The Sailor Girl.

When the wild geese were flying
To Flanders away,
I clung to my Desmond
Beseeching him to stay ;
But the stern trumpet sounded
The summons to sea,
And afar the ship bore him,
Mabouchal machree!

And first he sent me letters,
And then he sent me none,
And three times into prison
I dreamt he was thrown ;
So I shore my long tresses,
And stained my face brown,
And went for a sailor
From Limerick town.

Oh! the ropes cut my fingers ;
But steadfast I strove,
Till I reached the Low Country
In search of my love.
There I heard how at Namur
His heart was so high
That they carried him captive
Refusing to fly.

With that to King William
Himself I was brought,
And his mercy for Desmond
With tears I besought.
He considered my story,
Then smiling, says he,
"The young Irish rebel
For your sake is free."

"Bring the varlet before us,
Now, Desmond O'Hea,
Myself has decided
Your sentence to-day.
You must marry your sailor
With bell, book and ring,
And here is her dowry,"
Cried William, the King.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES.

THE TICHBORNE CLAIMANT.

He Goes Back to England to Push His Designs on a Great Estate.

Another chapter in the checkered career of the Tichborne claimant was begun on Tuesday, says a New York despatch, when "Sir Roger," with his child-wife and 4-weeks-old heir, sailed for England in the steamer Wyoming. He goes to England, he says, to lecture under contract and to resuscitate his long-buried suit for "the estates." Sir Roger's two years' residence in America has not been profitable, his entire worldly possessions now consisting of two trunks and a valise and a few dollars in cash, the proceeds of the sale of his furniture. He says: "All I have to carry back to the Old Country is one of the best of wives and an heir to my estates, for which I have prayed these ten years. Yesterday I had only $3 in the world. Through the kindness of a New York broker, whom I knew in the Old Country, I have been able to secure a passage. I have accepted an offer to lecture at Manchester for £8 a week, and I also have a house in London, of which I have the use during my life. But before long I expect to be pretty well fixed, for I am certain of winning my case this time, and when I am master of £350,000 a year I shall not forget my old friends and those who have stood by me on this side of the water."

"What makes you so sure of winning your suit?"

"Because of the new evidence which will be produced. A few months ago my solicitors sent me over a bond to sign, by which I engaged to pay $5,000 upon gaining my estates to two gentlemen who have undertaken to go to the Cape of Good Hope, where I was shipwrecked, and recover the papers which were lost there. Their production will prove my claims beyond a shadow of a doubt. Besides this, there is the matter of a birthmark, or rather a certain physical peculiarity about me, which has never been made public and which will for ever set the matter at rest. When I come into my estates—which will happen, I am sure, within nine months, unless there are unforeseen delays—I shall first return to Australia, and then, perhaps, pay a flying visit to New York."

The Art of Owning Up.

("Knoxonian" in Canada Presbyterian.)

A pastor is met at the door by a good lady parishioner, who thinks she has been neglected. She has been nursing her wrath to keep it warm. She has succeeded. She always does. Lovingly she says, "Dear me, Mr. A., is this you? Have you really found your way here? I thought you had forgotten us. You have not called for six months." "My dear madam," says the pastor, "is that all? I thought it must have been four or five years."

"Your steak is tough," growls the good man as he begins his dinner. "Yes, dear," mildly answers the good wife, "it is very tough. I thought of sending some of it down to the shoemaker's to be used in half-soling the children's boots." Better own up even in that exaggerated way than have a quarrel over the dinner table.

"This account is larger than I expected," says the customer, forgetting that accounts nearly always are larger than one expects. "These bills do run up rather fast," mildly answers the merchant. Better say that than have a wrangle over the bill, ending in a lawsuit.

The art of owning up ought to be cultivated. There are thousands of cases every day in which people might own up without the slightest sacrifice of principle or self-respect. As a rule only strong men own up, and that is one reason why there is so little of it.

"Doctoring" Milk.

The addition of the bicarbonate of soda to milk for its preservation has hitherto been tolerated by the French police, but the Council of Hygiene of the Seine has condemned the practice, as it is not free from danger. The transportation of the sugar of milk into lactic acid gives rise, in milk so adulterated, to a lactate of soda which is purgative, and is thus a cause of diarrhœa in young children. Under these conditions the Council considers that the addition of the bicarbonate of soda to milk, which is an aliment of the first order, and very often prescribed for invalids and children, should neither be authorized nor tolerated.

The Best is the Cheapest.

Dry goods clerk (to lady looking at mourning goods)—That is an excellent piece of goods, madam. Lady—Will it do up nicely? Clerk—Oh, yes, madam. I sold some of that crepe to Mrs. Smith several years ago, and to-day she is wearing it for her third husband.—*Tid Bits.*

Mr. Grant Allen, the author, son of Mr. Janitzel Allen, of Kingston, who is wintering in Algeria, is not deriving benefit from the change. He is not able to do any literary work.

ACCIDENTAL MARRIAGES.

Stories of Those Who Met by Chance and Made Life Partnerships.

Marriages are often the result of accident. It seems strange, but the most prudent persons will sometimes conceive an irresistible attachment at the suggestion of a word or look. When once under the spell of the verb "to love" they go through all the forms and finish the conjugation of the verb before the altar. The few may give the subject the consideration it deserves, but the many, there is fear, are guided by impulse. A skipper of a coasting vessel called at the village inn and asked the landlady, a young widow: "Do you know where I can get a mate? I have lost my mate."

"I am sorry for you, Mr. ——," she said, "I want a mate, too, and cannot get one. I'll do; if you'll be mine, I'll be yours." He closed with the bargain, and the widow keeping her word, he is now supplied with two mates.

A young man at a church bazaar was button-holed by a lady; she would not let him go until he bought something. He looked at her stall, which contained fancy work of various kinds.

"Why," he said, "I see nothing here that would be of the least use to me, a bachelor, except yourself. The rest would be dear to me at any price."

"I will be cheap enough," she said coaxingly.

"If you could be dear enough, perhaps—"

"Oh, come! You are just the man I want," taking him by the arm.

She sold him one article after another, keeping up agreeable conversation the while, and before all was done he had purchased everything on the stall. Then at settling up there was something said about discount.

"I cannot return any money," she said, blushingly; "but if you think me dear enough, there's mamma. She can give you my hand." The bargain was accordingly concluded.

An eminent doctor, who had saved the life of a lady, a personal friend, was asked his charge. He said he generally allowed his patient friends to remunerate him as they thought befitting.

"But don't you often get disappointed on these terms?" she inquired.

"I may say, never."

"As you are so easily pleased—here," and she playfully gave him her empty hand, while in the other was concealed a cheque for a handsome sum. "How easily I could have taken you in," she added, producing the cheque.

"But you have only succeeded in drawing me out," he said, declining to relinquish her hand. "Don't insult me with a cheque. I am most generously rewarded."

Perhaps she understood the doctor's difficulty and wished to help him out of it. At any rate the giving of her hand led him to offer his heart.

This is how a gentleman got his wife when, in a tobacconist's shop, he asked a girl behind the counter, who happened to have red hair, if she would oblige him with a match.

"With pleasure, if you will have a red-headed one," she promptly replied, with such a suggestive, demure smile that eventually the red-headed match was handed over.

A lady with a fine figure having taken a fancy to a valuable ring which she saw ticketed in a shop window, went inside to examine it. "It is exceedingly lovely. I wish it were mine," she said on satisfying herself. "What smaller figure will tempt you?"

"No other figure than the figure before me," he said, giving her an admiring look at the same time "It is exceedingly lovely. I wish—I could tempt you with the ring."

"I think I'll take it," she said laying down the money amid blushes. Of course, he accepted the money, but getting her address he made such good use of the hint that the next ring which she got was given by him in church.

Quite as singular was the beginning of the courtship of the man who went into a shop for a pair of shoes.

"I want them wide, please," he said to the girl in attendance, "as I have a good, broad understanding."

She laughed at this reference to the breadth of his feet, and said:

"A very good thing, too, in a man, but not in a woman."

"How do you make out that what is good in one sex is bad in the other?"

"Ah, it is quite simple. You see nature intended man to be supported by a firm soul, but woman by a yielding husband."

Whether he made a yielding husband or not, report at any rate says that he made her his wife.—*London Tid Bits.*

Another Illusion Gone.

Science goes for things dear to us without mercy, says the Martha's Vineyard *Herald*. Everybody who has lived in the country, and who knows the old well loves the "old oaken bucket." We all love it because we have read what the poet says about it, and in our school days we chose the poem as our "piece" and spoke it. We have quenched our thirst from the old oaken bucket with its contents, after carefully looking into its dubious depths for "wigglers" or worms. We have balanced the rusty, dripping inconvenience on the curb and submerged our noses in the "nectar" we gulped. We have spilled the "crystal" on our shirt front and profanely growled as we felt it trickle down inside our collar. We have seen the leaking drizzle from a hole in the bucket spoil our 5-cent shine. We have longed under these circumstances for a cheap glass tumbler or a common tin dipper, but in all our tribulations we never thought the old oaken bucket an iron-bound death dealer, but it seems that it is, for a scientist tells us that it is "a compound, condensed mass of nitrogenous and phosphatic filthiness, the home of the microbe and the all-prevailing bacteria."

The interest in the Crossley and Hunter revival services at Belleville is increasing. It is not an unusual thing for a score or more to move up to the penitent forms when the invitations are issued. Bridge Street Church is packed nightly and many are evidently under conviction. Mr. Hunter received a telegram from his home in Ridgetown yesterday morning announcing the birth of a daughter.

ECONOMICAL NONSENSE.

Folly of Trying to Live on a Stated Number of Dollars Per Week.

There is a disease very prevalent at all times and over all the earth, says Table Talk, which Shakspeare calls "consumption of the purse" and for which many heads, wise and otherwise, are repeatedly recommending sovereign remedies. One form or stage of it, where it gallops into the exchequer of the household, has been the object, seemingly, of the closest study on the part of these "otherwise" purse physicians, whose prescriptions when adopted are followed by no beneficial results, but on the contrary by those which are absolutely mischievous. Economy is their cry and a capital cry it is, for it insures a multitude of listeners, each and all anxious to be shown how it is possible to keep the stomach full without diving into the pocket. Now economy is a good thing when we thoroughly understand the meaning of it; and we may rest assured that until we do we shall never be able to practice it. To spend money well is a more difficult task than to earn it; and indeed spending it well is one of the ways of earning it. We Americans have been accused of great waste in our kitchens and no doubt there is truth in the accusation and is likely to be until more tact, more good sense and more watchfulness be exercised by those in control of the household. But still, economy is one thing and the meanness which attempts to live on next to nothing is quite another; and it is of these attempts and their recommenders we would now speak. It is a very common thing to see in the columns of the daily papers communications, generally anonymous, asserting the possibility of a family of a stated number of persons living comfortably on a stated number of dollars per week and backing up their assertion with an array of figures whose falsity it requires but little practical investigation to prove. Many a housewife tries them and finds that the amount fixed upon as sufficient to furnish her family with all the needed food will scarcely pay for the two articles of bread and butter required for the mouths of her three or four growing children. But this is not the only nor the worst mischief that may grow out of the nonsense of these anonymous purse physicians. And we know whereof we speak. A husband who had been in the habit of giving his wife ten or fifteen dollars or more, as the case may be, for the weekly marketing, picks up his morning paper and is there told that one-half of his allowance is all that is necessary. Now, if he believes it, a rather unpleasant alternative is apt to cross his humor. Either his wife is extravagant in her purchases and pays more for her eatables than she should, or spends the surplus with the milliner and dressmaker. Of course there is many a husband whose over-fondness would forbid either end of such an alternative interfering with the uxorious tenor of his life. But there are others not thus constituted; occasionally one whose carefulness may be the result of a little stinginess, or, perhaps, of mere necessity; whose suspicions may be easily aroused, and not so easily allayed; and then comes a domestic battle which, whether it ends in smoke or something more serious, will altogether depend upon the temperament of the combatants. And all this risk and trouble because of the nonsensical desire of so-called economists to recommend to other households that which they could not, if they would, practice in their own. And now, gentlemen of the press, we have a word for your ear. Many of you are "household" men, and prudence should dictate that you bear a wary eye, lest you be hoisted, it is not by your own petard, by one that would be practically harmless without your aid.

A Notorious Woman.

Bertha Heyman, who travelled in Canada in May last under the name of Bertha Marie Brown, was arrested in San Antonio, Texas, last Friday on the strength of a telegram from the Superintendent of the Los Angeles (Cal.) police. Heyman was on her way to New Orleans with a young man named W. H. Stanley. One hundred and thirty dollars in money, five gold watches and a quantity of diamonds and jewellery were found on their persons. They also had a large amount of luggage. Heyman is considered by the police one of the cleverest confidence people in the business. She is believed to have been in Toronto only four or five weeks ago, being the housekeeper of a prominent barrister there, and succeeded in swindling the Toronto lawyer of a good portion of his wealth by means of her old racket, the worthless safe deposit. When Bertha had taken his all she then left for the South, and turned up as above.

An Association of Foremen.

An organization just formed in Pittsburg is called the "Foremen Association," and consists of foremen from every large industry in the city, from the iron mills to the paint-shops. Its object is to secure a suitable reading-room, library, gymnasium and especially a lecture hall "where new ideas, both theoretical and practical, may be exchanged;" to secure places for skilled workmen in all trades; to inaugurate a system of visits to the principal shops and mills for the interchange of suggestions and comment, and for the general advancement of the interests of the foremen themselves, of the employers for whom they work and the men whom they direct. It is the intention to make the organization a national one.—*New York Sun.*

Highly Flattering.

Mr. Hopper—May I have this dance, Miss Snob?

Miss Snob (wishing to show her preference)—Thanks, Mr. Hopper. I don't dance with every Tom-Dick-and-Harry, but I'll make an exception of you.

His Own Diagnosis.

Mother—And do you really feel so very bad, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, ma. I ain't quite sick enough to need any medicine, but I'm a little bit too sick to go to school.

On Tuesday last Mrs. Cooney, of Picton, started for Foxboro, and when near Coverts' tavern she was overpowered with the cold. Convulsions set in and lasted for a day. On Thursday she was taken home and Dr. Evans pronounced her disease cerebro-spinal meningitis. She lingered for a short time, when she died.

A FORTUNE IN CATS.

A New Yorker Who Has a Novel Scheme for Getting Wealth.

"How to Make a Fortune Out of Cats" is the title of a new book which is to be placed on the American market in a short time, says the New York *Herald*. The author is an enterprising New Yorker, who has made and lost several fortunes, and who has finally come to the conclusion that the easiest and safest way to amass filthy lucre is to breed cats on a stupendous scale. Exactly how he proposes to heap up for himself treasures on earth was fully explained by him to a reporter yesterday.

"There is an island about thirty acres in extent on the New river, in West Virginia," he began. "This island is partly in timber and partly cleared, and can be purchased for $1 000. I propose to form a stock company for the purpose of buying this island and starting a cat farm on it.

"If you will think a moment you will see that there are millions of dollars in cats. Say we start with 100,000 cats, of which 25,000 are to be black, 25,000 white, 25,000 Maltese, and 25,000 of the common domestic breed. In the course of a year the number of cats on the island will be increased to 500,000.

"When the animals are a certain age they will be killed and their skins will be dried and sold in the market. At present c cat's skin is worth 10 cents. We fully aalculate on being able to kill 1,000 cats daily.

"The intestines will be sold to dealers in musical-instrument strings, and the carcasses will be put into big vats, boiled, and given as food to the live cats. The bones can, of course, be converted into glue and afterward into bone fertilizers. In one year we can kill 300,000 cats, whose skins will net us $30,000. Their bones will be worth at least $20 a ton, and their intestines and carcasses will also be worth a good deal of money. Remember, too, that by using the dead cats as food for their live brethren we are spared the expense of cat food.

"Just think, too, how beautiful a rug or carpet of white catskin, with a border of maltese, would look, and how many charming combinations could be made of the various colors! Why, ladies would buy them by the thousand, and I am positive that with an outlay of not more than $5,000 at least $50,000 could be made in a single year."

Sir James Simpson, M. D., and Chloroform.

Although chloroform, on its introduction by Sir James Y. Simpson, was well received, though it was used everywhere, from the palace to the peasant's hut, and though the danger attending its employment was, with proper care, of the slightest, Simpson himself was always seeking for another and superior anæsthetic. The experiments into which he was thus led were sometimes unfortunate in their results. On one occasion he was found lying helpless, apparently, but not really, unconscious, by one of his women-servants. She called the butler to aid in restoring her master to consciousness, and Simpson heard the latter (a firm believer in the virtues of chloroform) say: "He's aye trying to find out something else, and he's just a big fule, for he'll never get onything better than the chlory." It is said that this candid opinion acted as an admirable restorative, and the doctor roused himself from his swoon to have a hearty laugh at his retainer's words.

Does the Earth Really Move?

Science says that it does, but we cannot help wondering sometimes if there isn't some mistake about it, when we see how stubbornly certain old fogies cling to their musty and antiquated ideas. It was believed once that consumption was incurable, and although it has been clearly demonstrated that it is not, thousands of old-time physicians close their eyes and put their hands to their ears and refuse to abandon the theory. But for all that the world moves on, and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery continues to rescue sufferers from consumptives' graves. It is a sure cure for this dreaded disease, if taken in time. All scrofulous diseases—and consumption is included in the list—yield to it.

A Domestic Discussion.

Paterfamilias (in bed)—Is that young Sampson still in the parlor with Clara? Materfamilias (listening)—I think he is. Everything is very quiet down there.—*Puck.*

Shall Women be Allowed to Vote?

The question of Female suffrage has agitated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years, and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequaled for the cure of leucorrhea, abnormal discharges, morning sickness and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

Good Ground for Hope.

Physician's Wife—Are your affairs in very bad shape, John? Physician—Very; but I hope to pull through. My creditors have extended my paper to the middle of the watermelon season.—*Boston Globe.*

"Purgatory Bullets."

An excited Irishman lately rushed into a Boston drug store, having a "broken up" appearance generally. "Be jabbers!" he yelled, "I'm all wrong entoirely. I want some shtuff to straighten me out. Some o' thim 'Purgatory Bullets' will fix me, I'm thinkin'. What d'ye tax for them?" "What do you mean?" asked the clerk. "'Purgatory Bullets,' sor, or somethin' loike that, they call thim," replied the man. "Shure, I'm in purgatory already, with headache, and liver complaint, and bad stomach, and the devil knows what all." The clerk passed out a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, and Pat went off contented. These little Pellets cure all derangements of liver, stomach and bowels. Sugar-coated, little larger than mustard seeds, and pleasant to take. Druggists.

Sir Charles Tupper will be able to take his seat in Parliament to-morrow.

RESTAURANTS IN CONGO.

Monkeys on Toast, Smoked Elephant and Broiled Alligator.

I know of no people who get oysters from trees but the Mandingoes, through whose country flow the Senegal and Gambia Rivers. The bivalves are taken from the branches, to which they attach themselves during high tide. Here is a Mandingo bill of fare, which Reade, the explorer, leaves on record for the amusement of the curious: "Then followed," he says, "gazelle cutlets a la papillote; two small monkeys, served cross-legged and with liver sauce on toast; stewed iguana, which was much admired; a dish of roasted crocodile's eggs; some slices of smoked elephant (from the interior); a few agreeable plates of fried locusts, land crabs and other crustacea; the breasts of mermaid, or manatee, the grand bonne-bouche of the repast; some boiled alligator and some hippopotamus steaks." While this dinner does not equal in courses some of the elaborate feasts of civilized lands, certainly no one will say that it lacked variety. Lotus seeds form one of the most common dishes known to the Barri of Central Africa. The pods when gathered are bored and strung on reeds and hung in the sun for drying, after which they get to the table. Along the upper Nile another wing of the Barri tribe bleed their cattle monthly and cook the blood with their flour and meal. They esteem this luxury and the dish is eaten with great relish.—*New York Star.*

Dr. Crowther, of Baltimore, probably owes his life to his parrot. The cries of the bird awakened him at 3 o'clock in the morning. He discovered that his house was on fire, and had barely time to awaken his family and get them out before the building was completely wrapped in flames.

WHAT AILS YOU?

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, lifeless, and indescribably miserable, both physically and mentally; experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "goneness," or emptiness of stomach in the morning, tongue coated, bitter or bad taste in mouth, irregular appetite, dizziness, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains here and there, cold feet, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, or disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constant, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Bilious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery** will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dumb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS,

from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-rheum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all diseases caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Goitre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION,

which is **Scrofula of the Lungs**, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "CONSUMPTION CURE," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-bilious, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for **all Chronic Diseases** of the

Liver, Blood, and Lungs.

For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

Sold by Druggists, at $1.00, or Six Bottles for $5.00.

☞ Send ten cents in stamps for Dr. Pierce's book on Consumption. Address,

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