

shrubbery out into the park, where the quiet lake shone amidst the green trees.

Suddenly, like the thrust of a sharp sword, the remembrance of the morning spent upon the water came to Lord Airie. He called to mind Beatrice's fear—the cold shudder that seized her when she declared that her own face with a mocking smile was looking up at her from the depths of the water.

He walked hurriedly toward the lake. It was calm and clear—the tall reeds and green sedges away in the wind, the white lilies rising and falling with the ripple. The blue sky and green trees were reflected in the water, the pleasure boat was fastened to the boat-house. How was he to know the horrible secret of the lake?

"Come away, Airie!" said Lord Earle. "I shall go mad! I will call all the servants, and have a regular search."

In a few minutes the wildest confusion and dismay reigned in the Hall; women wept aloud, and men's faces grew pale with fear. The beautiful, brilliant young mistress had disappeared, and none knew her fate. They searched garden, park, and grounds; men in hot haste went hither and thither; while Lady Earle lay half dead with fear, and Lillian rested calmly, knowing nothing of what had happened.

It was Lord Airie who first suggested that the lake should be dragged. The sun rose high in the heavens then, and shone gloriously over water and land.

They found the drags, and Hewson, the butler, with Lee and Patson, two gardeners, got into the boat. Father and lover stood side by side on the bank. The boat glided softly over the water; the men had been once round the lake, but without any result. Hope was rising again in Lord Airie's heart, when he saw those in the boat look at each other, then at him.

"My lord," said Cowden, Lord Earle's valet, coming up to Hubert, "pray take my master home; they have found something at the bottom of the lake. Take him home; and please keep Lady Earle and the women out of the way."

"What is it?" cried Lord Earle. "Speak to me, Airie. What is it?"

"Come away," said Lord Airie. "The men will not work while we are here." They had found something beneath the water; the drags had caught in a woman's dress; and the men in the boat stood motionless until Lord Earle was out of sight.

Through the depths of water they saw the gleam of a white dead face, and a floating mass of dark hair. They raised the body with reverent hands. Strong men wept aloud as they did so. One covered the quiet face, and another wrung the dripping water from the long hair. The sun shone on, as though in mockery, while they carried the drowned girl home.

Slowly and with halting steps they carried her through the warm sunny park where she was never more to tread; through the bright sunlit gardens; through the hall and up the broad staircase, the water dripping from the dark hair and falling in large drops, into the pretty chamber she had so lately quitted, full of life and hope. They laid her on the white bed wherefrom her eyes would never more open to the morning light, and went away. "Drowned, drowned! Drowned and dead!" was the cry that went from lip to lip till it reached Lord Earle where he sat, trying to soothe his weeping mother. "Drowned! Quite dead!" was the cry that reached Lillian in her sick-room, and brought her down pale and trembling. "Drowned and dead hours ago!" were the words that drove Lord Airie mad with the bitterness of his woe.

They could not realize it. How had it happened? What had taken her in the dead of night to the lake?

They sent messengers right and left to summon doctors in hot haste, as though human skill could avail her now.

"I must see her," said Lord Airie. "If you do not wish to kill me, let me see her."

They allowed him to enter, and Lord Earle and his mother went with him. None in that room ever forgot his cry—the piercing cry of the strong man in his agony—as he threw himself by the dead girl's side.

"Beatrice, my love, my darling, why could I not have died for you?"

And then with tears of sympathy, they showed him how even in death the white cold hand grasped his locket, holding it so tightly that no ordinary force could remove it.

"In life and in death!" she had said, and she had kept her word.

To be continued.

A GOLD MEDALLIST.

Rescue of Two Brothers From a Watery Grave by a Youthful Hero.

A despatch from Ottawa, dated Monday, says: Yesterday forenoon about 11 o'clock two young lads, brothers, named William and Joseph Hind, aged 13 and 14 years respectively, were swimming in the Ottawa River opposite Nepean Point. The elder brother, Joseph, had come out of the river to dress himself, leaving William still in the water, when the latter uttered a scream saying he was drowning. He at the same time disappeared under the water. Joseph immediately plunged in, with the intention of saving his brother. The latter coming to the surface grasped Joseph's neck, carrying him down with him. A young boy named Joseph Ryan, some 14 years of age, who resides on York street, observed the occurrence while standing on the bank, and divesting himself of his clothes, gallantly jumped in to rescue the drowning lads. This he did with much difficulty, swimming first with William to the shore and returning dived down for Joseph, who was insensible under the surface, also bringing him safely to the bank. Some boys on the shore restored animation to the insensible lads by vigorous rubbing and carried them to their homes on Murray street. The action of the young boy Ryan is deserving of recognition. It is said this is the second time he has saved lives from drowning. The cause of Wm. Hind's sudden disappearance under the water was because he had been seized with a cramp while swimming.

The name and exterior of the Pacific Garden, Chicago, remain the same as when it was a resort for beer and music, but the unwary sinner who enters now finds himself in a religious mission, exposed to the exhortation of an able evangelist.

THE DOMESTIC CIRCLE.

A Column Specially Relating to Woman's Domain.

SUMMER DRINKS, RECEIPTS, ETC.

(Compiled by Aunt Kate.)

Preservation of the Teeth.

The importance of paying proper attention to the teeth cannot be over-estimated. One great cause of the decay of the teeth is the presence of bits of food, which stick between the teeth and then soften and ferment in the heat and moisture of the mouth, and become acrid and injure the enamel. The enamel is at first slightly discolored at one point, then it gets soft, and eventually a little hole forms in it, which goes on enlarging and increasing until the deeper structures are involved and the pulp is exposed. Very often the secretion of the mouth mixed with the food dry on the teeth and between them, and form the so-called tartar, which is a powerful agent in the production of decay. The only way to guard against these dangers is to keep the teeth perfectly clean. They should never on any account be brushed less than twice a day. Brushing the teeth in the morning, and in the morning only, is not enough. When possible they should be brushed after every meal, especially when animal food has been taken. The avocations of many people, which take them from their homes, may not allow them to brush their teeth after every meal, but they can at all events thoroughly wash out the mouth with cold water, and thus remove most of the food which would otherwise adhere. The idea that frequently brushing the teeth tends to lacerate the gums and separates them from the teeth is erroneous. The oftener they are brushed the better, provided always that a moderately soft brush is used. The teeth should, of course, be cleaned inside and out; many people seem to think that as long as they clean those teeth or those parts of the teeth which are seen, they have done all that is necessary. The use of some simple tooth-powder is to be commended. When there is a tendency to decay tincture of myrrh often proves of much value. The habit of taking very hot substances into the mouth should be avoided, as the heat may crack the enamel. On the other hand, the practice of sucking ice and subjecting them to the other extreme of temperature is equally to be deprecated. No one who has the slightest respect for his teeth would use them as nut-crackers. Smoking, but more especially chewing, tobacco is bad for the teeth. It should be remembered that the preservation of the teeth is in a great measure dependent on the condition of the health, and this should accordingly be maintained in the highest possible state of integrity by the use of plain nourishing food, cold bathing or sponging, and early or regular hours.

Mrs. Garfield on Woman's Duties.

The late number of the Student, a little paper published by the students of Hiram College, quotes an extract from a letter written by Mrs. Garfield to her husband over ten years ago, and intended for no eye but his. It fell into the hands of President Hindsdale, who made use of it in a lecture to the students, and as it showed the qualities of Mrs. Garfield's mind, and her opinion upon the subject of woman's work, he gave it to the students. The extract is as follows: "I am glad to tell that out of all the toil and disappointment of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory; that silence of thought since you have been away has won for my spirit a triumph. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seems like an inspiration and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before; and this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine—that I need not be the shrinking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield me its best fruits. You have been king of your work so long that maybe you will laugh at me for having lived so long without my crown, but I am too glad to have found it at all to be entirely disconcerted even by your merriment. Now, I wonder if right here does not lie the 'terrible wrong,' or at least some of it, of which the woman suffragists complain. The wrongly educated woman thinks her duties a disgrace, and frets under them or shirks them if she can. She sees man triumphantly pursuing his vocations, and thinks it is the kind of work he does which makes him grand and regnant; whereas it is not the kind of work at all, but the way in which and the spirit with which he does it."

Women and Medicine.

A naughty writer in the Boston Transcript says: "Women are fond of being ill and taking medicine. They would be angry if a physician should say to them, 'Nothing ails you, madam, if you will only think so.' They prefer to think themselves sick, and in time they really become so, for nature, though she struggles hard, cannot stand everything. Too many drugs will finally destroy her healing power. These people love to have a little box of white pills in bottles and a little book, all kept in some handy place, so that when a friend who has eaten too much dinner says, 'Oh, I am fearfully nervous!' they may run for the little book, look for 'nervousness,' and administer so many pills of bryonia. When they have a headache, instead of dieting or eating more moderately, they take several drops of some nice poison. Their children catch a slight cold and are immediately shut up in a close room and dosed with aconite and belladonna, in the meanwhile taking their usual nourishment of mincepie, doughnuts, etc. The doctor comes, smiles, tells a story, leaves more drops of aconite and belladonna in a tumbler, and, after a while, nature being beneficent, the children get well."

Feed Milk.

A plethoric gentleman had come in and asked for iced milk and crackers. We

looked at him with pity as he gulped it down. Did he know the spasm he might have after it? Did he? Did he know how his stomach revolted at that cold "douché," and contracted quickly in its muscular action, making him gasp for breath involuntarily? If that plethoric gentleman goes on drinking iced milk and has made his will, leaving \$50,000 to his best friend, some one may soon be made happy and smile benignly on his friends all round as he pockets the money. Plethoric gentlemen should not take to iced milk gulped down in a hurry, nor other gentlemen or ladies either; stomachs are not made of leather, but are of very delicate construction indeed. We have seen people doubled up with pain after a quick draught of iced milk, and shivered as we saw a young mother give it to her little boy the other day, whose pale cheeks already bespoke a continuous course of injudicious feeding. If ever the schoolmaster is needed abroad it is for injudicious young mothers utterly ignorant of physiological facts. Did not twelve months ago a talented actress owe her sudden death to a glass of iced milk taken after a hearty meal? Oh, for the schoolmaster, who is urgently wanted.

Summer Drinks, etc.

Raspberry Vinegar.—To one quart of raspberries, add one quart of vinegar, let it stand thirty-six hours, then strain; then to one pint of juice, add one pound of sugar, scald it slightly, strain and bottle it. It is a good summer drink.

Summer Drinks for Children.—Rice water, barley water, oatmeal water, with lemon and sugar, should be ready in every house where children are. These are surely better than cold tea, which is often given, or milk that cannot always be trusted.

Good Lemonade.—Take two lemons, divide them and put each half into a lemon squeezer. When all the juice is extracted put the remainder of the lemons into a pitcher and pour boiling water on them; after they have stood a little squeeze all the goodness from them; add the juice, etc., to some loaf sugar—enough to sweeten pleasantly—then pour enough cold water to make the strength required—I think about one quart or a little more. Ice must be added.

The following is an excellent receipt for root beer: Put into a clean tub 2½ pounds of good sugar; 2 ounces bruised ginger; half an ounce of bruised gentian root; 2 ounces of bruised dandelion root and any other kinds of roots which may be desired, although these are sufficient and healthful and agreeable, add the juice of two lemons and the peel, with half an ounce of cream of tartar; pour over all these two gallons of boiling water, cover the tub with a blanket and leave it until nearly cool; then soak a piece of toast in two table-spoonfuls of yeast and leave the beer to ferment for two days. Strain it, and bottle it in strong bottles with the corks wired down.

Sensational Recipes.

To Keep Jellies from Moulding.—Pulverize loaf sugar and cover the surface of the jelly to the depth of a quarter of an inch. This will prevent mould even if the jellies be kept for years.

When making red or black raspberry jam it is not necessary to weigh the fruit and sugar to get the right proportion of each. Take a large bowl and measure the fruit, and then take just half the quantity of sugar.

To make pickled preserves take twelve pounds of fruit, six pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar; spice to your taste. Heat all these together and pour over the fruit. Let it stand all night, and in the morning drain off the vinegar, heat it and pour over again, then put away in jars or cans. Cherries and blackberries are very nice in this way.

Cocoanut Pudding.—Take sufficient stale bread to make a pudding the size you require, pour boiling water over it. After it is soaked well, take a fork and see that no lumps of bread remain; then add half a cupful of grated cocoanut, make a custard of one quart of milk and four eggs, flour with nutmeg (of course you will sweeten it with white sugar), pour over and bake immediately.

To make pickled peaches, take seven pounds of sugar to one quart of vinegar; heat, and drop the peaches in, and cook until you can pierce them easily with a broom splint or a silver fork; stick two or three cloves in the peaches before cooking them; put sticks of cinnamon in a little muslin bag and put in the jar. This quantity of sugar and vinegar is sufficient for two ordinary-sized baskets. Some cooks take the skin off the peaches and turn hot sugar and vinegar over them for two or three mornings; but I prefer them as the little girl said she did, "cloth and all."

A good rule to follow in making ice cream is this: To one quart of rich, sweet cream allow five eggs, and sugar enough to sweeten to your taste; cook in a pail or pan, set in a kettle of hot water. When as thick as boiled custard take it out, and when cool flavor it. If you put the flavoring extract in when the custard is hot you will be obliged to use much more. Let it be cool before putting it into the freezer; you gain no time by hurrying. Set the custard in the refrigerator or down cellar, then pack the ice and salt around the freezer. Constant stirring is what gives the desired fine grain to the frozen cream. In peach time quarters or slices of the fresh peaches may be stirred in and frozen with the cream. Pineapple is also used in this way, but cannot be recommended, as it must be very indigestible.

Huckleberry pudding is nice made after this recipe: One quart of flour, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one pint of sweet milk, one egg, three tablespoonfuls of sugar, a lump of butter the size of an egg, a little salt; stir in as many berries as you choose, not less than a pint. Any other fruit may be substituted for the huckleberries; steam or boil in a bag for an hour. A delicious sauce for this is made by taking one cup of sugar, one egg, half a cup of butter; beat these together till light, then fill the dish with boiling water—there will be a sort of cream on the top—and when serving be sure to dip the gravy ladle deep in the bowl, so that the first one helped to pudding will not have all of the cream. This sauce may be flavored with vanilla or with brandy—unless to you as to me it is too strongly suggestive of the sick room. With nice pudding this sauce is nice flavored with nutmeg or cinnamon.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—The good man bears with the fault of others very patiently; the bad man bears with his own in the same way.

—Slobson calls his mother-in-law the "steam engine," because she has such a terrible way of blowing off steam.

—If a man steals away should he be fined and imprisoned?—Rochester Express. Or if he steals a march, should he be given a brass band?

—It is said that the linden tree, from the wood of which most toothpicks are made, exudes a terribly poisonous gum. What will the toothpick-chewers do now, poor things?

—Lemon water and barley water are now to be seen on the tables of most great houses in England, while at the London clubs lately the run on iced barley water was very great.

—There is a weekly sale in Paris of toads, which are brought in casks filled with damp moss. One hundred good toads are worth from \$15 to \$17. These are bought for gardens.

—The German mind has evolved a new form of matrimonial advertisement: "Wanted.—By a young merchant possessing the same amount of money, a father-in-law with 10,000 marks."

—It's queer, but there is nothing a fellow likes so well as a spoony girl.—Rochester Express. But one rarely ever sees a spoony girl unless there's a spoony fellow around. You have been there, it is to be presumed.

—The Irishman has his brains close to his lips. "Pat," said a conceited coxcomb, "tell me the biggest lie you can on the instant and here are two shillings for you." "Ah," said Pat, with a significant leer, "Your honor is a gentleman."

—Hollyhocks and thistles are the whim of the moment for screen embroidery. The thistle panel is placed between two hollyhocks, the sober hues of the former making a pretty contrast to the brighter colors of the side panels.

—Let the Rev. Mr. Jolinson take courage. Printed tracts are in circulation in England in which devout men are informed that the doctrines now taught in the astronomical text books are of heathenish origin, and are invited to join a society for asserting "the flatness and fixity of the earth."

—It has been demonstrated time and time again that plain, blunt men are the safest, truest and best persons to trust, the ones to depend on in foul and fair weather alike; but as a rule these men are relegated to back seats, while the demagogues come to the front, to be watched, suspected, but all the same to succeed.

—Long dresses are rarely worn this season by young ladies who dance, and the sandals, boots and slippers usually match the color of the dress worn, and are delicately embroidered or beaded over the instep. If trimmed with wide bows and large buckles, they make the feet look awkward and clumsy.

—One of the passengers on the ill-fated Metis, at the time of the disaster, was an exceedingly nervous man, who, while floating in the water, imagined how his friends would acquaint his wife of his fate. Saved at last, he rushed to the telegraph office and sent this message: "Dear P—, I am saved. Break it gently to my wife!"

—The seminary for the promotion of higher ecclesiastical studies among the younger clergy of the Roman Catholic Church, which has been in progress for several years past at St. John's Grove, Shelbourne street, Toronto, will hereafter be known as "The Seminary of St. Mary and St. John the Evangelist." It has recently been incorporated under this name.

—In the flotsam and jetsam that strew the strand of ancient scrap-books the story is told of a victim of ague when quinine wasn't free:

And it shook him, shook him sorely;  
Shook his boots off and his toe nails;  
Shook his teeth out and his hair off;  
Shook his coat all into tatters;  
Shook his shirt all into ribbons;  
Shook his coatless, hairless toothless,  
Minus boots and minus toe nails.  
Still it shook him; shook him till it  
Made him yellow, gaunt and bony;  
Shook him till he reached his death-bed;  
Shook him till it shuffled for him  
Off his mortal coil, and then it  
Having laid him cold and quiet,  
Shook the earth all down upon him;  
And he lies beneath the gravestone,  
Ever snaking, shaking, shaking.

—"Think," says an exuberant exchange, "of the numberless messages that pass through the telephone each day." We do think of them. We can't help it. We never place our ear to the receiver but instantly twelve thousand several and distinct messages, from as many mouths, are shot into it. The telephone is a blessed blessing.

—Mummies are ground up, bones, coverings, bitumen, cases and all, for paint. Artists pay high prices for it. The bit of autumn leaf in yonder picture is a ground-up Browning of many hundreds of years ago, and the reddish-brown pool in the left hand painting is an Egyptian paragrapher who smiled quaintly and sweetly in the forgotten corner of one of Pharaoh's second editions.

—The name of the very latest novel is "Ploughed Under." It is said to be a harrowing tale.—McGregor News. Then interest will drag.—Cincinnati Saturday Night. The venture has spade, so far, the publishers having raked in quite a harvest.—Yankee Straus. And still the people are crying for mower.—Rome Sentinel. The book should be cultivated on the ground that it is fertile.—Rochester Express. As an agricultural exhibit it should be given a fair show.

MAN'S FIDELITY.

As I said good-bye at the station  
In the little country town,  
And kissed away the tear drops  
While her hair fell bewitchingly down  
And she looked at me so sweetly  
And said: "You will not forget"—  
I swore to her I'd be faithful,  
And called her a dear little pet.  
Then the train bore me back to the city  
To bustle toil each day;  
There was scarcely time to remember  
My girl so far away.  
But when the day was ended,  
And I sat in silence alone,  
Then I thought of the little daisy  
I should claim some day as my own.  
Three nights I bore up bravely  
As I thought of the time to come;  
Three nights I tried to be cheerful,  
But was only silent and gloom.  
And then upon the fourth night  
I gave my mustache a twist,  
Put on my killing necktie,  
And—called on another girl.  
—One way to serve pork and beans which

is relished by some of those persons who have a constitutional aversion to pork is this: After preparing the beans in the usual way for baking (this is soaking over night and parboiling in two waters next day), cut the small piece of pork you allow to season the beans in thin slices and lay them over the beans; they will be sufficiently flavored, but will not be greasy. The pork will bake to a crisp and will not taste as well as it does when it is baked in a square piece down deep in the bean dish.

—"Low-necks and short sleeves" seem to have become "full dress" for ladies in England again, by a law which no one dares defy. At the grandest affair of the late season in London, the soiree given by Earl Spencer, the costumes were of the finest kind and it was observable that the old décolleté fashion had resumed its sway. "There was not a lady among the hundreds present (there were 1,500 guests) who did not wear a dress more low-necked than before the interregnum of square necks."

—Here is an item for ice-cream lovers: The peculiar sickness that has prostrated a number of persons in the Hungarian city of Pesh, is the occasion of an interesting letter to a journal of that city by a prominent physician, stating the cause of the disease to be the flavoring in some vanilla ice-cream that the patients had been eating. The vanilla beans are often picked before they are ripe, and are then liable to get into a state in which they are extremely injurious, producing a morbid condition resembling, but not the same as, cholera. Dr. Hertzka mentions an epidemic in the City of Belin produced by this cause at a time when he was there.

ABOUT LOVE.

—Mr. Factandfancy has noticed: That the little boys prefer boys to girls. That the little girls love the girls best. That they don't get over their preference as soon as the boys do—some of them never.

That women love the men because they love everything they have to take care of. That men love women because they can't help it.

That the wife loves her husband so well that she has no thoughts for other men.

That homely husbands are best. They never forget the compliment paid them by their wives in accepting them.

That homely wives are the truest. They know how to make the most of what they have.

That the man who marries late in life does well.

That the man who marries young does better.

The lake that has the highest elevation of any in the world is Green Lake, in Colorado. Its surface is 10,252 feet above the level of the sea. Pine forests surround it, and eternal snows deck the neighboring mountain tops. One of these, Gray's Peak, has an altitude of 14,341 feet. The water of Green Lake is as clear as crystal, and large rock masses and a petrified forest are distinctly visible at the bottom. The branches of the trees are of dazzling whiteness, as though out in marble. Salmon and trout swim among them. In places the lake is 200 feet deep.

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