

London Evening Advertiser

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SATURDAY EVENING, MARCH 2, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 10130.

Political Situation.

Mr. Tarte Pleased With the Outlook in New Brunswick.

West Elgin Conservatives Fail to Make a Nomination.

No Conservative Candidate Yet Nominated in Nova Scotia.

Halifax Election Fixed for the 19th of March.

LIBERAL RALLY AT LISTOWEL.
LISTOWEL, March 1.—Today being fair day in this town, an extra crowd of farmers were in to hear the Liberal speakers—Hon. Sir Richard Cartwright, Mr. James McMullen, M.P., Dr. McDonald, M.P., and James Grievs, M.P., who were billed to speak here today in the interest of Mr. Grievs, M.P., the popular representative of North Perth in the House of Commons. Hon. Mr. Cartwright addressed the electors at the evening meeting in his most forcible manner, discussing the issues now before the people. Mr. Grievs gave an able address, as did also Dr. McDonald and Jas. McMullen, M.P. The Liberals are well pleased with the day's proceedings.

LOGAN VS. DICKIE.
HALIFAX, March 1.—At the Liberal convention at Amherst, H. J. Logan, Q.C., was unanimously chosen as the Liberal candidate against Minister Dickie.

MR. TARTE FEELS ENTHUSIASTIC.
MONTREAL, March 1.—Mr. Tarte returned this morning to town from New Brunswick, where he met the leading Liberals at St. John and Fredericton. He seems enthusiastic and says the Liberals will have a candidate in each constituency, and the worst they can do is to equally divide the Province.

WEST ELGIN CONSERVATIVES DISAGREE.

DUTTON, March 1.—The Conservatives of West Elgin met in convention today in the opera hall. There was a large gathering. A motion was put to the meeting asking that in the field of the coming election, this was voted down by about a two-thirds vote. Just as soon as the result of the vote was made known by the president, those who were against bringing out a candidate left the room, and the meeting was brought to a sudden and unexpected termination. No other date was named for bringing out a candidate, as though the fight would be left between the Liberal and the Patron candidates in this Grit hive.

PATERSON'S PERTINENT POINTS.

Mr. Paterson, at Aurora, devoted a considerable part of his address to the statement that the Tory policy was against the interests of the manufacturer. In eloquent terms he told of the splendid success of the Canadian boy in the States, and declared that under fair conditions the Canadian could hold his own at home with the people of any nation on earth. Every dollar he had invested in manufacturing, and he did not believe that the Liberal policy would place him at a disadvantage. But the manufacturer was just as good, but no better than other citizens. The manufacturer should have the same rights as others, but no greater. (Applause.) Mr. Paterson closed his speech with a tribute to the courage and fidelity of the Liberal leader, and an appeal to the young men of the country to read the history of their country and ally themselves with that party which stood for the best and highest development of Canada, and sought to accomplish this not by an infamous gerrymander, but by fair and equal conflict.

WHAT GOV. DEWDNEY SAYS.

A private letter received from Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney from British Columbia, says that he does not intend now to resign his position, and run for the Legislature so as to become Premier in place of Mr. Davie, who has been made chief justice of the Province.

FRENCH CONSERVATIVES WANT A SESSION.

MONTREAL, March 1.—Some of the French Conservative members, it seems, are still pressing for a session of Parliament before dissolution, and their views are re-echoed in the Presse tonight, which declares that Bishop Lafleche, of Three Rivers, and Bishop Gravel, of Nicolet, are in favor of having a session, at which remedial legislation shall be passed, before dissolution. Dr. Lachapelle and other prominent French Canadians have expressed themselves to the same effect.

HALIFAX ELECTION DAY.

(Special to the "Advertiser.")
TORONTO, March 1.—The writ has been issued for Halimand. Nominations will be on March 12 and polling on the 19th. Hon. Jacob Baxter and Mr. John Senn will be the candidates again.

NOTES.
Not a single Conservative candidate has yet been nominated in any county in Nova Scotia.

Messrs. Montague, Patterson, Wallace and Wood leave today (Saturday) for Western Ontario on a stumping tour.

At the meeting of South Brant Conservatives, Robert Henry was the choice of the meeting to be their standard-bearer.

Mr. John McMillan, M.P., has been elected honorary president, and W. M. Dolg corresponding secretary of the Harriston Young Liberal Club.

At a Liberal convention for West Asinaboi, held at Moosejaw, Mr. A. E. Hitchcock was nominated to oppose Mr. Davie at the approaching Dominion election.

Mr. W. W. Buchanan thinks that he was not correctly reported when it was stated that he would likely run in South Oxford. He has not yet expressed any resolve.

The Liberals of King's county, N. B., at a convention, have unanimously nominated Col. Domville. Col. Domville is uncle of Mr. Domville, the well-known western G. T. R. official.

Cut Flowers.
We make a specialty of Cut Flowers and our collection which includes Roses, Carnations, Violets, etc., is one of the finest in the city. We superintend and control our own greenhouses and are careful that none but the finest flowers go to our stores. Have your order a day or two in advance of the time of delivery and get first choice of fresh flowers. Funeral designs and wedding arrangements promptly attended to. GREENWAY, 245 Dundas street. Phone 743.

OVER THE SEA.

The Gasconne's Arrival at Havre Marked by an Ovation—The Alleged Rival of the C. P. R.

A GLASGOW THEATER BURNED.
GLASGOW, March 1.—The Theater Royal was burned to the ground today. Loss, £30,000.

THE CZAR'S UNCLE DEAD.
SAN REMO, Italy, March 2.—The Grand Duke Alexis of Russia, uncle of Emperor Nicholas II., died here this morning. He was 45 years old.

LA GASCOGNE AT HAVRE.
HAVRE, March 1.—The French steamer La Gasconne (Capt. Baudelin), which sailed from New York on Feb. 29, arrived here at 1:30 yesterday afternoon. La Gasconne entered the harbor amid a hurricane of cheers from the shore, to which the officers, crew and passengers responded by waving flags and cheering in reply. During the afternoon lunch was served on board, at which the mayor and the members of the Chamber of Commerce and other notabilities were present.

THE C. P. R.'S SUPPOSED RIVAL.
The Montreal Star's special cable from London says: The promoters of the British Pacific Railway, which it is intended to run from Victoria, B. C., via Cariboo, the Yellow Head Pass, Edmonton and through the Northwest, state that the money to float the scheme on the London market is all secured, and now they say they are waiting for the British Columbia Government to fulfill its promise to assist the scheme to the fullest extent of its power. Hon. J. H. Turner, the Finance Minister of British Columbia, comes to England shortly to make a new British Columbia loan, and the promoters expect he will give such pledges of his Government's aid as will enable the British Pacific Company to be put before the public here. The British Pacific Company will reach the seaboard according to present arrangements, through connecting with the much-talked-of and much-criticized Atlantic and Lake Superior route.

AN EDITOR KILLED.
PARIS, March 1.—Commandant Lechettaller, of the marine force, this morning fought a duel with M. Percher, who was also known as "Harry Alis," inflicting a wound, from the effects of which Alis died in a few minutes. The weapons used were swords. M. Lechettaller in the first encounter broke Alis' sword and drove his weapon through his opponents' body, piercing the right lung. The duel was the result of a controversy carried on through the press. The meeting took place at Neuilly. Alis was formerly agent of an English news agency, and afterwards one of the editors of the journal des Debats. He had also served as the Cairo correspondent of that paper, in which capacity he was known for his bitter anti-English sentiments. He is said to have had great influence with the Khedive.

The seconds attending M. Percher were MM. Andre Hallais and Paul Lhuysen. M. Lechettaller's seconds were Col. Baudet and Commandant Castelli. The death stroke was given immediately after the combatants crossed swords, and M. Percher died almost at the moment he sank to the ground. Both principals wore only trousers and flannel vests.

A GREAT MAN GONE.

EDINBURGH, March 2.—Prof. John Stuart Blackie died at 9:45 o'clock this morning. He passed away peacefully. He had farewell to his family last evening, saying he was perfectly certain that his end was approaching.
John Stuart Blackie, son of an Aberdeen banker, was born in Glasgow in 1809, and was educated at Aberdeen and Edinburgh. He also spent two years on the continent studying languages and classical philology. In 1834 he published a metrical translation of Goethe's "Faust," and in the same year was called to the Scottish bar. In 1841 he was appointed to the newly formed chair of Latin literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen, which post he held eleven years. In 1852 he was appointed to the Greek chair in the University of Edinburgh, which he resigned in 1882. Thereafter he devoted himself to writing and lecturing. Latterly he lectured on modern Greek and published papers on the subject to the Nineteenth Century and Review. Among the works published by him were: "Songs and Legends of Ancient Greece," "Lays of the Highlands," "Self-Culture," "The Wise Men of Greece," "The Wisdom of Goethe," "Life of Robert Burns," "The Scottish Highlands," and many others devoted to a variety of subjects.

BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Both in the United States and Canada

Quietness and Caution Prevailing Features—No Boom in Prospect.

NEW YORK, March 1.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade says: No gold goes out, though sterling exchange has risen close to the par value, and it does not yet appear that the syndicate has made any effort to control the exchange market. There is no essential change in the money market, though rates are somewhat higher. Agricultural products are a shade higher, but without any reason, which looks to future operations. More people are idle in the great industries than were idle last week, but not for reasons which distinctly affect the future.

Failures for the week have been 250 in the United States, against 261 last year, and in Canada 38, against 42 last year.

BRADSTREET'S.
Bradstreet's will say: While the course of general trade during the first two months of the current year has been disappointing February ends and March begins with tangible though not as yet satisfactory signs of improvement.

Among larger eastern business centers no general evidences of improvement are reported, except a larger volume of trade in staple lines in Pittsburgh, together with better demand in the iron and steel trades.

February bank clearings at 69 cities in the United States amount to \$3,354,000,000, the smallest monthly total since records were kept except those for February one year ago, and for August and September in the panic year—1893.

There are 234 business failures reported this week, contrasted with 327 last week, and with 272 in the concluding week of February, 1894. Two years ago the total was 217, and three years ago it was 247.

IN CANADA.
Toronto and Montreal advices are

that spring openings in drygoods and millinery result in increased activity, aided in part by milder weather. At the latter point no revival in business is looked for prior to the opening of navigation. Collections in the Dominion are generally slow, with many renewals and extensions.

February bank clearings at Canadian cities aggregate \$41,585,000 this year, an increase over February, 1894, of about 5 per cent, but a decrease from February, 1893, of about 16 per cent, and a falling off compared with February, 1892, of about 6 per cent. Bank clearings at Winnipeg, Toronto, Hamilton, Montreal and Halifax this week amount to \$15,579,000—6 per cent. less than last week, but only slightly smaller than in the like week a year ago, and more than one-quarter less than the total in the corresponding week of 1893.

The Legislature.

Introduction of the London Electric Radial Railway Bill.

Several Deputations Received by the Government—Sir Oliver's Reply to the Templars.

(Special to the "Advertiser.")
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.
TORONTO, March 1.

There was virtually nothing done today in the House, for it was private members' day, and the budget speech consequently did not go on. A little routine business was transacted, a few petitions presented, a few bills introduced, and the House adjourned after a twenty-minute session.

One of the bills was that to incorporate the London Radial Electric Railway, for which Mr. Awrey stood sponsor. The important work of the day was done by the striking committee, who prepared the lists for the various important standing committees that exist to get proposed legislation presented in proper shape before it reaches the House. These committees are now appointed, and will soon begin operations, and then the work of the session will begin in earnest.

Headed by Mr. C. R. Smith, of Hamilton, the executive of the Canadian Association of Fairs and Exhibitions called on Mr. Dryden this afternoon and asked for a number of changes in the law regarding fairs. Among the changes suggested were the vesting of the distribution of Government grants, so as to bear a more accurate relation to the necessities of the several localities; the appointment of an inspector of fairs; and the making of Government grants to fairs conditional upon a county council giving supplementary grants, and the recognition of the position of the Canadian Association of Fairs and Exhibitions. Mr. Dryden returned the usual answer that he would consider the proposed changes.

The Royal Templars of Temperance and the Methodist Young People's Society of Ontario and Quebec sent a joint deputation, which waited upon the Government this afternoon, the spokesmen being Ald. Leitch, of Toronto, Rev. Dr. Galbraith, of Toronto, and Rev. Wm. Kettlewell, of Paris. Their request was threefold—that the hours of sale be reduced, and the number of liquor licenses be reduced; and that the License Law be better enforced. All three spokesmen of the deputation (which was very numerous) made strong speeches in favor of the changes and improvements pending the decision of the Privy Council.

Sir Oliver, in his reply, said that while the question of license legislation had not been considered at this session, he hoped the Government's temperance friends would not think it unreasonable if it should decide to wait for the final report of the Royal Commission as to the Province's jurisdiction before introducing any new legislation.

Price's Cream Baking Powder is of uniform excellence, because it's absolutely pure.

Elections Immediately.

Writs for Dominion Contest Expected in Less Than Two Weeks.

Great Activity Displayed at Ottawa.

An Ottawa correspondent says: All the signs point to the issue of the writs for a general election within the next few weeks. Twelve days ago the writs were prepared. Ministers are leaving for their constituencies, voters' lists are being called for by members in constituencies, and the general activity in Government circles is a general activity in Government circles. Mr. Foster will go to York in a few days. Some of the Ministers and the Controllers left today for another tour in Ontario, beginning at Brampton.

The newspapers may any morning now contain the announcement that Parliament has been dissolved. The Prime Minister has a central committee room for campaign interviews and campaign correspondence. Mr. Michael Connolly, president of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company, had an other interview with Premier Bowell today. His company has an important influence in one or two constituencies in Quebec. It is reported that a contract has been entered into with reference to that election, the Hudson Bay Railway, though its official announcement it is desired should be first made by Mr. Daly on his approaching visit to Manitoba. In reference to the speculative rumors from time to time appearing in Quebec as to the Lieutenant-Governor, Hon. J. A. Chapleau, your correspondent is in a position to say, on the highest possible authority, that Mr. Chapleau declines to enter a sinking boat.

All the voters' lists have been received except three or four, and they will be in tomorrow. The law is complied with if they were mailed on Feb. 28. There will not be more than 30 days' notice of polling, so that there is no time lost if the opponents of the Government desire to take advantage of their opportunity. Now is the time for effective work, and not after the writs have been issued.

Sunday Services!

SEE NEXT PAGE

For Particulars of To-Morrow's Church Services.

Murderous.

Villainous Attempt to Rob the Montreal Cotton Company's Safe.

Two Men Shot Dead and Two More May Die.

An Employee's Marvelous Presence of Mind.

Saves His Life and \$35,000—The Manager's Private Secretary the Perpetrator—He is Captured.

VALLEYFIELD, Que., March 2.—Last night the paymaster of the Montreal Cotton Company, Mr. John Lowe, assisted by two of the officials, J. Loy and Hugh Wilson, were making up the pay ready for Monday, when Mr. Shortis, who was lately the private secretary to the manager of the mill, entered the office. Reaching over the counter, Shortis picked up a loaded revolver, which Mr. Lowe always kept close at hand, and shot Wilson in the left side. The others thought it was accidental, and Mr. Loy made for the telephone to get the doctor, while Mr. Lowe went to Wilson's assistance. Before Loy reached the telephone, however, the shooter took deliberate aim and shot him dead, the ball passing

THROUGH HIS HEART.
He then fired at Lowe, but missed, hitting Wilson again on the forehead and cheek.

Lowe, seeing how matters were, grabbed the pay boxes, which contained \$35,000, and ran into the vault with them, pulling the massive door after him.

Shortis then went to the door and told Lowe to come out, saying he did not wish to injure him. Lowe replied that he was locked in and could not get out, though such was not the case, the door being simply shut. Shortis replied: "Give me the combination, Jack, and I will let you out." The latter replied: "Just give the knob a turn and it will open." The murderer did so, and, of course,

LOCKED THE SAFE.
which was what Mr. Lowe wished. While this was going on Wilson, by a superhuman effort, managed to crawl out of the office, down the stairs, and about 200 yards to the fire hall, where a couple of men were at work to whom he gave the alarm. Before they reached the office, however, Maxime Labouché, the night watchman, started for the scene. On reaching the door he was met by Shortis and

SHOT DEAD.
The latter then threw the body down stairs. He proceeded to cut the wires of the telephone so that he could not be communicated with, after which he made another attempt to get into the safe. While thus engaged, the foreman entered, and as his revolver was now empty, they had no trouble in overcoming him.

John Loy was one of the most promising young men in the community. He was the eldest son of G. M. Loy, the present mayor of the town, and a general favorite with all.

Mr. Wilson is lying in a very critical condition, and grave fears are entertained as to his recovery.

Mr. Lowe, who was enclosed in the vault for three hours is also in a very bad way. He was recently seriously ill with a paralytic attack, and his experience last night may have a serious effect upon him.

Perfect keeping properties belong to Dr. Price's Baking Powder, because it's absolutely pure.

Jumped the Track.

The Railway Accident in Mexico an Awful One.

It Is Feared That Over One Hundred Are Killed.

The Train an Excursion, Carrying 1,200 People—Fell Down the Mountain-Side.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 2.—It is now known that 200 people were killed and injured in the terrible wreck on the Inter-Oceanic Railroad Thursday afternoon. It is impossible as yet to say how many of this number are dead, as the wreck has not all been cleared away and reports are very conflicting. It is feared, however, that over 100 are dead. The train was an excursion, carrying nearly 1,200 passengers, returning from the pilgrimage annually made to Sacre Monte shrine. Near Piedra Blanca there is a sharp curve, and at this point from some reason not as yet definitely learned five coaches jumped the track and went down the side of the mountain. The train was smashed completely into kindling wood. As soon as word was received in this city a relief train was sent out with surgeons and a wrecking force, and the work of rescuing the wounded and taking out the dead has been progressing since. As fast as possible the wounded were brought to this city, President Diaz having ordered the military hospital with its staff to care for all survivors.

A gendarme who returned on one of the relief trains says that he saw fourteen dead bodies taken from one coach. These bodies were mangled in the most shocking manner; some of them were in fragments and limbs, heads and bodies were mixed up in such a manner as to make identification almost impossible. The scene about the wreck was most sickening, as well as sorrowful. Relatives were searching for missing members of their families, and women and children who had lost their husbands and fathers were crying and moaning in a heart-rending manner.

Further details from the scene of the wreck are expected later, but the telegraphic service is unsatisfactory. This is the most serious wreck in Mexico since 1881, when a trainload of soldiers went through a bridge, 400 of them being killed. The most careful inquiries in this city and of the railroad people indicate that there were no Americans on the train, the passengers, so far as can be learned, all being natives. The train crew were Americans, and in accordance with the Mexican custom such of them as were not killed will be arrested, the Mexican laws concerning the responsibility of trainmen for such affairs being stringent.

KINGSMILL'S

Dundas and Carling Sts.



Carpets

We don't brag when we say we are the largest dealers in this section. Wherever the best carpets of the best makers can be found, there we buy. A stock is here that is ample for all requirements. No difficulty in choice. The finest Wiltons, the best Brussels, the most sightly Tapestry, the most reliable Wools, the cheapest Hemp, all are here for your selection. Whether for a cottage or a castle we can supply your wants. The larger the buyer, the better the seller. We buy more and sell more, and consequently sell cheaper. The season is approaching for these goods.

Dress Goods

Of all departments, the first to bow to dame fashion's vagaries is Dress Goods. Today we show the contents of three cases. The newest goods for spring wear. It is impossible to describe the overwhelming loveliness of these newest creations in cold type. You must see them.

Merchant Tailoring

The two ruling advantages to be had here are low-ness of price and perfection of fit. Our stock of cloths as regards fashion and durability need only to be seen to be appreciated. Our cutter takes second place to none. Running this department in connection with some thirty others, we are able to reduce the specific charges to a minimum. You get the benefit.

KINGSMILL'S

We Take Hood's

Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills, and we cannot praise them too highly. First, Hood's Sarsaparilla cured a swelling of my right breast, which was called cancerous tumor. This winter we all had the Grip, but resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills and were soon well again. We all take Hood's Sarsaparilla when we feel bad or our blood is poor and it always makes us well. Mrs. J. FALLOWFIELD, Brampton, Ontario.

Hood's Cures

Take Hood's Pills for Sick Headache.

A FINE ENTERTAINMENT.

Given by Members of the London Conservatory Staff—Complimentary to Tuscan Lodge.

A large and fashionable audience appeared at the Masonic concert in the Opera House last night. The concert was complimentary to "Tuscan Lodge," No. 185, by the London Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution. The first part of the programme consisted of piano, vocal and elocution.

Mr. W. Caven Barron proved himself as usual a most excellent pianist by his scholarly interpretation of the different works, especially Chopin in the "D-flat Nocturne." His playing was intensely characteristic.

A most agreeable surprise was the appearance of such an accomplished elocutionist in Miss Jessica Ter-Williger (late of Boston), now teacher of elocution and physical culture at the Conservatory. She possesses a beautiful figure and an expressive face, combined with unmistakable talent. Miss Ter-Williger fully justified the excellent press notices that have been given her in large cities. Her rendition of the "Slave's Lullaby" and "At the Opera" was intensely humorous, and elicited encores, during which a beautiful bouquet of flowers was presented to her. In "Diamond Cut Diamond" Miss Ter-Williger was splendid, and her singing in that number exemplified the admirable method of vocal culture in which she had been trained at the celebrated Emerson College of Oratory.

Mr. E. W. Devlin was a success in every respect. His singing reflects great credit on his teacher, Miss Katharine Moore. His voice is a pleasing tenor, and his phrasing, intonation and expression were very artistic. The celebrated "Flower Song" from "Faust" was beautifully sung by Miss Lilywhite, and afforded her an opportunity for the display of her sympathetic and sweet voice. Though a rare virtue in songsters, yet with Miss Lilywhite and Mr. Devlin every word could easily be heard.

Mr. H. S. Saunders played his cello obligato to "Protestation" artistically. The second part of the programme was a comedietta, "Two Flats and a Sharp," given by Miss Ter-Williger and her pupils, Miss Lillie Pitcher and Mr. E. W. Devlin. The comedy was a delightful success, and was highly appreciated, judging from the applause it created. Miss Ter-Williger was better in the comedy, if such a thing were possible, and the acting of Miss Pitcher and Mr. Devlin was highly creditable to themselves and their tutor.

EMILE ZOLA.

The Prince of Realistic Fiction.



Thus looks the master of realism. This is the man who has produced more work, excited more comment, probed more moral anatomy, than any living author. Needing a strengthening stimulant, Zola drinks "Vin Mariani," of which he says that "it is the elixir of life, combating human debility, and giving vigor, health and energy. This is high praise, but it is consonant with what has been said about this great tonic-stimulant, by all the celebrities of the day. "Vin Mariani" is the great nourisher. It strengthens the enfeebled constitution, makes the convalescent strong and well, is very palatable, never produces constipation, but rather aids digestion and assimilation. If you send your name to Lawrence A. Wilson & Co., Montreal, you will receive a little album of portraits of celebrated people, and you will thus learn something, not merely of the celebrated Coca Stimulant, but of the great people who drink it.

SMOKE VIRGINIA CIGAR

MADE BY H. McKenna & Co.



FOR SALE BY H. McKenna, 225 Dundas Street.

NEW GOODS! NEW GOODS!

Overcoatings, Suits, Trousers, Newest Shades, Closest Prices

COME AND SEE THEM

Harry Lenox,

Cor. Richmond and Carling Sts.

It Was Suicide!

Verdict in the Barrett Poisoning Case.

The Coroner's Jury Say That Mrs. Jeannette Barrett Did Not Take Poison by Mistake.

But Unkind Treatment by Her Husband Caused Her to Despair and Commit the Deed—Evidence of a Startling Nature—Barrett (and) His Wife Had Quarreled the Night of the Suicide.

Mrs. Jeannette Barrett, whose death from poison was reported in the columns of the "Advertiser" on Thursday, it appears, did not meet her death through a mistake. It has been shown that she committed suicide. It was at first supposed that Mrs. Barrett had, through error, taken a quantity of chloroform instead of cough mixture. The coroner's jury, however, found that she was in despair when the poison was taken, and the jury even went so far as to state that her melancholy condition was brought about by unkind treatment on the part of her husband.

Dr. Flock, coroner, conducted the inquest at the police station yesterday afternoon. Mr. McKillop acted in the crown's interest, and Mr. Barrett (who was present) had E. T. Essery as counsel.

THE EVIDENCE. James Luitman, known to Barrett and his wife for some time, had furnished them with city relief six times since Dec. 1 last; never heard Mrs. Barrett say anything which would assist the jury in coming to a conclusion as to how she came to her death. The first time the witness went to their house he asked Mrs. Barrett how it was that Barrett being a young man did not get along better. She said he might get along better if he tried.

Mrs. Lavinia Beasley, sister of the deceased, proved a most important witness. She said Mrs. Barrett came from England two years ago. Barrett had been out of work most of the winter, but his family was not in distress. They had pretty good friends.

Mr. McKillop—Did Mrs. Barrett ever make any complaints?

Mrs. Beasley—Yes; the day before she drank the poison.

Q—Did she tell you anything else? A—Yes. We came down town the day before she drank the poison, and I sent my husband over to see if Mrs. Barrett was ready. Barrett was shivering at the time, and he threatened to cut her liver out.

Q—Did she tell you anything else? A—Yes; she said that one of them would not die a natural death. I thought from that that she

HAD BEEN QUARRELING with her husband.

Q—How long had they been in the habit of quarrelling? A—Ever since they were married—ten years.

Q—Did you see her again? A—I saw Mrs. Barrett that morning after she took the poison. She was lying on the bed, writhing in pain, and said that Barrett had tortured her so much that she preferred herself. She never said what she drank.

Q—Did she say anything further? A—On being asked if she would like to go to the hospital Mrs. Barrett answered in the affirmative, stating that she would have peace there.

Mrs. Beasley also stated that on Saturday as she was leaving the hospital Mrs. Barrett asked her to say nothing about her complaints, as Barrett had promised to be good.

Q—How long had they been in the habit of quarrelling? A—Ever since they were married—ten years.

Q—Did Barrett say how she had come to take the poison? A—Yes; he said she had taken it deliberately; that they had a little quarrel, but he asked me to say nothing about it.

Wm. D. Sharpe, a student with the previous witness, heard Barrett tell the doctor that he was afraid his wife had made a mess of it; that poor

WEEK-MINDED WOMEN would do things for which they would afterwards be sorry. At the hospital Sharpe heard Mrs. Barrett say she had made a mistake, thinking the bottle contained cough medicine. Witness said the solution was exceptionally strong, and completely destroyed the lining of the deceased's stomach.

Mr. Wm. Spence, a jurymen, asked Dr. Mitchell if Mrs. Barrett could possibly have recovered if he (the doctor) had come to her when summoned.

"No," replied Dr. Mitchell, "it would have been of no avail."

"The reason I asked," said Mr. Spence, "was because I used similar poison in my business every day in the week."

Mr. Spence examined the contents of the bottle from which Mrs. Barrett had drunk. A surprised look marked the faces of those present as he drew the cork and twice

SAMPLED THE LIQUID.

"It does not taste very strong," said Mr. Spence.

He would hold an inquest on you one week hence," said another of the jury. Mrs. Sophia Henley, of London township, was next called. She knew Mrs. Barrett well, having lived next to her for some time. She was a very cheerful woman, and had a smile for everybody.

Mr. McKillop—Did she ever make any complaints to you?

had brought the poison from England, and used it for soldering purposes. The jury returned a verdict that Mrs. Barrett came to her death from corrosive poison taken in a fit of despair brought about by unkind treatment from her husband.

SIXTY-FIVE KILLED!

In the Accident on the Inter-Oceanic Railway—Forty Persons Injured, of Whom Twelve Will Die.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 1.—A wrecking train arrived here early this morning from the scene of yesterday's accident on the Inter-Oceanic Railway. It brought 40 persons who had been injured in the crash. Sixty-five persons were left dead near the spot where the train left the rails, and of those who were brought back twelve cannot possibly recover.

THE ENGINEER AND FIREMAN KILLED.

NEW YORK, March 1.—The 6 o'clock express of the Royal Blue Line on the Philadelphia and Reading Railway was wrecked while going through Bayonne at 6:30 this evening. At least 30 passengers had a miraculous escape. The engineer and assistant fireman were killed. The dead are William Thomas, of Philadelphia, engineer; Winfield Holland, of Philadelphia, assistant fireman. The injured are H. Orrell, of Lafayette, N. J., fireman; Frank Applegate, of Tiooga, Pa.; Geo. Hopkins, baggage-man.

CANADIAN PILLS ABROAD.

A Specific Which is Obtaining a Footing in Foreign Countries.

TORONTO, March 1.—Among the thousands of orders which weekly pour into the offices of the Dods Medical Company, Limited, in this city, are many from Austria, Great Britain, Germany and other countries. The curative properties of Dods' Kidney Pills in cases of Bright's disease and concomitant ailments have been brought to the attention of friends abroad by patients who were cured here; they in turn have called the attention of their acquaintances to the marvelous effects resulting from the use of the pills, until now there is a steady and growing demand for the specific, and each foreign mail exhibits an increase in the orders.

Practice household economy by using Price's Cream Baking Powder. It's absolutely pure.

THE MIKADO'S LIFE

He Works Hard, But Is Fond of Horses and Hunting.

The emperor of Japan, according to the people most closely connected with him at Tokio, has by no means an easy office to fill. Japan contains more than forty million people, and there are a baker's dozen of political factions, many of which are anxious to create trouble. The changing conditions of the people make plenty of work. You can never tell who is going to fly off on a tangent, and the newspapers have to be carefully watched. The emperor keeps his eyes on everything.

At least I was told so. He rises early and breakfasts about seven o'clock. He uses a knife whenever he takes foreign food, but he prefers the chopsticks at the Japanese dinners. He eats both kinds of food and is very fond of rice, taking it with every meal. He likes meats, and is by no means averse to sweets. He usually eats his breakfast alone, and also his lunch. His dinner is served in table d'hôte style, and with all the European accompaniments. Contrary to the regular practice in Japanese families, his wife often sits down at the table with him, and also the crown prince. His work begins as soon as his breakfast is over. From nine o'clock until twelve he receives his ministers and discusses matters of state.

After this he takes his lunch, and then spends a little time in reading newspapers. He watches closely the Japanese press, keeps track of current public opinion, and I venture, changes his actions somewhat to suit it. All the papers are looked over for him, and the passages which he should see are marked. Ordinary mistakes are criticisms he passes over, but if a newspaper becomes at all dangerous he gives an order to his censors and the paper is stopped, while its editors are liable to be thrown into prison. He has also the leading foreign papers, and the articles of these which treat of Japan are translated for him, and he keeps track of public opinion all over the world. He takes our illustrated papers, and the articles relating to the pictures in them are sometimes translated. He does a great deal of work in the afternoon, but towards evening goes out for exercise. He is a good horseback

rider and is fond of fine horses. He has about 300 in his stables, and those are of all kinds, including a number of fine hunters. The emperor is fond of hunting, and he has large game reserves, where there are deer and wild pigs. There are plenty of pheasants, and his majesty is said to be a good shot.

AWFUL ACCIDENT.

Sixty-Two People Killed in a Railway Calamity.

CITY OF MEXICO, March 1.—The railroad accident on the Inter-Oceanic Railway yesterday occurred 42 kilometers from this city, between Temamala and Tenango. A special, non-paying pilgrims from Ameca, was derailed on a slight curve in a cut. The cars were completely shattered and splintered. The accident occurred about 2:30 o'clock. When the special train conveying Mrs. Alfred Bray and Francis Crosson and Mexican doctors reached the scene at 4 o'clock they found 65 passengers dead and terribly mutilated, heads and limbs being torn off the bodies in many instances. The scene was frightful. Most of the dead were women and children. The survivors are bewailing the loss of children, parents or relations. The doctors brought into the city 40 persons seriously injured; many of them will die. All the passengers were Mexicans. The engineer and conductor escaped into the woods after the accident, fearing vengeance from the people.

At the county constables' convention, held in Hamilton on Friday, it was decided to organize the associations of York, Kent and Wentworth, to be known as the Ontario Provincial Constabulary, and officers were elected as follows: Thomas Wasson, Toronto president; Wm. Boyd, Toronto, secretary; D. T. Wilson, Toronto, treasurer.

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E. & J.

THE WEATHER TO-DAY:
Fair and cold.

FIT THE FEET

By all means. Having them properly fitted brings comfort. But why not fit the purse and the prevailing fashionable ideas in footwear at the same time. It is wrong for anyone to say or for anyone to suppose that good, fashionable, new and perfect-fitting shoes cannot be bought cheaply. We have proven to many of our customers that they can, and those who once become acquainted with the excellence of our stock of

UP TO DATES

Will most certainly come again. To be sure we are not under large expense in this department. We buy in the right markets, pay cash for what we buy, and are, therefore, able to sell at very close prices. The close rates we offer Ladies' and Children's Shoes at has doubtless led some men to wish we would carry lines for them. But we don't. Only Ladies' Boys' and Children's sizes kept. What we do handle are good. The following prices should bring us customers:

Ladies' Tan Goat Oxfords, worth \$1.25, for \$1.00. Ladies' Tan Goat Southern Ties, for \$1.40, instead of \$1.75. Ladies' Domestic Goat Oxfords, for \$1.10, instead of \$1.25. We have these in latest shades, London, Needle and St. Louis toes.

Girls' Tan Goat Oxfords, 80c, instead of \$1.25. Girls' Tan Goat Button Shoes, \$1.15, instead of \$1.50. Girls' Oil Seb. Button Shoes, 95c, instead of \$1.25. All sizes, in heel and spring heel.

Goodyear Rubbers are acknowledged to be the best. We sell them. They keep out the wet, and are stylish in appearance, fit the shoe to perfection, and are not heavy to carry around.

SMALLMAN & INGRAM,

146 and 151 DUNDAS STREET.

GOVERNMENT

School of Art

Has Reopened.

Classes Monday, Wednesday and Friday from 7 to 9 p.m. in Freshland, Model and Mechanical Drawing, Modeling, etc. Fees for 25 lessons, \$3. Extra classes for China, Oil and Water Color Painting, Monday, Friday and Saturday, from 2:30 to 4:30 p.m.

Mechanics' Institute, Dundas St. Send for Circulars and Particulars to John H. Griffiths, Principal.

THIS WAS STEVENSON.

It was difficult to name a living artist in words that could be compared with him who remained us at every turn of Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt. There are certain who compel words to serve them; and never travel without an imperial bodyguard; but words waited on Stevenson like "humble servants," and he went where he pleased in his simplicity because every one flew to anticipate his wishes. His style had the thread of gold, and he was the perfect type of the man of letters—a humanist whose great joy in life was to be amused by the great world. By his Scottish faith; whose kinship was not with Boccaccio and Rabelais, but with Dante and Spenser. His was the magical touch that no man can explain or acquire; it belongs to those only who have drunk at the Pierian spring. There is a place at the marriage feast for every honest writer, but we judge that our master will go to the high table and sit down with Virgil and Shakespeare and Goethe and Scott. The mists of his native land and its wild traditions passed into his blood so that he was at home in two worlds. In one book he would analyze human character with such weird power that the reader shudders because a stranger has been within his soul; in another he hurries you along a breathless story of adventure till your imagination fails for exhaustion. Never did he weary us with the pedantry of modern problems. Nor did he dally with foul views to serve the ends of purity. —San Maclaren.

In Use in Japan.

Terra cotta sleepers are in use on Japan railroads. The increased cost is compensated for by the greater resistance to decay.

"If anybody ever catches me strolkin," said Mr. Dolan, "I'll be whin O'im out av emplymint an' hov nothin' better to do."

REASONS FOR SUCCESS.

The success of Norway Pine Syrup as a cure for coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles is due to the fact that it is the best and pleasantest remedy ever discovered, and because its action is prompt and certain.

BILL NYE IS IN SOCIETY.

REGRET FOR THE LOSS OF SOME OF HIS YOUTHFUL GRACES.

What Might Have Been Pathetically Portrayed—Etiquette as Practiced at the White House—A Comparison with the Mode When Abigail Adams Reigned.

Probably one of the greatest sources of regret that one can have occur to one, and one, too, that I especially most keenly feel, is that one's environments have been such that one is compelled to postpone one's social debating until middle age.

Nature did much for me, and no doubt I could easily have shone resplendent socially had I been able to come out about twenty years ago, when I was a little more supple in the joints. Of course I can see it all now, and with the deepest sorrow and remorse. Physically very attractive, and with long, lithe limbs, bright, keen and merry eyes which danced with laughter, and especially at some happy sally of mine and mine, full of mischief on a stray side or molasses candy scuffle, recking as I may say, with repartee, with the figure of an athlete, a well pointed head and a deep, melodious voice, which would thrill the very soul of a six-mule team, I was well fitted to shine in any social gathering, but the low price of wheat at the time, together



THE DEBUTANTE.

with the loss of a cow during the winter of 1883, followed by a heavy war debt and poll tax, combined to keep me out of society until years afterward.

It is not surprising, therefore, now that at the magnificent receptions given here this winter by the President and Mrs. Cleveland—to whom I desire, through these columns, to express my thanks for invitations to self and wife—I have a shy and reticent atmosphere about me which tempts me at times to flee as a bird to the mountains or to climb a palm tree in the conservatory and be at rest.

I do not speak of this because I wish to call attention to myself, but because my own case is only that of many others and is the outgrowth of our democratic institutions which enable the young and ambitious to rise by his own unaided efforts to the top of the social ladder, where he suddenly discovers that people of leisure are examining him by means of these long-handled spectacles.

Some of the unpleasant critics said after the diplomatic reception on the 10th of January that it was in rather poor taste for Mrs. Cleveland to go through the two hours of state reception ungloried, but this shows the injustice peculiar to those people. They probably did not know that after her New Year reception her stained and begrimed gloves had to be cut from her hand.

If Mrs. Cleveland could have a pair of husking gloves, faced with carpet tacks, and wear them while shaking hands with the critics, it would please her constituents better than anything I can think of at this time.

Looking at the beautiful decorations the other evening, the rich and bewildering effect of palms, emilax, roses and electric illumination, which made the parlors of the White House look like a great, sweet dream, I could not help comparing it all with the days when Abigail Adams dried her washing in these rooms and the Executive wood-pile ran so low that the family had to go to bed to keep warm, while outside the shrill cry of the catamount in search of a new and tender Postmaster could be heard.

Pennsylvania avenue was then a mud wallow and the stump puller more popular than the stump speaker. Mrs. Adams could only get a cord and a half of wood, and the walls were still wet. There were no bells in the house and no mirrors. When Mr. Adams wished to "police his face," as they say out West, he had to go down stairs with a tin pail for hot water, strop his razor on a trunk strap and use the bottom of a new tin milk pan for a mirror.

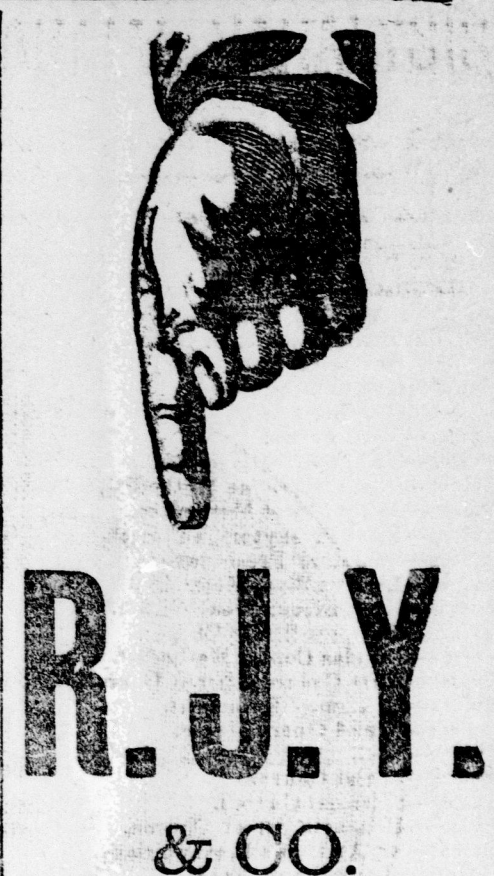
This was the day when the baby Republic was just beginning to sit up and take notice. Now the full-grown institution wears trousers and does not go to bed till after 10 o'clock.

It has attained its majority and wears yellow shoes.

Why Men Should Marry.

It was clearly meant that all men, as well as all women, should marry; and those who, for whatever reason, miss this obvious destiny are, from nature's point of view, failures. It is not a question of personal felicity (which in eight cases out of ten may be more than problematic) but of race responsibility. The unmarried man is a skulker, who, in order to secure his own ease, dooms some woman, who has a rightful claim upon him, to celibacy. And in so doing he defrauds himself of the opportunities for mental and moral development which only the normal experience can provide. He deliberately stunts the stature of his manhood, impoverishes his heart and brain and chokes up all the sweetest potentialities of his soul. To himself he is apt to appear like the wise fox that detects the trap, though it be ever so cunningly baited; that refuses to surrender his liberty for the sake of an appetizing chicken or rabbit, which may after all be a decoy, stuffed with sawdust, while as a matter of fact his case is that of the cowardly servant in the parable, who, for fear of losing his talent, hid it in a napkin, and in the end was deemed unworthy of his stewardship. —North American Review.

The use of Dr. Seibert's Angostura Bitters excites the appetite and keeps the digestive organs in order.



R. J. Y. & CO.

BIG DRIVE in TOP SHIRTS

AT 50 CENTS.

We give you the pick and choice of one case assorted Top Shirts, worth 75 cents of any person's money. These goods were cleared from a jobber at a big cut in price, and this is why we are able to give 75c Shirts for 50c Today.

NEW FRESH BRIGHT SHIRTS CHEAP.

CHEAP TOWELING FOR YOU

We bought cheap for cash one case all Linen 24-inch Huck Toweling, lovely quality, and well worth 20 cents per yard.

TO-DAY

You can have what you want of this beautiful Toweling at

12½ cents.

JUST ABOUT HALF PRICE.

TWO CASES

New Prints

IN TODAY.

SEE WHAT WE ARE SELLING

At 5 cents, At 7½ cents, At 8½ cents, At 10 cents.

There are newer styles and cheaper goods than the Prints that have been knocked round the stores all winter. We don't believe in getting our spring Prints in November. These Prints are fresh from the maker and cheaper too.

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R. J. Young & Co

SEE WHAT WE ARE SELLING

ADVERTISEMENTS SINCE LAST ISSUE.

Repairing—D. McKenzie & Co.
Purse Lost—This Office.
Servant Wanted—429 King Street.
Watch Lost—This Office.
Jardine—James Reid & Co.
Miles's Monday Bargain List.
Warner's Safe Co.
Chapman's Saturday Night Fair.
Gent's Furnishings—J. & D. Ross.
New Shoes—Pocock Bros.
Paine's Celery Compound.
Cheap Hats at Belts.
Bicycles—Wm. Payne.
Services—Tulbot Street Baptist.
Services—Arlis Street Methodist.
Services—First Presbyterian Church.
Services—St. James' Presbyterian.
Services—London West Methodist.
Services—King Street Presbyterian.
Services—Colborne Street Church.
Services—Dundas Center Methodist.
Services—First Congregational Church.
Services—St. Andrew's Episcopal.
Services—Grand Opera House.
Services—Wellington Street Methodist.
Services—Christ Church.
Services—Scientist Church.
Services—Elizabeth Street Church.
Services—St. Andrew's Presbyterian.
Shaking—Westminster Rink.
Use "77" for the Grip.
Real Estate—W. D. Hackle.
South American Novine.
Meeting—The Tuscan Lodge.
Real Estate—A. B. Powell.
Tenders Wanted—C. J. Beal.
Store Wanted—Box 338, Paris.
Business For Sale—Box 338, Paris.
Canadian Electric Railway.
Concert—Ernest Derrin.
East Middlesex Farmers' Inst. Program.
Meeting—East Middlesex Farmers' Inst.
Store to Let—Parke & Pritchard.
Nuff Lot—634 Queen's Avenue.
Native Stock—Brown Bros.
House to Let—588 Adelaide Street.
"Via Mariani".
Electrical Care—A. J. Greenaway & Co.
Skating—Queen's Avenue Rink.
Piping for Sale—Bectory Street.
Social—W. J. Saunby's.
Lecture—Miss Wright.
Bargains—R. J. Young & Co.
Bicycle for Sale—K. This Office.
Restaurant for Sale—Box 15, This Office.
Real Estate—A. A. Cameron.
Bargains—S. J. Ingram.

NEW GOODS
STYLES.

Something nice in jewelry
and novelties, suitable for
evening parties and balls,
just received from New York
markets—
Czarina Ornaments, Hand-
kerchief Pockets, Brooches,
Stick Pins and Silver Novelties;
also all styles of Opera
Glasses and a fine selection
of French and American
Clocks and Watches. Repairing
done in all its branches
with neatness and dispatch.

H. DAVIS & SON,
ESTABLISHED 1831.
170 DUNDAS STREET
COMMERCIAL AND FINANCE.

Montreal Stock Market.

Montreal, March 2.	Ask.	Off.
Can. Pac. Ry. common	43	42 1/2
Duluth Railway preferred	4	4
Grand Trunk Ry. preferred	10	10
Grand Trunk Ry. common	10	10
Commercial Cable Company	116	116 1/2
Wabash preferred	10	10
Montreal Telephone Co.	160	160
Rich. and Ont. Ry. preferred	10	10
Montreal Street Railway	108	108
Montreal Street Railway, new	108	108
Montreal Gas Company	122	122
Bell Telephone Co.	160	160
Bell Telephone, new	160	160
Royal Electric	219	219
Bank of Montreal	74	74
Toronto Street Railway	108	108
Ontario Bank	170	170
Banque du Peuple	170	170
Molson Bank	239	239
Bank of Toronto	245	245
Banque Catholique	160	160
Merchants Bank	160	160
Bank of Commerce	101	101
Union Bank	101	101
Bank of Montreal	101	101
N. W. Loan Company	101	101
Montreal Cotton Company	101	101
Canada Cotton Company	101	101
Dominion Cotton Company	101	101

SALES—C. P. R., 400 at 45, 75 at 42;
Commercial Cable, 50 at 146, 25 at 147;
Montreal, 21 at 148, 25 at 149;
Montreal, 21 at 149, 25 at 150;
Toronto Street, 100 at 75, 25 at 74.

New York Stock Market.

New York, March 2—Stocks weak.	Ask.	Off.
Atchafalaya	608	608
Can. Southern	93 1/2	93 1/2
Dor. & Hudson	472	472
Nor. Pacific	472	472
Lake Shore	100	100
Northwestern	87 1/2	87 1/2
Rhode Island	87 1/2	87 1/2
St. Paul	87 1/2	87 1/2
Union Pac.	87 1/2	87 1/2
American Exp.	87 1/2	87 1/2

London Money Market.

London, March 2—12:20 p.m.—Consols, 104 1/2
for money, 104 1/2 for account; Mexican 16 1/2;
Mexican Central, 36 1/2; Pacific, 36 1/2; Rio
de Janeiro, 36 1/2; Canadian Pacific, 44 1/2; New York
Central, 93 1/2; Illinois Central, 84 1/2; Bank of
England, 2 1/2 per cent; open market discount,
1 1/2.

COMMERCIAL.

Local Market.

Reported by A. M. Hamilton & Son

The receipts were light for Saturday in
cattle, but advanced in price, selling from
\$1 to \$1.65. Corn sold at \$1 per cental. No
wheat, peas or barley offered. Fresh eggs, 30c
per dozen. No change in prices for
butter. Hay in light supply; prices higher,
selling from \$10 to \$11 per ton. Quotations:

Wheat, white, fall, 100 lbs.	85 to 100
Wheat, red, fall, 100 lbs.	85 to 100
Wheat, spring, 100 lbs.	100 to 105
Oats, per 100 lbs.	35 to 40
Peas, per 100 lbs.	35 to 40
Corn, per 100 lbs.	35 to 40
Barley, per 100 lbs.	35 to 40
Rye, per 100 lbs.	35 to 40
Blackwheat, per 100 lbs.	35 to 40
Beans, per 100 lbs.	100 to 120

HAY AND SEEDS.

Hay, per ton	100 to 110
Straw, per ton	20 to 30
Clover seed, red, per bu.	5 to 6
Alfalfa seed, per bu.	4 to 5
Timothy seed, per bu.	3 to 4
Plantain seed, per bu.	2 to 3
Mill seed, per bu.	1 to 2

EGGS, FRESH, SHEDD.

Eggs, fresh, shedd, per doz.	22 to 25
Eggs, fresh, store, per doz.	20 to 22
Eggs, packed, per doz.	12 to 15
Butter, single rolls, per lb.	20 to 22
Butter, per lb. 10 rolls, basket	15 to 18
Butter, per lb. large rolls or cros, 10	14 to 18
Butter, per lb. tub, firkins	8 to 9
Lard, per lb.	10 to 12
Unkies, per pair	40 to 70
Chickens, per pair	60 to 100
Turkeys, per lb. 10 each	10 to 15
Honey, per lb.	9 to 10

VEGETABLES AND FRUIT.

Apples, per bush.	75 to 100
Pears, per bush.	75 to 100
Cauliflowers, per dozen	10 to 15
Cauliflowers, per bush.	10 to 15
Carrots, per bush.	25 to 50
Turnips, per bush.	25 to 50
Pumpkins, per bush.	50 to 100
Citrus, per doz.	50 to 75
Beets, per doz.	20 to 25
Radishes, per doz.	20 to 25
Cabbages, per doz.	30 to 40
Celery, per doz.	10 to 15
Scallops, per doz.	10 to 15
Onions, per bush.	45 to 60

MEAT, HIDES, ETC.

Beef, carcass, per lb.	4 to 6
Mutton, quarters, per lb.	6 to 8
Veal, quarters, per lb.	5 to 7
Dressed hogs, 100 lb.	4 to 5
Hides, No. 1, per lb.	4 to 5
Hides, No. 2, per lb.	3 to 4
Hides, No. 3, per lb.	2 to 3
Calfskins, green	50 to 70
Calfskins, dry, each	20 to 30
Sheepskins, each	25 to 35
Lambskins, each	25 to 35
Polts, each	15 to 20
Wood, per cord	40 to 50
Wood, rough, per lb.	40 to 50
Wood, soft, per cord	25 to 30

DEALERS IN—

All Kinds of Flour, Breakfast Cereals,
Milkfeed and Seed.

373 TALBOT ST. — Phone 662.

Toronto Market.

Toronto, March 2.

Market quiet.

WHEAT—Outside western points on G.
T. R. at 50c bid; red and white, and on C.
P. R. at 50c bid; goose quiet at 37c; No. 1
hard North Bay quoted at 37c, and quoted at
37c; No. 2 hard North Bay at 36c; car lots offered west
at 37c; No. 1 hard North Bay at 37c; No. 2 hard
North Bay at 36c; No. 3 hard North Bay at 35c;
No. 4 hard North Bay at 34c; No. 5 hard North Bay
at 33c; No. 6 hard North Bay at 32c; No. 7 hard
North Bay at 31c; No. 8 hard North Bay at 30c;
No. 9 hard North Bay at 29c; No. 10 hard North Bay
at 28c; No. 11 hard North Bay at 27c; No. 12 hard
North Bay at 26c; No. 13 hard North Bay at 25c;
No. 14 hard North Bay at 24c; No. 15 hard North Bay
at 23c; No. 16 hard North Bay at 22c; No. 17 hard
North Bay at 21c; No. 18 hard North Bay at 20c;
No. 19 hard North Bay at 19c; No. 20 hard North Bay
at 18c; No. 21 hard North Bay at 17c; No. 22 hard
North Bay at 16c; No. 23 hard North Bay at 15c;
No. 24 hard North Bay at 14c; No. 25 hard North Bay
at 13c; No. 26 hard North Bay at 12c; No. 27 hard
North Bay at 11c; No. 28 hard North Bay at 10c;
No. 29 hard North Bay at 9c; No. 30 hard North Bay
at 8c; No. 31 hard North Bay at 7c; No. 32 hard
North Bay at 6c; No. 33 hard North Bay at 5c;
No. 34 hard North Bay at 4c; No. 35 hard North Bay
at 3c; No. 36 hard North Bay at 2c; No. 37 hard
North Bay at 1c; No. 38 hard North Bay at 0c;
No. 39 hard North Bay at 0c; No. 40 hard North Bay
at 0c; No. 41 hard North Bay at 0c; No. 42 hard
North Bay at 0c; No. 43 hard North Bay at 0c;
No. 44 hard North Bay at 0c; No. 45 hard North Bay
at 0c; No. 46 hard North Bay at 0c; No. 47 hard
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at 0c; No. 66 hard North Bay at 0c; No. 67 hard
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North Bay at 0c; No. 83 hard North Bay at 0c;
No. 84 hard North Bay at 0c; No. 85 hard North Bay
at 0c; No. 86 hard North Bay at 0c; No. 87 hard
North Bay at 0c; No. 88 hard North Bay at 0c;
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Unimpeachable

Is Our Claim That

'SALADA'
(CEYLON TEA)

Is the most delicious money can buy.

In lead packets—black or mixed. All grocers.

Her Life's Love

But, as the proverb says, Bella had made her bed, and must lie in it. Nobody had a right to interfere or advise. Silence never attempted to do so. She was a good little child in her lap, the poor little creature whom she had grown fond of, and was almost sorry to leave; till she was sent for into the drawing room, and then, to make things less difficult, she entered with baby in her arms.

Its father civilly noticed it and her, and there was a slight gleam of pleasure in his dull fishy eyes, as if he was proud, after a fashion, of his good-looking, clever wife, and of his new paternal dignity.

"Nice little thing! And Mrs. Thomson tells me you have been so kind to it and to her, Mrs. Jardine. Accept my thanks, my very best thanks. It was quite a good idea of my wife's, this—this coming to you for chance of air."

"Yes, Blackhall, an exceedingly healthy place," said Bella, with a laugh, her old careless laugh. "If there was a ring of mockery, even contempt in it, the man was too dull to find it out. He eyed her with extreme respect—nay, admiration—and put his arm around her with a pompous demonstrativeness, as if to prove to all the world what an exceedingly happy couple they were."

The tragedy had melted into gentle comedy, nay, almost into broad farce, were it not for the sinister line that was often drawn between the ludicrous and the ghastly.

"I suppose we had better leave at once. By changing horses we shall post fast enough to reach home tonight, and go to your father's on New Year's eve," said Bella, hurriedly. "So, my dear Silence, we won't wait till my brother comes home. Mr. Thomson is decent enough now," she added, in a whisper, "but by and by, after dinner, I don't want to see him after dinner."

We shall post all the way," she said, aloud, "and by midnight we shall be at home."

"Where I hope soon to have the pleasure of seeing Mrs. Jardine," continued Mr. Thomson, with ponderous politeness. "Assure your husband that he will be always welcome at our place, and I'll give him the best glass of wine, or whisky, if he likes it to be found in all Scotland."

"Come away, Silence. I'll get my things ready, and the child, in ten minutes. Make haste."

But even when the two sisters were alone together, both carefully avoided any confidential word. Bella made no explanation, and never named her husband but once, when Silence proposed to go down and give him some refreshment.

"Oh, he has taken care of himself already; trust him for that. He always takes care of himself. Why, my dear, if there is one creature in the world whom man never forgets, it is Alexander Thomson."

No answer. None was possible. And Bella kept up her hard, dry, reckless manner, neither shedding a tear nor uttering one grateful or regretful word all the time Silence was dressing the baby. Only at the very last minute, when she was about to press a last tender kiss on the poor little pinched-up face, the woman in her could not help showing itself, even through the "grand air" which had now wholly returned to Mrs. Alexander Thomson.

"God bless you, and give you one of your own!" said she, pressing her sister's hand. "You have been very kind to me and mine, and always would have been; I know that. But it's better as it is, my dear, than poverty. I always did enjoy life, and I always must. He is in very good circumstances, and he promises me I shall have everything I wish for. So, good-bye, Silence. I suppose, nobody is very very happy, except you."

Bella went down stairs, the other following and accepting mutely her voluminous public thanks for the "great kindness" she had received, and how she hoped to come again soon to Blackhall.

"And, my dear, mind you clear out by then all Cousin Silence's old sticks, and have the house thoroughly done up, modern fashion. There is a man, a Richardson, who will do it well; Roddy knows him. By the bye, tell Roddy—" she turned a shade paler; and her lip quivered for a moment. No; tell him nothing; he won't care. He will be only too glad to find his house empty, and have his wife all to himself—some husbands are, come, Mr. Thomson—" she always called him Mr. Thomson—"if we don't make haste we shall be benighted, and you will have to dine in some hole or road-side inn, which you know you couldn't stand on any account. Good-bye, Silence; a thousand thanks and a happy New Year! It's close at hand now, I suppose I shall dance the old year out and the new year in, as usual, at the Thomsons' house. T-t-t! good-bye."

She kissed her hand out of the carriage window, and then, in the most commonplace and chaste manner, departed with her husband, as if there had never come a cloud between them, and as if he were the best husband in the world. Not a poetical or dramatic enthusiasm certainly, but scarcely unnatural—to her. She was one of those who have, and must have, the good things in this life. She found them once more about her, and possibly they satisfied her; at any rate she could not do without them.

But young Mrs. Jardine, poor old her days a poor man's wife this day, with little prospect of ever being anything else, as she saw that splendid carriage drive away, felt almost as sad at heart as if she had been watching her sister-in-law's funeral.

CHAPTER XIV.

When Roderick found his sister had gone without even waiting to say to him "Good-bye and thank you," he looked grieved, but neither surprised or angry.

"We will not judge her," was all he said. "We ought not—we that are so happy."

"But there is something beyond both happiness and misery—the question of right and wrong."

"Nevertheless, I still say, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,' especially in a question of husband and wife. Each individual case has its different aspect, which no outsider can quite understand. My darling, let us say no more about it."

And she knew by his manner that he was determined to say no more about it, so, being a wise woman, she also held her tongue.

But all the evening they seemed to breathe freer—certainly he did—thoroughly enjoying the empty house and the quiet fire-side, where there was no need to make conversation, but the two sat together in the sweet unreserved and complete rest of married life, as free as being alone, and yet without any of the dreariness of solitude.

"Nevertheless, I mean you to go out into the world to-morrow night," said Silence. "Have you forgotten the dinner at Symington?"

This was the New Year's eve party which they had discussed before Bella, and which Silence had urged him to accept, as it was half pleasure, half business. A certain "man of letters" (good old-fashioned words, and very appropriate in this case, as "conceit" distinguished from "man of genius") who had talked much with Roderick at the first dinner, had been rash enough to express a wish to see the rejected novel, now lying, forgotten in a dust-covered drawer, on the shelf of the old oaken press. Silence made her husband lift it down, and watched his eye brighten as he turned it over.

"Nothing venture, nothing win," said she, as she rearranged it tenderly and laid it up afresh. "As you say in this very book, dear, 'Take the world at its best, and it will not give you its worst; believe in it, and it will believe in you.'"

"To convict me out of my own mouth, you traitor!" said he, laughing. He had been half inclined to hide his head at home having grown very weary of late in body and mind, but the light in his wife's eyes lit up his own course once more, he consented to do as she wished. But you, my darling?"

"I shall be glad to get rid of you—I have plenty to do at home."

"Only too much," said he, sighing. "Tell me honestly, was your visitor a trouble to you?"

"Yes, in some ways. But she could not help it, and I did not mind."

"Why did you not tell me?"

She smiled in his face with that half-playful, half-tender, yet wholly determined look she had at times. "Roderick, if you think I shall inform you of all my little household affairs—yes, a man with quite enough of his own—yes, you are greatly mistaken; I never shall. We will have fair division of labor—you the bread-winner, I the bread-dispenser. Did you not once tell me 'lady' was a station word, and meant 'lady'?"

"Which implies that the wife should manage the house and take care of the money. I intend to do it. I can't do your work, but I should be ashamed of myself if I could not do mine without laying and burdening it upon you, who are—slightly incapable."

Roderick laughed outright. "My queen!—as I used to call you—You are beginning to govern in good earnest. But your husband's hand and kissing it. 'He will always be stronger and wiser than I, in his own way. And now go to your grand dinner at Symington.'"

(To be Continued.)

Nervous People

And those who are all tired out and have that tired feeling or sick headache can be relieved of these symptoms by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives nerve, mental and bodily strength and thoroughly purifies the blood. It also creates a good appetite, cures indigestion, heartburn and dyspepsia.

Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy in action and sure in effect. 25c.

A lady had the wrong tooth pulled by a Detroit dentist, and she recovered \$500 damages.

SEILON'S VITALIZER.

Mrs. T. S. Hawkins, Chattanooga, Tenn., says: "Seilon's Vitalizer SAVED MY LIFE. I consider it the best remedy for a debilitated system I ever used. For Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney trouble it excels. Price 50c. Sold by W. T. Strong."

It was the custom, years ago, for the Japanese ladies to gild their teeth.

Swallows have been seen at sea over 1,000 miles from land.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease, in its various forms, and effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convalescence. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell.

Twenty-two dollar bills weigh just as much as a silver dollar.

Why will you allow a cough to lacerate your throat or lungs and run the risk of filling a consumptive's grave, when by the timely use of Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup the pain can be allayed and the danger avoided? This syrup is pleasant to the taste, and possesses the power of relieving, healing and curing all affections of the throat and lungs, coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc.

Wiggins—My boy, if you live beyond your income you are bound to come to grief. Spendthrift—My dear fellow, if I live to live within it, I would be miserable even now.

Nothing impure or injurious contaminates the popular antidote to pain, throat and lung remedy and general corrective, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. It may be used without the slightest apprehension of any other than salutary consequences. Coughs, rheumatism, earaches, bruises, cuts and sores succumb to its action.

"Have you ever visited the chamber of horrors at the museum?" She—"No, but I have seen the posters for several magazines."

RHEUMATISM CURED IN A DAY.—South American Rheumatic Cure for Rheumatism and Neuralgia, radically cured in one day. Its action upon the system is remarkable and mysterious. It removed at once the cause, and the disease immediately disappears. The first dose greatly benefits. 75 cents. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell, druggists.

The demand for our elegant line of fruit is increasing at the ridiculous low price we sell them. Try for yourself. W. M. TRAFFORD, 95 and 97 King street.

Go to W. J. STRONG for house and sign painting. 333 Simcoe street, London, Ont.

A boon to the residents in the north is the new butcher shop, 569 Richmond street, where first-class meat can be procured. W. A. FORTNER. ywt

NEW FRUITS.

FINEST QUALITY

California Prunes, California Apricots,

California Peaches.

NEW TABLE AND COOKING FIGS AND RAISINS

NEW CANNED GOODS.

FITZGERALD, SCANDRETT & CO.

169 DUNDAS STREET.

NOVELTIES IN READING.

Bonities of the Magazines for the Month of March—Some New Books.

Harper's Magazine for March, from cover to cover, is a most interesting number. Its contents are genial and pleasant, and should make even the most fastidious reader find it interesting. It is splendidly illustrated.

The Forum for March, which by the way begins volume 19, contains four articles particularly timely—"The Business World vs. the Politicians," by the Hon. J. H. Eckels, Comptroller of the Currency; "Our Blundering Foreign Policy," by Senator Henry Cabot Lodge; "The Constitutionality and Justice of the Income Tax," by Prof. E. R. A. Seligman, of Columbia College; and "The Antislavery Treatment of Diphtheria," by Dr. L. Emmett Holt, one of the best living authorities on children's diseases. The Forum also will contain a special study of the successful systems of profit-sharing by two large manufacturing companies—the Procter & Gamble Company, near Cincinnati, and the N. Nelson Manufacturing Company, near St. Louis. Mr. Frank W. Blackmar, of the University of Kansas, made a special investigation of the practical working of these profit-sharing concerns especially for the Forum. At both places labor troubles are unknown, and were unknown even during the most depressed times.

The Methodist Magazine for March, 1895. One dollar for six months. Toronto: William Briggs. A timely article in this number is the clever character-study of General Booth, by W. T. Stead, with an excellent portrait. Two other articles of special interest are "The History and Mission," by Dr. F. R. Eccles, of London, Ont., and a paper on "Medical Missions," by Rev. A. C. Crews, of Toronto.

"Walks in London," by the Rev. W. Harrison, and "The Cradle of Upper Canadian Methodism," by Allan Ross Davis, C.E., gave much information. The Rev. George Bond's dialect Newfoundland story, "How the Gabbies Came to St. John's," "The Green," and "The House on the Beach"—a strong temperance story—form the lighter reading of the month. The story of the extraordinary career of John McGregor, of "Rob Roy" fame, founder of the Shovelback Brigade and other splendid charities, is as fascinating as novel. The first-class illustrations are a strong feature of this magazine. Back numbers can be supplied.

A new "Jungle Story" by Rudyard Kipling distinguishes St. Nicholas for March. But besides this story the number contains a list of contributions appear the names of Prof. Boyesen, Howard Pyle, Prof. Brander Matthews, Palmer Cox, Elbridge S. Brooks, W. T. Hornaday, as well as those of many new contributors. The number even a child—must be hard to please who does not welcome St. Nicholas every month. It is splendidly illustrated.

A complete revision, with valuable additions, renders "Always Strong and Happy," or "Key to Health and Strength," by the veteran trainer, Prof. J. R. Judd, of inestimable value to athletes, business men and everyone who has regard for the great principles of health. The brain is the motive power for our muscles, but unless this power finds response in systematic muscular exercise, not only does the body become weak and torpid, but the very foundations of vitality are impaired and benefit of a healthful performance of their functions. Prof. Judd's system of training is based on plain principles of hygiene, and a long and successful experience in training has raffined every detail in his methods of treatment, diet and physical development. The Outlook Publishing Company, New York. Price, \$1.50.

Scribner's for March affords an ample supply of good reading. President Andrews, of Brown University, begins a "History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States," which is illustrated with interesting and valuable pictures. Mr. W. D. Howells begins a two-part novelette, "A Circle in Water," the first part appearing in "Water."

Mr. Robert Grant continues his "Art of Living," Mr. George Meredith his "Amazing Marriage." There is a short story by Rhodes Macknight, and other contributions make up an interesting number.

"Defective Speech and Deafness, by Lillie Eington Warren. Published by Edgar S. Werner, 108 East Sixteenth street, New York. Price, \$1. This is a valuable and practical treatise upon speech by an expert teacher of diction to deaf mutes. The book aims to show that fluent speech may be obtained and understood by all who suffer from the different degrees of deafness and the different degrees of imperfect utterance. It teaches how defects in speech may be cured, peculiarities of voice removed, how hearing may be developed in the case of children, and how they may be taught articulation and lip-reading. All teachers will be interested in the book."

"Robert H. Hatch's Recitals" are published by Edgar S. Werner, 108 East Sixteenth street, New York. It is a splendid work, containing many new recitations, to be found in no other work. Price, 30 cents.

American Gardening (New York City) is an illustrated journal of horticulture devoted to the work in the garden, fruits, flowers and vegetables, trees and shrubs, the conservatory and the care of the home grounds. Every person who admires the beauty and fragrance of flowers, or who cultivates fruits and vegetables for profit, will find this magazine worth many times its cost to them. It has no axe to grind or clique to serve, and its proprietors have no connection whatever with the seed, flower or nursery business, absolute impartiality may always be looked for. No less than fourteen other horticultural papers and magazines in the United States are absorbed by American Gardening; its correspondents are practical tillers of the soil—skilled men who write from experience and not theory, and they write so clearly as to be intelligible to American gardeners to its emphatic designation "the paper for the people." It is published semi-monthly at \$1 a year.

Edward Randall Knowles, LL.D., has written an interesting little book entitled "The Supremacy of the Spiritual," which maintains that the spiritual is absolutely supreme in all things. The Arena Publishing Company, Boston, are the publishers.

"A Scientific Solution of the Money Question" is the title of a book written by Arthur Kitson and published in the Arena (Boston) weekly series. It is a large sized volume for the price (50 cents). Mr. Kitson says the money question is the greatest of the age, and until it is scientifically settled nothing will be settled. It is evident that Mr. Kitson is

a special friend of silver. He writes in an entertaining fashion upon a topic that is often rendered very dry by authors.

MOUNT BRIDGES.

("Advertiser" Agent, T. Pearce, P.M.) Feb. 23.—The anniversary services of the Mount Olivet Methodist Church (Mount Bridges circuit) were presided on Sunday last by Rev. T. E. Harrison, of Melbourne. On Tuesday evening the anniversary tea meeting was held, and was pronounced the best held for years.

The choir was ably aided by M. John McEvoy, LL.B., of London. Mr. McEvoy was raised in the immediate neighborhood of the church, and in his opening address remarked that he was present whom he knew when he resided here. He also gave a few words of warning to the young men. His address was enjoyed very much by those present. The audience was perfectly delighted with the recitations of Miss McEvoy, of London, sister of the chairman. The Mount Bridges Methodist choir fully sustained their reputation in the rendering of anthems, quartets and solos. Mrs. Cunningham's recitations were well received. An address on "Reasons Why We Consider the World is Getting Better" was given by the pastor, Rev. G. J. Kerr, Mr. Pope, of London, rendered a solo in splendid style. The ladies provided a first-class repast; there being quite a lot of provisions left a social was held the following evening, the total proceeds amounting to \$50.

The little child of Mrs. Fred Meacock, who was shot through the head nearly two weeks ago, is still living, and every hope of its ultimate recovery is held out by the doctor.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM.

A LETTER FROM DR. ARNOTT WHICH WAS SUPPRESSED.

To the Editor of the "Advertiser": Your dignified local contemporary, after firing a volley of falsehoods and foul language at me, now shifts itself from exposure by refusing to publish the following reply:

To the Editor of the Free Press: In your issue of yesterday you come to the defense of your reporter with all the authority that belongs to an editor. You seem to think that citizens should lie down like slaves before a big newspaper and be trampled in the mud with a contemptible falsehood about a trivial matter or your reporter has been guilty of a very dishonorable action, and now you come to his rescue and declare that you know that he is telling the truth and that "he was perfectly justified in what he did."

Perhaps you will allow me to ask you a few questions. First, how did you know what I was saying to your reporter when he was at the telephone? Ordinary mortals could not do so, but, of course, if you say so we must believe you. You say "he told his story to the reporter" and you say "he was perfectly justified in what he did." Now, how did you know what I said? Had you turned spook, ridden over a broomstick and hidden in the folds of the curtains? The sweep of your statements is not hampered by trifles, as the following sentence indicates: "He reviled them as impostors to everyone he met on the street, in his office and to press reporters. That sentence betrays the hand of the master. Again you must have turned spook and followed me everywhere I went."

The respectable citizens, who visited the house and afterwards discussed the matter as freely as I, will be astonished to learn the iniquity of which they have been guilty, and that they have, on the authority of the editor of the Free Press, a "quid pro quo" with the family."

You say my letter "expresses anger at a Free Press reporter, not for misreporting him." Anyone who will take the trouble to turn up my first letter will find the accuracy of statement which characterizes one of our main sources of public information.

Perhaps you will be kind enough to inform the public if this is the same young man who came so near getting into trouble by his report of the doings of the Western Fair Board, or if he is the one who received summary punishment for an offense similar to that with which I charge him?

The whole matter seems too trivial for the editor of a big daily to work himself into hysterics and call baby names like "scholarship boy" and "scholarship girl" to teach the public what a serious matter it is to question the veracity of a reporter. In the redundancy of your vocabulary you characterize such conduct as "silly," "impertinent," "cowardly," "cursing," etc.

Notwithstanding all the choice language you have wasted, I again assert that your reporter promised that if I would give him my private opinion of the spook he would not publish it, and now you declare that "he was perfectly justified in what he did."

J. ARNOTT.
London, Friday afternoon.

A HIGH
INDORSEMENT.

REV. ALFRED BAREHAM.

Chapleau, Ontario: "While Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Montreal, I received, in answer to a request several months ago, a package of K. D. C. I desired it for the benefit of my wife who had been troubled with dyspepsia for a number of years. I am glad to say that she is completely cured by its use. Although she shared the package among friends, you may be sure that we constantly recommend the remedy, which has been so effective in her case, while other remedies have failed to permanently cure."

The foregoing should convince the most skeptical of the wonder working power of

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Free Sample K. D. C. and Pills to any address.

K. D. C. CO., Ltd., NEW GLASGOW, N. S., AND 127 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS.

Lee King, Chinese Laundry. The best work in the city. 467 Richmond Street, London, Ont.

Shirt collars ironed straight so as not to hurt the neck. Stand up Collars ironed without being broken in the crease. They look like new. Ladies' Dresses fitted and Vests ironed.—This work is done by Joe Hoy, 1st of St. Francis, and the proprietor will guarantee satisfaction in this line at cheapest rates. Give me a call. If you are not suited, no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. Please open parcel and see that your work is properly executed. If our work suits you, please recommend us to your friends. 21

ARTIFICIAL LIMBS. SURGICAL appliances and supports for deformed limbs of all kinds. I have had 25 years' experience and the limb I now make is second to none. All work guaranteed. Write by return of mail, enclosing cheque or cash, to—JOHN BOYD, Leamington, Ont.

STRICKEN WITH PARTIAL PARALYSIS

This Was the Case With Miss Minnie Stevens, of London, Ont.—The Parents Had Lost Hope of Her Recovery, But Even After Her Arm, Side and Leg Had Become Powerless South American Nerveine Effectuated a Cure—Today This Young Lady, Daughter of F. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Company, Enjoys Perfect Health.



MISS MINNIE STEVENS, LONDON, ONT.

Men and women, in the exercise of physical or mental power, can usually go a certain length, but a step beyond this proves too severe a test. It is the same in the field of medicine. If the case is not a trying one some simple remedy will cure, but it is when a medicine proves effective in an aggravated and extraordinary case that its real power is tested. South American Nerveine has made some wonderful cures in cases of indigestion, dyspepsia, debility and nervous prostration, not to name all troubles. When nervousness, however, takes hold of the system to such extent that it becomes paralyzed and the limbs lose their natural power, then it is that the patient and her friends may indeed commence to lose heart. Miss Minnie Stevens, a fair daughter of London, Ont., had undergone this trying experience. She had been troubled with nervousness. The trouble grew, and after a time assumed such a shape that she could not lift or even hold anything in her hand. This member, in fact, was useless to her. The trouble spread down her side and partially into one leg. Her face began to twitch. In truth, all the indications of paralysis creeping over the system were manifest. Do we wonder that her parents lost hope of her recovery? They saw the fatal disease rapidly twining itself around their beautiful child, surrounded with every comfort and possessing the means, as well as the will, to do everything that was in their power to provide relief, yet apparently this could not be obtained, until influenced by the statement of the wonderful cures effected by South American Nerveine in cases of nervous prostration, the parents finally decided to try this medicine. After using twelve bottles their daughter became perfectly well, and today in the Forest City there is no young girl more healthy than Minnie Stevens, and her father, Mr. F. A. Stevens, of the Stevens Manufacturing Company, is indeed a happy man. The statement cannot be made in too positive terms that this great discovery is capable of marvelous demonstration in all nervous troubles.

The testimony that comes to the proprietor of Nerveine shows that it has absolutely cured in the case of the young, as here cited, and those who have nearly reached, or gone beyond, the three score years and ten have likewise found a cure in this medicine.

J. & D. ROSS

Hats! Hats! Hats!

Just to Hand the Latest Spring Styles at the Closest Prices.

Gents' Furnishings

New Neckwear, Shirts, Gloves and Hosiery just received. The choicest and cheapest goods in the market. All Woolen Underwear at clearing price.

Ready-Made Clothing

Overcoats and Ulsters for Men and Boys at and Under Cost. Special Value in Men's and Boys' Suits.

Merchant Tailoring

New and Choice Goods always on hand, which we make up in first-class style at moderate prices.

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Means saving at the point of greatest expense. If your Damask, Rep, Chenille Curtains, Piano and Table Covers have lost their delicate color effects, let us help you to rejuvenate them. It would not surprise us if you liked the new effect better than the old.

R. PARKER & CO.,

Dyers and Cleaners,
217 Dundas Street, London, Ontario.
Telephone 614.
Branches at Toronto, Hamilton, St. Catharines, Brantford, Galt, Woodstock.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS

BORN.

JAMES—On Tuesday, Feb. 25, at 320 Simcoe street, to Mr. and Mrs. M. James, a son.

GRAVES—At 212 Oxford street, city, on March 1, 1935, the wife of L. H. Graves, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

HENDERSON—**CAMPBELL**—In Detroit, on Feb. 14, in the chapel of the First Presbyterian Church, by the Rev. Marcus Brownson, D.D., Alexandra E. Henderson, daughter of Mr. A. J. G. Henderson, London, Ont., to Mr. Wm. E. Campbell, of Chatham, Ont.

DIED.

NICHOLSON—At 712 Sherbrooke street, Montreal, on Feb. 27, Sarah M., widow of the late Thomas Nicholson, of Montreal, aged 72 years.



This Brand of Flour
Always makes the
BEST BREAD
OR PASTRY.

USE NO OTHER.
J. D. SAUNBY
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Unconditional
Accumulative
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Is the best Policy contract issued in Canada today. Full information as to rates, etc., furnished on application to

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Office, - - 436 Richmond Street, S.W.

WOOD!

Beech and Maple Long Wood, \$4 75
Beech and Maple Blocks, - - 5 25
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Knots for box stoves, - - 4 25

COAL at Lowest Prices,

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R. LEWIS,
434 RICHMOND STREET.

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Has for sale the following important properties, with dozens of others, viz.:
1st—The Sunnyside farm, situated three miles from London Market House, fine residence, modern barns, fine orchards, well watered.
2nd—Judge Pittsford's fine brick residence, with superb outlook in West London.
3rd—Rev. Mr. Hadwin's homestead, containing 25 acres, brick residence, cost when built \$5,000, situated in Westminster, over Clark's bridge.
These are all exceptionally fine properties; will be sold very cheap. For particulars apply to A. B. POWELL'S Real Estate and Insurance office, 437 Richmond street.

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Breakfast Bacon,
Hams and Lard
SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHERS.

Sold by Grocers and the Packers.

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•SAVE FUEL•

By purchasing one of Powers'
Temperature Regulators

For Hot Water Boilers and Hot Air Furnaces.

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New
White
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EVER KNOWN, AT

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FINE TAILORS
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Repairing Department.

Keys fitted, locks repaired, razors hollow ground and set, scissors and knives sharpened rubber and seal stamps made to order, by

WM. GURD & CO.,
155 Dundas St. London. Phone 500.

FAIR AND COLD, THEN RISING

TEMPERATURE.

TORONTO, March 1.—11 p.m.—Pressure has increased in the lake district, bringing colder weather and light snow. In Eastern Canada, the weather is unsettled, mild and showery. In the Northwest the pressure is low and the weather fair and comparatively mild.

Minimum and maximum temperatures:
Calgary, 20°-38°; Edmonton, 24°-38°;
Qu'Appelle, 2° below-26°; Winnipeg, 10° below-22°; Parry Sound, 28°-32°; Toronto, 30°-38°; Kingston, 28°-38°;
Montreal, 34°-42°; Quebec, 28°-42°; Halifax, 22°-40°.

TODAY'S PROBABILITIES.
TORONTO, March 2.—1 a.m.—Probabilities for the next 24 hours for the lower lakes region (covering the peninsula and as far as Belleville) are: Fair and cold today, rising temperature tomorrow.

HAVE YOU HEARD

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Has Been Appointed
Sole Agent for

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Celebrated New York

Felt Hat

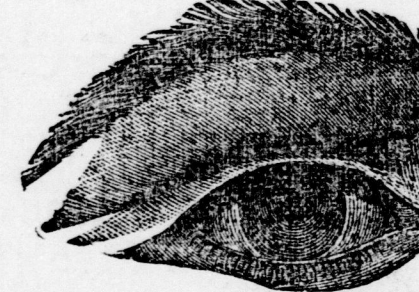
For those who wish a stylish American hat this will be a very satisfactory piece of news.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR

Johnson Bros.' Bread

5c per loaf retail

In all parts of the city. Telephone 818.



I will strengthen all cross-eyed children, young or old, by use of spectacles perfected by me. If others have failed to make you see do not despair, come to see me and you are sure to see. I make a specialty of bad cases; never fail. I have 3,000 references, all your neighbors, boys, and paper on the eye can be had free by calling on me. I have fit hundreds of old gentlemen and ladies who have used their glasses with great satisfaction for ten years afterwards without a change. My experience has cost me much money, but I make glasses for your eyes at a low price. **PROF. CHAMBERLAIN**, Eye Specialist (20 years' experience), 87 King street east, Toronto, Ont. He will arrive with the greatest spectacle and eyeglass show on earth on Tuesday, March 26; leave Friday, March 29. He will be at Anderson & Nelles drug store, 240 Dundas street, London, Ont. He will have with him 500 patterns of eyeglass and spectacle frames.

Lowest prices in watches, clocks, silverware and jewelry at J. E. ADKINS', East London. Special attention to watch repairing.

Messrs. Dayton & McCormick announce the commencement of the last term of the season for their different classes at the Palace Dancing Academy next week.

Dr. Dunlop Explains.

Dr. Robert Dunlop, Fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, says, after examining the formula, that FOUR T's ought to be a cough or cold in one day. It is a curative in bronchitis and whooping cough. Get a 25-cent bottle today. Sold at Strong's drug store. Mc-Gregor & Merrill, manufacturers, Brantford.

London Advertiser.

Telephone Numbers.
107.....Business Office
134.....Editorial Rooms
175.....Job Department

Dominion Elections

A general meeting of the Liberals of the electoral district of the city of London will be held in the Liberal Club Rooms, Odd-fellows' Hall, Monday evening, March 4, at 8 o'clock, for the purpose of nominating a candidate to contest the city in the Liberal interests.

"God Save the Queen."

London and Environs

—Mr. Levi Carley, boat and yacht builder, Port Stanley, has decided to locate in London.

—The three-mile race between Griffiths and Thomas will be skated at the Westminster rink on Monday night.

—Miss Mattie Farmer has resigned her position at the asylum and gone to New York, where she will enter a training hospital for nurses.

—Mr. Ed. Farrell has been appointed on the engineering staff of the asylum, in place of Mr. J. J. Briody. Mr. Briody has been placed on the farm staff.

—The building committee and quarterly board of the Dundas Center last night. It was decided to call for plans for a new edifice.

—The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be held in St. Andrew's Church, tomorrow, by E. E. Savers, of Westminster, officiating. A preparatory service was held last night, at which Rev. E. B. Lancelotti spoke.

—The supporters at and around Portborough of Mr. James Gilson, the Liberal candidate for East Middlesex, held a good meeting recently. Excellent work is being done in the division, and it is expected that a large advance majority will be wiped out.

—St. Marys Argus: The T. E. Mara Company (limited), of London, have purchased another bankrupt stock in Kingston (Cash & Co.) at 57 1/2 cents on the dollar, and are shipping it here and putting it in with the Chambers stock. The stock consists of all new spring goods, and will be opened out Thursday morning.

—Henry George lectured in Massey Hall, Toronto, last evening to a large audience.

—Rev. H. C. Speller, of Sarnia, preaches in Adelaide Street Baptist Church tomorrow morning and evening.

—Mr. Peter Flynn, of Byron, left last night for California, where he will permanently locate with his brother.

—A. J. Pattinson, manager of the Home Life, is visiting, L. W. Burke, superintendent of the company, in this city. Mr. Pattinson is here to locate a head office for the west.

—The ladies of the W. C. T. U. and their friends, who purpose attending the Band of Hope social and literary lunch to be held at the residence of Mr. W. J. Saunby, Wharfedale road, London West, on Thursday evening next, will find the electric street railway service at their disposal. Excellent programme prepared, and a good time expected at this social.

—Miss Bertha Wright, of Ottawa, Dominion secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, will give an illustrated lecture on "Young Women's Work," especially that of the Y. W. C. A., on Friday evening, March 8. Miss Wright has been brought prominently before the public on account of her evangelic work in Ottawa, and the result of her experience will give a great impetus to young people's work in London.

—At a matinee performance of the Grand Opera House, the attendance of the popular artist, Mr. Szazelle, will commence his farewell season in London, appearing again for the last time on Monday evening with his renowned entertainment, "Music, Song and Story," pictorially illustrated. It is unnecessary to comment on Mr. Szazelle's claims as an entertainer, as they are universally admitted. Mr. Szazelle has prepared a programme for this afternoon that should attract a large attendance.

—Following are the names of pupils who obtained the highest marks at St. Peter's school during February: Fourth class, boys' department—Parnell Power, Martin O'Meara, Fred Burns. Junior division—Frank Loughname, Augustine Bricks, Michael White. Girls' department, senior class—Maggie Darcy, Lily Tesseran, Irene Roche. Junior class—Mary Paris, L. McHugh, Florence Richardson. Senior third—C. Garvey, A. Power, H. Burns, A. Land. Junior third—G. Mullins, J. Boles, L. Moore, A. Girard.

—At the recent semi-monthly meeting of the Y. W. C. T. U. a very helpful Bible reading was given by Miss Evans on Ephesians, iv. 1-8. Miss Willard's address given at the National W. C. T. U. Convention was read by one of the members. It was decided to have Miss Wright, of Ottawa, Dominion secretary of the Young Women's Christian Association, give an address on "Woman's Work," Friday evening, March 8. Miss Wright is especially desirous of meeting all the Christian workers of London, and of laying before them the aims and the work of the Y. W. C. A.

—The concert held in the Hill Street Methodist Church last night was a decided success, the church being packed to the doors. The O'Banyoun original jubilee singers were the attraction, and rendered selections in their old-time fervid and effective manner, winning hearty applause and vigorous encores. Prof. Hogan's selections on the mandolin were greatly appreciated, and he, too, was called back a number of times. Mr. O'Banyoun's stump speeches were a feature of the entertainment, and were much appreciated, but the selection sung by the company entitled, "Who Followed Moses Home," was perhaps the hit of the evening. Half of the proceeds went to the singers and the rest to the church fund, and no doubt a good sum was realized. The church is a new one, and is very pretty both inside and out. Rev. Mr. O'Banyoun occupied the chair, and the audience evidently enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content. The concert was opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. O'Banyoun.

Free Library Board.

A special meeting of the free library board was held last night to appoint a librarian. There were present: Chairman Robt. Reid, sen., Trustees Egan, Dignan, Macbeth, Marks, Keene, Macklin, and

In Every House

In this city, there were distributed this week samples of Williams' Royal Crown Pills, and we would direct our readers' attention to the merits of these marvelous little pills, which have proved of so great value to so many sufferers from constipation, bilious or sick headache and liver complaint; in such cases two pills should be taken at night, and continue taking one or two pills each night until relieved and the bowels are regular in their operation. As a dinner pill, one Royal Crown Pill should be taken immediately after a hearty meal and it will be found an excellent means of assisting digestion and preventing dyspepsia. Purify the system by taking a treatment of Williams' Royal Crown Remedy, the best and most economical medicine manufactured to-day.

W. S. Bryers Barkwell,

Wholesale Agent for London and Vicinity.

THE INSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED BY Edward Towse have assets and capital amounting to over

\$221,000,000.

Money to loan at 5 per cent.
Liverpool and London and Globe Ins. Fire Co.
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Phoenix Fire Insurance Co.
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Plate glass, employers' liability, fire, life and accident policies written at lowest rates.
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233 east

Architect Matthews. Several applications for the appointment were received too late to be considered. Mr. Reid, in view of the absence of several members, suggested that the appointment be delayed until the next meeting. He also pointed out that an early appointment meant an immediate commencement of salary which was unnecessarily soon. Mr. Egan moved that the appointment be made in the first week in May. Mr. Macbeth seconded. A member stated that May was also too soon if the building was not to be completed until September. The motion carried, an amendment of Mr. Macklin's that the appointment be made within two weeks being lost. He then moved that the appointment be made at once. This was also lost. The architect submitted a draft estimate of the cost of interior furnishings. They were informally discussed. A committee consisting of Messrs. Macbeth, Egan and Macklin was appointed to interview the board of the Mechanical Institute in regard to terms of taking over the books of the library.

Police Court Quarterly Returns.

Mr. John Moule, clerk of the Police Court, has compiled the court returns for the quarter ending Feb. 28. The figures brought before the police magistrate were as numerous as in the previous quarter, but the convictions were fewer. The indictable offenses in which the parties were convicted numbered 31, made up thus: Fraud 1, embezzlement 2, stealing 23, escaping from custody 2, shopbreaking 2, and non-support 1. The non-indictable offenders were 67, of which, as usual, drunks formed the large majority. There were two convictions of \$20 each for breaking the liquor law, while Wm. Peel was assessed \$20 for assaulting his wife. The fines in many cases of many drunks were placed at \$5, with the option of working twenty days without pay on the stone pile. In the majority of the cases \$5 bills were scarce, and the "time" was served.

None is so cheap to use as Dr. Price's Baking Powder, as it alone is absolutely pure.

Widows and Spinsters Favored.

HALIFAX, N. S., March 2.—A bill was introduced into the House of Assembly yesterday to give widows and spinsters votes on property qualification.

Indigestion.

The troubles of the digestive system which properly are classed under the above head, seem to be becoming almost universal. In fact there are many sufferers from troubles of this nature who really do not know what the matter with them is. The use of a few boxes of Eseljay's Liver Lozenges, a specific remedy for these complaints, would make life very much more worth living to many a sufferer who may not realize the seriousness of his trouble. Eseljay's Liver Lozenges are sold at 25 cents a box, or 5 boxes for \$1, at all drug stores.

It Was in
"Ye Earlie Times"
When the First

Williams
Pianos

Were Made

They have been manufactured ever since and have steadily grown in favor with the leading musicians of the world. Special inducements offered this month, and you will find our prices "lower" and terms "easy" and that the Williams Pianos are strictly first-class in every respect. You are respectfully invited to examine our Pianos and get our prices and terms before buying.

R. S. Williams & Son
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J. A. CRODEN, Manager.

R. K. Cowan

Barister, etc., over Bank of Commerce London.

ROGERS & DOSS

Electric Wiring and Fixture

CONTRACTORS,

425 Richmond Street.

A full stock of fixtures both straight electric and combination, and Electric Bell Supplies.

Telephone 577.
Estimates cheerfully given.

MARA'S

Bargain List for

Monday, March 4

OUR
BARGAIN DAY

- 1st—Special line of Zephyr Gingham, on Bargain Day 10c per yard.
- 2nd—See our Art Muslins for 50 yard on Bargain Day.
- 3rd—58-Inch White Table Linen, on Bargain Day 20c per yard.
- 4th—Special line of Turkey Red Damask, on Bargain Day 25c per yard.
- 5th—Eleven-Quarter White Honeycomb Bedspreads, worth \$1 50, on Bargain Day 95c.
- 6th—Special—White Linen Towels, on Bargain Day 5c per pair.
- 7th—12 1/2c Check Muslins, on Bargain Day for 8c per yard.
- 8th—Heavy Bradford Skirting, on Bargain Day 9c per yard.
- 9th—Special line of Stair Oilcloth, on Bargain Day 5c per yard.
- 10th—3 pieces Worsteds Pantings, worth 50c, on Bargain Day 25c per yard.
- 11th—Navy Blue Flannel for Boys' Blouses and Shirts, on Bargain Day 20c per yard.
- 12th—Special All-Wool White Blankets, on Bargain Day only \$1 99 per pair.
- 13th—Best Chenille Table Covers, 1 1/2 yards square, on Bargain Day 95c.
- 14th—Heavy Twilled Bleached Sheet, 2 yards wide, on Bargain Day 20c per yard.
- 15th—28-Inch English Prints just opened out, on Bargain Day 5c per yard.
- 16th—Ladies' Silk Windsor Ties, in polka dot and plain colors, on Bargain Day 18c.
- 17th—Silk Lace Toweling, on Bargain Day 20c per yard.
- 18th—The "Watchspring" Corsets, worth \$1 50, on Bargain Day \$1 05.
- 19th—Ladies' Heavy Ribbed Cashmere Hose, extra value, on Bargain Day 25c per pair.
- 20th—Fancy Net Veilings with Chenille Spots, on Bargain Day 8c per yard.
- 21st—Ladies' Fine Cashmere Hose, on Bargain Day 23c per pair.
- 22nd—Ladies' Fine Black Cashmere Gloves, on Bargain Day 12 1/2c pair.
- 23rd—Ladies' Fancy Flannelette Skirts, on Bargain Day 45c.
- 24th—Ladies' Heavy Lined Quilted Skirts, on Bargain Day 75c.
- 25th—Ladies' Flannelette Night Dresses, embroidery trimmed, 80c.
- 26th—A large shipment of Fancy Aluminum Belt Buckles, 10c, 15c, 20c and 25c.
- 27th—Large variety of Breakfast Shawls, all shades, on Bargain Day 23c.
- 28th—Ladies' Cuffs and Collars, on Bargain Day 5c per set.
- 29th—Ladies' White and Colored Silk Handkerchiefs, on Bargain Day 10c.
- 30th—Ladies' Heavy Black Jerseys, on Bargain Day 48c.
- 31st—Black Opossum Muffs, worth \$5, on Bargain Day \$2 40.
- 32nd—Gray Persian Lamb Capes, 24 inches long and military cut, worth \$30, on Bargain Day \$20 50.
- 33rd—Silk Sealette Muffs, on Bargain Day \$1 75.
- 34th—Fur-Lined Opera Cloaks, extra value, on Bargain Day \$6.
- 35th—Ladies' Three-Quarter English Rough Serge Jackets, worth \$5, on Bargain Day \$3.
- 36th—Men's and Boys' Imitation Lamb Caps, on Bargain Day 25c.
- 37th—Men's Sealette Caps, on Bargain Day 69c.
- 38th—2 only, Men's Swamp Wallaby Coats, worth \$25, on Bargain Day \$18 50.
- 39th—Men's Coon Coats, worth \$40, on Bargain Day \$26 50.
- 40th—Plain and Figured China and Pongora Silks, on Bargain Day 20c per yard.
- 41st—11 pieces Colored Satins, all new shades, worth 50c, on Bargain Day 30c per yard.
- 42nd—7 pieces Art Silks for Draping, on Bargain Day 60c per yard.
- 43rd—150 pieces Fine All-Wool French Serges, in all the latest evening shades, on Bargain Day 20c per yard.
- 44th—3 pieces Black Mohair Luster, 44 inches wide, on Bargain Day 25c per yard.
- 45th—7 pieces Black Granite Cloth, 42 inches wide, on Bargain Day 40c per yard.
- 46th—16 pieces All-Wool Henrietta, 42 inches wide and all shades, on Bargain Day 45c per yard.
- 47th—12 pieces Crepon, 44 inches and the newest evening shades, on Bargain Day 50c per yard.
- 48th—54-Inch Tweed Dress Goods, worth \$1, on Bargain Day 70c yard.
- 49th—2 pieces Rock Crepon, black and green, 46 inches wide, on Bargain Day 70c per yard.
- 50th—2 pieces Priestley's Black and Navy Serge, 54 inches wide and worth \$1 25, on Bargain Day 75c per yard.
- 51st—Men's English 4-Ply Linen Collars, on Bargain Day 10c.
- 52nd—Men's Heavy Elastic Braces, on Bargain Day 35c.
- 53rd—Men's Unlaundersed Shirts, on Bargain Day 35c, or 3 for \$1.
- 54th—Men's Night Shirts, embroidered, on Bargain Day 49c.
- 55th—Men's Heavy Merino Socks, on Bargain Day 20c.
- 56th—Men's Black Sateen Shirts, on Bargain Day 69c.
- 57th—Boys' Black Sateen Shirts, on Bargain Day 59c.
- 58th—Silk Ties, both knots and four-in-hands, on Bargain Day 12 1/2c.
- 59th—Men's White Laundered Shirts, worth 60c, on Bargain Day 37 1/2c.
- 60th—Gents' Cashmere Neck Scarfs, worth 25c, on Bargain Day 12 1/2c.
- 61st—Men's Fine Black Cashmere Socks, on Bargain Day 18c per pair, or 3 pairs for 50c.
- 62nd—Men's Fine Felt Stiff Hats, latest American shapes, worth \$3, on Bargain Day \$1 50.
- 63rd—Children's Fine Blue Serge Suits, on Bargain Day \$1 50.
- 64th—Boys' 3-Piece Tweed Suits, on Bargain Day \$3.
- 65th—Boys' Heavy Tweed Ulsters, on Bargain Day \$3 50.
- 66th—Men's Fine Blue Serge Suits, worth \$7 50, on Bargain Day \$4.
- 67th—Men's Melton Overcoats, fawn, brown and blue, worth \$7 50, on Bargain Day \$4.
- 68th—Excelsior Bread Knives, on Bargain Day 25c.
- 69th—Fine Note Paper, on Bargain Day 3c per quire.
- 70th—15 Bars Best Electric Soap on Bargain Day 25c.
- 71st—Mara's Laundry Soap, on Bargain Day 3c per cake.
- 72nd—Good Shoe Brushes with dauber attached, on Bargain Day 12 1/2c.
- 73rd—Special line of Whisks, on Bargain Day 5c.

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Animal Curiosities

Surprising Story About Bears and a Dumb-bell—Bound to Get That Rabbit—A Very Great Cat—Snakes as Pets—Wolf-Dog Teams in the Canadian Northwest.

THE BEARS AND THE DUMB-BELL

"One mild January year ago," said a native of Whetstone Creek, Pennsylvania, "a bear killed a colt 6 months old that belonged to Nels Ballard. The colt was alone in the yard, and Nels happened to look out of the window just as the bear drove it to a corner and broke its neck. Nels got so excited that he snatched his rifle from the peg and banged away at the bear through a pane of glass. The bullet went wild, and the bear threw the colt over the fence and started to lug it away. Nels fired again, but didn't hit the bear. Then he hadn't any more ammunition, so he grabbed a 30-pound dumb bell that a city hunter had left at his house, and ran after the bear.

"He caught up to it in the hollow, where the bear had stopped to tear the colt to pieces. Nels hurled the dumb bell at the bear, and the bear ducked its head just in time not to get hit. It kept clawing and tearing the colt, and Nels got the dumb bell and threw it again, but missed. The bear growled, and took the colt's hindquarters in one paw, picked up the dumb bell with the other, rolled its eyes toward Nels, and marched off on its hind feet into a laurel swamp.

"The next summer some boys saw three bears rolling and tumbling the dumb bell around on a rocky spot a little north of the swamp. They turned it up and caught it, the boys said, and they acted as if they thought a good deal of it as a plaything. Out of curiosity the young chaps approached one to the other. He shot one of them just as it had caught the bell. Hardly had the bear dropped when the other bear ran up to its partner, snatched the bell, and bounded into the swamp with it before Cass could reload his gun. Cass worried the bears so much around there that fall that they moved over to Beckman's swamp, two miles and a half to the west, taking the dumb bell along.

"One day one of the boys, who had grown up with the bears, saw two of them on a ledge to the south of Beckman's swamp. It sounded strange to him, so he crept toward the spot on his hands and knees. He had no weapon. To his great surprise he found the two grown bears and two spring cubs throwing and striking and chasing the dumb bell around on the ledge. He reported the facts, and once more Cass undertook to capture the bear. One of which were the initials of the owner, 'H. N. W.', and on the other end three Xs.

"The four-footed custodians of the dumb bell had been home thoroughly familiar with Cass' figure, as well as with his desire to secure their plaything, for they again moved it, this time to Long Swamp, three miles off, where three women berry pickers, seven large and four small bears kicking and pawing it around the following summer. By this time Cass had given up trying to get the bell, but four Run hunters, killed three bears near Long Swamp and came within an ace of getting it. A fourth bear, however, made off with the dumb-bell and hid it in the swamp.

"The next fall the owner of the dumb bell, whose name was Horace N. Wilcox, put up at Nels's again for a two weeks' deer hunt. He was an expert still hunter, and he was down every man who shot at other game than deer when he was out for deer only. But the third day out Mr. Wilcox broke his own rule, and owned up to it like the gentleman he was. While stealing among the trees on the forest, looking out for a fine buck's antlers, he spied a few rods down the mountain side. He imagined that the bear was suffering from the loss of a foot in a trap, and out of sympathy for the brute he pulled up and killed it with a charge of buckshot. When Mr. Wilcox went to look at the paw he thought was injured, he was amazed. The paw was entirely sound, and clutched in it with a grip that the hunter couldn't budge his long-lost dumb bell.

BOUND TO HAVE THE RABBIT.

One day, when a lad, I was walking with my father, accompanied by a strong, smooth-haired retriever called "Turk." We were joined by the balliff of the farm, and in the course of our walk "Turk" suddenly discovered the presence of a rabbit concealed in what in Scotland is called a "dry-stane-dyke." After a little trouble in removing some stones, poor bunny was caught and slaughtered, being handed to the balliff, who put it in his coat pocket. Before we reached home we noticed that "Turk" was no longer with us, at which we were rather surprised, as he was a very faithful follower.

Some time after we got home, perhaps an hour, I chanced to see a strange object on the public road, which puzzled me as to what it was. It raised a cloud of dust as it came along, which partly obscured it. What was my surprise when I found it to be "Turk" dragging a man's shooting jacket, which proved to be the balliff's, with the rabbit still in the pocket.

We afterwards learned that the dog, to the surprise of the balliff, quietly followed him home, and lay down near him. Presently the man took off his coat and laid it on a chair. Instantly "Turk" pounced upon it and dashed to the door with it in his mouth. He was pursued, but in vain, and succeeded in dragging the coat from the one house to the other, a distance of a mile and three-quarters. It was evident that the dog had a strong sense of the right of property. He believed the rabbit belonged to his master; so he set himself to recover what he thought were stolen goods.

THIS WAS A SMART CAT.

The late Dr. Romanes, in his "Animal Intelligence," gives two stories of cats, which, on seeing their own reflection in a looking glass, convinced themselves that the reflection was an illusion. In the case of a very intelligent cat of this name, I think, a step beyond this—namely, he satisfied himself that it was in some way his own image. Even if my deduction is wrong, the first part of his proceedings were so singularly like those in Dr. Romanes' accounts, that it seems as though it was a uniform law of cat nature to act in this way, and so far it may not be altogether uninteresting.

I put the cat on a table, in front of a small toilet mirror. After looking at

his reflection for a short while, he went behind the glass; then he returned to his seat in front, and again watched it attentively. After a few moments he turned to look behind him. He again returned to his seat in front of the glass, and, while retaining his seat and keeping his eyes fixed on the image, he struck about behind the glass with his paw in different directions.

His next action was, as I have suggested by seeing his image apparently strike with his paw also. Keeping his seat and retaining his eyes fixed on the image, he proceeded to (if I may use the word) posture in front of the glass. He raised his paws alternately, licked them, touched the glass, and moved his head, and tried to simply describe the facts, and as far as possible avoid drawing conclusions.—Science Gossip.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

Col. Barras, in "India and Tiger-Hunting," says that during a pause in panther-hunting he and his companions were about to take luncheon on the borders of an impenetrable covert where the animal lay. He adds: "The 'tiffin basket' stood just on the other side of my friend Sanford. I stretched across him to reach it with my right hand, and had just grasped the handle, when a succession of short, savage roars broke upon my ears, mingled with the wild shouts of the natives, who were evidently being chased by that ferocious brute.

"At this time I felt that my hat would probably do more for me than my gun; so I crushed it down on my head, seized my rifle, and faced the enemy. The panther came at me with lightning bounds.

Owing to the beast's tremendous speed, I could see nothing but a shadowy form, and a large, round bright eye fixed upon me with an unmeaning stare, as it literally flew toward me. I raised my gun and fired with all the care I could exercise at such a short range, but I missed, and the panther bounded, light as a feather, with its arms around my shoulders. Thus we stood for a few seconds, and I distinctly felt the animal snuffing for my throat.

Mechanically I turned my head so as to keep the thick-wadded cap of my helmet in front of the creature's muzzle, but I could hear and feel plainly the rapid yet cautious efforts it was making to find an opening, so as to reach the great vessels that lie in the neck. I had no weapon but my gun, which I held useless while the animal was close, and I was not at all prepared to still, well knowing that Sanford would liberate me if it were possible to do so. As my supposed, the panther did not spend much time in investigating the nature of a wounded animal, and before my friend could fire the beast pounced upon my left elbow, taking a piece out, and then buried its long, sharp fangs in the joint till they met. At the same time I was hurled to the earth with such violence that I knew not how I got there, or what had become of my gun.

He was lying on the ground with his paws on top of me, and could feel my elbow joint wabbling in and out, as the beast ground its jaws, with a movement imperceptible to the bystanders, but which felt as if I were being violently shaken all over. In a few seconds the loud and welcome sound of Sanford's rifle struck upon my ear, and I was up. I was free, and the panther had gone. He had bounded away, shot through the body into a thicket, where he was afterwards killed by a spear thrust.

As a pet, the snake becomes very tame, readily distinguishing its friends from strangers. It will go to the former, and coil itself up their hands to enjoy the warmth, or will crawl up their coat sleeves and lie there until disturbed. It is fond, too, of being rubbed gently under its chin. It has no means of defense, and only two ways of defending itself. The most singular of these is the power it has of discharging from a pair of small glands in the lower part of the body an abominable, penetrating, clinging odor.

When irritated or alarmed, it generally resorts to this means of defense, and no one who has means of defense, is likely to forget it. We used to keep several snakes in a case in our bedroom, and on one occasion, when showing them to a friend, threw one of them hurriedly away under the blanket, and went to the bed. Becoming alarmed, it went vent to its feelings meanwhile in a way that it was almost impossible to remain in the room all night, even with door and window open. Then, too, the snake is always alert to erect its scales, pressing them so tightly against the side of any hole into which it may have crept that it is next to impossible to pull it out till first without injuring it.—Chambers' Journal.

WOLF-DOG TEAMS IN THE NORTH.

"One of the novel sights at Edmonton, N. W. T.," said H. H. Schaefer, of Moncton, N. B., "was a dog train which arrived from the north about the first of the month. There were about 160 teams, four dogs to a team, each drawing a sledge holding about 500 weight of furs. The drivers and attendants of these dogs were Indians and half-breeds, who had traveled about 300 miles in a little over a week.

"These dogs are known as 'huskies,' a cross between the gray wolf of Canada and the ordinary dog, and their average weight is 100 pounds. They are big, fierce-looking brutes, a dirty white color, or, as and as savage as their ancestors, the wolves, which they greatly resemble. These animals, despite the heavy loads they haul and the long distances they make each day—nearly 50 miles—are fed only one whitefish each day, weighing not more than one and a half pounds. This food is given them in the evening, and the end of the day's journey, and they devour the food very voraciously. Meat cannot be given them, as it makes them wild and fierce. During my stay at Edmonton one of these brutes escaped from the pack and came amuck through the town, snapping at everybody and everything it passed, and it created a reign of terror before it was recaptured. These dogs, when broken, are valued at \$25 to \$50 each, according to size and strength."

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder Diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back, and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by W. T. Strong and B. A. Mitchell.

Here, There, Everywhere.

THE Queensland Government has decided to throw open 1,500,000 acres of land throughout the colony for selection as grazing and homestead farms.

THE largest nail-making machine in the United States is at Everett, Wash. It was made by a firm at Greenpoint, L. I., and weighs twelve and a half tons.

SEVERAL sacrificial knives have been recovered from the Mexican pyramids. They are pieces of flint, fashioned into the shape of a butcher knife.

MR. D. L. MOODY and Mr. Ira D. Sankey have promised to visit Mexico at the conclusion of their work in Texas, and will hold services in the capital.

THE father of Sam Jones, the evangelist, died a few days ago, at the age of 90. He, too, was a minister, and he had five sons who were Methodist ministers.

HENRI ROCHEFORT on returning to Paris declared his intention of freeing France from the four R's: Reine, Roche, Rouvier and Raynal, panaceaists.

BUENOS AIRES will soon witness the completion of the largest opera house in the world. It will seat 5,000 persons, and the stage will hold 800 people.

IN SUGAR corn the conversion of sugar into starch is arrested at a particular point in the growth; the grain does not fill out, and is consequently shriveled.

ANATOMISTS, to separate the bones of a skull, frequently fill it with small beans and place the whole in a basin of water. The beans swell, and slowly split the skull.

THE Lord Mayor of London takes precedence over every other British subject within the jurisdiction of that city, the Prince of Wales not even being an exception.

THE disgrace of Capt. Dreyfus made so keen an impression upon the French army that two lieutenants of the same name have applied for permission to change it to Drevel.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX is an untiring patron of all the beauty increasing and maintaining artists. She says she believes on principle in being as good looking as she can.

JAPANESE politeness translates into queer English. "How is your honorable wife?" one gentleman will ask. "I thank you, honorable sir, my dirty fool of a wife is well," is the answer.

IT is estimated that a capital of \$350,000,000 is invested in the linen industry in Ireland, which gives employment to an army of skilled workers at its 850,000 spindles and 28,000 power looms.

FORAGE made up in the form of bricks is being tried by the French War Office. The bricks are made of hay, oats and bran in cakes as hard as a board and can be easily handled.

THE Japanese are now getting used to glass. At first the glass in railway car windows had to be smeared with streaks of white paint to keep passengers from poking their heads through it.

THE hay barges on the Swiss lakes are rowed by women standing, and the small sail boats, with tall brown sails standing very high to catch fickle winds, are among the most picturesque of craft.

IN A paper read before the Scientific Congress at Paris it was stated that 4,500,000 years will slip around before the mountains of the earth will be constantly decreasing in size, disappear from view.

IN A report on the bacteriology of sewage, the main drainage committee of London's county council stated that the bacillus of typhoid fever is incapable of growth or multiplication in sewage, but slowly dies.

THE Hindoos show singular frankness in making census returns. Among those who were called upon to describe their means of living as "village thieves," "supported by relatives," or "living on loans."

IN FUTURE Russia will use gray horses only for artillery purposes. The reason given for this innovation is that animals of this color have been found by experience to be stronger and more enduring than the brown horses now used.

IN SOME fatal injuries the nerve that would carry the pain to the brain is destroyed, and such accidents are almost painless. Our sense of pain is greatest in the skin, and deep wounds are therefore not more painful than shallow ones.

A PATENT egg compound for use in hotels and bakeries is obtained from the eggs of fish-eating sea birds, which can be found by the million on the low uninhabited islands of the Atlantic coast. A pound costs 45 cents, and is equal to 72 hen's eggs.

IN SURGICAL operations the skin incision is often the most painful part, and those who have been run through the body say they were conscious only of something cold passing through them, with just a prick at the points of entry and exit of the weapon.

O. H. P. BELMONT will have his summer villa at Newport so arranged that guests will drive in on the lower floor and their horses and carriages will be taken up on the elevator, just as they are driven in, so that persons may alight directly at the ball room door.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to establish in England a colony of mercy similar to those which have been so successful in Germany. Dr. Paton has needed the list of subscribers with \$2,500 in memory of his son, who was drowned in the boating disaster at Barmouth last year.

PERSONS troubled with the difficulties of French pronunciation may now buy for about \$1 a phonograph cylinder containing text words and phrases done with the most beautiful Parisian accent. The cylinder will fit any phonograph, and the pupil may continue his French lessons at will.

REPORTS as to the disturbed condition of Syria have been fully confirmed. The Christians at Damascus and Beyrout are in a state of panic and some of the houses are barricaded. Three Arabic newspapers, of which the editors and proprietors are Christians, have been suppressed.

ONE of the curious outcomes of Mark Twain's assertion that there are only 33 jokes in existence is the fact

that he is constantly receiving letters from men and women who desire to refute his statement by sending him an entirely new and original joke. Taking Mark Twain too seriously is of itself a joke.

THE geese and cranes of North America commonly winter in the West Indies and in the valleys of the Amazon and Orinoco, but great flocks of them have been seen crossing the South Atlantic in the autumn, evidently bound for Africa.

IN LONDON there are about 170 pianoforte factories. Over 1,300 shops and factories in the metropolis are devoted to the supplying of musical goods of all sorts. Throughout the provinces there are 3,000 musical establishments of various kinds.

A VALUABLE walnut tree which stood in the center of the gardens of Garvock, near Dunning, was blown down during the recent storm. The tree was the largest of its kind in Scotland. Some years ago the laird was offered £100 for it, but refused it.

VULCANIZED rubber used for insulating electric wires is so injurious to copper that it has been found necessary to coat the wire with tin, then insulate it with vulcanized rubber, and then cover the whole with vulcanized rubber. In this way the sulphur in the latter is prevented from acting upon the copper.

LORD ROTHSCHILD recently gave a dinner party in London to the staff of a regiment to meet the Dukes of York and Fife. There were present, beside them, Messrs. Burnand, Dr. Maurer, Lindley, Sambourne and Partridge. The play of gold and china on the table was extraordinary. The Duke of Fife declared: "If he had such dessert plates he would not think of using them, but would hang them up in the dining room."

NOT very long ago the Duke of Norfolk, while walking through the streets of London, happened to see an old lady in evident distress. She wanted a cab, and could not attract the cabman's notice. His grace called a vehicle and saw her into it safely. To his surprise he found three old ladies slipped into his cab, and the old lady said: "There you are, my man; go and get yourself a glass of beer!"

MR. WILCOX, the husband of the poetess of passion, is a common sense business man, with one big piece of sentiment in his disposition—that is his love for his wife. On one occasion, when he was traveling, he placed six or seven photographs of his wife on the mantel of his room in the hotel. The pert chambermaid, whisking them off with her feather duster, electrified the loving spouse by exclaiming: "My! What a lot of girls you've got!"

A CUBIC foot of air at the temperature of zero (Fahr.) can contain only 0.5 of a grain of water vapor; at 32 degrees it can hold 2.13 grains; at 65 degrees it can contain 6.3 grains, and at 98 it can hold 18.96 grains of moisture in suspension. These figures go to show that summer air can hold at least nine times the quantity of dampness that air can when reduced to a temperature of freezing.

NEAR Moulins recently a vicious bull gave the occasion for testing the power of the Lebel carbine. The soldiers were called out to kill the bull. A bullet from an army gun entered at the bull's shoulder and came out at the crupper, completely traversing the bull's body. The soldiers were pierced with round holes without splintering. It is believed that the bullet would have passed through eight men in a row.

THE Milwaukee Museum has recently been the recipient of a collection of Korean musical instruments. They were given by Miss Elizabeth Plankinton, who collected these interesting and valuable instruments during a recent trip through Korea. The collection consists of 21 musical instruments, one quiver of bamboo and five very fine make of Henry Nehring, custodian of the museum, says that the gift is an exceedingly valuable one.

IN A decided way the Czar is attempting to mitigate the gambling evil in his domain. The Minister of Finance has notified managers of banks that their clients three months' time for liquidation. Heavy penalties are prescribed for the proprietors of money changing establishments unless they discontinue the uninitiated into ruinous speculation. By these steps the Czar is determined to put an end to gambling and speculation.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles! SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; mostly at night; worse when sitting. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases cures the cure with the cure. Dr. Swayne's Ointment, 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

The Jewish feasts, those of Tabernacles, of Pentecost, of Trumpets and Passover, were instituted by Moses, B.C. 1490.

THE MEDICINE FOR LIVER AND KIDNEY COMPLAINT.—Mr. Victor Auger, Ottawa, writes: "I take great pleasure in recommending to the general public Parmelee's Pills as a cure for Liver and Kidney complaint. I have been doctoring for the last three years with many medicines that were recommended to me without relief, but after taking eight of Parmelee's Pills I was cured of the disease as before I was troubled."

The new catalogue of the British Museum will contain 1,400,000 distinct titles. The great lung healer is found in the extract from the old Scribe's Antiseptic Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, etc. It has cured many, when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

IT CAN be stated with almost literal exactness that not a square yard of Holland is neglected by the sturdy people.

How to Cure All Skin Diseases. Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Lyman, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

IN ZANTE, one of the Ionian Isles, there is a petroleum spring that is mentioned by Herodotus. It has been known for nearly 3,000 years.

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Expeller is a safe, pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to procure it for you.

Paper plates are used in some German restaurants. Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

Life in the Far East.

Heat, Insects, Snakes, Rats, Torture the European.

Only Three Comparatively Cool Months in the Year—Poisonous Land Breeze Blows by Night—Great Flying Cockroaches and Ants Abound.

"You may have any kind of weather in India that you choose to seek," said the returned East Indian to a reporter for the New York Sun, "because all the coast cities occupied by Europeans are within easy reach of high mountains, where the season varies from that of an English spring to one of perpetual snow. From Simla, the summer capital, you can see the snow on the tops of the mountains, and Bombay is only a few hours from the region of mild summer weather."

"There are but three comparatively cool months on the coast—part of November, all of December and January, and part of February. During that time you have the summer weather of the temperate zone, with relief from the high humidity of the East Indian summer. After the 1st of February the heat begins to increase, and it is soon intense, for the monsoon breaks at Bombay about the middle of May. Then come six weeks of continuous rain, followed by intense heat and moisture lasting until the end of November. The relief is the sea breeze after sunset, when there is a considerable fall in the temperature. I could not undertake to give readings of the thermometer, but I should say at a venture that by 8 o'clock in the morning during the hot season the temperature must reach 90 degrees in the shade, and it must be pretty well above 100 degrees between 11 and 12. The nights are beset with the danger of the almost poisonous land breeze, and to guard against it one's landward jealousies must be closed when one goes to bed. The man who neglects this will wake to find the land breeze blowing over him, and his face curiously contorted as a result of its touch. One sleeps in silk pajamas upon a skeleton bed and a thin, hard mattress, more like a heavy quilt than anything else. On many nights the silk pajamas, always worn by Europeans, become saturated with perspiration, and a draught of air may suddenly cool the body, as one sleeps without bed covering, unless it is a single light sheet. Many people, preach flannels for East India wear, but I found the prickly heat that it induced intolerable. Everybody, however, ought to wear the flannel cholera belt, which American naval officers usually bring home from the tropics.

"Along with the intense heat there go many varieties of noxious insects. The mosquitoes swarm the year around. Every bed is covered with a tent of mosquito netting, and it is the business of your boy, after having made the bed in the morning, to scare out all lingering mosquitoes and then draw the mosquito curtains close and tuck them under the mattress. On going to bed you make a little hole in the tent, get in quickly, and draw it tight again. House flies are a constant nuisance, and there are great flying cockroaches, two inches long, which sometimes bite, and at certain seasons leave their great wings lying about the house. They eat one's patient leather shoes, and flying ants, great black creatures, come in swarms, and also leave their wings over everything. The centipede, an inch and a half long, and more venomous than any of this country, gets in the house, and often crawls upon the sleeper. So long as one keeps still there is no danger; but the creature, if one moves, is likely to dig his claws into the flesh and make one feel like a scorpion stung. They come out of old woodwork, and you find them in books that have long lain unused. Their bite is poisonous and sometimes fatal.

"Along with the insects come the serpents. The cobra is the most dangerous. It seldom comes into the house for some reason, though my smaller sister slept upon a pile of mats under which a cobra was hidden and afterwards found. The cobra comes into the compound and often bites the natives. Europeans are seldom bitten by the cobra or other snakes, because the European goes about in boots that give the serpent notice of his coming, and also, perhaps, protect him from the bite. As a matter of fact, serpents commonly meet in India do not voluntarily go after human prey, but are probably more often afraid of man than man is of them. A barefooted native, treading noiselessly, giving the serpent no notice of his approach, and may unconsciously step upon him, and then the creature bites in self-defense. I knew a native gardener to be bitten by a cobra. He filled himself with whisky and walked to keep himself awake. An Englishman whom I knew was bitten by a cobra, and his friends promptly applied the same remedy. They walked him all night against his drowsy and earnest prayer that he be permitted to sleep. His life was saved, but he never really recovered from the shock, though he lived many years after. The bracelet snake

is a familiar and venomous little wretch that takes pleasure in coiling up in one's boot during the night, or in getting into the holes of one's garments. One soon learns to shake one's boots before putting them on. The natives have a curious aversion to killing snakes, and they have a superstition shared by some Europeans, that if a cobra be slain, its mate will come to avenge the act. Of course, there is no foundation for it, save perhaps that a widowed cobra comes in search of her mate and incidentally meets the slayer.

"Rats abound in India, and get into houses and swarm aboard a ship. One great Indian rat, the bandicoot, with a snout like a pig's, visits one's bed at night and chews the end of one's hair. I knew a red-headed fellow who used to grease his hair with oil or bear's grease. He was visited one night by the bandicoot and came on deck next morning with the oddest evidence of the bandicoot's bartering. The muskrat swarms in India, gets into the houses, and all sorts of wild creatures do, since the doors are merely inclosed openings. His smell is something tremendous, and when he merely crosses the cork of a soda-water bottle he seems to scent the contents.

"The bite of an insect, even though slight, or a small sore of any kind that would soon heal in a temperate climate, may hang on for days in the heat of India, and a slight illness greatly weakens one. Europeans luckily seldom take the native disease, and, though cholera is constantly present in India, it is only in cases of peculiarly widespread epidemic that it reaches the European population. There is no yellow fever there, but smallpox ravages the natives. It is amazing to see how many natives are pock-marked. The natives have small faith in European doctors, but they always take the European cholera mixture. Of course, no European submits himself to a native doctor. Abscess of the liver is a great terror of the Europeans, though the land breeze comes laden with all sorts of horrible possibilities.

"The change of climate as one goes from the coast into the mountains is like magic. On the journey up from Bombay to Maternan one starts with pocketful of Indian cigars, trichinopolis, long, cheap rolls of tobacco with a straw through them that they may draw. This is because they are extremely wet. But when one reaches Maternan he finds his trichinopolis as dry as a punk. The thin atmosphere of the heights has sucked them dry of all their moisture."

MR. JOSEPH PULITZER.

THE GREAT PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW YORK WORLD.

The Creator of the World of To-day—He Took It As a Moribund Concern and Made It Pay—A Short Sketch of Mr. Pulitzer's Career.

Joseph Pulitzer, the creator of the New York World of to-day, was born in Austria-Hungary in 1847. He had a rough and ready boyhood, picked up the elements of an education and emigrated to this country a poor young fellow in his eighteenth year. He landed at Castle Garden without a cent. He knew no one and no place to appeal for aid. He did not ask for assistance as a matter of fact, but enlisted in the army which was then advancing to crush the Southern rebellion. Without any but a mere smattering of the language of those with whom he fought, without any very clear idea of the issues at stake, he rode forth in a German cavalry regiment and served until the war was ended. At the close of the war, as if obeying the injunction of Horace Greeley, he went west and cast about him for a career. Meanwhile he worked in a cavalry barracks, and as a farm-hand, and even hired out as deck assistant on a river steamboat. But during all this storm and stress period, while his fellow workmen were spending their spare time in the saloons or union halls, discussing the troubles of labor, Mr. Pulitzer was hard at work learning the language, reading omnivorously and even plunging into the study of the law. In a word, he was fashioning his armor and sharpening his intellectual falchion for the future and greater battle in which he was destined to reap such high honors.

Mr. Pulitzer was admitted to the bar in 1868. He settled in St. Louis, but was not a success as a lawyer. The profession was too slow for him; the tedious routine exasperated him. That he would have been successful eventually no one can doubt, but he looked about for an occupation in



MR. JOSEPH PULITZER.

which he could bring all his latent energies into play, and found it in journalism. His first assignment was on the Westliche Post, a German paper of republican politics, then conducted by Carl Schurz.

This was the opportunity he had been waiting for. His contributions and his business tact made the paper a success and himself a reputation. While still a reporter he was a chief promoter of the influences which resulted in the combination of democrats and liberal republicans which restored popular self-government to Missouri in 1873. He became city editor and managing editor of the paper and acquired an interest in it. In 1874 he went abroad to acquire an education, which so far was of his own getting.

He resolved to have a paper of his own, and in 1878 returned to St. Louis and bought the Evening Dispatch. This was a local paper which had never paid a profit and was regarded as utterly worthless. Mr. Pulitzer bought it for \$2,500. His friends laughed at this exploit, but while they were enjoying their joke Mr. Pulitzer suddenly bought the Post and combined the papers into the Post-Dispatch of to-day. He selected John Cockrell, one of the best all round newspaper men in the country, at the head of it and let it go. And the Post-Dispatch now goes at the tune of about \$100,000 a year net profit.

Almost any other man than Joseph Pulitzer would have been satisfied with having built up a great newspaper out of nothing in a few years and would have remained in the Western town to enjoy the results of his tireless energy and almost unparalleled success. But he was not content. St. Louis, great city though it was, was not big enough for him. He looked around for fresh worlds to conquer. Having placed his Western paper on a firm foundation, he resolved to go to New York and tempt fortune in the metropolis.

The New York World had never made a striking success. It had been started in June, 1890 as a penny paper of absolutely blameless features, eschewing in its make-up intelligence of scandals, divorces and even dramatic news. Its backing was ample, but it failed to make money. In 1896 William H. Hurlbert took charge and made of it a brilliant paper, employing on its staff the ablest writers of the day and giving to its editorial page a flavor of power and originality unexcelled by any metropolitan journal.

Mr. Pulitzer bought this moribund paper, and took possession May 10, 1893. Enormous difficulties confronted him from the start. To take a non-paying piece of newspaper property and turn it into a paying concern is frequently a much more difficult task than starting wholly anew. From the first he was almost entirely ignored by his fellow editors, but the time soon came when he compelled all to consider him as one of the leading forces in the journalism of the country.

Of late years Mr. Pulitzer's health has not been of the best, an affection of the eyes rendering the prolonged devotion to work characteristic of his earlier career in this city impracticable. He has, therefore, been obliged to spend much of his time abroad, or at his magnificent country seat at Bar Harbor. But his hand is felt, directing the destinies of the great journal he created, no matter in what corner of the globe the master may happen to be. The success of the Evening World, another of his indefatigable man's enterprises, has been just as phenomenal as that of the mother paper.

Mr. Pulitzer's extraordinary career furnishes a striking example of what can be accomplished in this country by brains, energy and indomitable perseverance.

The Leprechaun's Hell.

The orthodox believers among the Leprechauns insist that hell is a place of perpetual frost. Their ideal of exquisite physical suffering is to forever freeze. To attempt to hold up the prospect of eternal fire to them as a deterrent from further transgression is to make them go and sin some more.

GIRLS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Their Life is Compared With That of the New Young Women of To-day.

That a stern Roman matron such as "Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus," as Shakespeare describes her, should ever have had a girlhood, with all its natural playfulness and sweet simplicity, is difficult to imagine. It is not easy to picture to one's self Portia, the wife of Brutus, in short dresses and dandling and dressing a primitive doll. And yet we are assured by Prof. Peck that the ancient girls that seem to have grown old long ages before our civilization began were at one period of their lives very much like the "new women" of to-day. There were many anxious parents in Rome when Julius Caesar was swimming the Tiber with Cassius "on a raw and gusty day" who were communing among themselves and seriously considering the momentous question of "what will we do with our girls?"

The girls' rights were not understood, or, if understood, were but little heeded in the "brave days of old." In fact, the troubles of the little beings who had the misfortune to be born females began at a very early age. Shortly after their entrance into the world they were laid down on the ground before their honorable papa for consideration. If he ordered them to be raised, raised they were in a double sense on the cold, cold ground, and also morally and educationally raised. The boy baby was subjected to a similar low treatment at his birth. If the father was silent and passed away from the presence of the baby without making a sign, it was understood that he should never again be called to look upon the face of the unwelcome stranger. In this early stage of being in the prospects of the modern baby have improved very largely.

When the young girl reached the age of thirteen years she was deemed fit for marriage. She was engaged at any age previously, even as early as in her first year. Even as in France to-day, the rule was that the parents should select the husband for her, but she was not obliged to submit blindly to this choice. The law allowed her the right to refuse the party that her parents or guardians deemed eligible. The engagement ring was a simple hoop of iron, as full of loving symbolism as the daintiest jewel adorned ring of to-day. And this ring was worn until marriage rendered it superfluous, and then the highly artistic and richly chased gold hoops, such as fill so many cases in the jewel room of the Naples Museum, were worn with all grace and honor.

While the girl of that ancient period was still capable of being delighted with toys and games, cunning artists supplied all that she could desire in this line. Commemorator Landiani has told us the touching tale of the revelation made by the contents of a marble sarcophagus found a few years ago, and though Prof. Peck referred at length to the testimony furnished by the sarcophagus of the modes and manners of the young ladies of ancient Rome, he forgot or neglected to mention Sig. Lanciani's connection with and report of this discovery. The sarcophagus contained the skeleton of a young girl, whose name was Creperella Tryphæna. When the marble coffin or sarcophagus was opened there was seen a number of objects belonging to the deceased, which had been buried with her. Among these was an exquisite little doll, carved of oak, which had grown hard in the water that filled the sarcophagus. On each side of the skull were gold earrings, with pearl drops. A gold necklace with thirty-seven pendants of green jasper was found among the bones of the neck. Four rings of solid gold were found near the bones of the left hand. One of these was an engagement ring, and two hands clasped together, carved in the red-jasper stone set in it, indicated that fact. The name of the lover, Philatus, was engraved in the stone set in another, while the third and fourth were plain bands of gold. A wreath of myrtle, fastened with a silver clasp on the forehead, had been placed upon the head of the dead Creperella.

It is Lanciani, the director of the excavations where this was found, who has also furnished the explanation and interpretation of the contents of this tomb, and which throw such light on Prof. Peck's subject of "Girlhood in Ancient Rome." It is nearly eighteen hundred years since the feet of this young girl trod the streets of Rome—the style of letter in which her name is written indicates that period, and that same name reveals that she was not noble by birth, but the daughter of a freedman, a former servant of the noble family of the Creperelli. The myrtle wreath on her head tells that she was on the eve of marriage—when death came. The doll—which is a representation of a woman, not of a baby, and is jointed—is one of the finest specimens of that kind yet found, and is nearly a foot in height. "Dolls and playthings," concludes Lanciani, "are not peculiar to children's tombs. It was customary for young ladies to offer their dolls to Venus or Diana on their wedding day. But this was not the end reserved for Creperella's doll. She was doomed to share the sad fate of her young mistress and to be placed with her corpse before the marriage ceremony could be performed." This, truly, is a very pathetic side of the story of girl life in the Rome of the past.

The domestic occupations included that which has now almost passed away, the spinning and weaving of cloth. Even in the highest families the women and daughters were occupied in this task, and the Emperor Augustus, when appearing before the Senators, was always arrayed in robes woven in his own household by his wife, daughter and other female relatives. It was the highest tribute to a woman's worth and one selected for special mention on her tombstone, besides that of staying at home, that she spun wool and kept the house.—Baltimore Sun.

Not Afraid of Powder.



"Cousin Ethel, is Col. Blazer a brave soldier?"
"Oh, I don't think he is afraid of powder."
"No, I don't think he is, for I saw his nose against your face last night."

A WAR CORRESPONDENT NOW PUBLIC PROPERTY.

THE GREAT JAP-CHIN ONE WHO WAS BORN IN CANADA.

Sketch of the Life of James Creelman, the Great War Correspondent of the New York World—Printer, Reporter and Then Phenomenal Success.

James Creelman, war correspondent for the New York World during the height of the hostilities between Japan and China, was born in Montreal, Canada, in 1838. When twelve years old he ran away from home and started to walk to New York, a feat he accomplished by virtue of a ride now and then on an occasional train.

It was his good fortune soon after arriving there to attract the attention of the Rev. Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg, who took the boy up and made a favorite of him. Creelman had a remarkably sympathetic and powerful soprano voice as a boy, and it was this gift which drew the attention of the eminent clergyman.

The young fellow's first employment was at sticking type in the office of Church and State, then the official organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He learned the business of a printer thoroughly in various establishments, finally drifting into the office of the Brooklyn Eagle, where he met Thomas Kinsella, who encouraged him to write, and to whom he submitted his first poem. Creelman, at the age of sixteen, was very ambitious of lyric honors, but Mr. Kinsella told him his poetry was d-d bad, and the young man was sensible enough to imitate his muse.

Creelman's next departure was to undertake a course in theology in Talmage's lay theological college, but not with any intention of ascending the pulpit. In 1878 he went on the Herald as a reporter.

In the winter of 1878 Captain Paul Boyton arrived in New York with his famous life saving suit, then a much doubted novelty. Creelman was assigned by the Herald to test the efficacy of the suit, and one night he and Captain Boyton dined



JAMES CREELMAN.

the life saving armor, and jumping into the river at the Battery allowed themselves to drift down into the bay. The night was very cold and the river full of ice, so that when the swimmers wished to reach the shore they found themselves unable to do so. Creelman wrote the account of this night's adventure for the Herald, and the publication created a veritable sensation and made Boyton's life saving suit famous. As a consequence of this Creelman later, as special correspondent for the Herald, accompanied Boyton on his famous trip from Oil City, Pa., through the Alleghany, Ohio and Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico.

In 1879 the Herald undertook the supreme task of exposing the treacherous practices of the officials in charge of dumping the city's refuse. It had long been suspected that the harbor was being shoaled by the dumping of this stuff in the bay instead of towing it out to sea. Creelman was selected by the Herald to superintend the work of exposure.

Acting under instructions Creelman chartered the steam yacht C. J. Wells, and, securing a letter from the Collector of the Port to prevent interruption by the revenue cutters, cruised around the bay at night without lights. He was in this manner enabled to detect the scum in the act of dumping refuse in the prohibited spots, and to secure a quantity of cumulative evidence of the most damaging character, all of which was duly printed in the Herald, creating an enormous sensation and resulting in the punishment of the offenders and the amendment of existing laws in relation to dumping. Governor Robinson removed the State shore inspector, and there was a thorough reform of harbor regulations inaugurated as a result.

In the same year Creelman went to Montreal to accompany Professor C. H. Grimley in the first ascension of Page's iron air ship. The aeronauts nearly lost their lives in this adventure. The ship burst and dragged its occupants for many miles before they were rescued. Creelman escaped with a broken arm and a few painful bruises. Grimley was confined to his bed for many a long day afterward.

Creelman investigated the death of General Custer and interviewed Sitting Bull and all the fighting chiefs of that day. He also was sent to write up the Hatfield-McCoy feud, and was frequently shot at by the Hatfields, who refused to allow him to approach their rendezvous, compelling him to sleep in the woods or where he could.

Mr. Creelman was called to Paris in the fall of 1893, and thence sent to London to assume the managing editorship of the London edition of the Herald. In the course of his employment Creelman was sent to Rome, where he obtained an interview with the Pope, and also an exclusive interview with Stanley on the latter's return from the Emin Bey trip. He visited Louis Kosuth at Turin, and explained his aims and mode of life. He went to write up the reception of Ericsson's body in the harbor of Stockholm, and to Russia to investigate the so-called persecution of the Jews. He visited Count Tolstol at Yasnia Poliana, in the heart of Russia, and wrote a vivid account of the famous Russian's life work.

Mr. Creelman, in November, 1893, went to England to found and manage the British edition of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. He remained there, however, but a few months, and on his return, or shortly thereafter, accepted an offer from Mr. Pulitzer to proceed to Japan and act as war correspondent for the World in Corea, China and Japan. His labors there are too well known to require rehearsal in this article.

While in Paris in 1891 Mr. Creelman married Miss Buel, of Ohio, an noted beauty, and said to resemble in appearance the celebrated Lady Hamilton. One month after her husband's departure for Japan Mrs. Creelman gave birth to a beautiful boy in her mother's home in Ohio.

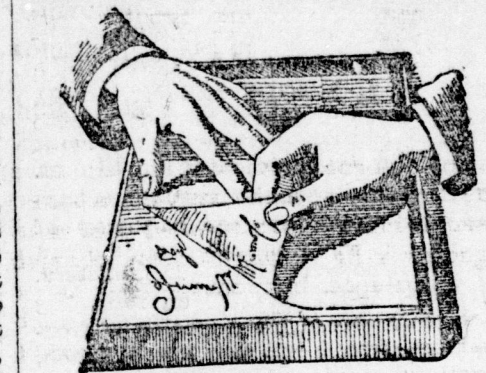
Serious Question.

Which is the most injurious to the fair sex—tight shoes, tight lacing or a tight husband?

IS THE INVENTION KNOWN AS THE HEKTOGRAPH.

How It is Made—The Ingredients of the Pad—History of the Patent That Has Recently Expired—The Copying Pad and the Inks to Use.

The invention known as the hektograph (from the Greek hekaton, hundred, and graph, write) consists of a pad or cake of gelatine, glycerine and water. This forms a stiff jelly, and if a sheet of paper having lines drawn or written with aniline ink is lightly pressed upon the jelly a reversed copy of the lines or writing will be received thereon. The ink is absorbed by the jelly to such an



THE HEKTOGRAPH.

extent that many successive copies of the lines or writing may be taken by simply pressing successive sheets of dry blank paper upon the inscribed jelly. It forms a most convenient and excellent method of duplicating letters, sketches, etc. The mode of use is illustrated in our engraving.

A United States patent for this invention was granted June 1, 1880, to the Austrian inventors, Messrs. Kwaysser and Hunsak, and under the ordinary term of the law the patent would expire June 1, 1897. Section 4,887 of the United States statutes, however, provides that "every patent granted for an invention which has been previously patented in a foreign country shall be so limited as to expire at the same time with the foreign patent, or, if there be more than one, at the same time with the one having the shortest term."

Several foreign patents were granted for the above invention prior to the American patent, among them an English patent, which expired November 13, 1894; consequently the American patent expired on that date, and the invention is now the property of the public, and any person may now freely make, use and sell the hektograph.

An approved formula is as follows:

THE COPYING PAD
Gelatine, by weight..... 1 part.
Glycerine..... 4 parts.
Water..... 2 parts.

THE INKS.
1. Methyl violet..... 1 part.
Water..... 7 parts.
Alcohol..... 1 part.
2. Rosaniline..... 2 parts.
Water..... 10 parts.
Alcohol..... 1 part.

To prepare the pad for use it is necessary to pass a wet sponge lightly over the face of the gelatine and allowing it to nearly dry before taking the first copy. If this precaution is neglected, the face of the pad will be ruined by the first transfer.—Scientific American.

Prepare for the Garden.

A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer urges early preparation for the summer's gardening. He says that little can be done during the next two months in the way of garden work, but preparations may be made to be ready when the time comes to plant that no delays will interfere with the work. It is a good time to study the seed catalogues and make selections of seeds. The novelties of last year have been tried and if they appear in any considerable number of the catalogues it is fair to presume that they are of value and though the price may be a little high a package or two may prove a good investment. I was one of the few who invested in dwarf lima beans the first year they were offered and I sold all I grew to a seedman at twenty-five cents a quart and he would have taken more at the same price. It is time well spent to study catalogues pretty closely for most of them give cultural directions and information about varieties that are of value in practical work. The garden tools may be put in order and made ready for instant use and the hot bed sashes and frames made so as to take advantage of the first warm days. The plan of the garden should be decided on and will go on smoothly. I have found that the great difficulty in growing garden stuff is the large amount of hand work that is necessary when the gardens are made up as they usually are in a patchy manner so as to make it impossible to take a horse into them.

My garden is four rods wide and twenty long, containing half an acre. In this everything is planted in rows that run entirely across the garden north and south. Of these sorts, that a row would be too much for our own use, I put different things in a row. I will have one row of peas but there will be several varieties in the row. And it may be that onions, lettuce, radishes and beets will be all in a single row, but the rows run across the lot so a horse can be taken in to cultivate it. It is not good economy to plant a garden so as to make it necessary to do all the work by hand as experience has taught me when this is done there is always more or less neglect observable, and a good many times the indications point to an abandonment of the whole garden to weeds. If this plan of planting in rows is adopted there is a great saving of time and labor and more thorough cultivation is possible. If land is high priced and one has but small space to spare, such vegetables as onions, lettuce, beets, radishes, etc. may be sown in beds as usual on one side of the lot and cultivated by hand, while corn, squashes, sweet potatoes, early potatoes, etc., may be planted in rows. Do not be afraid to manure the garden heavily nor of working it too much, as stirring the soil frequently is one of the secrets of a good garden.

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THE GREAT PROPRIETOR OF THE NEW YORK WORLD.

The Creator of the World of To-day—He Took It As a Moribund Concern and Made It Pay—A Short Sketch of Mr. Pulitzer's Career.

Joseph Pulitzer, the creator of the New York World of to-day, was born in Austria-Hungary in 1847. He had a rough and ready boyhood, picked up the elements of an education and emigrated to this country a poor young fellow in his eighteenth year. He landed at Castle Garden without a cent. He knew no one and no place to appeal for aid. He did not ask for assistance as a matter of fact, but enlisted in the army which was then advancing to crush the Southern rebellion. Without any but a mere smattering of the language of those with whom he fought, without any very clear idea of the issues at stake, he rode forth in a German cavalry regiment and served until the war was ended. At the close of the war, as if obeying the injunction of Horace Greeley, he went west and cast about him for a career. Meanwhile he worked in a cavalry barracks, and as a farm-hand, and even hired out as deck assistant on a river steamboat. But during all this storm and stress period, while his fellow workmen were spending their spare time in the saloons or union halls, discussing the troubles of labor, Mr. Pulitzer was hard at work learning the language, reading omnivorously and even plunging into the study of the law. In a word, he was fashioning his armor and sharpening his intellectual falchion for the future and greater battle in which he was destined to reap such high honors.

Mr. Pulitzer was admitted to the bar in 1868. He settled in St. Louis, but was not a success as a lawyer. The profession was too slow for him; the tedious routine exasperated him. That he would have been successful eventually no one can doubt, but he looked about for an occupation in



MR. JOSEPH PULITZER.

which he could bring all his latent energies into play, and found it in journalism. His first assignment was on the Westliche Post, a German paper of republican politics, then conducted by Carl Schurz. This was the opportunity he had been waiting for. His contributions and his business tact made the paper a success and himself a reputation. While still a reporter he was a chief promoter of the influences which resulted in the combination of democrats and liberal republicans which restored popular self-government to Missouri in 1873. He became city editor and managing editor of the paper and acquired an interest in it. In 1874 he went abroad to acquire an education, which so far was his own getting.

He resolved to have a paper of his own, and in 1878 returned to St. Louis and bought the Evening Dispatch. This was a local paper which had never paid a profit and was regarded as utterly worthless. Mr. Pulitzer bought it for \$2,500. His friends laughed at this exploit, but while they were enjoying their joke Mr. Pulitzer suddenly bought the Post also and combined the papers into the Post-Dispatch of to-day. He selected John Cockerill, one of the best all round newspaper men in the country, at the head of it and let it go. And the Post-Dispatch now goes at the tune of about \$100,000 a year net profit. Almost any other man than Joseph Pulitzer would have been satisfied with having built up a great newspaper out of nothing in a few years and would have remained in the Western town to enjoy the results of his tireless energy and almost unparalleled success. But he was not content. St. Louis, great city though it was, was not big enough for him. He looked around for fresh worlds to conquer. Having placed his Western paper on a firm foundation, he resolved to go to New York and tempt fortune in the metropolis.

The New York World had never made a striking success. It had been started in June, 1890 as a penny paper of absolutely blameless features, eschewing in its make-up intelligence of scandals, divorces and even dramatic news. Its backing was ample, but it failed to make money. In 1896 William H. Hearst took charge and made of it a brilliant paper, employing on its staff the ablest writers of the day and giving to its editorial page a flavor of power and originality unexcelled by any metropolitan journal.

Mr. Pulitzer bought this moribund paper, and took possession May 10, 1898. Enormous difficulties confronted him from the start. To take a non-paying piece of newspaper property and turn it into a paying concern is frequently a much more difficult task than starting wholly anew. From the first he was almost entirely ignored by his fellow editors, but the time soon came when he compelled all to consider him as one of the leading forces in the journalism of the country.

Of late years Mr. Pulitzer's health has not been of the best, an affection of the eyes rendering the prolonged devotion to work characteristic of his earlier career in this city impracticable. He has, therefore, been obliged to spend much of his time abroad, or at his magnificent country seat at Bar Harbor. But his hand is felt, directing the destinies of the great journal he created, no matter in what corner of the globe the master may happen to be. The success of the Evening World, another of his indefatigable man's enterprises, has been just as phenomenal as that of the mother paper.

Mr. Pulitzer's extraordinary career furnishes a striking example of what can be accomplished in this country by brains, energy and indomitable perseverance.

The Laplander's Hell.

The orthodox believers among the Laplanders insist that hell is a place of perpetual frost. Their ideal of exquisite physical suffering is to forever freeze. To attempt to hold up the prospect of eternal fire to them as a deterrent from further transgression is to make them go and sin some more.

GIRLS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Their Life is Compared With That of the New Young Women of To-day. That a stern Roman matron such as "Voluptas," the mother of Coriolanus, as Shakespeare describes her, should ever have had a girlhood, with all its natural playfulness and sweet simplicity, is difficult to imagine. It is not easy to picture to one's self Portia, the wife of Brutus, in short dresses and dandling and dressing a primitive doll. And yet we are assured by Prof. Peck that these ancient girls that seem to have grown old long ages before their lives very much like the "new women" of to-day. There were many anxious parents in Rome when Julius Caesar was swimming the Tiber with Cassius "on a raw and gusty day" who were communing among themselves and seriously considering the momentous question of "what will we do with our girls?"

Women's rights were not understood, or, if understood, were but little heeded in the "brave days of old." In fact, the troubles of the little beings who had the misfortune to be born females began at a very early age. Shortly after their entrance into the world they were laid down on the ground before their honorable papa for consideration. If he ordered them to be raised, raised they were in a double sense—then and there from their low estate on the cold, cold ground, and also morally and educationally raised. The boy baby was subjected to a similar low treatment at his birth. If the father was silent and passed away from the presence of the baby without making a sign, it was understood that he should never again be called to look upon the face of the unwelcome stranger. In this early stage of being the prospects of the modern baby have improved very largely.

When the young girl reached the age of thirteen years she was deemed fit for marriage. She was engaged at any age previously, even as early as in her first year. Even as in France to-day, the rule was that the parents should select the husband for her, but she was not obliged to submit blindly to this choice. The law allowed her the right to refuse the party that her parents or guardians deemed eligible. The engagement ring was a simple hoop of iron, as full of loving symbolism as the daintiest jewel adorned ring of to-day. And this ring was worn until marriage rendered it superfluous, and then the highly artistic and richly chased gold hoops, such as fill so many cases in the jewel room of the Naples Museum, were worn with all grace and honor.

While the girl of that ancient period was still capable of being delighted with toys and games, cunning artists supplied all that she could desire in this line. Commandator Landiani has told us the touching tale of the revelation made by the contents of a marble sarcophagus found a few years ago, and though Prof. Peck referred at length to the testimony furnished by the sarcophagus of the modes and manners of the young ladies of ancient Rome, he forgot or neglected to mention Sig. Lanciani's connection with and report of this discovery. The sarcophagus contained the skeleton of a young girl, whose name was Creperella Tryphæna. When the marble coffin or sarcophagus was opened there was seen a number of objects belonging to the deceased, which had been buried with her. Among these was an exquisite little doll, carved of oak, which had grown hard in the water that filled the sarcophagus. On each side of the skull were gold earrings, with pearl drops. A gold necklace with thirty-seven pendants of green jasper was found among the bones of the neck. Four rings of solid gold were found near the bones of the left hand. One of these was an engagement ring, and two hands clasped together, indicated that fact. The name of the lover, Philatus, was engraved in the stone set in another, while the third and fourth were plain bands of gold. A wreath of myrtle, fastened with a silver clasp on the forehead, had been placed upon the head of the deceased Creperella.

It is Lanciani, the director of the excavations where this was found, who has also furnished the explanation and interpretation of the contents of this tomb, and which throw such light on Prof. Peck's subject of "Girlhood in Ancient Rome." It is nearly eighteen hundred years since the feet of this young girl trod the streets of Rome—the style of letter in which her name is written indicates that period, and that same name reveals that she was not noble by birth, but the daughter of a freedman, a former servant of the noble family of the Creperella. The myrtle wreath on her head tells that she was on the eve of marriage when death came. The doll—which is a representation of a woman, not a baby, and is jointed—is one of the finest specimens of that kind yet found, and is nearly a foot in height. "Dolls and playthings," concludes Lanciani, "are not peculiar to children's tombs. It was customary for young ladies to offer their dolls to Venus or Diana on their wedding day. But this was not the end reserved for Creperella's doll. She was doomed to share the sad fate of her young mistress and to be placed with her corpse before the marriage ceremony could be performed." This, truly, is a very pathetic side of the story of girl life in the Rome of the past. The domestic occupations included that which has now almost passed away, the spinning and weaving of cloth. Even in the highest families the women and daughters were occupied in this task, and the Emperor Augustus when appearing before the Senators, was always arrayed in robes woven in his own household by his wife, daughter and other female relatives. It was the highest tribute to a woman's worth and one selected for special mention on her tombstone, besides that of staying at home, that she spun wool and kept the house.—Baltimore Sun.

Not Afraid of Powder.



"Cousin Ethel, is Col. Blazer a brave soldier?"
"Oh, I don't think he is afraid of powder."
"No, I don't think he is, for I saw his nose against your face last night."

A WAR CORRESPONDENT NOW PUBLIC PROPERTY.

THE GREAT JAP-CHIN ONE WHO WAS BORN IN CANADA.

Sketch of the Life of James Creelman, the Great War Correspondent of the New York World—Printer, Reporter and Then Phenomenal Success.

James Creelman, war correspondent for the New York World during the height of the hostilities between Japan and China, was born in Montreal, Canada, in 1858. When twelve years old he ran away from home and started to walk to New York, a feat he accomplished by virtue of a ride now and then on an occasional train. It was his good fortune soon after arriving there to attract the attention of the Rev. Dr. William Augustus Muhlenberg, who took the boy up and made a favorite of him. Creelman had a remarkably sympathetic and powerful soprano voice as a boy, and it was this gift which drew the attention of the eminent clergyman.

The young fellow's first employment was at sticking type in the office of Church and State, then the official organ of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He learned the business of a printer thoroughly in various establishments, finally drifting into the office of the Brooklyn Eagle, where he met Thomas Kinsella, who encouraged him to write, and to whom he submitted his first poem. Creelman, at the age of sixteen, was very ambitious of lyric honors, but Mr. Kinsella told him his poetry was d-d bad, and the young man was sensible enough to imitate his muse.

Creelman's next departure was to undertake a course in theology in Yale's lay theological college, but not with any intention of ascending the pulpit. In 1878 he went on the Herald as a reporter. In the winter of 1878 Captain Paul Boyton arrived in New York with his famous life saving suit, then a much doubted novelty. Creelman was assigned by the Herald to test the efficacy of the suit, and one night he and Captain Boyton donned



JAMES CREELMAN.

the life saving armor, and jumping into the river at the Battery allowed themselves to drift down in the bay. The night was very cold and the river full of ice, so that when the swimmers wished to reach the shore they found themselves unable to do so. Creelman wrote the account of this night's adventure for the Herald, and the publication created a veritable sensation and made Boyton's life saving suit famous. As a consequence of this Creelman later, as special correspondent for the Herald, accompanied Boyton on his famous trip from Oil City, Pa., through the Alleghany, Ohio and Mississippi rivers to the Gulf of Mexico.

In 1879 the Herald undertook the supreme task of exposing the treacherous practices of the officials in charge of dumping the city's refuse. It had long been suspected that the harbor was being shoaled by the dumping of this stuff in the bay instead of towing it out to sea. Creelman was selected by the Herald to superintend the work of exposure.

Acting under instructions Creelman chartered the steam yacht C. J. Wells, and, securing a letter from the Collector of the Port to prevent interruption by the revenue cutters, cruised around the bay at night with the lights. He was in this manner enabled to detect the secret of the act of dumping refuse in the prohibited spots and to secure a quantity of cumulative evidence of the most damaging character, all of which was duly printed in the Herald, creating an enormous sensation and resulting in the punishment of the offenders and the amendment of existing laws in relation to dumping. Governor Robinson removed the State shore inspector, and there was a thorough reform of harbor regulations inaugurated as a result.

In the same year Creelman went to Montreal to accompany Professor C. H. Grimley in the first ascension of Page's iron airship. The aeronauts nearly lost their lives in this adventure. The ship burst and dragged its occupants for many miles before they were rescued. Creelman escaped with a broken arm and a few painful bruises, but Grimley was confined to his bed for many a long day afterward.

Creelman investigated the death of General Custer and interviewed Sitting Bull and all the fighting chiefs of that day. He also went to write up the Hatfield-McCoy feud, and was frequently shot at by the Hatfields, who refused to allow him to approach their rendezvous, compelling him to sleep in the woods or where he could.

Mr. Creelman was called to Paris in the fall of 1889, and thence sent to London to assume the managing editorship of the London edition of the Herald. In the course of his employment Creelman was sent to Rome, where he obtained an interview with the Pope, and also an exclusive interview with Stanley on the latter's return from the Emin Pasha trip. He visited Louis Kosuth at Turin, and explained his aims and mode of life. He went to write up the reception of Ericsson's body in the harbor of Stockholm, and to Russia to investigate the so-called persecution of the Jews. He visited Count Tolstoy at Yasnaya Polyana, in the heart of Russia, and wrote a vivid account of the famous Russian life work.

Mr. Creelman, in November, 1893, went to England to found and manage the British edition of the Cosmopolitan Magazine. He remained there, however, but a few months, and on his return, or shortly thereafter, accepted an offer from Mr. Pulitzer to proceed to Japan and act as war correspondent for the World in Korea, China and Japan. His labors there are too well known to require rehearsal in this article.

While in Paris in 1891 Mr. Creelman married Miss Buel, of Ohio, an noted beauty, and said to resemble in appearance the celebrated Lady Hamilton. One month after her husband's departure for Japan Mrs. Creelman gave birth to a beautiful boy in her mother's home in Ohio.

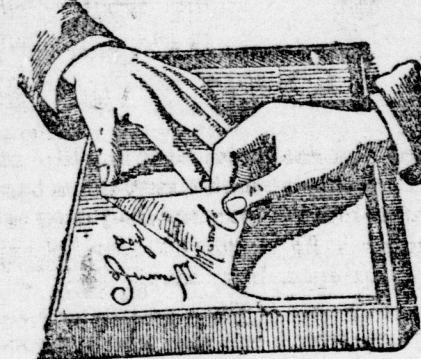
Serious Question.

Which is the most injurious to the fair sex—tight shoes, tight lacing or a tight husband?

IS THE INVENTION KNOWN AS THE HEKTOGRAPH.

How It Is Made—The Ingredients of the Pad—History of the Patent That Has Recently Expired—The Copying Pad and the Inks to Use.

The invention known as the hektograph (from the Greek hekaton, hundred, and graph, write) consists of a pad or cake of gelatine, glycerine and water. This forms a stiff jelly, and if a sheet of paper having lines drawn or written with aniline ink is lightly pressed upon the jelly a reversed copy of the lines or writing will be received thereon. The ink is absorbed by the jelly to such an



THE HEKTOGRAPH.

extent that many successive copies of the lines or writing may be taken by simply pressing successive sheets of dry blank paper upon the inscribed jelly. It forms a most convenient and excellent method of duplicating letters, sketches, etc. The mode of use is illustrated in our engraving.

A United States patent for this invention was granted June 1, 1880, to the Austrian inventors, Messrs. Kwaysser and Husak, and under the ordinary term of the law the patent would expire June 1, 1897. Section 4,887 of the United States statutes, however, provides that "every patent granted for an invention which has been previously patented in a foreign country shall be so limited" as to expire at the same time with the foreign patent, or, if there be more than one, at the same time with the one having the shortest term.

Several foreign patents were granted for the above invention prior to the American patent, among them an English patent, which expired November 13, 1894; consequently the American patent expired on that date, and the invention is now the property of the public, and any person may now freely make, use and sell the hektograph.

An approved formula is as follows:

THE COPYING PAD.
Gelatine, by weight..... 1 part.
Glycerine..... 4 parts.
Water..... 2 parts.

THE INKS.
1. Methyl violet..... 1 part.
Water..... 7 parts.
Alcohol..... 1 part.
2. Rosaniline..... 2 parts.
Water..... 10 parts.
Alcohol..... 1 part.

To prepare the pad for use it is necessary to pass a wet sponge lightly over the face of the gelatine and allowing it to nearly dry before taking the first copy. If this precaution is neglected, the face of the pad will be ruined by the first transfer.—Scientific American.

Prepare for the Garden.
A correspondent of the Ohio Farmer urges early preparation for the summer's gardening. He says that little can be done during the next two months in the way of garden work, but preparations may be made to plant that no delays will interfere with the work. It is a good time to study the seed catalogues and make selections of seeds. The novelties of last year have been tried and if they appear in any considerable number of the catalogues it is fair to presume that they are of value and though the price may be a little high a package or two may prove a good investment. I was one of the few who invested in dwarf lima beans the first year they were offered and I sold all I grew to a seedman at twenty-five cents a quart and he would have taken more at the same price. It is time well spent to study catalogues pretty closely for most of them give cultural directions and information about varieties that are of value in practical work. The garden tools may be put in order and made ready for instant use and the hot bed sashes and frames made so as to take advantage of the first warm days. The plan of the garden should be decided on and will go on smoothly. I have found that the great difficulty in growing garden stuff is the large amount of hand work that is necessary when the gardens are made up as they usually are in a patchy manner so as to make it impossible to take a horse into them.

My garden is four rods wide and twenty long, containing half an acre. In this everything is planted in rows that run entirely across the garden north and south. Of these sorts, that a row would be too much for our own use, I put different things in a row. I will have one row of peas but there will be several varieties in the row. And it may be that onions, lettuce, radishes and beets will be all in a single row, but the rows run across the lot so a horse can be taken in to cultivate it. It is not good economy to plant a garden so as to make it necessary to do all the work by hand as experience has taught me when this is done there is always more or less neglect observable, and a good many times the indications point to an abandonment of the whole garden to weeds. If this plan of planting in rows is adopted there is a great saving of time and labor and more thorough cultivation is possible. If land is high priced and one has but small space to spare, such vegetables as onions, lettuce, beets, radishes, etc. may be sown in beds as usual on one side of the lot and cultivated by hand, while corn, squashes, sweet potatoes, early potatoes, etc., may be planted in rows. Do not be afraid to manure the garden heavily nor of working it too much, as stirring the soil frequently is one of the secrets of a good garden.

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Citizen and Home Guard

SUPPLEMENT TO DAILY ADVERTISER---SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895.

Motto for the Week:

I do not understand how a man who thinks about himself, and yet knows and wishes to know nothing of God, can support his existence out of very nearness and disgust. If I were to live without God I should not know, in very truth, why I should not put away life like a soiled robe.—[Bismarck.]

Floral Hints and Hints.

Hints On Sowing Flower Seeds—Varieties of Seed—Growing in Boxes or Pots—The Seed Bed—Transplanting, Etc.

(Written for CITIZEN and HOME GUARD.)

A great many failures in flower growing occur through want of proper understanding how to sow the seed. One must not plant them as one would corn or potatoes and expect them to germinate and grow. Nor ever in a garden bed exposed to cold rains, or drying winds, or chilly nights and expect to find many plants at transplanting time. With all the care we can give them we may expect to meet with occasional failures in some varieties. Even the old and experienced florist who understands all about the delicate nature of the seeds and the habits of the plants is sometimes unsuccessful in his attempts, so that amateurs need to exercise all the care possible if they wish for the best results.

ABOUT SEEDS.

Annuals are divided as to their hardiness into three classes, viz., hardy, half hardy, and tender. Seeds of hardy annuals will withstand much cold and may be sown in the open ground either early in the spring or late in the fall. Fall sown annuals bloom much earlier than those sown in the spring. Half-hardy annuals should not be sown in the open ground until all danger of frost is past, or about the time farmers plant their corn, which is generally May 24 or thereabout. Tender annuals should not be sown out-of-doors until June, and it is better to sow both them and the half hardy ones in the "seed bed" described further on. Such small seeds as Lobelia, Mimulus and Double Petunia should never be sown in the open ground. They may germinate, but the rain, wind and sun will destroy the tender plants.

BOXES AND POTS.

Many amateurs succeed best by sowing their seed in boxes or pots in the house, in which case they may commence quite early, say the middle of March, or early in April. Good drainage should be secured by the use of broken crock, gravel or charcoal; and my experience is that charcoal is by far the best, as it also helps to keep the soil from turning sour. The soil should be loose—not too sandy—and moderately rich; loam from the woods with a little sand is excellent, but most garden soil will do if it does not pack too solid or bake hard. It is a good plan to bake or heat the soil in the oven to destroy any insect or weed germs that might otherwise prove troublesome. Before sowing see that the soil is not too dry, and press it firm and even with a piece of board, then sow the seed in rows thinly and cover them to the depth of twice their thickness. Very small seeds should be simply sprinkled over the surface. Damp the soil with water slightly warm, using a brush or fine spray, and keep them moist, not wet. It is a good plan to cover the pot or box with a thick cloth, kept moist, which prevents the soil drying out and keeps the seeds moist and dark, two important things to insure germination. As soon as the plants appear, remove the cloth and let them have light and air, and keep them moist by occasional sprinkling with water.

As soon as the plants have their second or third pair of leaves they should be transplanted into other pots or boxes, or into the "seed bed," or at any rate thinned out so as not to crowd each other.

THE SEED BED.

Make a frame of one-inch boards about twelve inches high at the back and six inches at the front, of any convenient size, say four feet by three feet or any larger size that may be suitable to your requirements; this should have a cover consisting of a glazed sash or a frame covered with oiled cotton. Select the warmest and most sheltered spot in your garden and have the soil well spaded and a little leaf-mould and well-rotted manure mixed with it, and over this fix your frame, banking up the sides slightly. This arrangement is also called a "cold frame," and will be found very useful in protecting young plants from early frosts, etc.

Seeds may be sown here much earlier than in the open ground as protection from frosts and wind and also shade from a too hot sun can be given by the frame and cover. Observe the above rules as to sowing

seed and the seed bed will prove a great help.

TRANSPLANTING.

When the plants in the house or seed bed have grown to a height of one or two inches, or large enough to handle, they should be transplanted to their blooming quarters. If possible, select a damp, cloudy day for this purpose; but if the weather be not damp and cloudy at the time you wish to do this, set out the plants in the evening, give them a good watering, and shade them for a day or two until they have got used to their new position. Be sure and give each plant plenty of room and you will be surprised what large bushy plants you will get. A broad-bladed knife or small transplanting trowel will be most useful in handling the plants. See that the roots are spread out nicely and take up as much soil with each plant as possible so as not to disturb the tiny rootlets, press the soil firmly round the plants and give support if needed.

In transplanting be careful to plant out beforehand where each variety is to be placed, and make yourself familiar with the height each kind will attain. It is very annoying to find later on some plants we have placed in the front growing tall and hiding others of shorter growth we have placed by mistake behind. This may be avoided by a little care and forethought.

NARCISSUS.

"Difficulty is the finger-post of God pointing upwards."

What the Sexes Like in Each Other.

There is a certain something, which, for want of a better name, is called womanliness, and it is that which makes women attractive to men. A great many virtues go to make up this one trait.

Men like, in the first place, amiability in a woman. They like a pleasant appearance. They like the doing of little things that are pleasant to them. They like the courtesy of the fireside. They like women whose lives and faces are always full of the sunshine of a contented mind and a cheerful disposition. They like ability to talk well, coupled with a proper appreciation of the charm of timely silence. They like a motherliness large enough to understand the wants of the older as well as of the younger boys. They like a natural disposition to speak good rather than evil of any human being. They like sympathy, the ear that lends itself willingly to the tale of sorrow or gladness. They like a knowledge of how to dress well—which, by the way, does not mean conspicuously. They like intelligence, but they prefer that the heart should be stronger than the brain. They like to find in a woman a companion—one who has sufficient knowledge of the world and its ways to talk well with them; who is interested in their lives, their plans, their hopes; who knows how to give a cheerful word or to listen quietly and by a tender look express the grief which the heart is feeling. A man may sometimes say that children are a bore and a nuisance, but he will shrink from a woman who declares her dislike of them. A man expects the maternal instinct in woman, and is disappointed if he does not find it. Men like women to be affectionate; there never yet was a man, no matter how stern, how cold, how given to repressing his own feeling, who did not like a loving pressure of the hand or a tender kiss from the woman nearest him.

Women, on their part, like manly, not womanish men. They like honesty of purpose united with consideration. They like men who believe in women. They like their opinions to be thought of some value. They like a man who can be strong as a lion when trouble comes, and yet, if the woman in his care is nervous and tired, can button a shoe, draw off a glove or smooth a pillow with unobtrusive helpfulness. They like a man who can even master a baby, convincing it of his power and reducing it to subjection and sleep when its natural caretaker is unstrung and helpless. They like a man who however large his own concerns, is interested in their new dresses, and can give an opinion on symmetry, color and fit. They like a man who knows their innocent weaknesses and caters to them; who will bring home a box of fruit, the latest magazine, or the clever puzzle sold on the street, and take his part in entertaining the household for an evening. They like a man who is master of every situation, who can help a woman decide what is the best thing to do under the circumstances, and who has wit enough to realize when one of their sex is slightly suborned, that persuasion is more powerful than argument. They like a man who likes them—who doesn't scorn their opinions, who believes in their good taste, who has confidence in their truth, and who, most of all, knows that the love promised is given him. That's the sort of a man a woman likes, and her every sigh of gratification is a little prayer: "God bless him."—[Kate Field's Washington.]

The Ideal Husband

A Pen Portrait by Mrs. Fenwick Miller—What is Needed to Make Love Last—The Ideal Marriage and the Ideal Wedded Life.

Mrs. Lynn Linton in a previous number of the Young Woman, having given her description of the ideal husband, Mrs. Fenwick Miller wholly disagrees with her in every particular and proceeds as follows:

There was a Member of Parliament who sat for Bristol as colleague of the eloquent Edmund Burke; this gentleman always felt that it was unnecessary for him to make speeches, and used to confine his addresses to these few words: "I say ditto to Mr. Burke." In somewhat the same way, but "wearing the rue with a difference," I might write my article almost completely by a comprehensive statement: "I say contrariwise to Mrs. Lynn Linton."

To assert, for instance, that a husband, even the best of men, can supply a wife "with an unerring rule of right," and that by blindly submitting that conjugal infallibility a woman gains "that peace that the world can neither give nor take away," appears to me to be flat blasphemy. To say that "to the man belongs the independent conception of the nobleness, the grandeur of morality," and that the wife can only take it from and through him; or that a wife "allowed unlimited authority in the family life, with liberty to correspond," makes her husband "her helot," and that a husband who "gives his wife her head" (what a phrase reminding us of nothing but Petruchio's, "She is my goods, my horse, my ass, my household stuff") does so to his own "self-dishonoring," and "at the expense of his own dignity,"—to say all this is a part of that systematic libeling of her own sex in mind and morals for which Mrs. Lynn Linton is uniquely distinguished.

No—this is not the ideal husband to me. The ideal marriage is not a relation of master and subject; nor one in which a godlike being, with infallible judgments and overmastering moral superiorities, lives with a weaker brain and lower moral character, to which he dictates rules and actions. The ideal marriage is rather the friendship of chums—a friendship in which the tastes and powers are sufficiently on a level for constant companionship in ease and comfort, and yet in which each has certain points of superiority, so as by turns to be able to counsel, support, and be an example to one another—a friendship such as may be between two of the same sex, but with a particularity, an extension of intimacy over the whole range of the things of the daily life, an expectation of permanence, a self-interest so combining with an unegotistical desire for the happiness of another that it is hardly distinguishable from desiring one's own happiness (and yet is unselfish, and therefore elevating, as self-love cannot be), and behind all this the sex relation and the joint affection for the children, that makes the friendship of an ideal marriage better and more than a friendship, however perfect, between two women or two men. But friendship is the proper basis for marriage—a sufficient agreement in ideas, a mutual consciousness of being able to bear the besetting faults and a hearty admiration for the peculiar good qualities of one another, a similarity of tastes and habits with enough difference to be interesting, a liking for the manners and the person and "little ways" of the friend; there is the one foundation for a happy union of the whole life. If there be this basis of a comradeship and friendship, and to it is added the glow of passion—that something that cannot be explained nor defined, that singular fascination, charm, hallucination—what shall I say?—that absorbing love that can only be vaguely attributed to "magnetism"—then, for the time that it all lasts, there is a paradise new made for each fresh pair of married lovers!

"So long as it lasts." The passion cannot be permanent. This will be incredible to the happy bride of a few months, and yet more so to the engaged maiden. But as it is the universal testimony of everybody who has experienced matrimony—as in this, and this alone, Mrs. Lynn Linton and I are in accord—you may as well believe it, and discount the truth. Perhaps it is as well; you could not live all your years in a permanent whirlwind of passion and emotion. But well or ill, so it is; as Shelley pathetically says:

Alas! that Love,
Whose smile makes this obscure world
splendid,
Can change, like the false times and
tides.

And Dr. Johnson more prosaically explains it: "But love and marriage are different things. Those who are to suffer the evils of life together, and to

suffer often for the sake of one another soon lose the tenderness of look and the benevolence of mind which arose from the participation of unmingled pleasure and successive amusements. A wife, we are sure, will not be always fair; and a man cannot retain through life that respect and assiduity by which he pleases for a day or a month. I do not pretend to have discovered, however, that life has anything more to be desired than a prudent and virtuous marriage."

That is to say, when the mere fire and glow of sex passion has passed, if there be the true friendship that should have been the first condition of the marriage, there is still a world of happiness and advantage in the relationship. But if contracted without friendship as the foundation, or when faults or changes in habits and obvious characteristics kill the friendship, then the marriage is a mere miserable restraint, a galling chain. The ideal husband must, therefore, be free from those defects that, in close and constant relationship, are fatal to a woman's friendship for a man. Moreover, marriage is not only a friendly relation; it has, as I said before, special duties to be performed, and special facilities for giving pleasure or dissatisfaction. Let us take it as understood that all that a friend has a right to expect from a friend must be rendered to his wife by the ideal husband, and desired by him from his wife; the companionship, the interchange of ideas and counsel on all points of personal and general interest, the tender care for the well-being of the other, the aid and support in all relations with the outside world. What more must my married chum, my comrade, my friend, be and do to be my ideal husband?

In the first place, he must be absolutely faithful to his marriage vow. Every husband who takes his wife at the altar from her parents' loving care is asked, "Wilt thou keep thee only unto her as long as you both shall live?" The man who breaks this promise rends asunder the veil of the very Holy of Holies. He has destroyed all the honor and happiness of his marriage. No wife is a happy wife who knows that she is not the one woman in the world to her husband; her position is therefore one of deep degradation and misery, for her relationship with the man is sullied and made common and unclean. Her wifehood is a mere name, and her retention of the name and duty of wife to that man is a source of self-contempt and bitterness. It has been too much the man's view that was so brutally expressed by Dr. Johnson: "As between a man and his wife, the husband's infidelity is nothing." But I am to give the woman's view, and I say that the equal morality of husband and wife is essential to honorable wedlock and to married happiness. A wife may forgive—perhaps in many cases ought to forgive, for her own sake and that of others concerned—but the marriage is broken, and can never be ideal afterwards, any more than a mended Sevres vase can be called perfect.

Then the ideal husband must not be tyrannical. I do not mean that he may not be perhaps to some extent masterful; if he be gifted with quick, good judgment, and a firm will, he naturally decides any point rapidly; but if he persists in his decisions even on being shown good reason for altering them, or if in making them he has no consideration for the wishes or interests of his wife, or if he wants a thing done, or done "just so," merely because he has settled on it, though there is no other reason for its being so—then he is a tyrant. A man may be very masterful because he is, by nature, apt to decide, quick to plan and steadfast to execute, and yet not be in the least tyrannical; but, on the contrary, ready at once to modify or resign his plans if either good reason be shown him for it, or he discover that some other course would be more acceptable to his wife. Some of the noblest and most capable of men, those who were most decidedly when out in the world "men amongst men," have been even ostentatiously anxious to keep free from any taint of domestic tyranny. The late Emperor Frederick of Germany was certainly neither a fool nor a tool; but, as a German of high rank once put it to me, and as was universally known: "The Crown Prince, by his own will, is one with the Crown Princess." Lord Palmerston was certainly one of the most masterful men that ever lived, yet the Prince Consort complained that Palmerston allowed even his publicly expressed opinions to be modified by after-conversation with his wife. The fact is that there

is no strength in obstinacy, no nobility in selfishness, and no wisdom in uttering arbitrary commands; and a tyrant, as defined above, is simply an obstinate, arbitrary, selfish fool. The moment that a man demands "obedience," submission to his will because it is his will, without explanation or justification or modification, he is playing the tyrant, and steps out of the ranks of my ideal husbands. He will never be a party to an ideal marriage; for when he imposes his will as an absolute law, if his wife have sly, managing tendencies, she will dodge, trick, and befool him; and if she be a fine, open character, she will resist him, and there is an end of happiness either way.

I think I must place next on my list that he shall be generous with his money in household arrangements. He must be what the New Englanders call expressively "a good provider." Of course, what is generous for him to supply is a matter of proportion to the total income that he has; but the wife must know that she is allowed as much to lighten the burden of the family on her as circumstances fairly permit. When luxuries must be few, when every penny is a matter of importance in the budget of the week, the husband should do his full share of going without, and not consider his private little comforts and pleasures to be more important than the family table or the wife's gloves. Nor must he be too precise in demanding an account of every sixpence that is expended; but, unless he has some reason to think that his wife spends unwisely or extravagantly, he should trust her to do the best that she can—not, however, showing absolute indifference to her difficulties in making ends meet. There are homes known to me in which there is no real need of money, yet the wife has to account to her husband rigidly for all the money that passes through her hands, and is incessantly blamed for her management of it. There are other homes that I know where money is very short for legitimate needs, and continual increases of expense arise, in the shape of new babies or emergencies, such as illness, and the husband simply leaves his wife to do the best she can on a fixed sum, taking no more care as to how she is to meet the troubles, and no more offering to give up some of his expenses, than if he were a lodger. The ideal husband must steer exactly between Scylla of interfering too much with his wife's domestic administration, and Charybdis of not seeming to care how she is to manage at all. He must help her not to be extravagant, and yet he must give her to spend for the family comfort all he wisely can. All this goes to being "a good provider"—an ideal husband.

Good temper is important. A sulky husband, always thinking himself neglected or insulted when really nothing of the kind was meant, or a very passionate one, going off like a dynamite bomb when knocked against by accident, are almost equally trying.

Good manners are of no small consequence. "Mankind is often more grateful for courtesy than for real benefits," said Bacon; and a man who is rough or sneering, or scornful and "snubby" to his wife may hurt a sensitive woman worse than a wife-beater. In a relation so intimate and so continuous, small politeness of speech and manner carefully maintained are far from being unimportant. My ideal husband will try to be at least as well-mannered to his wife, even in the strictest privacy of their mutual life, as he would be to a stranger of her sex.

When one is constructing an ideal, of course, one can have everything; so I will have him handsome, but not vain; strong and courageous, but able to be very tender; rather demonstrative in his affection on suitable opportunity, but not aggressively or tiresomely fond; a pleasant, good-tempered host, but not given to constant hospitality or to incessant visiting, rather loving his own fireside and his family circle; active and useful in the public life of his locality, but not a busy, unscrupulous party politician; sincerely conscientious in all his dealings, religious in the best way, but not a Pharisee, making professions to be seen and heard; always ready to uphold a good cause or a righteous reform, but neither a prig nor a Puritan. Thus he will be respected and beloved in and out of the narrow confines of home, and his wife will be able to admire him as warmly as she loves him—her best, closest and most-cherished friend.

Has anybody seen such a man—such in every respect? Well, perhaps the ideal is not visible! But I like to believe, and I do believe, that there are not a few who have at any rate got something like it on the hearthrug this very evening; and that girls may not quite unhelpfully seek for the right type amongst the young men who are pretty good now, and if well married may be expected to improve to near the ideal.

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The Ministry of Women.

(Montreal Witness.)

At a convention held last summer a young lady missionary was appointed to give at one of the public sessions an account of her work, but owing to the scruples of certain of the delegates against a woman addressing a mixed assembly her name was withdrawn and only men were allowed to participate in the exercises. This incident led Dr. A. J. Gordon, of Boston, who is very deeply interested in missionary work, to prepare an article on "The Ministry of Women" for The Missionary Review of the World, a substantial monthly edited by the celebrated Dr. Pierson, of Philadelphia, who so long occupied the pulpit of Spurgeon's Tabernacle, and published in New York, London and Toronto. Conscientious regard, Dr. Gordon says, displayed as in the above instance, for what is understood to be Paul's injunction of silence in the church on the part of women, deserves our highest respect, but knowing what he does of woman's work in the missionary field he has long believed that that work should either be justified from Scripture or modified so as to bring it into harmony with the exact requirements of the Word of God. Scores of women, he asserts, are engaged in telling out the good news of salvation to larger or smaller groups of heathen, and doing this with the approval of the boards under which they are serving. If anyone says that this is not "preaching," he boldly claims that it comes much nearer to the preaching enjoined in the great commission than does "the reading of a theological disquisition from the pulpit on Sunday morning or the discussion of some ethical or sociological question before a popular audience on Sunday evening." Is this work forbidden in Scripture? In the paper referred to, which we copy today, Dr. Gordon examines at length the various passages of Scripture bearing on the subject, and concludes that there is no Scripture which prohibits women from praying or prophesying in the public assemblies of the church, but that, on the contrary, they seem to be exhorted to the first exercise by the word of the apostle, while for "prophesying" they have the three-fold warrant of inspired prediction, of primitive practice and of apostolic provision. Dr. Gordon further points out a number of passages where the translators have shown a marked bias in the choice of words, as when the word translated "minister," in the case of Paul and Apollos, and "deacon" in the case of other male officers of the church, is translated "servant" in the case of Phoebe. Or when we read, "Let women learn in silence," but the same word applied to men is rendered differently, "that with quietness they work and eat their own bread"—an injunction which no reader would construe to mean that they should refrain from speaking during their labor and their eating. Dr. Gordon's views are not new. He quotes from recognized authorities, and most of what he says is quite familiar to those who know anything of the question, but the importance of his power consists in the fact that he has marshalled his arguments and presented them in a popular form, and that he lends to them the weight of his own authority and that of the much-renowned "Missionary Review of the World." Dr. Gordon sets forth the prophecy of Joel, realized at the Pentecost, as the Magna Charta of the Christian Church, giving to women a status in the spirit hitherto unknown. The really unanswerable argument on this point is that God signally blesses the teaching of such consecrated women as the late Mrs. Booth to the salvation of souls, and this it is that has led men and women to a new study of the Bible to see if it be really the case that the Scriptures silence the testimony which God so signally blesses.

A Great Triumph.

The establishment of full woman suffrage in South Australia is in some respects the greatest triumph ever gained for the cause. It establishes woman's freedom over 916,000 square miles of territory—a region larger than all the United States east of the Mississippi River. It is a country destined to become densely populated by the Anglo-Saxon race, and to dominate the southern hemisphere.

W. C. T. U. Department.

All contributions to this department should be sent addressed to HOME GUARD Office, London, Ont. Postcard items are desired from every Union throughout the Dominion.

A Reply to a Canon.

To the Editor of the CITIZEN AND HOME GUARD:

Will the Rev. Canon Dumoulin or some of his followers kindly answer the following simple questions and satisfy the curiosity of many thousands of women in this Province who read with great surprise his recent address delivered before a convention of the members of St. Andrew's Brotherhood?

1. If it be a sin for woman to step outside of a round of household duties and demand the right to study law, why did God pour down blessings instead of curses upon Deborah's work when she judged all Israel for 40 years? Yet the reverend canon says: "Woe be unto all these woman law-students, these would-be future judges."

2. If woman is in opposition to Bible teaching in demanding a place side by side with man in the professions, why did God choose a woman, Anna by name, as his prophet, after 400 years of silence, to make known the glad tidings of the promise of a Messiah, although according to Canon Dumoulin she had been breaking God's laws for nearly half a century by usurping man's place as prophet and teacher? Evidently there is a lamentable difference of opinion between the learned canon and his Creator.

3. If God is going to scourge woman back into her domestic domains to punish her for her presumption in daring to ask that she have equal chances with man in struggling to earn her own living, then, pray, why did he appoint Miriam as joint leader and ruler over Israel with her two brothers? According to this learned divine a woman commits an unpardonable sin who dares to run for school trustee; she must be a lost soul who seeks a seat in parliament; but if she aspires to be premier what awful punishment would overtake her! Yet God, who seems not to be so wise as some of his ministers, chose a woman to occupy this very position in conjunction with her two brothers.

4. By what authority has woman been cheated out of her right to rule with man as given her by God after the creation in his mandate, "Let them have dominion over all." Since God has lifted Canon Dumoulin into the high place of prophet and has revealed to him his desire to have the pronoun "them" changed into "him" would he kindly favor the curious public with the date and particulars of this remarkable revelation?

5. By whose mouth did God indicate that only one half of that famous verse, "The husband is the head of the wife" should be taught and the other half, which entirely changes its meaning, omitted—"even as Christ is the head of the church?"

6. Will the reverend canon be kind enough to intimate to the Creator that in order to further his divinely appointed scheme of keeping all women in the home he must create a few million more men to provide these same women with homes—unless polygamy is a special feature of this revelation?

7. Will he be pleased to explain how a girl cuts down wages when she thankfully accepts what her employer, who is generally a man, chooses to give her? Does she plead with him for starvation wages?

8. Why is a woman in her proper sphere when a member of a hospital board or a public charity, yet in the devil's own employ when she demands the privilege of looking after the welfare of her children on a school board?

9. If woman is violating God's laws in Wyoming by voting, sitting on school boards, occupying state positions, has the curse threatened by Canon Dumoulin taken the form of a reformation in its criminal classes? For according to the latest statistics every other state in the Union was blessed in 1894 with five criminals to every one which cursed Wyoming, according to the respective populations.

10. Why is it womanly and modest for a woman to expose her person to a male physician, yet unwomanly (according to this wise canon) a sin against God's teachings for her to study the laws which govern her own being and so save many thousands of women from those same exposures, which women dread unspeakably?

11. Why is a woman in her sphere teaching school at \$250 a year, yet out of her sphere teaching in a collegiate institute at \$1,000 per year; in her sphere drudging in some man's kitchen at \$6 per month, but out of her sphere as chef in a hotel or palace at \$2,000 per year; in her sphere as a nurse bathing male typhoid patients at \$10 per week; and out of her sphere as a specialist for women's diseases at \$5 a visit; in her sphere standing her life away in a shop for \$4 a week, out of her sphere as head saleswoman at \$10 a week?

Women are not forsaking the vocation God (and not Canon Dumoulin) has formed for them. Of course they are not at all dissatisfied, but still we are not so greedy as some divines seem to imagine. We do not propose to keep up this monopoly on drudgery; men shall have their chance to develop all our much lauded virtues. They can get up on the pedestals. Meanwhile we will be content to follow in

the footsteps of our great foremothers and be judges like Deborah, rulers and premiers like Miriam, prophets and instructors (otherwise college professors) like Anna, as well as housekeepers like Martha.

KATHARINE McLACAN MCKENZIE, Stratford.

Why Every Woman Should Unite With the W. C. T. U.

[Mrs. Mary McDonnell, Toronto.]

Mothers have been slow to grasp the thought that in union there is strength, but the tendency of the age is to organize. It has been said that it is easier to organize a trust than to trust an organization. However true this may be, we know that the tendency to combine is epidemic and the press informs us that the contagion is spreading with alarming rapidity among the women of all lands.

And why not? Surely she who rocks the cradle has a trust worthy of a combine. The mother, in all her varied relations to the race, is the highest type of humanity, as each organization reflects its own image and that alone, then why not spread abroad in the nation the beneficent light of organized motherhood. Our humble opinion is that a nation should reflect its higher as well as its stoniest types. Voices we love tell us that "the hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world." To those who love to wander in the wilderness of false theories this has a pleasing sound, but looking abroad we behold men brutalized by the liquor traffic and the rum-powder with its hands on the helm of government, guiding the ship of state straight on the rock of dire destruction. Women are there it is true, but not at the helm; women with sweet home faces who tenderly care for the stranded wrecks, women who kneel by the bedside of shattered idols and weep over buried hopes.

It is the old, old story, Rachael weeping for her children, and remarkable to relate, Rachael's right to weep has never been questioned. Custom has led many to imagine that this same right inheres in her daughters, many of whom have accepted this imaginary heritage without questioning. Kings, princes, priests and governors have heard this wail of anguish, heard and rebuked not. That prophecy might be fulfilled, said the prophet. Poets have sung, "Men must work while women weep." Clearly this was a recognition of woman's rights and to all mothers deprived of their offspring, whether through the mandate of a Herod, a declaration of war, or through a traffic licensed to destroy, this right has been conceded without a murmur. They might fill the air with lamentations without being thought unwomanly, or getting outside their sphere.

The one encouraging thought in connection with this typical mother of Israel is, that she would not be comforted. We are glad that she would not. The mothers who sit at ease in Zion, who are satisfied with existing conditions, who have all the rights they want, are the great stumbling block in the way of those who labor to make the nation as safe as the home. As to the value of an organization, that depends on its component parts, the end in view, and the spirit in which it is carried out. Realizing that back of all movements and reforms lies the infinite law of eternal right, to keep in harmony with God's law is the foundation principle of the W. C. T. U. As the home is the citadel of all that is best in the nation, therefore the home is our next consideration and we cannot be true to God and home if we neglect the nation.

This is where so many women fail. Keep within bounds and we are with you, they say. Ah, my timid sister, even our adversaries will go that distance—nay, further. They will contribute liberally to organizations that will continue their efforts to the healing of scars. But we want to keep our children and our neighbor's children without scar or blemish, and as scattered atoms lack force we therefore combine. "Prepare ye the way" is the watchword, and to make straight their paths our mission.

The liquor traffic is abroad in the nation and the W. C. T. U. is the sentinel on the watchtower. The great mother heart of humanity, "beneficent, wise, powerful, walking through the earth and scattering blessings everywhere."

This organized motherhood searches among the laws that govern our country and pleads for protection for women and children, without money, without influence of position and power she establishes her claims on the heart of the nation. She compels us to do good and brings us the larger good of the doing. No home so poor but she can enter therein; no prison so dark but she brings a light, no heart so lonely but she brings a cheer. She is no respecter of persons. She lays her embargo on the rich woman's time and purse, and both are given to her service. She says to the poor woman, come to me and I will make you rich in good deeds. She has folded up pages and pages of musty creeds and written thereon, "Love thy neighbor as thyself; love worketh no ill to his

neighbor, therefore love is the fulfilling of the law." She is answering the prayer of Christ himself, "That ye may all be one."

Lincoln and Welland Convention.

ST. CATHARINES, Feb. 28.—The W. C. T. U. Convention for the counties of Lincoln and Welland was continued last Friday, Miss Phelps presiding. After opening exercises, many reports were presented. In the town of Welland a small but active local union had procured the passage of the Curfew Bell bylaw, the abolition of billiard licenses, and had carried on mission work at the county jail, where there had been during the year 235 prisoners, "only two of whom," said the report, "were women." The large number was accounted for on account of Welland being a "border county," and overrun with lawless characters. Unfermented wine was increasingly being used in the churches for communion.

The literature department reported much good reading distributed, and gave the list of papers prohibited from passing through the Canadian mails, some of which were said to be sold on the streets here. Many bands of hope were reported with good results as against liquor and narcotics. The lumbermen had not been neglected; many comfort bags and much good reading had been sent. An interesting letter was read from one of the camps, thanking the ladies for what they had sent them. The letter was from "eighteen lumbermen and others too numerous to mention." The press department acknowledged courtesies of the city and county press in the matter of inserting temperance items and arguments.

Mrs. Forbes, of Grimsby, opened a discussion on "Franchise for Women." Twenty years ago the New York Sun would not report a woman's convention, as "nobody would read it, or care what they did." Now, all that is changed. Last year 3,000 White-Ribbon women petitioned for the franchise. This year they were promoting a petition to Parliament to be signed by men voters only.

Mrs. Currie, of St. Catharines, said that the great Magna Charta was inspired by a woman, for the barons who bearded King John took for the basis of their document the ordinances and opinions of good Queen Matilda, the only Scotchwoman who was ever a queen in England. She gave as her authority Miss Strickland's Queens of England, introduction.

Miss Phelps said it was a question of justice to woman as much as a question of morals. The brewers' organ in the United States said: Woman franchise means just this, that nine unreasoning women out of ten will vote for prohibition; to the utter ruin of the liquor trade. One said, You can make church members believe that women would vote license, but you'll never get the liquor traffic to believe it!

To Miss Huff's question, "If it is true that men make the laws and women make the morals of a country, what is the reason that women cannot moralize the laws?" Miss Phelps promptly rejoined, "Because they have no votes." The president continued, We did not set out on our work as woman suffragists, it was forced on us. The mother of General Lew Wallace, watching the fate of a petition for the franchise before the Colorado Legislature, heard a young man say, "Mr. Speaker, this petition is only signed by some women. Sir, we are not responsible for our seats or our votes to the women of this State." "Then," said Mrs. Wallace, "The iron entered into my soul and I determined that young man should be responsible, not only to the men, but to the women of this State."

An address of welcome, by Mrs. W. W. Smith, of St. Catharines, was responded to by Mrs. Forbes, of Grimsby. Several telling resolutions were passed against pool-rooms and impure literature and narcotics in medicine, and for unfermented wine for the churches, missions to lumbermen, and for fewer licenses.

The election of officers resulted as follows: For Lincoln county—Mrs. Mary K. Forbes, Grimsby, president; Mrs. Mary Douglas, St. Catharines, vice-president; Mrs. D. M. Walker, St. Catharines, secretary; Mrs. E. Phillips, Port Dalhousie, treasurer.

For Welland county—Miss Lillian Phelps, St. Catharines, president; Mrs. McQuaig, Welland, secretary.

The convention for next year will be held in the town of Welland. The convention adjourned at 4 p.m.

Lord Justice Denman on Intoxication.

The annual meeting of the Liverpool Diocesan Branch of the Church of England Temperance Society was held on Jan. 28, in Liverpool, the Reverend the Lord Bishop of Liverpool presiding.

The chairman read a letter from the Hon. Justice Denman regretting his inability to be present owing to illness. Justice Denman, in the course of his letter, said: "The sort of evidence I can give only goes to prove what no one denies, viz., that intemperance is the greatest curse and the most potent cause of misery from which this nation suffers. Twenty years of judicial life, and 46 years of constant attendance in the criminal courts as an advocate or judge, are enough to enable any man to form an opinion as to the extent of the mischief caused by drunkenness. Not a day passes in the criminal

courts without some evidence of it. I suppose that between 1872 and 1893 I must have tried many thousands of cases of violence and cruelty—murders, manslaughters, murderous and savage wounding, kickings, and assaults. Of these, I am sure, I speak well within the mark when I say more than one-half were directly connected with excessive drinking. But beyond this I have painful recollections of ruined homes, bankruptcies, frauds, quarrels ending in violence, and separations of husbands and wives, constituting too large a portion of the work of even civil tribunals, all arising from indulgence in drink and the consequent demoralization. I can recall miserable histories without number of men and women who have by yielding to temptation in this respect lost everything that was worth keeping—character, health, money and even life itself; old schoolfellows ruined and disgraced, clergymen driven from their parishes, soldiers and sailors degraded and dismissed after having served their Queen and country for a time, domestic servants losing good places, drivers of public and private conveyances unable to obtain employment for want of character for sobriety, or tried for manslaughter by reason of bad driving when drunk; babies smothered to death by drunken mothers, children shivering in fireless lodgings for want of clothing and coal which might have been bought with the money wasted in whiskey, brandy or gin. More than one member of my own profession, whose abilities and prospects seemed to destined him for high preferment, dragged down to premature death or worse by this fatal habit acquired early in their career.

Stick to the Farm.

(Mrs. Letitia Youmans.)

DEAR HOME GUARD,—You frequently have to go abroad to ascertain what is going on at home. That has been my experience of late. In a bright, sprightly little paper from Washington, D. C., enumerating what women had done and could do, I found the announcement that at Brockville, Ont., there was a celebrated dairy owned and managed by Mrs. E. M. Jones. Such was the eulogy pronounced upon it that I sent at once to Mrs. Jones for her pamphlet, entitled "Dairying for Profit," or "The Poor Man's Cow." A prompt response brought me the desired information. I commenced to read, and such was the attractiveness of the style and the interest of the subject that I found it difficult to lay the book aside.

There was full direction from the purchase of the cow to the final sale of the butter; an amount of information that would be of incalculable value to many a farmer's wife, or young lady who is about to enter that position.

Mrs. Jones has the faculty of investing her subject with an interest and dignity far above the mere menial employment which it is too often regarded.

I was delighted to find that both the Ontario and Quebec Governments had secured large numbers of the pamphlet and were scattering it broadcast throughout their Provinces, but still there will be very many that need the inspiration this little book imparts who will perhaps never see it unless through some other channel. Now these are some of the suggestions that this subject brought to my mind.

There is a continual exodus from the country to our towns and cities, especially of the young people. A gentleman in this city received a letter the other day from a friend in the country, a farmer in comfortable circumstances, who stated that he was about to sell out and come to Toronto; that his sons had no taste for farming and his daughters were anxious to enjoy city privileges. The writer added that he would like to get some light employment for himself that he might earn a little, would not be particular as to what it was, perhaps the street railway might furnish him a situation. The gentleman to whom the letter was addressed is one of that rare class that will speak his mind regardless of censure or praise. He assured his correspondent that he was making a grand mistake to leave the quiet and comfort of his excellent farm for the vicissitudes and turmoil of an already overcrowded city.

How much better for that family and many others to adopt some branch of industry, as Mrs. Jones has done, and bring it to perfection. The raising of poultry or the cultivation of small fruits, the management of bees, and many other subjects which give exercise to mind and body.

How much more independent is the young woman who presides over the dairy and can send to market an article which will command the highest price, than the shop girl who stands behind the counter from morning till night dealing out shoe laces and hairpins until she nearly sinks with exhaustion, and at the end of the week receives the pittance that will not secure her accommodation in a good boarding house.

How infinitely preferable for a young man to cultivate the farm with the aid of all the modern implements, even at the expense of sunburnt brow and hardened hands, to running the gauntlet of answering advertisements among scores of other applicants. Now I have written the foregoing in a rambling way. My object is to bring to public notice, where it has not

already gone, Mrs. Jones' excellent little book, and to extol the superiority of farm life over mere city adventure.

English Temperance Notes.

(From the Woman's Signal, London, Eng.)

Much that took place during last week was calculated to inspire temperance reformers. First of all there was Sir William Harcourt expressing himself on two separate occasions as staunch and true to the Veto Bill. Answering a Welsh correspondent on the subject, he said: "You may rely upon my utmost exertions being employed to forward the cause which we both have at heart." And then, at a great Alliance meeting held in Cardiff on the Wednesday evening immediately preceding the meeting of the National Liberal Federation, a letter was read from Sir William Harcourt to the effect that he concurred in the opinion that the promotion of the temperance cause was amongst the first duties of the Liberal party, and that he should be quite prepared when the time arrived to do all in his power to promote the temperance measure to which the Government was pledged.

The Alliance meeting at Cardiff on Wednesday in last week, was most enthusiastic and successful, and it could not but have had a salutary effect on the National Liberal Federation gatherings which took place on the Thursday and Friday. Energetic speeches were delivered by Sir Wilfrid Lawson, M.P., and Mr. W. S. Caine, M.P. The burden of these speeches was that the Government should, for tactical reasons, stick to its Local Veto Bill as introduced by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1893. Other "options" were only objected to because it was believed that they would hinder rather than promote the prospects of the bill. As the bill stands, the issue is clear and simple, and the possible result of attempting to gain more may be that nothing will be obtained. But whatever the character of the bill, as introduced in the approaching session of Parliament, it will—there is Sir William Harcourt's assurance for it—certainly contain the principle of the veto; and, as Mr. Caine said, "the temperance party were determined all over the country that this measure should no longer be put off with the empty compliment of a first reading. It should be part of the definite programme of the session, and he contended that whatever bill came in front of it when the bill had had its turn and been carried through its second reading, then the Veto Bill should be brought on for its second reading. That was the only second place they could consent to take," added Mr. Caine emphatically.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson concluded his speech by saying it seemed to him that their duty as temperance reformers and prohibitionists was to give Sir William Harcourt's bill their thorough, their unanimous, and their hearty support. Sir William, whatever might be said about him, was, in his opinion, about the best fighter they had in the country. If Sir William Harcourt would not fail them, let them see to it that they did not fail him. Let them be shoulder to shoulder with such a leader, and, with such a cause, bodily march on until the vindication of their courage and their constancy should be found in a free, a sober, and a happy land.

Here and There.

In Detroit a judge announced the other day that violators of the liquor laws would hereafter be sent to jail, and the next Sunday the bar-rooms were hermetically sealed.

The town clerk of Dundee, acting on the instruction of the magistrates, has issued a circular to license-holders in the city, inviting them within ten days to state whether or not they are willing to close their premises at 10 o'clock at night.

The Legislature of New Caledonia has aroused a storm of indignation among the inhabitants of the colony by placing heavy additional duties on alcohol, absinthe, gin, whisky, and tobacco, in order to raise revenue.

The convention of the Ontario License Holder's Protective Association will be held in Victoria Hall, Toronto, on Wednesday and Thursday, March 20 and 21. This is the second convention of the association, the first being held last April, when the association was organized.

Kama, the South African chief, is a staunch teetotaler and is anxious that intoxicants shall not be introduced into his country. He has just received a telegram from Queen Victoria assuring him that she "will support him in his righteous efforts to keep the curse of the liquor traffic from entering Khamaland."

The Premier of Cape Colony, Mr. Cecil Rhodes, denies that he has favored the introduction of liquor into Kama's territory. Even from a commercial point of view he would oppose the liquor traffic among the natives, as it would be bad policy to demoralize the native laborers on whom the public works depend. He favors absolute prohibition—for the native.

The French Government has arranged to establish an inebriate asylum in Paris. Some better "remedy" against drunkenness is found necessary than the introduction of light French wines. Dr. Forel, of Switzerland, who has had considerable experience in such work, has been

consulted. Among other things, he advises the establishment of total abstinence societies to help those discharged from the asylum.

In their presentation at the Toronto Assizes, the grand jury recently said: "Your jurors believe that the drink traffic is the direct cause of at least a large proportion of all the crime and misery now existing, and would recommend that the Dominion and Provincial Parliaments and municipal councils should be urged to pass such laws as would restrict the traffic as far as possible, looking forward to completely abolishing it."

Mr. John Sutherland, of Kinning Park U. P. Mission, Glasgow, is a man of action and resource. He has instituted in connection with his work a "handshaking committee." This committee accords a hearty welcome to the people who come to the various services of the mission, and at the preliminary open-air meetings. They speak to the listeners, and induce them to go inside the hall to the gospel temperance services, held every Saturday evening. Large numbers are led by this kindly treatment to take the pledge and keep it.

Dr. Norman Kerr, London, says he has found that a glass of spirits will make one man violent, another drowsy, a third merry, a fourth melancholy, while a fifth man will cry like a child. He has known a landed proprietor who never had family prayers in his house except when he returned home tipsy, and then, no matter the hour of the morning—be it 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5—he awakened the whole household, and insisted on their coming downstairs to prayers. We have known a Glasgow man in delirium tremens doing the same, and demanding more drink immediately after. Truly this dire drink places people in sad and absurd positions.—[Scottish Reformer.]

The civic federation of Chicago have issued a table showing the numerical value of certain factors which make up the equation of the municipality. John Burns may be forgiven for his remark concerning the great inland metropolis and hell after these figures of the population have been seriously considered:

Opium eaters.....	60,000
Homeless women.....	40,000
Aldermen.....	68
Saloon-keepers.....	7,000
Police justices.....	14
Gambler.....	10,000
Saloon and den habitues.....	60,000
Bar assistants.....	28,000
Professional politicians.....	30,000
Paupers.....	1,900
Thieves.....	10,000
Prisoners.....	3,000
	2,500

Otterville Band of Hope. In the town hall, Otterville, Feb. 15, recitations were given by nine girls and boys. There was a full attendance. The Demorest medal was awarded to Spurgeon Van. The proceeds are to buy a library for Band of Hope children. Mrs. T. F. Brown, Superintendent Band of Hope.

SUNLIGHT SOAP.

THE 6c TWIN BAR GREAT VALUE ALL GROCERS

For every 12 "Sunlight" wrappers, or six "Lifebuoy" wrappers, Lever Bros. (Limited), 43, Scott street, Toronto, will postpaid send a useful paper-bound book, 160 pages.

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Central situation; northwest corner new courthouse, within three minute's walk of Music Hall, or Eaton's large store. Intoxicants excluded; rebuilt and fitted: 50 rooms; best exposed plumbing; reading-room; well-furnished parlors; hot and cold baths. Our guests will find a comfortable, quiet, home-like resting-place. Only \$1 per day. Come and support a temperance house, conducted by a temperance man.

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Our Young People

The Birds' Lawn Party.

The birds of the woodland, in soft summer weather,
Once gave a lawn party 'way down in the heather.

Their neat invitations were written you see,
On the prettiest leaves from the prettiest tree.

Then daintily tied with a fine silver thread,
And gracefully hung round a carrier dove's head,

Who sped on his mission with joyful glee,
And delivered each note with an "R. S. V. P."

To flowers and insects and plants one and all,
We sent invitations to attend the grand ball.

The night soon arrived and the moon shone so bright
That the birds sang together in happy delight.

The bull-frogs and tree-toads, who lived very near,
In new coats of green were first to appear.

Then followed musicians, a numerous band,
Who were led by mosquitoes from Cedar Swamp Land.

The Beetle came in with Miss Grass-hopper green
Then Crickets and Flies were the next to be seen.

That the Wasp and the Spider, both stylishly dressed,
Were the most graceful dancers, by all was confessed.

There were Robin Redbreast and dear Jennie Wren,
Causing all of the Magpies to chatter again.

And the Nightingale, too, in a loving refrain,
Was wooing the Dove, his old sweetheart, again;

While lingering near, in a blackberry-bush,
Was the silver-tongued Linnet, and fair bride, the Thrush.

Now who do you think were the chap-erons there?
Why, the three Mrs. Owls, from Dismal Swamp Square.

The flowers and plants, though the last to appear,
Wore the loveliest costumes of anyone there.

With just one exception—the Butterflies gay,
Whose costumes are made by the fairies, they say.

The Daisies were peerless in robes of pure white,
And their proud, happy mothers looked on in delight.

The Buttercups followed, of riches untold,
For each was arrayed in a gown of pure gold;

And the Clovers looked sweet in pale pink and white,
As they merrily danced in the moon's silver light.

The Rosebud, the fairest, and queen of them all,
Was acknowledged the belle of this beautiful ball.

The music was charming, the feast was quite grand;
There were sweetmeats enough for all guests in the land.

For each little flower who daintily sips,
The fairies served dewdrops in lily-bell cups.

The dancing continued, the merriment too,
Till the moon became weary, and softly withdrew.

The fireflies said they would serve in her place,
Since the moon had so selfishly hidden her face.

Then the three Mrs. Owls from guest to guest flew,
Said, "The moon has retired; I think we must, too."

The fireflies came with their swift-flashing light,
And escorted the flowers and plants home that night.

All the guests bade adieu, and their homeward way wended,
From the nicest affair they had ever attended.

—Child Garden.

Poney and the Lion.

(By Adeline Knapp.)

Poney is a small beagle-hound living in Central California. She is a very pretty creature, white and golden brown, with long, silky ears, and soft expressive eyes. She weighs about fifteen pounds, and is one of the gentlest little canine ladies you could desire to see.

The beagle, although a small hound, and exceedingly mild in his manners, is very courageous, and they are famous hunters. In the San Joaquin

Valley, where rabbits abound and are a serious pest, these hounds are worth their weight in gold to the farmer. They are rare, however, and bring a good price. Poney and Naylor, her mate keep the ranch on which they live quite clear of rabbits, gophers and ground squirrels, and their puppies are always sold, as soon as they are old enough, to people living "in the San Joaquin."

On the same ranch with Poney and Naylor live a number of other dogs, for the young men are great hunters. There are three Irish setters, a mastiff, a fox terrier and a big Llewellyn setter. At the time I write of, Poney had four particularly fine puppies, just old enough to be weaned. They were soon to be sent away, so at night Poney was separated from them and locked up in the barn, that the puppies might become quite independent of her maternal care. It was a clear moonlight night. The puppies were all asleep in front of their little kennel; the Irish setters and the mastiff were lying under the trees; Naylor and the Llewellyn setter were off hunting, when down the mountain, creeping softly, looking for just such a nice supper as these sleeping puppies would have made him, came a puma, or California lion.

The puma was bigger than the biggest dog on the place, and he must have been pretty hungry or he would not have come so near the house; for while a California lion will kill cattle, or even horses, and the creatures have been known to attack men, still they are very wary, and do not often run into danger.

Well, this fellow came prowling down the mountain, and presently espied the puppies.

All the dogs discovered him at about the same time, and at once a terrible commotion began. Mastiff, setters, and terrier ran howling to the house and hid, yelping, beneath it; the puppies cowered back into the kennel, crying pitifully, while the lion had evidently made up his mind to have at least one of them.

Shut up in the barn, Poney heard her babies crying, and began to howl and cry in response. Desperately she dug her way out from under the barn wall, and, rushing up, hurled herself upon the great, prowling invader. It was literally rushing into the lion's jaws, for she was hardly more than a good mouthful for him. He turned and made a savage attack upon her, while the puppies rushed from the kennel and sought shelter at the ranch-house.

Aroused by the commotion, the farmer came running, barefooted and in his night-clothes, to the scene of the struggle.

There was poor Poney, held fast in the lion's jaws, while the creature was rapidly shaking the life out of her.

Seizing the axe, the farmer rushed at the lion, who, thinking discretion the better part of valor, dropped the little hound and fled before the man could aim a blow at him. Poor little Poney was terribly bitten about the head and breast, and one leg was broken, but hurt and wounded though she was, she would not be satisfied until she had licked each one of her puppies, and satisfied herself of their safety. Her wounds were dressed, and, as dogs are good patients so far as recovery from injuries are concerned, she is now nearly well again, although still lame; but she has not been shut away from her puppies since that night, when her mother-love made her dig her way out of the barn and fly to do battle for them against such awful odds.—[The Outlook.

Another Flying-Machine.

The hopes of those who think man may yet succeed in navigating the air have been brightened by the recent successful trial of Prof. Langley's flying-machine at Quantico, Md. Prof. Langley and Mr. Maxim in England are both working upon the aeroplane theory, which is based on the fact that a thin, flat disk, when moved rapidly in a slanting position, tends to sustain itself in the air.

Mr. Maxim's machine, when tried last summer, developed so much power to rise that it broke from the rails intended to guide it, and was partly wrecked.

Prof. Langley's experiments last December were more successful. The body of his machine has been described as resembling a porpoise in shape. It is made of aluminum, and contains a small steam-engine which drives two screws acting on the air as the screw of a steamship acts on the water. Four aeroplanes are attached to the machine, inclining upward toward the direction in which it is driven by the screws.

There is a rudder to direct the flight, and the aeroplanes, or wings, can be set at different inclinations, according to the angle at which it is desired that the machine shall ascend or descend.

A flight of about a thousand feet in length has been made with this machine, which is intended simply as an experimental model, and by no means as a complete and practical ship of the air.

THE BEST PILLS.—Mr. Wm. Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmelee's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

With The Poets.

Envoi.

I walked with poets in my youth,
Because the world they drew
Was beautiful and glorious
Beyond the world I knew.

The poets are my comrades still,
And dearer than in youth;
For I know that they alone
Picture the world of truth.

—William Roscoe Thayer.

* Unlooked-for Answers.

I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love and every grace,
Might more of his salvation know,
And seek more earnestly his face.

'Twas he who taught me thus to pray,
And he, I trust, has answered prayer;
But it has been in such a way
As almost drove me to despair.

I hoped that in some favored hour,
At once he'd answer my request;
And by his love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.

Instead of this, he made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart,
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Yea, more, with his own hand he seemed
Intent to aggravate my woe,
Crossed all the fair designs I schemed,
Blasted my gourds and laid me low.

"Lord! why is this?" I trembling cried.
"Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?"

"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
"I answer prayer for grace and faith.

"These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set them free;
And break thy schemes of early joy,
That thou must seek thine all in me."

—John Newton.

* Playthings.

The streets are full of human toys,
Wound up for threescore years;
Their springs are hunger, hopes and joys,
And jealousies and fears.

They move their eyes, their lips, their hands;
They are marvelously dressed;
And here my body stirs or stands,
A plaything like the rest.

The toys are played with till they fail,
Worn out and thrown away.
Why were they ever made at all?
Who sits to watch the play?

—Edmund Gosse.

* Loving All.

Lord, make us all love all; that when we meet,
Even myriads of earth's myriads at Thy bar,
We may be glad as all true lovers are

Who having parted, count reunion sweet,
Safe gathered home around Thy blessed feet,
Come home by different roads from near or far,

Whether by whirlwind or by flaming car,
From pangs or sleep, safe folded round Thy seat.

Oh, if our brother's blood cry out at us,
How shall we meet Them who have loved us all,
Thee whom we never loving, not loving him?

The unloving cannot chant with seraphim,
Bear harp of gold or palm victorious,
Or face the Vision Beatific.

Christina G. Rossetti.

* The Keyboard.

Five-and-thirty black slaves,
Half-a-hundred white,
All their duty bent to sing
For their queen's delight.

Now with throats of thunder,
Now with dulcet lips,
While she rules them royally
With her finger-tips!

When she quits her palace
All her slaves are dumb—
Dumb with dulcet till the queen
Back to court is come;

Dumb the throats of thunder,
Dumb the dulcet lips,
Lacking all the sovereignty
Of her finger-tips.

Dusky slaves and pallid,
Ebon slaves and white,
When the queen was on her throne
How you sang tonight!

Ah, the throats of thunder!
Ah, the dulcet lips!
Oh, the gracious tyrannies
Of her finger-tips!

Silent, silent, silent
All your voices now;
Was it then her life alone
Did your life endow?

Waken, throats of thunder!
Waken, dulcet lips!
Touched to immortality
By her finger-tips.

—William Watson, in the Young Woman.

The never failing medicine, Holloway's Corn Cure, removes all kinds of corns, warts, etc.; even the most difficult to remove cannot withstand this wonderful remedy.

Reckless Discipline of a Soldier.

At Sebastopol during the siege, a Captain Samoiloff, wishing some wine, ordered an officer to send a man after it. The man, a young soldier, took the money and started to do the errand. Just then, however, a French battery had concentrated its fire upon the very spot where the young man must go outside the works. He stopped, and then turned back. "I wouldn't go out there for the world!" he said.

The officer, of course, reported the act of disobedience to the captain. The captain, in a rage, ordered the man into his presence and demanded why he had not obeyed his captain's orders. "I beg you to pardon me, captain, but I was terribly afraid."

"Afraid!" cried the captain. "Afraid! A Russian soldier afraid! Wait a minute. I will drive the fear out of you. Come with me."

The captain led the way to the rampart, mounted it, and there, with the bullets raining round him, began putting the men through some military exercises. The lookers-on in the fort held their breath. If a hat was put on a bayonet and lifted above the walls, the bullets came that way on the instant.

Not many seconds elapsed before a bullet struck the captain in the arm. He did not wince, but kept on with the drill, while the blood dripped down his hand to the wall.

Next a bullet went through the tail of the soldier's coat, and another through his knapsack. Then suddenly the firing ceased.

The soldier begged for grace, and promised to go wherever he was sent. Still the captain continued his drill. When he thought the lesson had been learned, or perhaps, when his arm grew too painful, he dismissed the soldier and went himself to the surgeon and had his wound dressed.

The French explained afterward that they ceased firing out of sheer astonishment at the sight of the two men exposing themselves so recklessly.

"If they had been English, instead of French," concludes the Russian officer who tells the story, and who evidently has a prejudice against John Bull, "they would have killed our brave captain past a doubt."

"If I could give you information of my life, it would be to show how a woman of very ordinary ability has been led by God in strange and unaccustomed paths to do in his service what he has done in her. And if I could tell you all you would see how God has done all, and I nothing. I have worked hard, very hard, that is all, and I have never refused God anything."—[Florence Nightingale.

The Rebuker Rebuked.

An old worthy who did odd jobs about a village in Forfar was one day engaged in cleaning out the minister's ashpit. The minister, who happened to be up early, sought to improve the occasion by reminding old William, as he was called, that he should throw off the coat of intemperance he wore so persistently, and put on the coat of righteousness. William listened without saying anything to the advice, then, turning, replied, "Ay, ay, minister, what ye hae said may be a true enuch; but I'm dootin' ye dinna act up to the advice ye are sae glib in g'in', if I may judge frae the number of corks I hae thrown up in the midden."

Correcting a Ghost.

Some short time since there lived on the outskirts of Gorton, Lancashire, a man who was so very fond of beer that he got drunk every night in the week. He was always the last to be turned out of the beerhouse. He had to go on a footpath that passed through the churchyard to reach his home. As it was rather lonely, he always carried a thick, short stick. His companions tried many ways to cure him of his drunken habits, but did not succeed. One, rather bolder than the rest, enveloped himself in a white sheet, and dressed his face with flour. Thus equipped, he proceeded to the churchyard and waited for the drunkard's coming. He had not long to wait. He let him get into the center of the churchyard, and then several times crossed his path and got behind some tombstones. The apparition rather sobered the drunken man, who watched the ghost coming again, which it shortly did, shouting, "Oh, I can't find my grave! Oh, I can't find my grave!" The Bacchanalian, now half sober, watched his opportunity, and raising his stick, hit the ghost a good whack over the head, saying, "That's no business to be aht o' thy grave this time at neet."

How it Wrecks.

Recently, at a temperance meeting in Wanstead, Mr. G. A. Hutchison, editor of the Boy's Own Paper, said he had, during last year, met in London many men engaged in art and letters, and had seen very distressing shipwrecks through drink. He knew a canon of the Church of England who fell when it seemed probable that he would have been made a bishop. The canon fell so low as to be convicted of stealing an overcoat. Another man who was the leader of a brilliant literary set died grasping a brandy bottle. An artist, who had a big future, was picked up in the streets drunk. Not long ago one of the best Congregational ministers disappeared from public notice. He seemed to have a great future, but drink laid him low. Those men were not weak nor bowed down with sorrow; they were strong men with the power, but not the will, to say No.

A Smile And a Laugh.

"One way to hear a pin drop," says the Manayunk Philosopher, "is to heat it red hot and drop it in a keg of powder."

.....

"Your new servant girl is very pious, I hear?"

"Yes; if she was as careful about the crockery as she is about the Ten Commandments she would be a jewel."

.....

"By the powers!" exclaimed an Emeraldal on hearing of a plan for greatly accelerating railway speed, "we'll soon get to London and back faster than we can stay at home!"

.....

Papa—But why would you like to be an astronomer when you grow up, Tommy?

Tommy—Because then I would only have to go to night school when the stars are out to study.

.....

At an agricultural meeting up North, a farmer, in his maiden speech, desired to make a demonstration of his erudition. So he pointed a moral by using the phrase, "Facilis est descensus Avernii." The expression didn't attract any attention, so he drew a long breath and added: "Mr. Chairman, then words is Latin."

.....

Bobby—Have I a little drum in my ear, mamma?

Mamma—Yes, Bobby.

Bobby—Then, I suppose the jack-ass must have a bass drum in his.

.....

"You are never satisfied, Jimmie," said his mother. "Here you have a beautiful bob-sled, and yet you're moping all the time."

"Well, I can't help it. Papa had ought to get me a hill to slide down now. You won't let me use it on the stairs."

.....

The following boarding-house dialogue is reported by an exchange:

Jones—This chicken is 14 years old.

Smith—How can you tell the age of a chicken?

Jones—By the teeth.

Smith—By the teeth! Chickens don't have any teeth.

Jones—But I have!

.....

Mother—Jack, you've been skating this afternoon instead of attending school.

Jack—I know it; but you see, mamma, we had our arithmetic class this afternoon, and our professor, he's a dandy, decided to give us a lesson in fancy figures on the ice, so I had to go.

.....

Toddlemus—Mamma, what are angels?

Mother—They are the armies of the Lord, my child.

Toddlemus (after thinking deeply)—Then the stars must be their camp fires at night.

.....

Murdoch—Oh, mamma, see the carriage wheels making successful rebellions!

Mamma—What do you mean, dear?

Murdoch—Why mamma, teacher said that revolutions are successful rebellions.

.....

Bobby—I wish my birthday was not the 22nd of February.

Jack—Why not?

Bobby—Oh! everyone thinks because George Washington never told a lie I ought not to.

.....

A French lady, staying in America for some time was wrestling with the English language. She had made very good progress, she thought, and one day accepted an invitation to dine. As the dinner went on she was offered a dish that was new to her. Not fancying its appearance she declined it, saying:

"Ah! thanks, no, monsieur. I eat only acquaintances."

.....

Kitty—Tom is down south this winter, and he has just sent me the loveliest little alligator you ever saw.

Ada—How are you going to keep him?

Kitty—I don't know; but I've put it in Florida water until I hear from Tom.

.....

"Are you a district messenger boy?" asked the near-sighted old gentleman of an urchin in the street.

"No, sir," was the reply, "it's my sore toe that makes me walk that way."

.....

"You must go to bed now, dear. You know the chickens all go to roost with the sun."

"Yes, but then the old hen always goes with them."

.....

Young Editor (reflectively)—If I don't publish this poem Grace has written she will have nothing more to do with me. And if I do publish it, I shall probably lose my position.

.....

OUT OF SORTS.—Symptoms: Headache, loss of appetite furred tongue and general indisposition. These symptoms, if neglected, develop into acute disease. It is a trite saying that an "ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," and a little attention at this point may save months of sickness and large doctor's bills. For this complaint take from two to three of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills on going to bed, and one or two for three nights in succession, and a cure will be effected.

An Antique Alarm Clock.

There is a quaint old custom in force at the Bishop of London's Palace at Fulham. The servants are roused in the morning by means of a long pole, known as "The Rousing Staff." The Palace lodge-keeper has a regular early morning duty to perform in knocking up certain of the servants at successive hours, beginning at about 5:30. The pole is not employed, however, like the old church "rousing staves," which were used in churches directly upon the persons of dozing members of the congregation. The venerable knocker-up is provided with a slender rod, some fifteen feet in length, and with this he raps on the antique casements of the servants' bedrooms in the quadrangle within the massive wooden gates, and he continues his attentions until the sleeper gives a more or less grateful answer in reply.

Subjecting Self.

The petulant resignation of the President of France brings out a weakness to which men and women of spirit and gift are often subject, says the Outlook. It is a very interesting and significant fact in the growth of men in society that while, in the occidental world at least, individuality has become more and more pronounced, and the individual man more and more differentiated from his fellows, there has come with this evolution a corresponding subjection, in the character of the best men and women, of the merely personal feeling and claim. The perfect unfolding of the individual is perhaps the very highest result of society; but with this unfolding, and as a part of it, comes the operation of that law of the subjection of personal taste and caprice for the sake of others. A man of the highest sensitiveness will bear all kinds of misrepresentations and every sort of contumely for the sake of the discharge of the duty to society which he has undertaken. He will endure words and deeds which 200 years ago would have been instantly resented with violence; and yet in no sense has the standard of personal honor been lowered. Genuine personal dignity is not preserved by morbid sensitiveness. There are men and women who, to use an expressive phrase, "fuss" constantly about themselves; who are quick to take offense, and ready at all moments to drop their associates and give up their work and desert the cause because they believe that somebody has put a slight upon them. This is a fundamental weakness of character. It does not mean, as it is sometimes interpreted, great delicacy and sensitiveness of feeling; it means a self-consciousness which puts the person in place of the end one is seeking, and subordinates the cause one loves to one's own assumption of its importance. Men are never so great, so dignified, or so superior as in moments when, by reason of their absolute loyalty to a cause, they bear patiently all manner of misinterpretation without resentment, concerned infinitely more to serve than to be served. A personal dignity which cannot take care of itself cannot be protected by incessant guarding. The quality of a great creative nature is unconsciousness, and this is also the characteristic of a great character.

What She Missed.

"Did you have a good rest over at your sister Mary's?" asked one of Mrs. Jennie Woolson's neighbors. "I s'pose I had a good rest enough," answered Mrs. Woolson. "I didn't have a thing to do for a week. But I was as homesick and as lonesome as an old cat."

"Why, I thought they'd entertain you first-rate!" exclaimed the neighbor. "I understood Mary kep' a girl and lived real stylish."

"Well, so she does," admitted Mrs. Woolson; "an' they did everything they could for me. But Mary's husband's shop is right across the street, an' he always home just on the tick for his meals. And she's got a hired girl that's just as capable as she can be, an' don't need a mite of lookin' after. An' her two boys are just like little clocks—I never saw two sech stiddy young ones in all my days."

"Well, I should think you'd have had a real peaceful time," said the neighbor.

"I did," returned Mrs. Woolson, but it wasn't like what I'm used to. There wasn't a thing for me to worry about from mornin' to night—an' I missed the excitement, that's what the trouble was. An' I come home two days before my visit was out because I got so dreadful low in my mind I begun to feel kinder sick."

"You look all right now," said the neighbor, with a glance at Mrs. Woolson's red cheeks.

"Mussy sakes, yes. Why, when Cyrus met me at the depot yesterday, he said fust thing that he thought by the looks of the corn 'twas all dryin' up, an' we shouldn't have anything to pay for all he spent on the field this year; an' he said that Miry looked to him as if she was comin' down with the measles; an' Johnny had eat somethin' that he reckoned was p'ison the day before, an' was liable to be took sick any minute. An' lawzee! I begun to feel just as homey and contented as ever I was in my life. An' by the time we drove up to the door I was chipper up an' ready for anything."

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator does not require the help of any purgative medicine to complete the cure. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A Busy Woman's Life

Noted Personages Met by Frances Power Cobbe
—Her Entertaining Reminiscences of Matthew Arnold, Lady Byron, Thos. Carlyle, Cardinal Manning, Tennyson, and Other Notables.

Miss Cobbe's history of her own long and eventful life is a very entertaining one. She introduces us to many personages met in her extensive travels who are always of interest. Here are a few of her comments on men and women:

"The first dinner party I ever attended in London, before I went to live in town, was at Mr. Bagehot's house. I sat beside Mr. Richard Hut- ton, who has been ever since my good friend, and opposite us there sat a gentleman who at once attracted my attention. He had a strong dark face, a low forehead and hair parted in the middle, the large, loose mouth of an orator, and a manner quite unique; as if he were gently looking down on the follies of mortality from the superior altitudes of Olympus, or perhaps of Parnassus. 'Do you know who that is sitting opposite to us?' said Mr. Hut- ton. I looked at him again, and re- plied: 'I never saw him before, and I have never seen his picture, but I feel in my inner consciousness that it can only be Mr. Matthew Arnold,' and Mr. Arnold, of course, it was—with an air which made me think him (what he was not) an intellectual coxcomb. He wrote, about that time or soon after- ward, some dreadfully derisive things of my 'Theism,' not on account, ap- parently, of its intrinsic demerits, but because of what he conceived to be its upstart character.

"Lady Byron was short in stature and, when I saw her, deadly pale; but with a dignity which some of our friends called 'royal,' albeit without the smallest affectation or assumption. She talked to me eagerly about all manner of good works wherein she was inter- ested; notably concerning Miss Car- penter's Reformatory, to which she had practically subscribed £1,000 by buying Red Lodge and making it over for such use. During the larger part of the time of my visit she stood on the rug with her back to the fire, and the power and will revealed in her attitude and conversation were very impressive. I bore in mind all the odious things Byron had said of her:

"There was Miss Mill-pond, smooth as summer sea,
That usual paragon, an only daugh- ter,

Who seemed the cream of equanimity
Till skimmed, and then there was
Some milk and water."

Also the sneers at her (very genuine) humor:

"Her wit, for she had wit, was Attic all;
Her favorite science was the mathe- matical."

I thought that for a man to hold up such a woman as this, and that woman his wife, on the prongs of ridicule for public laughter was enough to make him detestable. "With Carlyle, though I saw him very frequently, I never interchanged more than a few banal words of civility. When his biography appeared, I was (as I frankly told the illustrious biographer) exceedingly glad that I had never given him the chance of attaching one of his pungent epi- grams to my poor person. I had been introduced to him by a lady at whose house he happened to call one after- noon when I was sitting with her, and where he showed himself (as it seems to me the roughest men invariably do in the society of amiable countesses) extremely apologetic. Also I continually met him out walking with one or other of his great historian friends, who were also mine, but I avoided trespassing on their good nature; or addressing him when he walked up and down alone daily before our door in Cheyne Walk—till one day, when he had been very ill, I ventured to express my satis- faction in seeing him out of doors again. He then answered me kindly. I never shared the admiration felt for him by so many able men who knew him personally, and therefore had means which I did not possess of esti- mating him aright. To me his books and himself represented an anomalous sort of human fruit. The original stock was a hard and thorny Scotch peasant-character, with a splen- did intellect superadded. The graft was not wholly successful. A flavor of the old acid soil was always perceptible in the plum. . . . Nothing has surprised me more in reading the memoirs and letters of Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle than the small interest either of them seems to have felt in the great subjects which have formed the life work of their many illustrious vis- itors. While humbler folk who touched the same circles were vehem- ently attracted, or else repelled, by the political, philosophical, and theo- logical theories and labors of such men as Mazzini, Mill, Colenso, Jowett and Martineau and Darwin, and every conversation and almost every letter contained new facts or animated dis- cussions regarding them; the Carlysles received visits from these great men continually, with (it would seem) little or no interest in their aims or views one way or the other, in approval or disapproval, and wrote and talked much more seriously about the de- linquencies of their own maid-servants, and the great and never to be suf- ficiently appealed against cock-and-hen gauds.

"I had known Cardinal Manning in

Rome about 1861 or 1863, when he was 'Monsignor Manning,' and went a little into English society, resplendent in a beautiful violet robe. . . . A few years afterward, when he had returned to England as Archbishop of West- minster, I met him frequently at Miss Stanley's house in Grosvenor Crescent.

One evening at this pleasant house I was standing on the rug in one of the rooms talking to Mr. Matthew Arnold and two or three other acquaintances of the same set. The archbishop on enter- ing shook hands with each of us, and we were all talking in the usual easy, sub-humorous, London way when a tall, military-looking man, a Major G., came in, and seeing Manning walked straight up to him, went down on one knee and kissed his ring! A bomb falling among us would scarcely have been more startling; and Man- ning, Englishman as he was to the backbone under his fine Roman features, was obviously disconcerted, though dignified as ever.

"I shall account it one of the chief honors which have fallen to my lot that Tennyson asked leave, through his son, to pay me a visit. Needless to say I accepted the offer with grati- tude and fortunately I was at home, in our little house in Cheyne Walk, when he called on me. He sat for a long time over my fire, and talked of poetry; of the share melodious words ought to have in it; of the hatefulness of sci- entific cruelty, against which he was going to write again; and of the new and dangerous phases of thought then ap- parent. Much that he said on the latter subject was, I think, crystallized in his 'Locksley Hall Sixty Years Later.' After he had risen to go and I had followed him to the stairs, I re- turned to my room and said from my heart, 'Thank God! The great poem which had been so much to me for half a lifetime was not spoiled; the man and the poet were one. Nothing that I had now seen and heard of him in the flesh jarred with what I had known of him in the spirit.'"

The closing part of this interesting autobiography is devoted to considera- tion of "The Claims of Women" and to argument against the cruelties of vivisection.

Miss Cobbe says that her own opin- ion is that women en masse are by no means the intellectual equals of men en masse, and thinks that whether this inequality arises from irremediable causes or from alterable circumstances of education and heredity is not worth debating. In this connection she says: "If the nation had established an intellectual test for political equality, and admission to the franchises were confined to persons passing a given standard, well and good. Then, no doubt there would be (as things now stand) 50 per cent of men who would win votes, and perhaps, only 30 per cent of women. So much may be freely admitted. But then that 30 per cent of females would obtain political rights; and those who failed would be barred by a natural and real, not an arbitrary inferiority.

"I hold, however, that whatever be our real mental rank—to be tested thoroughly only in future generations, under changed conditions of training and heredity—we women are the equals, though not the equals of men. And to refuse a share in the law-making of a nation to the most law-abiding half of it; to exclude on all latest questions the votes of most conscientious, temperate, religious, and (above all) most merciful and tender-hearted moiety, is a mistake which cannot fail, and has not failed, to entail great evil and loss."

The Law of Proportion.

The London Spectator recently pub- lished an article on the advantages of bad health, saying in part:

"Health and strength are enormous advantages in themselves, but bring with them greater temptations and exposures and liabilities. Thus, weak health may sometimes necessitate the spending of a good deal of time in exercise and rest, but, as a rule, it is rather strong health that makes a man a slave to his body in the sense of being obliged to keep it in employ- ment. They have their consolation for whom some quiet form of exercise limited in time is sufficient, and who are not obliged to work off superfluous energy and the results of a too healthy appetite in hard or prolonged exertion. Really, bad health, of course, is often crushing.

The weak who have succeeded have succeeded, not by dint of their weak- ness, but, at best, by its enabling them to manage their strength. Health is like money. He who has none is helpless, but he who has a little may, by economy and concentration, do more than many who have much. Let no man, then, who has any health at all despair. Let him consider how much has been done by men even weaker than himself. Above all, the moral of Socrates' allu- sion is, that he who suffers from chronic weak health will find his best antidote in accepting it, in seeing what burdens it removes as well as what burdens it imposes, in the prac-

tice of a genuine and noble economy of his gifts and his strength.

The Outlook's comments are that "The whole secret of accomplishing work is contained in the comprehen- sion of adjustment between strength and its use. He who knows how to live is the man who keeps a balance of health, as he does a balance at his banker's."

"The law that Ruskin declares to be imperative is a true one. Great work is done without the evidence of effort. The trouble is that too many little men try to do great things; they do not gauge their powers; they attempt too much and do nothing well, or, if well, at the expense of vital powers, and are soon bankrupt. They might have ac- complished good work that would live, if not in fame, in the world's record of accomplishment, if they had kept the law of proportion. The lesson is to be learned that strain is drain, and, when felt, it is time to question the value of what is accomplished, and whether we have not mistaken our gifts. The man or woman who recognizes limitations, and compels like recognition from the world, is the one who concentrates and economizes, and, in the end, accom- plishes true work.

"We will yet learn that illness and sin are closely related, and sometimes difficult to distinguish apart."

From a Dark Land.

Bright Letters and Sketches from the New Hebrides.

These letters were written for the home circle, without the slightest thought of future publication, by Mrs. Paton, wife of Rev. J. G. Paton, and it is the absence of all "stock" and conventional phrases, the perfect naturalness of feeling and expression that gives them their greatest charm. No one who has found in the autobi- ography of the Rev. J. G. Paton the revelation of as simply heroic a soul as ever shamed by contrast a selfish and listless generation should miss the fresh but no less beautiful light in which his wife's records show him. He is none the less a hero and a saint for the tender fun that enters into such a description as the following of his first service at Aniwa:

"It was only by a most desperate effort that I could manage to keep a long face while watching the natives coming into the church. We had arrived on the Tuesday. A number of garments had been distributed among the people, and from 20 to 30 turned out to the 'worship.' One man, I re- member, came prancing in, looking so delighted with himself in a snow-white vest. Another came stalking majestically, with a woman's skirt pinned round his throat, and the tips of his fingers appearing at the bottom of it. A third had a native bag done up so as to represent a hat, which he took off with quite the air of a gentleman as he entered the door. One man had on a nice little jacket I had presented to his wife; and indeed anyone who wore any clothing at all did so in the ab- surdest fashion. The effort at self-control was fast becoming unendur- able, when the worthy Missi uninten- tionally proved 'the last straw.' His face was a picture of adoring thankfulness, and his prophetic soul—uncon- scious of anything grotesque—saw them already on the way to glory.

"He whispered, 'O, Maggie, shouldn't we be grateful to God to see them all coming out to church so nicely dressed?'"

Mr. Paton and his family, while at Aniwa, had not to undergo a repetition of the terrible experiences with his own flock which drove him from Tanna; yet there are quite enough "alarums and excursions" in this volume to satisfy those who care for the romance of missions, while the folk-lore student will rejoice in the graphic and faithful touches that depict the Polynesian at home. It is sad to think that the great anxiety of the missionaries for these reclaimed islanders regarded their contact with so-called European "civilization." One can imagine the confusion caused in the mind of an Aniwa convert by the first sight of a Melbourne stum. The thought of Louis Stevenson's "Uma"—to my mind the most lovable of all his hero- iness—occurs to me again and again in reading Mrs. Paton's impressions of her brown-skinned sisters at Aniwa.

"How they walked into my inmost heart (she says) by their genuine sym- pathy at dear little Walter's death. I have strongly recoiled from formal visits of condolence in civilization. . . . but with our natives things were not so. Whether it is that they are so much like little children, and a child's touch on your spirit is 'never hard or coarse, I cannot tell; but sympathy from them never pained but always soothed me. They would come be- fore us, sit down on the floor and cry, and bring to mind all the little sayings and doings of the dear one, just like a bairn chattering sweetly about an absent playmate. The very night before we left Aniwa, Hutshi said, almost in a frenzy of exultation, 'You yourselves may go away, Missi, and leave us, but you can't rob us of the little ones in the graves. These two are ours; they belong to the people of Aniwa, and they will rise with the Aniwa in the great resurrection day, and they will go with us to meet Jesus in his glory.'"

Who would not wish that, if it were possible, such a people might be saved from the blight that European greed of gold has brought with it to so many of the fairest islands of the southern seas?

Why Chinese Generals Lose Their Heads.

There are to be found people who think that Emperor Kwang Su is a little too fond of having his generals decapitated. It appears, however, that the fear of losing their heads has a very wholesome effect upon the Chi- nese commanders. A Tientsin dispatch to the Times, London, says that the execution of General Wei has had a most beneficial effect; the troops are being paid and supplied with rations. According to a correspondent of the same paper this was not always the case. We take the following from his description of army administration:

"Chinese generals are really nothing but contractors. Like the mandarins of the civil service, they purchase their appointments as a kind of investment for surplus capital. The general gets a certain sum from the Government, for which he has to furnish a certain number of troops and the camp. His 'savings' are limited only by his con- science; he can doctor the lists of men and cheat the men as he pleases. After the battle of Ping Yang many soldiers had not received any pay for three, four, and even five months. Some of the generals simply hoped that many of their men would be killed, to save the trouble of paying them. The most notorious sinner in this respect is Gen. Wei, who com- manded at Ping Yang. He had only half of the men for whom he was draw- ing pay, and his troops mostly consisted of coolies that had been shoved in the place of deserters. These coolies, of course, did not care how things went, and were bent upon saving their own skins. But then, Wei had paid a good round sum for his appointment to cer- tain influential persons. Desertion is not, therefore, regarded by these men as a misfortune. Of course there are exceptions to the rule; some officers are brave and loyal, and have brave and loyal men under their command, for the men are naturally like their leaders. Tso Pao Kwei, who fell at Ping Yang, was known to many foreigners, who had a high opinion of him. He was not only brave, but amiable. He was a Mohammedan and so were his men. They bore the brunt of the battle and lost heavily."

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air pas- sages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. a

THEY ARE BETTER LIVES. If anything is strong evidence in favor of total abstinence from a selfish standpoint it is that kind of evidence which shows that its practice is conducive to longevity, and therefore to great healthfulness. There is perhaps no- where else in the world to be found evi- dence on this matter, which is at once so extensive in its scope, so definite in its results, and so conclusive in its char- acter, as that which is shown in the 50 years' experience of the Temperance and General Provident Institution of Great Britain. We have in the past pub- lished figures from the experience of this company, but for an extended re- port of its experience we recommend a perusal of Our Advocate, a little paper published by the Temperance and Gen- eral Life Assurance Company, which is- sues the same lines and has had a similar experience to that of the T. and G. Provident with regard to the lower mortality which exists among total ab- stainers. The evidence furnished in favor of total abstinence, patronizing a company which gives them the full benefit of their bet- ter lives is conclusive. This significant statement also appeared in their last re- port: "We did not have a single dol- lar's worth of real estate on our hands or a single dollar of interest overdue and in arrears." And it may well be emphasized in a time of great financial dis- tress, such as the present, when so few financial concerns can show even a fairly clean balance sheet. This com- pany is steadily growing larger and stronger year by year, and is now the largest and most progressive of the Canadian companies. It should have the consideration of all total abstin- ers, at least when they are taking life in- stance.

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Consolidation of
The Canada Citizen, of Toronto.
The Canadian Home Guard, of London.
Wives and Daughters, of London.
Published weekly simultaneously at London and Toronto, at \$1 per year; trial price at 25 cents for three months. Agents wanted every- where, to whom unusually liberal terms of commission will be given. Special terms to temperance and church organizations. Sample copies sent free to those desiring, or whose name and address are sent for that purpose, to Address CITIZEN AND HOME GUARD OFFICE, London, Ont.

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USERS TELL ITS WORTH.

WE DON'T NEED TO

Mr. Wm. Dean, Dear Sir—I have suffered from Sciatica for fifteen years. I have tried sixteen doctors, and afterwards went to the hospital. I was told to go home, as there was no cure. I heard of Dean's Rheumatism and Sciatica Cure, and gave it a trial. It cured me in six weeks. I have not had a trace of it since, and can recommend it to any person suf- fering from these diseases as ahead of anything in the market. Yours truly, THOS. JONES.

This medicine may now be obtained from any druggist in \$1 bottles, or \$12 for \$5. Do not suffer nor permit your friends to suffer when you can get it.

Wm. Dean, Dunn Avenue, Toronto.

Dr. ROZELLE V. FUNNELL—LATE

Professor of Electro-Therapy, Queen's University, announces her removal from Deer Park Sanitarium to

10 Wilton Crescent, TORONTO.

Trained nurses in constant attendance on resident patients. Massage, in all cases, and medical treatment. Office hours from 2 to 5 p.m. daily.

Dr. Roselle V. Funnell.

COMPLETELY PARALYZED.

Physicians Are Astounded by a Peculiar Case.

A Young Canadian Stricken With Para- lysis While in New York—Returned to His Home in London, Ont., as He Be- lieved, to Die—The Means of Renewed Health Pointed Out by a Clergyman Who Visited Him.

Stricken with Landry's Paralysis and yet cured. That means but little to the average layman, but it means a mir- acle to a physician. Such is the experi- ence of O. E. Dallimore, at present a resident of Madison, N. J., and a rare experience it is.

"Yes, it is true that I had Landry's paralysis," said Mr. Dallimore to a re- porter, "or else the most celebrated physicians of London were mistaken. I have been cured is clearly ap- parent." With this he straightened up as sturdy and promising a son of Brit- ain as ever trod American soil.

"It was on the 15th of March last," he continued, "when I was in New York city, that I first felt symptoms of my trouble. I experienced difficulty in get- ting up stairs, my legs failing to support me. I consulted a physician, who in- formed me that I had every symptom of locomotor ataxia, but as the case de- veloped more fully, and knowing the nature of the disease advised me to start for my home and friends. I gave up my work, and on April 1 I started for Lon- don. A well-known physician was con- sulted, but I grew rapidly worse, and on Saturday, April 7, several physicians held a consultation on my case and in- formed me that I was at death's door, having but three to six days to live; still I lingered on, by this time com- pletely paralyzed, my hands and feet being dead. I could hardly whisper, my wants and could only swallow liquids. Oh, the misery of those moments are beyond all description, and death would really have been a welcome visitor.

"Now comes the part that has as- tounded the physicians. Rev. Mr. Gun- dy, a clergyman who visited me in my last hours, as he supposed, told me of the marvelous cures of paralysis that had been performed by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I started to take the pills about April 28, and a week after that felt an improvement in my condition. There was a warm, ting- ing sensation in the limbs that had been entirely dead, and I soon began to move my feet and hands. The improve- ment continued until May 28, when I went out of bed for a drive and drove the horse myself. By the begin- ning of June I was able to walk upstairs alone and paid a visit to Niagara.

Slowly but surely I gained my old health and strength, leaving London for New York on Oct. 11 and beginning my work again on Oct. 26, 1894. Cured of Landry's Paralysis in eight months."

To confirm his story beyond all doubt, Mr. Dallimore made the following af- davit:

STATE OF NEW JERSEY.

OLIVE E. DALLIMORE.

Sworn and subscribed before me Decem- ber 3, 1894. AMOS C. RATHBUN,

(Seal.) Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale Peo- ple are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, neuritis, nervous headache, the af- ter effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic crys- talline, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or ex- cesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this won- derful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

These pills are manufactured by Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brock- ville, Ont., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and anal- ysis. It is 25 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

FERROL

The most powerful blood alterative and the best agent yet discovered for the cure of Consumption, Scrofula, and all diseases of the blood.

GOOD AND LUNGS.

Indorsed by the best physicians of the country and hailed as a boon by all those who are in falling health.

FERROL is a combination of Iron and the best NON-VEGETARIAN Food in the stomach, and is assimilated in the natural way.

FERROL enriches the blood, makes comes all wasting tendencies.

Babies and children thrive on FERROL, when all the other nourishment given seems to pass off without any good effect whatever. It insures a healthy growth, so we would urge mothers to use FERROL.

Have You Consumption? USE THIS VALUABLE REMEDY AND REAP THE RESULTS.

Have You Bronchitis? HAVE YOU RHEUMATISM? IS YOUR BLOOD DISEASED? ARE YOUR LUNGS WEAK? A SOUND AND HEALTHY BODY.

Ask your druggist for FERROL or write to us and we will send you a sample free.

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The above should be of special interest to our readers, as the Professor's charges are mod- erate.

NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

Military Studies Begun In the School of Brienne.

HIS WAR GENIUS FORESHADOWED.

Defiant In Manner, He Incurred the Antipathy of His Fellow-Scholars—Arrested For Challenging a Schoolmate—Battle of the Snow Fort—Desired to Lead, Not Follow.

[Copyright, 1895, by John Clark Ridpath.]

III.—AUTUMN AND BRIENNE.

The old town of Autun lies on the left bank of the Arroux, 164 miles south-east of Paris. Here the boys Buonaparte were put to school, in January of 1779. The town is an epitome of European history. It was the capital of the brave Eduans, whom Caesar overcame in the first year of the Gallic war. Napoleon, in his tenth year, arrived at the gates. He was put under charge of the Abbe Chardon, nephew of the General Marboeuf. The latter devoted himself to the interests of the Buonaparte family, and paid a part of the expenses.

Meanwhile the father and Marboeuf had gone to Versailles, and were assiduous in their efforts to get the boys established as pensioners.



NAPOLÉON AT TWENTY-TWO.

The solicitation was that the young fellows should be educated at the expense of the state. Marboeuf invented a fiction, decked with fact, about the nobility of his wards; and the petition was granted finally as to Napoleon. But Joseph had now passed the limit of his eleventh year, and was no longer eligible—unless by violation of law. He must therefore be diverted to the priesthood, while the younger brother was assigned, at the public charge, to the military academy at Brienne-la-Chapelle, on the right bank of the Aube, in the department of the same name, a hundred and eighteen miles from Paris. Thither he was transferred in the latter part of April, 1779, and was admitted as a cadet.

At Autun, the chief business had been to teach him French. He applied himself closely to this task, but not very successfully. He learned to speak French, brokenly, with an Italian accent. To the end of his life he never acquired a nice knowledge of the adopted tongue. His grammar was broken, his composition thunderstruck, and his spelling heretical. His practical knowledge of the language which he was destined to use for forty-two years in his intercourse with men was sufficient; but his mind was never tolerant of technicalities.

This trait of neglecting the exactitudes was strongly manifested from Napoleon's childhood. He went as far as the practical in whatever subject he touched; but having seized thus much, he cared for nothing else. He desired correctness in others, for that was useful to him; but as for himself, he wanted only aggregate results and a knowledge of their practical advantage. All authors have commented on the inaccuracies and lapses in the Napoleonic correspondence and manuscripts. It became his habit to slur over, in his rapid way, the errors in his writing; and his arrogance seemed to convince him that, while correct spelling was an accomplishment in pedagogues, it was rather a fault in great men.

The young Bonaparte is described by his master as being of solemn demeanor; rarely laughing; never happy or mirthful; no disposition for playing; proud and solitary; easily wounded; always resentful; learning with lightning-like rapidity; but stopping short of correctness; vain of his faculties; patriotism almost morbid; disliking the powerful foreign race with which his lot had been cast; looking back regretfully to Corsica, and (most unboylike) thinking more of his country than he did of his home and mother.

Already, before leaving Autun, the pale little Bonaparte fell into frequent quarrels with his French schoolmates about the Corsican revolution! They insulted him with the charge that his countrymen had been cowards—else they would have won their independence. To this he answered angrily that if the French had outnumbered his people only four to one, the invaders would have been defeated. Military calculation already!

The military academy at Brienne was one of ten of like kind recently established in the kingdom. Besides these, there were two higher schools, one at Paris and the other at La Flèche. This system had superseded another which had failed on account of its unpopularity. The military education and the right thereto was a plum for the nobles. Boys of the Third Estate had therein no part or lot. In the schools were gathered the weakened reproductions of a moribund nobility. The governors of the schools were even as the cadets. The institutions degenerated, until there was a popular reaction against them. There was a reform, headed by the Church. New schools were established, and monks were put in charge of them!

At the time when the boy Napoleon went to Brienne, the remarkable condition was presented of a system of military schools in charge of the monastic

orders. The Brienne academy was conducted by the Minim Fathers, good men in their way, but as sources of inspiration to lads with the gleam of military glory in their brains they were mere dullness and obfuscation! The courses of study were mathematics, geography, history, Latin, modern languages, philosophy, and such poor misnamed science as might be squeezed from the sponge of clerical dogmatism in the eighteenth century.

Such was the disciplinary fare which was offered to the boy Napoleon. He was now far removed from friends and kinsmen. He made the acquaintance of his schoolmates; admired one of them—Bourienne—and seemed to love another—Des Mazis; but his character and manner were rocks of offense to the rest of the hundred and fifty. Nothing more striking has been presented in personal annals than the contrast which the poor Corsican lad, with his solemn face, long, stiff black hair, haughty expression, close-shut Italian mouth, solitary pride of bearing, and unfashionable insular suit, afforded to the throng of noble, mocking effeminate among whom he was washed up as from the sea.

On his entrance into the academy—which was a clean, well-ordered place—Napoleon brought from the Abbe Chardon certificates of moderate proficiency and the usual character-sketch of himself as a pupil. But nothing protected him from the inane animosity of his fellows. They jeered at him in a manner that would have driven a less resolute spirit to despair. Had he been complaisant, he might easily have won peace, if not popularity; but his defiant air seemed to challenge the attacks of the contemptuous crowd.

Deep down in the situation lay the provocation of poverty. The boy perceived the disparagement to which he was subjected on this score; and it maddened him not a little. His most troublesome characteristic was this—that he would not follow in anything. He would lead. He would be first or nothing. Assumption of leadership and the air of it brought on him still greater contumely. The bitterness of the situation sometimes came to the verge of bloodshed. Once he got himself arrested for challenging another to fight him on account of an insulting remark about his father. The sullen boy went muttering to the guard-house. Nor was he restored to condition until Marboeuf had interceded in person with the authorities.

Out of this epoch came some well-known stories of the student Bonaparte at Brienne. In course of time, his fellow-cadets, understanding him better, became first tolerant, and then friendly. Friendship in the case of the proud and arbitrary cadet meant subjection to his will. While he could not be companionable in sports, he could and would command. The existence of the tradition about his dividing his fellows into two armies, building a fort in winter out of snow (building it, too, according to the principles of good engineering), making a siege, with snowballs for bombs, and with all the seriousness of Genghis Khan carrying the place by storm, may well attest his disposition and growing ascendancy at the academy.

The young Napoleon remained at Brienne from April of 1779 to the year 1784. The inspector Keralio, coming from Paris to the military school, discerned in the slender cadet from Ajaccio the hints of promise. The method was in such cases to send up students from the minor academies to the Military School of Paris. Sometimes promotion was made directly to the navy; and this was considered a great honor. It appears that the inspector would have had Cadet Bonaparte sent to the fleet; but the officer died before his wish could be fulfilled.

Accordingly, at the end of Napoleon's course at Brienne, he was recommended for promotion to the military school in Paris. At this time, namely, in 1784, when Napoleon was in his sixteenth year, he was personally described by the inspector in the following terms: "M. de Bonaparte (Napoleon), born August 15, 1769. Height, 4 paces, 10 paces, 10 lignes (= 1 metre, 50 centimetres, 3 millimetres = 5 feet, 2.7 inches), in the fourth class; of good constitution, excellent health, mild disposition (mistake there, Inspector!). Is upright, grateful; conduct very regular; has been always distinguished for his application to mathematics; is fairly acquainted with history and geography; is weak in all accomplishments (very true, Monsieur de Keralio!) and Latin. He will make an excellent sailor; deserves promotion to the Military School in Paris."

The character of the young Napoleon at this period of his career reveals in one thing a depth and far-off sight that might well have belonged to the forceful years of his maturity. The thing related to Joseph, his brother. As early as the coming to Autun, Napoleon exulted the scheme to lodge his brother on the safe ledge of the priesthood. Thus would he have him out of his way! Given a military career for both, and Joseph must be, by seniority, before him. But nothing shall be before him. Arguments fit for Richelieu are found why Joseph shall enter the Church, rise to distinction, be a Monseigneur, and by that way defend, support and advance the prospects of the family of Buonaparte. As for me, I will accept the hardships of the military life; and maybe something beyond! There are on record several subtle communications written by the young cadet, strongly urging the priestly office as the one thing suitable and advantageous for Joseph. Our future king of Naples or Spain or both, willingly obedient to the imperial scepter, shall testify to our presence and brotherly wisdom!

JOHN CLARK RIDPATH.

Corks.

Inasmuch as Spain produces more wine than almost any other country in the world, it is only fair that she should supply the corks for the bottles in which the ambrosial fluid is sold, and from official statistics it seems that her annual yield of bottle corks amounts to over 8,000,000,000.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON X, FIRST QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, MARCH 10.

Text of the Lesson, Mark x, 17-27—Memory Verses, 21, 22—Golden Text, Math. vi, 33—Commentary by the Rev. D. M. Stearns.

17. "And when He was gone forth into the way there came one running and kneeled to Him and asked Him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" This event is also recorded by both Matthew and Luke. It is in each immediately preceded by the saying of Christ that we must become as little children in order to enter the kingdom, and it is followed by Peter's remarks about their having left all, and the question as to what they should have, and the Saviour's reply. By comparing the three accounts we find that this earnest, anxious soul was a young man, a ruler and very rich. These facts, coupled with that of his running after Jesus and kneeling down before Him in the street, seem to indicate very great earnestness on his part in reference to this great matter of eternal life.

18. "And Jesus said unto him: Why callest thou me good? There is none good but one, that is God." As he said, "In calling me good, do you confess that I am God?" He does not, as we might heartily receive the young man, saying, "I am so glad you have asked me. Sit down with me quietly, and I will show you in a few minutes, for it is very easy." He does not think in His heart: Now, here is a splendid catch. I must get him by all means. Think what his social position and influence will be to us and think what his money will do for us. We must have him.

19. "Thou knowest the commandments. Do not commit adultery. Do not kill. Do not steal. Do not bear false witness. Defraud not. Honor thy father and mother." Thus in answer to His question He takes Him, as he did the lawyer, as one to the law, and to what we call the second table, his duty to man, for we can only prove our love to God by our love to our fellows. Before we can know the way to life eternal we must have our eyes opened to see our guilt and inability to do anything to obtain this eternal life.

20. "And he answered and said unto Him, Master, all these have I observed from my youth." We will suppose that he was thoroughly honest in this reply and actually thought he had not failed in any of these commands, but it is evident that he neither knew his own heart nor the spirit of the law as Jesus had taught it (Math. v, 21-28), or he would not thus have justified himself. Paul speaks of a kind of righteousness which every young man had as "mine own righteousness which is of the law," but he learned to count it all as dross when he saw the righteousness which is of God by faith (Phil. iii, 9).

21. "Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him and said unto him, One thing thou lackest, go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven, and come, and take up the cross and follow me." There is no one whom Jesus does not love. He loves those who are dead in sins (Eph. ii, 4, 5), but His heart went out with a special love to this young man. The one thing he lacked was just this knowledge of the love of Christ.

22. "And he was sad at that saying and went away grieved, for he had great possessions." Jesus had now put His hand upon the sore spot as when He said to the woman of Samaria, "Go, call thy husband." Empty and dependent as a little child we must come if we would know Him and His love and grace and fullness. 23. "And Jesus looked round about and said unto His disciples, How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of God." The kingdom of God meant more to Jesus than it meant to His disciples or than it means to many Christians now. This day listened to a sermon preached to about 2,000 people in St. Giles' cathedral, where once the voice of John Knox rang out the truth, in which the real kingdom which Jesus and all the prophets preached was wholly set aside.

24. "And the disciples were astonished at His words, but Jesus answered again and said unto them, Children, how hard is it for them that trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of God." There is not necessarily any sin in money. It is the love of money (1 Tim. vi, 10), or as Jesus here puts it, the trust in or reliance upon riches, instead of upon the giver of every good gift, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy. Abraham was rich, and David and Zachariah and many others whom the Lord saved. It is not said that "Not any mighty or noble is called," but "not many mighty, not many noble" (1 Cor. i, 26). One has well said, "Thank God for the letter M."

25. "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." It is simply impossible for any man, rich or poor, to enter the kingdom without being born from above (John iii, 3, 5, 7), but that is not probably the truth taught here. If there was in a large city gate a small gate which only a camel could go through with difficulty by unaided effort, and if this small gate was called "a needle's eye," it would help us to understand these words of the Saviour. Whatever illustration He had in mind, it is plain that He teaches us that it is next to impossible for one who is rich to enter the kingdom of heaven, but God, who is love, has made full provision for whosoever will receive His love (Rev. xxi, 17).

26. "And they were astonished out of measure, saying among themselves, Who then can be saved?" It would seem that to the minds of the disciples Jesus had spoken, not of a bare possibility, but of an impossibility, at least as far as all the rich were concerned. This, with many other passages of Scripture, such as 1 Tim. vi, 9, 17; Zeph. i, 18; Ps. xlii, 6, 7; should certainly teach us not to covet riches, except as they may be used for Him and His kingdom. It is possible to be poor, yet make many rich, to seemingly have nothing and yet possess all things (II Cor. vi, 10). Think of Him who, though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor and let Him be our durable riches as well as our righteousness (II Cor. viii, 9; Prov. viii, 18).

27. "And Jesus, looking upon them, said, With men it is impossible, but not with God, for with God all things are possible." There is nothing too hard or too wonderful for the Lord, for His name is wonderful (Gen. xxi, 14; Jer. xxxii, 17; Judg. xiii, 18; margin, Isa. li, 6). When simple faith receives the wonderful Saviour and Lord, the most commonplace life will become wonderful by His indwelling and outworking. The great thing on our part is to know our nothingness that we may not seek to bring Him anything, but our poor worthless selves. Then He will glorify Himself in us.

SHE IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

Mrs. Dr. Sherlock Holmes as Good a Detective as Her Husband.

"Let him enter!" It was Mrs. Dr. Sherlock Holmes who received Old Sleuth in her laboratory, where she was closely examining the bristles of a spotted dog under a powerful microscope to see wherein they differed from the hairs of a black cow.

"You have come to tell me that you have failed in the great Adamantine murder case," she said, as the detective sat down on the edge of a chair and gasped for breath.

"Yes, mum."

"And you want my help? You have so muddled the case that I am disgusted with the whole matter, but as I feel sorry for your wife and children I will help you out. Mr. Adamantine was murdered in his bed, and a search proved that his money and watch were taken. You, therefore, proceeded on the theory that robbery was the motive."

"Yes, mum; I am sure that robbery was the sole and only—"

"Silence, sir! You are but a novice in this work and should hang on to your mouth! Did you delve into the past life of the victim?"

"Of course not! Had you done so you would have discovered that twenty-two years ago he fell in love with his mother's cook and became engaged. The family opposed the match, and he gave the girl the cold throw over. Conscience could not be quieted, however. He married his typewriter, became rich, was elected to the Legislature and was apparently content and happy. I say apparently, for his conscience ever accused him. On the night of the supposed murder what happened?"

"He was murdered, mum."

"Oh, he was! You had better go and saw wood! On that night the cook was in his garden. You could have found her tracks there. She threw dirt against his window. You will find some sticking to the glass. When he opened it she accused him of heartlessness in breaking his vows and of making her life a dreary desert. She left him for the river. Conscience drove him to desperation. He dropped his watch in the soap grease barrel, threw his wallet into the open fire and then took a Turkish dagger from the wall, stretched himself on the bed and deliberately plunged the weapon into his body behind the left shoulder and died with the name of Mary Ann on his lips."

"But, mum, you see—"

"Yes, I see it all. Imbecile, go look for the tracks and the dirt. On a gooseberry bush you will find a bit of Mary Ann's calico dress. On a bench in the summer house there still remain seven of the scalding tears she shed that night. She flung herself into the river from wharf No. 6, and at the present moment her body is floating in the Atlantic Ocean, exactly 231 1/2 miles southeast of Sandy Hook."

"Then it was a case of suicide. I could have told you so six weeks ago had you come to me. That is all, and you may now take a skate. I am working on the great Cobble tragedy, where Mr. Cobble is supposed to have killed his wife and seven children and then committed suicide. In two hours I shall satisfy the public that they were smothered by escaping gas or died of heart disease. No thanks—come again—good morning!" M. QUAD.

WONDERFUL OLD MAN.

Hon. C. P. Villiers, Father of the British House of Commons.

C. P. Villiers, the wonderful "father of the house of commons," celebrated his ninety-third birthday recently. Whatever may be the effect of the house of commons atmosphere upon some constitutions it evidently agrees with Mr. Villiers, who has sat uninterruptedly for the same constituency for a period of sixty years.

What a marvelous kaleidoscope of constant change must be the memory of a



C. P. VILLIERS, M.P.

man who has been continuously in public life ever since the days when the "sailor king" sat upon the throne, and all the amazing products of the Victorian era were still unknown and undreamt of! The venerable member for Wolverhampton must have felt Mr. Gladstone's retirement keenly, for with the departure of the ex-premier disappeared the last of his brother members who was also his brother member in those far-off days when he sat in a parliament convened by King William the Fourth.

Mr. Gladstone—who, by the way, is quite a boy compared with Mr. Villiers, being no less than eight years his junior—seems to be still as prone to awkward little adventures as he was before his retirement. His heavy fall at Hawarden the other day might easily have been attended with very serious results; but the wonderful veteran seems specially fortunate in such escapades. It is no doubt his mental absorption that renders him so prone to come to physical grief. When he was constantly walking about in town there was seldom a day in which he did not place himself in more or less serious danger of being run over, though only two or three of his narrower escapes found their way into the papers.

A Padarewski Story.

The story is told of Padarewski, he of the long locks and supple fingers, that he was invited to tea by a New York millionaire. The pianist rather coolly refused his intended host to his agent. When the agent was seen the first question he asked was: "I suppose Mrs. V— will expect Padarewski to play?" "I suppose so." "Then Mr. Padarewski will accept your invitation as an engagement." "Oh, very well, if you prefer to put it that way," returned the millionaire. "What are the terms?" "Three thousand dollars for one piece and Mr. Padarewski will consent to a single encore." The terms were not accepted.

Like His Impudence.

"Excuse me," said the young lawyer. "I cannot," replied the learned Judge. "I should have remembered," reflected the young lawyer, semi-indolently, "ignorance of the law excuses nobody."

REASON ALMOST LOST AT TIMES

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These dreadful troubles respect neither sex, age, class or rank; the victims are found at all times and in all places. While it is a fact that thousands are laid on beds of suffering, it is also true that tens of thousands are barely able to drag along from day to day, being in such a half-dazed state.

Soon—ah! too soon—the ailing ones are numbered with those who are laid up with the sufferings, agonies, and torments that nervous diseases generate.

In the midst of present sufferings, gloom and despair, there shines a glimmer and glorious light of hope, comfort and assurance. A curing agent that the world has lauded, praised and extolled, lifts its mighty hands ready to deliver from the grave.

The life-saver and deliverer from disease and death—Paine's Celery Compound—never fails in its mission of curing

and restoring to health and strength. Thousands have testified, and fresh testimonials pour in every week. Mrs. Alfred Perry, wife of A. Perry, merchant and shipbuilder, gives important testimony as to the value of Paine's Celery Compound for nervous troubles and the results that flow from them. She was fully and completely cured. For the benefit of sufferers she writes as follows:

"For two years my system was all run down, and I suffered more than I can describe from nervous prostration and insomnia; at times I almost lost my reason from severe pain at the back of the brain. My husband advised me to try Paine's Celery Compound, which I did, and the effects were wonderful. I soon began to sleep well, the pain left my head; my whole system was strengthened, and I am now enjoying very good health."

"I would cheerfully recommend Paine's Celery Compound to anyone suffering from like troubles. You have my best wishes for the future success of your excellent remedy."

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