

A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

A DOMESTIC STORY WITH A MORAL.

CHAPTER XI.—(CONTINUED.)

"I'm going to mind him," responded the child. She passed rapidly and apprehensively through the kitchen, but paused on the doorstep to make some overtures to Mrs. Wiggins. If that austere dame was not to be propitiated, a line of retreat was open to the barn. "Say, what's the matter, young'un," replied Mrs. Wiggins, rendered more pacific by her breakfast.

"Don't you want me to wash up the dishes and put 'em away? I know how."

"Hi'll try ye. Hi'll ye breaks anything?"—and the old woman nodded volumes at the child.

"I'll be back in a minute," said Jane. A moment later she met Holcroft carrying two pails of milk from the barn-yard. He was about to pass without noticing her, but she again secured attention by her usual preface, "say," when she had a somewhat extended communication to make.

"Come to the dairy-room, Jane, and say your say there," said Holcroft, not unkindly.

"She ain't goin' to cousin Lemuel's," said the girl, from the door.

"What is she going to do?"

"Rock in the parlor. Say, can't I help Mrs. Wiggins wash up the dishes and do the work?"

"Certainly; why not?"

"Mother says I must sit in the parlor 'n' learn Commandments 'n' keep Sunday."

"Well, Jane, what do you think you ought to do?"

"I think I oughter work, and if you and Mrs. Wiggins will let me, I will work in spite of mother."

"I think that you and your mother both should help do the necessary work to-day. There won't be much."

"If I try and help Mrs. Wiggins mother'll bounce out at me. She shook me last night after I went upstairs, and she boxed my ears 'cause I wanted to keep the kitchen fire up last night."

"I'll go with you to the kitchen and tell Mrs. Wiggins to let you help, and I won't let your mother punish you again unless you do wrong."

Mrs. Wiggins, relying on Jane's promise to help, had sat down to the solace of her pipe for a few minutes, but was about to thrust it hastily away on seeing Holcroft. He reassured her by saying, good-naturedly, "No need of that, my good woman. Sit still and enjoy your pipe. I like to smoke myself. Jane will help clear away things and I wish her to. You'll find she's quite handy. By the way, have you all the tobacco you want?"

"Well, now, master, p'raps ye know the 'lowance down that the poor-us vasn't sich as ud keep a body in vat ye'd call satisfyin' smokin'." Hi never 'ad enough ter keep down the 'ankerin'."

"I suppose that's so. You shall have half of my stock, and when I go to town again, I'll get you a good supply. I guess I'll light my pipe, too, before starting for a walk."

"Bless yer 'art, master, ye makes a body comf'rtible. When hi smokes hi feels more hat 'ome and kind o' contented like. An hold 'oman like me hain't got much left to comfort'er but'er pipe."

"Jane," called Mrs. Mumpson sharply from the parlor. As there was no answer, the widow soon appeared in the kitchen door. Smoking was one of the unpardonable sins in Mrs. Mumpson's eyes; and when she saw Mrs. Wiggins puffing comfortably away, and Holcroft lighting his pipe, while Jane cleared the table, language almost failed her. She managed to articulate, "Jane this atmosphere is not fit for you to breathe, on this sacred day. I wish you to share my seclusion."

"Mrs. Mumpson, I have told her to help Mrs. Wiggins in the necessary work," Holcroft interposed.

"Mr. Holcroft, you don't realize—men never do—Jane is my offspring, and—"

"Oh, if you put it that way, I sha'n't interfere between mother and child. But I supposed you and Jane came here to work."

"If you will enter the parlor, I will explain to you fully my views, and—"

"Oh, please excuse me," said Holcroft, hastily passing out, "I was just starting for a walk. I'm bound to have one more day to myself on the old place," he muttered, as he bent his steps toward an upland pasture.

Jane, seeing that her mother was about to pounce upon her, ran behind Mrs. Wiggins, who slowly rose and began a progress towards the irate widow, remarking as she did so, "Hi'll just shut the door 'twixt ye and ye're hofferin', and then ye kin say ye're prayers hon the tother side."

Mrs. Mumpson was so overcome at the turn affairs had taken on this day which was to witness such progress in her plans and hopes, as to feel the absolute necessity of a prolonged season of thought and soliloquy, and she released without protest in the rocking-chair.

CHAPTER XII.—JANE.

Holcroft was not long in climbing to a sunny nook whence he could see not only his farm and dwelling, but also the Oakville valley, and the little white spire of the distant meeting-house. He looked at this last named object wistfully and very sadly. Mrs. Mumpson's tirade about worship had been without effect, but the memories suggested by the church were bitter-sweet indeed. It belonged to the Methodist denomination, and Holcroft had been taken, or had gone thither, from the time of his earliest recollection. He saw himself sitting between his father and mother, a round-faced urchin to whom the sermon was intelligible, but to whom little Bessie Jones in the next pew was a fact, not only intelligible, but very interesting. She would turn around and stare at him until he smiled, then she would giggle until her mother brought her right-about-face with considerable emphasis. After this, he saw the little boy—could it have been himself?—nodding, swaying, and finally slumbering peacefully, with his head on his mother's lap, until shaken into sufficient consciousness to be half dragged, half led, to the door. Once in the big, springless farm wagon he was himself again, looking eagerly around to catch another glimpse of Bessie Jones. Then, he was a big, irreverent boy, shyly and awkwardly bent on mischief in the same old meeting-house. Bessie Jones no longer turned and stared at him, but he exultingly discovered that he

could still make his own way as his occasional choice for a sleigh-ride when the long body of some farm wagon was placed on runners, and boys and girls—young men and women, and they almost thought themselves—were packed in like sardines. Something like self-ed in the smote Holcroft even now, remembering how he had allowed his fancy much latitude at this period, paying attention to more than one girl besides Bessie, and painfully undecided which he liked best.

Then had come the memorable year which had opened with a protracted meeting. He and Bessie Jones had passed under conviction at the same time, and on the same evening had gone forward to the anxious seat. From the way in which she sobbed, one might have supposed that the good, simple-hearted girl had terrible burdens on her conscience; but she soon found hope, and her tears gave place to smiles. Holcroft, on the contrary, was terribly cast down and unable to find relief. He felt that he had much more to answer for than Bessie; he accused himself of having been a rather coarse, vulgar boy; he had made fun of sacred things in that very meeting-house more times than he liked to think of, and now for some reason could think of nothing else. He could not shed tears, or get up much emotion; neither could he rid himself of the dull weight at heart. The minister, the brethren and sisters, prayed for him and over him, but nothing removed his terrible inertia. He became a familiar form on the anxious seat, for there was a dogged persistence in his nature which prevented him from giving up; but at the close of each meeting he went home in a state of deeper dejection. Sometimes, in returning, he was Bessie Jones's escort, and her happiness added to his gall and bitterness. One moonlight night, they stopped under the shadow of a pine near her father's door, and talked over the matter a few moments before parting. Bessie was full of sympathy which she hardly knew how to express. Unconsciously, in her earnestness—how well he remembered the act—she laid her hand on his arm as she said, "James, I guess I know what's the trouble with you. In all your seeking, you are thinking only of yourself—how bad you've been, and all that. I wouldn't think of myself and what I was any more, if I was you. You ain't so awful bad, James, that I'd turn a cold shoulder to you; but you might think I was doing just that if you stayed away from me and kept saying to yourself, 'I ain't fit to speak to Bessie Jones.'"

"Her face had looked sweet and compassionate, and her touch upon his arm had conveyed the subtle magic of sympathy. Under her homely logic, the truth had burst upon him like sunshine. In brief, he had turned from his own shadow and was in the light. He remembered how in his deep feeling he had bowed his head on her shoulder and murmured, "O Bessie, Heaven bless you! I see it all."

He no longer went to the anxious seat. With this young girl, and many others, he was taken into the church on probation. Thereafter his fancy never wandered again and there was no other girl in Oakville for him but Bessie. In due time, he had gone with her to yonder meeting-house to be married. It had all seemed to come about as a matter of course. He scarcely knew when he became formally engaged. They "kept company" together steadfastly for a suitable period, and that seemed to settle it in their own and everybody else's mind.

There had been no change in Bessie's quiet, constant soul. After her words under the shadow of the pine tree she seemed to find it difficult to speak of religious subjects even to her husband; but her simple faith had been unwavering, and she had entered into rest without fear or misgiving.

Not so her husband. He had his spiritual ups and downs, but like herself, was reticent. While she lived, only a heavy storm kept them from "going to meeting," but with Holcroft, worship was often little more than a form, his mind being on the farm and its interests. Parents and relatives had died, and the habit of seclusion from neighborhood and church life had grown upon them gradually and almost unconsciously.

For a long time after his wife's death, Holcroft had felt that he did not wish to see anyone who would make reference to his loss. He shrank from formal condolence as he would from the touch of a diseased nerve. When the minister called, he listened politely but silently to a general exhortation; then muttered; when left alone, "It's all as he says, I suppose; but somehow his words are like the medicines Bessie took,—they don't do any good."

He kept up the form of his faith and a certain vague hope until the night on which he drove fourth the Irish revelers from his home. In remembrance of his rage and profanity on that occasion, he silently and in dreary misgivings concluded that he should not, even to himself, keep up the pretence of religion any longer.

"I've fallen from grace—that is, if I ever had any"—was a thought which did much to rob him of courage to meet his other trials. Whenever he dwelt on these subjects, doubts, perplexities and resentment at his misfortunes so thronged his mind that he was appalled; so he strove to occupy himself with the immediate present.

To-day, however, in recalling the past, his thoughts would question the future and the outcome of his experiences. In accordance with his simple, downright nature, he muttered, "I might as well face the truth and have done with it. I don't know whether I'll ever see my wife again or not. I don't know whether God is for me or against me. Sometimes, I half think there isn't any God. I don't know what will become of me when I die. I'm sure of only one thing,—while I do live I could take comfort in working the old place."

In brief, without ever having heard of the term, he was an agnostic, but not one of the self-complacent, superior type who fancy that they have developed themselves beyond the trammels of faith and are ever ready to make the world aware of their progress.

At last, he recognized that his long reverie was leading to despondency and weakness; he rose, shook himself half angrily, and strode towards the house. "I'm here, and here I'm going to stay," he growled. "As long as I'm on my own land, it's nobody's business, what I am or how I feel. If I can't get decent, sensible women help, I'll

close up my dairy and live here alone. I certainly can make enough to support myself."

Jane met him with a summons to dinner, looking apprehensively at his stern, gloomy face. Mrs. Mumpson did not appear. "Call her," he said curtly.

The literal Jane returned from the parlor, "I'm sorry, but she's got a hank'chiff to her eyes and says she don't want no dinner."

"Very well," he replied, much relieved. Apparently he did not want much dinner, either, for he soon started out again. Mrs. Wiggins was not utterly wanting in the intuitions of her sex, and said nothing to break in upon her master's abstraction.

In the afternoon, Holcroft visited every nook and corner of his farm, laying out, he hoped, so much occupation for both hands and thoughts as to render him proof against domestic tribulations.

He had not been gone long before Mrs. Mumpson called in a plaintive voice, "Jane."

The child entered the parlor warily, keeping open a line of retreat to the door. "You need not fear me," said her mother, rocking pathetically. "My feelings are so hurt and crushed that I can only bemoan the wrongs from which I suffer. You little know, Jane, you little know a mother's heart."

"No," assented Jane, "I dunno nothin' about it."

"What wonder, then, that I weep, when even my child is so unnatural?"

"I dunno how to be anything else but what I be," replied the girl in self-defence.

"If you would only yield more to my guidance and influence, Jane, the future might be brighter for us both. If you had but stored up the Fifth Commandment in memory—but I forbear. You cannot so far forget your duty as not to tell me how he behaved at dinner."

"He looked awful glum and hardly said a word."

"Ah-h!" exclaimed the widow, "the spell is working."

"If you ain't a workin' to-morrow, there'll be a worse spell," the girl remarked.

"That will do, Jane, that will do. You little understand—how should you? Please keep an eye on him and let me know how he looks and what he is doing and whether his face still wears a gloomy or a penitent aspect. Do as I bid you, Jane, and you may unconsciously secure your own well-being by obedience."

Watching any one was a far more congenial task of the child than learning the Commandments, and she hastened to comply. Moreover, she had the strongest curiosity in regard to Holcroft herself. She felt that he was the arbiter of her fate. So untaught was she, that delicacy and tact were unknown qualities. Her one hope of pleasing was in work. She had no power of guessing that sly espionage would counterbalance such service. Another round of visiting was dreaded above all things; she was therefore exceedingly anxious about the future. "Mother may be right," she thought. "P'raps she can make him marry her, so we needn't go away any more. P'raps she's taken the right way to bring a man around and get him hooked, as cousin Lemuel said. If I was goin' to hook a man though, I'd try another plan than mother's. I'd keep my mouth shut and my eyes open. I'd see what he wanted and do it, even 'fore he spoke. 'Fi's big anuf I bet I could hook a man quicker'n she can by usin' her tongue 'stead of her hands."

Jane's scheme was not so bad a one but that it might be tried to advantage by those so disposed. Her matrimonial prospects, however, being still far in the future, it behooved her to make her present existence as tolerable as possible. She knew how much depended on Holcroft and was unaware of any other method of learning his purposes except that of watching him.

Both fearing and fascinated, she dogged his steps most of the afternoon, but saw nothing to confirm her mother's view that any spell was working. She scarcely understood why he looked so long at field, thicket, and woods, as if he saw something invisible to her.

In planning future work and improvements, the farmer had attained a quieter and more genial frame of mind. When, therefore, he sat down and in glancing about saw Jane crouching behind a low hemlock, he was more amused than irritated. He had dwelt on his own interests so long that he was ready to consider even Jane's for a while. "Poor child!" he thought, "she doesn't know any better and perhaps has even been taught to do such things. I think I'll surprise her and draw her out a little."

"Jane, come here," he called.

The girl sprang to her feet, and hesitated whether to fly or obey. "Don't be afraid," added Holcroft. "I won't scold you. Come."

She stole towards him like some small, wild, fearful animal in doubt of its reception. "Sit down there on that rock," he said.

"She obeyed with a sly, sidelong look, and he saw that she kept her feet gathered under her so as to spring away if he made the slightest hostile movement.

"Jane, do you think it's right to watch people so?" he said gravely.

"She told me to."

"Your mother?"

The girl nodded.

"But do you think it's right yourself?"

"Dunno. Tain't best if you get caught."

"Well, Jane," said Holcroft, with something like a smile lurking in his deep-set eyes, "I don't think it's right at all. I don't want you to watch me any more, no matter who tells you to. Will you promise not to?"

The child nodded. She seemed averse to speaking when a sign would answer.

"Can I go now?" she asked after a moment.

"Not yet. I want to ask you some questions. Was any one ever kind to you?"

"I dunno. I suppose so."

"What would you call being kind to you?"

"Not scoldin' or cuffin' me."

"If I didn't scold or strike you, would you think I was kind, then?"

She nodded, but after a moment's thought, said, "And if you didn't look as if you hated to see me round."

"Do you think I've been kind to you?"

"Kinder'n anybody else. You sorter look at me sometimes as if I was a rat. I don't s'pose you can help it and I don't mind. I'd ruther stay here and work than go a visitin' again. Why can't I work out-doors when there's nothin' for me to do in the house?"

"Are you willing to work—do anything you can?"

Jane was not sufficiently polite to be large on her desire for honest toil and honest bread; she nodded. Holcroft smiled as he asked, "Why are you so anxious to work?"

"'Cause I won't feel like a stray cat in the house then, I want to be someers where I've a right to be."

"Wouldn't they let you work down at Lemuel Weeks'?"

She shook her head.

"Why not?" he asked.

"They said I wasn't honest; they said they couldn't trust me with things, 'cause when I was hungry I took things to eat."

"Was that the way you were treated at other places?"

"Mostly."

"Jane," asked Holcroft, very kindly, "did any one ever kiss you?"

"Mother used to 'fore people. It allus made me kinder sick."

Holcroft shook his head, as if this child was a problem beyond him, and for a time they sat together in silence. At last, he rose and said, "It's time to go home. Now, Jane, don't follow me; walk openly at my side, and when you come to call me at any time, come openly, make a noise, whistle or sing as a child ought. As long as you are with me, never do anything on the sly and we'll get along well enough."

She nodded and walked beside him. At last, as if emboldened by his words, she broke out, "Say, if mother married you, you couldn't send us away, could you?"

"Why do you ask such a question?" said Holcroft, frowning.

"I was thinkin'—"

"Well," he interrupted, sternly, "never think or speak of such things again."

The child had a miserable sense that she had angered him; she was also satisfied that her mother's schemes would be futile, and she scarcely spoke again that day.

Holcroft was more than angry; he was disgusted. That Mrs. Mumpson's design upon him was so offensively open that even this ignorant child understood it and was expected to further it, caused such a strong revulsion in his mind that he half resolved to put them both in his market wagon on the morrow and take them back to their relatives. His newly awakened sympathy for Jane quickly vanished. If the girl and her mother had been repulsive from the first, they were now hideous, in view of their efforts to fasten themselves upon him permanently. Fancy, then, the climax in his feelings when, as they passed the house, the front door suddenly opened and Mrs. Mumpson emerged with clasped hands and the exclamation, "Oh, how touching?—just like father and child!"

Without noticing the remark, he said coldly, as he passed, "Jane, go help Mrs. Wiggins get supper."

His anger and disgust grew so strong as he hastily did his evening work that he resolved not to endanger his self-control by sitting down within earshot of Mrs. Mumpson. As soon as possible, therefore, he carried the new stove to his room and put it up. The widow tried to address him as he passed in and out, but he paid no heed to her. At last, he only paused long enough at the kitchen door to say, "Jane, bring me some supper to my room. Remember, you only are to bring it."

Bewildered and abashed, Mrs. Mumpson rocked nervously. "I had looked for relettings this evening, a general softening," she murmured, "and I don't understand his bearing towards me." Then a happy thought struck her. "I see, I see," she cried softly and ecstatically, "he is struggling with himself; he finds that he must either deny himself my society or yield at once. The end is near."

A little later she, too, appeared at the kitchen door and said, with serious sweetness, "Jane, you can also bring me my supper to the parlor."

Mrs. Wiggins shook with mirth in all her vast proportions as she remarked, "Jane, ye can bring me my supper from the stove to the table 'ere, and then wait hon yeself."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

To Surprise the Natives.

It will be remembered that Mr. Henry M. Stanley was compelled, a short time ago, to abandon his lecturing tour to take command of an expedition in relief of Emin Pasha, the successor of General Gordon, who is at present supposed to be beleaguered by hostile Africans near Wadiala, not far from Lake Albert Nyanza. Before leaving England he provided himself with one of Maxim's automatic machine guns.

The action of the gun is automatic, each cartridge being discharged by the recoil of the shot preceding. The cartridges are placed in a belt, and the empty shells are thrown out in front of the gun. The rate of fire is about 600 times a minute. With the shorter and smaller cartridges, the rate of firing would be about 700 shots a minute. The rapidity of the fire is such that at a thousand yard range twenty bullets will strike the target after the gun ceases to fire, while by giving the gun a very high elevation, five hundred rounds may be discharged before the first bullet strikes the ground.

To prevent too great heating a water tank is provided, from which the water is fed through the casing around the barrel. A thousand rounds will evaporate more than a pint of water.

The gun is mounted on a pivot to admit of considerable latitude of range, and it may be turned very readily in any direction. A shield is provided as a protection against arrows and spears.

Genius Triumphs over Phate.

We begin the publication of the Roccay Mountain Cyclone with some phopphicallies in the way. The type phounders phrom whom we bought our outphit phor this phrinting ophphice bhalled to supply us with any ephs or cays, and it will be phour or phive weex bephore we can get any. The mistake was not phound out till a day or two ago. We have ordered the missing letters, and will have to get along without them till they come. We don't like the look of this variety oph spelling any better than our readers, but mistax will happen in the best regulated phamilies, and iph the ph's and c's and x's and q's hold out we shall ceep (sound the c hard) the Cyclone whirling aphter a phashion till the sorts arrive. It's no joke to us—it's a serious aphphair.—Rocky Mountain Cyclone.

There are too many lawyers and doctors, and the only way of cutting down the supply is for people to live virtuously, eat wholesome, well prepared food, earn all they get and pay for it in spot cash, and there will be little chance for the lawyer or the doctor to get in his work.

CURRENT FOREIGN ITEMS.

Dr. Aert, the distinguished German ophthalmologist, is dead.

In consequence of the panic caused by the earthquakes the hotel-keepers of Nice are selling out at great sacrifice.

Parisian modistes have pronounced the doom of the high hat. It is to be succeeded by the capote bonnet, trimmed with leaves or small blossoms.

A widespread nihilistic plot has been discovered in Finland. Numerous students and artisans have been arrested in connection with the conspiracy.

In the general elections in Portugal the returns so far show the election of 108 Government and 36 Opposition deputies. Two Republicans have been elected in Lisbon.

The *Athenaeum* is authority for the statement that the present Tory Government has cut down the grants to the British Museum by \$50,000. The allowance for buying printed books is reduced by \$20,000.

The *Rome Tribune* prints a despatch from Massowah, saying that the King of Abyssinia, at the head of an army, is marching to Goggiam and that he has summoned a portion of Ras Aloula's troops to join him.

Sir Charles Dilke is working up the Chelsea electorate assiduously, attending all the vestry meetings, getting names for registration, and personally talking over voters. A wise Liberal politician told me last night that Dilke would be in the House within two years, and in the Ministry within five.

It is whispered among the well-informed in Germany that the Kaiser is about as near his death as a living man can be. There is no belief that he can survive the spring, and it would be no surprise if he did not live to see his birthday, the 22nd. Few people get to see him nowadays, and for obvious electoral reasons the papers do not discuss his condition.

In the Central Criminal court a man was convicted of bigamy, although he believed his first wife dead when he married the second. The news of his first wife's death was, however, premature. She had rallied from a decided death struggle long enough to remain alive until two hours after the bigamous ceremony. The prisoner's marital haste cost him four months with hard labor.

The attack on Mr. Raikes for misuse of postoffice patronage is pressed with great energy and some acrimony. The dispute as a whole proceeds on lines too broad to be mistaken. Mr. Raikes has asserted his undoubted authority as the parliamentary chief of a great department, and the permanent clerks, who rule the postoffice as they do every other administrative branch of the English Government, are in revolt, moving Heaven and earth to maintain their monopoly. It is a struggle in which Mr. Raikes ought to win.

Tadema is finishing for the Academy an exceptionally important and striking work called "The Women of Amphissa," illustrating Plutarch's account of the way the Amphissan women protected the wornout Thyades, by surrounding them as they slept in the market place. There will be many figures in bold groups, and great study of architecture in the market place, with booths, fruit, etc., and a showing of open daylight and richly-colored draperies, with classically beautiful faces, and the laurel-crowned Thyades, some of whom are still in drunken sleep and others awakening.

A Dutch Cure for Hydrophobia.

M. Pasteur may well look to his laurels if the story of the wonderful remedy against hydrophobia is true which a Dutch family at Peize, in Holland, is said to have in its possession. For over a century the secret of the drug has been kept, and the *Nieuwe Rotterdamse Courant* has only heard of it through the garrulity of an old man in the neighborhood of Peize, who affirms that for 70 years he has never known a single case of death from hydrophobia. Beside a large number of human beings, an army of dogs, cats, sheep, and cattle have been cured by the mysterious remedy, about which nothing more is known than that it has a calming influence on raving lunatics of any kind, and that it is harmless to such a degree that in a case where a double dose has been administered to a man bitten by a mad dog the patient fell into a profound sleep, and on awakening every symptom of the disease had disappeared for ever.

Catarrh, Catarrhal Deafness and Hay Fever.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of germ parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are cured in from one to three simple applications made at home. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp by A. H. Dixon & Son, 308 King Street West Toronto, Canada.

Mrs. Langtry's only desire is to possess a fortune she has made by her own exertions.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Midwinter visiting costumes are of cloth, with vest, panels, skirt trimming, collar and cuffs of fur.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels are out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

The wife of Senator Beck of Kentucky, is said to be the nearest living relative of President Washington.

YOUNG MEN suffering from the effects of early evil habits, the result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also MIDDLE-AGED and OLD MEN who are broken down from the effects of abuse or over-work, and in advanced life feel the consequences of youthful excess, send for and read M. V. Lubon's Treatise on Diseases of Men. The book will be sent sealed to any address on receipt of two 2c. stamps. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. E. Toronto Ont.

Complaints have been made of the open violation of the Game Act in the vicinity of Casselman on the Canada Atlantic. A large number of deer have been caught running upon the crust and are held in captivity at Casselman, while a number of hounds owned there are permitted to run at large and have slaughtered several deer.

Squire Royal, the tax-collector of Taylor County, Pa., took out a well-worn overcoat to sell to an old clothes man a few days ago and found \$190 in bills rolled up in a sheet of note paper. The Squire is confident that the money is his own, but he has no recollection of having placed it in the pocket.