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Paris Excited-Jury Room Logic in France -The Queen of Romania.

Decidedly Paris has been the centre of European interest this week, what with the "Coulisses de Boulangisme" and the rarious duels and complications arising therefrom. The duel as she is fought in France and by Frenchmen has always tended to promote he gayety of nations, but the affairs in which Rochefort and Thiebaud and Mermiex and his seven opponents have been involved are Bishop's house Episcopal Palace at Blankmore than usually amusing. For instance, in the encounter between the exiled journalist at La Clinge on the Belgian frontier and the affronted Thiebaud we have the humane spectacle of the surgeons carefully washing the swords of the combatants in antiseptic liquids before the fight, so that neither rust or previous gore that those weapons may have drawn might have any injurious effect often they had blamed him for not having upon the two principals, and of Rochefort been more prominent among them, for bein explaining after he had scratched the other so gentle, so full of humility and all tho warrior that the article at which he had meek qualities which, as a kind of sop to ou taken offence was meant to scarify some Another humorous incident of this duel utterly despise in the man! Yes, they was the circumstance that on the way to the forgotten all the irritations, the petty ir-

by Van Eyck in the Ghent cathedral, but them a dear saint in glory, whose blameless was afraid to do so lest the swarm of repo. t ers who followed him might think he had to guide them on that dark road which entered to pray before the combat. we must all tread one day. has been brought to light in Paris this week | irony of events ! A great spiritual lord was A few weeks ago an entire family in that who would be in most things what the good him in this one. city by the name of Hyam committed suicide folk of Blankhampton had wished in him who because all were starving. The affair made had just left them; a big heavy-jowled man a great impression in Paris at the time, and was discussed from one end of the city to the arrogant, a patron of Christianity rather Last week a man named Moch was tried in Paris for having killed another be. make a rule of being prominent among his cause he refused to pay 1,000 francs he had people, who would be their superior in thing in the court when the jury brought in a verhappened to meet a member of the jury in he street one day this week and asked him the society of his own See but that portion why such an absurd verdict had been rend- of the world which is called the "Upper To The intelligent juryman, according to Thousand," and is commonly spelt with a Blowitz, thus replied

with the acquittal. When we had all met extenuating circumstances, that is to say, of hard labor for life. Then the foreman, who did not want to condemn the man, said Moc had a wife and five young children. If you find him guilty you will not restore his victim to life, but you will make another Hyam family. The blood of these innocent children will be on your head. You may give your verdict of guilty, but I will not do so. When we heard this we all gave a verdict of

Bardie Circle she has had no rest. Her brother bards claim rights and privileges which poor Carmen Sylva never anticipated. She lum hel one day this week at Holywell Welsh bards to meet her, and they answered t to helplessness turned loose a seventh poet who related several Welsh legends to her. Little wonder that the Queen is suffering continually from a splitting headache an intends going to Wicklow next weel

lies day after day languid and melancholy if his father soon goes the way of all just got over his teething difficult ties, a trouble which weighed down young Alphonso when he was called upon to undertake some of the cares of state.

Plowing Deep.

But some soils should not be plowed deep, are Constance Gascoigne yet.

the kind of plowing that should and land that has been previously t each plowing, until a great depth airs and graces and has been stirred. Generally, if done properly, deep plowing and shallow preparation other smiling broadly now. better than when only

soil will admit, the better plan for Lady Constance.' is to plew deep and thorough, taking care to The action of the light, heat, cold, rain, food that is already in the soil, and if the subsoil is brought to the surface in this way in sufficient time to be acted upon by these, the work can be done with benefit. But before plowing deep, understand the character of the soil, and know that it will stand deep stirring .- Prairie Farmer.

Horrible Death in a Train.

Papers to hand by the steamship Rimutaka, which arrived at Plymouth on Tuesday | sat down and stared at the servant with all ! King, a medical student, was travelling in a to luncheon. away, and the other part frightfully mutil- trembling and sand came to meet her with ated. Deceased was only 24 years old.

The Usual Result.

QUEBEC, SEPT. 18. - Yesterday Mrs. Roy umbertook to light a fire in a stove in house with the aid of coal oil, when her clothing became ignited and was partially burned from her body before the flames were The woman was badly the body, and it is not yet whether or not she will

Money Talks, Though-I learn that Mr. Dumbman, t'ae de Yes, I knew that. But I got a different impression from what you said about him.

You said he had no money to speak of. Well, did you ever hear him speak of it'

A Disobedient Patient. Irate Patron-"You advertise to

consumption, don't you?" Dr. Quack-"Yes, sir. I never fail when ary my instructions are followed." and died an hour after the last dose.' My instructions were not followed told him to take it two years."

A Thrilling Story of Romance and Adventure.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD, BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

We must all die, and not the old alone he young have no exemption from that doom. The chill of death reigned over hampton, the awe of a great change had fallen over the old city. For on the previous day, Edward, by Divine Providence, Lore Bishop of the Diocese, had been carried to his last long home in the Cloisters of Cathedral Church The townsfolk had scarce as yet begun to

wonder who would be the new Bishop. They were full of the quiet scholarly graces of the departed prelate—they had forgotten how consciences, we make a point of attributing to Christ, and which almost universally we field of battle Rochefort desired to gratify ritations of the past ; their spiritual head, his artistic taste by viewing the two pictures | sanctified by great sufferings had become life among them would be a bright beacon

> looming in the distance, the not far distance, of great dignity of bearing, ponderous and than a servant of Christ; a man who would of earth as well as in things of heaven, a man who would seldom try to be affable and if did would invariably make all beholders wish fervently that he would not, a man of the world worldly, a Bishop of Society, no

As yet, however, Blankhampton was untroubled by the personal attributes of Bishops still to come; it mourned him who was just gone, and over the Palace where he had held gentle sway during nearly fifteen happy and peaceful years there still hung the di shadow of his departed presence, a cloud of

It was not generally known that Bishor Trevor, as already they had begun to call him, had a very romantic history. The little world of Blankhampton knew that he had been called early to the dignity of the Bench. that he had married a lady of title immedi who had once been beautiful and young but who was then some five or six and thirty together and after two years Lady Constance bore her lord a son, and in giving birth to force their way from under his unwilling self? the child her own meek and gentle life had eye-lids, but he would have died before he "Yes. I daresay I shall," Jack answered run to replace their parents in the next The child flourished and throve apace

the nurse who had charge of him was in

time succeeded by a governess and the governess by a tutor, and when Jack Tre-Tolo, Cadvan, and twin Gwynedd. After vor was a little over twelve years old one seeming more anxious than another to rummles for ever." the Bishop, after many months of intense middle-aged bride who had come home t the Palace nearly fifteen years before. So much did Blankhampton know of the matter but no more. They did not know that many and many a year ago a son of the in defiance of his father, and that their Bis that he lived in poverty and educated only son no one knew how : that Edward worked himself through a 'Varsity career without costing his father a penny beyond his modest tailor's bill, that he had worked on from point to point, until he became head master of a great public school, and that as a young man he had met and worshipred dared not ask her to marry him, partly betheir older years and partly because Lady

Constance's people were such as would not willingly hear of their loveliest daughter marrying into what for her position would Yet Lady Constance had given all her heart to the straight-limbed gentle-ever best to plow young parson, who had never set eyes on the head of his house or seen the home of ancestors, and one gay or lordly lover after another went sadly away with "no" for an anwhere shallow plowing has wer, and all the best years of her life went by waiting for what she had no hope might ever come to pass. Dear, dear, what tende at has been plowed shallow for a romances there are sometimes in lives that surface in which to and uneventful. It happened one fair June

seem to the outer world both commo vet this would not imply morning that Lady Constance had been driv deep plowing would ing with her mother. They had been to see Either one or two her youngest married sister -- they were all be followed: The plowing married except Constance-and my lady, the repened gradually, or, if plowed Countess, had been expatiating on the sin deep for the first time, the work should be gularity of Constance remaining so long a done a considerable time ahead, so as to spinster. "I cannot tell how it is, Connie."

first time, usually by spring it for an instant and she never was half so and wretched. Many a man would have have done. tit condition for planting, or if agreeable or so sweet tempered, and yet she married again because the empty life was plowed in spring it can be sown in the fall, is the Marchioness of Ormsby and you plan is followed; while "I suppose I was hard to please, dear with others the deeper it is turned the bet. Mother," answered Lady Constance, smiling, softly as her heart flew to a great public school The character of the soil should largel which she had never seen-where he ruled

"Not but that I should miss you dread cultivated, if deep plowing is the best, should fully, Connie," my lady went on tenderly be deepened gradually, turning up a little "but I don't like to see Margaret's little "Never mind, dear Mother," said the ation will be found the best; and | They reached home a moment later, a irred soil will induce a more vigor. handsome nouse in Grosvenor Square, and while the plants will be able to tall servant in livery came to meet them. "There is a gentleman, my lady," he said -"the Bishop of Blankhampton-he asked!

"I will go to him-" said Lady Constance. "I daresay it is about the Home of Best. You'll come, won't you, Mother?" "Presently dear. Carry my books into The daughter went upstairs and this mother went into the library.

"Shall I lay another cover for amali, my lady ?" James enquired. "I think not, James. We don't know the Bishop of Blankhampton. "Pardon me, my lady," James answered, but he has been here several times. He used to be Dr. Trevor.' "Dr. Trevor-" and then her ladyship

shocking accident which occurred at Mel- you have surprised me. Certainly another | strip of meadow-land which ran to the bank ! bourne on the evening of the 1st ult. Mr. cover must be laid. He will probably stay first class railway carriage, and after the And when she was left alone, Lady Gas- gate when Jack, reached it he found the presents and all her jewellery, and these had train had passed through the North Mel- coigne knew both part and present as clearly owner of the voice standing. bourne Station he put his head out of the as if she had been 1)r. Trevor himself - she "Oh! Jack dear," she cried, "I wanted in London. The horses were all delivered window, being attracted, it is be- knew why so many men who had loved her iso to see you -I did write. We are so sorry, over to the tender mercies of a local dealer going east have been delayed and will be country. Here after three or four days please far more people than it would he had I was in the and were to be sold during the following delayed for some days for some fifteen hours. poor Havelock died, and although the docfrom the opposite direction. He remained and disappointed, she saw it all plainly en. Parish this morning, Jack, and I cried week, with the exception of a particularly For a day or two telegrams were received in it, at the window a few seconds, and his fellow ough now and she went straight past the passengers were then horrified at seeing his boudoir door to her own roomand never putheadless trunk fall back into the carriage at | in an appearance until the lunch-bell rang. His head had caught against an Meantime I ady Constance had gone undoor of one of the carriages of suspiciously to her visitor and found, inhing train, with the result that stead of a portly old Bishop, an eager eyed } the bright August sunshine, and as Jack sat | Lady Gascoigne were to leave the Palace, | ballest took the whole struction down. his head was torn completely broad shouldered man who held out two

> shyne s. like a child to its mother. did not know who it was," she said, with a gladdening in her voice. And by and bye when her ladyship came every tear and sob that escaped her lady- "Oh! yes, Mother," cried Ethel. Ady Constance cried, "Mother, you knew!" s boy more cruelly. Lady Gascoigne was big, "James told me," she answered, and then

whispered with a blush when s .c stopped nim

ceremony at that hour, and Lady lascoigne: never felt the need of an arm at any time_ but during the few steps they took together, the Bishop understood that it was all right. and that his new honours had made the way smooth and easy for him. And the Bishop gave the intelligent James a couple of sovereigns before he left the house.

to the further enlightenment of that function. Well in due time they were married and "My son took your medicine for a year | the bride went down to Blankhampton. I donot know what the good folk there had ex-

pected or desired, but Lady Constance Tre-

them. Perhaps she did not try to do a

Anyway, it is certain that when she slipped quietly out of life nobody seemed to think that an irreparable loss had fallen upon the Bishop—they thought it was a pity that the baby, poor little thing, had not gone too, and they made sure that the bereaved husband ould marry again when the year was over and if they did not say it, they most of them thought that it was to be hoped he would marry a more energetic woman next time.

But they knew nothing of a terrible hour when the gentle Bishop had knelt beside his dying wife's bed, when he had watched the Well really, Ethel, unless you can put up life that was all the world to him, quickly ebbing away, "Conty, Conty," -he had al- will do." ways called her Conty-"don't leave me-"Dear Eddy," she arswered, "I think "They'll be better than nothing," said same reckless abundance as those dissipated the Crimea, on the Fall of Sebastopol," said through the enemy, but in the dust and con-

aint voice-"But I'll wait in Heaven and-and-you'll have the child." the poor Bishop in an agony of grief, with don or wherever we are. the tears streaming down his face. "That is in your hands, darling," she said

It was soon over after that, and Blank- fore she goes. I know she will." nampton waited and waited for a new mistress to reign at the Palace, waited and children laid their plans for the future, waited in vain ; no other woman ever came presently a servant came in search to supplant the love of his youth, the dear Ethel. wife of his days of success, and Edward, his Conty in the other world, as she had left

> CHAPTER II. GIRL AND BOY.

"A boy's will is the wind's will." Sunday came and went! An immens congregation gathered in the Parish -as the athedral is familiarly called in Blankham ton-to do the last honours to the dead Bishop, and to listen to the address of culogy which was given by the Dean. Gascoigne-the Countess Dowager now

weeping copiously, as much out of genuin

painful remembrances of her dear lost back to her. And in the other corneraccustomed place -sat young Gascoigne Travor, more commonly known as "Jack." That service was a terrible ordeal for the boy! He was only thirteen yearsold, and the ming through the shrubbery which divided young fish when first turned out on a col pew apportioned to the Palace was like the the Palace grounds from the gardens of the world upon his own resources. corresponding one belonging to the Deanery. so prominently placed that its occupants through which James had just passed, Jack through all nature, from London slums to were the observed of all observers. Every sob that escaped his grandmother's li.s tore said-"look here-I'm going to leave you many young, and take but little care of them his heart afresh with an agony that was my bull-pup. almost past bearing. But onbothsides he had ately on his taking up his new office, a lady come of a proud stock; he had inherited the lovely eyes. "Oh! Jack," she cried—then dividual well-equipped for its place in

> would have lifted a hand wipe them with a boy's delightful candour -" but ordeal of passing down the crowded nave between the ranks of eager spectators, each get a good look at the Countess and the He, poor boy, re-called clearly enough, the thing approaching to a scene. time two years before when the old Dean had died, when the people in their anxiety get a very good time," he said gruffly, then people in Narni for the great good which slaughter at the well. This barbarous order

to get a really satisfying look at the sobbing So Jack kney, well enough that there was her who afterwards became his wife, and steadily through the throng of people, his through another service at the Parish face pale as death, his eyes dimmed with The Bishop had left his son to the guardianship of his uncle, Lord Gascoigne, coupled

time with his grandmother, Lady Gascoigne, as that lady and Jack himself should wish coigne the week before his death. "He is a good boy, very brave and truthful, and I don't think you will find him much trouble. "Edward," said the old Countess steadily "Jack is the very light of my old age-my Connie's boy whom she hardly saw. you for having been the best of husband

to my girl and for never having put another "I never thought of it," he said m "But," persisted the old lady, en would have thought of it, mos. 'me toe grievous to bear.

"I never thought of it," repeated the Bishop simply, and even then he did not tell her of that last sad promise he had made his Conty; that was a thing between him and her too sacred to repeat even to her

Well, Lady Gascoigne and Jack went back to the Palace and tried to eat a miserable which ended in the old Countess going off to her own room to keep quiet until and Jack forlorn and wretched, not liking to go to the stables, as was usual with him after luncheon on Sundays, found himself

through the West Garden. Now the West Garden was one of the prettiest bits about the Palace! Jack's mother had loved it, and the Bishop had been accustomed to sperid many hours pacing slowly up and down its neatly-kept pathways thinking out his sermons and his addresses to the

him. So Jack, hallowed by thoughts of him Blankhampton even for the funeral,

" ack," it said-" Jack." heard it. "Is it you, Ethel?" he answered. The garden at this point ended in a narfrom New Zealand, contain particulars of a her eyes-"the Bishop of ____ Really, James, row shubbery, which in its turn led into a of the river. A little wooden gate led from longed to the Palace, she had set aside all this shrubbery to the mearlow, and at this the most valuable of her daughter's wedding

said Jack holding out his hand.

were by way of being sweet-hearts or in the Crummles, the bull-pup to his new home two eager words upon his lips-"My darling habit of showing endearments towards one and mistress. it is true, but with indifferent success, for suppose I must give in which she did with outstretched hand, a ship had only seemed to rive the heart of the

> "Yes. I am going to live with my grand- and so unseeing. If Mrs. Mordaunt had - Chance is a word void of sense; nothing mother." he answered. "In London?"

inquisitors of the first degree. All uncon- in the boy's heart. Ethel did, but at sciously Ethel went on. "When do you think, Jack?" "I don't know. I shall come back when I have a chance. I should have had to go next

"Yes," Ethel sighed-"Boys do have to go not altogether sorry that he is going away, to school-but I missed you awfully last although it is true that we shall never get year; and I shall miss you now, I know." such a neighbour as the dear Bishop again "You will have Mary Bamfylde-" he But Ethel is getting as wild as a hawk more like a boy than a girl.' "Yes-but Mary Bamfylde likes dolls."

"and she screams if she sees a rat, and wasp sends her out of her mind. She doesn't know how to bait a fish-hook nor climb a tree nor-nor anything! "Oh! well, Mary is a duffer, there's no doubt about it," Jack said in a tone of quie conviction-"There's Dolly Tennent-she" no good, she's such a mean little thing ; and there is Lucy Vivian, she isn't much better.

with the Lawrences, I don't see what you "I can't bear the Lawrences," cried

I'll tell you what I'll do. Ethel, I'll ask 'I'll come as you leave me, Conty," cried Granny to invite you to stay with us in Lon- They can afford to lay a smaller number, stationed in Ireland, volunteered. We were I got clear of them a short distance they not-"So in hushed yet eager voices, the

Perhaps there is no irony so caustic as the Lord Bishop of Blankhampton, as he had their talk—"the mistress has gone to g almost indistinguishable to the naked eye. Military Train comprised nearly all cavalry would shoot them up in the trees and they not all the work of the farrier, says an ex-Ethel answered-she was a very polite little ous fish; thousands more of the young fry turned over to us. soul, whom the servants about the Cliffe worshipped. "Are you going to service, fancy by the enemies of their species. Im

Jack ?" she asked as James turned away. "Is Lady Gascoigne going?" "Yes-at least I believe so." Ethel pressed a little nearer to him

"Jack," she said in an awed voice-"Wasn't | genus Arius, of Ceylon, Australia, and other it awful this morning?" Jack could not help shivering in spite of the ova loose in their mouths, or rather in the bright sunshine which was streaming an enlargement of the pharvnx, somewhat In one corner of the Palace pew sat Lady down upon them. "Yes, it was-horrible," resembling the pelican's pouch; and the "People think it interesting to see any cordingly only very few ova, all told

one in trouble," said Ethel, with unconscious | each almost as big as a hedge-sparrow's egg irony-"and instead of looking the other daughter which the past week had brought way, as they ought to, they stare as if it the codfish. To put it briefly, the greater was a peep-show. There was a moment's silence-already larger the size of the egg to start with, the

they were walking along the pathway run- better fitted to begin the battle of life is the Cliffe, and as they reached the little gate | This is a general law, indeed, that runs turned to his little friend. "Ethel," he the deep sea. Wasteful species produce The ready tears began to fill the child's produce very few young, but start each i

blood which can go to the stake with s smile by a sudden impulse she flung her arms and look after them closely till they and will accept triumph or ruin without so about him and held up her sweet little face take care of themselves in the struggle for much as the quiver of a single muscle. He to his. "Dear, dear Jacl.," she sad - "but existence. And on the average, could not keep back the tears which would won't you want him dreadfully ifor your many or however few of the offspring to start

Crummles is very fond of you and he'll be would soon become one solid mass of And when all was over he had to face the happier down here than he would be in ing, cod, and mackerel. "Jack," said Ethel, "I will take care of

one would linger at such a time to gaze at thing of that kind; as it was he rather rough a mountain, is an ancient convent called the river, and hiding in the bush. the fresh grief of the newly bereaved! Well, ly-for him-disengaged himself from the Lospeco. It was in the woods near it that women and children were detained as prisonall I can say is that young Jack Trevor tender clasp of the clinging arms, and tore St. Francis of Assisi used sometimes to wan- ers until at the approach of the knew Blankhampton better than you do! himself away with all a boy's aversion to any- der about in contemplation. The convent, troops Nana Sahib ordered them to be slain "Oh! I daresay Crummles won't mind, he'll friars, who were greatly respected by the A monument to-day marks the site of the

went back to the Palace through the shrub- | they were always doing. On Sunday morning bery and the West Garden, winking hard to two of them went off to celebrate mass in a a few weeks afterwards the place presented keep the tears which would come into his carriage at the door and Lady Gascoign

just coming down the stairs, looking oh ! so laden garments that the boy's heart fairl sank within him at the prospect of sitting However, happily the afternoon service at the Parish is not a very long one-just evensong and an anthem, and while

grandmother was settling herself in the car riage, Jack had time to run upstairs an dash some cold water into his wash-be good rub with a rough towel made him lool

standing three deep in the broad centre aisl and in groups about the corners of the stateand Jack were seated, a verger came to ask ! yet. in an agonized whisper whether he might fill up the remaining stalls in their pew as usual? Lady Gascoigne assented, of course -she had a heavy crape veil behind which to hide her tears-and immediately three young soldiers were put between her and

Jack. Jack was thankful. He knew them | director of the Superior School of Aerila. all, had seen them at his father's table several | Navigation, and Gustave Hermite, astronomgive the different elements time to act upon she said, "you must bave been hard to please would have thought of it, for after a wife times and he knew that they would not stare er and meteorologist, nephew of the Presi-If the land is plowed deep in the —Margaret will not compare with you like Connic, you must have been often lonely at him unmercifully as three women would dent of the Academy of Sciences, propose to

However, the service passed off better than | Pole. With that object they intend to might have been expected. Lady Gascoigne | construct a balloon of lined silk, 30 did not begin to weep until theanthem began; even then she only wept softly and noiseless-

"The souls of the rightcous are in the hands of | ensure its apsolute imperviousness. It will n the sight of the unwise they seem to die: And their departure is taken for misery, by

Then followed Spohr's "Blest are the departed," and then the congregation subsidtime for the afternoon service at the Parish, ed into their seats while the offertory was collected. In less than ten minutes after that Jack was leading his grandmother through the crowd once more, and the somehow walking slowly and aimlessly dreadful day of public suffering was over. Looking back in after years, Jack Trevor always declared that his real boyhood ended on that day, that he then became a man in reality although he had but the form of a boy. In truth at that time he was grandmother's chief stay and comfert. it was well that it was so ; for her son, young-thinking often too of her who had Gascoigne, being laid up with a bad attack so often walked there hand in hand with of gout, had not been able to go down to for whom his grief was yet fresh, found necessarily, it was imperative for the execu

himself walking among the bright-hued tors to lose no time in arranging the Bishop flower beds towards the bank of the river. affairs and in deciding which of his belong And as he walked a voice called to him soft- ings were to be kept for hisson and which were to be sold, as he had directed, by auction. But at the end of a week Lady Gascoigne Jack Trevor quickened his footsteps as he | had arranged almost everything, had separ ated the pretty modern furniture which the dead Bishop and Conty had bought, from the stately suites of carved oak, black and shining with the polish of years, which be been packed ready to be taken to her house handsome grey cobwhich had been for several the city from friends on the train who were "Let's go and sit on the bank. Ethel," years a great favorite of the Bishop's and journeying eastward, but no reason was which Lady Gascoigne thought would besuit- given. A passenger was seen who said the So together they went, Jack and his friend able for Jack to ride. And last but certain- whole cause is that the company were filling Ethel, and sat down on the river's bank in ly not least, the evening before Jack and in a trestle at East Peninsula, when the with his hand in her's-not became they the boy went over to the Cliffe to take they are filling in and as the train from the

-my da rling," and for answer Lady Con- another, but only and solely because Jack "You know, Jack," said Ethel's mother, three hours to portage. That is all. stance went to him without any pretence of | was in trouble—he began in some indefinable | "I really don't think a bull-pup is quite the soon as the line is filled in it will be open for way to be comforted. His grandmother dog for a little girl of ten years old-but had tried with all her heart to comfort him, Ethel has set her heart upon Crummles so I and not of danger to life. "Oh! yes, Mrs. Mordaunt," echoed Jack

nobility which had their home within young

In England, I am told, there are and so-so sloppy, yes, I know it's a vulgar It was perhaps a little hard on him t four phonographs, including the one she looked rather hard at her daughter and word, yet nothing else seems to express her have his parting gift to his old playfellow possession of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley so well. Her tears were so ready to flow, and friend regarded in the light of a person- they manage things better than this in such "I am so happy, Mother," Lady Constance her tongue was incessant, her reminiscences al favour towards him rather than from him. places as Mexico. There a phonograph is to ed so much." agonising. Ethel was different, she was so He had given Ethel his dearest possession, be placed in each principal post office, and "Lary Gascoigne-" began the Bishop. gentle and so pretty, she had known the a bull-pup of the true Matcham strain, he those people who can neither read nor Bishop ever so much better than his mother- had offered it after a fierce struggle with write, or are too lazy to do so, simply de- asked the reporter. "Lou need say nothing-I see it all," she in-law had done. She mourned for him himself, and had with difficulty kept him- liver their message into the phonegraph, the said. "You shall talk to Lord Gascoign e with all her true and tender childish heart, I self from going back on his word, giving as cylinder is forwarded to its destination, and place for prisoners and they were put out of presently. Will you give me your arm down yet tears did not have the effect of flurrying a pretext his doubt that Crummles would due notice having been given him that his the way. We lost our sergeant-major, It was not usual for them to go down with. Lady Gascoigne—tears only made her eyes that the dog was not yet over the distemper. I message attends the office at the other end, visit the pickets one night for one "that you will be going away from the giver! Well, it was hard, and that is A. D.

> realized the depth of unselfishness and not exist without cause. Jack Trevor's bosom, her line of action Johnny-"My book, pa, says that honesty and ammunition were under guard. I was

from that day would have been so different is the best policy. Is that true be ?" Mun- made a corporal at Alumbaugh and placed that this story probably could never have nibags-"Yes, my son; if there hadn't been there with four men, and while we were at "Oh! yes, some day." It was a subject on been written for the simple reason that it honest people in the world, how do you sup- the place it was attacked several times. On which just then Jack was very loth to enter; would not have been there to write. As it pose I should ever have been able to get day after beating the enemy we observed a street like lightning. but if the very young are good comforters, was she had yielded to Ethel's entreaties ahead as I have? Yes, my son, honorty is big Sepoy rush to the front and endeavour "Fast?" cometimes they prove themselves unconscious Land understood nothing that was going on a great help to a man, a great help." to urgo them back to the attack. I at once "No. Ziz-zag."

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

kn w that she was the pluckiest little chum STORY OF A STRUGGLE her husband a little later-"but really I am . Middleton's Bravery -The Cawapere

moment Ethel hardly counted, Jack only

"He's a nice boy," said Mrs. Mordaunt to

"She might be worse," remarked Major

Mordaunt, who had always been a great

friend of Jack Trevor's-"the boy is a

there are other things to consider in a girl's

know so much about that-honesty and

pluck make a very decent ground work-ve

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If all the Eggs of the Cod Matured.

comer who chooses to take a bite at

are swallowed alive during their helpless

agine the very fractional amount of parenta

affection which each of the 9,000,000 mus

ally-minded group of catfish known as the

tropical parts, the males of which carry about

spouses of these very devoted sires lay ac-

-a wonderful contrast to the tiny mites of

the amount of protection afforded the eggs.

Ballooning to the North Pole.

make a scientific expedition to the North

in diameter, and having a cubic capacity

of 14, 121 metres. The balloon will be

covered with a special varnish, which will

be filled with pure hydrogen, and its car

from four to five days, to be commenced at

Spitzbergen, and it is hoped that it will end

or in the northern portion of Asia, a journey

A Love Song.

Were all the sea dry land, my dear,

You'd be the sweetest fish, my dear,

all the air were earth, my dear,

While men as birds sailed there:

Were all things something else, my dear

Strange creatures turned to us, my dear

Delayed Trains.

Only Four Phonographs in England

OTTAWA Sept. 18.—The Winnipeg trains

Turned to strange creatures we;

Best of all living things, my dear,

You'd still remain to me.

I'd count you fairest still, my dear,

As mixed as mixed could be:

If all the birds were men, my dear,

Were ail the fishes men, my dear,

If the dry land were sea:

While fishes all were we :

Of all that swam, to me.

If all the earth were air;

Of all the birdlings fair.

happily on the North American Contine

of some 3500 kilometres.

will be constructed on a novel plan,

cially suitable for this Polar Expedition.

telegraphs that MM. Georges

the Standard Paris correspondent

the larger the size. And conversely

On the other hand there is a patern-

needs put up with

Fish that take much care of their offspring

naturally don't need to produce eggs in the

"Oh! yes, yes," his wife broke in-"bu

muttered the Major-"I don't

honest as the day and as plucky as-

he had ever had.

training than those.

-ry decent, my dear."

Mercy was Neithen Asked per Given Capture Meant Dolla. "General Middleton was as brave ar

officer as ever led a charge," said ex-Sergt. James Fisher of the Army Corps, now resi-

ding with his family at 39 St. Clarens avenu "You knew him then in India?" queried "Why. I served under him," said the old "We were together at the capture casions we always sent to Alumbaugh for enough food to produce a good return with-

of Lucknow, and it was in an engagement "Were you at the relief of Lucknow then?

Tell us the whole story, won't you ?" "It's pretty long," said the old veteran, "but there were few men in the Indian mutiny that as v more fighting and blood-

Jack-"and when I get my holidays perhaps | Kinds that leave their spawn exposed on the Mr. Fisher, "a military train was organized Mrs. Mordaunt will ask me down here—and bare sandy bottom at the mercy of every to take the place of the old transport corps, shoulder with them they never noticed me. and I among others in the Scots Greys then I got through safely enough, but as soon as and to make each individual egg much larger at once ordered to China, where there was iced me separating from the main body, and "Will you, Jack? Oh! that will be and richer in proportion than their rivals. war going on, but on reaching Singapore at once sent volley after we but lovely. I know Mother will ask you down This plan, of course, enables the young to found fresh orders awaiting us there. The I escaped all right. I reached Albumbaugh here—I'll get her to ask Lady Gascoigne be- begin life far better provided with muscles | China war had collapsed and the Indian just in time to find the troops on the move. and fins than the tiny little fry which comes mutiny had broken out. As a result we I joined my own corps and we returned to out of the eggs of the improvident species. were ordered back to Calcutta in great haste. | the attack utterly routing the enemy and For example, the codnish lays 9,000,000 odd When we reached Calcutta the 8th Madras capturing five guns and a Howitzer. The eggs; but anybody who has ever eaten fried native cavalry had mutinied against going enemy fought desperately, and in some cases cod's roe must needs have noticed that each to Bengal, and we were asked to volunteer the Sepoys would climb the trees and shoot Thousands of these infinitesimal specks are men we at once did so, and the horses and "Yes. I'll come in James, thank you," devoured before they hatch out by predace- accoutrements of the 8th Madras horse were

> "Then we had our first narrow escape and it was a close one I can tell you. Pr vious to going up the country we were sent out a short distance to a riding school at Dum Dum for a couple of weeks. There were there about 600 men and 400 women y sounded the rally and we all hurried out. on the city, and it is needless to describe to forward. The shoe should be a stiff one. Then the bread was hastily collected and you the two days' fighting that ensued and but not wide on the destroyed, and we were told it had been its final fall. But few of them escaped and calks on the shoe, heat the heels of the shoe, poisoned. Had the bugle sounded five the rout to them was most disastrous. It one at a time : take the hot-iron rasp and minutes later it would have been all up with was here I first saw Captain Fred Middle! rasp them well forward, put on the shoe to

> couldn't give a satisfactory account of how after Kaooz Singh and raise the sieze of Asiz- comes to the foot. Use good hoof ointment the poison came in the bread, we hanged the | guialh, where the 13th Light Infantry were | three times a week. In six or nine months give was that some one must have that the Sepoys had retreated without wait- to one and one fourth inches. dough, but that was all rubbish and they consisting of two troops of the military TO RELIEVE DELHI. "We were first ordered to relieve Delhi

It was a fifteen hundred mile march. took us about two months to make it. bridges had all been destroyed and we had a number of encounters with hill robbers but we finally reached the scene of the atrocious massacre of modern days without with, just enough attain maturity in the long mishap. You will remember that it was at Cawnpore that General Wheeler, after brave resistance, laid down his arms to men, with the women and children, were to be allowed to depart unmolested. Sahib agreed to the terms and the soldiers when there was a roar and a volley were about getting on the boats in the river bullets was poured into them from An Atrocious Crime. If Jack Trevor had been ten year ler A horrible murder has been committed when the mutineers fell upon them, ffering, died, and no other mistress had Bishop's only son. What do you say, my he would have had a tender little remark to near Nami in Umbria. About twelve massacred the whole brave band. Only three Reader? That you don't believe that any make then-"Happy Crummles" or some- miles from the city of Narni, on the side of men escaped, and they did so by swimming

> however, was only inhabited now by five and their bodies thrown into a deep well. village near by, it being the feast of St. a gloomy and a terrible appearance. It The other three-Padre Natale, said that by order of Nana Sahib an English Padre Alfonso, and Padre Emilio-to- minister and a Roman Catholic priest were wards twelve o'clock went as usual to their dinner in the refectory. While they were well, along with the women and children. eating they were surprised by four individ-TO HAVELOCK'S RESCUE. uals with their faces masked and armed with

long knives and sticks, with which they attacked the poor friars. A terrible fight ensued, with the result that one of the friars | that it had already fallen. It was then dewas beaten to death. Another was killed termined as soon as reinforcements cam up that we should attempt the relief of Luck stabbed. A boy of 15 years of age, who now. You will remember that a short tim also lived in the convent, ran down o the celbefore this when the handful of Europeans lar to hide, but he was followed and beaten in Lucknow were just about on the verge to death. The sight that presented itself giving up, General Havelock with a couple Hudson's Horse the enemy would have to the other two friars on their return in of thousand men threw himself into the place the evening was a dreadful one. No reason but his force was too small to get out again, at all can be given for this atrocious crime. "As soon as Sir Colin Campbell arrived

the convent or from the church ; but it is with reinforcements we started for Luck- Out of eighty men who charged down thought that theier intention was to rob, now, six thousand strong, crossing the though perhaps they were too frightened to Ganges on a bridge of boats. The distance do so after having murdered the friars. from Cawa pore to Lucknow was about The police are hunting all over the place, fifty-one miles, but we had scarcely made have not caught any of the assassins more than ten when the enemy began to show fight. They would conceal themselves in the bush while we kept to the open, and shelled them out with our guns. We captured quite a few prisoners as we went along and most of them met the same fate. If they could not show conclusively that

> they were strapped across the mouth of the cartridge was exploded and the Sepoy BLOWN INTO THE NEXT WORLD in small pieces. We asked no quarter and gave none. If our men were unfortunate

enough to fall into the hands of the enemy it meant death, and if the enemy fell into ours they knew what they had to expect. We had no room for prisoners. "Well, we fought on day by day, but was not until we were within four miles of Lucknow that we found the Sepoys in force. is calculated that the aerial journey will last | They occupied the King of Lucknow's summer residence, known as Dalkooska palace. We executed a flank movement by engaging there is cream enough in the churn to make the galvanised wire guards made and sold the enemy with artillery in front and getting 200 pounds of butter, when the butter, has for the purpose, and very good protectors round to the left of the palace. All that 'come' in pellets the size of wheat grains, they are, but those who are not day we fought hand-to-hand, and when throw in 100 pounds of weak brine, and re- as to possess a good stock, or have none at night came the palace was ours. We lay volve the churn a few times. Then let it all, may find a good substitute in few lines

> bridle twisted round his wrist. "The second day after some hard fighting particles of butter begin to come. Chill every few yards by running it round small we carried Martiniere College at the point and wash the butter with water cold enough sticks, so as to keep it from dipping. The of the bayonet. On the third day we got to reduce contents to 50. This will keep sparrows, when they alight for the purpose a position near the bridge which leads to the pellets from massing, and will wash out of taking a meal off the tender leaves, do Lucknow, and captured it with a charge, nearly all the caseine matter; leaving it as not see the cotton, but the moment they We held it, too, in spite of the fact that the disintegrated as so much corn. Then put in touch it they are alarmed, and clear off as brine as salt as water will hold, quickly as possible.' enemy made several desperate attempts to blow it up. The fourth day we spent in till the butter is covered and swims in the brine. Leave it half or a whole hour, CANNONADING THE CITY,

and succeeded in burning most of it down

with rockets. It became too hot for the the water mingling with it that was left

enemy, and they fell back, leaving a small the washed butter; and it therefore needs section in our possession. On the fifth day another submersion in strongest brine, letwe crossed the bridge altogether, and got a | ting it stay in a few minutes. This latter good foothold in the city. By this time we application of brine may be warmed were close enough to enable Havelock to make a sortie from the Residency where he was besieged. The enemy attempted to is hot, the mass of butter will prevent a union of our forces, but failed, and up to good packing temperature, 60 degrees Havelock and his brave band were rescued. If it is cold it needs the help of warm brine "We then fell back to Alumbaugh, a fort to raise it to the same temperature, or a few miles away, and situated in an open will not pack well. Butter so salted will that joy at being rescued was too much for event ; but it may not be salted enough him. We remained at Alumbaugh until suit some tastes." reinforcements could arrive to enable us to capture the city and hold it. At this time Sir Colin Campbell was suddenly called back to Cawnpore, and just got there in

time to prevent the Galway contingent the native army about twelve or thirteen west reaches there twelve hours before that thousand strong, from capturing that place. from the east, they have to wait and it takes As There was some desperate fighting, but he managed to hold it. If it had fallen we tracffic. The question is only one of time would all have been cut off in the heart of India and nothing would have saved us. While we remained at Alumbaugh the enemy attacked us nearly every day, and it was an ordinary occurrence to have to turn fout and drive them back. One day they them and they left about five hundred men on the field. After that we were not bother- poor baste do be lookin' thin. BEHKADED THE SERGEANT-MAJOR. "What did you do wit their wounded?"

her whole face as always happened with settle in a new home or the coachman's fear presence is required, the receiver of the though, at Alumbaugh. He undertook to look like forget-mc-nois atter a shower of And then to have his precious pup received and the words are spoken off to him. I officers. In the darkness he wandered away as if he were being given a grudging home dare say, if all goes well, we may start the and got inside the enemy's picket line. They "Mother says; Jack," said Ethel present- out of charity to him and kindness to the same convenience in England about 1900 pounced upon him carried him to Lucknow, publicly beheaded him and carried his hea around on a long pole announcing it as that of a British General. the Fort of Jallallabad, where our stores

"Well," said Mr. Fisher, "we had 1.0

galloped out and with a blow of my sword brought him down. I saw a medal on his breast, and thinking I had killed him, seized the medal and carried it back with me into the Fort. It was a medal given by the British Government to Superside Singh for I never complains of hard times, for where any Superside, however, wasn't killed, other cows can simply pay their way the and we took him prisoner, and he after- Ayrshire will return a dividend, says Mr. wards gave us very valuable information C. M. Winslow in the Country Gentleman.

A HAIRBREADTH ESCAPE.

like squirrels on the ground dead.

LUCKNOW CAPTURED.

train, four hundred of Hudson's Horse and

three guns from the Horse Artillery, under

STAFF OFFICER CAPT. MIDDLETON

charge turned the disaster into victor

embankment after Middleton twenty wer

also lost heavily. Their commanding officer.

Col. Hamilton, was among the killed. Two

men Morley and Murphy, in trying to sav

a ghost of a chance for my life."

Mr. Fisher not only has medals for

Salting Butter.

at convenience. Then let the brine drain out.

That brine will be diluted some, because

degrees, or left at 50, according to the

Only a Mouthful.

X.—Do you know that man sitting at

Q.—Yes : it is Jones, the greatest gou

Why the Goat Pined Away.

im, earned the Victoria Cross, They res

cut us off. I reported this to the officer in

" Corporal' he replied, 'you will have to fusion, although I was rubbing shoulder to ly as good relish She is hardy, healthy and strong-always hungry and eats heart-

Contracted Feet.

would fall from limb to limb and finally drop pert: The owner of the horse should take his share of the work. With contracted feet the first thing to do is to bathe them well in warm salt water. This is to soften "On the 10th of March 1858 sufficient re- them and check fever. Next put on a poul inforcements had arrived to enable us to lice made of linseed attack Lucknow, although it had a native succession. Now comes the shoeing. First garrison of seventy thousand Sepoys. We prepare the foot; pare the sole down good, removed all our stores and ammunition from leaving the bar; open out the heels well, all Jallallabad and the engineers blew it up. On they will stand. This is one of the great the 14th of March, with 25,000 men and secrets in spreading feet, to pen the heels 10.000 Gourkhas we commenced the attack | well. Don't take any off the center well "After the fall of Lucknow a column take an ordinary jack knife one half inch assistants were arrested, and, as they under General Lugard was ordered to march from the point where the horse's weight

> How to Analyze Soils. A soil can not be cultivated understand

as any examination can tell it, what is no were ordered to pursue Kaooz Singh. After essary to render it fertile marching about nine miles we came across some of their baggage and took possessio soil contains at the moment of examination. of it. A little further on the detachmen and not the quantity in which these consti came to Koore bridge. This was a narrow tuents may be available to the plant in avail able form during the period of growth. ment leading up to it on each side. There soil is already provided with nitrogenous afterwards turned out they were concealed in force in the bushes on the right hand side wheat upon a small square of ground which of that embankment. Hudson's Horse were has been manured with a mineral substance ahead and had almost crossed the bridge Without the aid of nitrogenous matter the when there was a roar and a volley of mineral matter has scarcely any effect upon

confusion and crossing the gives a rapid and healthy vegetation and a

to me they said I couldn't live, and attende with the soil he tills. a blank cartridge was placed in a cannon, down to Calcutta and home to England with | widely extended experiments than the a convoy of wounded, and here am I ANDREW H. WARD in Farm and Home Toronto to-day as hale and hearty as any man in the city, and yet after the battle of

sinian wars and for long service and good in this country

serious one, as this bird is increasing to an alarming extent throughout the country, A dairy expert being asked how to salt put to their wits' end to keep these enemies butter in the chain, replied: "Suppose away from their peas. Some make use of right down there on the ground and slept stand a few minutes and the butter will of cotton, that which is black being the among the slain each man with his horse's mount to the surface. Draw out all the best: This should be strained along the butter-milk that will run out till the fine rows just clear of the peas, and supported

> Ready for Tomato Rot. Mr. John Leitche has been making some

experiments with rot in tomatoes and pota-

toes, and as his experiments are valuable we

present his letter below. He says: The rot in the tomato has been extremely bad for the last three years, in this section ness of the weather or room. If the weather

Effect of the Alliance. Shortcard Pete-"Well, you are-allight. The idee of pickin' that feller up for

to a skillyton !

farmer. Why, he's lived here in the city one struck the other on the head with a Highcard Sam-"Well, what's he doin with havseed in his hair, if he ain't no farm-Shortcard Pete-"Why, he's runnin" office, you chump. That's what he's doin'

A Simile.

The Ayrahire-The owner of a dairy of Avrshire cows

AGRICULTURAL.

The reason of this is that it costs less on an average to produce a quart of milk or a pound of butter from an Ayrshire than from "A few days later Jallallabad was again any other dairy cows. As a dairy cow their attacked. This time the enemy moved up size is the standard, being about a thousand with great caution and suddenness, and they pounds in fair condition, weighed at about a were between us and the camp at Alumbaugh | month or six weeks after calving. A cow of almost before we knew it. On previous oc- this size has large enough capacity to consum

out seeming to strain her organs; then too where he commanded that I nearly lost my and I at once directed one of our men to go she is not so large as to be unwieldy in getthere now. In a few minutes he came back ting about nor does it require the extra and said it was impossible as the enemy had food to support an unnecessary size. Perhaps the great secret of the success of the Avrshire as a dairy cow is her digestion, enabling ber to extract and turn into milk and butter the largest possible amount of I went, but you could have brought my return for the food consumed. They are "In 1857, some time after returning from life for a five cent piece. I had to ride right like a healthy workingman when he sits down to dinner-all the food is good, and tastes good. An Ayrshire cow does not stop to find out the quality of hay placed before her-she eats with a relish good hay and poor, Of course she does not return to her owner as much milk from his poor hay as from his good, but she eats it with near

of them. All the explanation they hemmed in. On reaching there we found the feet have been spread from three fourths

ingly until it has been rigidly subjected to such examination as will tell us, as nearly

ficient supply of nitrogen, for the mineral charging them. We were next. As soon "Don't show the white feather. - Charge! only, planting one "And he lead the way down the embank- with potatoes. The ment in among the bushes with us riding pell phosphate of lime mell after him. We cut and slashed and fought hand-to-hand for fully half an hour. tobacco, is well known; therefore, if the corn oes flourish the land does not few shots were being fired when I got two of Thus, two experiments, requiring but a other through the right shoulder. My horse material of plants, and, other things being equal, the higher profit of the field depend

d quantity of the same found.

onal use; and how it may be procured on a farm in sufficient quantity, and with the least cost, is of the greatest importance to The farmer holds in his hands the threadf his own prosperity, and the element necessary to his own success he compass by means of which his back can be steered into port with flying colors; and

of this substance, its preparation, proport

The Sparrows in England. Koore Bridge the doctors said I hadn't

A writer in the London Garden makes the following remarks, which may afford a mutiny, but also for the Crimean and Abys- valuable hint to cultivators of garden crops "The sparrow question is becoming a very

and not only are farmers suffering beavy losses from its ravages, but gardeners are

of the country, fully two-thirds of the crop having been destroyed. In the course of my experiments to counteract this fungus growth in the tomato, I found, last season, that setting out late, about the last of June, by which time my plants had attained a large growth, and muiching heavily with straw, setting the rows nearly five feet apart by three in the row, and keeping them pruned to from two to three stalks in each hill, proved to be a very much less rotted, but also a much better tomato than the other way, and not more than a week later than those that were set out the first of June and planted in rows three feet ten nches apart and two and one-half feet in the row, supported on trellises two and onehalf teet high, with moderate pruning. This season I have set out a row, a stake for each hill, three feet apart and rows five feet apart. X .- I know it, and he is cating away his pruned to two stalks in the hill, pruning off the tops to hasten ripening. I find a further Q.—That won't hurt him any; it is only a improved condition, scarcely any rotting and ripening earlier, whilst those planted in the usual way are rotting worse than other years, for the season is worse, being very hot and dry for the last month. The potato Mrs. O'Geoghegan-Phat's the matter crop will prove nearly a failure from a simi wid yure goat, Mrs. Rourke? Sure the Lar cause which rots the tomato. As soon as the soil was too dry I put on a light Mrs. Rourke-Yis, sorra's th' day! He mulching between my tomato rows, and swally'd a cottle av Anti-Fat, an' thin when it needed further cultivation I raked tumbled into an excavavtion an' knocked the mulching up around the hills, and culthe cork out av it! Sure, he's pining away tivated between rows, keeping the soil loose and as fine as I could make it, although it

> was apparently completely dried out. Something They Should be Thankful for. Two negroes engaged in a quarrel when wagon spoke. The negro that had received the blow rubbed his head for a moment and "Look yere, Stephen, dar's one thing dat is er powerful blessin' fur you."

> "De fact dat my head is ez thick ez it is. W'y ef my head wa'n't no thicker dan de common run o' heads, dat lick would er killed me'an den vou would er been tuck befo'er justice o' de peace an' fined mighty nigh twenty dollars, You'd better thank de Lawd dat I ain't got one deze yere aigshell