?

It is always backward; that is, with face toward the back of the car.

And that is why women so often fall in leaving the car.

Watch a railway man, or street car conductor, or, in fact, almost every man.

He always faces in the direction in which the car is going.

Let every lady follow the men in this, and there will be fewer complaints of stumbling in getting off the cars.

Yet another thing women may copy from men. (There may be a great many more!)

It is, to wear unselfish headgear at theatres and similar places.

Of course, it naturally is objected that men wear no headgear at all.

Well, why should not women do the same?

The good Book says that the glory of a woman is her hair.

And yet, apparently, many women are ashamed of it.

They hide it under masses of straw, feathers and flowers and gauzy affairs till the hair is out of sight.

They object to a man going out between the acts to "see a friend," and yet they prevent his seeing the stage.

A man at the theatre this week excited a feeling of pity.

He was in good time and had a good seat.

Just before the curtain rose two ladies entered and took their seats in front of him.

They both wore hats.

One was of straw, crushed up into a cocked hat style, with bilious green velvet trimmings.

The other was a confection (technical term!) of black gauze and feathers.

But the feathers looked like twin Prince of Wales plumes that had been fighting!

Now, how could the man behind see Niobe?

And yet women wonder why men swear, and go out between the acts!

V. A. GRANT.

The *Doc*, Montreal.

THE TALE OF A HAIR.

There is a man not a hundred miles away whose life is made a burden by hairs on his coat. He is blind of one eye and has a long red nose; he is bald with a fringe of curly hair down by his ears, and is altogether a man most unlikely to attract a responsive echo in the bosom of women. But his wife has an idea that he is a

terror, and faintly believes that every time he is out of her sight he is in the society of other women, and he never comes home but she searches him for strange hairs. The boys in his works know about his wife's jealousy, and it is a cold day when they don't put a long hair or two on his coat to wear home. The man has had so much trouble that he has begun to look upon his persecution as a joke, and as his wife will not listen to explanation, he encourages her in hair-hunting and believes it is the only amusement she has. Her neighbors all know her peculiarity, and when she goes to church the congregation glance at the poor man to see if he is being picked. She will occasionally look at him in church, see a speck of lint or a whisker on his coat, and reach up to remove it, as though she were doing a great service, and he will meekly look away at the minister as though it were part of the service.

Recently there were several women exhibited at a museum who had the longest hair ever seen. One had hair seven feet long. She stood on a chair and the hair reached to the floor and was greatly admired. The husband of the hair-searching woman decided to secure one of those hairs and harried the museum for a week. On Saturday night he got one and put it in his pocket book. Next day he went to church with his wife, after concealing the hair in his vest, leaving about two inches of the end sticking over his collar. He felt a sublime assurance that his wife would see that hair, and she did. The minister was praying, the hair-man looking solemn with his eyes closed, and the wife looking around for the latest bonnets,—and stray hairs. Suddenly her eye fell upon it, and it being of a different color from her own, she took hold of it, pulled it about a foot. The husband seemed unconscious, but there was a twinkle in his eye. The wife looked thunderstruck; a lady in another pew saw her and pushed another to watch the show. The wife pulled another foot, yet there was no end to it; she turned red, and more people began to watch. The wife thought she might as well end it as the hair was all over his coat and sleeves, and down in her lap, so she hauled another foot; yet no end! Things were getting serious, and the woman looked as if she would give largely to the heathen not to have touched that hair.

The minister finished his prayer, the people raised their heads, and the wife, thinking there must be an end to all things, pulled again in vain, though she had four feet of it in her lap. Again, another foot, but no end, and her heart sank. Five feet of it, and yet there was more. She thought he had fooled her with a spool of black silk, but examination proved it an unmistakable hair, and she pulled another foot, and nearly fainted. She looked as though afraid of pulling out a full grown woman, or Palmer's Notre Dame street store. Every eye was on her, and the minister looked at her to see what the congregation was staring at.

Just as they were about to rise and sing she gave a last despairing jerk, got the end of the hair, rolled it in her handkerchief and began to sing, but her face was sery and her voice quavered. Before they got out of church her husband had stolen her handkerchief out of her cloak-pocket, taken out the hair and repaid the handkerchief, and when she asked him where he had got the hair as long as a clothes-line, he told her she was cracked on the subject of hairs. On going to show it to him it had vanished! and her husband was so solicitous after her health, saying he was going to have a consultation as to her sanity, that she actually believed she had imagined the whole fiasco, and that she was becoming a monomaniac on the subject of hairs. From that day he might come home covered with them, but those who saw her pull that hair, as though treading for brass, will always remember how they thought her husband was raveling out inside.

DOES SHE SUIT YOU?

THE NEW WOMAN SEEN THROUGH THE SPECTACLES OF A SISTER.

She isn't the Mrs. Jellyby That Some Persons Think, but a Sensible, Virtuous, Reasoning Being Who Knows Her Rights as Well as Her Duties.

What is all this about the new woman? And pray may I ask you, my dear sir, or my conservative madam, what sort of woman you have conjured up to condemn and anathematize?

What is your definition of the new woman? Is she that same old stock figure that isn't new at all, the Mrs. Jellyby of Dickens, with her foreign missions and her home neglect, or is she that still more modern creation on the same line—the reticulate woman, careless of costume and slovenly at home, bent upon being clever enough to awe the men and make them fear while they dislike her?

Is she that kind of woman, pray you? If she is, then I tell you to go to your own list and get a pair of up to date spectacles and investigate through them a subject about which you know absolutely nothing.

What, then, is my idea of the new woman, say you?

Why, that is a difficult question to answer, and yet I have an idea verified by the best of modern feminine productions that the world has to show today. The new woman is the same ideal, enlightened, broadened, beautified, that poets and romancers have been worshipping from time immemorial. She has grown stronger in reason, broader in vision, that is all, and because of this, because she demands equal rights, equal privileges, with those of men, does it make her less fair, less charming, less feminine? Because she feels that she, the mother of great men and great women to be, has the right to equal freedom of thought and opinion, is she any less the woman?

No, do not bring your Bible heroines up to me—those women who allowed themselves to be put on a level with beasts by becoming one among a host of wives, those women who allowed in their lord's adultery and sin of every sort. They are not fit models for the goal and clear seeing women of today. Virtuous and dutiful they were, but the new woman is something more; she has the strength of virtue that demands purity for purity, sobriety for sobriety, honor for honor. That is the new woman.

She would not live with a man who is a drunken beast.

Would he live with her under such circumstances?

She will not live with a man who is unfaithful to her.

How long would he endure her after such a revelation?

I tell you there's another name that would fit the new woman better.

Call her the clear seeing woman. Then you will have her right title. She does not want to grasp man's estate. All she asks is to reign in her own—to be treated justly in love and law, to make her life not only good in her personal fulfillment of duty, but to have it complete, beautiful, pure in all its relations. She has strange ideas about her sons. Why, she must be crazy, for she wants to keep them as pure and unspotted from the world as her girls.

Aren't their souls just as precious? she asks. Does custom and tradition make any difference in the meaning of purity and pollution? Oh, she is very curious, this new woman who thinks she has a right to demand what she gives in this mortal life. She is very curious when she thinks she has the same right of an opinion in politics and all public questions as the men, who cannot by any quirk of argument prove themselves her superiors.

The trouble is, too, that she complains the scoundrels by wearing corsets and Paris gowns, by keeping clean children and a well appointed home.

What does she mean by that? Why, simply this, that she gets women through and

through, but a thinking, reasoning one, who is not ready to accept the traditions of her sex without a question.

Far be it from me to advocate the point of view of the blamable, masculine woman. Such women have existed to be ridiculed from time immemorial, for their position and point of view have ever been absurd and illogical. Freedom and equality in thought, however, will not make a woman masculine. The fundamental principles of a woman's life are those of the mother, the wife, the homemaker, but freedom and equality of thought will not interfere with one of these God-given duties.

I believe that it is a great thing for all the avenues of labor to be open to women just as they are to men; but, on the other hand, it is my faith that the natural duties and the feminine instincts of women will keep woman as a class in the lines of womanly endeavor.

This is as it should be, but no woman of today who has thought, read and studied upon the great questions of law and government can honestly declare that she feels herself unworthy to the privilege of an official opinion on such subjects.

Now for the bicycle question. Bloomers undraped by a skirt are unnecessary in the first place, but if they were necessary to bicycle riding are they not ten times more modest than the silk tights and short bathing skirts one sees any day at the seaside? Why don't they call bathing costumes the inventions of the advanced woman? Perhaps because they are so very much less modest than the garb invented by that order, and then, too, they certainly have the sanction of time in that they very much resemble the ballet toiles worn by corymbes since ballets were invented.

As for bicycling itself, only the coarse minded can make anything coarse out of it.

It is a decent, healthful exercise with no more vulgar suggestion about it than walking or horse back riding. Right here, by the way, let me say a few words about sports in general for women. It is my faith, founded on sound physical reasons, that nothing keeps the mind purer or the body in better condition in youth than the cultivation of all outdoor sports. Your tennis and bicycle and bathing girl is a good, pure girl with a clear conscience. She doesn't get morbid or lovesick, and she doesn't find time to waste over questionable books. I'd rather any day see a girl I liked in bloomers on a bicycle than jolling around in silks and laces eating French candy and reading French novels. Of course a girl needn't do these things, but I contend, and with good reason, that they often do them if they've not a more healthful way of passing their time.

Long live the bicycle girl, say I, and long live her mother, the new woman, with her new traditions that, if she be strong enough, may make the world better and if not can certainly do its sore old wicked face no harm.—Maude Andrews in Atlanta Constitution.

The Vogue of the Ready Made.

A woman can now walk into a store and find skirts of every description, from gingham, to satin brocade, well cut, gracefully hung and tailor made, and in the same establishment or elsewhere we can easily find any style of waist she likes best, smart, neat or elaborate in effect, which, with little alteration—often without any—will fit her to perfection, since great skill is now brought to bear on high class garments of this description. Black satin or lustrous silk skirts are first choice, and one may wear half a dozen different waists with such a skirt and the effect produced is that of as many distinct gowns. With large lace berthas, ribbon braces, fancy sailor collars and similar accessories one may still further vary the appearance of the waists severally.—Philadelphia Times.

A Happy Appointment.

Miss Janey Coard of the editorial staff of the Pittsburg Press, a very brilliant and attractive writer, has been appointed chairman for the International League of Press Clubs during the world's woman's congress at the Atlanta exposition. She is making arrangements for the women who are to attend

congresses in November and expects to have among the star attractions such well known writers as Mrs. Eliza Archard Conner, Kate Field and Helen Gardner. Miss Coard's appointment is an admirable one. She holds high rank in the literary world and is popular with those engaged in such pursuits. She will make a splendid lieutenant to Mrs. Louie M. Gordon, the executive of the committee on congresses at Atlanta.—New York Mail and Express.

NEW GOWNS.

Waists More and More Elaborate—Flowered Pique—Striped Silk.

A new street dress is made with the usual flaring skirt, without trimming, except a graduated band of velvet at either side of the belt. This velvet is dotted with roses of satin ribbon. A velvet belt with satin rosettes, revers of velvet, with rosettes at the shoulders and velvet and satin rosettes at the elbows where the sleeves droop over, form the finish. The vest is of striped silk, matching the dress in color.

Waists grow more complicated and fanciful. Caprice is limited only by the capability of the designer. Ruffles, gimp, jetted trimming, puffs, bands, bows, lapels, collarettes, flous, bretelles, berthas and every other imaginable garniture and style of finish is called into requisition in the getting up of this part of the costume.

From the humblest origin the ubiquitous blouse has blossomed into the most regal of bodices, and it would be impossible

richness promises to continue fashionable during the ensuing autumn and winter. Jet, beads of all sorts and spangles mixed with silk cord and metal effects compose elaborate trappings which are as costly as they are effective. Expensive buttons, equally striking are greatly favored and form a dazzling addition to elaborate gowns, being used to fasten the belt, close the bodice and secure the trimming. They are of paste, fine steel and enamel, in addition to the precious metals.

On silk long points of fine lace appear. The breadths of the skirt are sometimes



HALL TOILET.

separated by folds of goods of a contrasting color, or the seams are defined by a narrow spangled galloon.

Plaids in both crepon and light silk continue to be worn and are fashionable, but not very numerous. Plaids do not become everybody, and in order to look well must be harmonious in their color blending and carefully made up. They are usually combined with a solid color matching the prevailing tint in the plaid and are trimmed with lace.

It is rumored that the separate blouse bodice is not to remain in favor very much longer. It is doubtful if it will be dismissed without a demur, however, for it is a most convenient and becoming article of apparel and particularly desirable for women of moderate means who like to appear well dressed and cannot afford many complete changes of costume. Like the plain skirt, it is a general favorite and will be retained as long as possible.

The hall gown illustrated is cut in plain dress form and is of coral peau de soie. The bodice is trimmed with embroidery of white silk and pearls. The bodice has a square décolletage, with white inlay epaulettes, and is similarly embroidered. From the left epaulet, fastened under coral ostrich tips, descends a cordon of white moire fixed on the right hip by a pearl button. The shot, bouffant sleeves are of coral peau de soie. JUDIC CHOLLET.

A well known French jeweler has estimated the value of the diamonds, pearls and other precious stones presented to the Princess Helene on the occasion of her marriage and which he saw at Twickenham at \$600,000.

Improvement of Scales.

The Jewellers' Circular notes a simple plan suggested by W. H. F. Kuhlmann for enabling workers with the balance to read the position of the pointer more exactly and readily. His idea is to reverse the scale so that it faces a concave cylindrical mirror attached to the column supporting the balance. The pointer is finer at the end than usual and moves between the scale and the mirror, in which a magnified image of the pointer and scale is visible.

Message to Federalists.

"Beverly ought not to be allowed to go a wheel."
"Why not?"
"He's so thin you can't see him when he's coming toward you."—Chicago Herald.



TAFETTA GOWN.

to put a limit to the richness and variety of material and design which now go to make a garment that started as a modest little cotton morning waist. The latest mode, and an extremely pretty one, is to make a silk foundation fitting the figure and veil it in gathered chiffon, a pretty effect being obtained by making the silk sleeves to fit the arms and the chiffon ones very full and loose, thus giving a much lighter and more ethereal appearance to them than is obtained with the ordinary opaque puff.

Flowered pique is having a great success in Paris, especially for young girls' wear. Striped silk is also extremely fashionable for dress toiles and is shown in many charming designs with fanciful interweaving of flowers and figures among the stripes.

The costume illustrated is of striped tafetta, falence blue and white, with bunches of flowers sprinkled upon it. The skirt is cut so that the stripes form points at the seams. The blouse bodice is of plain blue surah trimmed with bands of embroidery on tulle, which outline the yoke and form berthas. A ruffle of surah crosses the lower edge of the yoke. The elbow sleeves are of a light tafetta. JUDIC CHOLLET.

FASHIONABLE TRIMMINGS.

The Still Popular Fur-trimmed Bodices and Lace Points. A variety of great brilliancy and

HE WOX HIS BET.

Two French officers were standing at Fort Victoria on the edge of the Sahara desert.

"I'll wager 50 napoleons," said one of them, "that no European ever goes from here to Fort St. Denis alone and reaches there alive!"

"Done!" said a quiet voice behind him.

The speakers looked around with a start and saw that a new personage had suddenly come upon the scene—a small, thin, swarthy Frenchman in civilian dress.

"You must not think of it, my dear sir," cried the young lieutenant, who had offered the wager.

"Perhaps it may not turn out to be such a terrible business, after all," said the little man. "I'm going straight to the colonel and ask his permission to make the attempt, and I have not the least doubt that I shall get it."

And he did get it, sure enough, though it was not without a severe twinge of conscience that Colonel Lagrange gave his sanction.

Hush as he was, however, the bold adventurer had a method in his madness, for the first thing he did was to assume an Arab dress, knowing that however best such a disguise might prove at close quarters against the keen eyes of his enemies, yet if they saw from a distance a solitary man in native garb they might not think it worth while to ride after him, as they would certainly do after a European.

When the hour for starting came, not merely the old colonel, but every officer who was not actually on duty crowded to the gate of the little fortress to witness the departure of their adventurous guest.

"Can I carry any message for you to Fort St. Denis, colonel?" asked the latter, turning to Colonel Lagrange as early as if he were only setting out for a picnic instead of running a risk in which the chances were 50 to 1 of his being killed.

"Well, since you will go," rejoined the veteran, laughing in spite of himself, "you might give this paper to the commandant, and I only hope you'll survive to deliver it."

There is no more grim or dreary spectacle upon the face of the earth, except perhaps the kindred wastes of central Asia, than the mighty desert that stretches almost unbroken from the palm groves of Egypt to the waves of the Atlantic.

All at once, in the very midst of the hot, brassy glare which makes all earth and sky seem as fire together, the palmy oasis of a long line of graceful palms are seen standing like sentinels along the edge of a clear, still, shining lake. But it is only that fatal mirage of the desert, which mocks the weary eye of the lost wanderer, only to add a heavier agony to the bitterness of his despair.

To the brave Frenchman however, this visionary splendor and weird, ever-lasting desolation were alike huckwaded spectacles, and forward he went without even troubling himself to look at them.

Ten miles of the 30 had already been accomplished, then 12, 14, 15. He had now achieved three-fourths of his perilous journey, and at length, mounting the crest of one of the long, wavelike sand ridges, he descried far in the distance the low white walls of Fort St. Denis, with its gay tricolor flag of France waving jauntily above it.

But at the same moment he caught sight of something else which was by no means so satisfactory—a distant group of white mantles and glittering spear points and Arab horses coming straight down upon him.

The fact was that the French had so often employed native messengers that every man, even if he looked like an Arab, was now an object of suspicion to these desert vultures.

But when they neared our hero and saw that he quietly continued on his way without taking any notice of them whatever they began to think that they must be wrong in suspecting him, naturally supposing that his showing so little fear of them was a proof that he could have no reason to be afraid.

As the six wild horsemen closed around him, brandishing their guns and swords,

one of them in doubt whether to attack him or not, the disguised Frenchman drew himself up defiantly, indulged in a series of those elevated similes which are characteristic of Mohammedan paterines and then called out to them in a loud voice: "Begone, transgressors of the Law! A true believer hath no fellowship with the sinners who violate the sacred commands of the prophet!"

"What mean you?" cried the nearest horseman in a tone of amazement which was certainly not without reason.

"What call you this?" retorted the accuser with stern emphasis. "And quick as thought he drew forth from beneath the Arab's white mantle an undeniable pork sausage!"

A yell of pain and indignation burst from the crowd as the "unclean flesh" came to light, and their holy anger broke forth anew when the reproving stranger produced a small flask of wine from the pouch of another of the band.

This was more than flesh and blood could bear. One of the band as it seems dealt a heavy blow to the wretch who thus defied the precepts of the holy Koran, whereupon the fierce Arab leveled his gun and shot him dead on the spot, being himself instantly shot dead in turn by the slain man's brother.

Meanwhile the supposed sausage-eater, being scarcely reached by two of his comrades, drew his sword and bravely wounded both. The next moment he went down before the sixth man's stroke, but in falling he avenged his death with a pistol shot, and a scolding party from St. Denis, drawn to the spot by the firing, found all the six Arabs dead or dying and the mysterious traveler looking on with the quiet satisfaction of one watching the success of a great scientific experiment.

"And who are you?" asked the officer in command wondering when the stranger had told his story.

"I am a copper by trade, and my name is Robert Houdin." And that name explained everything.—Exchange.

New Women Aided by an Earthquake.

It is not everywhere that the "new woman" gets an earthquake to assist her in securing her rights. In a certain village of Calabria the women used all to be kept very much indoors and not permitted to take their walks abroad as they wished.

But the other day a seismic disturbance destroyed all the houses in the said village, and the inhabitants were reduced to taking shelter in temporarily constructed huts. Naturally the Calabrian ladies were able to enjoy more liberty under the conditions of life brought about by the catastrophe, and they have determined suddenly that, having once tasted the sweets of freedom, they will never consent to be caged up again. They owe a great deal to that earthquake.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A ROYAL FLUSH.

The sultan of Turkey has a beautiful tensor voice.

Queen Victoria still keeps the first bouquet ever given her by Prince Albert.

When the empress of Austria takes her daily walk of four or five miles, she wears a short black dress that does not reach to her ankles.

Prince Darnong, the most influential man in Siam, has spent much time in Europe and is said to be very intelligent and progressive.

The queen regent of Spain is the most devoted of mothers, and will not submit to the court etiquette which transfers almost all duties of motherhood to nurses.

TIRE PUNCTURES.

For a good many people the hardest part of learning to ride a bicycle is to get the bicycle.—Someville Journal.

Where is the brainy Yankee who will win the gratitude of a host of run-down pedestrians by inventing a bicycle fender?—Philadelphia Record.

As elsewhere the bicycle craze is also extending below Mason and Dixon's line. At any moment the statement may be expected that the south is in the saddle.—Philadelphia Times.

THE LISTENER.

The oldest Bonaparte living is Cardinal Bonaparte, grandson of Lucien.

Stambuloff, the Bulgarian statesman, was one of the best swimmers in Europe.

Unlike most public speakers, Vice President Stevenson always reads his speeches.

Captain R. R. Rice, the distinguished turfman and Arkansas cotton planter, has whiskers so long that they extend below his knees.

Thomas Wise, the most talked of politician in New South Wales, is only 34 years of age. At the age of 27 he was attorney general.

W. E. D. Stokes of New York has received two yearling stallions, worth \$15,000 each, as a present from the Grand Duke Demitri, much of the czar of Russia.

Edward Smart is said to be the only survivor of the war of 1812 now living in Maine. Although he has passed his ninety-eighth birthday, he may still be called "Smart."

President Cleveland is almost as fond of sleep as he is of fishing. In Washington he usually sleeps only eight hours a day, but at Gray Gables he often sleeps 10 and sometimes 12 hours.

In his "Life of Henry M. Stanley" Mr. Thomas George says that the explorer's real name is Howell Jones, and that he was born at Llan, in Wales, Nov. 16, 1810. His father was a bookbinder.

J. Pierpont Morgan, the chief of the syndicate which supplied the United States with gold in exchange for bonds, began life as a clerk with the old New York banking firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

Prince Bismarck has decided to devote the fund placed at his disposal in honor of the eightieth anniversary of his birth to the building of a home of the blind (confederation) in Berlin. His decision meets general satisfaction.

A Philadelphia editor, William Lestee of The Record, can write two paragraphs on different subjects at once, using a pencil in each hand. This discounts the feat of Julius Cesar, who could dictate two dispatches at once.

The youngest member of the new British cabinet is Lord Balfour of Burleigh, secretary for Scotland, who is 46 years of age. He is a graduate of Oriel college, Oxford, and has been chairman of several royal commissions.

Joy Morton, who is the eldest son of the secretary of agriculture, is at the head of the firm of Joy Morton & Co., starch manufacturers, of Chicago. Mr. Morton is a man about 40 years of age with a large, heavily built frame.

Dwight Denton, a Cincinnati artist and writer, who has lived in Rome for about 20 years, has been appointed consul general of Hawaii to the kingdom of Italy in place of the late James Clinton Hooker, who held the position for some years.

M. de Lamotte, who has been appointed governor of French Guiana, was a sergeant of marines 20 years ago. Retiring from the army, he took up newspaper work and became a foreign correspondent of Le Temps. He has been governor of St. Pierre-Miquelon and of Senegal.

But one retired justice of the supreme court of the United States is living. He is William Strong of Pennsylvania, who is now in his eighty-sixth year. Judge Strong is the oldest public man of national prominence in the United States and is as hale and hearty as either Bismarck or Gladstone.

HASH.

Every person has seen in boarding houses persistent musicians like Nero.—Dallas News.

"Where do all the flies go?" asked an old lady. "They have been boarding at our house this month," said the boarding house lodger.—Tit-Bits.

Tramp—Phew, sir, I haven't eaten anything for three days. Gentleman—Poor fellow; like myself, your lot must be cast in a boarding house.—Texas Siftings.

"The coffee is richer in color this morning than usual," remarked the typewriter boarder. "There were heavy rains on the

river yesterday, and the water is muddy," explained the star boarder.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

New boarder (passing his tea back)—Will you please put a little more water in my cup, Mrs. Starver? Landlady (booming)—Too strong for you, Mr. Smith? New boarder—Not exactly, but when I drink water I don't like too much adulteration.—Philadelphia Record.

OUR EQUINE FRIEND.

A horse and harness sold in Monroe City last week for \$1.50 and a pair of horses only brought \$2.—Kansas City Times.

The horseless carriage is coming, and after those Oregon factories got into full operation horseless canned beef will be a desideratum.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Doubtless the noble horse, such as is worked in our small express wagons, will not seriously object to being supplemented as a motor and might not object to be fed up to the point of supplying the market with steaks and roasts.—Austin Statesman.

When the new motor carriages come into use, the horse will receive another setback. It lacks very much as if science were on the point of inventing our long useful equine servant completely out of sight. If ever animal would be justified in kicking, it is the horse.—Columbus Enquirer-Sun.

THE STAMP OF STYLE.

Drabbed white mohair blouses are worn with black or dark skirts.

Falls and all varieties of corded silk will be in great demand next season.

A liberal use will be made by the milliners next season of velvets and velvet ribbons.

Duchess satin continues to be a great favorite for evening toilets and for dress accessories.

Caes will continue to rival coats in fashionable favor just as long as full sleeves remain in vogue.

Mohair, grass linen and fancy taffeta silk form the three most popular dress fabrics worn this season.

New and effective Dresden buttons have a single brilliant hoop rim of French jet, Irish diamonds or finest cut steel.

Rose pink batiste waists are made very prettily this summer in surplice style, these rivaling the luxuriant models in favor.

Fichu effects and draped puffed sleeves appear on the new Louis XVI polonaises and street redingotes, models designed for the autumn and winter.

The capes for late autumn will be made of Persian trimmed jetted plush, satin trimmed kersey, fur trimmed plain velvet or plush, braided Persian cloth, wide wale boucle cloth and fine ladies' cloth in black and colors.

Solid vermilion, pink or blue linen shirt waists have wide box plaits front and back, piped with white linen, with immense white linen sailor collar and cuffs, bordered with tiny washable glimps the color of the shirt waist.

Crepons will not lose favor yet. On the contrary, they are likely to be in high vogue for the season to come—gaffer, creped and relief effects with high raised designs will be among the novel autumn patterns that will take the lead.—New York Post.

RIVAL CITIES.

The directory being out, Chicago is no longer cringing at the feet of people with allures.—Detroit Tribune.

New York is just waking up to the fact that her statute books contain some very dry literature.—Washington Star.

It is said that Buffalo is the world's fifth maritime city. Rochester papers please copy.—New York Tribune.

Chicago has discovered that her ice is impure. You can't freeze out impurity in Chicago.—Cedar Rapids Republican.

Chicago is proverbially kind to the stranger within her gates. There are more than 300 trains leaving Chicago daily.—Detroit News-Tribune.

Chicago is talking about buying a St. Louis street railroad or two. Chicago knows where to come when she wants real bargains.—St. Louis Star Bulletin.

"Chicago modesty" resolves another striking in a local paper. "The well. Confinement in a close calls for beautiful fumigation at least, with the customary label attached.—Omaha Bee.

If Boston has it, Chicago wants it, it makes no matter what it is. Now it is a subway, which an engineer has planned on very lavish lines. All that is necessary, he says, besides the sturdy forthcoming funds, is common sense. Then Chicago seems to be stuck fast.—Boston Journal.

The Philadelphia park commissioners have issued an order that only sacred music shall be played in Fairmount park on Sundays. Their attention was called, very pointedly, to the danger of profane music when the final last Sunday undertook the "Sello of Chicago."—Terra Haute Express.

TREES.

Tradition asserts that a certain oak tree of Palestine grew from a sprout which Calif planted on the day before he killed Abel.

In Norway a law provides that no person shall be permitted to cut down a tree unless he plants three saplings in its place.

A blue gum tree growing in the suburbs of Wylack, N. S. W., is 102 feet in height and is believed to be the tallest tree in the world.

Professor P. G. Munroe of Tacoma, T. authority for the statement that there are scores of trees in that corner of the United States that are over 600 feet high.

The oldest chestnut may be that at Teworth, England. It is 60 feet in circumference, but the trunk is very short. So long ago as 1125 it was a landmark and signal, as appears upon records.

The largest oak tree now left standing in England is "Coningsby's oak," which is 78 feet in circumference at the ground. The oldest tree in Britain is the ancillary oak, in Cheshire park, 1,200 years old, which is known to be 1,500 years old.

PENCIL SHARPENERS.

Rodrigo Kipling already turns out a great deal less "egg" than of old.

George De Maurier is at work on another book, and to be a love story. The first chapter is completed.

Nora Avery, the poet and novelist, is a widow of the past—1875. She makes her home in Lexington, but spends much time in Boston, where she is a favorite in literary society.

S. R. Crockett, the Scottish novelist, worked his way through Edinburgh university on less than \$2 a week. He is a farmer's son and was accustomed to "roughing it" in his youth.

The literary reputation of Berlin is Paula Croeger. She has only written one volume, just published, containing four short stories. She is the daughter of an Austrian engineer and has been on the stage.

LARGEST LENS IN THE WORLD.

The Spectral Achievement of Alvan Clark, an American Manufacturer.

Mr. Clark has accomplished what has long been regarded as an impossible thing, and one which no European manufacturer of lenses could be induced to attempt. This is the making of a perfect lens of more than three feet across the face. No one but this American manufacturer ever thought of exceeding the 36 inch lenses which are in use at several observatories on both continents, one at the Naval observatory at Washington, through which Mr. Hall discovered the long sought satellite of Mars and many double stars. The highest power was supposed to be reached when the 18 inch telescope in California was put up with a 36 inch lens. The difficulty to be overcome in the production of a perfectly clear lens of great size was many that the European observers who have wanted anything above the 36 inch lens have had to take the reflecting telescope, which has a convex mirror. It requires, of course, a much larger reflecting telescope to get the same

amount of light and the same magnitude of object.

The making of this 4 1/4 inch lens is regarded as the crowning work of Mr. Alvan Clark's life. It is probable no larger lens will ever be made. Under existing conditions a larger telescope than the Yerkes—the telescope of the Chicago University observatory for which the lens is made—would be of no great value. To increase the magnifying power is at the same time to increase the obstructive to clear vision. When the object is magnified, the atmospheric agitation is increased to such a degree that distinctness is virtually sacrificed when the object glass is larger than 4 1/4 inches. It is doubtful if the Yerkes will be any more useful than the Lick. Some day it may be possible to remove the obstacles to clearness in the case of a powerful lens, though the only reason for suggesting it is that Professor Tyndall was able to construct a glass by which the blue of the atmosphere was dissipated in looking through a deep space.

If the Yerkes glass answers expectations, it will enable an experienced observer to catch occasional glimpses of the Mars canals, which, though drawn firmly on the Vatican maps, are vague and wavering and almost imaginary through any glass. They can be seen at all only by the trained observer. The great telescope will be most useful in the study of double stars, which is now a matter of special interest to many observers.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

A Story of a Scotch Lassie.

A Clyde skipper tells the following story: "Two young ladies, cousins, from the west of Skye, were taken into service in an inn at Gallock. Both of them were good looking ladies, but one of them just unusually handsome. Well, there happened to come to the inn an English tourist—a most respectable old gentleman, and it was one of these two ladies—and no the least, either that had to wait on him, but he was a friendly soul, and on the morning of his going away he had to ring for something or other. When she brought it to him, he said to her, just by way of compliment, you see, 'You are a very good looking girl, do you know, Phony?' Of course the lassie was pleased, but she was a modest lassie, too, and she said, 'Oh, my sir, but I had heard them say my kinsin was beautiful.' 'Your what?' said he. 'My kinsin, sir.' 'Get away, you bold hussy! Off with you at once, or I'll ring for your master, you ignorant baggage!' And to this day the jilted lassie doesn't know what on earth it was that changed the good man into a badman, for what harm had she done in telling him that her cousin was better looking than herself?"—London Telegraph.

A Clatter on the Stairs.

A house in Cologne has two horses' heads carved in wood added to it, the legend thereunto belonging being that a noble lady died of the plague and was hastily interred. The sexton noticed a costly ring on her finger, and went to the vault at night to rob the dead. But the lady was only in a trance, and the touch of the would be thief aroused her. She rose from her coffin and found her way home, where her knocks aroused a servant, who rushed to tell his master who it was. "Impossible!" said the husband, who does not seem to have been too charmed at the idea. "I would as soon believe my two gray horses should leave their stalls and mount the stairs." Behold! A clatter and a tramping, and the horses were climbing steadily upward to the garret! Convinced at last, the husband descended, found it was indeed his wife, and brought her in. And one hopes they were both grateful to the good gray steeds.—Gentleman's Magazine.

What's in a Name?

At the lunch hour one day last week a young Brooklyn business man strolled into a rather more expensively furnished than he had been in the habit of visiting. In looking over the bill of fare his eye lighted on "minced beef, potatoes," and being of an investigating turn of mind he at once ordered some of the unknown dish. After the usual desert duty which seems inseparably from a piece of eating pro-

cession, the waiter arrived with a smoking dish which, upon being uncovered, revealed—hash with an egg on it.

"One on top!" ejaculated the young man under his breath, greeting his old friend of the quick lunch places by the name it bears in those humbler circles. "They may say there's nothing in a name," he reflected thoughtfully, "but I guess I'm paying for about 15 cents' worth of title in 'minced beef, potatoes.'"—New York Tribune.

Their Sixtieth Anniversary.

Learned Leachman and wife, well to do people living near Worthville in Carroll county, have just celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of their marriage. Mrs. Leachman's maiden name was Lewis, and she and her husband were both born in the neighborhood where they now live. They have lived nearly all their married life on the farm upon which they reside. Both are remarkably well preserved—he at 63 years and she at 52—and did far to live many more years. They have a large family of children and grand-children.—Louisville Courier Journal.

A Case of Irish Accuracy.

In biographical notices one cannot be too accurate. A correspondent writes: "An Irish newspaper has taken great pains to tell its readers who the recently elected member for the city of Cork really is. After informing them of his political and parliamentary career, it goes back to his early days and recalls the scene in 1827 when he was tried for treason, guilty and sentenced to death. Less than should be any mistake about the result, the conscientious journal adds, with striking accuracy, 'But the sentence was never carried out.'"—

How to Care For Low Quarter Shoes.

Never try to put on a low shoe unless you have a shocker, as it will stretch out of shape in the back and become ill fitting. Keep the buttons sewed on and good strings in both boots. Have a paste patch put over the first sign of a break, and they will keep in shape and last twice as long. Buy good shoes if possible. Cheap shoes and cheap gloves get out of shape, are ill fitting and do not wear well. It is false economy to buy cheap foot or hand shoes.

How to Make Sponge Roll Filling.

Make a plain sponge cake, using part for the pudding. Bake in a long tin. When done, turn out upon a cloth, spread with jelly and roll. Wrap closely a few minutes. Slice and serve with hot sauce or cream. Always put a little soda in milk that is to be boiled, or an acid is formed in boiling.

How to Keep Dresses Fresh.

The best way to keep a very nice and delicate dress is to make a bag of muslin large enough to hold the dress as it would hang in the closet. Shurr up the bag and run a lining, or cord, through it. Pass the string through the hangers in the belt of the dress to hang it up in the closet.

How to Use Soft Lemon Jelly.

Sometimes lemon jelly, made with gelatin, will not solidify. In such a case add 2 stiff whites of eggs and a little sugar to a quart of the jelly, and freeze it as lemon ice. It will be found that the egg removes that coarse, snowy taste of the average water ice.

How to Make Smooth Bread.

Take 2 cups of cornmeal, 3 cups of flour, 3 cups sour milk, an egg, a tablespoonful melted lard or butter, one-half cup molasses, one-half cup sugar, 3 even teaspoonfuls of soda and a teaspoonful of salt. Bake this.

How to Keep Marmalade Smooth.

A half teaspoonful of the white of an egg added to marmalade dressing before putting in any oil will prevent it from curdling.

HOW TO REST.

Most of Us Are Sadly Deficient in a Simple Accomplishment.

As many of you know from experience, the old fashioned chair had a straight back. It was thought that this would in some measure counteract the tendency of men and women to become humped. It did not occur to them that this deformity was due to the exhaustion of physical energy and not to carelessness on the part of the individual. Round shoulders and hollow chests are due to the relaxation of the muscles of the back, and no amount of straightening up will remove the cause. When the muscles of the back become weak from loss of energy, the muscles of the chest naturally pull the shoulders forward. To restore the body to a perpendicular position the muscles of the back must have their energy restored.

Lying flat down and stretched out at full length is the most restful position the human body can take, because it requires no effort whatever to maintain this pose.

The Japanese understand this, and they make good use of their knowledge. Instead of having their houses full of stiff backed chairs, they spread soft rugs, skins or cushions on the floor or low platforms, upon which they recline when resting, reading or whiling away the time. In this way they stop the waste of the energy necessary to keep one in a bolt upright position. The blood circulates more freely, because there is no tension on the limbs. This reduces the labor of the heart to a minimum. The energy thus saved goes to restore tired or weakened organs or to the invigoration of the brain.

We must rid ourselves of the notion that it is a sign of laziness to lie down or lounge about on the floor or cot or bed; also that it is not proper for women to lie down when tired.

Wore our women in the habit of taking more rest, and taking it properly, they would not be compelled to wear stays in order to keep them straight. Having to wear these constantly, the muscles of the chest and back do not develop normally and are therefore weaker than other muscles of the body.—Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

How to Preserve a Piano.

The lumber material is highly seasonal, and is therefore sensitive to extreme or violent changes of atmosphere. Avoid them in every way. Avoid dampness, as that causes strings and turning pine to rust and the glue in exposed places to soften, all of which impair the quality of tone.

Be careful not to drop any small article, like a pin, between the keys or into the action. It may lodge where it will produce a jingle or jarring sound. The instrument is not responsible for that.

Sometimes the keys turn purple or blue, and this is caused usually by ink from the fingers of the performer. Use alcohol and a woolen rag and remove it as quickly as possible.

To prevent moths from eating felt and cloth, put a lump of camphor inside, near the action, occasionally renewing it.

New pianos should be tuned every three or four months for the first year, after that at longer intervals.

How to Clean the Veto.

Bake a lemon or sour orange for 30 minutes in a moderate oven, then open the fruit at one end and dig out the inside, sweetening with sugar or molasses. It is said that this will not only cure heartburn, but will remove pressure from the lungs.

CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

AMUSING CHEMISTRY.

A Pretty Little Trick That Any Bright Boy or Girl Can Manage.

Get a wide mouthed bottle closed by a hollow cork, in which is inserted the pipe of a small glass funnel. By means of sealing wax make airtight and water tight all the joints that might leak, both between funnel and cork and between cork and bottle.

Half fill the bottle with water and throw in the two powders that are used to make soft water—tartaric acid and bicarbon-



ate of soda—which may be bought at a drug store ready for use. Effervescence will at once take place, throwing off carbonic acid gas, and this will escape through the funnel.

But if you have placed within the bottle two or three little balls of cedar, oak, or even of cork, the gas cannot escape except at intervals, for as one ball is lifted from the surface another will drop down to close it. By painting these balls in different colors you may produce a pretty effect.

The effect may be made more beautiful by cutting these paper in the form of a butterfly's wings and gluing them to one of the balls. The balls will dance up and down in the funnel, and the imitation butterfly will flutter as if over a flower.

How to Write a Letter.

The art of letter writing is one of the easiest to acquire and is the means of giving more pleasure than almost any other accomplishment. Don't try to write a fine letter, a perfectly grammatical letter, one of which you think you would be proud. Let us imagine your friend at your side. You have much to tell her, all the news and news of a week's gossip about acquaintances. You would share her your fancy work and your moods, relate stories about your dog, your cat or your bird. Have something to say about the garden, break in every few lines with "I am so glad to see you," and "Can you go with me on such-and-such a place?" or "You ought to have been with us when we were at..."

That is exactly how an interesting letter is written. It runs on and on about little things which make up daily life and which those who love us want to know. Nothing is too trivial to be written in a friendly letter and especially in one to a friend, neighbor, sister or brother. The high school girl may think it silly to mention that baby fell over the cat or that Jimmie's kite went higher than any other in the field, but the father or mother would much rather read those things than "the weather is too hot for me to write more." —Brooklyn Eagle.

Swiss Schoolboys.

The teacher of the school at Vidy, in the district of Neuchâtel, is a very old man. His wife and a half from the schoolboys, and during the severe winter of last winter he found it extremely difficult to walk to his school. On one very day he was unable to get there at all.

What did the boys of the school do upon this—rejoice in the misfortune which seemed likely to give them a holiday? Not at all. They took their largest hand saw and set out after their old master. Installing him comfortably upon it, they drew him to school in triumph.

And this was not all. They held a meeting and organized themselves into committees to draw the teacher to and from school every day. Four boys regularly went after him in the morning, and four more drew him home at night. Taking turns in this way, they furnished him conveyance and team as long as the rough weather lasted.

When the return of spring weather enabled the old schoolmaster to resume his daily journey on foot, the school and the neighborhood celebrated the occasion by a little festival. The children all accompanied him to the house of a resident of the district, where a pleasant dinner was given in his and their honor.—Youth's Companion.

Queen Wilhelmina's Autograph.

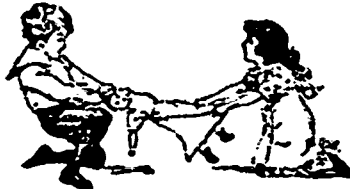
When young Queen Wilhelmina visited the other day the marvelous vaults at Maastricht, which are one of the sights of the place, she was requested by the authorities to inscribe her name upon a marble slab in the wall, which bears the signatures of many other sovereigns, Dutch and foreign, prominent among them being the autograph of the first Napoleon. Just at the very moment when she was about to comply with the request three tiny gnomes sprang out from behind a pillar and exclaimed, in accordance with their honored custom:

"Who are you that dares add your name to that of William the Silent and of many illustrious rulers of the Netherlands?"

Queen Wilhelmina, who had been prepared for this little piece of pantomime, replied:

"I am the daughter of this King William III, whose signature you see here, and his successor to the throne of Holland," whereupon the gnomes, three small boys dressed up for the occasion, bowed low, received some coin and retired.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

No Fun For Dolly.



These two little children commenced pulling in play. But poor little Dolly quite saluted away.

HOW TO CARE FOR SHOES.

Valuable Hints on an Important Article of Dress.

Have three small clean cloths, a basin of water, a bottle of vasoline, vaseline, petroleum jelly—or whatever name you like to call it, it is all the same—and a clean shoe polishing or clothes brush.

The shoes should be wiped as free of mud as possible before drying and should be hung in a warm current of air, say two or three feet above a register or stovepipe, not underneath the kitchen range, where they will be scorched on top and wet underneath.

When they are perfectly dry, wipe the mud stains off with a damp cloth. Be sure to get them all off. Then rub hard with a dry cloth, then polish with the brush, being careful about the stitching and around the sole. It is best to do only a part at a time, say first the vamp, one side, then the other, not forgetting the heel.

Unless your shoes have been badly scuffed and rubbed by bad shoe dressing they will look almost like new. Now rub vasoline over them, with a clean cloth and rub it well in. Use it liberally.

15, for too little will only destroy the polish, while plenty of vasoline improves it. The whole shoe should be carefully done, even among the buttons and buttonholes, and, presto, your shoes are soft, pliable, black and just polished enough to look well, will not stain your underclothes or fingers when putting them on, and a little water will do them no harm.

Try it once, and you will never want to do it any other way.

How to Make Tutti Frutti.

Get from a distillery a pint of the purest alcohol, pour into a jar and put into it a quart of firm, large strawberries, free from every article of sand or dust, and a quart of granulated sugar. Stir gently several times during the day. Next day add a quart of red currants, stemmed, and the same quantity of sugar. On the third day add red cherries, pitted, and on the fourth red raspberries. Stir frequently every day, letting the spurs reach the bottom of the jar. Every time fruit is added put in same quantity of sugar. Along with the raspberries put in 5 large lemons, sliced thin. On the fifth day peel a pineapple, remove every particle of the eyes, place in a good sized earthen dish and sliced fine. Pour over it a bowl of sugar and stir the whole into the mixture. Later, when peaches are large and fine, peel 2 quarts, cut into pieces about half an inch square and add with a quart of sugar. There is no cooking of the fruit or heating of the alcohol. Simply stir in the fruit in its normal state. It does not need to be sealed, but must be kept in a cool place. In a week or ten days it will be ready for use. These preserves are the finest ever made and are particularly nice when served at dinner with the meat course.

How to Write a Letter.

In a formal letter the date, including place of residence, is placed at the top of the letter. In a note sent to an intimate friend it should be placed toward the left hand in the line below the signature. A note of invitation is dated in the same place. See that a margin of about one-fourth of an inch is allowed to the left of the body of the letter. A formal letter should begin with the address of the correspondent. Otherwise it may begin with the salutation, "My dear friend," or "Dear Mary," etc. Observe that an elder addressing a younger person or friend may properly write "My Dear Mrs. Brown." It would argue not a nicer sense of propriety for a younger lady or gentleman to address an older lady or gentleman as "My Dear Mr. James," or "My Dear Miss Smith." It should be "Dear Mr. Jones," "Dear Miss Smith." The nicer shade of distinction can hardly be explained. It may be felt.

How to Make Mushrooms a la Toast.

Put the contents of a can or a quart of fresh oysters in a saucepan with sufficient water to cover. Boil 20 minutes. Add a pint of milk, better size of an egg, salt to taste; then stir in a tablespoonful of flour, first made smooth in a little cold milk, and boil just a minute; then remove from the fire. Now toast, by placing in a hot oven as many slices of bread, 4 to 6 inches square, as there are persons to be served. Butter the toast and place on a warm plate singly and dish the mushrooms and gravy over the toasted bread and serve.

How to Care For a Wet Umbrella.

A wet umbrella should never be put ferrule end down to dry; neither should it be left open for the same purpose. Shake it well, knock it and stand

handle down where the water will run off. Never roll parasol or umbrella tightly when putting away, but without clasp or outer cover leave the fold to lie unconfined.

How to Prepare Escaloped Oysters.

Take a pint of large oysters, 2 tablespoonfuls of butter, a gill of cream, 3 tablespoonfuls of cracker dust and some pepper and salt. Put the cream into the chafing dish. Drain the oysters and put in alternate layers, sprinkled well with cracker dust, and a little butter, salt and pepper. Cook ten minutes covered.

How to Make Boston Biscuit.

Sift a quart of flour, add a teaspoonful of salt and a tablespoonful of lard. Mix with sweet milk and beat hard for 20 minutes, roll thin, cut out, prick with a fork and bake in a very hot oven.

How to Choose Vessels For Sweetbread.

Always cook sweetbreads in a china lined saucepan and use a silver or plated knife to cut them, as steel is considered to be injurious both to flavor and color.

How to Keep Curtains In Place.

To prevent light curtains from flying out of the open windows or across the room sew small weights in the hem at the bottom of the draperies.

Bloomers Break an Engagement.

Miss Lilly Drew of Walton, N. Y., who is an expert wheelwoman, donned a bloomers costume last week. On the road near her home she met her fiancé, Frank Hammond. The young man was so enraged at the sight of the new woman garb that he indignantly demanded what she meant by making such an appearance.

"Why, Frank, this is the most approved style for lady cyclists now, and what possible objection can you have to my being in fashion?" answered the girl, with a laugh.

"The rig is one of the most abominable outfits a girl ever wore," exclaimed the young man, "and I want to say right here that unless you discard that mode of dress forever our intended marriage will not take place."

The two eyed each other closely for a moment, and then Miss Drew slipped from her finger the engagement ring and handed it back to Mr. Hammond, with the remark, "Very well, Mr. Hammond, here is your ring." The new woman has a mind of her own and will not submit to such a dictatorial spirit under any circumstances. Friends of the couple declare that there will never be a reconciliation.

ANCIENT PROVERBS.

- A book that remains shut is but a block.
The fur that warms the monarch warms a bear.
A library is a repository of medicine for the mind.
Get a name to rise early and you may lie all day.
The day I did not make my toilet there came one I did not expect.
A small fire that warms you is better than a large one that burns you.
Secure the three things, virtue, wealth and happiness; they will serve as a staff in old age.

UPPER CUTS.

- The time may come when a divorce will be necessary to place a pugilist in good standing in his profession.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.
The knockout blow on the jaw is the great terror in pugilism. This fact may account for the vast amount of maxillary exercise that is indulged in prior to an encounter.—Wash. Post Star.

Unappreciated.

- Author—Only one thing kept my hat novel from making a sensation.
Friend—What was that?
Author—No one read it.—London Quiver.

HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

Mahlon, 2:13 1/2, has joined the ranks of goldings.

It is Azote that now "so fills the nasal trumpet of fame."

Michael F. Dwyer has, it is believed, practically abandoned the idea of racing in England and will henceforth confine his turf operations to this country.

With a first class track and favorable conditions G. J. Hamlin says Robert J will place two minutes behind his name just as soon as Greer says "go."

A trotting circuit has been formed across the ocean to take in Dublin, Liverpool and Manchester. It is thought that Richard Croker is pushing the sport along.

A correspondent says of the late Trampolins, 2:23, that "F. H. Duntou declared he had seen her back out of her box, go to the harness room and pick out her own harness."

W. O'Brien, Macdonough has asked that the assessment on Ormondo be reduced from \$25,000 to \$5,000. He gave as a reason that Ormondo had turned out to be a very poor foal getter.

These bewildering early fast miles are a development of shrewd, money making owners, combining a thoroughly practical purpose. They are preparatory workouts for the big money contests.

At East Monmouth, Me., a man named Prescott was leading a colt, when the animal kicked Prescott on the hip pocket, where he carried a loaded revolver. The revolver was discharged, the bullet lodging in Prescott's leg.

The late Duke of Hamilton made the biggest bet on record against a Derby winner about 30 years ago when he laid out £100,000 to £5,000 against Hermit for the Derby. Fortunately for him, friends intervened, and the bet was scratched.

A writer in the Revue des Deux Mondes says that "under the influence of a superactivity of nutrition defective organism might furnish a normal epigenesis." This jargon means that the breed of animals which has been impaired by too little food can probably be restored by proper nourishment.—Horseman.

THE FOOD OF GENIUS.

Schubert loved corned beef and cabbage better than any other dish.

Allan Ramsay's favorite dish was oatmeal porridge, and his drink was water.

Haydn ate bread and cheese and coffee for breakfast and the same with beer for supper.

Kaulbach enjoyed kraut and pork. He once said that "cabbage and German go together."

Mozart was dainty in his eating, as in his music. He ate little, but liked his meals well cooked.

Walter Scott liked veal and potatoes better than any other meat and potatoes better than any other vegetable.

Leonardo da Vinci was immoderately fond of oranges. With this fruit and bread he would at any time make a meal.

Burke enjoyed English beef and Irish porter. He said that England and Ireland could always come together on such a platform.

Cruden, the compiler of the Bible concordance, delighted in roast beef. "If you can get it cold, sir, with plenty of mustard, it is fit for the gods."

Heliogabalus liked a ragout made of the tongues of various singing birds and ostriches' brains. It is believed he valued this dish principally from the fact that it was costly.

Dr. Samuel Johnson was fond of game, especially when made into pie, and the nearer the game approached a condition of putridity the better he liked it. He was known to drink a cup of tea at a sitting.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

HOLMES.

Holmes living is claimed by more cities than was Homer dead.—Columbus Dispatch.

All those who have not been murdered by H. H. Holmes will agree that he and he

man standing with pointed.—Bureau Express.

It seems to have been a dull day for H. H. Holmes of Chicago when he did not have some one to murder.—New York Mail and Express.

Perhaps Holmes murdered Tascott. If he did, it is not so surprising that Chicago police have failed to discover the whereabouts of Mr. T.—Washington Star.

It looks as if the Canadians may convict Holmes of murder and hang him before the Chicago police work to the end of one of their clews.—Louisville Commercial.

If Dickens had come upon such a person as Holmes, he would have connected him with Mr. Venus. There has been a great deal of "human warlike" in Holmes' operations.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

RAILWAY RUMBLES.

The London and Northwestern Railway company consumes 3,500 tons of coal a day.

In 1801 iron railroads were laid in several parts of England, superseding the wooden tramways.

Mr. E. Fiddly has been re-engaged for seven years as chief commissioner of railroads in New South Wales at a salary of \$20,000 per annum.

Lighting trains by electricity on the New York Central, the supply of which is furnished by the revolution of the axles, as far as tested, has proved very satisfactory.

Electric power, compressed air, steam power and the cable are displacing the horse as a motive power on the street car lines of Paris. No less than six different methods of traction are employed in different parts of the city.

PRINTERS' INK.

The essentials of a good advertisement are brevity, simplicity and truth.—Catholic Telegraph.

The man who does not advertise in summer is like the man who does not sprinkle his lawn in dry weather.—Printers' Ink.

Never let an advertisement go into a paper till you've looked it over carefully for any accidental untruth or incoherency. Get people's confidence—the trade will follow.—Charles Austin Bates.

CURIOUS CULLINGS.

On the Bowery, New York, a sign carries this bit of advice: "If you see anything you want, steal it."

A New Jersey hardwareman has this sign conspicuously displayed in his store: "If you don't want what you see, ask for something else."

A girl baby belonging to a Mexican woman of Los Angeles is a veritable cyclone, its single eye being exactly in the center of its forehead.

Caught by the shilling.

Early in the present century there was a public house in Bridge street, Kirkwall, which was a favorite resort of the press gang, especially on market days, and not a few young men got into trouble there. The method adopted for trapping unsuspecting youth was somewhat as follows: One of the press gang would take up a position at a window up stairs, while two of his companions were secreted near the front of the building on the ground floor.

If a likely looking young man was seen passing along the street, a shilling was dropped over the upper window. The youth would stop, pick it up, and while he was so engaged the press gang pounced upon him. The button was then laid on his shoulder, and he was blantly told that having accepted the shilling he would now have to go and serve his majesty. Many a young man was captured in this way, and there is no doubt that such tactics as these helped considerably to rouse the feelings of the people against the press gang.—Chambers' Journal.

Monkey skins.

One of the most remarkable reports of the gold coast is that of monkey skins. During the last five years an average of 175,000 monkey skins, valued at \$150,000, have been annually exported. Only skins in good condition and with few cuts have been taken.

WHEN YOU REQUIRE . . .

Clothes Wringer or a Mangle

OR ANYTHING FOR THE HOUSE IN THE HARDWARE LINE YOU WILL FIND IT AT

MASON & CO'S

West End Hardware Store,

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(NEAR DRUMMOND)

EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR.

Eighty miles an hour has been attained and maintained in England, not indeed on a broad gauge line, but on a narrow-gauge line. My informant was the loco-superintendent of one of the great lines, and he timed the train himself on a gradient rising one in many hundreds against the train. The run came about in this wise. A party of French railway engineers were being shown round England. At one of the stations the question was put to the driver by a member of the locomotive staff "Tom, would you like to show these French gentlemen how to go a little?" "Shouldn't I, sir?" was the instant response. "Go ahead then," and off the engine set with a single saloon behind her. In the course of the run nine successive quarters of a mile were timed at the rate of eighty miles an hour. But though the line is one of the most perfect in the country, over which an ordinary sixty miles an hour express glides almost imperceptibly, the saloon shook somewhat. The impression on the French gentlemen was all that could be desired, but their English colleagues agreed, when the train drew up at its destination, that it would not, as a rule, be desirable to give driver cart blanche in the matter of speed.

Not very long ago a visitor at our Court house, finding proceedings rather monotonous had fallen asleep. When the clerk tapped him on the shoulder, seeing the lights in full blaze, and the judge in his robes, as he got up to leave he paused a moment, and dropping on one knee devoutly crossed himself, to the great edification of the witnesses. It was only when outside that he realized he had not been in church.

ARTISTIC APPRECIATION.

Painter (with dignity): 'I am an artist, madam.'

Madam (offensively): 'Oh! you poor man. Here's a shilling to buy you something to eat.'

A QUESTION OF SHORTNESS.

Dankle: 'It's a strange thing to me how a short man always wants a tall girl.'

Dankle: 'Humph! It's a strange thing to me how a short man wants any girl. I'm bothered if I do when I'm short!'

JOHN, out bathing, meets a friend whom he had not seen for some time: "So glad, old boy, to see you"; he says effusively, "take a seat."

QUEEN'S THEATRE.

ONE WEEK ONLY COMMENCING Monday, Sept. 16th. Matinee Wednesday and Saturday.

The Triumph Success, "Jack Harkaway."

A Romance of the Peninsular War, and the famous Harkaway series.

Acme of Health in Scene effects. Beautiful Costumes.

Selected Cast headed by the young romantic actor

THEODORE BARCOCK.

Prices—5s., 3s., 2s., Matinee, 2s., 1s., 6d., and 1s. 0d., Evenings.

Seats on Sale at Theatre, 10 am. to 10 pm. Daily. Shaw's Music Store, St. James and St. Catherine St., Windsor, St. Lawrence Hall, Balmoral and Queen's Hotels, Theatre.

12:30 hours open at 7:30; curtain, 8:15. Matinee, 1:30; curtain at 2:15.

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Late Director of the Italian Grand Opera, Paris.

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NEWLY FURNISHED ROOMS

Double and Single. Private family. Palace street. Pretty and convenient location.

WANTED.

PARTNER with \$5,000 to \$10,000 In a solvent, old established Commission business, the principal a most reliable, experienced and likable man, who can not say one at sight as to the reason for a particular investment.

JOHN LIVINGSTON 120 St. James St., Montreal.

A CHIEFTAIN'S ILL-STARRED BRIDE.

MAY TEMPLE FELL IN LOVE WITH A HANDSOME YOUNG INDIAN AT A GOVERNMENT SCHOOL.

But the Royal Welcome Given to the White Bride by His Tribe Nearly Killed Her.

She Finally Died of Neglect.—A Girl of His Own Tribe Won His Love, and When the Wife Expired They Were Having a Merry Time.

It has been scarcely three months since May Temple first saw him. She was a visionary young girl who had had no careful mother's training and no experience of life. She had read a great deal, mostly books of a trashy sort, which led her young fancy and strengthened her already vivid imagination. He was tall, strong looking and straight as an arrow. From his dark countenance shone more expression than is commonly seen in one of his race. He was a chief—a chief of the Papago Indians, and May Temple first saw him at a school she had the curiosity to visit. Adult Indians are not usually admitted to the Government schools but the ardent desire of this Papago to be educated and to "follow the white man's way," as he expressed it, had aroused intense interest; except in had been made in his favor and he had been received as a pupil, writes Francis Trujillo, Western correspondent of the Philadelphia Times, now in Phoenix, Arizona.

As May left the room that day where recitations had been conducted and the chief had especially distinguished himself by spelling such difficult words as "baker" and "shaker," the young lady dropped her handkerchief and this "type of manly dignity," as she already styled him in her thoughts, sprang to pick it up and returned it with a bow and glance into those blue eyes. It was only a few days afterwards that the people of Phoenix were electrified by the announcement that May Temple, a young white girl from the East, who had just arrived in Arizona on a visit to her friends, had married an Indian chief and gone to live with him among his tribe. What folly! What mad infatuation! some exclaimed, and then it was forgotten in a later excitement.

The girl was not a fool, despite the verdict of the multitude; there can only be urged in extenuation of her act her youth and her absolute ignorance of Indian life at home amid natural surroundings. She saw her home with horror. She supposed it would be at least of adobe, strong and cool, but it was a low shack constructed of woods laid against and bound to a framework of poles. As its leaves had shriveled in the burning sun, openings were left, the whole a poor protection from the hot winds which blow across the desert.

Near this shack the only sight that reminded her of civilization were

her husband's nieces attired in her honor for the occasion in clothes given to them at the Indian school. Upon the ground sat her husband's mother and aunt, two ancient women, so browned and seamed by sun and wind that they resembled mummies. It seemed to the nervous bride as if from their withered faces, with deep-set, heavy eyes, leered a demonic expression. But her disgust was increased by the appearance of her father-in-law, a Maricopa who had lived many years and married among the Papagos. He came forward innocently, although almost in a state of nature. The Arizona braves, somewhat outrage the proprieties and make the fact of the tropical climate and their poverty an excuse to dress at home in very primitive style.

After this appalling scene, May was not greatly surprised when the whole company of assembled Indians started toward her with sticks and stones to drive her from the place. She rushed to her husband, but he too assailed her, and now thoroughly terrified the wretched girl started to run across the desert away from her pursuers, who yelled derisively, while dogs barked and the smallest children, who, like the elderly father-in-law, had no apparel to conceal their sun-kissed skins hooted mockingly. The frightened bride, her feet burned from the fiery sands through her shoes, her hair and clothing drenched with perspiration, her heart beating as if it would burst with a wild unnamed fear, fell down at last exhausted, while her assailants captured her and took her back to her husband, who laughingly explained that it was an ancient custom of the Papagos to so welcome a bride who was not of their own tribe.

He added that the Indians did not adhere to the practice so barbarously as when in a savage state. There were accounts of brides who in former times had been driven to their death. The Indians regard this race as a test of virtue and endurance. From that time the Papago Chief regarded his white wife with some disfavor, while the others openly manifested their disapprobation; for, as is known, the Indians value and respect a human being according to physical strength. After this pleasing introduction to Indian existence May settled down to a discovery of what manner her life now was and of the habits and customs of her people-in-law, who were still influenced by the traditions and superstitions of their former savage state. These views were no longer gilded to her vision by romance and sentiment.

One day a physician from Phoenix, passing through the place where the Papagos were camped, was detained by the head chief, who begged the doctor to come into one of the brush houses and prescribe for a child sick with the fever. As the white man entered to attend the child, he noticed within the shack the white bride sitting on the floor. At this moment the husband entered, and the wife reached out a detaining hand. "Stay with me a while," she begged. He shook her off impatiently. "No, I haven't time!" he answered indifferently. The doctor noticed the young

wife press her hand to her side and her cheek paled. He returned to the place where his horses were tied in the shade of a mesquite and proceeded to eat a lunch and rest before continuing his journey. After a while an Indian came, and declaring that the white woman had suddenly died, asked the doctor to return to the huts. They went back, but there was nothing the physician could do for her. It was quite clear to him that there had been no disease, no appearance of poison. Evidently the heart had been ruptured, caused by the strong overpowering feelings of disappointment and despair. As the physician rode away, he saw the young husband unconcernedly leaning against a mosquito tree, playing some Indian game with sticks. His companion was an Indian girl. They talked and laughed gayly, and the sound of their merriment followed the traveller down the road. It was the first time this doctor had seen the youthful wife; yet his was the only sad heart among them all. His thoughts continually and sorrowfully returned to the low shack in which lay the broken-hearted white girl, whose life had ended with her foolish dream.

A most enjoyable yachting and tennis party composed of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Wilson, Messrs. K. W. Blackwell, A. C. Henry, of Canada Pacific Railway, and J. S. Livingston, of St. John's, Misses Minnie Agnes, and Master Jack Wilson and others, spent from Saturday to Monday at Mr. Wilson's country residence at Lacolle.

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HAAMILTON LINE—The splendid new steamer "Hamilton" leaves Hamilton every Monday at noon, Toronto, 6 p.m. Calls at all way ports via Bay of Quinte both ways. Leaves Montreal Thursday at 4 p.m. Reduced rates by this steamer, including meals and berths both ways.

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