THE VICAR'S GOVERNESS.

CHAPTER XXII.—Continued.

"Is that all you can tell me?"

"All about my old lady, certainly."

"And of Ruth?"

"I know nothing, as you should understand." He laughs significantly.

"What do you mean?" demands Dorian, a little fiercely. His eyes are dark and flashing, his lips compressed.

"What can I mean, except that you are ridiculously absurd?" says Horace, rising. "What is it you expect me to say? I can't get you out of it. I always knew you had a penchant for her, but never thought it would carry you so far. If you will take my advice, however, you will be milder about it, and take that look off your face. If you go in for society with that cut-up expression in your eyes, people will talk."

"Then you know nothing?" repeats Branscombe, taking no notice of—perhaps not even hearing—the foregoing speech.

"Absolutely nothing. How should I?" says Horace, with his soft smooth smile. "Have a brandy-and-soda, Dorian, or a little curacoa? Perhaps, indeed, the brandy will be best (always allowing Mrs. McGinty has left me any), you look so thoroughly done up."

"Thank you,—nothing." He gazes at his brother long and earnestly. "The Branscombe word ought to be sure," he says, moodily.

"Still unconvinced!" says Horace, with an airy laugh. "I know I ought to take you by the shoulders, Dorian, and pitch you down the stairs; but, somehow, I haven't the pluck to-night. I am overdone through this abominable law, and—you are such a tremendous fellow when compared with me. Must you really be off so soon? Stay and have a cup of coffee? No? Well, if it must be, good-night."

Dorian goes down the stairs,—puzzled, bewildered, almost convinced. At the foot of the staircase he looks up again, to see Horace standing above him still, candle in hand, radiant, smiling debonnaive, apparently without a care in the world.

He nods to him, and Dorian, returning the salute in grave and silent fashion, goes out into the lighted streets, and walks along in momentary expectation of a hansom, when a well-known voice smites upon his ear:

"What in the name of wonder, Branscombe, brings you here?"

Turning, he finds himself face to face with Sir James Scrope.

"My presence is hardly an eighth wonder," he says, wearily. "But how is it you are not in Paris?"

"Fate ordained it so, and probably fortune, as I just want a friend with whom to put in an evening."

"You have chosen a dull companion," says Dorian, stupidly. "What brought you home so soon? or, rather, what took you to Paris originally?"

"Business partly, and partly because—er—that is, I felt I needed a little change."

"Ah! just so," says Branscombe. But he answers as one might who has heard nothing. Sir James casts upon him a quick penetrating glance.

"Anything wrong with you, Branscombe?" he asks, quietly. "Anything in which I can be of use to you?"

"Thank you, no. I'm just a little down on my luck, that's all." Then, abruptly, "I suppose you have heard of the scandal down in Pullingham?"

"About that poor little girl?" says Sir James. "Oh, yes. 'Ill news flies apace;' and this morning Hodges, who came to town to see me about Bennett's farm, gave me a garbled account of her disappearance. I think I hardly understand even now. How did it happen?"

For a full minute Dorian makes no reply. He is looking earnestly in James Scrope's face, to see if in it there lurks any hidden thought, any carefully concealed expression of mistrust. There is, indeed, none. No shadow, no faintest trace of suspicion, lies in Scrope's clear and honest eyes. Branscombe draws a deep breath. Whatever in the future this friend may come to believe, now, at least, he holds him—Dorian—clear and pure from this gross evil that has been imputed to him.

He throws up his head with a freer air, and tries, with a quick effort, to conquer the morbid feeling that for hours past has been pressing upon him heavily.

"I know nothing," he says, presently, in answer to Sir James's last remark. "It is such an unaccountable story," says Scrope, lifting his brows. "Where did she go? and with whom? Such a quiet little mouse of a girl, one hardly understands her being the heroine of a tragedy. But how does it particularly affect you?"

Branscombe hesitated. For one brief moment he wonders whether he shall or shall not reveal to Scrope the scene that has passed between him and his uncle. Then his whole sympathies revolt from the task, and he determines to let things rest as they now are.

"Arthur has tormented himself needlessly about the whole business," he says, turning his face from Scrope. "He thinks me—that is, every one—to blame, until the girl is restored to her father."

"Ah! I quite see," says James Scrope.

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even."

"Dorian!" says Clarissa.

"Clarissa!" says Dorian.

"I really think I shall give a ball."

"What?" cries a small, sweet, plaintive voice from the corner, and Georgie, emerging from obscurity and the tremendous volume she has been studying, comes to the front, in her usual vehement fashion, and stands before Miss Peyton, expectation in every feature. "Oh, Clarissa, do say it again."

"Papa says I must entertain the county in some way," says Clarissa, meditatively, "and I really think a ball will be the best way. Don't you?"

"Don't I, though?" says Miss Broughton, with much vivacity. "Clarissa, you grow sweeter daily. Let me offer you some small return for your happy thought."

She laughs, and, stooping, presses her warm ripe lips against her friend's cheek. She blushes as she performs this graceful act, and a small, bright, mischievous gleam grows within her eye. The whole action is half mocking, half tender:

"A rosebud set with little willful thorns,
And sweet as English air can make her, she."

The lines come hurriedly to Branscombe's mind, and linger there. Raising her head again, her eyes meet his, and she laughs, for the second time, out of the pure gladness of her heart.

"I think it was my happy thought," says Branscombe, mildly. "I suggested this dance to Clarissa only yesterday. Might not I, too, partake of the 'small return?'"

"It no longer belongs to me; I have given it all away,—here," says Georgie, touching Clarissa's cheek with one finger; "but for that," with a slow adorable glance, "I should be charmed."

"I think I shall get pencil and paper and write down the names," says Clarissa, energetically, rising and going toward the door. "Dorian, take care of Georgie until I return."

"I wish I knew how," says Branscombe, in a tone so low that only Georgie can hear it. Then, as the door closes he says, "Did you mean your last speech?"

"My last? What was it? I never remember anything." She very seldom blushes, but now again a soft delicate color creeps into her face.

"If you hadn't given it all away, would you have given me a little of that small return?"

"No."

"Not even if I were to give a ball for you?"

"N-o—no."

"Not if I were to do for you the one thing you most desired?"

"No—no—no!" She speaks hastily, and glances at him somewhat confusedly from beneath her long lashes.

"Well, of course, it is too much to expect," says Branscombe; "yet I would do a good deal for you, even without hope of payment."

He comes a little nearer to her, and lays his hand upon the table close to hers.

"If you really made the suggestion to Clarissa, you deserve some reward," says Georgie, nodding her head. "Now, what shall it be?"

"Dance half the night with me."

"That would bore you,—and me. No; but if dancing delights you—sir—may I have the pleasure of the first quadrille?"

"Madam," says Branscombe, laying his hand upon his heart, "you do me too much honor; I am at your service now and forever."

"It is too large a promise."

"A true one, nevertheless."

A little earnest shade shows itself upon his face, but Georgie laughs lightly, and moves away from him over to the window, and at this moment Clarissa returns, armed with paper and pencils and a very much pleased smile.

"Can't I have the garden lighted?" she says, "with Chinese lanterns, and that? I have been thinking of it."

"I don't know about that," says Dorian. "I'm not sure but it might blow us all to atoms; but the celestial lights will be quite 'too, too!' It must be a splendid thing, Clarissa, to have a brain like yours. Now, neither Miss Broughton nor I have a particle between us."

"Speak for yourself, please," says Miss Broughton, very justly incensed.

"I'm doing even more than that, I'm speaking for you too. Don't put up too many Chinese lanterns, Clarissa, or it will be awkward: we shall be seen."

"What matter? I love light," says Georgie, innocently. "How I do hope there will be a moon! Not a mean effort at one, but a good, round substantial, vast old moon, such as there was two months ago."

* * * * *

She has her wish: such another moonlight night as comes to Pullingham on the night of Miss Peyton's ball has been rarely, if ever, seen. It breaks over the whole place in a flood of light so whitely brilliant that the very sleeping flowers lift up their heads, as though believing the soft mystic light to be the early birth of morn.

All around is calm and drowsy sweet. The stars come forth to light the world, and perhaps, to do homage to Clarissa on this the night of her first ball.

About six weeks have passed since Ruth Annersley left her home, and as yet no tidings of her have reached Pullingham. Already people are beginning to forget that such an esclandre ever occurred in their quiet village. The minutest inquiries have been made (chiefly by Lord Sartoris, who is now very seldom at home); rewards offered, numerous paragraphs, addressed to "R. A.," have appeared in the London papers, but without result. The world is growing tired of the miserable scandal, and Ruth's disappearance ceases to be the one engrossing topic of conversation at village teas and bar-room revelries.

To-night is fair enough to make one believe sin impossible. It is touched by heaven; great waves of light, sent by the "silver queen of night," lie languidly on tree and bower; the very paths are bright with its stray beams.

"Bats and grizzly owls on noiseless wings" flit to and fro, "and now the nightingale, not distant far, begins her solitary song."

Within, music is sounding, and laughter and the faint sweet dropping of fountains. Clarissa, moving about among her guests, is looking quite lovely in a pale satin trimmed heavily with old gold. She is happy and quite content though her eyes, in spite of her, turn anxiously, every now and then, to the doorway.

Every one is smiling radiant. Even Dorian, who is waltzing with any one but the woman he desires, is looking gracious all through, and is creating havoc in the bosom of the damsel who has rashly intrusted herself to his care.

Cissy Redmond, in the arms of a cavalry man is floating round the room, her unutterable little nez retrousse looking even more pronounced than usual. Her face is lit up with pleasurable excitement; to her—as she tells the cavalry-man without hesitation—the evening is "quite too awfully much, don't you know!" and the cavalry-man understands her perfectly, and is rather taking to her, which is undoubtedly clever of the cavalry-man.

He is now talking to her in his very best style, and she is smiling,—but not at him.

Within the shelter of a door, directly opposite stands Mr. Hastings and he is answering back her smile fourfold. He will not dance himself,—conscience forbidding,—yet it pleases him to see his Cissy (as she now is) enjoying herself. The band is playing "Beautiful Eerns" dreamily, languidly; and I think at this very moment Mr. Hasting's reverend toes are keeping excellent time to the music. But this, of course, is barest supposition; for what human eye can penetrate leather?

The waltz comes to an end, and Dorian, having successfully rid himself of his late partner, draws Georgie's hand within his arm and leads her into a conservatory.

Her late partner was a fat, kindly squire, who will dance, but who, at the expiration of each effort to eclipse Terpsichore, feels devoutly thankful that his task has come to an end. He is, to say the mildest least of him, exceedingly tiring, and Georgie is rather glad than otherwise that Dorian should lead her into the cool recess where flowers and perfumed fountains hold full sway. She sinks into a seat, and sighs audibly, and looks upward at her companion from half-closed lids, and then, letting them drop suddenly, plays, in a restless fashion, with the large black fan she holds.

Branscombe is stupidly silent; indeed, it hardly occurs to him that speech is necessary. He is gazing earnestly, tenderly at the small face beside him.—"A face o'er which a thousand shadows go."

The small face, perhaps, objects to this minute scrutiny, because presently it raises itself, and says coquettishly,—

"How silent you are! What are you thinking of?"

"Of you," says Dorian, simply. "What a foolish question! You are a perfect picture in that black gown, with your baby arms and neck."

"Anything else?" asks Miss Broughton, demurely.

"Yes. It almost seems to me that you cannot be more than fifteen. You look such a little thing, and so young."

"But I'm not young," says Georgie, hastily. "I am quite old. I wish you would remember I am nearly nineteen."

"Quite a Noah's Ark sort of person,—a fossil of the pre-Adamite period. How I envy you! You are, indeed, unique in your way. Don't be angry with me because I said you looked young; and don't wish to be old. There is no candor so hateful, no truth so unpleasing as age."

"How do you know?" demands she, saucily, sweetly, half touched by his tone. "You are not yet a Methuselah." Then, "Do you know your brother has come at last? He is very late, isn't he?"

"He always is," says Dorian.

"And he has brought a friend with him. And who do you think it is?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," says Branscombe, turning a vivid red.

"Why, my Mr. Kennedy!"

"Your Mr. Kennedy?" reiterates he blankly, his red becoming a crimson of the liveliest hue.

"Yes,—the dark thin young man I met at Sir John Lincoln's. I dare say I told you about him?"

"Yes, you did," says Dorian grimly.

"I see him over there," pointing airily with her fan through the open conservatory door to a distant wall where many young men are congregated together.

"The man with the nose?" asks Branscombe, slightingly, feeling sure in his soul he is not the man with the nose.

"He has a nose," says Miss Broughton equably, "though there isn't much of it. He is very like a Chinese pug. Don't you see him? But he is so nice."

Dorian looks again in the desired direction, and as he does so a tall young man, with a somewhat canine expression, but very kindly, advances toward him, and, entering the conservatory, comes up to Miss Broughton with a smile full of delight upon his ingenuous countenance.

"Miss Broughton," he says, in a low musical voice, that has unmistakable pleasure in it. "Can it really be you? I didn't believe life could afford me so happy a moment as this."

"I saw you ten minutes ago," says Georgie, in her quick bright fashion.

"And made no sign? That was cruel," says Kennedy with some reproach in his tone. He is looking with ill-suppressed admiration upon her fair uplifted face. "Now that I have found you, what dance will you give me?"

"Any one I have," she says, sweetly. "The tenth? The dance after next,—after this, I mean?"

(To Be Continued.)

THE GOVERNOR'S TACT.

An Incident of Social Life at a South African Mine.

It was at Pilgrim's Rest gold fields in the Transvaal one sultry evening in the spring of 1880. The Zulu war was just concluded, and peace and plenty had come with Christmas just past after more than five years of continued border warfare and financial depression.

The party were awaiting the arrival of Col. Sir Owen Lanyon, the governor of the Transvaal during the brief British regime, who had promised to ride in from Leydenburg, thirty-five miles distant, and attend a dinner to be given in his honor.

In talking over the preparations for the event, some ill-advised youngster wondered if the respect due to the governor demanded the wearing of evening clothes.

Each of the party owned a dress suit, put away somewhere, but none had a laundered white shirt. The shirts were there, but they had not been in use in months, and Parker, the only storekeeper, had never even heard of starch.

In this dilemma a Dr. Ashton, who was in camp on a visit, volunteered to ride to Leydenburg and buy some, and did so. A laundry was an unheard of luxury, but the youth who had started the trouble declared he knew how starch was used, and offered to direct the washing and ironing of the shirts. With the aid of an ancient negro who did odds and ends around the store they were fixed up and duly delivered.

When the men in evening dress sat down they discovered that the zeal of the volunteer laundryman had far outstripped his knowledge. The shirts had been starched back and front from collar to hem. There was no time to make any change and the martyrs to fashion resolved to sit it out. Most of them had increased in muscle and girth since their clothes were made and looked fully as unhappy as they felt.

Soup was served as soon as the governor arrived. He noticed that his hosts were moving uneasily in their seats, and the chairman of the occasion, a big Africander, serene in flannel and corduroy, explained in a whisper the cause. Then Col. Lanyon exhibited a specimen of the tact that had made him beloved, and is still remembered gratefully by many who experienced his courtesy. As soon as he recovered the use of his voice he rose in his chair and made, perhaps, the most welcome address he had ever uttered.

"Gentlemen," he said, "it's so infernally hot that I must ask your permission to take off my coat and this thick collar. I would have done so without asking, only you all look so spick and span. I wish you would keep me in countenance by following my example."

The governor looked deliciously cool in a thin undress uniform coat and duck riding breeches, and the men recognized the goodness of his suggestion and gave him three cheers. Then they stripped to their undershirts and trousers and enjoyed the remainder of the evening, notwithstanding the jokes of those guests who had not been blessed with university educations and aristocratic tastes. The discarded shirts were stood around the back of the room like tombstones as monuments to their owners' discomfiture, serving as rests to hold up the cast-off coats and waistcoats.

The Use of Horseflesh in Paris.

The statistical bulletin of the French Ministry of Agriculture, dealing with the consumption of horse-flesh in Paris last year, gives the number of horses killed for consumption as food at 23,186, this being exclusive of 43 mules and 383 donkeys. The total weight of meat sold was 5,130 tons, and this was sold at 186 shops or stalls, which are not allowed to sell any other kind of meat.

The maximum price ranged from 18 cents a pound for the fillet to 4 cents a pound for the neck and lower ribs. The report adds that not more than a third of the meat is sold at the stalls, the remainder going to make sausages.

Purified Blood

Saved an operation in the following case. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. It makes pure blood.

"A year ago my father, William Thompson, was taken suddenly ill with inflammation of the bladder. He suffered a great deal and was very low for some time. At last the doctor said he would not get well unless an operation was performed. At this time we read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and decided to try it. Before he used half a bottle his appetite had come back to him, whereas before he could eat but little. When he had taken three bottles of the medicine he was as well as ever." FRANCIS J. THOMPSON, Peninsula Lake, Ontario. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

BRITISH AMERICA ASSURANCE CO.

Sixty-Second Annual Meeting.

The annual meeting of the shareholders of the British America Assurance Company was held at its Head Office in Toronto on Thursday, the 13th inst. The President, Mr. George A. Cox, occupied the chair, and Mr. P.H. Sims, the secretary of the Company, was appointed secretary.

The Directors' Report showed that there had been a moderate gain in premium income in the Fire branch over 1894, without any corresponding increase in losses, so that a very satisfactory profit was shown on the year's transactions. In the Marine branch, in common with all others engaged in lake underwriting, the Company had suffered from the unusually heavy losses of the past season, due in part to the unprecedented low water on our inland lakes and rivers, which prevailed during the entire season, and partly to the exceptionally disastrous storms in the closing months of lake navigation. The earnings from interest show a slight gain over those of 1894.

The following is a summary of the

FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

Premium Receipts	$1,506,863 99
Interest Account	44,612 51
Total Income	$1,555,47 50
Losses Incurred	$ 981,073 13
Expenses, including commissions, taxes, and all other charges	510,567 32
	$1,491,640 45
Dividends to Shareholders	$ 52,500 00
Total Assets	1,420,357 45
Total Liabilities (including Capital Stock)	920,425 40
Reserve Funds	$ 520,112 05
Cash Capital	750,000 00
Security to Policy-holders	$1,270,112 05

The secretary, having read the Directors' and Auditors' Reports, the President, in moving the adoption of the report, said:

I am pleased to avail myself of this opportunity to supplement the necessarily brief remarks contained in the report by a few words relative to what appear to me as the most noteworthy features of the business of the past year.

First, let me say in regard to the largest and most important department of the company, the Fire branch, that it is seldom that companies in Canada have been called upon to face a more unpropitious opening to a year's business than that of the one under review. The two large fires in Toronto in January, which were referred to at the Shareholder's Meeting in February last, were followed by a third and equally serious one early in March. The aggregate loss by these fires was close upon two and a quarter million dollars, and the amount paid by Insurance Companies was in round figures, one million six hundred thousand dollars, or nearly one-fourth the entire year's Canadian premiums received by all the companies doing business in the Dominion. While our losses, considering the magnitude of these disasters, were not excessive, their effect nevertheless, combined with rather heavy losses from other quarters during the same period, was to create a very considerable adverse balance on the first three months' operations of 1895, and to present at the end of that term a very doubtful prospect of any profit being realized from the Fire business for the year. The experience of each succeeding month, however, was more favorable than might have been anticipated, and the Directors had the satisfaction of seeing, as the year progressed, a steady gain of income over expenditure, and an ultimate profit balance of some Seventy Thousand Dollars upon the business of this department at the closing of the books. This result, as intimated in the report, is largely attributable to the favorable experience of the Company in the United States and it affords a forcible illustration of the advantages which a company derives from a widely distributed business in providing for exceptional losses, such as are liable to occur in any of our large business centres.

Passing to the Marine Branch, the business of which is confined chiefly to the insuring of hulls and cargoes on the Great Lakes, it will be unnecessary to say anyone who has been sufficiently interested in the lake carrying trade to have noted the casualties recorded during the past season, that we have just passed through a year which has been unprecedented, both in the number and magnitude of its losses. From the opening of navigation to its close, vessels had to contend with the dangers arising from the lowest water ever experienced on our lakes, resulting in almost daily strandings in the river channels; while the fall months were more than usually prolific in storms, which brought disaster upon many of what were regarded as thoroughly seaworthy craft. When I add that within one single period of 10 days in the month of November, underwriters in Canada were called upon to pay ninety-five thousand dollars for losses on Manitoba grain cargoes (independently of the value of the vessels carrying them), it will readily be appreciated that the premiums received in this branch were not sufficient to meet the losses, and that, as a consequence, we, in common with all others engaged in this line of business, have transacted it at a loss. While this has materially affected the outcome of the past year's business of the Company, its effect will, it is believed, also be to place Inland Marine Underwriting upon a more satisfactory basis as to rates for the coming season.

It will be interesting to Shareholders to know that the Fire business of the present year has opened favorably, but perhaps the most gratifying feature regarding our present position is the steady growth of our Canadian income—particularly when considered in connection with our loss ratio during the past three years, as compared with the average results of all companies doing business in Canada—for the best recommendation a company can have abroad is evidence, such as this affords, of the public confidence it enjoys in its own home field. The security which the "British America" offers to policyholders, namely: The sum of its Reserve Fund ($520,112.05), and its paid up Capital ($750,000.00), making in all $1,270,112.05 in assets of unquestionable character, is, I feel assured, such as to continue to command for it an increasing share of public patronage.

In conclusion, I must express the Directors' appreciation of the work of our officers and field force during the past year, as well as of the services of our local representatives throughout Canada and the United States, who are so heartily seconding the efforts of the management in building up the business of the Company.

The Vice-President seconded the adoption of the report, which was carried unanimously, and a vote of thanks was passed to the President, Vice-President and Directors for their services during the past year.

The following gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year:

George A. Cox, J. J. Kenny, Hon. S. C. Wood, S. F. McKinnon, Thomas Long, John Hoskin, Q. C., LL.D., H. M. Pellatt, R. Jaffray, A. Myers.

At a meeting held subsequently, Mr. George A. Cox was elected President and Mr. J. J. Kenny, Vice-President.

Lack of Snow.

The lack of snow in Maine this winter drove one man insane, and he is now in the State Insane Hospital. He was a prosperous lumber merchant of Sangerville. Last fall he took large contracts for the cutting and delivery of lumber. He had the lumber cut, but because there was no snow, an unexpected and most unusual contingency, he could not deliver it. He had expended large sums of money and became involved because of not being able to make collections. Disappointment and anxiety drove him insane.

A SAVAGE MARSUPIAL.

An Australian Mammal That Is a Whole Menagerie in Itself.

The so-called zebra wolf of Australia is also called the native tiger; but, strange to say, it is not even a cousin to zebra, wolf or tiger, belonging to the same family as the kangaroo, the slow and gentle wombat, and the sly old opossum—all those animals that carry their babies in their pockets. Common names are usually given from fancied or external resemblances without regard to scientific classification, and in this case the dark stripes, like belts around the body, have suggested the name zebra, while the ravenous and fierce nature naturally suggests the tiger and the wolf.

Once the zebra-wolf roved at large through Tasmania, bringing terror and destruction to the smaller animals which inhabit that land; but since the island was settled by Englishmen they have made systematic attacks upon this most dangerous of the pouch-bearers, or marsupials, and have driven him into the thick forests and rocky gullies. When population becomes more dense this enemy of the sheep and poultry, as well as of defenseless wild game, will be swept from the face of the earth. No doubt the shepherd and farmer will be glad when the last zebra-wolf has prowled his last prowl around the hen house and sheepfold; but the naturalist, who is always a friend to what is rare and strange, will regret exceedingly the extermination of this queer beast.

Another thing that makes this strange creature peculiarly interesting is the fact that he is the most formidable marsupial of the more than sixty varieties of this class, and is indeed the largest and

MOST DREADED

of all the mammals in Australasia.

One reason why the shepherd and the farmer find it difficult to guard against its attacks is because it loves darkness rather than light, on account of its evil deeds. Now and then, when driven by hunger, it will come creeping to the sheepfold in the daytime, but its pace is then very slow, owing perhaps to its imperfect vision in the sunlight. At such times it is easily captured, as it is inactive and stupid.

The eyes, which are large, are furnished with a membrane, like the eyes of owls; and this is called the nictitating membrane. This is almost continually moving in the daytime, as the eyes are exposed to more or less of sunshine. Without this membrane the amount of light admitted through the large pupil would puzzle the zebra-wolf.

The general color of the somewhat short woolly fur is grayish brown, a little inclined to yellowish. Across this ground color the black bands show up sharp and clear. These stripes are usually fourteen in number, beginning just back of the shoulders, where they are narrowest, and growing broader and longer back of the haunches. The skins are in demand for laprobes and rugs, which gives an added reason for hunting the wearers.

The zebra-wolves were taken to the Zoological Gardens in London, where they flourished and raised a family. When they came it was thought Great Britain would be too cold for them, but there seems to be no reason why they would not thrive in Canada, as they have been known to live on the mountains of Tasmania, 3500 feet above sea level, where the ground is sometimes covered with snow for many weeks, and frosts are severe.

Do you wonder that his name is slightly mixed? The marvel is that he is not named "Menagerie" and done with it; for with his dog-like face and short wolf ears, eyes like an owl, zebra stripes and pouch like a kangaroo, his mixed-pickle beastship could answer to almost any name you might wish to call him. When he becomes extinct we can truly say, we ne'er shall see his like again.

Afterward.

Ethel—What did papa say, Algie, when you asked him for me?

Algie Softo—Your papa, darling, is a very naughty man, and I would not repeat his language in your hearing for anything.

You're an Easy Prey,

with your flesh reduced below a healthy standard, for Consumption and other Scrofulous and dangerous diseases. And it's for just this condition that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is especially valuable.

If you're thinner than you ought to be, whether from wasting diseases, defective nutrition, or whatever cause, the "Discovery" will surely bring you up to the healthy standard. By restoring the normal action of the deranged organs and functions, it arouses every natural source and means of nourishment. As a strength-restorer and flesh-builder, nothing like this medicine is known to medical science. Filthy Cod liver oil and all its disguised compounds can't compare with it.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure constipation, indigestion, or dyspepsia, biliousness and headaches.

A Woman's Picture.

Lawyer—You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?

Witness—It had my sweetheart's picture in it.

Lawyer—Ah! I see. A woman in the case.

SKINNY SUFFERER SAVED

WHAT DO YOU THINK MAKES STRONG MEN WEAK?

Experience of a Prominent North Dakota Politician Who Gained 40 Pounds in a Few Weeks.

Every man likes to be strong.

Why shouldn't you be?

Are you a tobacco user?

You are?

Of course you know that tobacco users, as a rule, are away below normal weight, because tobacco destroys digestion and sets certain nerves on fire. That wears on the brain, saps its power and you gradually become impotent. It is called "lost manhood." You never get weak this way when you gain flesh like our friend Williams. Read what he says:

ONE BOX DID IT.

Sykeston, Wells Co., N.D., July 25.

Gentlemen: One box of No-To-Bac cured me of the tobacco habit, both smoking and chewing, after having used the weed for nearly forty years. My health is much better, nerves strong and steady, and I have gained over forty pounds in flesh. I have recommended No-To-Bac to some of my friends, all of No-To-Bac to some of my friends, all of whom have been cured. I firmly believe that No-To-Bac will do for others what it has done for me. I heartily recommend it to all those who have become slaves to the use of tobacco and desire to be emancipated.

J.A. Williams, County Auditor.

Now don't you think No-To-Bac worth a trial, especially when you buy from your own druggist under absolute guarantee of cure? Get our booklet, "Don't antee of cure? Get our booklet, "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee of cure and free sample, mailed for the asking. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

NERVOUS HEADACHE.

A TROUBLE THAT RENDERS THE LIFE OF MANY WOMEN MISERABLE.

A Sufferer for Twelve Years Whose Trouble was Aggravated by Kidney Disease Tells How to Regain Health and Happiness.

From the Smith's Falls Record.

Since the Record began to publish accounts of the cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, its representatives have found that half the wonderful cures effected by this medicine have not yet been given to the public. Women as well as men who have found relief are eager to let the facts be known for the benefit of other sufferers. Among them is Mrs. James Cotnam, of the township of Wolford.

Sufferer from Severe Headache.

The lady referred to was for twelve years a constant sufferer from nervousness, headache and kidney trouble. Having read so much about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she determined to give them a trial. Their use for a short time brought a great improvement, and after taking them for about a month the nervous headache and kidney trouble left her. The degree of thankfulness felt by one who receives such benefits as the above can better be imagined than described. Here are Mrs. Cotnam's words: "If you could only know or if I could but tell of the intense suffering which I have endured and the many sleepless nights I have spent in mental and physical agony, you would not wonder at the degree of thankfulness I feel for my restoration to health." Her trouble was a continual dread to her, and for a long time prevented her from doing any work. Since using the pills she is as well as ever—or to use her own words—"fully restored." In this household Pink Pills are now looked upon as one of the necessaries.

As is the case of every good cause Pink Pills have much to contend with; spurious articles have been placed on the market, and, though in appearance and color they may resemble the genuine, they have an altogether different effect upon the system. The writer was once in a store when Pink Pills were asked for by a customer. The dealer hadn't them but said that he had something "just as good." The public are warned against this "just as good" scheme which is too often resorted to by some store-keepers. It should be borne in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood or a shattered condition of the nervous forces, such as St. Vitus dance, locomotor ataxia, rheumatism, paralysis, sciatica, the after effects of la grippe, loss of appetite, headache, dizziness, chronic erysipelas, scrofula, etc. They are also a certain cure for the troubles peculiar to the female system, correcting irregularities, suppressions and all forms of female weakness, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature. Sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper (printed in red ink), and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

A Personal Matter.

Can yer tell me 'ow far it is to 'Andcross 'Ill, Guv'nor?

It's about three miles. Who do you want to see there?

I want to see myself there.

UNSANITARY WALL COATINGS CONDEMNED BY THE BIBLE.

"And behold if the plague be in the walls of the house with hollow streaks, greenish or reddish, then the priest shall go out of the house to the door of the house, and shut up the house seven days * * * And he shall cause the house to be scraped within round about, and they shall pour out the dust that they scrape off without the city into an unclean place."

To each of the first three persons in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada who write The Alabastine Co., Limited, of Paris, Ont. giving the chapter containing the above passage of scripture, will be sent an order on the Alabastine dealer in the town for a package of Alabastine, enough to cover 50 square yards of wall, two coats, tinted or white. To all who apply, giving us the name of the paper in which they saw this notice, will be given an ingenious puzzle, the solving of which may earn you $50.00.

To test a wall coating, take a small quantity of it, mix in equal quantity of boiling water, and if it does not set when left in the dish over night, and finally form a stone-like cement without shrinking, it is a kalsomine, and dependent upon glue to hold it to the wall, the feature so strongly objected to by sanitarians.

This matter of looking to the sanitary nature of wall coatings seems to be considered of much importance of late. A supplement to the Michigan State Board of Health, condemns wall paper and kalsomines for walls, and recommends Alabastine as being sanitary, pure, porous, permanent, economical and beautiful. Alabastine is ready for use by mixing in cold water.

A Foxy Man.

Mrs. Hicks—I'd like to know what you could have to say to that disreputable-looking dog catcher.

Hicks—I told him if your poodle got lost to come around and I would give him a dollar.

IT DOES BOTH.

South American Kidney Cure Not Only Relieves Kidney Disease Immediately, but It Also Heals and Removes the Trouble.

Those dragging pains in the loins that are a common symptom of kidney trouble are most distressing, but they are only the forerunner of more acute pain, and will develop rapidly if an effective remedy is not applied. No medicine acts on the kidneys with such speediness as South American Kidney Cure. It gives relief in the most distressing cases in a few hours. But it does not stop here. It is a great healer, and its continuous use for a short time completely banishes this disease. It is a cure for kidney trouble, and only it, but it never fails here.

Too Much Work.

Rural Raggs—What is that yer found?

Tramping Tatters—Waterbury watch.

Rural Raggs (excitedly)—Throw it away quick. Do yer want to go back on all your principles windin' it up?

SIX WEEKS IN BED.

Eight Doctors—No Relief—Rheumatism.

There is but one remedy in existence which ever has or can cure rheumatism in two to three days. It is a remedy prepared expressly for this one complaint, and is worthless for any other. Morton L. Hill, of Lebanon, Indiana, says of it: "My wife had rheumatism in every muscle and joint; had been in bed for six weeks, and suffered almost death. Eight physicians attended her, but she did not find even relief until she tried South American Rheumatic Cure. It gave her relief within first few hours, and she was able to attend to her household duties in three days. I am sure it saved her life." 75 cents.

Ryckman's Kootenay Cure.

Positive Cure for Rheumatism and Paralysis

An Important Discovery in Medicine.

A representative of "The Mail and Empire," hearing of the many cures that have been effected by a medicine called Ryckman's Kootenay Cure, called on Mr. S. S. Ryckman, member of Parliament for Hamilton, who is proprietor and patentee of the now famous is situated in the Rocky Mountains, I paying a visit to my silver mine, which

"Some four or five years ago while him:

ceived the following statement from remedy, and on making enquiries, rehad a severe attack of rheumatism, from which I was a constant sufferer. One of my miners, who noticed my distress, told me that if I would take an Indian cure which he knew of, he would guarantee relief; as he had known it to cure, and never failed in any one case. He further stated that miners of the Cariboo District—situated in the mountains four hundred miles from any railway—had used it for the past forty years. After taking the medicine conscientiously, for four weeks, I commenced to notice a marked improvement in my general health, and inside of six weeks' time I had not a twinge of rheumatism in any part of my body, nor have I had a symptom since—and this after trying seven celebrated mineral springs, and nine medical men, at the expense of fifteen hundred dollars with no benefit whatever. Recognizing what a great boon to the suffering public such a remedy would prove, I determined to consult an eminent chemist, and through his aid have added valuable ingredients. One of them, heretofore, being entirely unknown, as it was discovered in Germany only a year ago."

After perfecting the remedy, I have given it a fair test in two cities, viz.; Hamilton and Ottawa. In these places eight hundred people have been cured or benefited. Since March last, ninety per cent. of those using Kootenay Cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, lame back, and indigestion have been cured, and no case of long-standing sores, salt rheum, eczema, or pimples on the face has been found, so far,, that this remedy has not cured. Indeed it is doubtful, in case of the above four afflictions can be produced that cannot be cured by Kootenay Cure. Never has a patent medicine been known to produce such an unanimous outburst of grateful recognition from the suffering public within the short time of six months. It recommends itself; and this shows it. All of the above is backed up by scores of testimonials, which Mr. Ryckman exhibited to your representatives, remarking that all would be published in the newspapers, as he has permission to do so from the writers. See advertisement in this paper.

Small Cause.

Cholly Chumpleigh—I have been troubled a great deal lately about my head.

Miss Coldeal (consolingly)—Nonsense, Mr. Chumpleigh. I don't think I would worry about a little thing like that.

Peel and Welland Solid for a Safe Remedial Measure.

Everyone has not the same interest in the ailments of the body politic, but when the body personal is sick the case comes home to a person. Mr. James A. Lowell, M. P. for Welland, suffered that unpleasant sickness that comes from catarrh, but he found a cure in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Mr. Henry W. Francis, of Brampton, Peel county, Ont., a well-known citizen, identified with the Great North-western Telegraph Co., had suffered from catarrh for ten years. His words are these: "I was greatly troubled with catarrh in the head for ten years. I tried every remedy, and also doctored, but little or no benefit came to me until I used Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. Relief came in ten minutes from the use of a sample bottle. I persevered, and four bottles, which cost me, all told, only $2.40, have completely cured me." Sample bottle and Blower sent by R. G. Dickinson, 44 Church street, Toronto, on receipt of 10c in silver or stamps.

Had Learned Something.

The Old Man (handing him a check)—I hope, Jack, that this experience will be a lesson to you!

Jack (a spendthrift)—It will, sir. I know where to come now when I get into a scrape!

HEART DISEASE OF 20 YEARS' STANDING RELIEVED IN A DAY.

Mr. Aaron Nichols, who has Lived on One Farm for 70 Years, Tells What He Knows of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart.

"This is to certify that I have bought two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart for my wife, who has been troubled for the past twenty years with heart disease. The first few doses gave relief, and she has had more benefit from it than from all the doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on a diseased heart. I am pleased