

By-Laws For Branches of the Association.

1. This branch shall be styled "The Equal Rights Association for the Province of Ontario (Hamilton Branch, York Township Branch), No. 1," and shall consist of all those members of the Association who shall desire to join the branch.

Writes, of Cornwall, arrived with a warrant sworn out by his Lancaster wife, but the gay Lothario could not be found. However, he was spotted at the Revere this morning, and arrested while reading one of the decoy letters from the Lancaster wife.

drop roll among the eggs that she packed into the flat splint basket for Mrs. Wixon's niece's party. Webster Wixon, a fat, middle aged bachelor, was out helping to gather the October apples on the north side of the house when Nancy came up. He made haste to welcome her.

Another Use for Salt, For months salt is the best exterminator. The nuns in one of the hospital convents have tried everything else without success, and their experience is valuable, as they have so much clothing of the sick who go there, and strangers, when dying there, often leave quantities of clothing, etc., and they were in despair, as they could not exterminate the moths until they were advised to try common salt.

The Lindsay Cartage Agency Company Are prepared to handle all carting and moving of Household Furniture and general carting business. Orders left at JAS. H. LENNON'S STORE will receive prompt attention at lowest rates. Telephone connection. JAS. H. LENNON, Manager. Lindsay, July 22, 1899.—25-3mos.

THE AETNA Life Assurance Company. ASSETS, \$32,020,000. SURPLUS, (by Canadian Standard) 7,318,000. INCOME, 5,000,000. DEPOSIT AT OTTAWA, 2,038,223. MATURED ENDOWMENTS. The government blue books of the year 1898 show the cash paid to living policy holders in Canada, in settlement of Endowment Bonds during the five years ending January 1st, 1888, as follows:— AETNA LIFE, \$446,998. CANADIAN AND BRITISH COMPANIES COMBINED, 135,666.

Dresses That Wear for Twelve Years.

In Wales the country people collect the wool for their garments themselves from the blackberry bushes, gorse, hedgerows, where the little mountain sheep have left sticking. In old days this would have been brought home to be carded, spun, woven into flannel in the hand-loom; but now the wool-gatherers take it to the nearest factory and have it woven there, often under their own eyes, into pieces of stuff of the various lengths that they require.

The weaver of an ordinary dress piece of eight yards, which is sufficient for a skirt and bodice, costs about \$7.50. This sounds a good deal for a peasant woman to give for a gown, but when it is remembered that a dress of this kind will wear twelve years and then make up into a petticoat, the expenditure does not seem out of harmony with the characteristic thrift of the Welsh people.

A ROSE.

Beyond the single rose he sought She piled the offering high Of lily, pink and jessamine, And larkspur of the sky.

Until the gift, full antidote, For all his grief and strife, Led him to bless, with that she gave, Another troubled life.

And words for this bestowment said Were finer fragrance far Than concentrated odors breathed From all the lilies aere!

Ah, lady, acts like thine shall bloom In choicest beauty, where The sweetness from the heavenly plains Perfumes the scented air. —Springfield Republican.

NANCY'S LOVER.

"Nancy!" said Mr. Moppet. "Sir?" responded Nancy. Mr. Moppet was coming in from the garden path. Nancy, with plump white arms bared to the elbow, was washing the breakfast dishes in a deep pan of hot soapsuds.

Mr. Moppet was a hard featured elderly man, with whitish blue eyes, a squiggly fringe of white beard beneath his straggly chin, and a bald cranium. Nancy was fresh colored and bright eyed, with silky tendrils of auburn hair drooping over her freckled forehead and a certain dimple perpetually playing at hide and seek on her left cheek.

The two completely realized Shakespeare's ideal of "Crabbed Age and Youth." "I'm a-goin' to town," said Mr. Moppet. "You won't need to bile no pot victuals for dinner. Waste makes want. A cup o' tea and a biled egg and what's left o' yesterday's pork and greens—that'll be all you'll need."

"Yes, father," acquiesced Nancy. She was thinking of something else all the while. "And, talkin' 'bout eggs," added Mr. Moppet, "you may take four dozen up to Peach farm. Mrs. Wixon wants plenty on 'em to make cake for her niece's party. Better go early this mornin'."

Nancy colored scarlet under the auburn rings of hair. "Can't I send 'em up by little Bill Becker, father?" said she. "Webster Wixon will be there, and—I don't like Webster Wixon, with his red nose and his compliments."

Mr. Moppet frowned. "Nancy," said he, "don't be a fool. I can see through ye, like ye was a pane o' glass. Webster Wixon is a well to do man, with money out at interest, and you'd oughter be tickled to death that he's took a notion to you."

"But, father—" "Not another word," grumbled Mr. Moppet. "I know just exactly what's comin'. It's that foolish nonsense about Absalom Parker that I hoped you'd got over long ago. Absalom hain't no property, and ain't like to have none, and no daughter o' mine ain't goin' to marry your Grandfather Atkins' hired man, not if I know it."

He paused with this multiplicity of double negatives. Nancy set her small, pearl white teeth together; her eyes flashed with hazel fire. It was a clear case of true love versus money.

"Take them eggs straight up to Peach farm," reiterated Mr. Moppet, shaking his forefinger at Nancy, "and don't argue the pint no further. You your father, and I know what's best for you!" "But you're going right past the Wixons' door."

"No, I ain't, neither. I'm goin' the Horn Hill road. I've been appointed by the supply committee to buy an air tight wood stove for the church," he added, with some complacency. "The old one's rusted clear out, so there's danger o' fire every time it's used, and the brethren have subscribed twenty dollars for a new one—leastways, a second hand one, if it's just as good and a trifle cheaper. I'm to use my own judgment about that."

And he went out to the barn to "harness up," leaving Nancy ready to cry. "But," she said to herself, as she flung the dish water out at the back door, "I wouldn't marry Webster Wixon if there wasn't another man in the world. And if I can't have Absalom, I'll live and die an old maid. Oh, dear! oh, dear! why need there be so much trouble in the world?"

He went home and sat all the evening in a sort of stupor, with his head to the wall.

Grubb. It's jest standin' rustin' away in his black wood shed. I'll fetch it home to-morrow and black it up, and let Elder Meachan suppose I got a bargain from somebody; and I'll have the nice new stove for myself, and nobody'll be none the wiser, now that Gran'ther Atkins is confined to his bed with creepin' paralysis and Absalom Parker's up in the wood lots, choppin' down trees for winter firewood. It's a good idee. I'm glad I happened to think of it."

He drew rein opposite the Atkins house. All was dark and quiet there save the one red light that burned in old Mr. Atkins' bedroom.

At that identical moment, had he but known it, Absalom Parker—the old man's general factotum—was hanging over the garden gate of his own place, talking to pretty Nancy among the purple dahlias and quilled asters.

And it was no difficult task for a man of John Moppet's physical strength skillfully to lift the old stove out of its place in the outer shed into his wagon.

"Git up, Prince!" he muttered to his horse, shaking the reins, and away they went. Elder Meachan was not quite satisfied with the bargain. The church brethren, too, would have preferred a new stove, considering the money they had spent; but Brother Moppet was a man in authority, and they were compelled to acquiesce in his choice.

Nancy was delighted with the new acquisition for the best room. "Oh, isn't it pretty!" said she. "Yes," nodded Mr. Moppet, rubbing his hands, "it'll sort o' dress up the room for your weddin'."

"My weddin'?" "Jest so. I've arranged matters with Webster Wixon, and—"

Nancy burst into tears, and ran out of the room. Mr. Moppet glared balefully after her. "She shall marry him!" muttered he, "or she shall be no darter o' mine! I won't be set at defiance by— Why, hello, Absalom Parker, what brings you here?"

"Mr. Atkins is took wuss this arternoon," said Absalom, standing at the doorway, like a rustic Apollo. "Wants to see ye—right off!"

It was a Saturday afternoon. As Mr. Moppet drove by the church door he saw the load of wood being delivered for the first fire of the season.

"Jest in time!" said he to himself. "There's a frosty feel in the air."

Grandfather Atkins lay among his pillows, like a wrinkled old ghost. "John," said he, "all I've got in the world is yours, but I think I'd ought to tell you where I've hid it, sense the bank robbery give me such a scare."

"Certainly, certainly!" said his son-in-law, with eager eyes, like those of a bird of prey. "I've hid it away!"

John Moppet placed his ear close to the palid lips. "Six five-hundred-dollar bills!"

"Yes, yes—go on!"

"Folded up in an old number of The Horn Hill Gazette."

"An old number of The Horn Hill Gazette—I understand!" repeated Moppet. "In the old stove out in the shed!" gasped the old man. "I knowed nobody wouldn't be likely to look there! It's yours, John Moppet—every cent of it! And mind you, don't spend it in no extravagance!"

So speaking, the old miser closed his dim eyes and went where there is neither money nor counting of money.

John Moppet uttered an exceedingly bitter cry as he remembered the lighted match he had put in the crumpled old papers in the stove, to make sure of a draught, when it was put up in the northwest corner of the church—the roar of the blaze through the lengths of Russia iron pipe. In his excellent management he had contrived to overreach himself.

A supposed cat, killed with a stone by William Dennis in his yard, at Drakesville, N. J., turned out to be a small red fox.

Little Scavengers. Animals, birds, reptiles, insects and even microbes have a mission to perform as scavengers which it is well occasionally to consider. In the present unsanitary condition of most tropical countries scavenger birds are indispensable. "If they failed for a single day," says Michelet, "the country would become a desert." Says Butterworth: "In indolent Africa thousands of villages depend upon them for purification. In drowsy America, south of Panama or Caracas, they sweep of cleansers, must sweep out and purify the town before the Spaniard rises, ere the sun has stirred the carcass and the mass of offal into fermentation. They are the agents of a beneficent chemistry that preserves the balance of life here below. They labor for us in a thousand places where we ourselves may never penetrate, in those deserts where the winds are laden with the poison of death; and woe to the inhabited world if their toil should cease. This is, to some extent, true of those dangerous animals and reptiles which swarm in the swamps and jungles of tropical lands. Even rats, which are justly considered such a pest in many ways, do much scavenger work, especially in large cities. It is a fact worthy of note that the plague has never visited Europe since the migration of these rodents into that country from Asia."

Royal Houses of Europe. The ups and downs of the reigning houses of Europe have been much discussed of late. All those are recognized as being of royal blood members of whose families now occupy or at one time have occupied thrones. According to official reports, there are now 27 such royal families in Europe, with 459 male members, so that each dynasty averages 17 princes, a number reached, however, only by ten of them. Of these 27 families 18 are German, namely, the Hohenzollerns, Wittelsbachs, Wettins, Wurttemburgs, Zähringens, Hessens, Mecklenburgs, Holsteins, Anhalts, Schwarzbürgers, Reuss, Schaumburg, Lippe, Waldeck, Hapsburg-Lorraine, Wolf, Nassau, and Liechtenstein; six are Roman or Latin, namely, Bourbons, Savoyens, Braganças, Monacos, Bonapartes, Bernabottos; two are Slav, namely, Obrenovitchs and Njeshos; and one is Turkish, namely, Osman. Of the German no less than five, and of these the historic houses of Hohenzollern, Wolf, and Hapsburg, originated in the little Swabian Wurttemberg. The preponderance of the German dynasties is all the greater, because of the 41 actually existing thrones they occupy 33. Of these 23 are in the German Empire, 11 are in other countries, namely, Austro-Hungary, Russia, England, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, Portugal, Roumania, Bulgaria, Greece and Liechtenstein.

Cisterns as Causes of Disease. Dr. De la Roche believes that diphtheria can be transmitted from animals to man. He has had under his care two women suffering from diphtheria, which he thinks he has traced to the contamination of drinking water from a cistern by the excrement of pigeons, which had been washed down by the rain from the roof on which these birds had perched. Admitting the possibility of the transmission of diphtheria in this manner, the means of combating it are simple. In places where spring water and well water are not available, or where the supply consists of rain water collected in cisterns, it is well to prohibit pigeon breeding. As to the construction of cisterns, they should be built according to the rules of public hygiene laid down by Gania in his work entitled "Utile des Cisternes."—Herald of Health.

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