IFIC AND USEFUL ey consists of syrupor give red, and sometimes a life added. In California one red with one of glucose ious mixtures of ware

demonstrated that plating eye, although its present to be detected by the touch by the aid of a magnifying card is held in such ire casts a shadow.

a fresh egg be applied to a stale This is due to the white of the g in contact with the g the heat from the tone han does the air bubble in the sh eggs are most transpare tale ones at the end. resembling celluloid may

atoes by peeling them, a hem in water, impregnation rts of sulphuric scid, the ssing between sheets of blo n France pipes are made scarcely distinguishable for By subjecting the man, a substance can be made of in hardness.

Berlin Physical Society ecently produced three fluid phials-one yellow and to hich he made use of in de regarding colour mixture, i the belief which prevaile mong the public that yello n mixed, yielded only green ained "acid yellow;" cal solution of copper; phi blue. One and two super th other gave green ; one an

e of plastering over recent ch in numerous instances ha us. Apart from any question ing indeed, the mere tension ischarges is an inevitable chief where this custom The simple rule in surgery the free escape of pus when to form. Accidents due to rule are chiefly liable to occur has been treated other in rson himself or by a practising uch cases plaster is the first is apt to be used rather freely

AND FOREIGN NOTES. now produced chemically in

ong women is becoming fash. rlies in Alsace-Lorraine now tricycles.

for Henry Irving's American xty freight vans. light is now being used in eries with great success of St. Die, in the Vosges, has

sale of Gen. Boulanger's porloctor has seen the Pope latehe is certainly good for ten

lamburg evening dress is not ark clothes and a black tie

the Sultan's harem is now a

an, beautiful, cultivated, and an Government have this year or 124,000 medals for the army

raph" has been invented, by

n can improvise on a piano nusic recorded. been introduced into Holland. said to be light and active,

ood cricketers. nd Protestants recently celet of toleration of Louis XVL the Cev nes Mountains.

bbock says that among a cerof India it is a mark of reitude to put the thumb to the and fifty-five thousand bricks

Hadstone's estate have been ton for a new court house.

Loneliness of Age. s of age! How few think o with due tenderness and conse who have out-lived their d whose early companions e been taken from them! Unin the activities of life, they brought into contact and those around them, and no interest and mutual dependtogether. Their views and turally grown apart. They in common with others. his life has nothing to inbition or excite their hopes. h the energies of others has or them. They necessarily, t, live in a world of their ch those around them are The communings of their the senses of the past and

of other years, that have d away. Lover and friend from them, and their acin darkness. The forms ad loved are gone, the eyes theirs with the tenderest htless, and the voices that red their souls have long heir early world of hope ome a desolation, and they ontemplating the ruin that ht, They have but little to this world, and are

ting till the shadows little longer grown." do what he can to cheer the , to smooth their pathway hem in their declining years

Talkative Man. -Little boy, what do you

ould say if he caught you ay? He wouldn't say no-

ainer the Better. a husband whose wife had t purchase. e lady, rapturously, "that the dear little fellow.

"KATE MASSEY'S FALSEHOOD," "BEATBICE'S AMBITION," "FOR LOVE OR KINDRED ?" "A GOLDEN DREAM," &c., &c.

CHAPTER VIII.

When all the guests at Haughton Abbey by retired for the night, the Hon. Cyril Bushton sat in an arm-chair in his own mon smoking and thinking; and the subst of his thoughts was Miss Verschoyle's inting fit on the bridge. In spite of her contemptuous warning

of the strange feelings that it had called plife within him, he was not dissatisfied white within and She had declined to liabut he had discovered that she had a geret -a secret of such importance that a chance allusion to it could send the blood from her cheeks and almost deprive her of per senses. Upon this knowledge he resolvei to rebuild his ruined fortunes and gratiis the consuming desire to break her cold proud spirit and have her at his mercy. He ad won high stakes at whist and ecarte in the smoking-room, and, with all a gambler's belief in luck, he told himself that the tide Tas at last turning, that Lord Arenbeg's I. and Colonel Ponsonby's sovereigns vere only the beginning of better things, that now, at last, he was getting his

With such thoughts in his mind, he put arm behind his head, leaned back in his chair, and looked quite pleasantly at his

ervant Jim. "Where is Gannon now ?"

"Sleep, sir, I should say, seeing as how

"Do you know anything about him, Jim

I mean, before he got his discharge, or

a that other chap that's here with Lord Arenbeg, an' that was his comrade out yonder"-pointing vaguely over his shoulder. "I do assure you, sir, that when I saw Garret Irish-as we called him-walk into the dining-room in his black clothes, as

200d as any, you could have knocked me lown with a feather—you could indeed !" Captain Haughton nodded again, and still gazing at the fire, murmured-"Ah-comrades-chums, as you would

Jim Kelly saw at once that his master er.s the better it would be for himself hereafter. her elutches.

"Yes, sir, just as you say-chums. every inch a swell, perhaps more that than the other-keeping to themselves as much as possible, an' hunting in couples as a mau might say, why, I watched 'em-and so my eye, an' the other, in a way, not."

Captain Haughton, who had lapsed into a state of boredom during this speech, now yawned, and interrupted sleepily-"Well, and what did or do you observe?

Get on, Jim-get on !"

"Of the ladies?" Captain Haughton was cape. wake now, and listening in good earnest.

"Miss Verschoyle—was Miss Verchoyle

-brought to look at the horses; an', my cheeks faintly scarlet and blue eyes spark- but-" And he stopped. ed!"-and with a salute Jim stopped. His master reflected for a moment, and

"You say he and Croft write to each other; did Gannon ever show you any of those letters?"

"He? No, sir, no-he's too stand offish. That's what made me think him a swell at hist-for he's good at everything, an doesn't

thirk his work." The "swell" questioning him smiled faintly at this left-handed compliment to his order, and, turning so as to look into his valet's

"When Gannon receives those letters, That does he do with them? Burn them?

lock them up?" "Both, sir—carries 'em about with him a pocket-book with a lock to it, an' after

while burns'em. I've seen him." "Then there might be a letter—or more han one-there at any time-now for in-

I should say so, sir." Captain Haughton, gazing steadily at his

Jim, could you get hold of—in plain English steal—that pocket-book ?" Yes, sir, I think I could, sir," said Jim, the perfect composure, as if robbing from

of a gentleman's valet. "Well"—with an amused look—" do so, as soon as possible. If you can get the tey, to much the better, for then it can go

back intact." les, sir. That's all, sir?" Except—yes—that's all. understand, Jim?"

"Yes, sir—all on the quiet sir." Exactly; and, if this turns up trumps, for fortune's made as well as mine. Now

I wonder how we girls managed to live Great tennis was invented; do you know, Appain Haughton?"—and the Hon. Blanche

Oh, there was always something going there was tilting, you know !" answer between it between it is a curious the complete was a curious the curious the complete was a curious the cur between its members. He was more in this will cease, Miss Lily."

terested in watching Hyacinth's pale face, which was half hidden by the large brim of life.

her hat. standing a little apart from the rest of the affairs. people grouped about the tennis ground.

It was not her beauty, fair as it was, that in spite of himself drew Haughton's eyes towards her ; for there was one there in all the fresh perfection of youth, with eyes like the blue of summer skies, her golden hair glittering in the sun, with a face so fascinating in its innocent and gentle loveliness that it outshone all others. The proud, cold, still exterior that Hyacinth showed to those around her had a charm for him apart from all considerations of her wealth, and he gazed at her as if she had cast a spell over him. The Hon. Blanche, however, conceiving that his reply conceived some remote allusion to her age, exclaimed, with a malicious things."

glancesomething of English history! I thought amused at something. Have I said anything younger sons and detrimentals generally ridiculous?" were too busy ruining themselves, and then retrieving themselves by marrying money, to read anything but sporting papers and to understand that your only knowledge of wills and bequests.

The Hon. Blanche ought to have had the discretion not to goad the Captain into a seeing that it is true," she answered half war of words, for she knew him well enough shyly, half stiffly, looking straight before to expect scant mercy at his hands when he her down a long avenue of elm-trees, and was roused; and yet his indifference to her, feeling uncomfortably nervous and yet not his wardering attention, filled her with an unhappy. Captain Haughton raised his eyes to a angry desire to interest him somehow, even veiled insolence—

"Pardon me—I did not quite follow you. You were talking of marriage, were you her soft hand and turned her gently towards "Well, sir, not to say much. He's a not? Well, in these days, when the marsilent sort of chap—sulky, I calls him, an' riage-market is so frightfully overstocked, gand off-just does what he's told, an' says a woman must have either beauty, money, But in course I'd find out, sir. or at least youth, to aspire to that happy One thing I do know—he was a swell, same state; don't you think so?"—and he looked at her with a frark and brutal appreciation of every line upon her faded cheeks which roused her temper.

Common sense warned her to say no more and yet she would make another attempt to defeat him.

"I was not exactly talking of marriage, but of younger sons and their sometimes quite laughable efforts to marry money. Poor fellows, they must not be to me." over-nice as regards beauty and youth; or perhaps they look for them in other quart-

had a purpose in pumping him about | Captain Haughton glanced again at Hya-Garret Croft and his own underling, cinth, and smiled; he was not sufficiently Gannon, and he knew that the active interested to be angry-in fact, he was borforwarding of his master's purposes ed, and had business on his hands that generally resulted in sovereigns; therefore, would not be forwarded by bickering with with an expression of profound respect on this ill-tempered little vixen—as he somehis tanned and wrinkled face, he went on what disrespectfully termed the Hon alking, quite sure that, the more voluble he Blanche-and he gazed round quite despairwason the subject of Croft and Gannon, ingly for some means of deliverance from

It was a fair and animated scene that he turn. When I see these two swells—for Gannon is looked upon, this old bowling-green of Haughton Abbey, with its high brick wall Glynn. "I have something I must say to on one side, and the beginning of Haughton you; and I declare I feel as if I had no Chase, with its ranks of oak and elm, on the right to take you by the hand. I never other. The flat green stretch of sward where really lost my identity until I got the does Gannon now, he being, in a way, under | Earls of Redshire had played matches with | Haughton crest on my buttons. A man can their friends and guests for generations, and feel a gentleman in a Hussar jacket; but which was now turned into a tennis court, this !"-and he looked at himself in utter was all alive with damsels in broad hats, disgust. short skirts, and blouses, and men in flannel "Then why in the name of all that's costumes; while the hum of voices and the sensible do you wear it?" exclaimed Garret. pleasant sound of laughter mingled with the | "Would not America be better?" "Why, sir, not so much, after all, except strains of a regimental band from Chester "Yes," replied the other slowly. "I that they write to one another, an' that | "I beg your pardon—I have a message ought never to have come here—never; and Gannon seems uncommonly shy of the for Miss Verschoyle," muttered the How I am going away now, having been treated,

"Yes, sir. The other day he an' I were it is part of a younger's son's mission in so- I cannot speak of as I would;" and, turnin the stables bandaging the King's leg- ciety to carry messages to rich women," re- ing, he strode a pace or two away; then, you took it out of him pretty well, sir, a- plied Blanche sweetly; and, as he hastened coming back, he said, "I saw you talking to bringing of him home from Wallasey-an' away, she flattered herself that the victory that young beauty yonder-are you in love

eyes, if you were to see how Gannon bolt ling with triumph, pulled off her broadbrimmed hat and began fanning herself with "Let me do that; and come into the shade-do!" said her partner, Garret Croft,

earnestly. "The sun will ruin your complexion; and he took the hat from her, and held it over her head.

She laughed, blushed, and looked up at his bronzed face as she answered-

"Oh, I don't get freckled! I turn a sort of golden brown in the sun-at least I used; of course I have to be more careful now." "And may I ask, Miss Lily, do you pre-

unsophisticated period when you were allowed to get sunburnt?" he asked, with an amused look.

She took her hat from his hand and walked slowly towards the belt of trees as she

answered -"Well, I suppose the proper thing would be to say 'Yes,' and regret my torn gowns, broken boots, and general poverty; but you see I don't. I like living in a nice house such as the Grange is now. I like having ponies to drive, and pretty clothes to wear without having to mind much if I tear them. have a happy knack of tearing my dresses, as you may perceive. Other girls de person was among the most ordinary can play tennis and look as if they were just turned out of a bandbox : but I--- " And she exposed a three cornered rent in her thick blue-and-white

embroidered skirt for his inspection. "Yes, you are different from other girlsvery different," he said, looking at her with

You quite eyes more eloquent than his tongue, "And Hyacinth is so good," she continued completely ignoring his observation as they walked farther and farther in among the trees. "She just acts as if the money belonged to us all. She sent all the boys to Trinity, and gave each one a profession. She has turned the Grange into the most beautiful place you ever saw-spent thousands of pounds upon it; and mamma and boughty turned a somewhat faded face to is pleasant after our long poverty, Mr.

"And you are never disturbed by the the Captain, not in the least meaning to thought that some day, when your beautiful the offence have in the least meaning to thought that some day, when your beautiful by perpetual, not in the least meaning to thought that some day, with a slight grimace, for perpetual just to fill the pause in sister marries"—with a slight grimace, for perpetual stream of small-talk which there was a curious unexpressed antipathy

" But suppose the one man has appeared

and—and disappeared long ago ?" "Indeed !" exclaimed the young man, curious to hear more; for he was secretly convinced that the heiress had had a great deal to do with Glynn Neville's change of

But Lily was not going to talk, except in Miss Verschoyle was not playing, but the most general terms, of her sister's Subscribed Sapital

> "Yes," she said slowly, "I am surequite sure-Hyacinth will never marry. You know—at least books say—that a woman can really have only one love in her life;" and then she stopped; for Garret was looking at her with such adoring eyes, and listening with such an appearance of intense interest, that she could not help the colour rising to her cheeks. For, although Lily Verschoyle was twenty-one, and had been out since she was eighteen, she was still as innocent, as shy, as gentle, us on the morning of her presentation.

"Go on," he entreated—"do! I want to know your thoughts about love, above all

"No"- laughing an l pulling her large "Tilting? Oh, then you must know hat down over her eyes-"for I see you are

"I was very much interested and-well, yes—just a little amused at your giving me love is derived from books."

"I don't see how that should amuse you,

Captain Haughton laised his oyes to a by quarrelling with. He realised this, that much about yourself, Lily, A girl is "Is it indeed true? Do tell me! Tell me which pointed to a quarter past one, nodded awoke from a dreamy contemplation of such an enigma to a—a man that he may Hyacinth's profile, and answered, with know her for years, worship her all his life, and be in utter ignorance of her real character. Lily—dear Lily!"—and he caught

> But the girl, shrinking from the very avowal which she most wished to hear, hastily drew her hand away, saying— "Look—there is some one coming!

think it is a groom." Garret looked, with an unspoken wish that the groom might break his neck, or at least take himself then and there out of sight; but, when he saw the tall figure of his friend, he was ashamed of himself, and said hastily-

"Excuse me, de-I mean Lily; he-I think—that is, I know—he wants to speak

Certainly, of course—I shall turn back," BABY'S she replied, vexed that he should leave her at such a moment, and to speak to a servant. He saw that she was offended, that this golden opportunity would be lost, that she might not allow him another during his stay at Haughton Abbey. But he did not

hesitate; love for once had to give place to

friendship. "I shall not be long," he said—" pray wait for me! Pray do not go back without me !"—and he looked so distressed that she forgave him at once, and sat down on the root of one of the trees to await his re

"I hope I have not disturbed you," said

Cyril at last, seeing no other means of es- by one to whom I have given proofs of my honor and truthfulness, with black ingrati-"Oh, do not let me detain you! Of course tude and suspicion. There—it's a matter

with her, Garret?' A gentle muamur of applause, a slight "Yes," answered the young man steadiclapping of gloved hands, and beautiful Lily ly, and yet bashfully, "I am; and she-"Yes, sir; an' her sister, an' some more Verschoyle flung down her racket, and, with that is-I haven't asked her yet, you see;

"Is she not the heiress's sister?" "Yes-Miss Verschoyle. She is your

"She has no money, I believe?" "None, I am glad to say. I don't want money. I can offer her comfort, even lux-

ury, after a moderate fashion." " And she, brought up by her sister, and with her great beauty—do you imagine she will be content with that?"

"I do, Glynn; I can hardly say what grounds I have for it, but I do hope so." Neville, whose sojourn at Haughton Abbey had not improved his general health fer this sort of life, or do you sigh for that or good looks, stood silent for a moment, and then said-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Death of Summer. BY J. R. WILKINSON.

Where is now the gladsome summer?
Singing birds whose wild songs thrill, Dark-green foliag'd waving wildwood, Fragrant glade and rippling rill? And the voice as soft as angel's. Of the low caressing wind, As it kisses earth's warm beauties, Wooing gently, and so kind?

Where the whisper, and the murmur Of the sunlit, dancing sea? The mysterious, deep-t ned music Of the waves so grand and free? Looking where the isles seem sleeping, Gemm'd upon the slumb'ring flood; On, and on, through sunlit vistas, Fancy free, our souls have trod.

And the hazy cloudlets floating All the laughing sunlight through; Mirror'd on the intense splendour Of the skies' infinite blue? Leading up the vaulted highway Of the planets' centreing spheres; "Till our souls are lost in wonder, 'Mid ecstatic thoughts and fears Where the dreams we wooed at twilight?

Fairest time of all to me; When the silver moon beams softly, And the stars gem earth and sea. O! the whisp'ring murm'ring music! O! the songs of summer's night; Unseen harps in tones of rapture, Thrilling me with strange delight!

Ah! to die at close of even, With the heart so strangely glad; Blissful as a dream of Heaven, Death could not be drear or sad ! Fairest joys the soonest vanish, Summer died but yesterday; Chill and blight of Autumn banish All her loveliness away.

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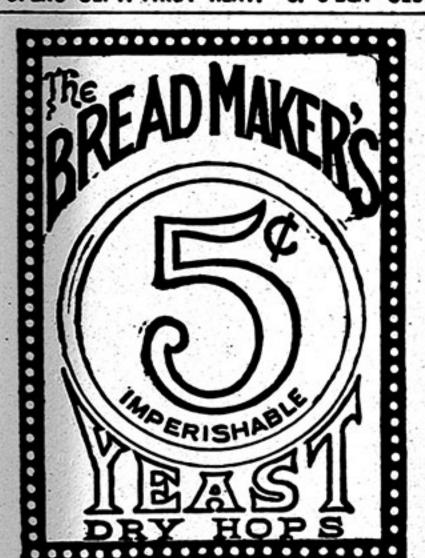
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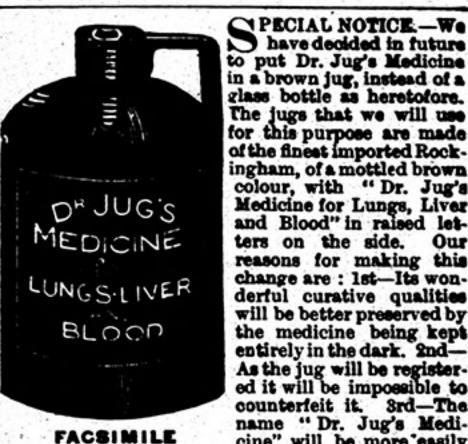
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