## AS SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN

BY WILL T. JAMES.

PART II.

"THEN THE GLAD REAPING."

Softly fell t e snow as angels' tears upon the silent earth, as the old year waned into oblivion unseen and, perhaps, by some unregretted, with all its hundreds of days wherein their misdoings were catalogued and set down against them to their shame.

It is now New Year's Morning. The world is wedded to another year, and Christendom, as a jubilant bridegroom, is spending the honey moon in scenes of festivity and rejoicing. As a shower of rice, the snowflakes that fell yesternight in tears of farewell over the departing year, now fall and careering in a whirl as they descend in the air, tiring the eye and bewildering the senses as flake after flake is noted and lost in the giddy maze of the circling snowfall. The earth is robed in white to do honor to the happy nuptials, and from the boughs eyes. of the skeleton trees a myriad of icicles sparkle and glisten at every break in the clouds when the sun winks slyly through, and looking like the sugar filigree of a wedding cake whenever he blinks, as they hang in fantastic clusters, perfect ornaments of Nature's handiwork. The bright, green holly, with its scarlet berries, is more seasonable than orange blossoms, and it is scattered everywhere about to enchant the bride and woo the presence of the bridegroom be-

neath its sister plant, the mistletoe. Four days have elacsed since the Alba. tross had entered the river, but no tidings of her missing passenger, either dead or alive, have come to soothe the dull aching of that maiden heart, so out of harmony

with the jubilant throng.

With an indifferent abstraction, Maude Purver had refused all invitations to merry. of a broken spirit, silenced all persuasion and repelled every attempt at interference between her and her trouble. Ever she now abandoned herself to that bors sent to fetch her home. absorbing pastime, which, with impercepworld or the ethereal phantoms that are looked dazed and vaguely into his eyes. born of the fancy. Her thoughts, in such a that it appeared to cause her a shock to be Travers; don't you know me, Maude?" aroused to the necessities of the body. Outwardly she was calm and self-possessed, or apparently so; but when any direct appeal was made to her understanding in reference to things around her, it seemed as if her soul was ebbing away in quest or something vanished in a haze of ether, which, though cealment to an object which another and finer sense could detect. And, when called back by the discordant tones of an earthly voice, there was in her brown, lustrous eyes just that look of bewilderment which can sometimes be seen in the first glance of one

eyes when she was alone, and her meditations had in part been made known to an their curling lashes, she was restored to a eavesdropper in the disconnected mutterings that now and again oozed from her lips, as she emphasized them aloud with un-

conscious pre-occupation.

you be ?" she had been heard to exclaim. And then at intervals she had said: "No ered from the psychological torpor in which -no, not dead. He is not dead. I should see his spirit if he were dead, Where-oh! where can he be ?"

More than one bluff, old grizzled pilot looked askance for a kiss. passed the rough sleeve of his oil-skin coat It is not for me to say the number of over the corner of his eye and hung his head to recall the happy, blooming face of Maude as it was when Peter Purver was alive and outside Davy Jones's Locker, as, with a shake of his head, he saw the slender figure of the orphan girl leave her discarded work to defy the criticism of her friends and the inclemency of the weather that she might fulfill her daily vigil on the storm-rent

The gossips of the hamlet said she was "out of her mind," and with a "Poor wench she'll soon be in the loo-natic asylum," would usually wind up their moralizing with such edifying perorations as: "Lawka day! this be an awfully queer world for a body to dwell in, to be sure."

The children with whom she had always been a favorite, even seemed to have roticed the change in her manners, and began to call her "Crazy Maud." They would shrink from her in fear when she passed them, and if she did but look upon them with that absent gaze they would run away, whispering among themselves when they were out of her hearing that she was mad and might perhaps kill them.

being the fittest place for Maude, there was was looking foudly at the familiar scenes of one who came forward, and in a voice deep his boyhood, as they flitted past like they as the tones of old Neptune's said that had so often done in his dreams during byshould never come to pass. He was a gruff gone years of his sojourn abroad. His old man, with a shaggy head of ginger hair mind had rambled on in advance of the ship and a beard equally shaggy and unkempt, along the shore-line, not even pausing in its but with an eye of true blue and honest imaginary flight to take a peep at the pretty frankness. He, too, had once been a pilot, little town of Weston-Super-Mare, so snugly and in those days had been a staunch ensconced between the hills, where he had friend of Peter Purver, the orphan girl's often been when a lad; but true as an arrow father. But since then the grim reaper to its course his thoughts had flown to a had passed that way and made sad havoc hamlet on the banks of the Avon, where with his heart and hearth. His second was his heart's ease and soul's desire. In child had scarce been born, when moth- the phantasm of anticipation, he had almother and babe were put to sleep beside ready encircled the beloved form of his futhe slumbering form of his first-born; and ture wife with his arm and pressed her many now he was alone in the world. Bereft of times to his heart, when-there was a all he held dear to himself, he became reck- sudden lurch of the ship to leeward which less and sought the oblivion over which precipitated him into the Channel. The broods the demon Drink. As a pilot, he evening was squally and the sea choppy became to be regarded as unreliable, and and rough. As he slid along under the wi'out comin' undone nur any knot he ever tion. The old Kaiser represents the peace hence his certificate was ere long suspended ship's counter and was whirled round in knowed on." by the Board of Trade. This made him the eddying vortex of the vessel's wake, he worse than ever, and forced him to pick up shouted fo help; but the choking brine of strong (and contented in the possession of into another war. The cable announced on

The lunatic asylum was no fit place for ears of the helmsman so that he was not Maude Purver, and his manhood awoke heard. from the torpor of drunkenness and declar- A rushing sound was in his ears and a ed him a man and the strength of the weak. gurgling noise in his throat; the water stigma of words the prophecies of the village

gate a stone-barge fur a livin'."

to the doer of it, and Sandy Bob, although the orphan, Maude, never was driven to seek the shelter of his hospitable though humble roof, knew the good that redounds to the generous soul. In resolving to save Maude, he had saved himself, body and soul, from an inevitable destruction. From that time forth he was a changed and sober man, and the sequel will show the result of his generosity.

One day-in fact, to be more precise, it was this very New Year's Day-Maude stood shivering in the wind and falling snow on a rugged promontory that commanded a wide range of view both up and down the Channel, looking steadfastly seaward. Her eyes were fixed as upon an object far away, yet she saw nothing but what her fancy pictured, for the blinding snow obscured the outlook of her vision. It was her thoughts that were busy, not her She was engrossed in a reverie that made her callous to the cold and all else.

She was so much beside herself that she did not see the stalwart figure of a young man wading with rapid strides through the deep snow toward her, as straight as though he was his certain destination; nor did her ears, quick and keen of hearing though they usually were, catch the sound of his heavy respiration as he drew near. With a face tinged with the mingled glow of ruddy crimson and russet brown assimilated from the same sun in the two hemispheres of the world, he might have been told among a thousand as the one whom his friends called dead.

He approached her with eager steps and touched her arm. As though she had been slightly startled, she shrank from him, shuddering like one who felt the magnetic contact of a ghost. Emotions swelled and surged like a suffocating tide within him, making with a look which, being the reflex and to attract her attention he could but touch her lightly as before. Partially aroused, she still kept her gaze seaward and drew her thoughts as a mantle more closely prone to reflection in brighter moods, about her, thinking it was one of the neigh-

With an impulse that made the word he tible familiarity, steals over the mind till uttered a thrilling cry, he found his voice the consciousness is almost withdrawn from and spoke her name—only her first name. material things and seems capable of hold- In an instant she turned with a shrill sound ing converse with the beings of another more of anguish than of delight, and then

"What's the matter?" he asked, in short time had grown wonderfully vague in blank astonishment at her strange regard to every day matters, so much so behavior. "I am Arthur - Arthur

"Arthur-oh, yes, Arthur!" she murmured, like one whose thoughts had drifted on an ebbing tide far away beyond her command. His presence was palpably obvious to her sight; but of late she had been lead by faith rather than sight. All material trings had grown so misty and indistinct, not visible to the sight, yet afforded con- | that while she paid little heed to the tangibilities of normal life, she associated all the reality with what was within the realm of her imagination. It was not until he had made another appeal to her understanding that she awoke to her normal consciousness.

Then she sprang into his arms and clasped suddenly awakened from a dreamless sleep. his sun-burnt neck in a fervent embrace. At She had been watched by eager, prying a glance from those keen, bright eyes that sparkled with love and joy from beneath full appreciation of the bliss of that glad meeting. The spell of mental aberration which had nearly withdrawn her faculties from earthly things was broken, and quick "Arthur, where are you?-where can as a somnambulist may be aroused to a knowledge of things about him, she recovshe had been dreaming. In a transport of ecstacy, she sighed deeply and then burst into tears, while he, with tender solicitude,

times their lips met, nor should I reiterate the sweet words that flowed spontaneously from their hearts after those years of parting. Let it suffice when I say they were the echoes of many a heart-uttered phrase of endearment, which of themselves have no charm for an ear for which they were not intended. It may sound like a paradox, but there are, nevertheless, words that, when spoken at the instant of their inception, are teeming with significance and pathos, but which, when subjected to a verbatim repetition, appear the expression of foolishness. And there are words we oftimes say to those whom we love which lose their meaning when they are analyzed for their grammatical import.

His first act when she had released him from her embrace was to take off his thick overcoat and wrap it about her, and then, with his arm around her waist, to lead her gently away, telling her as they walked not arrive with the ship at Bristol.

He said that on the evening of his disappearance from the ship, he was down between-decks sitting on an empty barrel near But when they talked of the madhouse as an open port-hole on the starboard side. He

"Sandy Bob," as he was called in the seethed and hissed in an effervescence above cronies who had destined her for the previllage, reformed in a day, and, with the his head; there was a sense of suffocation cincts of Bedlam. tremor of the glass still upon him, he vow- in his lungs; bright and various-colored ed to drink no more and to protect the lights danced and glimmered before his orphan daughter of his deceased messmate, eyes; a dioramic picture of his life's doings Every little hillock was crowned with a garthough he should be compelled to "naver- was spread out on the canvas of memory land of posies, and every nook and sequest- real elixir of life is the human will. If you

which had rolled into the sea after him.

come over land and water already, and the and merry. cold was growing intense. Could he, almost paralyzed with cold as he was, hope ever to | ing as one to the time of the chorus of the reach the shore alive, which was, at least, warbling birds, that truly had throbbed in vigorous physique be capable of sustaining rocative measure of an aching pang. As the him on the surface of that furious, buffeting | birds on outstretched wing, cleft the sea for, perhaps, several hours? It seemed impossible and hopeless.

will not readily relinquish the ghost. there's hope there's strength, and while peace. there's strength there's a chance for life. They were Arthur and Maud, now Mr. So bravely he struggled on, holding to the and Mrs. Travers.

keg and using his feet as propellers. than half a mile distant, towering boldly her prow heading due west. above a group of jagged rocks, a bleak and They were reclining at ease on folding Steward was drowned. isolated object on the wide expanse of sea chairs under an awning on the after-deck, the lighthouse, and for the task of fatigue age than Sandy Bob, quaffing sedate whiffs

fering, he could at last hear the roar and for half an hour, while Maude and Arthur thunder of the surf on the rocks at the base | whispered their thoughts to each other in a of the tower. The tide was out and the full and complete enjoyment of their murocks were sharp and dangerous, offering tual companionship and affection. very small facility, even in moderate weather, for an easy landing. The sea be ing at the present high and rough, it made | tobacco in his pipe. A succession of hollow

the glass dome of the turret. Anon a dazzl- vest pocket with deliberation, saying as he the greater the number and diversity of a kindly beacon for the wary mariner on a stormy night. How it cheered his fainting | bold as to call yer by yer fust name— has heart! How he shouted loud and frantic, 'ow ther' be lets o' kangaroo arunnin' round as he fancied the rays shone right on him | yer ranch in Hostraly, aheatin' up uv yer and must reveal his danger to the keeper of grass an' the likes o' that wot yer wants the the lighthouse! But how poignant was his sheep fur to 'ave, eh? Its nigh onter thirty The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh apprehension of its futility, as the sound of | year since I fust sot my eyes on any o' them his voice seemed to recoil on him as from ther' varmints; an' I dont like the looks the side of a high wall. Failing to make on 'em no ways at all. They don't 'pear nahimself heard by man, he prayed with earn- teral to me, wi' them long 'ind legs o' est zeal to the God who hears in secret for their'n, a'oppin' and ajumpin' about like so speedy deliverance.

of the lighthouse opened and a ladder was Chiny trader, an' we was chartered to land let down to the rocks before his eyes. The a cyargo uv tay at Sydney. W'en we gets hailed him with "Lighthouse, ahoy!" The deserts the ship an' lites out fur the diggin's felt cratitude. Chilliness, cold extremities, the rope, seized the oars and with a couple fun, yer know-fur to whack 'em on the yed | Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a boat seaward and rowed swiftly aroo 'untin', I can tellee-more'n' 'untin fur out and capture the most subtle lung or to the rescue of Arthur, who, by this time, a livin' on this side the water. An' so good | blood disorder. Druggists. was beginning to drown.

Cold and benumbed, and at the very gates of death, Arthur was soon assisted by the brave lighthouseman into his boat and taken one of her old coquettish smiles came to her back to the lighthouse, where he received face and suffused her soft cheek with a da from the man's good wife all the care and mask hue. cordials his condition required.

kind hospitality.

the keepers' rations and cheer for the week | pass !" of festivity and proper celebration of the New Year.

In an hour after she had touched at the get home and have put the shebang to rights, lighthouse, the little boat, with her prow we'll have a real old Colonial kick-up, and satisfaction or money refunded. See guarpointing shoreward, was rifting a track then after that we'll settle down and begin antee on bottle wrapper. Large bottle \$1. through the dividing waves, dancing buoy- to know what comfort means, won't we, my antly to the rolling motion of the breeze and love?" said Arthur, turning as he spoke the the sea. Seated in her sternsheets was last phrase, to his wife. Arthur, full of thankfulness to God for his providential deliverance from death and for | comforts and pleasures of life, Arthur?" she the happy prospect before him.

The day was bright and clear; the air was crisp and invigorating, and the sea was tolerably calm. A barque with swelling canvas was scudding along up the Channel before a fair wind, while the scene was enlivened by numerous seagulls-the arabs of the ocean-pouncing now upon a stray morsel of food, now gliding upon idle wing in along of what had befallen him that he did | mid air, now soaring aloft, ever restless and vigilant in their search for food. It was indeed a day and a scene to gladden the heart of one who in early years was nursed on the bosom of the deep.

As he had no money in his pocket when he landed, he had to walk to the home of his beloved and future bride. As he drew nigh to the village, he was about to pass the place where Maude was maintaining a constant watch for him, when he saw and recognized in that care-worn face the lineaments of one whom he had traveled many thousands of miles to

They reached home together to the amazement of everybody in the little village and to the especial delight of Sandy Bob, who the corn is shelled. Beware of substitutes was the first one to teach Arthur how to tie a nautical knot when he was a boy.

That afternoon they were married in Bristol by special license, and old Sandy Bob returned with them to the hamlet after the ceremony was over, boasting that he had been helping Arthur to get "spliced," which he had an idea would "last longer

They were a happy couple. The one was pair well calculated to refute without the

It was almost rosy June once more. A generous act is ever fraught with good ejaculation was upon his lips when the light thesweet briar and violet and bright and gay live indefinitely.

of the declining day came with a flash to his with yellow daffodils, cowslips and primroses. eyes as he rose to the surface. With a The bees hummed drowsily in the summer sudden instinct, he made a spasmodic effort air; the chaffinch piped in the tangled to swim. He had made but a few strokes, brake, and the throstle from the hawthorn when he felt the contact of something that replied with swelling gusto; the may was was heavy and buoyant at his back. En. in bloom, scenting the air with a delicious dowed with the stimulus of hope for the aroma, and all the air of the country lanes moment, he turned in the water and threw | was rife with the lazy droning of the sum his arms around the small barrel on which mer insects and ablaze with sunshine and he had been seated before he fell overboard, beauty. The skylark and the nightingale trilled their joyous roundelay as sweet as of Recovering his presence of mind, he look- yore; the robin on the twig was as pert and ed around him on the angry waves. The amorous as ever, and the moth and the butship had left him far behind, and from it terfly began again the flirtation of the seathere was no help to be expected. son; and the whole world where summer The twilight of a winter's evening had reigned as Queen of the Seasons was blithe

At this time there were two hearts beatmile distant? Would the stamina of a unison in times past, but only to the recipbalmy wind and soared whithersoever they would, so their spirits spread the plumage But young life is tenacious in its grip and of their wings and rose on the zephyrs of thought until they seemed to fly through "While there's life there's hope," and while the portals of Elysium, there to luxuriate in

The good ship Grasshopper, on which Turning his head as he was hoisted sky they had embarked as first-class passengers ward on a rolling billow, he saw a sight to New York en route for Melbourne, Auswhich had escaped his notice until now tralia, via San Francisco, skimmed like a ing to go out in the dingy in the evening that sent a thrill of energy to every muscle wild sea-bird over the curling tops of the three of the young men were swamped by of his body. It was a lighthouse not more foam crested billows of the broad Atlantic, waves about ten feet from the dock. Two

and sky. His only hope now was to gain and near them was seated no less a personbefore him he nerved himself with might of the "best baccy" he had "ever smoked struction of the nasal passages, discharges in his day" with the philosophic air of a re-After prodigious efforts and extreme suf- flective sage. He had been musing thus

Presently the profundity of Sandy Bob's reverie was marred by the extinction of the the task of getting ashore unhurt still more pops, as of a cork being withdrawn from a impaired; is there a sensation of dizziness, bottle, failing to revive the extinguished with mental depression, a hacking cough He could see the light of a candle shining | glow in the bowl of his vade mecum, he venthrough one of the lower windows of the ted a sigh of disgust, and thrusting the dust lighthouse and then gradually ascend from | in his pipe tightly into the cavity with his window to window till it could be seen in horny fore-finger, he transferred it to his

many grass'oppers they be, on'y magnified. it came, for he had been seen. The door I was a young shaver then, aboard uv a luck to us all, says I, w'en we gets ther' !" "And so say I, Bob," said Arthur.

"And so say I, too," chorused Maude as

"An' w'en I gets to be-has you says I On the second day he was able to leave, shall-deputy boss uv the ranch," continued promising to compensate them for their Bob, "an' can ride around like a lord an' tell them ther' blacks wot to do an' 'ow to In the early morning of the last day of | do it, why I shall feel prouder nor on the the old year, a small sailing boat brought day w'en I fust learned fur to box the com-

"Oh, yes, you'll have some jolly times as well as the rest of us, no doubt. When we

"Have we not already begun to know the replied. "I feel like one resurrected from a living death of hopeless despair to a glorious realization of gladness and joy. How appropriate the words of scripture: 'Let us we shall reap, if we faint not,' Let us in our hearts, Arthur, thank the Father of all Mercies for his loving kindness in bringing us together, with hearts attuned by the tension of adversity to chord with each other, so that they throb now in love and harmony, not only towards ourselves but to the whole of mankind. Let us not forget the high favor. goodness of Him whose voice has stilled the tempest and made our lives as serene as a cloudless day-as bright as sunshine after

[THE END.]

## A Good Corn Sheller for 25c

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It is hardly surprising that, when bulletins announce Emperor William's illness, there should arise instantly a feeling of anxiety in Germany concerning his condiparty of the nation, and as long as he lives it is quite doubtful if Germany would enter a precarious livelihood at fishing and doing sea stifled his voice, and the shrieking wind his new-found treasure, and the other—re- Monday another relapse with ala: ming stored as if by magic to her gaiety of former days—was fresh and blooming as the rose in the consummation of love's yearnings, a could scarcely happen. He is practically the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggiet. in the rigging of the steamer stopped the stored as if by magic to her gaiety of former symptoms. A worse blow for Germany at days-was fresh and blooming as the rose in present than the death of the Emperor the corner stone on which rests the unity of doubly felt, too, from the fact that the Crown Prince is at present also in delicate health, and little encouragement is given to the belief in his ultimate recovery.

## CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Frances Divan, a young girl aged 21 poisoned herself with Paris Green at Lachine on Sunday last.

A lady (?) in Exeter, Ont., not being satisfied with the way an orphan boy was doing some chores for her, gave him a terrible beating and then held him under water until he was almost drowned.

A fearful riot took place on Sunday at Glen Lyon, five miles from Nanticoke, Pa., in which more than 300 miners were engaged. It is reported that more than sixty of the rioters were seriously huct, many of them fatally.

While 3 small boys were returning to their homes near New York with berries which they had picked, a gang of young city toughs after demanding and being refused the berries fired a shot gun at them seriously injuring the youngest of the three, aged 8.

An old man at Levis P. Q. fell in a fit of epilepsy and all his friends gave him up as dead. They had all preparations made for the funeral, when the old man sat erect in his coffin much to the consternation of many present. He attended to his daily avocations next day.

A drowning accident occurred at Grimsby Park Saturday night. Five young men, went there in a small yacht. In attemptwere rescued by the watchman but James

## Is This What Ails You?

falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, watery, and inflamed; ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scabs from ulcers; voice changed and nasal and general debility? If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from Nasal Catarrh. The symptoms. Thousands of cases annually, "You says, Master Arthur—if I make so without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and dangerous, or less understood,

Remedy offer, in good faith, a reward of \$500 for a case of this disease, which they cannot cure. The Remedy is sold by druggists, at only 5) cents.

The full sleeve slowly, but surely, gains ground in popular favor.

Thief Arrested.

The news was received with the utmost figure of a man, clad in a suit of oilskins and ther', wot did I do but takes the gold fever satisfaction by the community that he had sou'wester cap, clambered down to where a d'rectly I put my fut ashore—it was mighty | terrorized; but the arrest of a disease that boat was made fast in a sheltered spot. strong then, and wunst a man got it, it stuck is stealing away a loved and valued life, is Arthur waited while he got down and then in 'is bones like the rheumatiz—an' so I jes' an achievement that should inspire heartwind had abated to a momentary lull, and way up the country. I seed a 'eap o' them depressed spirits, and extremely miserable the man heard him. Returning a response, long-legged, quar-lookin' creeturs on the sensations, with pale, wan features, are the he waded into the sea, and then, without road, I can tellee; an' many's the time I've results of disordered kidneys and liver. stopping to pull the anchor aboard, he cut 'elped the settlers-jes' fur the ride an' the Arrest the cause at once by taking Dr. of stout pulls turned the stem of the with a bludgeon. Ther's rare sport in kang- purely vegetable detective, that will ferret

Every woman who has not a fat, splay

foot wears low shoes this summer. When fragile woman sighs, deploring The charms that quickly fade away, What power, the bloom of health restoring,

Can check the progress of decay?
The only aid that's worth attention, For pains and ills of such description, Thousands of women gladly mention-'Tis " Pierce's Favorite Prescription."

The price of this royal remedy, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, is but one dollar. Specifies for all those chronic ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women. The only medicine for such maladies, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give Six for \$5.

.Checked silk kerchiefs are utilized for trimmings, fichus and plas: rons.

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 living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose not be weary in well doing, for in due season 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, 808 King Street West Toronto, Canada,

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Canada, Room No. 15. A hatter says a French head is small and round, usually.

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Japanese ladies are rapidly adopting the European fashion of dress.

The English Mechanic prints the followthe German Empire. His loss would be ing as a speedy cure for rneumatism :-One quart of milk, quite hot, into which stir ounce of alum; this will make curds and whey. Bathe part affected with the whey until too cold. In the meantime keep the According to a theosophical journal the curds hot, and, after bathing, put them on as a poultice, wrap in flannel and go to like a scroll before him, and a prayerful ered dell were fragrant with the perfume of can make up your mind strongly you can sleep (you can.) Three applications should be a perfect cure, even in aggravated cases.