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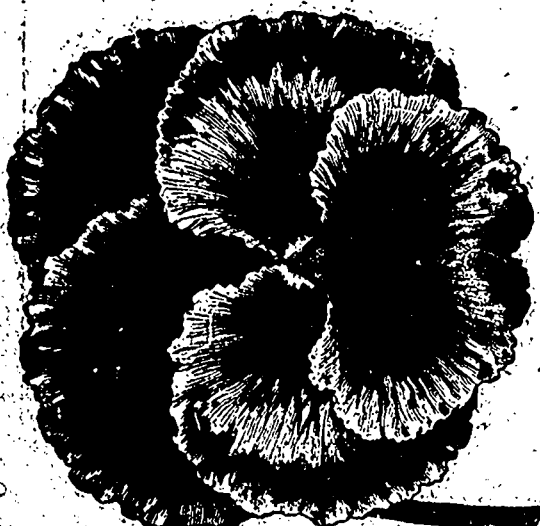
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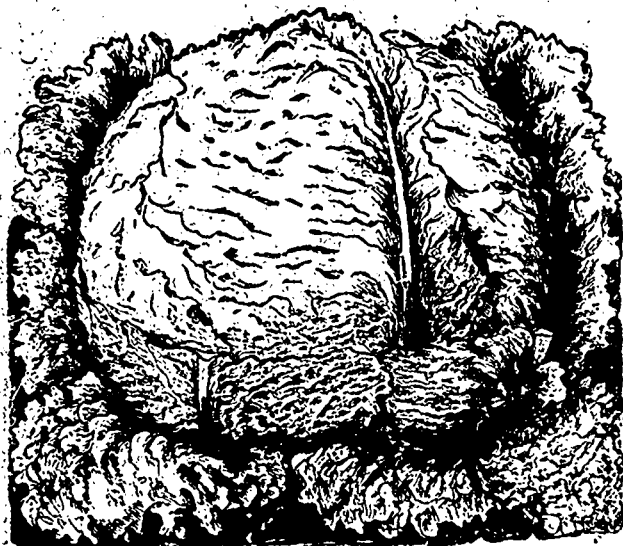
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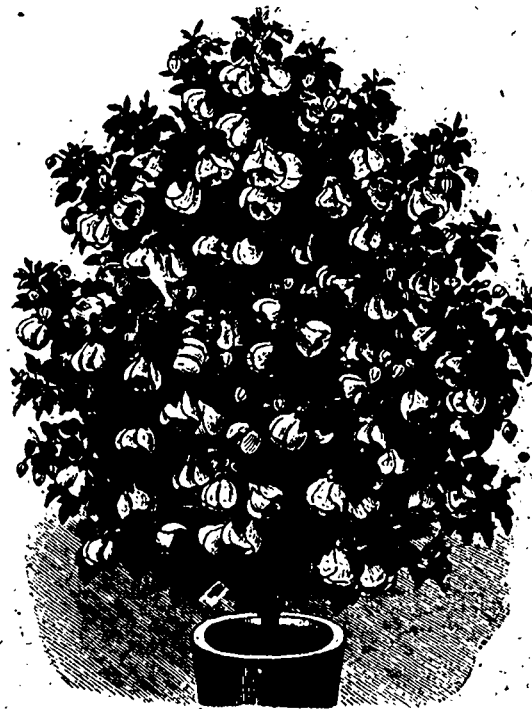
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TRUTH.

VOL. XIX.

TORONTO, CANADA, MAY 6, 1899.

NO. 970.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has not yet fulfilled his promise to provide relief for old-age poverty, but he has announced that a select committee shall be appointed for an investigation of the subject. Meanwhile he has introduced a bill the purpose of which is to give industrious and thrifty workingmen homes of their own. The measure to which we refer proposes to give to the occupiers of small houses in English towns the same facilities for becoming the owners of their houses as have been given to the owners of small farms in Ireland. The purchase money, however, is to be advanced not by the imperial Government but by local authorities, who are strictly limited as to the amount applicable for the purpose. Whatever, for instance, the expenses accruing under the bill rise above the rate of a penny in the pound, the bill will cease to be operative until the expenses sunk below that limit. In no case is compliance with the bill obligatory on a local community, or on any present individual owner. It is only when the actual owner of houses occupied by workingmen is willing to sell, and the local authority is willing to advance part of the purchase money, that the transaction will be authorized. The appraised value, moreover, of a house to be purchased must not exceed \$1,500, and the maximum sum to be advanced in furtherance of the purchase thereof is to be \$1,200. The remainder, that is to say, one-fifth of the whole, must be furnished by the workingman who is to become owner of the dwelling, and he will also be called upon to repay in annual installments the money advanced. If the installments are not paid regularly, or if the house is not maintained in a sound and proper condition, the local authority, which is, practically, a portagee, is to have power to enter and sell the premises.

One object brought against the project is that it tends to interfere with the mobility of labor; that is to say, to constrain a workingman to remain in a given place, although his interests may call him elsewhere. This objection is met by a provision which enables workmen to transfer their holdings with the utmost facility. All ownerships arising under the bill are to be registered by the local authority, and transfers of ownership are to be made on payment of a fee not exceeding \$2.50. Moreover, if an owner's work draws him away before he

can find an individual purchaser for his dwelling, the local authority is empowered to take it at a price to be fixed by arbitration. A more serious criticism of the bill is based on the prediction that the burden of supplying the purchase money, although temporarily placed upon the local authorities, will eventually be devolved upon the imperial treasury. Whatever the cost of the scheme may prove to be, it will be just so much deducted from the local funds applicable to other uses, and, even as it is, the demands are incessant for the replenishing of local funds from the imperial exchequer. In 1885 the fraction of the imperial revenues annually alienated to local purposes was \$28,500,000; at present the amount attains the gigantic total of \$57,500,000.

What now renders the framing of a budget so difficult a task for the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the formidable extent to which the imperial Government has assumed burdens that used to fall upon local authorities. It is sometimes said, by way of reply, that the payer of local rates is the same person as the payer of imperial taxes. Even if that were true, it would seem wasteful to draw money from a person by a tax only to return it to him after much expense and delay. If, on the other hand, the payer of local rates is a different person from the payer of imperial taxes, it would seem unjust to take money from the latter and then allocate it to the former. In spite of the opposition which it is likely to encounter, not only from the radicals but from some of the Conservatives, there is but little doubt that Mr. Chamberlain's bill to enable workingmen to own their dwellings, will become a law in the course of the present year. It will be a highly interesting experiment that we shall then begin to witness.

The reported decision of the German Government to promote the all-through route between Cape Town and Cairo has an interesting bearing on the project in which the German Emperor has been much interested since his visit to Palestine, namely, the establishing of direct communication by rail between Constantinople and Cairo.

When the gaps at present existing in this great world-route are filled in, it will be possible to travel from any point in Europe direct to Cape Town

without even a glimpse of any of the great seas or oceans. Some sections of the route between Constantinople and Cape Town, via Cairo, are already built. The gaps that require to be filled in, are, first, that between Kaisersieh, in Asia Minor, and Damascus, in Syria, passing through Marash, Aintab, Aleppo and Hums. The section between Damascus and Misirib, already built, is the continuation of the Beyrout-Damascus railway. The second gap is between Misirib and Egypt. The present intention appears to be to run a line from Misirib, which lies to the eastward of the Sea of Tiberias, by way of Es-Salt and Kerak, east of the Dead Sea, to Maan, one of the principal stations on the Syrian pilgrimage route to Mecca. From there a branch is contemplated to Kalat-el-Akabah, at the head of the Gulf of Akabah, the northeastern arm of the Red Sea, while the main line would run westward, by the south of Mount Hor, to some point on the Suez Canal, where it would effect a junction with the railway to Cairo.

The prolongation of the line from Maan to Mecca direct, or by way of Kalat-el-Akabah, whence it would follow the Egyptian pilgrimage road to Mecca, would be a matter for after consideration. The present project deals only with the connection between Syria and Egypt, which might follow another route from Misirib by the valley of the Jordan and east of the Dead Sea, instead of the line mentioned. The African gap is between Khartoum and Buluwayo. The line that will connect these two points will not pass entirely through British territory, but is interrupted by a section of considerable length through German East Africa. For this reason and others of a military nature, the policy of extending the Egyptian end of the line beyond Khartoum, or further than the Abyssinian frontier on one side and Darfur on the other, is at the present time severely criticised in England.

The disposition of the British Government appears to be to make haste slowly in the matter, and for the present there is no very fervent desire to have any railway connection established between Egypt and Syria, with the prospect of the extension of the Anatolian Railway to Damascus. Such a connection would bring about a complete revolution in England's military and political position in Egypt and deprive her of the exceptional advantage she at present enjoys through her control of the communications with Egypt by sea by means of her fleet. Once the railway communication through Asia Minor and Syria to the

Egyptian frontier is perfected, a Turkish army can be collected with comparative ease, and beyond the range of the guns of a fleet, at some point where its presence alone will be productive of great inconvenience to the British Administration in Egypt. The inconvenience will be greater still if the through line to Buluwayo is completed, and, under the arrangements with Germany, it becomes more or less an international highway.

Under the circumstances it is not surprising that a number of influential Anglo-Africans and several military experts who have gone into the subject have come to the conclusion that both from the commercial and imperial point of view Mr. Rhodes' scheme is open to the most serious objections. It is admitted that in itself the construction of the through line from Khartoum to Buluwayo is a desirable thing, but now that the expediency of building it has been openly questioned from the standpoint of British interests generally, the matter assumes an entirely new complexion. The arguments that have been put forward against carrying on the line beyond Khartoum for the present are said to have created a profound impression in influential quarters in England; and this would account for the unwillingness of the Government to accede to Mr. Rhodes' demand for a guarantee of the interest on the cost of his road. There are also several questions affecting the control of the countries lying on either side of the Nile Valley between Khartoum and the equatorial lakes yet to be settled before the construction of an all-through route can be carried out expediently.

For many years the Russian calendar, which is also in use in Servia, Bulgaria and Greece, has been twelve days behind that of the rest of the civilized world. Beginning next year, and until the year 2100, the Russian calendar, unless reformed meanwhile, will be counted as thirteen days behind that of other nations. The reason is that civil time is still measured in Russia by the old Julian calendar, which makes the solar year longer than it really is by eleven minutes and a few seconds. Roman Catholic countries adopted the reformed or Gregorian calendar 317 years ago, thus making the civil year practically identical with the true or astronomical year. The very fact that a Roman Pope brought about this reform set Protestant countries against it, and the Gregorian calendar was not adopted in Great Britain till 147 years ago. Ignorant folk believed that they had

been robbed of a part of their lives and went shouting through the streets: "Give us back our eleven days."

In a word, Russia's standard of time measurement is too long and her calendar, therefore, is falling behind that of other countries whose standard is approximately accurate. The situation becomes more inconvenient as Russia's business relations with other nations, expand, and it is not surprising that several departments of the Government have at last declared in favor of adopting the Gregorian calendar. This is the direct result of the agitation that was started by the scientific societies of Russia, which, in November, 1891, agreed to keep the idea of reforming the calendar before the country, to endeavor to win for it the support of the educated classes and to popularize it. This was the opening wedge, and the long campaign against an unscientific standard of time measurements appears to be nearing a successful end.

In the discussion of the past few years educated Russians have freely admitted that their calendar is erroneous, but they have also asserted that the Gregorian calendar is not perfect. The great difficulty in the way has been the Church. It was easy for the Catholic world to adopt the new calendar, because it was ordered by the Pope. But the Greek Church in each country is practically autonomous, and it has shown little disposition to give up the Julian calendar, in accordance with which the dates for sacred days and festivals have been designated for centuries. There was little hope of winning the support of the Church authorities, but if the influential and educated people of Russia became practically agreed upon the necessity of reform it was believed that the Czar would exercise his prerogative and substitute the new for the old system. This is the end for which the scientific men of Russia have been striving, and the fact that they have won the support of the Foreign Office and the Departments of Interior and Finance shows that they have reason to hope for success.

Japan's enlarged acquaintance with other nations, due to the remarkable growth of her foreign commerce, explains the increased outflow of population to some other parts of the world. The people are learning of the ways of living and the rates of wages in other countries, and many find in them inducement sufficient to tempt them from their crowded islands. A small part of these emigrants represent the interests of Japanese manufacturers and merchants abroad, but most of them are wage-earners, who command only five to fifteen cents a day at ordinary labor at home mills, and seek something better elsewhere. For a number of years, therefore, there has been a small but steady emigration to the coast of Asia from Vladivostok to Singapore, to the sugar plantations of Hawaii, to the new colonial possession of Formosa, to the towns and mines

of British Columbia, to the pearl-shell fisheries of Queensland, and to the treaty ports and capital of Korea. Hawaii, Korea, and Formosa absorb the larger part of the emigrants, who now number about 70,000. The largest colony in America is in San Francisco and its neighborhood, where there are about 5,500 Japanese.

The Japanese have been a stay-at-home people, and there is no reason to believe that emigration will become a marked tendency of the population. Except in Formosa and Korea there is really no inducement for ordinary workmen to leave Japan. Their services are not needed, and in some regions where they have gone they are not welcome. Skilled artisans are in great demand in Japan and their wages are increasing. There are not enough of them to-day to fill the places prepared for them by Japan's remarkable development in manufacturing enterprises. About 20,000 Japanese are settled in the Korean peninsula, and there is room for many others in that rich region, where the density of population is only one-fourth that of Japan; and there are also great opportunities for the Japanese among the half-civilized Malaysians and comparatively few Chinese of the new colony of Formosa. But outside of the Asian world, whose needs she will contribute largely to supply, and where Japan's influence is growing, there is no prospect that her emigration will become very important.

THE BUDDHIST BIBLE.

It is Spread Over Seven Hundred Slabs of White Marble.

In 1857 Mindon-min, King of Burma, erected a monument near Mandalay called the Kutho-daw. There he built 700 temples, in each of which there is a slab of white marble. Upon these 700 slabs is engraved the whole of the Buddhist Bible—a vast literature in itself, equal to about six copies of the Holy Scriptures.

The marble Bible is engraved in the Pali language, thought to be that spoken by Buddha himself 500 B. C. Photographs of some of the inscriptions have reached England, and Prof. Max Mueller, perhaps the greatest linguist in all the world, has examined them. But alas! for all his human ingenuity and perseverance. If his Majesty Mindon-min thought to perpetuate the teachings of the great Buddha by causing them to be graven on the rock he nourished a vain ambition.

This is certainly the largest known copy of any portion of literature. Even the National Encyclopedia in China, in 5,000 volumes, occupies a comparatively small space. To reach the other end of the limits of the printers' art we need only remember the "Smallest Bible in the World," and the diamond edition of Catullus, Tibullus and Propertius.

To engrave the Bible of Buddha on the marble slabs in the temple of Kutho-daw must have cost many thousands of dollars, but these sermons in stone are easily out-classed by a copy of the New Testament, which, beautifully printed, can be bought for 25 cents, and if carefully cherished will last many generations.

THE NEW CLOTH.

Cloth is now being made successfully from wood, and is said to be as flexible, soft, durable and susceptible to dyes as other fabrics.

MONUMENT TO ROBERT BURNS.

Proposed to be Erected in Toronto Some Time Next Year.

Subscription books are now opened, and are being cheerfully and liberally signed by loyal and enthusiastic lovers of Burns—in Toronto and elsewhere—to raise funds for the erection of a handsome and artistic Monument in Toronto in honor of Scotland's darling poet—Robert Burns. This will be the first monument, but not the last, to Scotia's Bard in Canada. It is confidently expected that the Monument will be erected before the close of the present century—that is, next year, 1900:—

"A Monument to Burns we'll raise!"
Toronto Scots have said,—
Young Canada's first Cairn of praise,
To Scotia's honor'd dead!
Let grateful hearts and willing hands,
Pay tribute to his name,
Till soon within Toronto stands,
His Monument of fame!

One Hundred years since Burns died,
And hundreds more may roll,
Still shall he be Auld Scotia's pride,
High on her honor'd scroll;
His songs have won the human heart
Wherever shines the sun—
Great High-Priest of poetic art,
Thy work was nobly done!

They say that thou art dead—not so?
True poets never die!
But on and on their measures flow,
As boundless as the sky!
Glad songs of Hope, and Love, and Truth,
Shall never know decay—
Burns' lives in an eternal youth,
While empires pass away.

His songs of Hope have cheer'd the
'slave.
On many a dark domain,
Glad echoes roll from wave to wave,
And bids them break their chain!
"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!"
But as taught the Brotherhood of Man,
The tyrant laugh'd to scorn!

His songs of Love are sung to-day
On every foreign shore,
And shall with human hearts hold
sway,

Till time shall be no more!
Their dove-notes mild can soothe a
child,
Or play the lover's part,
In court or cottage—love beguiled—
They woo and win the heart!

His songs of Truth all creeds uphold—
"A man's a man for a' that!"
An honest man's as good as gold,
An' name can yet misca' that!
He had his faults, and so have we,
His virtues let us cherish;
His songs are sung from sea to sea—
Burns' name shall never perish!
Toronto, Can. —JOHN IMRIE.

Contributions of One Dollar and upwards may be sent to the Secretary of The Burns' Monument Committee, and which will be duly acknowledged by return mail. All cheques or Post Office Orders, should be made payable to "The Burns' Monument Fund," care of the Secretary, William Campbell, McKinnon Building, Melinda street, Toronto, Ont.

A HUSBAND'S VILLAINOUS SUGGESTION.

Here's an awful thing in this paper, said Mrs. Henpeck, about burglars out West binding and gagging a woman while her husband stood by without offering the slightest assistance. returned Henpeck; but then maybe he thought they were capable of doing it unaided.

AN ACROBATIC BURGLAR.

His Victim Never Knew Whether to Laugh or Cry.

"How do you do it?" asked the examining magistrate, curiously, as he was questioning a prisoner who had been brought to him, says the London Telegraph. The man, delighted at having a fresh opportunity to display his skill, treated the official to a little lecture by way of preface, and then, suiting the action to the word, climbed up the walls of the chamber in which they had been seated together alone, jumped down from the highest points which he could reach, bounded over chairs and tables, and was engaged in turning a magnificent somersault when the municipal guards stationed in the passage outside darted into the rescue, under the impression, derived from the noise and confusion, that the worthy judge d'instruction was being murdered outright. The police had had their work cut out for them in the capture of this queer individual, who, not satisfied with his earnings in the triple role of a clown, a "Hercule," and a professor of gymnastics — as he styled himself proudly — had utilized his athletic prowess in a series of extraordinary burglaries, over which his unlucky victims had not exactly known whether to laugh or to cry, so comical was the manner in which they were perpetrated.

Thus, on one occasion a respectable citizen and his wife, well endowed with this world's goods, were aroused from their slumbers in the small hours of the morning to behold a shadowy phantom stealing softly about their room. The ghost, however, suddenly recalled its substantial reality by seizing the lady's jewelry, which was lying about, as well as some of her husband's banknotes, which were also in convenient proximity to the trinkets, and when a move was made in its direction the window was opened, and out it jumped, sustaining no hurt as it alighted on the pavement. On another occasion a balcony had been sealed with like felonious purpose.

Sometimes this odd burglar descended from a roof or a chimney on to his prey. Sometimes, again, he called street lamps into requisition, and swung himself into open windows with their assistance. On the eventful day of the capture no less than fifteen policemen had been posted round the house which he had entered unbidden while some of their comrades proceeded in search of him, finding that he was about to be caught on the second story from the ground, the man treated his pursuers to a mocking laugh, and, jumping out of one of the windows would have escaped but for the fact that he had reckoned without his hosts, and so alighted in the midst of a group of agents of the law, who had to handcuff and bind him forthwith, as he would inevitably have slipped from their grasp.

Such is the strange individual in whose mode of operation the examining magistrate exhibited so much interest. Special measures have to be taken for retaining him in custody. Careful watch and ward are kept round his cell, in the passages, and in the street, as there is no saying what odd form his remarkable activity may not assume, and now that they have caught him the officials fully intend to hold him fast.

CHINESE MORGUE.

In the Chinese morgue, in San Francisco, one of the strange sights is a number of life-size dolls, which are burned, to accompany the corpses as their servants to the next world.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

A NEW AND VIVID STORY OF THE GREAT CONFLICT.

M. Houssaye Reviews the Fighting and Furnishes Some Interesting and Important Data.

M. Houssaye has just issued a new book on an old but ever-new subject—the battle of Waterloo. He divides it into three parts—first, the entrance upon the campaign; second, the preliminary engagements at Quatre Bras and Ligny, and third, Waterloo itself.

M. Houssaye reminds us that the approach of the First Prussian corps had no other effect upon Napoleon than to make him precipitate the assault. Only six battalions of the Guard had arrived at the Haye-Sainte, below the mount. The Emperor placed one—the Second of the Third Grenadiers—upon a small rising ground half-way between this farm and Hougoumont, and catching sight of Ney, who was always on hand wherever death was to be faced, he gave him command of the five others to charge upon the right centre of the English.

NEY ORDERED TO CHARGE.

At the same time he issued orders that the batteries should quicken their fire and to Reille and other commander of the cavalry corps to second the movements of the Guard at their respective fronts. The rumor that the Prussians were debouching from Ohain might spread. The Emperor wished to forestall this alarm. He commissioned La Bedoyere and his officers of ordnance to spread themselves over the line of battle and announce the arrival of Grouchy. Ney has told us that he was indignant at this strategy. As if Napoleon had the choice of means! What is certain is that with this false news confidence was restored and enthusiasm rekindled. The troops reformed their ranks, crying "Long live the Emperor!" The wounded raised themselves up to applaud the passage of the marching columns. A soldier with three chevrons, a veteran of Marengo, sitting with his legs shattered by a bullet against a stone in the roadway, cried out in a firm and high voice:

"Tis nothing, comrades! Go on, and hurrah for the Emperor!"

Had Wellington discovered through the ever thickening smoke the preparatory movements for his final attack? In any event he had been warned of them by a traitor. At the very moment when Drouot was erasing the Guard a captain of carabiniers traversed the valley at a forced gallop, defying the hail of balls and bullets, and with his sword sheathed and his hand held straight in air, approached the advancing sharpshooters of the Fifty-second English. Conducted to the Major of this regiment, he cried:—

"Long live the King! Make ready! That villain of a Napoleon will be upon you within half an hour!"

WELLINGTON WAS WARNED.

Colonel Fraser rejoined Wellington to bring him the news. The Duke traversed the line of battle from the Brussels to the Nivelles road, giving his last orders.

All the French troops had received orders to second this attack. Al-

ready the divisions under Donzelot, Allix and Marcogney were scaling the plateau, the first along the left side of the Genappe road, the others on the right of this road. But the infantry under Reille and the remains of the cavalry began to falter. Between Haye-Sainte and Hougoumont only five battalions of the guard were left to continue the advance upon the English army.

They marched with their arms in their hands, lined up as if for a review at the Tuileries, superb, impassive. All their officers were at their head to brave the first blow. Generals Friant and Porret de Morvan commanded the battalion of the Third Grenadiers; General Michel, the First battalion of the Third Grenadiers; Colonel Mallet, a loyal fellow exile of Napoleon on the island of Elba, the Second battalion; General Henrion, the battalion of the Fourth Chasseurs. Ney falls to the ground under his horse, the fifth killed beneath him. He disengages himself and marches afoot, sword in hand, by the side of Friant. The English artillery, disposed in the arc of a circle from the Brussels road to the heights near Hougoumont, because the front of the right wing of the enemy has shifted from convex to concave, fires a double volley from the mitraille at a distance of two hundred feet. The guard is mowed down in front and on the side. Every volley creates a new breach. The Grenadiers close in their ranks and continue to mount up, with cries of "Long live the Emperor!"

THE GRENADIERS ADVANCE.

The First battalion of the Third Grenadiers—the squadron of the right—charges a Brunswick corps, captures the Cleves and Lloyd batteries abandoned by the gunners, and by a slight diversion turn themselves upon the left of Halkett's brigade. The Thirtieth and Seventy-third English recoil in disorder. Friant, wounded by a bullet, leaves the field of battle, believing it to be a victory. But the Belgian General Chasse, one of the heroes of Arcis-sur-Aube, he was then serving with the French! orders an advance upon the right of the Thirtieth and Seventy-third, the battery of Van der Smissen, whose fire halts the assailants. Then he deliberately brings to bear upon the right the two English regiments of Dittmer's brigade, three thousand strong, hurls them in a bayonet charge upon the feeble rampart breaks it, dislodges it, crushes it under the mass and scatters the fragments broadcast.

The battalion of the Fourth Grenadiers, Second Squadron, has meanwhile been engaged with the right of Halkett's brigade. Under a shower of bullets from the two field pieces of Duchand, and fusillades from the Grenadiers, the remnants of the Thirty-third stops and waves it, and his example holds his men.

"See the General!" they cry. "He is between two fires! He cannot escape!"

In fact he falls, dangerously wounded. But the English have rallied, they present a firm front. An old soldier exclaims, as he bites a cartridge:—

"Victory is to the side which kills the longest."

The First and Second battalions of Third Chasseurs, the Third Squadron, almost arrive at the summit without meeting any infantry. They advance toward the Ohain road, hardly a pistol shot away. Suddenly, twenty feet before them, rises a red wall. 'Tis the two thousand guards, under Maitland ranged four deep. They had been waiting crouching under the wheat. At the command of Wellington himself, "Up, Guards, and be ready!" they had suddenly arisen.

REPULSED BY THE ENGLISH.

They sight their muskets, they fire. Their first volley disables three hundred men, nearly one-half of the two battalions already decimated by artillery. General Michel falls, mortally wounded. The French halt, their ranks

broken, their pathway strewn with corpses. Instead of making their charge at once with their bayonets, heedless of the disorder into which they were flying, the officers seek to reform them, in line to answer with fire. The confusion increases. The manoeuvre works badly, with great loss of time. For ten minutes the chasseurs hold their ground under the fusillade from Maitland's Guards, and the hailstorm from the Bolton and Ramsay batteries, which take them in the flank. At last Wellington sees the Guard waver. He commands a charge, "Forward, my lads!" cried Colonel Saltoun, "Now is your time!"

The two thousand Englishmen rush with lowered heads against this handful of French soldiers, force them from their position, and descend with them in a furious hand to hand struggle to the very verge of Hougoumont.

"The combatants were so mixed together," said an officer of the Bolton battery, "that we were forced to desist from firing."

At precipitate orders from their commanders the English make a sudden halt. The battalion of the Fourth Chasseurs, squadron of the left, approach to disengage the remnants of the Third Chasseurs, as well as those of the Fourth Grenadiers, both in retreat. Without awaiting the shock Maitland's soldiers retreat in disorder and regain their positions at least as rapidly as they had descended. Chasseurs and Grenadiers press them hard, scaling the side under volleys of bullets. They reach the chain road, while the Adam brigade, Fifty-second, Seventy-first and Ninety-fifth regiments, which had attacked them in full force on the left flank, pours fresh volleys upon them.

RETREAT OF THE OLD GUARD.

Maitland's Guards make a demi-tour and, more or less rallied, open fire upon them simultaneously with Colin Halkett's brigade, while the Hanoverians, under William Halkett, debouch from the hedges of Hougoumont and shoot the French from the rear. From all sides a hailstorm of bullets descends upon them. Mallet is grievously wounded.

A battalion deploys itself and faces Maitland. What remains of the two others march on the left against the Adam brigade. Colonel Colborne, whom in Spain the soldiers had nicknamed "fire eater," brings up the Fifty-second. The entire brigade follows him, bayonet in place. Already badly demoralized by the formidable fusillade to which they had been subjected, Chasseurs and Grenadiers waver before overwhelming numbers and retire in disarray.

The cry "The Guard retreats!" goes up as the tocsin of the grand army. Each feels that all is finished.

A TURNING HEADLIGHT.

Among recent inventions is a locomotive headlight which, when the train is rounding a curve, turns in such a manner as to keep its projected shaft of light continually upon the rails, instead of pointing off to one side, as occurs with a stationary headlight. The motion of the headlight is controlled by means of an air-cylinder, connected with the air-brake system of the train and regulated by a valve in the cab. When the locomotive strikes a straight section of track the headlight automatically returns to its proper position.

OVERSHOES FOR DOGS.

Probably M. Vivier, the Parisian dog tailor, is not sorry that there is a fad for equipping pet dogs with overshoes. M. Vivier has a monopoly of the fashionable canine trade in Paris and says that it is harder to fit a blanket to a dog than a gown to a woman.

NEW TRUNKS FOR OLD.

There are a great many things by which we are in the habit of saying that a lady may be known—by her boots, her gloves, and, we will add, by her luggage. She likes to have nice neat, good-looking trunks and dress-boxes when she visits her friends, and also when she travels and stays at hotels, and would be ashamed to claim the clumsy packages that look like miniature sea-chests or school-boxes. The modern dress-box is either a Saratoga of many stories or else a flat topped trunk. These are a good deal smarter than the old wooden box, with iron bands and corners and brass nails, but that, if it survives anywhere, is a kind of old trunk that will bear transfiguring into a new one. Nice modern trunks are expensive, and as they are naturally subject to a good deal of rough usage, they will wear out. This fact is unpleasant, but inevitable, unless one always stays at home, and that, while one is young and energetic, is a kind of existence without salt or flavor.

But supposing that the hinges and lock are intact, trunks may be renovated and made to look new again. Get some dark brown sail-cloth, or what may almost be called strong Java canvas, such as hold-alls are made of. With a nail-puller, or any other manageable tool, remove any loose or projecting nails and scraps of metal from the outside of the old trunk, and carefully fit a cover of the brown Java canvass all over it, taking care to allow for the lid moving up and down. A large needle and strong carpet thread will be required for the seams, and some small black tacks will be needed to fix the new covering exactly in its place round the lock and along the front edge, and probably on the lid. A tack hammer will be found most useful. The exact measurements of the box must be taken, and one length of canvas will go from the front, where the lock is, right underneath, and be brought up the other side and over the lid, so that the only sewing will be putting in the ends of the box and those of the lid. All raw edges must be turned over neatly and tacked down, and plenty must be allowed for turnings, as canvas is rather of a ravelly nature. When all looks quite neat, take a strip of tan leather; if pinked out at one edge, it will be all the smarter. There is some prepared for bookshelves, to be bought by the yard but it is not very strong, and the two or three inch wide leather made for binding dress skirts answers all the purpose. Nail this on all round the lid with short brass-headed nails, so that it form a sort of flap over the place where the lid shuts down, and you will at once have a trim, smart new trunk in the latest combination of coloring. If it wants lining inside, a striped blue and white or pink and white cotton is best, and this must be made with the ends put in and the seams the wrong side, and dropped into the box. A crossway fold of the same lining is doubled over, and tacked on round the edge, so that the fold can be doubled over. The tacks will make it all neat, and the lid will pay for similar treatment. A few pieces of white or colored tape fixed across the inside of the lid will take such things as straight linen collars and cuffs, and prove very serviceable for anything that ought to be kept out flat.

A little feminine ingenuity, and consultation with the noted firm of Hook, Crook & Co., will suggest the recovering of dilapidated bags and other travelling appendages, and postpone the day of buying new trunks to that more convenient season when our ship comes home, and fortune favors us to such an extent that we no longer have to count the cost of every addition to our personal belongings.

Publisher's Department.

TRUTH, a 28-page Journal, published every Saturday, 10 cents per single copy, \$3.00 per year, \$1.00 for three months. Advertising rates—10 cents per line, single insertion; three months, \$1.25 per line; six months, \$2.25 per line; twelve months, \$2 per line.

TRUTH is sent to subscribers until an explicit order is received by the publishers for its discontinuance and all payments of arrears are made, as required by law.

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A TRADE LOST TO WOMEN.

In these days when women are gradually usurping men's places in nearly all trades and professions, it is refreshing to learn the fact that men are now paramount in a trade which used to belong entirely to women—that of glove-making. This is due chiefly to the introduction of machinery used to-day for sewing and dressing the seams and to improved means for draughting patterns which were formerly of paper or wood. Glovemakers are divided into three classes. Those who seam the fingers and put in the thumbs are called the makers; those who hem the edges at the wrist wetters, and those who embroider the back pointers. The earnings of all classes is only \$2 a day.

TALK A MILE.

People in the Arctic regions can converse when more than a mile apart. The air being cold and dense is a very good conductor and the smooth surface of the ice also favors the transmission of sound.

Noah Webster was born in West Hartford, Conn., and a movement has been started there for the erection of a granite memorial.

Literary Notes.

A leading characteristic of The Forum during the thirteen years of its existence has been its impartial discussion of questions of the day. The May number admirably illustrates this feature by the presentation of two articles on the Trust problem. Aldace F. Walker, formerly an Interstate Commissioner, and now chairman of the Atchison, Topoka, and Santa Fe Railway Company, writes on "Anti-Trust Legislation;" and Wilhelm Berdrow, the eminent German economist, discourses on "Trusts in Europe." The temperate tone of these papers is excellent; and they form a valuable contribution to the discussion of this burning question.

The American Monthly Review of Reviews of May devotes considerable space to a survey of recent developments in American cities. The editor comments on the re-election of Mayor Carter Harrison in Chicago, on Mayor Jones' remarkable triumph in Toledo, on the Detroit project for municipal ownership of the street railways, and on the general situation in Boston, San Francisco, Minneapolis, Cleveland, Denver, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, and New York. Dr. Shaw also contributes a special study of the new San Francisco charter—a remarkable document in its way, and Mr. George E. Hooker gives some interesting facts about Mayor Quincy's administration of Boston.

Methodist Magazine and Review for May.—This is a patriotic Queen's Birthday number, with a fine portrait of her Majesty and an article on the Queen's private life, with illustrations of the interior of Osborne House, also Austin's fine poem on the Queen. No less than three articles are by contributors in the Maritime Provinces,—a study of In Memoriam, by the Rev. Dr. Lathern; an appreciative article on Christian Life in Germany, describing its Inner Mission, deaconess work, and the like, by the Rev. C. H. Huestis, M.A.; and a study of Runeberg, the famous Finnish poet, by Oskar Grunland a native of Finland. An account of Andrew Hefer—the Tyrolean patriot, of Sir John Franklin, by Miss E. Sanderson, and of the Queen of the Adriatic, by the Editor, are handsomely illustrated. Balloon Post during the Siege of Paris, the Mad Painter Wiertz and his work, two clever stories, portraits and sketches of the Rev. William Arthur and the late Dr. Ormiston, and other articles will be read with interest. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: H. F. Huestis. \$2.00 a year; \$1.00 for six months.

Self Culture for May comes to hand in a fresh spring attire and laden with good things. The number opens with an important article on Deep Waterways for Lake Commerce. The Fifty-Fifth Congress is an instructive and well-informed summary of the doings of the late session of the national legislature. The president of Colby University contributes a thoughtful paper on The Higher Culture and the National Life. Articles on Brain and Brawn and on The Brookline Public Baths, touch informingly on topics of hygiene and physical and mental health. Science is represented in a reminiscent vein, in the paper on The Electric-Magnetic Telegraph by Mr. Stephen Vail. Literature has a varied representation in addition to several important book reviews, in the papers on Lowell as an American Literary Critic, on Victorian Thought and Thinkers, on The Lovers of Goethe, and on Recent Canadian Verse. In the number Prof. Goldwin Smith has a further paper on The Ecclesiastical Crisis in England, dealing with Ritualism, and Prof. Ellison writes descriptively of nature in the Sierras in connection with a pen

portrait of John Muir, the discoverer of the Muir Glacier. Other interesting papers, besides many entertaining articles in the several departments, are those on Superstitions of the Sea, and on Country Life as a Factor of Character Development. The number is tastefully illustrated.

Seldom, if ever, has a more varied and attractive table of contents been offered the readers of the North American Review than that contained in the number for May. The opening pages are devoted to the first of a series of articles from the pen of Major-General Nelson A. Miles, Commanding the United States Army, on The War with Spain. Rear-Admiral Lord Charles Beresford, R. N., contributes an admirable paper on China and the Powers, while The Religious Situation in England is most interestingly described by the Rev. John Watson, D. D., Ian Maclaren, The Hon. T. B. Reed, Speaker of the House of Representatives, writes attractively concerning The Nicaragua Canal, and Nicolas Estevanez, formerly Minister of War of Spain, discusses What Spain Can Teach America. Colonel Charles Chaille Long, formerly Chief of Staff to General Gordon, treats of England in Egypt and the Sudan, and a charming essay on "The New Poetry," is furnished by William Dean Howells. An exceedingly timely article is that on The Existing Conditions and Needs in Cuba, by Major-General Leonard Wood, Military Governor of the Province of Santiago. Courts Martial in England and America, are ably considered by the Rt. Hon. Sir Francis H. Jeune, Judge Advocate-General of the British Army, and The Curse in Education, is earnestly dealt with by Rebecca Harding Davis. The Work of the Joint High Commission, is favorably viewed from an authoritative standpoint by a writer who signs himself A Canadian Liberal. Under the caption of Wireless Telegraphy, two most important articles are furnished, viz: one by G. Marconi, who treats the subject in Its Origin and Development, and the other by J. W. Fleming, F. R. S., upon Its Scientific History and Future Uses.

The May McClure's is especially notable for its articles of sharp present interest. J. L. Steffens supplies a valuable and often dramatic chapter in recent politics in the story, never before fully told, of Theodore Roosevelt's experiences with the warring political reformers and party politicians during his recent canvass for the governorship of New York and since. A newer and fuller view of Admiral Dewey and his way of dealing with affairs in the Philippines is given in Oscar King Davis's "Stories of Admiral Dewey." Mr. Davis writing from his own personal knowledge, acquired as the Manila correspondent of the New York Sun. Ray Stannard Baker gives a popular exposition of Dr. T. J. J. See's important new theory, that as a gaseous body shrinks, its temperature increases, and that, contrary to the common opinion, the sun is at present, not growing colder, but rapidly hotter. The special literary features of the number are an excellent short story by Kipling, The Flag of Their Country, a series of poems of the gold trail, by Hamlin Garland; and, particularly, the opening installment of a novel of American life, The Gentleman from Indiana, by a new writer, Mr. Booth Tarkington. This last, for a first work, is very distinguished. The characters are presented with masterly clearness and individuality; they and the whole scene and atmosphere in which they move are charming, and, finally, the incidents in which they are involved have unflinching freshness and significance and often become intensely dramatic. Other notable things in the number are a paper by Charles Dana Gibson relating personal experiences in Egypt and il-

lustrated with his own drawings; a good railroad story by John A. Hill; and Miss Tarbel's collection of new anecdotes and reminiscences exhibiting Lincoln's personal relations and dealings with the commanders of the Army from McCellan to Grant. The S. S. McClure Co., 141-155 East 25th St., New York City.

WEEL-PIPED MUTCHEES.

Oh! weel dae I min' the days that are gane,
O' goblins, ghnists, warlocks an' wutchies!
An' weel dae I min', when I was a wean,
The auld wives and grannies wore mutchees!
Braw, clean, snod, an' weel-piped mutchees!
Noo scarce dae I ever see ony.
Wi' ribbons that whisk'd roon like swutchies.
Frae faces baith kindly an' bonnie!
'Neath my mither's white mutch there was grace,
Like a hulo set a' roon her heid!
There was love in her bonnie sweet face,
When she sat doon at nicht for to read!
Oh! she smiles at me yet in my dreams,
When I pu' the lang strings o' her mutch!
An' her face wi' merriment gleams,
As she ca'd ma a tricky wee wutch!
Braw servant lassies, in hoose an' in ha',
Look'd blythesome, an' couthie, an' cheerie,
In mutchees—white as the new driven sna',
! When they stroll'd oot at nicht wi' their dearie!
Nae trouble to kiss neath the mutchees,
Their e'en were sae temptin' an' bonnie;
An' gey an' weel-pleas'd were the wutchies
When lips were aft preed by their Johnnie.
Sich warrin', an' daurin', an' doin',
'Mang the lassies an' lads o' lang-syne,
Wi' mutchees the wutchies were woin',
Till the lads lost their balance o' min'!
The lads are no noo in sich passion,
For the lassies wear fal-de-ral hats!
Since mutchees hae gane oot o' fashion,
Lads and lassies are prim as auld cats!
Toronto. JOHN IMRIE.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Muslins have been found to contain arsenic.
Forty thousand men desert from the German army every year.
The latest musical phenomenon in Paris is a monkey that plays the violin.
When a woman can wash flannels so they won't shrink she knows enough to get married.
Chinamen dislike water as a drink. Some species of seaweed grow to the length of 500 yards.
A prediction, made at Winnipeg by a gentleman who claims to know the situation, says that this year will see 75,000 settlers go into Manitoba and the Territories, and that within the next six years there will be a million inhabitants between Lake Superior and the Rocky Mountains.

ONE EAR BEST.

A well-known professor asserts that the smallest intervals of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. It takes the full complement, however, to hear the alarm clock at 5.30 a. m.

Tit-Bits.

HIS PASSION.

Mrs. Prosy—Reading is quite a passion with my husband.
Mrs. Dresser—So it is with mine—when he reads my milliner's bills!

ONE MAN'S VIEWS.

Frabley—What do you think of a woman who attempts suicide because she can't get a new spring bonnet?
Max—She might show her delicate consideration for her husband's finances in some other way, it strikes me.

ONE DEVOTED HUSBAND.

Julus, you don't mind my house-cleaning, do you?
No, dearie; you don't make half as much muss and discomfort as my mother used to make.

HE DIDN'T TALK SHOP.

Mother—Did you meet many strangers at the reception?
Daughter—Only one, a sea captain, and he made me very tried.
Mother—Did he talk shop?
Daughter—No, he talked ship.

TIME HE MOVED.

Why, do you call this the court-room? asked the man who was looking over the house of the man who was trying to sell it.
Did I say court-room? Mere force of habit. I have seven unmarried daughters.

WHY HE RE-READ IT.

Did you read my article this morning? asked the promising young journalist of the old stager.
Yes, my boy, I read it through twice.
That's a great compliment.
I read it twice to try and understand what it was about.

A SOUL'S BITTERNESS.

I hate you! he declared bitterly, and yet I must take you, for better or worse!
Truly, a most unpleasant dose is quinine.

AS MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPECTED.

Who is the lady that has been owing you for such a long time? asked the dressmaker of her friend, the milliner.
The wife of old Credley, the cash grocer, answered the milliner.

STILL IN THE DARK.

Miss Palisade—Now that I have accepted Jack, tell me honestly if he has ever kissed you.
Miss Summit—Why don't you ask him?
Miss Palisade—I have, and he says no.

BUSINESS.

It was a Loafing Friend of the Cigar Dealer's observing an elegantly appearing man who bought a cigar and went out: Did you know that party had money to burn?
And the Cigar Dealer, disgusted: Has he? Well, he is only burning it in five-cent lots.

PLAIN ENOUGH.

Uncle James, said a young lady who was spending a few days in the country, is that chicken by the gate a Brahmin?
No, replied Uncle James, he's a Leg-horn.
Why, of course, to be sure! said the young lady. How stupid of me! I can see the horns on his ankles.

IN ANCIENT ATHENS.

First Citizen—Are you a Stoic, friend?
Second Citizen—No I am a dyspeptic.

NOT POSTED.

Duffer is too much for me.
What do you mean?
I tried to talk with him about the Pope's encyclical, and found out he thought it was a wheel.

AND HE'S AT IT YET.

Mr. Cecil J. Rhodes, is the fourth son of a rector of Bishops Stortford, and in his boyhood often scandalized the good people of the place by his tricks. If there was any "devilment" on foot, says one who knew him, it was 100 to 1 that young Rhodes was in it.

A VITIATED TASTE.

I suppose, she said, you are a close student of literature?
No, answered the young man with black rimmed glasses, I'm a student of illiterature. I like dialect stories.

THOSE GIRLS.

Maud—Between us, dear, I think the Count's compliments rather crude. He told me the sight of my beautiful face actually made his mouth water.
Edith—The idea! I'm sure your face doesn't look quite that much like a lemon!

DOMESTIC HEALTH HINT.

Mr. Oldchappe—Ho, ho! And so you are married and are keeping house and have no girl. Well, I sympathize with you.
Mr. Youngchappe—I don't need sympathy.
Tell that to the bachelors. I'm a married man. Your dear little wifey is just out of boarding school, isn't she?
Yes.
Ha, ha! I thought so. And you are already suffering the agonies of dyspepsia, aren't you?
Never was better in my life.
Eh? What's that? And with a young wife doing the cooking?
She doesn't. She makes me do it.

DRAWING THE LINE.

Young Lady—Do you think it immodest for ladies to ride bicycles?
Bicyclist—Oh, the riding is all right enough, but—er—I don't think they ought to take headers.

WHY SHE WAS ODDLY NAMED.

Your daughter has a rather peculiar name.
Violetta Jerusha? Yes, but the grandmothers she is called after are both rich.

EVERYTHING IN SEASON.

Store Boy—Anything more for me to do now, sir?
Merchant—Let's see The backbone of winter is broken, and it's about time for the sap to begin running in the maple trees. Get a damp cloth and wipe the flyspecks off those cans of maple syrup.

ELUSIVE.

Waggles—There is only one thing as hard to find in this world as the North Pole.
Jaggles—What's that?
Waggles—The fellow who gets lost searching for it.

NO DIFFERENCE.

These eggs are not so good as the ones you sent last week.
They ought to be, mum. They're out of the same crate.

A BOARDING HOUSE CONUNDRUM.

When is a calf like a hen in hot water? inquired the facetious boarder, addressing nobody in particular.
I don't know, replied the landlady. Please tell us.
When it is a chicken stew, was the rejoinder. And a deep hush fell upon the assemblage.

AN ALLUREMENT.

Mistah Mose—I tell you dat Pompey's pergressive! Jes' look at him puttin' all his ground in flowah beds!
Mistah Sniff—What's pergressive 'bout dat?
Mistah Mose—Why, he won't hab tuh go aftah chickens now! Dey'll come to him.

POINT FOR WHEELMEN.

Wheelman—I believe I'll give up bicycling. I am as careful as can be, but every now and then some accident happens. This is the second time I've been arrested and fined for running into people.
Businessman—I'll tell you how to manage. Just you get a job as bill collector. Everybody will dodge you then.

WHEN HE DOESN'T KNOW IT.

When he talks in his sleep is about the only time a man can get his wife's absorbed undivided attention.

A NATURAL QUERY.

Mrs. Boggs is a woman of great capacity.
Then you have seen her eat.

WHY HE WAS ANGRY.

Mr. Fegan, the oratorical anti-tiquor member of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly, was lately made very angry by a misprint. Whiskey makes men genial for a time, said Fegan in a speech. The next day he read, and his constituents read, in the official report of the debate, Whiskey makes me genial for a time.

MADE NO DIFFERENCE.

He, dramatically—I can't tell you how much I love you!
She—Oh, can't you? Well, I guess it's just as well; I'm already engaged.

A FLEXIBLE RULE.

Graciousness in business puts money in a man's pocket.
That depends; when I show a gracious manner to some men they immediately want to borrow \$5.

HE EXPLAINS.

He—In fact, I have conscientious scruples about kissing.
She—Indeed?
He—Yes, I feel that I should never allow an opportunity to escape.

CASUS BELLI.

Magistrate—You say you knocked that man down because he said you looked like a bulldog?
Murphy—No, Yer Honor; I wouldn't hav moinded thot, but he said I looked loike an English bulldog.

UNSUSPECTED VILLAINY.

First Lawyer—Where do you live?
Second Lawyer—I object to the question as irrelevant and immaterial.
Listener—Marciful hivens! O'll kill Mulroon, for it's only th' other day he asked me thot quiston.

THE ONLY WAY.

The Bride—I don't want to have any trouble with you, Bridget—
The Cook—Then, bedad, ma'am, let me hear no complaints!

SHE COST MONEY.

Dear girl, he said rapturously. If it's just the same to you, George, I would prefer not to have you use that adjective, she returned.
Why not? he demanded.
It reminds me too much of what papa sometimes says to me.

DEADHEADS.

Jaggles—Why do you think those don't worry clubs won't be a success?
Waggles—Because the only men eligible to membership seem to be the fellows who never pay their debts.

BAD RESULTS.

Henry, you said before we were married that you would never let me do any cooking.
Yes; and now I wish I had said that you needn't even try.

NATURALLY ENOUGH.

I gave that poor man \$1 a few days ago, and told him to come around and let me know how he got along.
Oh, that was good of you! He was your bread cast upon the waters.
I suppose he was. Anyhow, he came back "soaked."

RELIEVING A PATIENT.

Then our medicine really relieved you, remarked the proprietor of Simmons' Sure Cure.
Yes, replied the poor man; it relieved me of a few dollars that I might have used to better advantage.

IMPROVED VALUES.

Stranger, in rainbow—I suppose this suburban trolley line has increased values hereabouts?
Farmer Greene—Oh, yes! Ole Bill Gosslyn wasn't worth the powder to blow him to Bridgeport till he got run over by one of them cars—now he's worth \$5,000!

TOBACCO SHORTENS ONE'S DAYS.

Spotts—Doctor, do you believe that the use of tobacco tends to shorten a man's days?
Doctor—I know it does. I tried to stop it once, and the days were about eighty hours long.

FEMININE LOGIC.

How do you manage to find your way across the ocean? said a lady to the sea captain.
Why, by the compass. The needle always points to the north.
Yes, I know. But what if you wish to go south?

WHAT AFFECTED APPRECIATION.

Husband—What was that you were playing, my dear?
Wife—Did you like it?
It was lovely,—the melody divine, the harmony exquisite!
It is the very thing I played last evening, and you said it was horrid.
Well, the steak was burned last evening.

A COMING AUTHOR.

The teacher of a school in the rural districts assigned each pupil the task of writing an original story.
On the day when the stories were read a bright little towhead arose and started in as follows:
On the green slope of a mountain stood a first class Jersey cow, with three legs.
That won't do, Johnnie, interrupted the teacher. You are one leg short.
No I ain't, replied the future author. You don't wait to git my plot, which is that a railroad train cut off one leg, and the owner of the cow got \$3,000 damages, an' moved his whole family to Paris in time fer the Exposition, where the girls will be married to rich Frenchmen and die happy ever afterward!

JACK

Doyle was the orderly, and a cockney of the deepest dye, who, in spite of his difficulties with his own language, had managed to pick up a very fair acquaintance with the Blood and the Peigan dialects of the Blackfoot tongue.

"But she really ought to be punished," Mrs. Eviston would continue sadly shaking her head. "She is getting too big to go tearing over the country with Jim, the interpreter, or Many Feathers, the scout. And really Arthur, you must get her a side-saddle the next time you go East; she is getting outrageously bow-legged."

"Oh, nonsense!" the captain would object amiably. "She isn't eight yet, and she's more like a boy than a girl anyway, and I won't have her spoiled. There'll be plenty of time for her to get delicate and young ladylike and silly, and her toes will turn out all right when we have to send her East to school;" and he sighed as he thought of the years of separation before them.

So Jack continued her evil ways, and rode, and talked Blackfoot as of yore, and gathered together so much Indian paraphernalia that one day she got herself up in full costume—head-dress, shaps, bow and arrow, moccasins, and all,—and frightened her mother almost to death by appearing suddenly and noiselessly before her and demanding in Peigan unlimited sixikimmi skoonataps and napaian. Mrs. Eviston said, "Goodness gracious!" and then alternately kissed and shook Jack and when she had sufficiently admired her, called Captain Eviston from his study to come out and see "the little Indian brave."

After that triumph Jack grew more unmanageable than ever, and consorted more and more with irresistible Indians, who seemed to be forever dashing up to the inspector's quarters on endless pretexts, and was known and adored of them far and wide.

After a while Jack got tired of shooting imaginary Indians with arrows which would fall out in the hot sunshine beyond the shadow of the shack and even the most spirited of wooden pintos and buckskins pall quickly on one accustomed to the real thing. The times seemed out of joint to Jack. She wondered disgustedly what she should do to amuse herself. She had already tried the house, but her mother was very busy entertaining several ladies who had driven up in two traps early in the morning, and her father had the men of the party in his study, where Jack astutely guessed that they were drinking cool things and smoking, so that no one had paid much attention to her. She had been very anxious to know what was happening, and where her mother, who was pinning on a sailor hat securely, was going, and had unhesitatingly inquired. She noticed with surprise that the ladies stopped laughing, talking and arranging their veils and hats, as if in some embarrassment, and that even her mother was evidently confused.

"We're just going for a long drive, dear," she said, rummaging in her drawer for more hatpins, and not looking at Jack, "and you must be a good little girl this afternoon and not get into any mischief, and—"

Jack turned on her little heel and marched proudly to the door. If her mother did not want to tell her where she was going, and did not want her along, that was all right, but she did not want any pretending.

So she played with her bronco and pinto and murderous Indians, but somehow they seemed uninteresting.

After a while she sat down dejectedly on the door-step of the shack and looked out over the hot prairie.

"There doesn't seem nuffin' for a little girl to do," she soliloquized mournfully. "It's awfully hot to ride, but I would 'a' gone on Nellie and not taken up the least little bit of room in the trap." She looked across to the far side of the inclosure, where she could just make out, in the dim coolness of the stables, Doyle rubbing down the horses for the trap, as he whistled "God Save the Queen." Jack would have liked most tremendously to go over and sit down in the door of the stables, and talk to the orderly, and offer advice on the currying of horses; but there was a coolness existing between Jack and Doyle—a coolness occasioned the day before by Jack's having laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks at the sight of the orderly being gracefully bucked clear over the head of an unmanageable little buckskir pony which he had recklessly bought of a horse-trading Kootenai. That was the worst about Jack—people got angry with her or liked her or held her responsible as if she were quite grown. Doyle could not have

felt more offended if one of his brother-privates had made fun of him. This unfortunate event had been followed by another peace-destroying episode. Jack was struck with a sudden desire to see how Nellie would look with a real trooper saddle on her, so she had borrowed Doyle's—without mentioning it—and just as she was in the act of mounting, Doyle came upon her. Unfortunately for Jack, Nellie's girths were several inches smaller than the trooper's, and so it happened that when Jack seized the pommel to climb, the saddle turned gracefully under the pony, and Jack came down with a most unnecessarily hard thump to the ground; and when she opened her eyes after an interval of dazed consciousness, she looked upon Doyle standing grimly surveying the scene. Their relations for eighteen hours had been very strained.

So Jack went disconsolately into the shack and tried to amuse herself by putting on every bit of Indian toggery she possessed, and when she had finished she would have passed muster very successfully as a little Indian boy. But there was no one to see her, and, as most women know, dressing up for one's self is not a very exhilarating performance. So she seated herself again on the step of the shack and looked longingly over at Doyle. Doyle was a man—he was any man, it was true, but he was better than nothing—and so Jack determined to put her pride in her pocket and go over and dazzle Doyle.

She marched straight over to the

stables. Her soft moccasins made no sound on the hot prairie-grass, and Doyle started perceptibly when he saw the strange apparition in the shadow of the doorway, and heard a thin, small voice with an accent of forced indifference remark:

"Hello, Doyle! How does Jim like his rubbin' this mornin'?"

"Hm!" grunted Doyle, dusting Jim so violently that that patient animal wheeled about in indignation and pulled viciously at his halter. "Scar-in' the 'oss!" exclaimed Doyle.

Jack seated herself calmly just inside the door, in the shade, and out of reach of Jim's heels.

"You've left a little tiny speck of mud on his hock."

Doyle made a surreptitious dash at it with his vulcanite scraper under cover of the dusting-cloth.

"Hit 'll be more than 'is 'ock as will 'ave mud on hit when 'e gets back," he grumbled forebodingly.

Jack curled herself up comfortably and surveyed the strange horses in the stalls.

"It's like a sort o' party to-day," she ventured. "Where's everybody goin', Doyle?"

"You're so clever, I thought you'd 'a' knowed," remarked Doyle, sarcastically.

"Seems like nobody 'll tell a little girl," said Jack, plaintively and craftily. "I thought you would tell me."

Doyle was mollified.

"Well, I don't jest know meself, an' p'raps I oughtn't to tell any'ow," he remarked illogically, as he led Jim into his stall and tied him. "There! heat your hoats; you'll need 'em," he said jocosely to the horse, giving him a friendly slap on the flank. He went into the next box and untied the other team-horse. "Come along, Bill, an' get yerself made pretty. You're goin' to carry two ladies an' the hinspector this hafternoon. Well, as I was sayin'—to Jack,—"I don't just know meself, but I think we're all goin' to see some barbarous Hindian celebration—some dance or hother."

Jack sat up very straight and interested. So it was a party going to see an Indian dance, and she could not go. The iron sank into her very soul.

"Hit's the worst of all their murderin' dances. Many Feathers says," pursued Doyle, complacently scratching away at Bill, "an' I suspect hit'll turn me stummick an' make me wish I'd never come to this 'eathen country. Hit's the sun-dance, an' by the looks of the sun," he went on, turning a blinking eye for an instant on that luminary, "they'll only 'ave to provide the dance—there's plenty of the hother thing."

"But don't you go an' tell, young 'un," went on Doyle, impressively. "I believe hit's a kind of secret, because the hinspector hisn't rightly supposed to know about this dance, an' if they didn't tell you hit's because they didn't want you to know."

Jack's lip trembled.

"Don't you think I can go, Doyle?" Doyle shook his head doubtfully. In spite of Jack's cruel behavior of the day before, he felt very sorry for her. In his heart he admired her and thought her the pluckiest little girl in the world, and that it was a piece of unmerited hard luck that she should not have been a boy, and he usually treated her as a comrade and an equal.

"I hain't got no horders to that heffect," he said kindly, "an' I say, young 'un, hit'll be much too 'orrid a sight for a little girl, an', besides, hit's too far for you to go; hit's nineteen miles from 'ere if hit's a foot, an' there hain't no room in the trap for you."

Jack turned scornfully upon the orderly.

"As if I couldn't go on Nellie!" she exclaimed indignantly. "Where's it goin' to be, Doyle?"

Doyle began to loosen Bill's halter.

"Oh, nineteen miles down the trail to Macleod," he said carelessly; "just



JACK.

this side of the creek, to the north a bit, up past Lecouvreur's. There's a big level piece of prairie just off the trail, with a lot of cotton-woods all around it."

Jack got up softly and meditatively, and went out into the sunshine, leaving Doyle to rub down the strange horses and harness the traps by himself.

It was about an hour later, after an early luncheon and much iced lemonade had been disposed of,—lemons are a luxury in Alberta,—that the men and the women emerged from the inspector's quarters and stood walking on the veranda for the carriages. Doyle, looking unnaturally spick and span in a new scarlet tunic, "pill-box," and pipe-clayed gloves, sighted them from the stables, and precipitating himself into the government trap, drove proudly up. Captain Eviston caught the reins, and stood waiting with a foot on the hub of the near fore wheel and a rather worried expression on his face, while Doyle raced back to the stables for the other teams. Every now and then the captain gently flected his riding-boot with the whip and glanced absently and anxiously at the women, who were talking and laughing rather nervously together. It suddenly struck him that there were a great many of them and only four men besides the orderly. His wife and a young cousin of hers, Miss Kenwood, from Montreal, who was seeing the great North west Territories for the first time, were going in his trap with him, with Doyle to drive. In the next trap was Carlington, the owner of the largest ranch in Alberta, his wife, and her two nieces, the Hon. Adelaide and the Hon. Beatrice Pembroke, typical English girls, just over from London, and anxious to see everything there was to be seen. Their brother, the Hon. Hugh, was in the last trap with Stirling, a young Scotch Canadian, his pretty American wife, and her young sister, Miss Page, who was spending the summer with her.

Captain Eviston stopped whipping his boot and took to pulling his mustache.

"You know you really ought not to be going," he said hesitatingly, as the English girls climbed into the trap. "I think I am doing wrong in taking you, or even in going myself."

Mrs. Eviston interrupted him hastily. "Now, Arthur, don't have any death-bed repentance! We've decided to go, and if we faint away or the new braves eat us up, or anything else disagreeable happens, we will not blame you."

Miss Kenwood looked up anxiously. "You don't think it will be so very dreadful?" she asked.

Captain Eviston nodded his head decidedly.

"It will be very dreadful indeed," he said briefly. "I am quite sure you women have no idea what is before you. There may be trouble too. It isn't too late even now to decide not to go."

There was a little feminine chorus of protestation and disappointment. Pembroke and Carlington left their traps, and came over to hear what Eviston was saying.

"What! not go now?"

"It's this way, Pembroke," went on Captain Eviston, turning to the disappointed-looking youth with a worried frown on his face. "You know the agents on nearly every reservation in this country have stopped the sundance, and only the Lord and the powers that be at Ottawa and Regina know why orders haven't been sent to these Indians not to hold theirs this year. In fact, I strongly suspect that orders are on the way now, and this sudden setting forward of the date by the Indians was done only to get ahead of the authorities. As it is, this dance will probably be the last one held anywhere around here, and naturally the Indians are all mad over it. There will be an unusual number of candidates to be made braves, and I am very much afraid that it will be a very

sickening sight, and possibly—" He stopped and looked expressively at Stirling, who had joined the group.

Miss Page leaned forward in her trap and laughed excitedly.

"I wouldn't miss it for anything!" she exclaimed. "What ignominy to go back to the States and say you hadn't seen a sun-dance! And the fact that it is the last one only makes it the more interesting. Captain Eviston, I shall tell every one that you were afraid if you don't take us."

Captain Eviston laughed a little ruefully. "That wouldn't be quite untrue," he remarked quietly. "But the less you say about me in this matter the better. It wouldn't sound well for the 'Gazette' or the 'Herald' to announce that 'Captain Eviston and a party of distinguished guests recently attended the disgusting and brutal Indian ceremony called the sun-dance.' I am afraid it would go on to remark that 'we fear Captain Eviston does not know his duties as an officer of the Northwest mounted police.' You see," he went on, "the Great Mother, in her infinite wisdom, not only provides, through her government, reservations for the Indians, and farming implements and food and cattle and missions and schools, but tries to inculcate beautiful morality by the noble example of her agents and the annihilation of all picturesque customs and usages peculiar to the Indian, because they do not happen to be those of the Saxon race. The sun-dance and the making of a brave are being conscientiously and thoroughly done away with. Why the British government doesn't let the Indian prove his bravery after his own fashion, and turn its attention to some of its own evils,—to liberating the British soldiers from the daily martyrdom which his uniform inflicts on him; for example—is something which is too deep and beautifully illogical for common mortal to contemplate with calmness. However, 'theirs not to reason why.' Shall we go or stay?"

"Oh, I say, Eviston," exclaimed Pembroke, "really it will be too bad, you know, not to see it! All you've said has only made us the more anxious to go."

The Hon. Adelaide put up a handkerchief and wiped away an imaginary tear.

(To Be Continued.)

GIANT MUSIC BOX.

A Wonderful Instrument Which Will Be Shown at the Paris Exhibition.

The greatest musical instrument, or rather music box, ever constructed, will be exhibited for the first time at the Paris exhibition in 1900. Its inventor and builder, Antonio Zibordi, an Italian, devoted fifteen years of his life to construct it. He has bestowed upon his masterpiece the imposing name of Autoelektropolyphon.

The music box plays every style of concert music in the most finished manner. In it are concealed eighty thousand pieces of musical apparatus, which required an outlay of sixty thousand francs.

In building this instrument all imaginable forms of mechanical and electrical appliances were utilized. They testify to the careful application and patience of the constructor. The giant music box will require two express cars to transport it to its destination. After it has been duly exhibited it will be presented to Queen Margherita of Italy.

JAPANESE CHURCHES.

Of the 6,000 Japanese on the Pacific Coast 800 are Christians, and there are a number of regularly organized churches among them that are entirely self-supporting.

LIVELY SPORT.

Sharp Encounter With an Unknown Creature in Alaskan Waters.

"If any one desires a dash of excitement I can recommend the fishing of Alaska," said a returned Klondiker. "I had been fishing above Sitka, when one day I found myself near a camp of Indians. As I had some game I divided with them, and forthwith was invited to a feast of their own providing. We sat around a big wooden dish, in which was something that looked like frogs' legs, but frogs so gigantic that I knew it was something else. It required some courage to eat this dish, but hunger gives a man a stamina of a certain kind, so I shut my eyes and began the feast. The article was not so bad as it appeared. It tasted like crab, and some of it had the consistence of the rubber rings which babies chew on. Altogether it was not to be despised, combining food with exercise.

"It was a sea spider, so the natives told me, a member of the cuttlefish family. As they were going out on the following morning to fish for more I persuaded them to take me with them. We dropped anchor in the lee of a little point of rocks, where we began fishing. It is a famous country for fish, and it was nothing but pull in for the natives, while I did not have a bite.

"My time was coming, however, I had on a heavy sinker, so that every time the boat lifted, I felt a sharp jerk, which deceived me. But once, when the boat rose on a big wave, my line did not give and I shouted to the Indian next to me that I was out. He took the line, gave a tremendous jerk and received one in return; then, bracing himself back, he began to pull and scream; then all hands screamed, and I understood that a sea spider had the line and also the bottom. I expected every minute to see the canoe go over, as the men went from side to side, now forcing the rail down so that the water poured in, now lifting

WITH A MIGHTY YELL.

ther slacking off so suddenly that they fell in a heap.

"One man armed himself with a knife, while a companion held a short-handled case-knife between his teeth—movements suggesting of the coming of an enemy. Suddenly one of the crew seized a sharp boat-hook, which, after another look, he jabbed into the unknown and invisible. In response a long, slender tentacle shot into the air and formed a weird interrogation point, then it grasped the pike; then three more appeared, creeping insidiously over the edge of the canoe, at which the natives struck wildly, some shouting to slack the line, others to haul in.

"In the midst of the confusion the sea spider concluded to come aboard. Torn from the bottom it had come up easily; then seeing the canoe and possibly thinking it a vantage ground, it grasped it and slid over the side, a mass of living, slimy, reddish-brown snakes. When they were raised I could see rows of suckers, each of which was a veritable air pump, and as there were seemingly thousands of them, the sucking power of this spider of the sea was apparent. Blows were aimed, at it whenever opportunity offered, but the weird animal fairly slid over the rail, winding one of its arms around an oar. Its head or body hung on the rail—a brown mass the size of a man's head—from which gleamed two greenish-yellow eyes. This strange animal changed color like a chameleon; flushes of red, brown and gray followed, one another over it, while from its lower portion oozed a stream of ink, which splashed in our faces as the tentacles

flew about. It was fifteen minutes before they had the life hammered out of the frightful creature, and then it was a question who had won.

"The canoe was now half full of water, as a hole had been knocked in the side, which was finally stopped with a piece of skin. It was five miles to camp, but I preferred walking, and had the men put me ashore. I got to the camp in time to meet them and see the sea spider taken out. It had a spread of nearly twenty-five feet, measuring from the tip of the outspread tentacles."

SMILING SAMOANS.

But When They are Riled They Can Fight Like Fiends.

The men are noble specimens, physically—tall, muscular, with the erect carriage and elastic step of an American Indian. They, too, are smiling and kindly—in time of peace—and are clad in mantles of gay prints which they have bought at the store; they greet you with a wave of the hand, and a curious "Alofa." They tattoo the legs from the waist to the knee, and as they stride along those members appear between the folds of their drapery as if they were decently clothed in skin-tight trousers. They are indolent and when not roused to hostility, as amiable and fun-loving as children. They work as little as possible, and why should they? The forest abounds in wild bananas, bread-fruit and yams, which may be had for the taking; the sea is full of fish, which they are expert in catching, and if Providence deigns to send them a fattened pig once or twice a year they are blessed. Clothing they do not require, nor fuel; their taxes are only nominal, and they are consequently exempt from the chief demands of life, and which, but for the expense and difficulty of getting buried, making it far easier for the average white man to die than to live.

But these gentle creatures can fight, and fight cruelly, although their method of warfare is peculiar; they eat and drink between rounds, when a sort of truce is declared, then go at it again, shoot at short range and shoot to kill. Formerly, until the practice was abolished by Chief Justice Ide, the killing was followed by beheading, and this ceremony was not always deferred, where the victim had been only wounded, until life was extinct. The heads were then collected and presented to the king as an especial proof of prowess. This barbarous practice the chief justice had the utmost difficulty in dealing with, and it was not discontinued until the other representatives of the triple protectorate consented to enact a law to punish offenders by fining them heavily, and adding to this penalty a lengthy term of imprisonment.

PREMIUM FOR WIDOWS.

According to the laws of good society in China, young widows should not remarry. Widowhood is therefore held in the highest esteem, and the older the widow grows the more agreeable her position becomes. Should she reach 50 years she may, by applying to the Emperor, get a sum of money with which to buy a tablet, on which her virtues are named. The tablet is placed over the door at the principal entrance of her house.

BILLIONS IN GOLD.

Engineers estimate that the ore in sight in the South African gold district called the Rand, contains about \$4,000,000,000 worth of the precious metal. But unless more rapid methods of production are employed, it will require 50 years to put this gold into circulation and use.

Diamond Cut Diamond

OR,
THE ROUT OF THE ENEMY.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

For a few seconds she could not utter a word, only her trembling hands strayed with a soft caressing movement over the bent smooth dark head—then at last she spoke.

"Geoffrey, my dear, dear boy, get up. I entreat you—let me speak to you."

Instinctively he obeyed her. Had he not always obeyed her, and rising as she bade him, sat down by her side upon the garden bench, holding her hands still tightly grasped in his.

"I have so much—so very much—to say to you," she began.

But he would not let her speak—the floodgates of his heart were open—the long pent-up passion would have its way at last, and burst impetuously from his lips.

"Yes, and I will listen to you—but not now," he cried, "presently, bye-and-bye, when I have said all I have to say to you—then I will hear you—but now it is I who must speak. Oh, Rose, my queen, my darling, I can be silent no longer, nor hide the love you once bade me keep for ever from your ears. You have sent for me, and I have come to you. But now that I have come I will not be sent hopeless away from you again—I cannot live without you any more. Rose, give me your love, your life—yourself!"

Then for a few brief moments her strength failed her absolutely, and she, who was so strong and so brave, became all at once weak, with a woman's most utter weakness. The sight of the dear face so long absent, of the eyes that sought her own so eagerly, the sound of the voice she had missed so long, shaken with the pent-up passion of a love whose devotion of self-repression she so well understood, overcame her in a fashion that she had never reckoned upon. Unrebuked he drew her into his arms, holding her closely against his heart, and sought the lovely lips he had hungered for so long in vain, with his own—and she yielded, as a woman yields to a man, who, owning all her heart, claims all her passion too as his right—giving herself up blindly and unreservedly to the rapture of that embrace, whilst he, holding her thus, forgot all else in life save her, and murmured as he kissed her lips, her cheek, her throat,—

"My own—my love—my wife!"

And then she awoke—awoke out of that mad trance of an impossible joy to the awful reality of the unalterable truth. That one word "Wife" went through her with a shock. The madness was over, the brief rapture was at an end, and a cold shudder, icy as death itself, struck through her from head to foot.

She wrenched herself away from his arms, and sprung to her feet, wringing her hands despairingly together.

"Ah, what have I done!" she cried, with a low cry of exceeding bitter despair. "Wicked, wretched woman that I am! Would to God I were dead—would to God I were dead!"

And she fell forward, prone at his feet, upon the ground, shaken with those great, dry-eyed sobs that tell of a more awful conflict of the soul than whole rivers and fountains of tears.

Filled with a terrible presentiment of evil he bent over her, and raised her tenderly, so that she knelt up against his breast, struggling to control the unutterable agony of her heart.

"My sweet one, what is it? Do you not trust in me? Am I not your love, as you are mine?" he murmured. But she shrank away from him, shivering.

"Ah, Geoffrey!" she cried, "how unspeakably I have wronged you, in concealing from you my unhappy secret."

"Your secret!" he repeated slowly, whilst a dull miserable despair crept over him; and suddenly there came back to him with a flash of horrible recollection the words that his uncle had spoken—"she is a married woman—ask her, and she will tell you."

"Your husband is alive," he said presently, in a strange, far-away voice, that seemed even in his own ears not to belong to him. It was not asked as a question. He said it as a fact.

It did not occur to her to wonder that he knew it. She knelt back, a little away from him, white as death, with her very lips blanched and formless—with bent head and eyes fixed in hopeless woe upon him, and hands clasped tightly together across her breast, like a criminal who awaits the sentence.

"Yes, he is alive," she answered. Nothing more.

A bird was singing in the syringabush; a little breeze shivered through the mulberry leaves; a crimson rose, over-blown, fell with a shower of rosy petals and a little soft thud, that could be distinguished in the silence, on to the dark peat-mould at its feet.

Geoffrey heard them all with a horrible distinctness. He sat quite, quite still—so still that he might have been turned into a stone. It went through his mind to wonder if death was like this—to marvel that he felt so little pain—that it was so easy to bear. Nothing but a strange cold tightness across his head, and an odd numbness at his heart. Only that, nothing more. How little it hurt! Then, out of the awful silence, came her voice, shaken with a wild despair.

"For God's sake speak to me! Curse me, if you will! Kill me, if you can!—But, speak! Do not look at me like that, Geoffrey!"

And, shudderingly, she hid her face in her hands. "When I am dying," she thought, "the awful agony of those brown eyes will be before me!"

But he answered her nothing—only a low moaning sigh broke from his white lips.

"Oh, for pity's sake, hear me!" she cried widely. "Hear me, at least, before you learn to loathe me!" Then like a torrent, there burst from her the whole of her miserable story. Of the husband she had married, years ago, without much love, perhaps, still, with enough of affection and regard to have, in time—had he chosen it—ripened into real love. She told of trust betrayed—of affection thrown back upon herself—and of the utter worthless nature of the man to whom she had given her life, and of the gradual awakening of her own mind to the comprehension of his true character. Yet, all; untruthfulness, unkindness, want of refinement and sympathy, infidelity itself; all she would have endured in silence, and have striven to hide from the world's eyes, had it not been for that last crime—that crowning iniquity, which branded him with a felon's name, and made of him an outcast from the company of all honorable men. Then, in the very moment of detection and discovery came the railway accident; from which, although left for dead upon the ground, the wretched man had recovered. After a long and dangerous illness, during which his wife nursed him, at the lonely farm house, near the scene of the catastrophe, to which his inanimate body had been carried. By the time those long weeks of watching were at an end, the news of his death had gone abroad; and she found that, with all the world, the man whom he had robbed and cheated also believed him to have been killed.

Then came the great temptation of her life; for the sake of his aged father, and to shield his heartbroken agony, to ward off from him the shame of an exposure which he dreaded worse than death, Rose de Brefour carried out the delusion which had accidentally arisen concerning his death. Leon de Brefour was to all intents and purposes dead. He came back from the jaws of the grave altered almost beyond belief. A frightful wound upon his head had rendered him subject to lapses into partial imbecility, whilst the worst vices of his character, his cunning, his cruelty, and his sensuality, seemed but to be accentuated by the injury to his brain. For years this miserable creature had been successfully hidden by her, first in one place and then in another, never long in the same hiding-place lest attention should be drawn to the singularity of his case, and detection of his identity be the inevitable result.

For the same reason her own home had so frequently been changed, because of necessity she had been obliged to remain within reach of him, and she had therefore altered her dwelling-place every time it had been considered desirable to move him.

It had been a terrible life—a life of constant terror, dread and apprehension, of fear and of terrors unspeakable—only death could end it, and Leon de Brefour, like many others who live only to be a punishment to their fellow-creatures, did not seem disposed to die. All around, Death mowed away with his relentless sickle—mothers, adored by whole families of loving hearts; bread-winners, invaluable to the children whose very existence depended upon their efforts; young men, in the prime of their manhood; maidens, the hope and desire of parents and lovers; only sons and daughters, heirs to position and wealth, whose death made an irreparable blank, hundreds such as these, the useful, the beautiful, the good, were stricken down—but Leon de Brefour lived on. This is the mystery of life, and its supremest cruelty. "Why? Oh, why?" cry out all the great multitude of souls in their agony—but the pitiless Heavens answer not, neither is there any voice of compassion from above. Is it only the caprice of a mocking fiend who orders these things? Or, as some tell us, is it all fixed by the calm, immutable laws of nature, which were settled and foreordained before the earth's foundations were laid? We do not know, we may not guess, how it is—the secret is not of this world, and the speculations and surmises only lead us further and further into a quagmire of doubt and insecurity. The "Truth," as we are accustomed to be taught it, is so flimsy and unreal, stands the test of great sorrows so badly, falls to pieces so quickly before the steady light of science and common sense. And yet the "Truth," as we would like to have it, is so cold, and harsh, and repelling; bewilders us so very much, consoles us so very little. Alas! why did God give us the gift of reason, and then leave us in utter darkness? Why, rather, did he not make us as the brutes that perish, who live, and eat, and are happy, because to-morrow they die?

And so, why nor wherefore none might say, this man lived on, lived to be a daily curse upon Rose de Brefour, lived to shut her out for ever, with unutterable despair, from the paradise of love and joy to which one short glimpse had just been vouchsafed to her.

In silence Geoffrey heard her story—listening at first to her with a cold possibility, with a stricken silence. Yet, as he heard of it all, of all her suffering and all her heroic devotion to the old man for whom she lived, a deep pity arose in his heart, and the icy floodgates of his harsh resentment gave way.

When she had ended his eyes sought hers, his hands drew her near to him once again. "Why should this hor-

rible nightmare stand between us?" he said feverishly, with a sudden flush on his face, and a strange glitter in his eyes. "Darling, do not we love each other? Leave this miserable life—this self-sacrifices to a brute to whom you owe nothing—trust yourself to me, come with me; let us go away abroad—to America, Australia, where you will—anywhere, so that it may be far enough to begin a new and better life together—do you not believe I can make you happy? Will you then fear to trust yourself to me?"

With a quick, warning gesture she stopped him lifting her hand suddenly, so that the torrent of his wild words was arrested.

"Hush!" she whispered, "hush! look there!"

He followed the direction of her eyes. Behind them, as they sat under the deep shadow of the tree, there came a faint sound; the old man in his wheel chair was being slowly pushed up and down by Jacques along the gravel path in front of the house—he did not see them, his face was bent, the sun caught his white hair till it shone like silver—there was something pitiful in his bowed back and clasped hands—something of an appeal to compassion in the helplessness of his age and condition. Whole volumes could not have rebuked him more utterly than did that sad spectacle of sickness and old age.

For a moment they were both silent, watching till the chair had slowly been drawn away round the corner of the house, then their eyes met.

"You see that?" she said in a low voice, "how could I leave him?" Then with a sudden passion she took both his hands in hers, pressing them hard against her breast. "Ah, do not mistake me! When you remember this day—this sad day—remember always that I loved you—shall love you to my death. Do not think that I fear to trust to you—that I doubt the happiness that I should have with you—that I do not believe in your truth and your devotion. If I were alone, if I had no one, then I would brave all other obstacles, would risk all, and would go with you. Perhaps I am not a good woman to say this, perhaps it is sinful of me to believe that such a union with you would be more holy than this union of mine which the Church has blessed, but which every fibre of my nature revolts against as horrible and accursed. If it were only that! But it is not. You see what God has given me to do in this world, the work He has set me, lest I should fall and perish on the hard road along which He has compelled me to walk? Can I be false to my trust? Can I desert that poor old man whose only hope is in me, and who has been given me to cherish, instead of all other love or of happiness? Should I not be of all living beings the most base and the most despicable? You would think so yourself, would you not?"

He heard her in silence. Slowly his head dropped and his eyes fell. He knew now that what he had asked was an impossibility to her—all the maxims of morality shouted forth from the throats of a thousand preachers could not have told him more surely how hopeless and how mad had been his unthinking prayer—than those few sad, touching words which rose straight from her womanly heart.

"Can I desert that poor old man?" It was not in Rose de Brefour to do a base and cruel action, or to be selfish and treacherous. It was her nature to be generous and unselfish and self-sacrificing. She knew it of herself, and she was incapable of departing from the traditions of her better nature, and Geoffrey knew it of her.

"Dear love," she said again to him gently, with a yearning tenderness in her eyes and voice, "promise me that you will never again tempt me in such a fashion. It makes it so doubly hard to me to refuse—to have to thrust you from me. And see, I have something more to say to you—something to ask you to do for my sake which will make us for ever safe against the terrible danger that our love must

needs be to us. Something that will set 'duty' yet more surely and securely betwixt us and that which our frail human nature calls 'happiness.' 'This too, my love, you will do, will you not, for my sake? Oh, show me how far above mere earthly passion is your love for me!'

"There is nothing," he answered, hoarsely and brokenly, "nothing that you ask of me that I will not do for you; only tell me what it is."

"You will marry Angel Halliday?"

CHAPTER XXV.

He sprang to his feet with a sort of horror.

"You—you ask me to do this!" he cried.

It seemed incredible to him that she who had just listened to his professions of love, who had confessed her own passion to him unreservedly, should, in the very same breath as it were, tell him to marry another woman. It bewildered him—it even shocked him.

It was what she had expected. It was perhaps the worst and hardest part of her punishment, that, in order to fulfil her promise—that promise which would set her husband free and bring peace to his old father—it was needful that she should say that which might very possibly in some measure lower her in the eyes of her young lover. There was unspeakable bitterness in it, yet, to make her self-sacrifice complete, she knew that she must drain that cup of humiliation down to its last drop.

"It is impossible, Rose, that you can be the one to suggest such a thing to me," he cried indignantly. "Of what can you believe me capable! Of what sort of nature can you imagine me to be made, that, loving you, I should commit the double crime towards you and towards Miss Halliday! Such a marriage is out of the question."

He spoke angrily, almost incoherently. It was unlike the pure refinement of his Queen, he told himself, to have made such a proposition to him, and suddenly, with a flash, something of the truth came before him. This must be his uncle's doing.

"It is Matthew Dane who has commissioned you to say this!" he exclaimed.

She did not deny it. She was very calm now. The hurricane of passion and despair had passed over her and was over, leaving her a little bit cold and chilled, and oh, so weary! But there was a definite work before her to be done, to which she served herself with her whole strength. She sat down quietly upon the garden bench and waited till his agitation should have quieted. She was pale, and there were dark circles around her sad eyes. But the light of a golden sunset slanting from the far west caught the auburn of her uncovered head, and lit it with a russet glory. He had been pacing about in his impatience and wrath, but now suddenly he stopped and looked at her, with the red sunshine of the dying day covering her from head to foot with its glow—the sad face, the weary eyes, the delicate hands crossed upon her knees, her dress or some dark rich material of a violet hue—all, in some subtle way, reminded him of that first evening in the long, low, book-lined room at Hidden House, when he had found her sitting in the fire-glow, and all his young heart had prostrated itself at her beautiful feet. The memory of that day sobered and melted him.

To be Continued.

EXPPELLING FOREIGNERS.

Kaiser Wilhelm's tactics of expelling foreigners from Germany are being applied to Germans by some of his neighbors. Prof. Leo Meyer, for 33 years Professor of Comparative Philology at the University of Dorpat, in Livonia, has been dismissed and a Russian appointed in his place.

GOOD TIMES IN BRITAIN

MAGNIFICENT ENDING OF THE FINANCIAL YEAR.

\$0,001,000 Over the Estimate—Great Increases of Death Duties and Income Tax are Reported.

Two months ago there were grave fears that the financial year would end gloomily, with a huge deficit, says a London despatch. When the December quarter closed, for instance, there was a net deficiency upon three quarters of the year of three millions and a half. The race of the revenue during the succeeding weeks was watched with growing interest. Monday the financial year ended magnificently.

There is no deficit, the year's revenue is nearly a million and three-quarters higher than last year, and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's estimate, which allowed for an increase of only half a million, is exceeded by considerably more than a million. The actual income figures are as follows:

This year	£108,536,193
Last year	106,614,000
Increase	£ 1,722,186

The income as estimated by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, and as actually realized, comes out thus:

Year's income	£108,336,193
Estimate	107,110,000

Excess over estimate . . . £ 1,226,193

These figures give the amounts paid into the exchequer, and do not include the receipts which go direct to the local taxation accounts. Including the latter makes the total revenue of the United Kingdom for the year £117,877,353, as against £116,016,314 last year.

ESTIMATE AND RESULT.

Comparing the Chancellor of the Exchequer's estimate of expenditure with the year's actual revenue, the result is unexpectedly satisfactory, thus:

Original estimate	£106,955,000
Supplementary—	
Army	£885,000
Navy	450,000
Civil Service	624,914
	1,959,914

Estimated Expenditure . . . £108,914,911

Receipts 108,336,193

But of course, the estimates, after all are only an approximation, and various savings are effected. The result as presented in the Treasury balance sheet for the last quarter, issued last year, is a surplus balance of £3,397,493.

This balance, it should be pointed out includes unexpended portions of the surplus revenue of two previous years amounting to £1,261,598. The surplus revenue of 1895-6 was devoted to naval works, and there is still £768,382 of it unexpended. In the same way the surplus revenue of 1896-7 was taken for military works, and of it £1,093,216 remains unappropriated. The year's surplus, therefore, is made up of:

Surplus from previous year . . .	£1,851,598
This year's surplus	1,545,895
Total	£3,397,493

So that although Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimated for a final surplus of only £115,000, it has worked out to a million and a half.

It is interesting to note that the growth of the National Revenue continued throughout the entire year, although in the final quarter, from special

causes, it made an enormous rise. The quarterly net increases were:

June quarter	£431,891
September	369,915
December	761,520
March	895,688

DEATH DUTIES AND INCOME TAX.

The death duties and the income tax have been the two great pillars of the year's revenue; together they have brought into the Exchequer an increase of more than a million sterling; a fact of which Sir William Harcourt may be expected to take joyful notice. The receipts under the principal head of revenue are shown in the following table in contrast with Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's estimates,

	Budget Estimates	Actual Receipts
Customs	£21,080,000	£20,851,000
Excise	28,950,000	29,203,609
Death duties	10,670,000	11,403,000
Stamps	7,660,000	7,630,000
Land tax	925,000	770,000
House duty	1,570,000	1,609,000
Income tax	17,760,000	18,000,000
Post-office	12,090,000	12,710,000
Telegraphs	3,410,000	3,150,000

These are the comparisons of receipts and estimates; and if we compare the receipts with the revenue of last year the facts are even more striking in regard to the growth of death duties and excise and income tax, and the falling away of Customs.

Sir Michael Hicks-Beach estimated for a fall of £700,000 in Customs, which have been on the decline since the last quarter of 1897, the loss has been considerably more—it amounts, in fact, to £956,000, and as the reduction of the tobacco duty was estimated to be equal to £1,120,000, it is obvious that the lesser taxation has not stimulated smokers to a greatly increased consumption.

This fall in Customs receipts is more than balanced by the growth under the head of excise. The Chancellor of the Exchequer expected an increase of £650,000 in excise; he has received an increase of £1,017,000. From income and property tax he expected an additional £450,000; the tax has really yielded three-quarters of a million additional.

It should be noted in conclusion that this financial year loses the benefit of one day on account of Good Friday.

THE "CHANGE OF AIR" CURE.

"There is no sense," says a physician, who has passed the days when he must practise even if he does not wish to, "in the haphazard way in which a patient is sent away from home to exhaust his strength and spend his money in the hope that a change of air will do him good. There is no use in sending a person away to die. Many physicians are not at all considerate about this sort of thing. There are some cases in which the influence of climate is a potent factor in the treatment of certain diseases, but not half so many of them as is generally supposed. Quiet and rest at home, plenty of sunshine, good food and pure air are worth far more than a change of climate, that is so often recommended as a cure-all."

HOW TO CLEAN GLOVES.

Here is a globe "wrinkle" used by a well-known society lady, and which is vouched for by her as infallible in its effects: She procures a tin box, or a jar with a tight, close fitting cover, and puts into the bottom a lot of lump ammonia. Then she suspends the gloves in the box or jar, closes it tightly, and allows it to remain this way four or five days. At the end of this time she removes the gloves, and every spot will be found to have vanished.

One way to get anything on tick is to put your watch under it.

MADE SHOES FOR DICKENS.

The Novelist Was Vain About His Feet—Du Maurier Exhibited Some Traits.

Henry C. Franklin, who keeps a small cobbling shop in Haverhill, Mass., has made shoes for some of England's noted men. Mr. Franklin is 70 years old. Among his patrons in England, he says, were Charles Dickens, Disraeli, Lord Clarendon, Sir De Lacy Evans, Du Maurier and Gladstone.

Mr. Franklin grows reminiscent once in awhile, and then he tells of the personal peculiarities of the great men whom he has shod. Charles Dickens, for instance, was most fastidious concerning the style and set of his footwear, and always selected the best and finest material, not only for himself, but for his entire family. As no one about him was allowed to appear in shoes that showed the least sign of wear. Mr. Franklin's income from the Dickens' family was quite a sum.

The old shoemaker remembered Lord Clarendon as a handsome man who was always faultlessly clothed, and who was quite as polished in his manners toward his shoemaker as toward a brother statesman or diplomat. He was quite as fastidious concerning his footwear as Dickens, and kept as many pairs of shoes, boots and slippers on hand as a modern society woman. Like Dickens, the prices attached to his various kinds of footwear were invariably of a secondary consideration. Very often in paying his shoe bills, Lord Clarendon would generously make a handsome present to his shoemaker.

Sir De Lacy Evans, of Crimean war fame, had his name entered on Shoemaker Franklin's books in the year 1856, which was shortly after he was invalided after his distinguished services in the battle of Inkerman. The famous old soldier did not consider his footwear of such vital importance as did Dickens and Lord Clarendon, for he seldom visited his shoemaker in person. His shoes cost less and he wore them longer than the others did.

Disraeli, dreamy and absorbed, had no time to waste on shoes. If any were comfortable, well and good. He usually left the selection of goods and style of making to the direction of his shoemaker. He never appeared at the shop without a bag of some sort in his hand, which he had been perusing on his way. As an indication of the statesman's absorbing interest in other matters, Mr. Franklin recalls that on two different occasions, Disraeli, on taking his departure, carried away from the shoemaker's table a parcel of shoes instead of his book. He did not detect the error until he tried to open his volume to resume his reading.

Gladstone, like Disraeli, wanted comfortable footwear, and was not very particular about selection of style.

Du Maurier, was fond of fine shoes in which to display his small, and well-shaped feet, and he did not hesitate to pay good prices for the latest and the best in footwear.

Bennet the great London watchmaker, and jeweler, who was at one time lord mayor of London, was for many years a steady patron of Mr. Franklin, and his yearly accounts footed up many pounds.

Since coming to America Mr. Franklin has not prospered, as it is now as much as he can do to earn a living.

A VALUABLE PRECEDENT.

Tom—Why were you so determined to kiss that homely cousin of yours?
Dick—I wanted to establish a precedent. She has two very pretty sisters, you know.

The Dosing Habit.

"Are you running to the doctor's again?" pleasantly asked my wife.

"No. I will not go to a physician again this whole year, if I die for it!" I savagely growled.

Dear woman, she up and kissed me where I stood, door-knob in hand.

I put my hat back on the rack and took off my coat. I had no idea that the family had noticed my growing tendency to consult a physician over every little ache and pain. But it turned out that the whole domestic circle, even to the children, had come to hold me in mingled derision, pity and apprehension. I was becoming a very "medicine-topor," my oldest daughter said. Another child playfully remarked that "if papa's boots were left outside his door at night they would run off of themselves, over to the doctor's." My old mother informed me that I had quietly gotten up from the evening board during the year just one hundred and sixteen times, to "go over to the doctor's a moment."

Now all this dosing habit came of having a very good friend in the doctor; a pleasant office fire by which to sit and spin out the story of the small maladies of the day; and the fact, unfortunately, that a year before I had moved into the same block with the doctor, whereas previously we had resided more than a mile apart. The result showed in my January bill, too. It took my breath away! For the dear doctor, while always glad to see me after supper, and ready to offer me a good cigar, yet, sly, good soul, had always faithfully put down in his little book each bottle of pills administered.

Ah, I remembered afterward how assiduously he always sat writing there at his table while we chatted. All of which was right. I had had his services and ought to pay for them. But the question arose—was I really any better for such an appalling mass of very valuable stuff? Now, I had not had an exceptional year. My health had been, on the whole, about as usual. But, looking on this astounding bill, I asked myself what I had to show for it. I concluded it was the dear price of a whistle of habit—the bad habit of dosing. If I had run to the doctor's for every little thing, Nature would have cured me in ninety per cent of the cases; indeed, Nature did all the curing. And the doctor just nudged kind Nature's elbow, tipped the dame a wink, and took his toll.

That was a year ago. For the whole of last year I kept my sudden vow, with the exception of three visits, and I was never in better condition for work than this minute. My doctor's bill this year was eighty-three per cent less than last year, and Tom had the scarlet fever, too, to be reckoned in. It demanded a bit of resolution, at first, to endure a cough and face "certain death by pneumonia or consumption," but I found, on trial, as you see, that I did not have either of these terrible diseases; my cough yielded to a warm bath and diet, with a day or two of wife's care in the house. I found that in every case rest was more than half my cure; to lie on a sofa for a nap after a light dinner and to empty the too full mind, taking off weights from the too taut nerves, probably cured me every time. The good doctor wondered what had become of me, and finally actually sent for me. Of course I was obliged to resume my social visits, but I waited till I dare risk myself to enter his medicinal and pathological

presence without popping to him some question about the liver, diaphragm or cerebral nerve.

In time I was quite capable of sitting for an hour or two, chatting with the physician—who is really a royal gentleman—and never so much as mentioning any of my organs. I was even capable of enduring a pretty keen pain inside my jacket without opening my lips to the professional man; I only hurried out sooner on such occasions, to get to bed and sleep off my aches. Yes, there I have sat for a year past and talked stocks with the doctor—stocks being my line—while his busy pen was jotting down the awful changes of his day's round among my unlucky neighbors, but never one against me. I record it with astonishment that I actually have a fair bill against the doctor for brokerage, that he incurred while I was sitting, on frequent evenings, by his own fire.

The sense of relief from this interminable slavery of dosing is immense. Instead of a vest-pocket full of bottles and fob pocket full of powders, I have carried the customary belongings of a healthy man's pocket. My cigar has tasted better without medicine to blunt the tongue. My bread has been more palatable because disconnected with that noisome decoction to be taken just before eating. I do not suddenly leave a customer and dodge into the back office to take a pill at the exact hour. I have more spoons in the silver closet at home, and no spoons in the office desk, nor on my chamber mantel, nor back of the library book case, etc., as before. How many spoons, wedding presents at that, my dear wife lost while I was in the dosing craze, I know not; but I do know that I gave her a handsome dozen solid silver spoons for a Christmas present out of the doctor's brokerage commissions.

I laugh at my enslaved friends whom I yet see all about me. On the train last Saturday night I saw one fine-looking old gentleman trying to slyly throw down his throat a pill, with a glass of water to shoot it into place. This man was hiding up by the wash-basin of the drawing room car. I turned to go back to the dining car, and there stood another giant surreptitiously taking a powder, which he sprinkled all over his vest. On the platform stood a third giant actually pouring his potion into a teaspoon. He got it all over his gloves, and his remarks were decidedly emphatic. All three of these men were the very picture of health. Oh, I knew what was the matter. Nothing was the matter but a good doctor near by, and the dosing habit! The three all looked ashamed when detected. My wife, who was on the train, informed me that she had noticed five ladies and one other gentleman, all of rugged appearance, dosing "just before eating"—that is, just before the dining car was put on.

Doctors have their place. I have often written in their praise. But a man cannot live on medicine. Alas! how many of our prosperous people, who can afford to coddle every ache, keep a doctor, as much a part of their domestic establishment as a butcher. Exercise, temperance, rest, a cheerful spirit, an unselfish disregard of small pangs—these, with an iron will, can help most of us, most times, without medicine. The exception is the doctor's rightful opportunity, and thank God, for the doctor then! But for my part, if you please, not till then. It is a fine art to learn when to call the doctor, it needs skill and experience not to waste your doctor.

SILKWORM IN EUROPE.

The silkworm was first introduced into Europe by two monks engaged as missionaries in China, who obtained a quantity of silkworms' eggs, which they concealed in a hollow cane, and conveyed in safety to Constantinople in 552.

CRITIQUE ON COSTUMES.

Variety of Costume Should be Avoided. Perfect Harmony a Feature of Good Breed. In: Forethought and Taste are Essential.

"Costly the habit as thy purse can buy
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy,
For the apparel oft proclaims the man."

Those words were written years ago, yet they apply with equal truth to the present day, and the advice contained in them should not be ignored. If we followed Nature's laws a little more closely, and were not so prone to variety of costume, the result would be a more harmonious whole than is sometimes presented to view.

Nature repeats herself. The peacock does not exchange plumage with the jay, the canary with the robin, cowslips do not adopt the hue of the blue-bell—yet nothing in animal nor vegetable life is ever found precisely in duplicate. We, also, remain unchanged in form and coloring, except as the hand of Time presses on us with gradual touches. By what law, therefore, do we appear in red or blue, in green or brown, in violet or yellow?

Never can a woman be well dressed until she blends her toilette to be the complement of her form and color. Is she tall or short, slender or square, blonde or brunette? These points should be well impressed on her mind as the foundation on which to raise the superstructure of costume.

The owner of a long thin face poises over it a conical hat; a short square woman plants a flat mushroom on her head; a tall girl, with sloping shoulders chooses a flowing robe; a round, fat lady wears a yoked blouse with waist-belt and high sleeves to detract from her height and accentuate her stoutness.

As to color—to harmonize with the complexion is the last thought that presents itself as desirable! Be the approved color moss-green, crushed-strawberry, Russian yellow, or turquoise-blue, it will be worn by a majority of women who must be fashionable if naught else. What a pity this is! Why should we create a dame, dubbed Fashion, and blindly follow her caprices when Dame Nature beckons us with alluring finger?

During the last fifty years, Art and Science have made great strides; our houses and our gowns are immeasurably superior to those of our forefathers. They bought heavy furniture for their rooms, silks that would wear long for their wives and daughters. Our furniture combines grace of form and skill of workmanship with its utility; we prefer our gowns less costly in fabric and more frequently renewed. Science has combined with Art in mixture of colors, of which, when perfected, we are offered such a bountiful supply that if a woman is not well dressed, she alone is to blame.

Most women have a certain sum on which to dress, and when this sum is very small, the difficulty of presenting a good appearance is enhanced a hundredfold. Here Shakespeare's advice comes in as warning—because "the apparel oft proclaims the man," it is a duty to dress as well as possible, and this good effect is not so dependent on the money expended to bring it about as might at first appear.

Forethought and taste are essential. Whether we spend \$10. or \$50. on a gown, let us first select a color becoming to our complexion, and then a style of make in harmony with our form. A girl often sees a friend in a becoming costume, and does not rest until she obtains a similar one for herself, but is disappointed; the result is not so favorable, the simple reason being the wearers are unlike.

Nothing is more true than the say-

ing, "Fine feathers make fine birds," yet when the feathers are unbecoming to the wearer, how discordant to the eye are her looks! The texture of a gown may be fine, its adjuncts costly, but unless the whole harmonizes with the wearer, the eye and taste are offended.

The consciousness of being well-dressed gives a woman more social courage, than beauty or talent, whether the gown be of costly silk or simple muslin; if it becomes the wearer she is "well-dressed," and armed with this impression, as conveyed to her by the glances of those she meets, she is the better fitted to battle with social emergencies. A smile of contempt is raised when a woman of middle age attires herself in the robes designed for "sweet seventeen;" a look of amusement crosses our face when a very stout dame encases herself in the tightest of garments; yet these same ladies would obtain admiration were their costumes selected to suit their years and their figures.

It may seem wrong to place the art of dressing on so high a pedestal. Many will declare our time might be better employed than in the study of our toilettes; yet as clothes are necessary to us, and the color, form and cost of them a matter which affects others as well as ourselves, it is a duty to select them with due care. A little more thought expended at the beginning will save time and money in the end, in addition to securing an harmonious result; and our dress being our visible self, surely demands proper attention.

CAPTURING A PYTHON.

Remarkable Exhibition of Strength in a Snake.

Pythons are numerous in the Philippines. We often heard of very large ones, says Mr. Dean C. Worcester in his interesting account of these much-talked-of-islands, but the nearer we got to them the smaller they grew. Finally, however, we got a fine specimen. Some men had found him coiled up under a fallen tree. Arranging rattan slip-nooses so that he could not well escape them, they had then poked him till he crawled into their snares, when they jerked the knots tight, and made the lines fast to trees and rocks.

When we reached the python I nearly stepped on him, for he was stretched out on the ground and looked for all the world like a log. A venomous hiss warned me of my mistake, and caused me to beat so sudden a retreat as to afford great delight to the assembled crowd of Tagbanuas.

The reptile had about three feet of play for his head, and I thought it wise to treat him with respect. Drenching a handful of absorbent cotton with chloroform, I presented it to him on the end of a piece of bamboo.

He bit it savagely and it caught on the end of his long, recurved teeth, so that he could not get rid of it. Then I saw a most remarkable exhibition of brute force.

Under the stimulus of the chloroform that python broke green rattans three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and that without apparent exertion. There was no thrashing about. It was all quiet, steady pulling. He soon broke or twisted out of every one of his fastenings except a running noose around his neck; and getting a hold for his tail around a stump, he pulled until it seemed as if his head would come off.

Eventually the chloroform quieted him somewhat, and I gave him more. When he was still, I stabbed him to the heart to prevent further difficulty, and removed his skin. He measured twenty-two feet and six inches.

THE "CATTLE DUFFERS."

Stories of the bush, eh? Well, my head is crammed full of them. If any man living ought to know what he's talking about when this subject crops up, I ought. I put in three and twenty years' service in the Australian police going in as a raw recruit, and coming out a full-fledged inspector. Most of that time I spent knocking about the bush, hunting down the rascals who sought refuge there, and I can tell you it wasn't all "beer and skittles."

Look at the mark of this cat here on the back of my head. I got that from one of the notorious Kelly gang, and it knocked the senses out of me straight away. Why, from head to foot I am pretty well covered with scars of one kind or another, not to speak of having my leg cracked in two different places, or getting a "jab" in the eye from a desperate ruffian whom I once tackled, which "jab" injured my sight for life.

Of course, what you hear about most is the "sticking up" of coaches and banks, and that kind of thing. Those sort of pranks are made much of in the papers, you see; but you don't often read about the other little games which are practised in the bush, and which gave us more trouble by a long way. One of these is "cattle-duffing."

What's that? you ask. Well, just walking off with your neighbor's cattle and marking them with your own brand. Then a nice question as to ownership comes in, and the cattle-duffers are such a precious artful lot that it's hard to convict them. As a general rule, the sufferers either put up with their loss or try to wheedle their property out of the rascals. They know how difficult it is to obtain a conviction on a baked brand; and besides, if they prosecuted something worse might be in store for them, for the cattle-duffers stick at nothing.

Of course, if the thieving vagabonds "turned out," as it is called—that is, took to bush-ranging—it was a different matter. But even then they had lots of friends who were only too glad to stand well with them. They had also their "bush telegraphs"—fellows who would gallop off and warn them when the police were out. So with one thing or another, they weren't often caught napping.

I recollect when I first joined the force we had an immense amount of trouble with old Jack Barker and his two sons—the most notorious cattle-duffers in the whole district.

It was this way: Mr. Maitland, one of the biggest squatters in our district, lost a rare lot of cattle, half of them "clear stars" as the unbranded calves are called. Well, he reckoned that Jack Barker had walked off with them, and sent for us.

The very next day, while Mr. Maitland was detailing his loss, who should turn up but old Barker himself and his two sons. You would have thought, by the look of them, that they were the most law-abiding individuals in the whole colony. The old chap asked us if we had come across any of his cattle.

We had a good look round and sure enough there were several beasts bearing Barker's brand—wretched old

brutes most of them—on Mr. Maitland's land.

I suppose the rascals had left them behind to try and throw us off the scent when they lured the other drove.

They were got together, and Barker was informed that he might drive them home. Just as he was about to set off, Mr. Maitland spoke up.

"Now, Mr. Barker," he said, "you've got back your own cattle, but I am still without mine. It is just possible that some of them may have strayed on to your land. It must be more than a week since they disappeared, but we didn't miss them until yesterday. Have you any objection to our going over some day and looking through your lot?"

"Not in the least," replied the old rascal. "Come when you like."

We let the three of them get away, and gave them a couple of hours' start. Then we mounted our horses and rode after them. We thought it just as well to drop upon them when they least expected us.

When we got to Barker's place we found that his stock had considerably increased since our last visit. It was not to be wondered at, for we were pretty well convinced in our own minds that Mr. Maitland's cattle were among the lot. Still, what proof had we of this? Every beast in the place was marked with Barker's own brand.

Mr. Maitland went through the droves and we followed at his heels. Of course with such immense herds as he possessed—some of which he only saw once in six months—it was impossible for him to recognize his own beasts.

Suddenly he stooped down and examined one of the hind hoofs of a fine heifer.

"Look here," he said, beckoning us up. "Do you see this?"

We bent forward, and there on the hoof was a tiny brand, something like a triangle with a dot in the centre.

"That's my private mark," said Mr. Maitland. "You'll find it on all my beasts."

"By Jove! we've got him this time," cried our sergeant, in high glee. "Sharp as he is, he won't get out of this mess so easily."

We went straight off to the house, Barker and his sons were out, so we sat down until they returned. When they walked in at last, we arrested them on the spot. They were a good deal taken aback, I can tell you, for we never let on how we had spotted the theft.

All we wanted now was to lay our hands upon young Harry Barker, a lad of seventeen, who had been apprenticed to a blacksmith. We knew that the young rascal was always as much concerned in affairs of his kind as his father or either of his two brothers. He was not to be found, however, and we were informed that he had gone up-country on a sheep-shearing job so we had to come away without him.

When we got back to the station with our prisoners the inspector gave us a hearty welcome. He had long wished to get the Barkers convicted, but up to this they had been too smart for him. Now they were laid by the heels at last.

He worked up the case for all he was worth. If he secured a conviction, it would be a feather in his cap, for it was generally supposed that old Barker and his sons would contrive to wiggle out of the law's clutches no matter how closely the police had drawn their net around them.

Well, the trial came on, and we felt pretty sure of a conviction. The evidence was strong against the Barkers, especially that private mark of Mr. Maitland's. There was no getting away from that.

I was not called as a witness, for there were plenty of others. When I came off duty, however, I looked into the court house, just to see how things were going on.

When I reached the door, out bounc-

ed the inspector, very red in the face, and swearing like a trooper.

"You born fool!" was his complimentary greeting, when he caught sight of me.

"What's wrong, sir?" I asked. "Wrong!" he cried. "Why, they've done us again, that's all."

"How so?" "Why, every one of their cattle is branded on the hoof with that triangular mark! what a pack of fools you were not to make sure of this at the time. It's some trick of that young rascal, Harry Barker, I'll swear."

And so it turned out. We learned afterwards that while we were waiting at Barker's talking freely enough about the private mark, Master Harry was hidden in the next room all the time. Of course he overheard every scrap of the conversation. He himself had made that self-same brand for Mr. Maitland; and, of course, with all the appliances still at his disposal, very easily made a duplicate of it.

No sooner were our backs turned than he rounded up every cattle-duffer in the district. A pretty crew they were, too, always ready to stand by one another in a scrape. They set to work and branded every beast on the place with that triangular mark.

Well, of course, there was no help for it, and the Barkers got off. But they were not done with the affair yet; they brought an action against us for false imprisonment, and the Government were let in for heavy damages. The inspector got a fine wigging for bungling the case, but I think what he felt most was a little incident that occurred a day or two after the trial.

We were standing at the door of the station when up strolled big Dick Donnelly, who had lent a hand in the swindle. He asked in a casual sort of manner if we had heard of Jack Barker's new way of branding his cattle on the hoof. You should have seen the inspector's face.

For myself, I thought that my chances in the police force were precious small, for everyone concerned came in for a slating. A year or so afterward, however, I got even with the Barkers, and thereby retrieved my reputation.

But that story will bear telling another time.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GREAT MEN.

An English physician has broached a theory in regard to some noticeable eccentricities. Many of the foremost men of the world at present and in the past have had queer little habits which make them a laughing-stock, sometimes behind their backs only, to their friends and acquaintances. The great Samuel Johnson, for instance, never could pass a lamp-post without touching it, and always kept a collection of lemon and orange peels under his pillow. Emile Zola has many little humors, the gratification of which form the basis of his daily happiness. These, says the psychologist, are not signs of insanity, but of overwork. The tired brain feels impelled to do certain things. The human mind is a most complicated machine, and although a nice exposition of the causes of these really insignificant matters is impossible to a general public, it can be confidently stated that the healthy mind, when fatigued by a day's hard work, is none the less sound for the queer things it may impel the hand to do.

SIAMESE SUPERSTITION.

The Siamese have so strong a superstition against even numbers that they will have none of them. The number of the rooms in a house, of windows, or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, must always be odd.

"Winter Finds Out What Summer Lays By."

Be it spring, summer, autumn or winter, someone in the family is "under the weather" from trouble originating in impure blood or low condition of the system.

All these, of whatever name, can be cured by the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla. *It never disappoints.*

Bolls—"I was troubled with boils for months. Was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after using a few bottles have not since been bothered." E. H. GLADWIN, Truro, N. S.

Could Not Sleep—"I did not have any appetite and could not sleep at night. Was so tired I could hardly walk. Read about Hood's Sarsaparilla, took four bottles and it restored me to perfect health." Miss JESSIE TURNBULL, Cranbrook, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

ELECTRIC HAIRCUT.

Paris Has a Shop of Queer Tonsorial Operations.

An electric barber's shop is one of the latest attractions of Paris. This does not mean simply that motors are used for driving fans and the establishment lighted by an electrical current, but that hair is curled, cut and dried by electricity, and many other things done through its agency. Haircutting in this Parisian establishment is done with an electric cutting comb, which, because of its simplicity and the dexterity with which it may be used, must soon become widely employed. This comb looks like any ordinary one, except that a thin wire is stretched above the upper portion of the teeth along the handle. The wire is connected electrically with a storage battery. When the battery is connected the wire becomes red hot. Therefore when this comb is passed through the hair the latter is burned off by the red-hot wire. The whole operation is so rapid that a heavy head of hair may be clipped in a few minutes. Not only this, but the ends of the hair cannot bleed, so that the benefit of singeing is part of the operation. Hair which has been shampooed is dried very quickly by means of electric fans, facial imperfections are removed with electric needles, and it is understood that the owner of the shop is patenting an electric motor-like device which will be used in place of the hands for shampooing.

CORALS IN SILVER.

Mounting handsomely cut corals in silver for cuff buttons and studs for the shirt waists is one of the newest fads. Some of these corals are cut after antique patterns. The settings are perfectly plain and without claws of any kind. Cuff buttons are of the link variety, and the top button only is set, while the other is perfectly plain silver.

Some men are born old, and some never seem so. If we keep well and cheerful we are always young, and at last die in youth, even when years would count us old.—Tryon Edwards.

Love and War

A STORY OF SLAVERY DAYS.
By MARY J. HOLMES.

CHAPTER XXVII.—Continued.

"All right!" was the pass-word by which they entered, and Will soon stood in the wide hall which ran through the entire building, and opened in the rear upon a broad piazza.

"Better take him to Miss Maude's room," the woman said, and Will followed on to an upper chamber, which, he would have known at once belonged to a young lady.

It was not as elegantly furnished as his own sleeping apartment at home, but it bore unmistakable marks of taste and refinement; while the air of pure, gentle womanhood, which pervaded it, brought Rose very vividly before him.

"This is my niece's room, Maude De Vere," Mr. Haverill explained, when they were alone, and Will was drying himself before the fire, kindled by the woman who had admitted them, and who, Will saw, was a mulatto. "My niece is not at home now," he continued. "She is in South Carolina; has been gone several months on a visit to old Judge Tunbridge, her mother's uncle. I'm her mother's brother, and she and the boy Charlie have lived with me since the first year of the war. Their father was Captain De Vere, from North Carolina, and was killed at the first Bull Run. Nelly, their mother, never held up her head after that. I was with her when she died, and brought the children home. Maude is twenty now, and Charlie fourteen. I am their guardian Maude is Union, Charlie secesh, but safe. They have a great deal of property here and there, though how it will come through the war, the Lord only knows."

Will was glad to see that his host was inclined to talk on without waiting for answers, and he kept quiet, while Mr. Haverill continued:—

"I dare say you wonder to find a chap like me among people who are so bitter against you Yankees, and I sometimes wonder at myself. I am South Carolina born, and ought to be foremost in the rebellion; but hanged if I can see that it is right. Why, I might as well set up a government of my own, here on the Oak Plantation, and refuse to come under any civilized laws. Mind, though, I don't think the South all wrong,—not a bit of it. The North did bully us, and the election of Mr. Lincoln was particularly obnoxious to the majority here, but we had no right to secede, and you did your duty trying to drive us back. For a spell I kept quiet,—didn't take either side; or if I did, I wanted the South to beat, as all my interests are here. But when our folks got to abusing their prisoners so shamefully, and told so many lies by way of deceiving us fellows who live among the hills and only get the news once or twice a week, I changed my politics, and after the day when I found one of my neighbors, and the best man that ever breathed, too, hung to a tree like a dog, with the word 'Abolitionist' pinned to his coat, I made a vow that every energy I had should be given to caring for and helping just such wretches as you, and if I've helped one I've helped a thousand. Why, at least a hundred have slept in this very room—Maude's room; for, as I told you, she is Union to the backbone, and led one chap across the mountain herself. She is a regular Di Vernon, and is not afraid of the very devil. When she went away she bade me put them in here, as the room least liable to suspicion. To the folks around me I am the roughest kind of a Secessionist, and I suppose nobody can beat me

swearing about the Yankees, just to hoodwink 'em, you know. I suppose that's wrong; my wife would say so; she was a saint when she was here,—she is an angel now. She died five years ago,—before the war broke out; and Lois, the woman you saw, has been my housekeeper since. I shouldn't like the North to take her from me. They tried it once—when a squad of 'em ransacked my house—and I was sick in bed. Maude threatened to blow their brains out; and, sir, she would have done it, too, if the scamps hadn't let Lois alone."

"I don't agree with your folks on the nigger question, though none of mine has run away since the Proclamation, which I did not like. They know, too, they are free, or will be when the Yankees come, for I took pains, to tell them, and gave them liberty to cut stick for the Federal lines as soon as they pleased; but they staid, and great help I find them in the business I'm carrying on. They are constantly on the lookout for run-aways or refugees, and are quite as good as bloodhounds to scent one. They told me about you, and I watched and saw you go into that cave, which is on my land, and which few know about, or if they do they think it a springhole, and never dream that anybody can hide in there. Somebody else must have seen you, too, for word came that a man was hiding in the mountains, and as the acknowledged leader of as hard a set as ever hunted a Yankee, I went with 'em to find you and carried in my pocket that bacon and corn bread which I managed to drop into the cave when I sat with my back against it. I knew you must be hungry, and it might be some time before I could come to your aid. We didn't find the chap, but to-morrow they'll be at it again, and so, while I help 'em hunt for a man about your build, you will stay in the room in Lois's charge. Maude has a good many gimcracks here, such as books and things, which may amuse you. She is coming home by and by. The house is very different then. You ought to see Maude. We are very proud of her. That's her picture, only not half so good-looking," and he pointed to a small oil painting hanging above the mantel.

It was a splendid head, and the glossy black hair bound about it in heavy braids gave it a still more regal look. The eyes, too, were black, but very soft and gentle in their expression, though something about them gave the impression that they might flash and blaze brilliantly under excitement. It was a beautiful face, and Will did not wonder that his host was proud of his niece—prouder even than of the pale-faced, delicate boy, who next day, while the hunt for the runaway went on among the mountains, tried to entertain Will Mather by telling him of his old home in North Carolina, and how happy they were there before the war came and took his father away.

"I don't see it in the light Uncle Paul and sister do," Charlie said. "I don't want them to catch and torment the prisoners, or murder folks who don't think as they do, but I do want our side to succeed, and when I hear of a victory I say 'Hurrah for the Confederacy!' I can't help it when I think of father, who was killed by the Yankees, and all the trouble the war has brought. I'm willing to work like a dog for the refugees and prisoners, and I'd die sooner than betray one, but if I was a man I'd join Mr. Davis's army sure."

The pale face of the boy was flushed all over, and his dark eyes burned with Southern fire as he frankly avowed his sentiments, and Will Mather could not repress a smile at this noble specimen of a Southern rebel.

"I like you, my boy, for your frankness," he said, "and when the war is over, I shall have to send for you to come North and be cured of your treason."

"It is not treason," and the boy stamped his girlish foot. "It is not treason any more than the views held by the Revolutionary soldiers. Didn't the colonies secede from England, and does anybody call Washington a traitor now? I tell you it is success which decides the nature of the thing. If we succeed, future historians will speak of us as patriots, as a persecuted people, who gave our lives in defence of our homes and firesides."

"You won't succeed, my poor boy. The Confederacy is gasping its last breath. You will be conquered at the last, and then what have you gained?"

"Nothing,—nothing but ruin!" and the tears poured over the white face of the defender of Southern rights.

Soon recovering himself, however, he exclaimed, proudly:

"We may be conquered, but not subjugated. You can't do that with all your countless hordes of men, and your millions of money. The North can never subjugate the South. We may lay down our arms because we have no other alternative, but we shall still think the same, and feel the same as we do now."

Here was a curious study for Will Mather, who was surprised to find such maturity of thought and so strong determination in one so young and frail.

"No wonder it is hard to conquer a people composed of such elements," he thought, and he was about to continue the conversation when he was startled by a loud blast from a horn among the hills.

"They've caught some one. They always do that as a kind of exultation," the boy exclaimed, wringing his hands, and evincing as much distress as he had heretofore shown bitterness against the opposing party.

It was a poor refugee from a neighboring county, whom, in spite of Paul Haverill's precautions, they had found in a hollow tree, and whom they brought more dead than alive down to the Oak Plantation, amid vociferous cries of "Tar and feather him!" "Hang him to a sour-apple tree!" "Give him a taste of the halter!" "Make him an example to all other sneaking sympathizers!"

With his face as white as marble, and his lips set firmly together, Paul Haverill stood in the midst of the noisy group which he tried to quiet.

"Let us try him by jury," he said, and something in his voice reassured the frightened, haggard wretch, who had seen his house burned down and his sor shot before his very eyes, and of course expected no mercy.

The trial by jury proved popular, and then Paul Haverill suggested that a judge be chosen in the person of some one who had lost a near friend in the war, and was of course competent to mete out full justice to the criminal. "Charlie, for instance," and his eye fell on the boy, who had joined the crowd and was standing close by the prisoner. The boy caught his uncle's meaning at once, and exclaimed:

"Yes, let me be the judge. My father was killed at Bull Run. My mother died of grief. Surely I may decide."

Charlie De Vere was a favorite with the men, who knew how staunch a Confederate he was, and, waiving the trial for want of time, they said:

"Charlie shall decide whether we hang, drown, whipor tar and feather the prisoner at the bar."

Then, with far more energy and fire than had characterized his vindication

of the South, Charlie De Vere pleaded for the criminal, that they would let him go. "Just this once, for father's sake, and mine, and Maude's," he said and, at the mention of Maude, the dark brows began to clear, and the scowling faces grew more lenient in their expression, for Maude De Vere was worshipped by the rough men of the mountains, who though they knew her sympathies were on the Union side, made an exception in her favor, and held her person and opinions sacred. For her sake, they would let their captive go, giving him warning to leave the neighborhood at once, nor let himself be seen again in their midst while the war lasted.

And thus it chanced that Will Mather had a companion in his wanderings, which were renewed the following day; the boy Charlie acting as guide through the most dangerous part of the way, and at last bidding him good-bye, with great tears in his eyes, as he said:

"I hope you won't be caught; but I don't know, the woods are full of our soldiers. Travel at night, and hide through the day. Trust no one, but the negroes; and if you are captured, ask for mercy in sister's name. Everybody knows Maude De Vere."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was the night of the third of July, the anniversary, as she supposed, of her husband's death and Rose was sitting up unusually late. She could not sleep for thinking of one year ago, and the white-faced man who lay upon the battle-field with the rain falling upon him.

It was a clear starlight night, and she leaned many times from her open window and looked up at the kindly eye keeping watch above her. But she did not see the figure coming down the street and up the walk to their own door; the figure of a worn-out soldier, who from the prison at Salisbury had escaped to Tennessee, and had come from thence straight on until the midnight train dropped him at the Rockland station.

The light was behind her, and Will saw her distinctly as he went up the avenue, and he stopped a moment to look at her. She was very pale, and much thinner than when he saw her last, but never, even on her bridal day, had she seemed so beautiful to him as then, when leaning from her window, and apparently listening for something.

It was the sound of his footsteps as he came up the walk which had attracted her attention, and when it ceased so suddenly as he stopped under the trees, she felt a momentary pang of fear, for burglars had been very common in the town that summer. Possibly this was one of the robbers, and Rose was thinking of alarming the house, when the figure emerged from under the shadow of the trees, and came directly up beneath the window, while a voice which made Rose's blood curdle in her veins, called softly.

"Rose, darling, is it you?"

Had the dead come back to life? Was that her husband's voice, and that his step in the lower hall? Rose had supposed the front door bolted. She had not heard it open, and now, when the steps sounded upon the stairs, her heart gave one throb of fear, as all the old superstitious stories of New England fore rushed to her mind. Perhaps on this anniversary of his death he had come back to see her. And perhaps—

Rose did not finish the sentence, for the opening of her own door disclosed the wasted figure of a man wearing the army blue, his face very pale, but lighted up with perfect joy as he stretched his arm toward the shrinking woman by the window, and said:

"Come to me, darling; I am no ghost."

Then she went to him, but uttered no sound. Her heart was too full for that, and seemed bursting from her throat as she laid her head upon the

bosom of her husband, and felt his arms around her waist and neck. Her stillness frightened him, it was so unlike her, and lifting her from the floor, he took her in his lap, and said to her:

"Speak to me, Rose. Let me hear your voice once more. You thought I was dead, and you've been so sorry."

"Yes, killed at Gettysburg," came gaspingly at last; and then a storm of tears and kisses fell upon Will's face, and Rose's arms were thrown about his neck as she tried to tell him how great was her joy to have him back again.

"I have been so lonely," she said, "for everybody is gone. Jimmie and Annie, and poor Tom too, is a prisoner at last, so mother and I are all alone, except"—

Just then it occurred to her that husband had no suspicion of the great joy in store for him.

"How shall I tell him?" she thought, and her eyes went from his face to the basket and chair where baby's clothes were lying.

The little white dress, with its shoulder knots of blue; the flannels and the soft wool socks were all there in plain sight, and Will saw them, too, as his eye followed Rose's.

"Rose, tell me, what is that? What does it mean?" he asked, and then without a word, Rose led him into the adjoining room, where in his crib slumbered her beautiful boy,—their beautiful boy rather. He was hers alone no longer, for the father was there now, and the happiest moment he had ever known was that when he knelt by his baby's cradle, and felt how much he had for which to thank his Maker. He could not wait till morning before he heard the sound of his first-born's voice, and he took him at once in his arms, every pulse thrilling with pride and exquisite delight, as he felt the soft, baby hands in his own, and looked into the beautiful dark eyes which met his so wonderingly as baby awoke and gazed up into his face. It was not afraid of him, and Rose almost danced with joy as she saw it smile in its father's face, and then turn slyly away.

"It was so terrible till baby came last Christmas," she said, beginning to explain how they believed him dead, and how much she had suffered. "Even baby did not make me as glad as it ought," she continued, "for I could not forget how happy you would have been to come home and find him here, now you've come. God is very, very good; I love him now, Will, better, I hope, than I love you, or baby, or anything. I've given baby to Him and given myself, too, but he had to punish me so hard before I would do it."

Then together the re-united couple knelt and thanked the Father who had remembered them so mercifully, and asked that henceforth their lives might be dedicated to his service, and all they had be subject to his will. There was no more sleep in the Mather mansion that night, for by the time Mrs. Carleton and the servants had recovered from their surprise and joy, the early morning was red in the east, and the sun was just beginning to show the returned soldier how pleasant and beautiful his home was looking.

The people of Rockland had not intended to have much of a celebration on that Fourth of July. The churchyard was too full of soldier's graves, and the wardens were still too dark over the land, while the battle of the Wilderness, where so many had perished, was too fresh in their minds to admit of much festivity; but when it was known that Will Mather had come home the town was all on fire with excitement. Every bell was rung, and the cannon of Bill Baker memory belled forth its welcome, while in the evening impromptu fireworks attested to the people's delight. Then followed many days of delicious quiet in which Will told his wife and mother the story of his wanderings, but said very little of his life in Salisbury. That was something he could not men-

tion without a shudder, and so he passed it over in silence, choosing rather to tell of his journey across the mountains where many friendly hands had been stretched out to help him. He had every name upon paper, and was only waiting for an opportunity to show his gratitude in some tangible form. Especially was he grateful to Paul Haverill, whose name became a household word, together with that of Charlie and Maude De Vere. Of her Rose thought so often, wishing she could see her, and resolving when the war was over either to write at once or go all the way to the Mountains of Tennessee to find her.

"Poor Tom!" she often sighed. "If he could only fall into so friendly hands."

But everything pertaining to Tom was shrouded in gloom. The last they heard he was in Columbia, while Jimmie still pined in Andersonville, if indeed he had not died amid its horrors. Exchanged prisoners were constantly arriving at Annapolis, where both Mrs. Simms and Annie were, and every letter from the latter was eagerly torn open by Rose in hopes that it might contain some news of her brothers. But there was none, and the mourning garments which, with her husband's return, were exchanged for lighter, airier ones, seemed only laid aside for a few weeks until word should come that one or both of her brothers were with the dead whose graves were far away beneath a Southern sky.

To be Continued

GRAINS OF GOLD.

All that is human must retrograde if it do not advance.—Gibbon.

Better be three hours too soon than one minute too late.—Shakespeare.

He that will watch providences shall never want providences to watch.—Flavel.

The reflections on a day well spent furnish us with joys more pleasing than ten thousand triumphs.—Thomas à Kempis.

Here is the manliness of manhood, that a man has a good reason for what he does and has a will in doing it.—A. MacLaren.

Prosperity is the touchstone of virtue; it is less difficult to bear misfortune than to remain incorrupted by pleasure.—Tacitus.

MARVELOUS SCENT.

A recent deer hunt in England possessed some unusual features which demonstrated the remarkable accuracy of scent developed in the intelligent stag hounds. The deer they were running dashed through a herd of over a hundred of its kind, but the highly trained animals followed the line of their quarry through this immense herd, and after a four-and-a-half-mile run brought down the right one. A few of the young hounds were tempted from the path of virtue by the deer that were skurrying wildly in every direction, but the body of the pack with remarkable steadiness never wavered from the true scent.

NO RIGHT TO UGLINESS.

—The woman who is lovely in face, form and temper will always have friends, but one who would be attractive must keep her health. If she is weak, sickly and all run down, she will be nervous and irritable. If she has constipation or kidney trouble, her impure blood will cause pimples, blotches, skin eruptions and a wretched complexion. Electric Bitters is the best medicine in the world to regulate stomach, liver and kidneys and to purify the blood. It gives strong nerves, bright eyes, smooth, velvety skin, rich complexion. It will make a good-looking, charming woman of a run-down invalid. Only 50 cents at any Drug Store.

TO TELL THE WEATHER.

THE VARIOUS WAYS BY WHICH IT CAN BE FORETOLD.

If One Knows How to Read Nature's Signs the Government Bulletins are Unnecessary—Told by Actions of Animals and Appearance of the Clouds.

Atmospheric phenomena in all ages has been a source of great speculation not only to the scientific mind, but to those of lowly pretences; in fact, no class of men are or have ever been free from the love of prognosticating the weather. The accumulated observations of ages has demonstrated that many signs of atmospheric changes are, without doubt, to be depended upon excepting in very, very dry weather when all signs fail and even the scientific signal service finds its predictions are faulty.

Coming events—in a weather sense—always cast their shadows before them, and it is only necessary to read those shadows correctly in order to become a fair prognosticator of weather prophet. The instinct of animal and insect life and the sensitive vegetables and plant furnish the most numerous data by which the common people of the world foretell the coming weather, and it is remarkable how true are their predictions. The sun, moon, planets and stars all have been closely observed by the unlettered, and their appearance to the eye, regardless of their astronomical situation in the heavens, are made to forecast all and every change and condition of weather.

Among the popular prognostics which indicate wet weather, are cats washing their faces, dogs becoming drowsy, hogs running with straws or leaves in their mouths, spiders leaving their webs and crawling about on the fences and walls, swallows skimming the surface of the earth, insects of all kinds drawing near the ground, flies becoming very troublesome and stinging with unusual vigor, frogs making continuous noises, leeches in jars being very active.

RHEUMATIC PEOPLE.

complaining of aches, and numerous others, all of which have for ages been "sure signs" of atmospheric disturbances and rain.

An old proverb has it:

An evening red, and a morning gray,

Are sure signs of a fine day;

Be the evening gray, and the morning red,

Put on your hat or you'll wet your head.

Sailors have their signs and proverbs, and it must be said that they very seldom fail in their predictions, even where they see cirrus clouds, which they call mares' tails, they know that a rain is close at hand; and the sunset and sunrise always indicate the weather for the following day. They say:

Red at night, sailor's delight,

Red at morning, sailor's warning.

And again they have it:

If woolly fleeces strew the heavenly way,

Be sure no rain disturb the summer day.

During clear weather if one sees clouds form and disappear in quick succession, it is a certain indication that the fine weather is over; and—

When clouds appear like rocks and cowers,

The earth's refreshed by frequent showers.

A halo around the sun or moon denotes rain in summer and snow or sleet in winter, and the larger the

NERVOUS DEBILITY.

Exhausting vital drains (the effects of early follies) thoroughly cured; Kidney and Bladder affections, Unnatural Discharges, Syphilis, Phimosis, Lost or Failing Manhood, Varicocele, Old Gleet, and all diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs a specialty. It makes no difference who has failed to cure you. Call or write. Consultation free. Medicines sent to any address. Hours—9 a. m. to 9 p. m.; Sundays 3 to 9 p. m. DR. J. REEVE, 333 Jarvis St. south-east cor. Gerrard St., Toronto.

circle the nearer is the downfall of moisture.

When the new moon rests upon his back wet weather is sure for nearly seven days. But when the moon rests upon one horn with its back to the west clear weather may confidently be predicted.

Probably the most noted plant which forecasts the weather is the "chickweed," and it is a

MOST EXCELLENT GUIDE.

There will be no rain when its flowers are expanded freely, for with the least moisture in the air the flowers begin to close, and when the rain comes they are closed entirely.

"The poor man's weather glass" is the pimpernel, and the regularity with which it closes its petals at the approach of wet or foul weather is truly remarkable.

All water fowl become more active and noisy just prior to storms, and seabirds approach the shore with very few exceptions. Geese and ducks will dive and splutter in the water, and barnyard towels become agitated. The hooting of owls in the afternoon denotes rain, and the piercing scream of the peacock is always heard before a storm. Water rats will invariably leave the water before a thunder shower, and mice and rats will quarrel and fight among themselves; ants hustle about, carrying their eggs, and seem very uneasy before approaching wet weather.

Bats flying of a summer evening and remaining out late at night denote pleasant, dry, weather, but if they seek shelter and enter the houses, wet weather is sure to follow.

Sheep are very reluctant to leave their pasture when rain is expected, and they seem to have an extra good appetite at such times.

These are only a few of the signs, mostly for summer weather. But the Indian sign for wet weather has never been known to fail. They say: "When it is cloudy all round and pouring down in the middle, then expect wet weather."

WOMAN'S HAND.

It is certainly not true that small hands are bred by choice descent, for in one family the hands of both women and men are found different in size and in every other quality. The individual woman of the people stretches and hardens her hand and batters her nails on her own account, so that months of care would not retrieve it; but doubtless her baby hand was much the same as a rich woman's in her own babyhood. English women, with their blonde hands, are admired deliriously for this one beauty by the darker races. But, at any rate, to English eyes, there is loveliness also in the fine hand that has clear brown color in place of white a rare beauty, for the blonde woman has usually the finer form of hand; but somewhat dark must have been the "tender inward of the hand" that played on the virgin-

BISMARCK'S IRON NERVE

Was the result of his splendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New Life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c. at any Drug Store.

The Home

IN HOUSECLEANING TIME.

To freshen old furniture, wash in lime water; when dry, apply a coat of oil.

Cover pantry shelves and washstands in common use with oilcloth. It is inexpensive, comes in bright colors and pretty patterns, and if occasionally wiped with a wet cloth, keeps clean and fresh.

To clean a piano, use lukewarm water, white castile soap, and a piece of cheese cloth. Wash a small surface, work rapidly, and dry, first with a piece of old soft cotton flannel; then rub with another until there is a good polish. Go over the woodwork in this way. These directions are given by a piano dealer.

To brighten gilt picture frames and ornaments, to a pint and a half of water add sufficient flowers of sulphur to give a golden tinge; in this boil four or five bruised onions. Strain, and when cold apply with a soft brush. Prepared gilding, carefully applied, will restore tarnished gilding. If broken or defaced, fill with putty before gilding.

A paint that dries quickly, for floors, is made by dissolving with heat three ounces of glue in three quarts of water. Stir well, remove from the fire and heat in three pounds of yellow ochre. With a new whitewash brush apply a thick coat. When dry, apply a coat of boiled linseed oil. To oil a new hardwood floor, mix thoroughly four quarts of raw linseed, two quarts of turpentine and one pint of best Japan varnish.

Wash grained and varnished woodwork with cold tea. If the least bit of soap is necessary to remove finger marks around door knobs, or to clean window sills, rinse immediately in clear water. Soapy water irretrievably injures graining. In cleaning base board a short handled mop will do excellent service and save great fatigue. It is also useful in washing the tops of doors that otherwise cannot be reached without a chair or step-ladder.

To wash a pillow or bolster, double a sheet and sew side and ends together, leaving an opening on one end a little more than the width of the pillow. Open pillow, sew the two together and shake feathers into the sheet. Wash thoroughly in soapsuds, rinse, wring with machine, and dry in the sunshine, shaking often to lighten the feathers. Before returning the feathers to the tick, coat the inside of it with thick flour paste, and let dry; or, what is better, rub the surface of the tick with melted beeswax, so the fluff and feathers will not work through.

Try a mixture of benzine and powdered borax to remove iron rust from white cloth; for mildew, an application of powdered chalk and borax. All fruit, tea and coffee stains are more easily removed by dissolving a little borax in the boiling water that is poured through them. When upholstered furniture is infested with moths, sprinkle it with powdered borax, dusting it well into the crevices. To clean woodwork add a tablespoonful to a pint of hot water and use a flannel cloth. A nice lather for cleaning light woolens is made by adding about a tablespoon-

ful of the powder to a gallon of water

TO PACK EGGS.

When putting away for winter use, always secure perfectly fresh eggs; when packed, cover closely and keep in a cool place, but not where they will freeze. An inexpensive way to pack eggs is to put a two-inch layer of salt in a stone jar, then a layer of eggs, then salt, then eggs, having a layer of salt on top. Most persons pack with the small end of the egg down, but dealers usually put the large end down giving as their reason for so doing the following: "The air chamber is in the larger end, and if that is placed down the yolk will not break through and touch the shell. Another thing, if the air chamber is down the egg is not as liable to shrink away."

USES OF COMMON SODA.

Two tablespoonfuls of washing soda in a gallon of boiling water make a splendid disinfectant to pour hot into the sink when you have finished the daily dinner washing up.

As a general rule, use just a little soda in the water in which you clean glass and paint.

Strong lukewarm soda water makes glassware most brilliant, but it should afterwards be rinsed in clear cold water, and dried with a clean linen glass-cloth.

To clean lamp burners take a quart of water, in which put a piece of soda about the size of a walnut; place on the stove, and boil the burner therein for about five minutes; remove the burner from the water, and wipe dry with an old cloth, when it will be as clean and nice as when new; or should the brightness of the brass be dimmed, by simply rubbing with ammonia and whiting this will be at once restored.

Cut flowers will keep their freshness for a long time if a small bit of soda is put in the water in which they stand.

Drain pipes should be flooded once a week with boiling water in which has been dissolved a little soda.

A tiny bit of cooking soda put in the pot when boiling greens will preserve their fresh color.

Grease is often accidentally split on the kitchen table and floor; to remove, place a little soda on the spots, over which pour boiling water.

Calico, etc., that has been stained with vaseline and such like grease, should be soaked in cold water for at least twenty-four hours and then be washed in soda and water, and, if necessary, afterwards boiled, when the marks should have quite disappeared.

Dry soda, rubbed on a burn or scald, if the injury is only on the surface, will relieve the pain.

Soda water will clean ceilings discolored by fumes from a lamp.

Coral can be cleaned, by soaking it for some hours in soda and water.

A mixture of rain water and soda eradicates machine greases from washable materials.

Steel knives in use but occasionally, can be kept from rust by dipping them in strong soda water, three parts soda to one of water; wiped dry, rolled or placed in a specially-made flannel bag, and kept in a dry place.

Common soda is one of the best things to brighten tinware; dampen a cloth, dip it in soda, and briskly rub the ware; wipe dry, and it will appear equal to new.

Discolored lamp chimneys should be put on the stove in cold water and soda to boil. Then remove the saucepan, and when the water is perfectly cold take out the glass, and the stains will easily come off with the aid of a lamp brush.

Time and labor can be saved where

there are marble steps, halls, passages, etc., to keep clean, by washing them with a damp mop that has been dipped in boiling hot soda water. Plenty of soda should be put in the water, and allowed to dissolve. The effect is truly wonderful.

Soda will clean marble in this way: Mix together equal quantities of common soda, pumice stone, and chalk, all finely pounded and sifted, to which add sufficient water to make a nice, smooth paste. This is to be spread evenly over the marble and left on for a time, afterwards washing it off with a warm soapy lather, finally polishing the marble with a soft rag dipped in sweet oil.

QUEEN VICTORIA AS A HOUSE-KEEPER.

Queen Victoria is a first rate housekeeper. She is the mistress of palaces, castles, and country-houses, and, although the actual daily housekeeping is, of course, done by deputy, the Royal head of the establishment remains ever in a very real sense the mistress. She perceives immediately anything amiss, and perceives also the remedy.

She is a kind but also an exacting mistress, and as she pays well, and never fails to consider a reasonable excuse, quite properly demands good service and tolerates no shirking. A recent little volume upon her private life relates several entertaining household anecdotes of the Royal lady's ways.

She has, it seems, a dislike to cold meat, which she never eats. But etiquette demands that at luncheon a side table shall stand ready provided with cold fowl and a cold joint, no matter what varieties of hot food the dining-table may offer. These viands being never called for, the cook grew careless and one day the Queen's quick-eye observed that the side-table presented only a very mean and meagre half of a small and unattractive-looking fowl.

Promptly giving a hint to her nearest neighbors, the Princess Batrice, and Lady Ely, her Majesty requested a slice of cold chicken, the other two ladies desired the same. The poor little fragment was brought into sudden prominence, to the consternation and confusion of the cook, who never so far forgot himself as to slight that side-table again.

Like every good housekeeper, the Queen knows and remembers her valuable household possessions, and is fully aware of their individual merits and the places where they ought to be kept. She does not know them all, for they number thousands. But hundreds of them she does know; and elaborate catalogues are kept of the rest,—furniture, bric-a-brac, china, glass, silver, draperies and other furnishings—by her order, and in large leather-bound books provided in accordance with her ideas.

Only a small proportion of her many hundred articles for table service are actually in ordinary use; and she is in the habit of using but three of her many services of plate and china at Windsor Castle.

But once after a talk, with the German Ambassador, who was visiting her, the members of the Queen's household were surprised on coming to the table to behold strange china set before them, each plate adorned with landscape paintings.

It soon appeared, that the Ambassador, having mentioned in the morning that his birthplace was Furstenberg, the Queen had recalled to mind a service of china, never used, and for nine years put away and forgotten by everyone but herself, which had been

manufactured there, and was decorated with painted scenes of the town and its vicinity.

She knew exactly where it was, and how it looked, and by her order it had been produced and used at dinner—surely a very pretty attention from a Royal hostess, as well as something of a feat of memory in a Royal housekeeper.

SPONGE AND ANGEL CAKES.

A rich sponge cake is made by the following rule: Six large eggs, three gills of sugar, three gills of flour and one lemon. Wipe the lemon very clean and grate a little of the rind into a deep saucer, squeeze the juice on this; beat the eggs, yolks and whites separately; add the sugar to the yolks, and beat until light; add the lemon-juice and rind, and beat a little longer; put the flour and the whites of the eggs into the flavored sugar and yolks, adding only a little at a time and doing the work lightly and gently, so as not to break down the frothy egg; pour the mixture into paper-lined pans and bake in a moderate oven. The time of baking will depend upon the thickness of the loaf. If it be three inches deep when put into the pan it will take one hour to bake. The slow oven will cause the sponge to rise evenly, making the cake tender, rich and moist.

Angel cake comes under the head of sponge cakes; it is one of the most delicate cakes that is made, and is as nearly "next to nothing" as it is possible to be. This cake should be baked in a round tin with a funnel in the center, and the tin should not be greased. If you are going to form the angel cake habit and make it frequently I would advise that you keep a pan "sacred" to the baking of this special cake. It will be more likely to be always in condition. The success of angel cake depends upon the baking and the proper beating of the eggs. For this cake you will use the whites of five eggs, one scant gill of pastry-flour, measured after sifting, one and one-half gills of powdered sugar, one-half a teaspoonful of cream of tartar and one half a teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Mix the cream of tartar with the flour, and sift four times; this is so that the flour will be as light as it is possible to make it, and not packed at all. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff, dry froth, sift the powdered sugar on the eggs, and beat for three minutes; add the vanilla; gradually add the flour, and beat it in quickly; bake for about forty minutes in a rather cool oven. When the cake is baked take the pan from the oven and invert it, letting it rest on a sieve or rack, so that there shall be a current of air all around the cake while it cools.

WHY FLOWERS HAVE COLOR.

Adeline Knapp, in her pretty book, "Upland Pastures," explains:

"What we call a flower is not, usually, the flower at all, but merely its petals. The real flower is the cluster, in the center of the calyx, of the pistils and their surroundings, pollen-bearing stamens. Away back in the ages when man had not yet developed his esthetic sense, perhaps even before he had learned to make fire, the primitive flower bore only these pistils and stamens, with a little outer protecting whorl of green petals. It was fertilized by the pollen falling upon the stamens.

"But this was not good for the plant. Those flowers that in some way became fertilized by pollen from other plants of the same variety—by cross-

fertilization, in fact—were healthier and stronger than those fertilized by their own pollen. In such plants as wind-blown pollen reached, this cross fertilization was an easy matter. The buttercup, for instance, is not one of these. It is forced to rely upon insects for fertilization. So the plant began to secrete a drop of sweet liquid at the base of each green petal. Such insects as discovered this nectar

and stopped to sip were dusted with the pollen of the plant and carried it to other flowers, where it fertilized the pistils. This was very good as far as it went, but the flowers were pale and inconspicuous, and many of them, overlooked by the insects, were never visited. Certain ones, however, owing to accidents of soil and moisture, had the calyx a little larger or brighter colored than their fellows, and these the

insects found. It happened, therefore if anything ever does merely happen, that the flowers with bright petals were fertilized and their descendants were even brighter-colored. Thus in time the buttercup, by the process which for lack of a better name we call natural selection, came to have bright, yellow petals because these attract the insect best adapted to fertilize it. If man's aesthetic sense is gra-

tified by the flower's beauty, why man is so much the better off, but that man is pleased by the bright color is not half so important to the buttercup as is the pleasure of a certain little winged beetle which sees the shining golden cup and knows it means honey. "In the same way the lupin, with its pretty blue and white blossoms, has developed its blue petals because it is fertilized by the bees. They seek

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"JUMBO" SWEDE TURNIP.



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Grows handsome, tankard-shaped roots, of a purplish-crimson color above ground, yellow beneath; stands well out of ground, grows roots of giant size. Price (post-paid) 1/2 lb., 10c.; 1 lb., 15c.; 1 lb., 24c.; for 5-lb. lots and over, 21c. lb.

STEELE, BRIGGS' "SELECTED" Swede

For over ten years the favorite with best growers; even, handsome shape and a great cropper. Many tons of seed are required annually to supply the demand for this fine variety. Price (post-paid) 1/2 lb., 10c.; 1 lb., 15c.; 1 lb., 24c.; for 5 lb. lots and over, 21c. lb.

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SOLD BY CAREFUL MERCHANTS



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One of the earliest dent varieties in cultivation, a strong grower, stalks and ears of good size, small cob with deep grain, productive. Price, 1/2 bush., 50c.; bush., 90c.; 2 bush. and over, 85c. a bush.; bags, 15c. each.

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IN MERRY OLD ENGLAND.

DOINGS OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE REPORTED BY MAIL.

A Record of the Events Taking Place in the Land of the Rose—Interesting Occurrences.

The Queen has accepted a sample of Nyassaland coffee grown by the Zambesi Industrial Mission in British Central Africa.

Mr. Sidney Arnold, a former president of the British Chamber of Commerce at Paris, died recently of typhoid fever.

Lord Salisbury has declined the request of the Birmingham Gunmakers' Union that he would receive a deputation with reference to the seizure of arms in the Persian Gulf.

Phrenologists find in Lord Salisbury a head the bumps of self-esteem, cautiousness, imagination, perception and reason strongly developed. Hope and personal ambition are small, but firmness is very large.

Violin makers report that aluminum when used for stringed instruments, produces a richer sound than wood, especially with the high notes, and that experiments with the new material have been entirely successful.

The total amount subscribed to the memorial to the late Baron Pollock is £111 11s. Arrangements have been made to execute a brass, in raised letters, to be placed in the north wall of the Church of St. John's Putney.

For selling as butter a substance containing 98 per cent. of foreign fat, Thomas Jones Davis, a grocer, of 105 Christ street, Poplar, was fined £20, with 25s. costs, at the Thames Police Court. This is the defendant's third conviction.

Two children, the sons of a dock labourer named Webb, were suffocated in bed during a fire in Southampton. Superintendent Johnson gallantly ascended the burning staircase, but was too late to rescue them alive.

A Cornish fishing lugger, the Mizpah, was driven on to Plymouth Breakwater in a gale and had to be abandoned by the crew, who found shelter in the lighthouse. The vessel was carried over the breakwater and went to pieces.

Lord Tennyson, who started for South Australia, March 3rd, to take up his duties as Governor, has appointed Capt. Wallington to be his private secretary, and Mr. Alfred Tennyson, son of the late Hon. Lionel Tennyson, to be under-secretary.

The official figures of the Channel traffic between Dover and the Continent for the past year show that 443,102 passengers embarked or disembarked from the Channel boats at Dover, being an increase of 50,000 as compared with the previous year.

A sapper of the Royal Engineers named Weston fell over a high cliff near the station hospital at Gibraltar last week, and was killed. Weston was a patient in the lunatic ward of the hospital, and escaped from custody by overpowering an orderly.

Some colliers out on strike near Burnley, Lancashire, have been fined for intimidating a non-striker. They met him as he was returning from work with a band, three of defendants having a drum, bagpipes and kettle-drum, and played him home.

The States of Jersey are to take in hand the defence of the island. The preamble of a bill was adopted re-

cently dealing with the matter. This is the outcome of Lord Lansdowne's suggestion as to the remodelling of the Channel Islands militia.

A private in the West Riding Regiment, named Joseph Chapman, was charged at Dover recently with causing the death of a seaman, supposed to be named John Walpole, at the quay a short time ago. He was remanded until after the adjourned inquest.

Mr. Vernon, who has received the appointment of bailiff of Jersey, was born in 1852. He was admitted to the Inner Temple, in 1871, and became Attorney-General of Jersey in 1885. He is a keen yachtsman and commodore of the Royal Channel Islands Yacht Club.

Arrangements are being made for the erection of a tablet to the memory of Gladstone on the house in Rodney street, Liverpool, in which he was born. The work is being undertaken by the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, to whom the necessary permission has been granted by the possessor of the residence.

Mr. J. W. Lowther, M.P., has been unanimously elected to, and has accepted, the office of president of the National Retail Jewellers' Association of Great Britain and Ireland, in succession to the late Baron F. de Rothschild. The Hon. Walter Rothschild, M.P., has accepted the position of vice-president of the association.

Col. Lockwood, M.P., having offered to give, as usual, a prize at the Essex, Eng., Agricultural Society's show, but on condition that the competition for the prize should be open only to those farmers who have no barbed wire on their farms, the council of the society refused to accept the condition.

LEAP YEAR.

Within eight more centuries leap-year will have become a relic of the present time. By that time the extra 11 days lost to make up the changes from the old Julian Calendar to that of the present day will all have been duly accounted for, and the world will run round in just 365 days, and no more. The ladies of the coming century will be forced to devise some other scheme for forcing the unwilling swain to take a wife. Nineteen hundred, while one of the even years ending a quarter, will not be a leap-year simply because in arranging the dates it was purposely left out.

The ladies lose their privilege again in 1900, but though there will not be many of those who see 1900 who will see 2000, the latter year, ending a fourth century, will be a leap-year. In this way three days are retrenched in four centuries, and the remaining seven days will be made up in a little over 800 years. After that calendar years will be like solar years, and errors in calculation of time will occur no more.

The loss of leap-years will in thousands of years affect the seasons, but probably the mathematicians of the centuries hence will be so expert in handling figures and making calculations that they will have no difficulty in keeping things going correctly.

VOLCANIC ERUPTIONS

—Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them, also old Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises; Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Best Pile Cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25 cts. a box Cure guaranteed. Sold by all Druggists

MODERN FIELD ARTILLERY.

Guns Nowadays Capable of Firing Eighteen and Twenty Shots a Minute.

Field artillery has passed through a complete evolution during the last few years. Increase in rapidity of firing has become an essential condition of the existence of the modern field-piece. All military authorities agree upon the necessity of being able to produce at a given moment terrible effects in the shortest possible time. The difficulty in the problem consisted in avoiding a waste of munitions.

Upon this subject Lieut. Poncet has published in the Revue d'Artillerie an interesting article which has been partially inspired by the work of Gen. Langlois upon field artillery. Up to the end of the sixteenth century little attention had been paid to rapid firing. The artillery, moreover, was heavy and clumsy. At the battle of Granson, in 1475, according to Meyer in his "Technology of Firearms," the pieces of Charles the Bold were charged and pointed against the Swiss at the beginning of the combat. The firing began in volleys, but the aim was too high, and this caused the loss of the battle because there was no time to recharge the pieces. At that period the average artillery fire was about

THIRTY SHOTS A DAY

for each piece. The heating of the pieces also proved to be an obstacle.

Attempts at increasing the rapidity of artillery fire go back as far as the seventeenth century, when the Germans employed the first breech-loading cannon. More serious results were obtained in the time of Frederick II., when the field artillery was made very much lighter. Up to the end of the eighteenth century, with the return of the heavy pieces of artillery of Grebeauval, as well as in the wars of the revolution and of the empire, the maximum rapidity of the fire in battle was from one to two shots a minute for each piece.

Moreover, in the time of smooth-bore guns, the cannonade which preceded the battle was never intended to crush the enemy. It covered the deploying of the troops and presented a chance to gain time without serious loss to the enemy. During the greater portion of the action the artillery fire was almost continuous, but always extremely slow. At the decisive moment, marked by the employment of shrapnel or grapeshot, the artillery discharges were carried on with extraordinary violence, and reached a rapidity of 2-12 and even 5 shots a minute for each piece, as, for instance, at Wagram and Friedland, when the batteries opened the breach for the infantry by their grape and canister fire.

With rifled cannon the action was rarely decisive at long range. At an ordinary distance the effect produced was satisfactory, but it was never crushing. For example, at Sadowa two lines of artillery fought for five hours without either being knocked out. During the Franco-German war the rapidity of fire of the French guns reached one shot a minute with the 12-pound pieces and two shots a minute with the 3 and 4 pound pieces, and the same for shrapnel fire. The rapidity of the German breech-loading guns was very little superior to that of the French.

Since 1781 the progress of field artillery has been considerably increased. In the first advance

THE RANGE WAS INCREASED.

In the second the destructive power of the projectile was developed by a methodical fragmentation, and in the

LIVER ILLS.

DR. RADWAY & CO., New York: Dear Sirs—I have been sick for nearly two years, and have been doctoring with some of the most expert doctors of the United States. I have been bathing in and drinking hot water at the Hot Springs, Ark., but it seemed everything failed to do me good. After I saw your advertisement I thought I would try your pills, and have nearly used two boxes; been taking two at bedtime and one after breakfast, and they have done me more good than anything else I have used. My trouble has been with the liver. My skin and eyes were all yellow; I had sleepy, drowsy feelings; felt like a drunken man; pain right above the navel, like as if it was bile on top of the stomach. My bowels were very costive. My mouth and tongue sore most of the time. Appetite fair, but food would not digest, but settle heavy on my stomach, and some few mouthfuls of food come up again. I could only eat light food that digests easily. Please send me "Book of Advice." Respectfully,

BEN ZAUGG, Hot Springs, Ark

Radway's Pills

Price 25c a box. Sold by druggists or sent by mail.

Send to DR. RADWAY & CO., 7 St. Helen St., Montreal, for Book of Advice.

Radway & Co., 7 St. Helen St., Montreal

third and last step this same power has been augmented still more by the general use of the tir fusant, which extends by 500 to 3,000 metres, and even more, the crushing effects of the old shrapnel fire.

It is undeniable that to crush an enemy it is only necessary to increase the offensive power of artillery fire, and to do that the maximum of rapidity is required. "Artillery," says Gen. Langlois, "by its fire ought to be just like an old-time charge of cavalry with this difference, that it is a charge that nothing can stop and which smashes down everything before it." The means employed to that end consist in diminishing the recoil, in accelerating the return of the piece in battery, and in facilitating the pointing, the charging and the firing of the gun. Thanks to the combination of these different advantages, the guns recently made show an increase in rapidity of firing.

The fieldpiece of 1896 adopted by the German Government is made to fire regularly five shots a minute; but that is a limited speed to avoid waste. In reality, the piece is capable of firing double and even treble that number of shots in a minute.

Consequently the average rapidity of rapid-fire field artillery is ten or twelve shots a minute, supposing that the pointing of the piece can be done with the desired accuracy. If only an approximate aim is taken, a rapidity of from eighteen to twenty shots a minute can be easily reached. But it is a good thing to avoid this extreme rapidity; for, as Scharnhorst said at the beginning of the century, "One single shot well aimed is worth several badly aimed or not aimed at all, for if the gun is not pointed what is the use of firing?"

INDEFINITE TERMS.

The prisoners detained in British prisons "during the pleasure of the Queen" are not discharged on her death, but remain "during the pleasure" of her successor.

it as they do other blossoms, not only for honey, but for the pollen itself, which stands them in place of bread. The very shape of the flower is due to the visits of countless generations of this insect. The bee is the insect best adapted to fertilize the lupin, and when he alights upon the threshold of a flower his weight draws the lower petal down, and entering to suck the sweets: he gets his head dusted with pollen. If a fly were to gain entrance he would carry away no pollen. He is smaller than the bee and his head could not reach it. So honey-seeking flies alight in vain; their weight is not enough to press the calyx open, so they may not enter and sup upon the nectar. On the blossom of the mimulus, the odd-looking monkey-flower, a honey bee has the same experience. The bumble bee is the only insect that is large enough to reach the pollen in this blossom and so its doors will open only to it.

"Botanists tell us that all this great family to which the peas and their cousins belong, were once five-petaled plants, but natural selection has brought about their present shape, which is an admirable protection against the depredations of small insects, that could only rob but could not fertilize the flowers.

"Blue is the favorite color of the honey bee, and next to blue he prefers red. So bee blossoms are blue or red. Flowers that open at night are mostly white and are fertilized by moths, etc., that fly about in the darkness. This accounts for their color and their fragrance, both of which are to attract the insects that distribute their pollen."

FLORICULTURE FOR CHILDREN.

Since no one will question Beecher's assertion that flowers are the sweetest things God ever made that he did not endow with a soul, they seem divinely ordained as the best gift to child-life. This the child possibly realizes by a sort of intuitive knowledge; certain it is that the infant heart thrills with joy in the presence of their rich colors and delightful odors. Yet, while their purity has from time immemorial linked them symbolically with childhood, they have been literally isolated from it—at least in the majority of cases. True, the new education has introduced them into the kindergarten, retaining them in more or less close communion until the high school is reached. But such plants are, as a rule, owned and cared for by the teacher, while in the nursery, where they should become a part of the child's own treasures, of his life, lighting it with the "stars which on earth's firmament do shine," there is an oppressive dearth and gloom.

One of the earliest manifestations of a child's desire is that of imitation; what mamma does, that it strives to do with all the intensity of its nature. To thwart these efforts is to ignore the principles of psychology, to crush laudable ambition; to encourage and guide them is certain to increase for the child the happiness of the present—possibly infinitely more that of the future.

Children love variety, even the new doll soon becomes wearisome unless possessed of a wardrobe so extensive as to admit of frequent changes. Nature bountifully bestows diversity in the development from seed to seed. Patience there must be, certainly, in watching the various stages of growth; yes, and thoughtful care; for a single neglect at a critical period might render previous labor vain, save in rich memories. But these are cardinal virtues, and wisely is it ordered that we cultivate them with the flowers. Generosity, too, is fostered in an extreme degree; for though slips, flowers and seeds are freely given, the source of supply is as unfailing as the widow's cruse.

The educational influence are manifold. The tiny tot learns as readily to distinguish the red or yellow petals in the tulip and rose as in the worsted ball which constitutes its first gift from the disciple of Froebel. Later it takes infinite pleasure in counting the petals, and it may be readily taught that this can be accomplished without dissecting the blossom. Then comes the study of form, abundantly illustrated in the multiplicity of leaf outlines. These are but a few of the preparatory steps leading to the more complete mature study, now a part of the curriculum of the progressive graded school.

If floriculture appeals to the lower classes as well as the higher in adult life, this is true to a still greater degree in the case of the child, who is more impressionable, less absorbed in the duties and responsibilities of life. The fragile wild flower planted in a rude box is as much an object of admiration as the choicest exotic grown in a costly vase; its life history is as wonderful, the lessons taught as worthy of contemplation.

With floriculture physical culture is inseparably linked. No better morning exercise has been devised than an hour's work in the garden, while instances have been recorded of renewed life, when death seemed inevitable, by the vital breath found in direct contact with the soul.

The aesthetic element has been already alluded to. Important in itself, it has a deeper significance in that it leads irresistibly from an admiration for the wondrous works of nature to a reverence for their Creator.

Plan, therefore, that your little ones may be provided during the coming year with at least one plant of their very own. Ah, that happy realization of ownership! What a pleasure it yields! The stock may consist of but a single crocus, a hyacin, to be grown in water, that the root system may not be hidden, or simply a small seed. Carefully direct in its culture, at the same time impressing on the child his responsibility in the matter; and plan with him for increasing his stock as the ability to take charge of it is acquired.

FOREHANDED.

Thrifty housewives are looking well to the ways of their household by inventing the summer's sewing, and repairing old garments and making such new ones as shall be required for use in the early spring-time.

Let us begin with the linen first. Carefully inspect the table linen. Cloths that are too much worn to longer do duty on the dining table, can be cut into napkins, tray or lunch cloths. While such pieces as are not sufficiently good for these purposes should be neatly hemmed and used for wiping the silver.

Why not hemstitch the new linen? Time was when the "drawing of the threads" in such firm fabrics was a most disagreeable task, but this obstacle has been removed since we learned to soap the threads to be drawn with a bar of hard soap, toilet and laundry are equally effective. The bedding should be looked over, repaired where possible and make a good supply of new, so that frequent changes can be made during the heated season. There is real economy in thus changing. The bedding is more easily washed, consequently will last longer, and the housewife is less tired than if obliged to wash dirtier pieces.

Next in order come the undergarments and hosiery for the various members of the family. By the time these are done with, the everyday work dresses and kitchen aprons, the wash suits of the wee laddies and little maidens can be made. There are

so many pretty designs for these garments illustrated in the pattern page that no one need dress herself or any member of her household in any but modern and becomingly made garments. It is well to remember that the simpler styles are the more elegant, and that inexpensive but pretty and durable fabrics should be selected in wash goods.

A SONG OF CLOVER.

I wonder what the clover thinks?
Intimate friend of bob-o-links,
Lover of daisies, slim and white,
Waltzes with buttercups at night;
Keeper of inn for traveling bees,
Serving to them wine dregs and lees,
Left by the royal humming-birds,
Who sip and pay with fine-spun words;
Fellow with all the lowliest,
Peer of the gayest and the best;
Comrade of wind, beloved of sun,
Kissed by the dew-drops, one by one;
Prophet of Good Luck mystery
By sign of four which few may see;
Symbol of nature's magic zone,
One out of three and three in one;
Emblem of comfort in the speech
Which poor men's babies early reach;
Sweet by the roadsides, sweet by rills,
Sweet in the meadow, sweet on hills,
Sweet in its white, sweet in its red,
Oh, half its sweet cannot be said;
Sweet in its every living breath,
Sweetest, perhaps, at last, in death!
Oh, who knows what the clover thinks?
No one! unless the bob-o-links!

CABBAGE AND CARROT'S.

A writer tells how winter vegetables may be made appetizing for the spring appetite.

Cut a firm white cabbage into quarters, remove the hard core, and boil the cabbage fifteen minutes in water with a pinch of soda. Drain off this water, and add enough more which is boiling to cover the cabbage, add one teaspoonful of salt, and let it boil until the cabbage is tender, then drain it, and set aside until it is cold. Chop the cabbage, add one tablespoonful of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of cream, and more salt if needed. Mix all well, put it into a buttered pudding-dish and bake it until a delicate brown. Serve it very hot in the dish in which it is baked. Many who cannot eat cabbage served in any other way find this perfectly digestible.

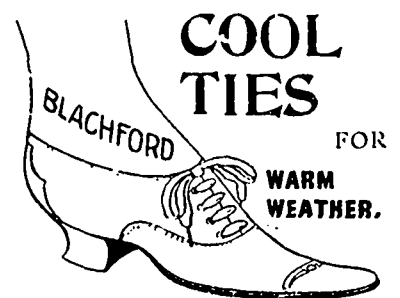
Paro some carrots, and cut them into dice. Put them into a saucepan, and cover with boiling water. Add a little salt, and let them boil an hour or until very tender. Drain the water off the carrots, then set the saucepan back on the stove, having added one tablespoonful of butter, one-half teaspoonful of sugar, more salt if needed, one-half teaspoonful of cream, and pepper to taste, to one pint of carrots. Let it just come to a boil, and serve very hot.

TO CLEAN LINOLEUM.

Linoleum should never be touched with either soap or a scrubbing brush. Have it well wiped over with a soft flannel cloth and warm water, drying it carefully with another clean cloth. Skimmilk is also a very good thing to wash it with, as it gives it the gloss you wish for. The great rule is to wash linoleum as seldom as possible, unless you use skim or sour milk for the purpose, and every now and then polish it with linseed oil or occasionally with beeswax and turpentine furniture polish. Kept in this way it will both look nicer and wear infinitely better, for scrubbing wears it out and too much water rots it.

COAL MINE EMPLOYES.

About 1,500,000 persons are employed in the coal mines of the world.



Our Ladies' \$2.00 Ties are not equalled elsewhere at the price.

They satisfy both the eye and feet. Ask to see them.

H. & C. BLACHFORD
114 YONGE ST.

NEW CINDERELLA PARTIES.

London society has been amusing itself with Cinderella parties. The Cinderella party is not the usually accepted variety by that name where the guests are bound to say "Good-night" just at the stroke of midnight. That sort of entertainment has proved itself almost impossible except among the youngest set, for where guests do not arrive until the unholy hour of eleven or thereabout it is hard to have a cast iron rule concerning their departure.

This Cinderella party owes its name to the chief source of amusement—namely, the wooden shoe which is furnished by the Oriental store, and which in its primitive condition is used by the Eastern woman in going to her bath. The shoes is sometimes highly ornamented with painting, gilding, etc., and the trick is to find a foot that will exactly fit its rather unusual proportions.

The masculine sex is not debarred from this form of entertainment, as the Committee of Arbitration and Final Court of Appeal are formed of the male members of the entertainment, and on them devolves the tremendous task of deciding when fair ones disagree. The wooden shoe, so familiar to frequenters of Oriental bric-a-brac shops, is narrow and quite long, and the foot on which it is tried must not protrude an infinitesimal portion of an inch over the edge. Opportunities for dainty foot gear, for limitless discussions and coquettish attitudes are innumerable, and are usually made the most of. On the hostess devolves the pleasure of providing a suitable gift for the fortunate possessor of the prize foot and the fortunate Cinderella gives the shoe as a souvenir to some member of the committee.

There has always been a charm about the story of Cinderella which no amount of matured intellect is able to destroy. The prince and the slipper have formed the basis of many a girl's dream, and society, always amiable to pretty foibles has taken this fact into consideration, apparently, in providing the latest form of entertainment for its votaries.

HIS LIFE WAS SAVED.

—Mr. J. E. Lilly, a prominent citizen of Hannibal, Mo., lately had a wonderful deliverance from a frightful death. In telling of it he says: "I was taken with Typhoid Fever, that ran into Pneumonia. My lungs became hardened. I was so weak I couldn't even sit up in bed. Nothing helped me. I expected to soon die of Consumption, when I heard of Dr. King's New Discovery. One bottle gave great relief. I continued to use it, and now am well and strong. I can't say too much in its praise." This marvellous medicine is the surest and quickest cure in the world for all throat and Lung trouble. 50 cents and \$1.00, at any Drug Store; every bottle guaranteed.

Health Department.

HINTS FOR THE TOILET.

Recipes for the toilet are almost as endless as discussions in congress, but the reason that many of them are not made use of is because they so often contain weird-sounding and unpronounceable scientific names that women are afraid of. These may be all very simple to a druggist, but women don't always like to be reminded of the fact that they were in frizzing their hair when they ought to have been bohring out equations and hurdling through a jungle of breath-suspending nomenclature for next day's chemistry class. They don't know how to pronounce them and that is the reason it isn't pleasant to ask for them at the drug store. But all recipes do not need to be clogged with these monstrosities in order to be good, and one of them which is an excellent skin food is: One ounce of cold cream, one of lanoline, one-half of almond oil, twenty-five drops of tincture of benzoin, and fifteen drops of violet perfume. Mix to a cream in a large bowl. If too thick, add a little more almond oil. This should be kept in a cool place. In using it, the face at night should first be washed with tepid water and olive oil soap, using a sponge. Be sure that the soap is rinsed entirely off, and apply the skin food, leaving it on the face over night.

Another good face lotion can be made of half an ounce of tincture of benzoin, sixteen ounces of rose water, ten drops of rose and an equal quantity of refined linseed oil. Sponge the skin thoroughly with this preparation.

One of the simplest of skin foods is made of olive oil and rose water beaten to a cream. It softens the skin, keeps it from chafing and prevents wrinkles. It should be used in the proportion of one tablespoonful of pure olive oil to one-half teaspoon of rose water.

An inexpensive preparation which is sure to bring good results is made by mixing one cup of oatmeal or rolled oats with one cup of water, to which is added the juice of one lemon. Keep in an earthen bowl and apply to hands and face. Rub well and let dry on the skin. It is best to strain it before using.

For softening and bleaching the skin an excellent remedy can be made of one ounce of pure glycerine, one-quarter ounce of liquid camphor, one-quarter ounce of extract of white rose or violet, and four ounces of water. Shake thoroughly before applying, and use before retiring. Of course it must be remembered that glycerine cannot be used on all skins. Some are peculiarly sensitive to it, and on them it acts as an irritant. In fact, some women cannot use soap in which even a very little has been put. Such, of course, should never attempt to use anything that contains it.

Speaking of toilet articles, nothing is more valuable to the bath-room display of cosmetics than a bottle of listerine. It is one of the very best of disinfectants—even the odor of it seems purifying. If the skin is rough or inclined to be "scaly," apply the listerine freely and often, and it will disappear surprisingly fast. For sweetening the breath and clarifying the mouth, nothing can equal it. For such purposes, of course, it should be somewhat diluted.

As to things that concern the welfare of the face, a woman who speaks from a knowledge of her trade, said, by way of answering the question:

"The average woman should let massage alone. It is a fine remedy when used discreetly, but it is undoubtedly bad for the skin if indulged in too freely. For instance, I know one woman who has her face massaged every day. The result is she has wrinkles deep enough to lay a knitting needle in; massage, you know, stretches the skin, and too much of it is bound to make wrinkles. Yes, a little of it is excellent, but too much is ruinous."

DANGER IN PIANO PRACTICE.

Dr. Waetzold, Journal d'Hygiene, thinks that the chloroses and neuroses, from which so many young girls suffer, may be largely attributed to the abuse of the piano. It is necessary, says the author, to abandon the deadly habit of compelling young girls to hammer on the keyboard before they are 15 or 16 years of age. Even at this age the exercise should be permitted only to those who are really talented and are possessed of a robust temperament.

Dr. Waetzold shows that out of 1,000 young girls studying the piano before the age of 12 years, 600 were afflicted with nervous troubles later on, while the number having affections of this kind was only 200 for those who commenced the study of the piano at a later age, and only 100 were affected among those who had never touched this instrument. The study of the violin produces even more disastrous results than those attributed to the piano.

DO GIRLS GROW FASTEST?

Is the athletic girl to pay the penalty of her fondness for outdoor sports by growing so fast and so much as to end in the long run by over-topping her brothers and sweethearts by a head?

This disparity in height has been noticed particularly at some recent weddings, and a wail comes to us from the young girls still attending dancing schools that they, as a rule, are all tall, while the boys are all short, and the consequent awkwardness resulting has been very unpleasant.

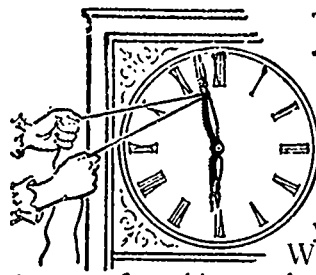
It was certainly with no thought of adding to her stature that in spite of opposition the girl took to the wheel and to other forms of outdoor activity. The fun of the thing tempted her, and in addition to what she sought she now finds herself taller and larger, over-topping not only her mother and her aunts, but her sometime competitor, sometime colleague—man—as well. According to a social-philosopher the remedy lies with man, who is bidden to regard the towering girl as a warning to him.

GROW TO LOOK ALIKE.

It's not to be wondered at that people who spend all their lives together should often get to look alike. What is wonderful, however, is that they should look alike. Yet it is an incontestable fact that nearly all married couples in their old age bear a strong resemblance to each other. According to a well-known photographer, who has had extensive opportunities of studying the expressions of various people at different ages, after 30 years of wedded life 90 per cent. of married couples begin to bear a marked likeness to each other, and in every case it is the wife who grows like the husband, and not the husband like the wife. All doctors are aware of this phenomenon, but none have hitherto succeeded in giving a scientific explanation of it.

LARGEST SHAFT.

The largest steel shaft in the world has just been finished. It is 27 feet 10 inches long, and its diameter in the middle is 37 inches.



Procrastination.

Steals time, and everything that time ought to be good for.

Possibly it keeps you from using Pearline. You know from others of its ease and economy—but you're "putting it off."

Why not begin the use of Pearline with the very first thing to be washed or cleaned—your face and hands, say. Pearline hurts nothing; cleans everything.

Now Use Pearline

SPOKEN BY ADAM AND EVE

SCIENTIST NOW SEEKS TO DISCOVER THE LANGUAGE.

New Language of Sound to be Developed—Two Hundred Infants to be Raised on an Island Where Spoken Words Are Unknown.

A well-known scientist is going to try and find the key to the language spoken in Paradise. He intends to find an island somewhere, at present uninhabited, and which possesses a good, healthy climate. This he will colonize with 100 or 200 children under the age of two years.

These children will be solely in the care of deaf mutes, who can neither read nor write. No sound of the human voice will be allowed to reach these children. It is thought that the mode of communication which the children will adopt as they grow to maturity will give a clue to the original language used by man.

WILL A NEW LANGUAGE RESULT?

They will be furnished with all the comforts and advantages of modern civilization, save that they will not be allowed to hear the human voice. That this plan will in a single generation give birth to a new language is open to discussion, but it will be necessary to confine this article solely to what the scientist purposes, and to leave the reader to speculate as to the outcome.

The professor asserts that the relationship which exists between all languages leads to the reasonable supposition that at one time there was but one common language.

We are told in sacred history that the whole earth was of one tongue, and that at the building of the Tower of Babel the tongue of the builders was confused in order that they might not understand one another's speech.

What the original heaven-born tongue was it is believed was then lost. That it must have been the sweetest language we can conceive there can be no question, since our first parents were able to converse with their heavenly visitors. And there is no record that they were despoiled of their language upon their expulsion from Eden. The professor seems thoroughly enthused with his project, and believes that in his lifetime he will be able to give to the world a wonderful discovery.

AN ISLAND PREFERABLE.

"If I can secure proper protective legislation I should prefer to locate my colony in the United States," he said. "There are several spots which would suit my purpose admirably. If that cannot be done I shall have to locate somewhere upon an island in

the East. This latter course would be the safer plan in one way, because it would enable me to ensure against the sound of any human voice penetrating to the childish inmates of my colony, and also that no books, papers, writing, or anything that would give them an inkling of a means of communication ever fall into their hands.

"The country provided for their residence will be well supplied with birds, animals and flowers, so that they will have every opportunity of enjoying and studying natural history. This in itself will insure them a good foundation for an education which shall be of their own inspiration, as it were.

"I have already 25 deaf mutes who are being trained under my care. What I now require is 100 good, healthy babies between the ages of 1 and 2 years; and I believe I shall have little difficulty in obtaining these, as there are many unfortunate mothers who will be glad to surrender their infants to my care when they know I can insure them a home in which their health and happiness are the first consideration, and that every provision for their welfare in life will be made.

ONE EDUCATED MAN ONLY.

"I have capital placed at my disposal now which covers every possible expense for a period of 15 years. There will be a physician in attendance who will be a mute and he will be the only one who is educated.

"When the children arrive at an age when they are able to care for themselves the mute attendants will be removed, and I shall spend my time wholly with them. It is in this way that I hope to obtain the clue to a new language at any rate, if not to the original. I shall observe them closely, and note the means they use to communicate with each other, to designate their wants, and to describe the objects and the bird and animal life which surrounds them."

Such is in brief the plan of a scientist who has won some little distinction, and devoted the best years of his life to the study of languages.

CHILDREN TAUGHT TO DRINK.

Recent investigation of the growth of alcoholism among students of the primary schools by the authorities of the city of Bonn, Germany, has brought to light some startling facts. Sixteen per cent. of the children did not drink milk, and refused to do so, pleading its tastelessness as an excuse. Of the 247 pupils between seven and eight years old attending the primary schools not one could be found who had not drunk wine, beer or brandy. Twenty-five per cent. were in the habit of drinking beer or wine, and eight per cent. of these children received daily from the hands of their parents a glass of brandy to make them strong. Many of them were addicted to the brandy habit. The singular fact was revealed that the number of young girls who drank cognac at breakfast greatly exceeded that of the young men.

A SECTION FOREMAN

HIS LIFE ONE OF EXPOSURE AND MUCH HARDSHIP.

Rheumatism and Kindred Troubles the Frequent Result—One Who Has Been a Great Sufferer Speaks for the Benefit of Others.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont.

Wm. McKendry, a gentleman of 52 years of age, has for 28 years been a respected citizen of Fenelon Falls, Ont. For twenty-two years he has held the position of section foreman for the G.T.R., which position he fills to-day, and judging from his present robust appearance will be capable of doing so for many years to come. During his residence at Fenelon Falls Mr. McKendry has taken an active part in educational matters, being an efficient member of the school board on different occasions. Many times he has been nominated as councillor, but owing to the position he held with an outside corporation felt it his duty to withdraw, although much against the wishes of the representative rate-payers. As the public well know the duties devolving on a railway section foreman expose him to all kinds of inclement weather, and it takes a man with a strong constitution to successfully fill the position. Mr. McKendry had no illness until about 3 years ago, when, to use his own words, he says:—"I was taken down with severe rheumatic pains in the right knee and the muscles of the leg. I could not sleep or rest night or day. I could not begin to tell you what I suffered. I took many remedies, both internal and external prescribed by doctors and friends, but instead of improving I was steadily going from bad to worse. One day while reading the Presbyterian Review I read of a cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, in the case of a man who had not been expected to recover and this prompted me to give this medicine a trial. The action in my case did not seem to be speedy and I was using my fifth box before any decided improvement was noted, but by the time I had used eight boxes I was a thoroughly well man. Since that time my general health has been the very best and I have no signs of the old trouble. I make this statement voluntarily, because I think it the duty of those cured to put others in the possession of the means of obtaining renewed health and I am satisfied Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do all that is claimed for them if given a trial.

These pills cure not by purging the system as do ordinary medicines, but by enriching the blood and strengthening the nerves. They cure rheumatism, sciatic, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, heart troubles, erysipelas and all forms of weakness. Ladies will find them an unrivalled medicine for all ailments peculiar to the sex, restoring health and vigor, and bringing a rosy glow to pale and sallow cheeks. There is no other medicine "just as good." See that the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every package you buy. If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. or Schenectady, New York.

PERSIA TO CONTEST.

The Shah of Persia is a profound believer in the possibility of his country once more assuming the proud position it once held. The Persians ought to rule the world, in his opinion; the power of Great Britain will wane ere long, and there will be a contest among the nations for the place. Persia, he says, will be in that contest.

PROFITS IN ORGAN GRINDING.

Two London Clerks Collect Over \$10 for Eight Hours' Playing.

Of the financial possibilities of organ-grinding, as a means of livelihood Henry S. Penny, a clerk in the Bankruptcy Court, told an interesting story to a London Daily Mail representative. Mr Penny stated that, as the result of a wager made between some fellow clerks and himself, he and a friend, A. J. Southgate, of the Devonian Club, recently hired a piano organ from Charles Ricci, of 30 Warner street, Clerkenwell, and with a card bearing the words, "Kind friends, we are English clerks," played before appreciative audiences in Old Kent road and Peckham. "It was arranged," said Mr. Penny, "that we should meet some of one parties to the wager with the organ outside Jones & Higgins', Peckham, at 8.30 on the appointed day. When we hired the organ of Mr. Ricci we paid 2s. 6d. as deposit and another 2s 6d when we returned at night. We dressed ourselves in old clothes and shabby straw hats and as a pathetic appeal to the compassion of the public, we had prepared a board, upon which we stenciled the words, "Kind friends, we are English clerks," but at the last moment we determined to keep the placard out of sight while daylight lasted.

"We began playing at half-past 2 at the rear of the Elephant and Castle Theater and during our stay we found the people of the tenements exceedingly sympathetic. From this pitch we took about five shillings and then moved on down the New Kent road, where, falling in with a one-armed professional organist, we had tea and a haddock together. After the meal we displayed our board and started an entertainment outside a block of superior tenements, at one of the windows of which two girls presented themselves and gave us sixpence, a cup of tea each, and words of sympathy.

"After five hours of pretty hard and fairly profitable work we played outside our first public house, and here, as I believe is the custom, a tankard of ale was sent out to us. At another hotel Mr. Southgate went in to make a collection and a workman standing at the bar asked him to have a drink. Forgetting his role for the moment Mr Southgate replied that he would have a whisky and soda, whereupon the honest toiler said: "Ooyer gattin' at? You ain't no bloomin' out o' work; yore on the kid, you are." With some difficulty he was mollified. Then, with varying fortune, we played at different stands down the Old Kent road and at last reached Peckham, where, at the appointed spot, we met the others interested in the wager. After that we set out for home. Having returned the organ and settled with Ricci, we counted out the day's takings, and found that, all expenses paid, we had £2 1s 1 3-4d for eight hours' playing.

"What impressed me most was the fact that most of the practical sympathy came from the poorer classes and not from people of our own station."

Fireproof Cement.—For use around chimneys, fireplaces and stovepipes. Mix two parts sifted wood ashes and one part slacked lime with boiled linseed oil to a smooth paste. It hardens quickly and is also waterproof. Another waterproof cement is made by dissolving in a little water 4 ounces of shellac and an ounce of borax, and reducing to a paste with heat.

RAILWAYS OF ONE ENGINE.

In England There Are 10 Railroads With No More Locomotives.

Most people would be inclined to regard it as an impossibility for a railway to be worked with a single locomotive, but there are in Great Britain no fewer than ten railway companies that manage to get through their work somehow with one iron steed. No fewer than fourteen own only two locomotives.

One of the most interesting of these small lines is what is known as the Ravenglass & Eskdale railway, situated near Whitehaven, in Cumberland, which runs from Ravenglass to Boot, a distance of rather more than seven miles. The whole of the railway staff consists only of five persons—two plate-layers, engine-driver, fireman and one guard-of-all-work, if we may use such a term.

Between stations the engine occasionally manages to gain a speed of six miles an hour, but the obliging driver is always willing to stop the engine for the convenience of any one who may wish to enter or alight from the train between stopping places.

Perhaps the Easingwold railway is the smallest in England. It is two miles long, and the extent of its rolling stock is one small locomotive and two passenger vehicles.

The Hundred of Manhood & Selsey tramway is one of the most recently opened light railways, and connects the city of Chichester with Selsey Bill, a small promontory to the east of Portsmouth, jutting out into the English channel.

This funny little railway boasts of no signaling apparatus whatever, and the few switches on the railway are controlled by hand levers alongside the line, which have to be worked by the firemen or driver when necessary.

At one place the line crosses the Chichester canal by means of a frail draw-bridge, which is lifted to let boats underneath. It is stated that for the first few weeks after the opening of the line a barge was left underneath in order to catch the train in case the bridge gave way!

On another occasion this troublesome bridge got stuck, and in spite of all efforts could not be lowered. As it was most important that the engine should be taken to the other side of the canal, it was lifted off the line and drawn round the road with a traction engine.

A BLESSING.

Sancho Panza blessed the man who invented sleep. So do our leading society belles bless the memory of the late Dr. T. F. Gouraud, who taught them how to be beautiful. Everyone should do all in his power to supplement nature in adorning the person, and a fine complexion is not given to all; and just here art aids nature, and all who use Dr. T. F. Gouraud's Oriental Cream, or Magical Beautifier, know its value, and how the skin that is freckled, tanned, pimpled or moth patched, can be made like the new born babe's. To those who will use toilet preparations it is recommended by physicians, as the Board of Health has declared it free from all injurious properties, and, as it is on sale at all druggists', and fancy goods stores, it is an easy matter to give it a trial, and thus win the approbation of men, as well as the envy of ladies.—N. Y. Evening Express, Jan. 7, 1881.

SABLE SKINS.

A single fine Russian sable skin is worth from \$100 to \$250. It is a tiny thing about 14 inches long by 8 or 9 inches around.

THAT BOOK AGENT

The Pastor. "Good morning, Bro. Roberts, what makes you look so sad this morning?"

Bro. R. "I have come to say good-bye, Mr. Brown, for I am out of employment, and must go back to England."

The Pastor. "Go back to England to get employment, what nonsense! I can get lots of work for a young man like you in this country."

Bro. R. "Well, I have hunted high and low and can get nothing, so what am I to do?"

The Pastor. "I tell you what you can do, Bro Roberts, take an agency for a good book, for there is money in canvassing."

Bro. R. "Do you think I would stoop to book canvassing?"

The Pastor. (Somewhat warmly.) "Stoop to canvassing! Better men than you have canvassed. I put myself through College with a book prospectus, and I know many successful men who got their start in life as canvassers. My youngest son is canvassing now, and he makes enough at the business to pay his way at the University. I induced a man who failed in business, to take up canvassing, and he made enough money to start business again. I gave the same advice to a young mechanic, who was out of employment, and he is now a prosperous Publisher. Why some of the biggest men in history have been book agents! 'Stoop to canvassing,' you are very fortunate that you can step up to it. I advise you to write to the Bradley-Garteson Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont., for this firm publishes fast selling books, and I know many who are doing well in its employ."

Bro. R. "I am sorry for speaking as I did for I was certainly wrong. I will write The Bradley-Garteson Company and see what they have to offer, and will postpone my departure in the meantime."

ANOTHER VIEW OF IT.

He knew what they always say, so he thought he would forestall her.

I suppose you've never been kissed by a man before? he said.

Do I look as homely as all that? she demanded, haughtily.



Deafness and HEAD NOISES relieved by **THE COMMON SENSE EARDRUMS**. Made of soft rubber, are safe, comfortable and invisible. Write for pamphlet showing benefit in case of Catarrhal Deafness, Roaring and Buzzing Sounds, Ringing, Stinking and Thickened Drums.

The Common Sense Ear Drum & Medicine Co., Limited, Freehold Building, Toronto.

FRECKLES

Madam Marquand's

Beautifiere

AND

FRECKLE DESTROYER

is so well known it scarcely requires advertising. Every Lady in the Land knows its value.

50c. PER BOTTLE

A. J. TRUSS, Chemist,
COR. KING & SPADINA, TORONTO

FRECKLES

PIGEONS IN A NOVEL ROLE

NECESSARY AS A MEDICINE CHEST OR SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

A Nebraska Physician Finds Them of Great Service in Communicating With His Patients in Default of the Telegraph.

A new field of usefulness has been discovered for pigeons. During the last few years these intelligent birds have won much fame through their celerity in bringing messages to land from ocean steamers and through other novel feats, which were undreamed of a quarter of a century ago, and now a young Nebraska physician tells us that he finds pigeons almost as indispensable in the practice of his profession as his medicine chest or his surgical instruments.

This physician is Dr. Frank S. Morris, and he resides at McCool, Neb. He is a member of the American Medical Association and of the International Association of Railway Surgeons. He has been practising as a physician at McCool for the last twelve years, and is well known throughout that country.

Some time ago the thought struck him that pigeons might be made very useful to him in communicating with his patients, and he at once determined to experiment in this direction. "The fact is," he says, "I have been placed at some disadvantage during past years for the reason that I was unable to hear from my patients as often as I desired, but I knew of no way that I could overcome the difficulty, until it occurred to me that I might use homing pigeons as messengers. I put the idea into practice a few months ago, and I found it worked so well that I have ever since carried a pigeon with me whenever I went on long trips. This pigeon I leave at a patient's house, with instructions that it be turned loose the next morning, or at any time when the patient is not progressing as satisfactorily as might be desired.

HEARS FROM HIS PATIENTS

"The bird, of course, flies straight home with the message, and in this way I learn how the patient is faring. If I am not at home, my wife receives the message, and in case of necessity notifies me with the least possible delay. This, however, is not the only way in which I find pigeons useful. For example, when I am a considerable distance away from home and find that I need anything in the way of instruments or medicine from the office or drug store, I turn a pigeon loose with the message, and as soon as it reaches home my wife discovers what I want and sends it to me by my office boy."

According to Dr. Morris, physicians who propose to use pigeons for this kind of work should breed them themselves. At the same time he admits that pigeons bred from another loft may become first-class carriers if they are confined for two or three months in the loft which is to be their permanent home.

"I began work with a single pigeon," he says, "but after I found that the plan was entirely practicable, I began to use several others. I am now using about a dozen as carriers, and I have many others that I am using as breeders."

"The training of young birds should commence at about the age of two or three months, or as soon as they are strong enough to fly a considerable

distance. First, they should be required to fly only a block or two to their loft, the trainer carrying them this distance and permitting them to fly back again, and the distance should be increased day by day until their training is complete, or in other words, until they will return home from a distance of several miles.

HOW BIRDS ARE TREATED.

"When I leave a bird at a patient's house after a long journey I give instructions that it is not to receive any food, but I take care that it is supplied with water, if I have reason to believe that it will be absent from the home loft more than twelve hours. I am particular about the food, because I find that those birds do the best work which are only fed in their own loft. In order to separate the birds and prevent them from breeding too closely, I use a band made of aluminum, or some other metal, with a number stamped upon it. This band is slipped upon the foot of the young bird and remains there permanently, a corresponding number being kept in a book, with the record and pedigree of the bird opposite the number."

The Doctor's wife is of great assistance to him in this work, and he relies wholly upon her to see that the instructions in the messages which he sends by pigeons when absent from home are faithfully carried out. Mrs. Morris, too, gives much personal attention to the feeding and care of the pigeons, and there is not a bird in the flock with whose history and capacity for travelling long distances she is not thoroughly acquainted.

WOMEN INVENTORS.

One of the significant signs of the times is that women are becoming successful inventors. An improved corset, recently invented and patented by the talented wife of Pere Hyacinthe, has been a considerable success. Also, the widow of a military officer it to be credited with an invention the ingenuity and utility of which are acknowledged by the whole world of industry.

The ex-Empress Eugenie has exhibited a good deal of inventive ability. Some time ago, when ladies' dresses were fuller than they are now, she contrived an ingenious arrangement for her robes to descend from the ceiling, so that when she stood under the apparatus her dress and petticoats were put on at the same time, just as if it were all done by a fairy wand. She caught the idea germ of this at the time she was recovering from an illness, when dressing in the ordinary way was a source of difficulty. The ex-Empress also devised a mysterious dress improver, which eventually developed into the crinoline.

A baby carriage invention has produced for its lady designer \$50,000 already, and a big fortune was realized by a young member of the fair sex who invented a very ingenious machine for making paper bags; while the invention of copper tips to children's shoes was a still more profitable affair, bringing in the splendid guerdon of about two million five hundred thousand dollars.

USERS OF MORPHINE.

The Independence Belge has made a compilation of "morphine fiends," found among men and women in different vocations of life. Out of 230 cases, among 22 classes of occupations, scientists, artists and journalists were found least addicted to the habit, but there were 69 physicians in the number. Eighteen cases were charged to workmen and 20 against pharmacists. In all occupations women appeared at as great a disadvantage as men.

HIDE AND SEEK.

This Old Game Is Often Played By the Savies of the World.

The pursuit of Cervera's fleet is not without its parallels in history. The search for Sir John Franklin was a great deal like trying to find a needle in a haystack. His expedition was last spoken in July, 1815, and thereafter disappeared without trace into the then unknown maze of sounds and islands between Baffinland and British North America, comprising 60 degrees of longitude and nearly 25 of latitude, hidden in Arctic darkness, bound in ice and covered with snow for the greater part of every year. More than 20 expeditions searched that immense area, first for the explorers, and then for documents telling of their fate, but it was not until 1859 that Sir Francis McClintock, in command of Lady Franklin's forlorn hope, the little Fox, succeeded where so many had failed. Nelson's celebrated quest after the French fleet, previous to the Battle of the Nile, throughout the Mediterranean, and to the West Indies, is another notable historical example of hunting for a man who had just left.

ROYAL HEADGEAR.

The coronet of a Duke consists of alternate crosses and leaves, the leaves being a representation of the leaves of the parsley plant. The Princess of the royal blood also wear a similar crown. The state headgear of a Marquis consists of a diadem surrounded by flowers and pearls placed alternately. An Earl, however, has neither flowers nor leaves surmounting his circlet, but only points rising each with a pearl on the top. A Viscount has neither flowers nor points, but only the plain circlet adorned with pearls, which, regardless of number, are placed on the crown itself. A Baron has only six pearls on the golden border, not raised to distinguish him from an Earl, and the number of pearls renders the diadem distinct from that of a Viscount.

DRUNKENNESS ON INCREASE.

Statistics collected by a London temperance society show that drunkenness is on the increase in England and Wales. The increase in the number of prosecutions brought during the past year over those in the preceding twelvemonth was 6,677. The total number of prosecutions was 110,739, of which 67,267 were brought against persons between the age of 21 and 40.

Keep in mind that Scott's Emulsion contains the hypophosphites.

These alone make it of great value for all affections of the nervous system.

It also contains glycerine, a most valuable, soothing and healing agent. Then there is the cod-liver oil, acknowledged by all physicians as the best remedy for poor blood and loss in weight.

These three great remedial agents blended into a creamy Emulsion, make a remarkable tissue builder.

50c. and \$1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

SELF-DENIAL.

To depreciate ancient customs and usages is a lamentable tendency of the present age, and our ancestors are, therefore, receiving a large share of invectives from recent generations. The Puritan Sabbath and other hallowed institutions gain a large share of opprobrium. While, perchance, the somewhat severe regime of our oft-times, unwise predecessors may be subjected to adverse criticism, the opposite extreme of their latter-day descendants is the more to be deplored.

A most important attribute of those who have lived and struggled before, is almost entirely lacking in the generation now on the stage of existence. The virtue of self-denial is certainly conspicuous by its absence, and neither sex can boast superiority in this respect; for young men, no more than young women, can deny themselves that which they covet.

John Jones and Susan Smith, of Smithville, are married with great splendor. Although John is only a clerk in Blank and Blanket's store, and Susan is a grocer's daughter, the papers teem with brilliant reports of the wedding. The bride was arrayed in satin and pearls, and was attended with numerous maids, etc. Poor John must needs borrow the money for an expensive wedding tour, as his lack of self-denial made it impossible to save a penny of his wages for this expected occasion. Their united state thus expensively and wrongfully begun finds little opportunity for the virtue of self-denial. To be sure their home must be furnished in fine style, and here the "instalment plan" caters to their extravagant tastes and desires. Married life thus "auspiciously begun," to quote from a report of the wedding, finds them abject slaves—slaves to the merciless master, debt.

Self-denial is still harder to practise after the advent of offspring; for, surely, their children must not suffer in contrast with the children of wealth, thus the poor dears are reared to think that they cannot deny themselves coveted luxuries.

Why marvel over the defalcations of the day and the fact that men prove false in their positions of trust? Why wonder at gray-haired men of thirty, and prematurely aged women? The intense strain and struggle to retain a false appearance which the lack of self-denial engendered is the main cause of it all. There is no remedy for this great and growing evil unless rising generations can be taught by example, as well as precept, to abhor debt.

Perchance there is room for one more club or society to be known as the "Self-denial, or Pay-as-you-go Club," requiring of members heavy penalties for incurring the slightest debt of obligation. Over the door to their club rooms place the appropriate Scriptural text: "Owe no man anything." No great amount of courage would then be required of its members to say: "No, I cannot afford it!" Perchance the dawning of the new century would then find many practising self-denial as bravely as did their virtuous ancestors.

INDIA'S RICHEST PERSON.

The richest person in India in private life is a six-year-old boy, who has just inherited an estate of \$9,000,000. He is the son of the late Sir Asman Jah, and his mother has been appointed sole executrix of the estate until he becomes of age. The estate is estimated at 27 crores, which is equivalent to £1,800,000.

The Great Huxley.

What Huxley, the Great English Scientist, Considered the Best Start in Life.

The great English scientist, Huxley, said the best start in life is a sound stomach. Weak stomachs fail to digest food properly because they lack the proper quantity of digestive acids, lactic and hydrochloric, and peptogenic products; the most sensible remedy in all cases of indigestion, is to take after each meal one or two of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets because they supply in a pleasant, harmless form all the elements that weak stomachs lack.

The regular use of Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets will cure every form of stomach trouble except cancer of the stomach.

They increase flesh, insure pure blood, strong nerves, a bright eye and clear complexion, because all these result only from wholesome food well digested.

Nearly all druggists sell Stuart's Dyspepsia Tablets at 50 cents full-sized package.

Send for Free book on Stomach Troubles to F. A. Stuart Co., Marshall, Mich.

AN EMPRESS' RICH DRESS.

At a recent drawing-room in Berlin, the Empress Victoria's robe was of white satin, marvellously embroidered in silver; the golden-hued train, which was borne by pages on her passage, was also handsomely stitched in silver and hung in graceful folds over the steps of the throne. She wore the star and ribbon of the Black Eagle Order, besides brilliants and ropes of pearls, as well as the famous necklace of the Prussian royal treasury. A diadem of brilliants adorned her head, and from a cluster of feathers hung the long veil, regarded as the indispensable characteristic of all solemn court ceremonies.

PAPER-HANGING MACHINE.

A paper-hanging machine has been invented by a Leipisan artisan. The roll of paper is fixed to a rod at the bottom of the wall, a paste receptacle is attached, and the paper is automatically pasted and neatly spread on the wall by an elastic roller.

A Skin of Beauty is a Joy Forever.

DR. T. FELIX GOURAUD'S

ORIENTAL CREAM, OR MAGICAL BEAUTIFIER



Removes Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Moth-Patches, Rash and Skin diseases, and every blemish on beauty, and dead skin. On its virtues it has stood the test of 49 years; no other has, and is so harmless we taste it to be sure it is properly made. Accept no counterfeit of similar name. The distinguished Dr. L. A. Sayre, said to a lady of the highest reputation in patient: "As you ladies will use them, I recommend 'Gouraud's Cream' as the least harmful of all the Skin Preparations." One bottle will last six months, using it every day. Also Poudre Sublime removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.

FERD. T. HOPKINS, Prop'r, 37 Great Jones St., N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers throughout the U.S., Canada, and Europe.

Also found in N. Y. City at H. H. Macy's, Wanamakers, and other Fancy Goods Dealers. Beware of Base Imitations. \$1,000 Reward to detect and proof of any one selling the same!

MODERN MUNCHAUSEN.

Only this King of Lies Turned His Gift To Good Account.

Rudolph Cavodoni, a very clever swindler, has just been tried at the Vienna Criminal Court for extensive frauds. His astonishing skill in extracting money and goods from credulous dupes by the most improbable stories almost merits admiration. The son of a respectable family, he has served as Junior Government Clerk in the Austrian Finance Department and as Under Secretary to the Austria Embassy at the Vatican, from which later post he was dismissed for insubordination.

Leaving his wife destitute in Rome Cavodoni returned to Vienna, where the Finance Department dispensed with his services. After obtaining a divorce from his wife, who had taken refuge in a convent, he commenced life as a swindler. His elegant appearance, fascinating address and linguistic knowledge were all in his favor in his new career.

He patented at Bologna a pretended invention to prevent railway collisions. He asserted that every engine should be provided in front with a second set of crooked rails. A sudden impact with another engine would, he stated, force up these rails into the air, carry the engine, presumably with its train of carriages, uninjured over the opposite wagons and land it safely back again upon the main track. The consequences to the train underneath during the aeronautic bound he did not explain.

The idea Cavodoni had really borrowed from an amusing sketch in a back number of the Munich comic paper, the Fliegende Blaetter. Asked in Court if he believed in the practicability of such an idea he replied that he did, with certain modifications. He had, at any rate, the boldness to petition the Directors of the Austrian Southern Railway for the loan of two trains with which to experiment. On the strength of this supposed invention he obtained large sums from several gullible persons.

Later on he assumed the title of Marquis, and among his victims were many credulous women, besides hotel keepers, jewelers and trade people, whom he cheated altogether out of 20,000 florins. From one jeweler alone he obtained goods to the amount of several thousand florins for his supposed bride. He presented himself to several leading Hebrews in Vienna, offering, for the modest sum of 1,500,000 florins, to obtain from the Pope, with whom he represented himself on intimate terms, a bull against the anti-Semites, threatening them with anathema unless peace was made with the Hebrew fraternity. After a three day's trial, during which many of Cavodoni's victims appeared against him in Court, the jury found him guilty and the Judge sentenced him to four years' hard labor.

WHY?

We are constantly asked, "Why do you advertise? Everybody knows of Dr. Humphreys, everybody knows '77'." We answer by asking, do you use "Seventy-seven"? No! then you haven't a saving knowledge of it, that's why. Knowing about "77" for Colds and Grip does not benefit you, and incidentally us, until you try it. "77", Dr. Humphreys' famous specific "breaks up" colds that "hang on" Knocks out the Grip; stops lingering coughs, soothes the throat, chest and lungs. Cures all kinds of colds; at druggists or sent prepaid, 35 cents and \$1.00. Dr. Humphreys' book sent free Humphreys' Medicine Co., corner William and John streets, New York.

...COCOANUTENE... A PURE NUT-FRUIT FAT.

SUPERIOR to and more ECONOMICAL than lard or butter for ALL COOKING PURPOSES. It AID DIGESTION and CURES DYSPEPSIA. Try it once and you will never use Animal Grease again.

Sold by Leading Grocers. Prepared by

SWEENEY MOORE CO.,

Toronto, Canada.

SEEDS - PLANTS

TELL YOUR FRIENDS.

Delivered at any Post Office. - - Safe Arrival Guaranteed.

12 VARIETIES FOR 25 CENTS - - 5 PLANTS FOR 25 CENTS

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

VEGETABLES.

(Order by Number).

1. Beet, Eclipse, round.
2. Beet, Egyptian, Flat-round.
3. Cabbage, Winningstadt.
4. Cabbage, Fottler's Brunswick.
5. Carrot, half-long Danvers' Scarlet.
6. Carrot, Oxheart or Guerande.
7. Cucumber, Chicago Pickling.
8. Cucumber, Long Green.
9. Celery, Golden Self-Blanching.
10. Herbs, Sage.
11. Herbs, Savory.
12. Herbs, Marjoram.
13. Lettuce, Nonpareil, Cabbage.
14. Lettuce, Denver Market, curled.
15. Musk Melon, Extra Early. Hackensack (Nutmeg).
16. Water Melon, Early Canada.
17. Onion, Large Red Wethersfield.
18. Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers.
19. Parsnip, Hollow Crown.
20. Radish, French Breakfast.
21. Radish, Rosy Gem, White Tipped.
22. Squash, Hubbard.
23. Tomato, Extra Early Atlantic.
24. Tomato, Dwarf Champion.

FLOWERS.

25. Asters, Mixed.
26. Mignonette, Sweet.
27. Pansy, Mixed.
28. Petunia, Mixed.
29. Nasturtiums, Tall Mixed.
30. Sweet Peas, Fine Mixed.
31. Wild Flower, Garden Mixed.

TAKE YOUR CHOICE.

PLANTS.

(Order by Number).

1. Abutilon, Flowering Maple.
2. Ageratum.
3. Begonia, Rex.
4. Begonia, Flowering.
5. Carnation.
6. Cactus.
7. Chrysanthemum.
8. Canna, Madame Crozy.
9. Canna, New Austria.
10. Coleus.
11. Cuphea, Cigar Plant.
12. Dahlia, Prize Show.
13. Fuchsia.
14. Fern, House.
15. Geranium.
16. Heliotrope.
17. Lily, Spotted Leaf Calla.
18. Manettia Vine.
19. Palm, Cyperus, Umbrella.
20. Phlox, Hardy.
21. Pink, Hardy.
22. Primrose, Mexican.
23. Rose, Everblooming Tea.
24. Solanum, White.
25. Spirea, Crimson.
26. Tradescantia, Wandering Plant.
27. Violet.

FREE Providing this Coupon is CUT OUT and sent to us with an order for 12 packets for 25 cents (Postal Note or Silver) we will include one packet New Snowdrift Pink. [Price 15 cents.] FREE OF CHARGE to subscribers of this paper.

FREE Providing this Coupon is CUT OUT and sent to us with an order for 5 plants for 25 cents (Postal Note or Silver) we will include one Zephyranthes-Amanco Lily. [Price 10 cents.] FREE OF CHARGE to subscribers of this paper.

ADDRESS ALL ORDERS TO **WILLIAM RENNIE, TORONTO, ONT.**

WORTH KNOWING.

A celebrated cake maker gives some valuable suggestions on the art of cake making: "First, I always use the best of everything. I buy my eggs direct from the farmer; my butter is fresh and carefully washed and kept on ice until I want it, and flour, sugar, nuts, flavoring, whatever I use, in fact, has to be as good as can be found. I find a dash of brandy, just as the cake goes to the oven, helps to make it light and also to bake more evenly. My cakes are mixed in various ways according to the sort I am making. The eggs are always very cold when broken, and whipped light in a cool place, I

sift my flour two or three times until it is like light snow. My idea of cake and icing is that they should never be sticky or clammy, yet always soft enough to be eaten with a spoon."

In cake making one should give as much attention to baking as mixing. After you place the cake in the oven do not open the door for at least 15 minutes and then do so very cautiously; a slam has caused the fall of many a promising cake. Then, too, never let a cake stand after it is mixed; the oven should always be ready for baking before mixing the cake.

Women are employed as letter carriers in several districts of France.

A JEWELLER'S CASE

Mr. R. F. Colwell, of Windsor, Tells How Dodd's Kidney Pills

Cured Him of Bright's Disease. After Many Other Remedies Had Utterly Failed—Dodd's Kidney Pills Helped Him From the Start.

Windsor, May 1st.—In no city in Canada has the celebrated medicine, Dodd's Kidney Pills, won a brighter record, than in Windsor. The number of persons cured of deadly Kidney Diseases, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, in this city is surprisingly large, and increases daily. One of the latest to testify to the magic power of Dodd's Kidney Pills is Jeweller R. F. Colwell, No. 9 Queller Street. He says: "I have endured, for two years, the greatest torture, from back-ache and pains in the loins. A puffiness appeared under my eyes, my limbs bloated, and my urine was of a dark, unnatural color, and bad odor. "I tried many remedies, but all failed to help me. When I ascertained that I had Bright's Disease, I became thoroughly alarmed. I was told of the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, in all Kidney diseases, and I began to use them.

"After the first few doses, I began to improve. The pains left me, my sleep became sound, puffiness and bloating vanished, my urine resumed its normal condition, and my health gradually became all I could wish it to be. I used only a few boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, but they cleaned my system thoroughly of that dread curse—Bright's Disease."

There is no case of Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Dropsy, Gout, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Diseases of Women, or any other Kidney disease that Dodd's Kidney Pills will not cure.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DEATHS FROM DRINK.

In a recent lecture delivered at Liverpool, Dr. William Carter pointed out that the deaths directly attributed to intemperance in 1896 were 91 per 1,000,000 among male and 52 per 1,000,000 among females; that the rate is constantly increasing and that the deaths are increasing among women far more rapidly and in a far greater ratio than among men.

WHEN MOSES WAS PADDLING.

Egyptian boats more than 4,500 years old have been exhumed from the banks of the Nile in perfectly good condition. They are of cedar, and float as jauntily as if they had been paddled but yesterday.

THE WABASH RAILROAD

With its new and magnificent train service, is the admiration of Canadian travelers. Its reclining Chair Cars are literally palaces on wheels, splendidly upholstered and decorated with the costliest woods. The Chairs which are free to passengers, can, by the touch of a spring be placed in any position desired, from a comfortable parlor chair through the various degrees of lounging chairs to a perfect couch. Many prefer these cars to sleeping cars for night journeys, and for day trips they are the most comfortable and convenient cars that can be devised. Two of these reclining Chair Cars are attached to all through trains between Buffalo, Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City. Full particulars from any R. R. Agent, or

J. A. RICHARDSON,
Canadian Passenger Agent,
N. E. Corner King & Yonge Sts., Toronto.

JAPANESE BACKSLIDERS.

Prominent Converts Who Have Left the Church for Business Pursuits.

Christianity is going backward in Japan instead of forward, according to Japanese newspapers received from Tokio. Several prominent men have very recently turned their backs on the Christian faith after they had advanced greatly in its teachings. The most notable change is that of the Rev. Paul Kanamori. He was pastor of a Congregational Church at Tokio and President of the Doshisha University. He wrote several religious books that are still being distributed by missionaries. He has gone into business and given up the religious pursuits entirely. He is now a director in the Tokio Stock Exchange.

The Rev. Dr. Ichihara, who four years ago was at the head of the school of laws and politics in the Doshisha University, is now noted only for his business ability. He is an officer in the Nippon Bank and has made a large amount of money since he left the church. Prof. Yujero Motora, a prominent officer in the Tokio Imperial University, has severed all connection with the Christian Church. He studied in America under the auspices of the Methodist Episcopal Church and held a position in the Methodist College. He now denies both God and Christ and is a leader in a strong faith known as the Nippon Shugi, or Japanese principle.

FULLY EXPLAINED.

Yes, that was Jobson's store. Poor Jobson. Splendid site, wasn't it? Yes, and a fine building, too.

One of the finest in town. And there never was a finer man than Jobson. Whole souled, liberal and straight as a string. To think of the way he went down! It's too bad. But, of course, you know he had one ruinous failing?

Why, no. What was it? He didn't advertise.

The Probabilities

Are, that your temper will improve, and you will enjoy walking and skating in real earnest once that sore corn is removed. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor never fails, gives no pain and will relieve you in twenty-four hours. Give Putnam's Corn Extractor a trial and be happy.

There are three Bonapartes left — Prince Roland, a widower, with one daughter, and the Prince Victor and Louis.

Farmers cannot any longer close their eyes to the fact that something more than ordinary farm-yard manures is necessary to the production of paying crops. The phosphate is absolutely necessary and there is now no room to doubt that large quantities of good manure are absolutely wasted for the want of phosphate to balance the food for the plants. I have had much experience in phosphating lands and I have examined many phosphated crops and I am convinced that double and treble crops of all kinds of produce may be obtained by the use of a proper phosphate such as the Thomas-Phosphate, made by the Alberts. I have seen old lands brought up to a wonderful condition of fertility by its aid.—Stroehner, in Farm Topics.

EVER-READY GLUE.

To prepare glue for use at any time it is only necessary to put the quantity desired into a bottle and cover it up with whiskey. Cork tightly and set it away for a few days, when it will be fit for use. Glue thus prepared will keep for years.

You might as well compare a
Yound Line Railway with a
corduroy road as Blue
Ribbon Beylon with any
other tea

A Corn Photographed by X Rays

Shows a small hard kernel, covered by layers of hard skin. This tiny corn causes keen pain. The only sure means of extracting it, without pain, in a day, is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure? Yes. Painless? Yes. Cheap? Yes, indeed! Try it.

Armed bandits practically own Sicily, according to reports from Messina.

Silesia Poultry Grit is the best digester in the market LAURENTIAN SAND & GRAVEL Co., Montreal.

None are rash when they are unseen by anybody.—Stanislaus.

LUBY'S Gives new life to the Hair. It makes it grow and restores the color.
Sold by all druggists. 50c. a bottle.

A shoal of herring numbers from 800,000 to 1,000,000.

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China has begun the manufacture of smokeless powder.

For Over Fifty Years
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by mothers for their children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c. a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

The father of thirty-two children has died in a poorhouse of Indiana.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Capital punishment is not inflicted in five states—Colorado, Maine, Michigan, Rhode Island and Wisconsin.

"Pharaoh 10c." Payne, of Gimby, Que' Cigar Manufacturer

The man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.—Hesiod.

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Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

W. P. C. 970

ONE NIGHT Corn Cure Ask your druggist for it. Price 10c

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Stammerers especially those who have failed to be cured elsewhere, write to Dr. Arnott, Berlin who will convince you he can cure you

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RUBBER FROM CORN.

Experiments Are Being Made in Chicago With the Refuse of Corn.

Inventors for many years have endeavored to provide a substitute for rubber, but their success has, at best been indifferent. Ultimately, no doubt, the problem like many another difficult one, will be solved by chemistry; indeed, it may have been already. According to a writer in the Chicago Times, its solution seems imminent, at least.

Experiments, he states, have been conducted in that city for a year or more by the chemists of a large glucose factory with a view to utilizing the refuse. This amounts to about five per cent of the raw material, and it is thought can be profitably employed in producing "corn rubber."

Corn rubber, he continues, has almost exactly the appearance of the ordinary reddish brown indiarubber. The process of manufacturing it is not perfect enough, however, to make it resist heat as well as indiarubber. This has offered the greatest difficulties to the chemists, who are now working to remedy this defect. The oil of corn—from which, principally, the rubber is made by some secret process—does not oxidize readily, and those who are working on the corn rubber declare this will be an enormous advantage for the new product. Articles manufactured from it will always remain pliable and not crack.

Contrary to reports, this new product has not yet been put on the market. It is intended to go on with the experiments until its success is assured and then begin manufacturing on an immense scale.

is made, comes from the germ of the corn, and not from the hull. The starchy and glutinous portions of the kernel are used in making glucose and starch, while the corn oil heretofore has been practically useless. The five refineries of the Trust have used 21,000,000 bushels of corn in the last ten months, of which about five per cent was refuse.

Though forty different products are made by the company, still five per cent, was practically waste. By utilizing this waste in making the new product it is calculated that corn rubber can be sold at six cents a pound, of which two cents will be clear profit. The corn rubber, it is said, will be adapted to nearly all the uses that ordinary rubber is, from bicycle tires to linoleum. The more refined uses to which indiarubber is put, however, will still be a closed field, for the composition of corn rubber will prevent its substitution for indiarubber for scientific work.

The writer further states that corn rubber may be advantageously mixed with Para rubber, producing a cheaper article, having substantially the same qualities for ordinary service as genuine rubber.

OBJECTED TO THE PRICE.

One thing that I want to call your attention to, said Mrs. Hashem, as Harduppe called to inspect the rooms, is that my terms are strictly in advance.

I noticed it, commented that youth flippantly; they're away in advance of what I can get hold for just across the street. Good-day.

CRUEL REVENGE.

Mr. Bunk's marriage didn't come off.
What was the matter?
His tailor was an old rival and didn't get his wedding suit made in time.

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 9. Celery, Golden Self-Blanching.
 10. Herbs, Savory.
 11. Herbs, Marjoram.
 13. Lettuce, Nonpareil (Cabbage.)
 14. Lettuce, Denver Mar ket (curled.)
 15. Musk Melon, extra early Hackensack (Nutmeg.)
 16. Water Melon, Early Canada.
 17. Onion, large red ver's scarlet.
 18. Onion, Yellow Globe Danvers.
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Interesting for Women.

There is a general but mistaken belief that France is the only country where marriage is arranged by parents with little or no regard for the children's feelings or wishes. As a matter of fact, this condition of affairs obtains to a much greater extent in Greece, where such a thing as a love match is practically unknown. The Greek father is particular that the intended husband has ample wealth to support a wife and family. For a girl a dowry is not so important as in France, but a certain amount of linen and household furniture is generally required. The whole training and education of a Greek girl is simply a preparation to render her brilliant in society.

The German middle-class girl avowedly gives herself up to housekeeping, knitting, sewing and cookery. Her sober brown gowns are so much like one another as are so many peas, and the majority are put together by her own hands. She knows and gets the full value of every kreutzer she spends, and her coffee and cakes are unsurpassable. For recreation she goes with her family to the "gardens" on summer evenings and knits while she listens to the music. Everybody in Germany who lives within reach of concerts and theatres walks to them, and, as they begin early in the evening, late hours and extra suppers are not usual. Dwellers in the country are contented with the daily round and common task, and restlessness seems unknown. The German girl is not, as a rule, ambitious.

A clever woman physician says that she believes that the first and most important step in education should be a knowledge of fundamental physiological laws, ignorance and disregard of which bring about conditions of body which hinder or prevent entirely a perfect performance of the duties of life or an enjoyment of its pleasures. There is really nothing new in the suggestion, but it is always timely. It is the doctrine of Herbert Spencer, and his precepts are being more or less followed by school children. Rules for health and self-preservation are given out by workers in many lines of sociological work among the poor. Such physiology, the doctor believes, should be taught thoroughly—not the number of bones in the human body but a general knowledge of the laws by which it is governed.

A recent article in a French magazine upon famous diplomats and their wives relates a suggestive little anecdote of how Prince Clemens Metternich, when Austrian chancellor of state, slipped out of a difficulty that threatened to be quite a formidable one. His wife, the erratic Princess Melaine, had grievously offended the French ambassador, the Count de Flahault, by the abruptness and discourtesy with which, in one of her moods of whimsical ill temper, she had chosen to treat him. Her tongue was notably sharp, and some of her remarks stung so deeply that the aggrieved official went formally to her husband to complain of her, asserting that he could not, in his quality of ambassador, submit to such insulting treatment. Prince Metternich was not at all disconcerted. With a generally apologetic shrug, but in a tone of voice expressive of the most gallant devotion to his consort, he exclaimed: "What would have, my dear count! I met the princess; I loved her; I have married her; but it was not I who brought her up."

The latest court gossip insinuates that Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is about to be presented with that most exclusive of all decorations—the ancient and honorable Order of the Garter.

She will be the first woman thus honored by an English sovereign in two centuries, and the only woman, with the exception of Queen Victoria, who has the honor to wear this garter about her left arm. There are fifty-four Knights of the Garter, not including the queen. Wilhelmina will make the fifty-fifth. The order was founded, it will be remembered, in 1349 by Edward III., and whether it owes its origin to an armour or to an accident is still a mooted question. Some 547 years since the lovely Countess of Salisbury dropped her garter in the presence of her sovereign. The courtiers and grande dames accused the fair countess of a lack of modesty. The king, however, picked up the dainty garter, and, handing it to the countess, said: "Honi soit qui mal y pense" "Evil to him who evil thinks." Of late years Queen Victoria has abandoned wearing the garter, as her arm has become too stout. The young Queen of Holland has a beautiful arm, which will serve as a charming setting for the decoration.

In the heraldry of birth, if a man is born in October he will be handsome, but will be poor in this world's goods. A woman born on October will be endowed with coquetry and beauty, but she is likely to be unhappy unless she wears an opal. The opal is therefore the birthday stone for October. Many people have a curious superstition that the opal is an unlucky stone. The ancients venerated it, however, as a stone of good omen, and invested it with power to banish evil spirits, to inspire pure thoughts and to induce sweet dreams. They called it the "love stone." Pliny tells of a Roman senator who possessed a beautiful opal, which was coveted by Marcus Antonius, who wished to present it to Cleopatra. The senator refused to part with the jewel, and was finally exiled in consequence. Sir Walter Scott, in "Anne of Geierstein," used the opal and its uncanny element to heighten his weird story. In fact, the realistic effect of this story was such that the jewelers of the eighteenth century, who had invested largely in opals, were forced into bankruptcy. Most of the precious opals come from Czenowitz, in Hungary. Opals of less value are found in Mexico and Colorado. The Australian opal is almost black. Tongues of flame shoot out from them, making them at times very brilliant. It will be remembered that the superstitious Spaniards believe that the misfortunes of the present dynasty have been caused by an ill-omened opal, given by a neglected beauty and adventuress to Alfonso XII. less than a quarter of a century ago.

NUCLEUS OF A FORTUNE.

Municipal authorities of Mons, Belgium, have just adopted a resolution which will prevent children from being born paupers in that city. Every child born in Mons, after being registered officially, will have a bank account opened in its name with the City Savings Bank. The authorities will deposit one franc for the infant, who when he arrives at a sufficient age, will find this as a nucleus to augment with his penny savings. The original deposit of one franc cannot be drawn at any time, but the interest accruing is the property of the young depositor.

BUY ON CREDIT.

Foreigners in China buy nearly everything on credit, giving signed "chits" for every purchase, the reason being their unwillingness to load themselves down with silver or native coin while paper money fluctuates too much.

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Boils & Tumors.
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A PALACE OF GLASS.

A Sight That Will Dazzle Eyes at the Paris
Exposition.

At the Paris Exposition there is to
be a beautiful "luminous palace" in
the middle of a garden whose velvet-
green lawns will be shaded by tall for-
est trees.

The chief facade will have the aspect
of an immense portico whose roofs, sur-
mounted by campaniles and by a wing-
ed statue of Light, will be sustained
by high colonnades. On the right and
left will be grottoes of shimmering
spun glass.

The walls and the cupola and even
the flying figure surmounting the
edifice are to be of moulded glass.

The materials are simply hollow
glass bricks moulded like bottles.
These bricks are very light and are
held together by invisible threads of
cement. Fastened together in this
way glass bricks may be used for all
purposes of building. Walls and domes
may be built as resistant as those of
stone or brick. The color effects are
produced by putting two pieces of
glass together and soldering them one
against the other. The face is colored
separately and welded to the uncolored
glass.

Such glass bricks as the inventors of
the palace of light propose to use are
now an article of manufacture. For
many years attempts were made to
produce glass strong enough for build-
ing purposes, and now a process of
annealing has solved the problem.

If the ideas of the French glass
makers are realized glass may become
a valuable material. A strong product
which lets in light while it shuts out
dampness will be useful in working
out the problems of overcrowded cities.
The fire-proof qualities of glass would
make it invaluable for use as parti-
tions, inclosed in plaster.

Good breeding carries along with it
a dignity that is respected by the most
petulant. Ill-breeding invites and
authorizes the familiarity of the most
timid.—Chestersfield.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has
been used for children teething. It
soothes the child, softens the gums,
allays all pain, cures wind-colic, and is
the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twen-
ty-five cents a bottle.

A load of two tons can be readily
carried by a full-grown elephant.

"It is a Great Public Benefit."—
These significant words were used in
relation to Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil,
by a gentleman who had thoroughly
tested its merits in his own case—hav-
ing been cured by it of lameness of
the knee, or three or four years' stand-
ing. It never fails to remove soreness
as well as lameness, and is an incom-
parable pulmonic and corrective.

Philadelphia is now to have a col-
lege of undertakers.

For Inflammation of the Eyes.—Am-
ong the many good qualities which
Parnellee's Vegetable Pills possess, be-
sides regulating the digestive or-
gans, is their efficacy in reducing in-
flammation of the eyes. It has called
forth many letters of recommendation
from those who were afflicted with
this complaint and found a cure in the
pills. They affect the nerve centres
and the blood in a surprisingly ac-
tive way, and the result is almost im-
mediately seen.

Five hundred persons are buried ev-
ery year in Boston's potter's field.

Why go limping and whinnying about
your corns, when a 25-cent bottle of
Holloway's Corn Cure will remove
them? Give it a trial, and you will
not regret it.

WEAK MEN AND WOMEN POSITIVELY CURED BY

DR. CARROLL'S SAFE VITALIZER

This wonderful Medicine positively stops vital drains, pains in the back, loss of power
Rheumatism, and all weakness owing to a run-down constitution. Price, \$1.00 per bottle
or six bottles a "complete treatment" for \$5.00. Call or write
DOCTOR CARROLL MEDICINE CO., 278 Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont.

VERY NATURAL.

A little boy and girl were standing
at the bedside of a sick mother, who
was administering words of caution to
the pair. They were going out to tea,
and the mother said, as she kissed her
son: Now, dear, mind and not be too
bolsterous. His little sister pensively
remarked, as she said good-by: Mustn't
I be girlsterous, mamma?

The Brightest Flowers must fade,
but young lives endangered by severe
coughs, and colds may be preserv-
ed by Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Croup,
whooping cough, bronchitis, in short
all affections of the throat and lungs
are relieved by this sterling prepar-
ation, which also remedies rheumatic
pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney dif-
ficulty, and is most economic.

Within six months Venezuela, as the
result of North American enterprise,
will begin the manufacture of cotton.

They Drove Pimples Away.—A face
covered with pimples is unsightly. It
tells of internal irregularities, which
should long since have been correct-
ed. The liver and the kidneys are not
performing their functions in the
healthy way they should, and these
pimples are to let you know that the
blood protests. Parnellee's Vegetable
Pills will drive them all away, and
will leave the skin clear and clean.
Try them, and there will be another
witness to their excellence.

The donkey is the longest lived of
domestic animals.

There can be a difference of opin-
ion on most subjects, but there is only
one opinion as to the reliability of
Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator.
It is safe, sure and effectual.

The only two great European capi-
tals that ever have been occupied by
a foreign foe are London and St.
Petersburg.

Street Car Accident.—Mr. Thomas
Sabin, says: "My eleven year old boy
had his foot badly injured by being
run over by a car on the Street Rail-
way. We at once commenced bathing
the foot with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil,
when the discoloration and swelling
was removed, and in nine days he
could use his foot. We always keep a
bottle in the house ready for any em-
ergency."

The Indian population of the United
States is 325,464, a decrease in fifty
years of only 62,765.

Mrs. Harry Pearson, Hawtrey,
writes: "For about three months I
was troubled with fainting spells and
dizziness which were growing worse,
and would attack me three or four
times a day. At last my husband pur-
chased a bottle of Northrop & Ly-
man's Vegetable Discovery from
which I derived considerable benefit.
I then procured another, and before
it was used my affliction was com-
pletely gone, and I have not had an
attack of it since."

President Loubet, of France, rarely
is seen without a pipe in his mouth.

There are so many cough medicines in
the market, that it is sometimes diffi-
cult to tell which to buy; but if we
had a cough, a cold, or any affliction
of the throat or lungs, we would try
Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Those
who have used it think it is far ahead
of all other preparations recommend-
ed for such complaints. The little folks
like it as it is as pleasant as syrup.

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Accident, Employers' Liability, Plate
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All claims settled immediately on receipt of
satisfactory proofs.

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Many an unsuccessful merchant
claims and believes that Advertising
does not pay people in general, and
himself in particular, and from his ex-
perience he speaks seemingly reason-
able truth. His advertising did not
pay. So might the farmer complain
that his poor seed brought no harvest.
The fault was in the farmer and the
seed, not in the principle of agricul-
ture.

ADVERTISING DOES PAY AND WILL PAY

IF PROPERLY HANDLED

—AND THE—

PROPER MEDIUMS SELECTED.

The proper mediums are those which
reach, not necessarily the most peo-
ple, but the most people you want to
reach; the proper way is so as to in-
terest them in what you have to say
and convince them of your sincerity.

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TRUTH.

As a blood
— Purifier
there is nothing to equal
Abbey's Effervescent
Salt

From Dr. W. H. Wright, L.R.C.P., L.M., M.R.C.S.E.,
L.S.A.I., Medical Officer of Health, London, England:

"Our artificial mode of life constantly causes such changes
to take place in the quality of the blood, that it frequently be-
comes impure, and we fall an easy prey to infectious diseases
and blood disorders of all kinds. I strongly advocate keeping
the system cool and the blood pure, and I know of no better
remedy than your Abbey's Effervescent Salt."

