The Tongue.

"The bone'ess tongue, so small and weak,
Can crush and kill," declared the Greek.

"The tongue destroys a greater horde,"
The Turk asserts, "than does the sword."

The Persian problem wisely saith,
"A lengthy tongue—an early death."

Or sometimes take this form instead,
"Don't let your tongue cut off your head."

"The tongue can speak a word whose speed"
Says the Chinese, "outstrips the steed."

While Arab sages this impart,
"The tongue's great storehouse is the heart."

From Hebrew wit the maxim sprung,
"Though feet should slip, ne'er let the tongue."

The sacred writer crowns the whole,
"Who keeps his tongue doth keep his soul."

BELINDA: A BEAUTY

"Ready?" repeats Roger Temple gravely. Wonderfully has his blood cooled, amazingly has reason reasserted herself, under the shock of the girl's audacity. "You are asking me you know not what, Belinda, but the fault is mine, wholly mine. We will, as you say, stoop to no treachery of soft words. I will speak openly to Rose to-night, and——"

"And whatever Rose answers, whatever you may work upon Rose to answer, mind, I have done with you!" cries Belinda, in a voice of concentrated passion. "You think you know me because you have amused yourself by flirting with me for a half dozen days, sir; because you have played a few scenes of moonshine love on a balcony, and won me to say what I said to you this afternoon. But you know me no more than the first stranger who meets me in the street. What! You think I would sink so low as to marry you—Rosie's lover?"

"You stooped so low, I thought, as to like me a little," is Roger's reply. "But you are ashamed already, small wonder. God knows of your folly!"

For a second or two Belinda is dumb. "If I lived fifty more years," she breaks forth then, "if I lived to be an old, old woman, I should never be ashamed of what you call 'my folly.' Never. If—if such a feeling were shameful, how could it have come into my heart? I never tried, I never wanted to like you. I knew nothing at all about it till I woke up to-day, and then it was too late to go back."

"Too late, indeed," repeats Roger.

"Well, I can't help what I feel any more than I can help breathing, but my actions—those are my own. And to think that I would take you by stealth, dishonestly take you from Rose, , who wouldn't do a sneaking thing to save my life!"

"Belinda, I——"

"I don't pretend to be good or virtuous, you see, for I've been so kicked about here and there, and have seen so much and heard so much, that I don't rightly know what virtue is. But whatever game I play, I play it fair. You have promised to marry Rose, and you must marry her, by heaven! Whether you love her or not, you should love your own honor too well to think of change now."

"You read me a sharp lesson," says Roger Temple. "You make me see my own conduct in a fearfully clear light, Belinda."

"Yours! You have not been to blame at all," cries the girl, womanlike in this, that she would sooner guilt rested with than blame with the man she loves. "You meant only to be kind to me at first for Rosie's sake. How could you guess I was going to make such a miserable fool of myself?"

Her voice quivers, breaks down; she covers her face between her hands, and once more Roger's arm, unresisted, holds her close. The embrace lasts for a minute's space or more and Roger is the first to speak.

"Before we go on our way again, before we go back to our path and duty, I want you to say just one word, child—that you forgive me."

"I have nothing to forgive. If I could choose, I would live the time over again, since I have known you yes, up to this very minute."

"And are we going to be friends or enemies in the days to come?"

"I don't know about 'friends.' I shall care for you till the day I die, as I do now."

"And I may have one more kiss—a last one?"

She throws her arms around his neck without a word.

But Roger does not misunderstand her this time. In the intensity, the abandonment of that caress he reads aright, that Belinda is taking leave of him for ever.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

And now the closing act remains to be played. Scene, Rosie's Drawing-room at the Isabella; a lamp or two artistically disposed round the central figure of the tableau; Venetian shutters, half closed; a voluptuous fragrance from the magnolias and orange flowers in the court-yard below. Central figure, Rosie, dressed in the palest lavender silk that ever milliner called mourning, with white Spanish veil, with jet comb and earrings, with the bloom of undying youth (warranted) on her cheek.

To her, just as nine o'clock strikes, enters Belinda, tired-looking, dust-stained, her cheeks paler than her dress, her eyes showing all too plainly the remarks of recent tears.

"Why, Belinda, I thought you were never coming back, any of you! And what an object! I am more thankful than ever I did not go. These sort of days are mistakes."

"Utter mistakes," repeats Belinda, sinking into the first chair she comes across. "You have had by far the best of it at home, Rosie."

"It certainly is nice to say one has been in Spain, but one can say it just as well without going, and as to churches and things, they are all alike, and you never know what horrid disease you may catch. How do you like me in a veil? Spencer insists that she has pinned it right, but I am not sure that it should be fastened so high. Now, just see—oh, you must stand up to get the full effect—do you think one inch lower would be more becoming? Look at me attentively, full face and profile."

Rosie turns herself slowly round, as the wax ladies with big eyelashes turn in the barbers' shops, and Belinda watches her with a pang of wearied envy; envy, not of her charms, but of this all-engrossing vanity which so fills and satisfies the creature's own selfish life.

"Spencer is right, Rose. It is pinned to perfection. An inch, half an inch, either way, might spoil the effect."

"I thought it looked rather well," says Rose, coquettishly surveying herself in an opposite mirror. "But, of course, in trying a new style one is apt to be nervous. And then I have a horror of anything theatrical. Nothing, I know, would occasion Colonel Drewe such a shock as to find me looking theatrical. He had always the most fastidious taste."

"Colonel Drewe?" repeats Belinda, a little absently. "Ah, to be sure, I had forgotten. You and Colonel Drewe have not seen each other yet, then?

"No; poor, dear fellow—Stanley does not yet know the worst! He wanted to call on me, not ten minutes after you had started, but Spencer made so much of my headache—she is really a fool, Belinda, when you put her to the test—Spencer made so much of my headache, and my sufferings, that, at last, he took her at her word, and went to Biarritz for the afternoon, saying he would call again at nine, for certain. Spencer declares the passionate expression of his eyes when he said those words 'for certain,' was enough to make your blood run cold."

"Then I am not wanted, Rose," says Belinda, rising. "If Colonel Drewe is to be here with passionate eyes at nine, the sooner I take myself off the better."

But the widow will, for no consideration, be left alone; is coy as a girl of seventeen at the thought of receiving Colonel Drewe, any gentleman, at nine o'clock in the evening, unchaperoned. At least Belinda must stop until the first shock of the meeting the first agonized shake of the hand is over.

Just as she is speaking comes a discreet lady's maid's tap at the outer door of the apartment, and in another moment appears Spencer, in a faded grey silk dress, with mock jet cross and ear ings, with downcast ogle of mock modesty, a cheap imitation of her mistress to the last.

"The gentleman who called this morning, ma'am, would be glad to know if you are sufficiently well to receive him?"

Spencer's face telegraphs the intelligence that the visitor, in point of fact, is at her heels; and Rose, stoking a little further away from the lamp light, adjusts her handkerchief and eyelashes to perfection point.

"I will make an effort to see this gentleman, Spencer"—how Colonel Drewe's heart must thrill at that veiled cooing voice! "I am far, very far, from strong yet, still, if it be a matter of business——"

Another two seconds and the visitor is midway across the room.

He is tall, just Colonel Drewe's height, and has the unmistakeable military air dear to Rosie's heart. So much, without uplifting her eyes, the widow can discern. But what—what ails Belinda? The girl has grown white as ashes; she starts, trembling, to her feet; a cry of doubt, fear, hope, all blended, comes from her lips.

"Belinda, my dear, let me introduce——" begins Rose, rising with a languid grace from the sofa. "I don't think you and Colonel—Colonel——"

The poor soul turns green under all her pearl powder, feels her limbs give way beneath her; shrieks—a good natural shriek, for once, just as she would give at the apparition of a frog or a spider. Then, the genius of folly inspiring her, moves a step or two forward, and sinks into the stranger's arms.

"I knew it all along!" she gasps out. "My heart told me you were never really, really dead!"

O'Shea—for it is needed Cornelius—holds his wife in a sort of rapture to his waistcoat. He bends his head down over hers.

"There are feelings too sacred for utterance," he exclaims. "The years, the cruel years of our separation fade away, and it seems but yesterday I held my only darling to my heart."

"But I am changed!" murmurs Rose, the identical remark she murmured on that first night of Roger's return from India. "I am an old, old woman now!"

She lifts her face; traces of rice powder rest on Major O'Shea's waistcoat, as they rested erstwhile on Roger's, and then, looking into each other's eyes, and holding each other's hands, husband and wife, in broken oft-interrupted accents, make mutual confessions.

Cornelius throws infinite pathos into his. The newspaper announcement of his death, he declares, was, in the first instance, a hoax, one of those cruel practical jokes to which the most innocent men may fall victims. Afterward—fretting, as was his habit, about his poor devoted wife, away in England—the idea crossed his brain of working out the mistake to her benefit. "My life, up to that time," and tears are in the good old fellow's eyes as he speaks, "my life up to that time, had brought little else but harm to those I loved. I resolved to see if the supposition of my death might not prove to their advantage. My Rosie's mental sufferings!" Rose, at this point having managed to falter out something decorous about the suddenness of the blow and her own anguish of bereavement. "Ah, my love, the years of tranquil domestic happiness before us now must atone for that. The end, my Rosie—'tis false morality—but let us hope that in this case at least the end will justify the means."

"I'm sure I hope it will make no difference about Uncle Robert's will." This is Rosie's first really earnest and coherent utterance. "I know my uncle would never have left me a shilling if he had thought——"

"That that worthless scoundrel and spendthrift, Cornelius O'Shea, still haunted the earth," interrupts Cornelius, with admirable frankness. "Set your mind at rest, my dear girl. I consulted my lawyers about all the troublesome business technicalities of the matter, immediately upon my return to England. The money is as legally and truly yours as you are legally and truly mine, and only mine, Rose."

So much for Major O'Shea. Rosie gets through the difficult part she has to play not without credit. After looking forward to being the wife of a man, young, handsome, distinguished, as Roger Temple—nay, after hesitating, one short quarter of an hour ago, as to whether Roger Temple or that elegant creature, Stanley Drewe, should be the object of one's choice, now suddenly to find one's self folded in a husband's legitimate embrace! A husband with his nose redder, his head balder, his whole person, alas, a vast deal older, slovenlier, uglier than when one parted from him. Would not the situation be tragic to many a wiser and better woman than poor Rose?

She sighs more sincerely than she ever sighed in her life before; she weeps some furtive scalding tears on O'Shea's well-worn waistcoat. She is sorry exceedingly; sorry in the very depths of her soul over his resurrection. But although a husband, Cornelius is still a man, and it is not in Rosie's nature to act otherwise than with angelic outward sweetness toward any member of the other sex.

"You seem to forget that we are not the only people in the world," she whispers to him, after a time "You quite forget the cause that brought me to St. Jean de Luz—Belinda."

And now Belinda, who has with difficulty restrained herself during the scene of tender conjubial reunion, rushes forward and flings herself upon her father's breast.

She never sees that his coat lacks fashion and his waistcoat freshness. Cheap cigars, brandy, absinthe, none of these things are perceived by Belinda. "Papa! My own darling papa!"

As she clings to him, she feels his lips upon her head, the blind, adoring love of old childish days thrills through her heart. She kisses his face, his hands, the sleeve of his threadbare coat. She sends up a passionate, mute thanksgiving to Heaven in her great joy.

"And so Belinda has grown up a beauty after all," says O'Shea, holding his graceful brown girl at arm's length that he may the better admire her. "But I have seen you already to-day, Belinda. I watched you this morning—little you all suspected it—when you were starting from the hotel. A good-looking young fellow that who was with her, Rose, eh? It would be indiscreet, I dare say, to ask his name?"

"His name is Temple, Roger Temple," answers Belinda, her face burning with blushes, more for Rose's sake than her own.

"An old friend of mine—and Mr. Shelmadean's," adds Rose. Poor Rose! She must be really more than mortal could she make this renunciatory speech in a cheerful tone. "I had run down here with my maid to see our dear Belinda, and—and we met Captain Temple—accidentally——"

"As you have now met me, Rose," says Cornelius, coming, with admirable tact, to her rescue. "Quite a chapter of accidents, is it not? But never mind, my love! All's well that end's well, and I shall be only too delighted to make Mr. Roger Temple's aquaintance. This moment," adds O'Shea, looking much as gentlemen look when they get on their legs to return thanks after dinner "this moment is the happiest—the crown, the finish, so to speak—of my whole chequered life. But let me set myself right in the opinion of those who are dearest to me. I come back, after long absence, after years of reputed death; I find my Rosie fairer, younger than when I left her, and with her affections still mine, and I am the happiest fellow this side of the equator. But," exclaims Cornelius grandly, "had a cruel fate ordained otherwise, had I found my beloved wife in a position where duty demanded such a sacrifice, I would, whatever the cost, have kept the fact of my existence a secret, and in a distant land have prayed to my last hour for the happiness of her from whom honor, the strongest feeling of which man's breast is capable, held me apart."

Major O'Shea seems to have grown an inch taller during the course of this peroration. He pronounces the word "honor" with the marked emphasis you will frequently observe men of somewhat shifty character attach to it. His daughter gazes at him with fond, wet eyes and trembling lips, while his wife—well, I don't want to be hard on Rosie any more, so we will say that his wife, too, weeps.

Just as the family group has assumed an interesting position, in walks Roger Temple.

"This—this is Captain Temple" stammers poor Rosie, "Cornelius, my dear——"

"Captain Temple, let me introduce myself," says O'Shea, airily, and moving towards his wife's friend with outstretched, cordial hand. "A dead man may dispense with formalities. Very happy and proud to make Captain Temple's acquaintance!"

Five minutes later the restored husband and supplanted lover are chatting together with a friendliness that must dispel Rosie's last lingering dread as to the probability of a duel. In half an hour's time O'Shea is whispering affectionately in his wife's ear—Darby and Joan together—on the sofa (I have been harsh, too harsh, upon Rosie, more than once: it gives me a pleasure to part from her in peace, happily restored to a husband's sheltering arms); and Belinda finds herself at an open window, in the farthest corner of the room, with Roger Temple by her side.

They talk commonplaces for a long time, talk about the clearness of the night, the beauty of the stars, the sweetness of the orange flowers in the courtyard. They keep at a distance; they dare not look into each other's eyes. And all the while they know that they are lovers; that the good-bye spoken between them a couple of hours ago is cancelled; that they are free; and God willing, mean to pass the rest of their lives together, hand in hand.

"Time for me to be thinking of the Maison Lohobiague and Miss Burke," says Belinda at last. "There is Costa waiting patiently at the gate, as usual, to take me home."

"Home! Don't let me hear you say the word any more in connection with the Maison Lohobiague," exclaims Roger. "You have finished with the Maison Lohobiague and Miss Burke forever."

"Yes; I suppose papa will like me to live in England now. Poor papa—if you knew how good it is to be able to say that word again!"

"I hope another word may seem as good to you some day!"

No reply in speech. She only turns to him her dark eyes shining through a mist of joyful tears, and Roger Temple is contented.

THE END.

A large panther followed by three cubs ran along a much-travelled road near Middletown, N. Y., last week. Nobody was harmed and the quartette escaped.

—An eagle sailing half a mile above the earth can see a field mouse; but while that is pretty good it is beaten by a chap in this town who can see his tailor a mile away on a cloudy day.

SLAVERY IN AFRICA.

Horrors That Are Being Perpetrated These Very Days.

"I paid a visit to Sayol's camp. A scaffolding of beams at its entrance was ornamented with fifty hewn-off right hands. Musket shots later on proclaimed that the leader of this gang was practicing musketry at his prisoners. Some of my men told me that the victims of this cruelty had been cut up immediately to furnish a cannibal feast, for Tippoo Tib's auxiliaries from the Lomami, the Bene Kalebwe and the Batetela are cannibals." Reading these words one would think that they were part of some romance, due to the vivid imagination and genius of Mr. Rider Haggard; but no, they are, alas! an actual narration of facts witnessed by the famous African traveller, Lieut. Wissmann, and related by him in a paper read before the Royal Geographical Society on the 25th of June, 1888. It may be urged by some that surely this horrible and diabolical conduct of Sayol, the lieutenant of Tippoo Tib, is a solitary and isolated instance, and that other slave dealers do not behave so atrociously. It may, perhaps, be the worst case which has up to the present been witnessed and described by a European, but it is unfortunately only a fair sample of what is daily occurring in tropical Africa, where murder and rapine are destroying whole tribes of negroes, the few and scanty survivors being dragged away as slaves. According to Cardinal Lavigerie, Africa is every year drained of 2,000,000 human beings by the slave trade. Not a tithe of these ever come to be domestic slaves "who after all are not so badly off," as is so commonly said by people who wish to plaster over the prick their conscience gives them when they say they are not the neighbor of the oppressed negro, and, like the priest and the Levite, pass by on the other side. For every slave they carry off the slave raiders murder about twenty, and of those they do drive away not a fifth come into the hands of the humane (?) slave owners of Morocco, Fez, Tuat, Tripoli and Arabia. The ivory trade has been blamed with causing most of the slave hunts in Central Africa. This is no longer the case. In several regions the stock of ivory is nearly or quite exhausted, and still villages are hourly burned and their inhabitants murdered or put into slave chains, clogs and forks. The only difference is that now, the able bodied men being no longer required for the painful and laborious work of ivory porters, they, along with the aged of both sexes, are slaughtered in cold blood, while their wives, sisters, daughters and young children are dragged away to become the servants, concubines and worse of depraved and debauched mongrels.—*London National Review.*

A Coachman's Awful Discovery.

A curious case is now engaging the attention of the police authorities here, telegraphs a Montreal correspondent. About six months ago a Mrs. McKean left her husband at Lake St. John and came to Montreal, alleging before she left Quebec that she was afraid of her life, and would stay no longer with the man whom she had promised to love, honor and obey. Coming to this city Mrs. McKean arrayed herself in man's attire, and entering the service of a well-known gentleman, was given a bed in the same room with the coachman. The latter remained in blissful ignorance of the real condition of affairs until last night, when the terrified Jehu discovered that for a half year his apartment had been shared, not by a handsome youth, as he supposed, but by Mrs. McKean, from Lake St. John. The indignant coachman had the woman arrested this morning, but there does not appear to be any law applicable in the case.

Plenty of Weather.

Maine Man—"I tell you down East beats the world for quick changes of weather. One day last spring I cut ice all one morning and had to run out and plant sun umbrellas over my tomato vines in the afternoon."

Western Man "Shouldn't wonder. I remember one day in Kansas when I went out with a mowing machine at sunrise and traded it for a snowplow before night, but that wasn't a circumstance to the day I went swimming in the Missouri River, and got carried so far out by the current that I was like to drown. I just tell you, I never expected to see shore again."

"Eh? How did ye get back?"

"The river froze over and I skated back."

Can't Get Head nor Tail of It.

A fellow who was not used to propounding conundrums got mixed thusly:

"Why is a hen—no, I mean a rooster, like a cent? No, that isn't it. Why is a cent like a fence on a rooster? Pshaw! I mean why is a fence like a rooster on a penny. No, like a cent on a rooster. Hold on a minute, that's not right either. Why is a rooster like a fence on a cent? I mean like a penny on a—no, I don't either. I mean, why is a rooster like a penny—a fence a—now, why is a penny like a fence on a—like a rooster on a fence? Well, anyhow, the answer is, because its head is on one side and tail on the other."—*Dansville Breeze.*

A Tonic Needed.

"Come here, Johnnie," said the old man, bringing out the strap, "it is time you had a taste of this."

"I didn't do nothing, pa," pleaded the youngster.

"In that case," said the old man, "I'll lick you for being idle."

An Unfortunate Admission.

Youngest daughter (of father of seven of them)—Papa, I can't I positively can't stand the strain! I m-m-must t-t-tell you I had planned to elope to-night.

Papa—Just my luck! What did you want to peach for? Now I suppose I've *got* to stop you.

Sorry He Found It.

Office Boy—"Here is a pocket-book, sir, which you dropped." Muscular Merchant (grasping boy's hand and wringing it vigorously)—"Honest lad! What shall I do to show my gratitude?" Boy (wincing under his torture grasps)—"Let go my hand, sir, and we'll call it square."

—A man of strong character always makes enemies, but because a man has many enemies does not mean that he has a strong character.

MATHEMATICAL CURIOSITIES.

Singular Things That Can be Accomplished by Figures.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: A very curious number is 142 857, which multiplied by 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 or 6 gives the same figures in the same order, beginning at a different point, but if multiplied by seven gives all nines. Multiplied by one it equals 142 857, multiplied by two equals 285 714, multiplied by three equals 428 571, multiplied by four equals 571,428, multiplied by five equals 714,285, multiplied by six equals 857 142, multiplied by seven equals 999 999. Multiply 142,857 by eight and you have 1,142 856. Then add the first figure to the last and you have 142 857, the original number, the figures exactly the same as at the start. Another mathematical wonder is the following:

It is discovered that the multiplication of 9 8 8 6 5 4 3 2 1 by 45 gives 44, 44, 44, 44, 44, 45. Reversing the order of the digits and multiplying 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 by 45, we get a result equally curious—5, 555, 555, 505. If we take 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 as the multiplicand, and interchanging the figures of 45, take 54 as the multiplier, 6, 666, 666 606. Returning to the multiplicand, 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1, and taking 54 as the multiplier again, we get 53, 333, 333, 34—all 3's except the first and last figures, which together read 54—the multiplier. Taking the same multiplicand, and 27, the half of 54, as the multiplier, we get a product of 26, 666, 666, 667—all 6's except the first and last figures, which together read 27, the multiplier. Now, interchanging the order of the figures 27, and using 72 as the multiplier, and 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1 as the multiplicand, we get a product of 71, 111, 111, 112, all 1's except the first and last figures, which read together 72—the multiplier.

Very Good for a Detective Yarn.

A lady and gentleman were travelling together on an English railway. They were perfect strangers to each other. Suddenly the gentleman said: "Madam, I will trouble you to look out of the window for a few minutes; I am going to make some changes in my wearing apparel!"

"Certainly, sir," she replied, with politeness, rising and turning her back upon him.

In a short time he said: "Now, madam, my change is completed, and you may resume your seat. When the lady turned she beheld her male companion transformed into a dashing lady, with a heavy veil over her face.

"Now, sir, or madam, whichever you like," said the lady, "I must trouble you to look out of the window, for I also have some changes to make in my apparel."

"Certainly," madam," and the gentleman in lady's attire immediately complied.

"Now, sir, you may resume your seat." To his great surprise on resuming his seat, the gentleman in female attire found his lady companion transformed into a man. He then laughed and said:

"It appears that we both are anxious to avoid recognition. What have you done? I have robbed a bank."

"And I," said the whilom lady, as he dexterously fettered his companion's wrist with a pair of handcuffs, "am Detective J——, of Scotland Yard, and in female attire have shadowed you; now," drawing a revolver, "keep still."—*San Francisco Wasp.*

Curious Odds and Ends.

The Persian name for Americans is Yange Deonyn, which means a dweller of the new world.

People in Oregon have passed a very pleasant summer. They raised four crops of strawberries this year.

It was an old woman in Indiana who invented the whisk broom, and millions of them are whisking from daylight to dark without her having made a cent out of her invention.

A newspaper man in Liverpool secured the names of 482 sailors, and only two among them were named Jack. In all his talk with them he never heard them use a nautical expression.

A Brooklyn man intends to start a goat farm, which he thinks will bring him $10 80 per day. He will stock it with seventy-five goats, and as the ordinary goat will give three pints of milk a day, he calculates upon ninety quarts per day at 12 to 15 cents a quart.

The Prince of Wales has 17 brothers-in-law, 16 uncles, 57 cousins and 58 nephews and nieces.

A Clairsville (Ga.) druggist recently captured a young snake, to which he has been giving a certain amount of whiskey every day. At first his snakeship did not take kindly to the beverage, but of late has shown a decided hankering after it. When given all it can drink it rolls around on the floor and performs a number of odd antics, clearly proving that the glorious privilege of getting drunk is not denied even to snakes.

Not the First Time.

"Was it the girl's father who broke off the engagement?" inquired Jenkins.

"No," replied the jilted lover, "it was her little brother."

An Editor's Supply of Tongue.

Our thanks are tendered to Rev. Kenneth McLennan for a dried tongue of the northwestern reindeer, which is considered a rare treat by many.—*Whitby Chronicle.*

THE Tables of the Law have not been heard of since Nebuchadnezzar plundered the Temple at Jerusalem in the year 598 B.C. The Rev. Dr. Boardman, of Philadelphia, suggests that the archæological expedition sent out by the University of Pennsylvania may discover the original Decalogue amid the ruins of Babylon.

Revivalist Sam W. Small is trying to start an upstir in New Yook city, where there are more good people than there are words in the big dictionary.

On Saturday A. and H. Cartwright, sons of Sir Richard, went to Wolf Island on a shooting expedition. As Harry did not reach the bank yesterday anxiety was felt in regard to his safety, and Sir Richard went out in the afternoon in search of him. His brother is in Kingston from Toronto. It is thought the young men are all right.

Mr. Franklin McLeay, modern language master of the Woodstock Institute, is from overwork.