HIS FIRST WIFE'S ASHES.

When Captain Durant's wife died he was sorely stricken with grief at her loss, and would not be comforted. He had hardly time to enjoy his great happiness or to know his adored wife, for he had been only a month married when she was taken from him, in the midst of their honeymoon tour in Italy. Just as they were about to return to England, she fell ill and succumbed to typhoid fever, in spite of the skilled physicians called in to attend her, and the devoted care of her husband, who never left her bedside until she breathed her last.

At the end she courageously tried to console him.

"It was not possible," she said, "to be so happy for long. It was too great happiness, it could not last. Do not weep. Let me go asleep without the impression of your sad face. Smile at me . . . and she weakly lifted her hand and laid it caressingly on his cheek.

"I want you," she said, "to preserve your martial air always. I loved you dearly. Will you do something for me? I would like to be always near you, even in death. Let me be cremated, reduced to a little heap of ashes, which you can carry everywhere with you. I will never disturb you at your work—it seems curious to call a tiny heap of ashes "I"—but so it will be. You will sometimes glance at me, and this can never forget me altogether."

When Captain Durant returned home, his friends found him much changed. He had grown thin and haggard, his eyes had lost their brightness, and his step its wonted elasticity.

"Courage, Durant," his colonel often said to him.

"Be a man," repeated his brother officers.

But all the sunshine and joy had gone out of his life, and the once brilliant soldier seemed utterly broken for ever.

He would not allow anyone to touch his baggage, and it was with no little care that he, weeping, drew forth from his portmanteau an artistic malachite vase, and solemnly forbade his orderly ever on any consideration to lay hands upon it.

"A remembrance of the poor young lady?" the soldier dared to ask.

"Yes . . . a remembrance"; and when he was alone he knelt before the urn which contained his wife's ashes, and wept bitterly. He placed it at night on a cabinet in full view of his bed, in order that his eyes might alight upon it when not closed in sleep. A few days afterwards his leave ended, and he returned to his duties, but he was as an alien to his companions; he joined in none of their pleasures and amusements, seeming to live only in the memory of his beloved wife. He had hung her portrait in every room in his house, and, strange to say, it was amongst those recollections that he passed his least sad hours.

The contemplation of the malachite urn gradually produced a less agonizing effect on the widower, and no longer caused him the painful heart-spasms of the first days of his affliction. He was now able to picture his wife as she had been in the prime of health and beauty, gay, smiling, and happy. He went over his journey in Italy with her, and was happy in the remembrance of the bright, the radiant hours they had passed together.

When he was at work the urn was placed on his writing-table, and he reflected how, in her life-time whilst he toiled, she would seat herself quietly near him, and read or work tranquilly and silently, without disturbing him.

Six months passed and grew into a year, and it began to happen now and then that the Captain occasionally forgot the urn in his study at night instead of carrying it to his bedroom, and finished by leaving it for good in the study. Not because the memory of his wife was less dear to him, but because he in due time reflected that such a funeral deposit was unhealthy in a sleeping chamber, day it was as usual surrounded by fresh violets and roses, her favorite flowers.

At the end of two years Durant returned to his bachelor mode of life.

"You have no right to bury yourself alive," said his friends and his wife's relations; "you must go into the world again."

So the Captain once more accepted invitations, and visited the quarters of his brother officers, joined in their sports, and one night actually invited them all to a wine-party at his own house. The champagne was excellent, and the company delightful; laughter, songs, and merriment were the order of the night, and after supper the guests adjourned to the study, where the urn stood upon the table, severe and grim. Songs were resumed, and the sounds of revelry filled the room, in the midst of which Durant suddenly remembered "the presence of the dead," as he was wont to call the urn; and grasping it hurriedly, rushed out of the room and deposited it in an upper chamber where dwelt some old and musty volumes, maps and firearms. On the morrow, determined that profanation like that of the preceding night should not again occur, he resolved to transform this spare room where he had deposited the precious urn into a species of funeral chapel, and immediately gave orders that a Gothic window should be placed therein, and a niche and altar arranged at the end of the room. There the urn was placed, and surrounded with immortelles. Some time afterwards, perceiving that these had changed colour for want of air and light, Captain Durant replaced them by china flowers of the most costly make and great beauty, and so the urn remained tranquilly in this refuge.

After three years of widowhood Durant took to himself another wife. Why, he could not exactly say. He was not desperately in love, although his new wife was sufficiently attractive, and he had but one excuse for refilling the vacant place. The lady was remarkably like his first wife, with the sole defect of jealousy—a jealousy, which caused her to suspect everything, every word, every look; and the knowledge that he still retained tender memories of the dead caused her inexpressible anger and annoyance.

Durant dared not now keep the urn in any prominent place, so it was secretly and with reverent hands taken down from its niche, and stowed away in a lumber-room in the upper story of the house.

Matters improved as time went on, and peace and happiness reigned with the young couple. Durant was more than once on the verge of revealing the mystery of the urn to his wife, but his courage always failed him at the last, and he dared not.

In due time a son was born, and Mrs. Durant found it necessary to clear out and make use of the room where the urn lay forgotten.

The joy of becoming a father killed all remorse in the heart of Durant, and he wished the christening to be as gay and festive as possible, and sent invitations far and wide for a large dinner party.

On his return from barracks the day of this event Mrs. Durant asked him to take a glance at the dinner-table, as she had arranged the floral decorations with her own hands.

In the midst of the festive board stood the malachite vase, containing a bunch of glorious red roses.

"You dear old stupid," said the lady, "you hid away that lovely vase, the most valuable of all the things you collected during your journey in Italy. I found it in the lumber-room filled with dust, it must have lain there an age."

"With dust?" muttered Durant, pale as death; "and what—what did you do with the dust?"

"Oh, I threw it on the rose bed; that is to say as much of it as was not scattered by the wind. What do you think of my flowers, tell me?"

"Exquisitely arranged," said the soldier with a stifled sigh.

And in the fresh and sweetly perfumed roses, the petals of which closed softly like the lips of a young girl to the kiss of love, he believed he beheld the smiles and blushes of his dead wife.

Looked Suspicious.

Squire—Morning, Uncle Rufus. See you've got new neighbors moving in over there. What are they like?

Uncle Rufus—Cain't always judge by de appearance, Suh, but dey hes two monst'ous big feather beds foh niggahs w'at don't keep fowls.

The man who is waiting to be happy will next year at this time be waiting still.

The latest fad in Seattle, Wash., is paper hats for ladies. They are made in various styles, and being usually pretty and showy and costing only a few cents each, are apt to become quite popular.

Choice butter should always be wrapped in the parchment paper now made for this purpose. It is air tight, clean, white and cheap. Butter properly put up is half sold, and if it tastes as well as it looks, a good customer is secured. When practicable, every dairy farm should sell its butter marked with its own brand.

THE RIVER'S STORY.

And What the Dreamer Saw at Night.

There are bright, glowing pictures of God's handiwork here; painted in brilliant colors, and gleaming, like rubies caught in the smiling raindrops, rippling in fantastic shapes o'er the green verdure.

There are clouds dreamily floating across the blue and peaceful sky, and the shimmering river drifts its cooling length towards the horizon far away, where the smiling sky seems to meet the gray old hills, and cheers the eyes that long have watched the varying radiance of the shifting waters.

Holidays in the country, and a country town. Long walks in the breezy air, and lazy saunters under the murmuring trees! How sweet and fragrant are the flowers, and how wonderful are Thy works, O Lord! Here the poetic fancy can wander at will, and the aching brow can woo the gentle breezes from green and shady nooks, cooling and grateful, while borne across the breast of the waters comes the drowsy murmur of distant bells, lulling the senses and easing the tired brain.

Days of sunlight and flashing waters! Dreams of past, and almost forgotten stories, rising like misty shadows from vanished days!

Then evening gray steals on, and the red moon peers over the distant hills. A great stillness falls upon the earth, and the God of Nature is worshipped. Higher, and yet higher the orb of night sweeps until her pale light floods the dim fields, and great massy clouds gather on the horizon and awe the Dreamer, who wanders o'er the hills and stands where his eye can trace the distant horizon and see the grand old Southern star, whose brilliant beauty carries him back to the sunny South and early dreams.

Now the long shadows steal up from the shore, and strange weird sounds break the stillness of the summer evening. It is almost midnight now, and the pale moon sinks towards the west. Red lightnings flash upon the eye from murky clouds now rising fast, and the warm air clings as though a thousand impish fiends were winding their arms around the throat. The mournful cry of the night bird is borne to the ear with a startling clearness, and soon the dull rumble of heaven's artillery trembles the limp and withered leaf of the bersch.

Now the storm breaks, and rain drops pelt the leaves and dark waters with vehement fierceness. Crash! And the heavens seem to open and hurl their vengeful darts upon the shrinking earth, while the thunder shakes and rolls, and causes the dreamer to crouch in awestruck wonder beneath the sheltering ferns. The woods are filled with strange elfish mutterings, as though peopled with howling ghosts, and the wild winds sweep over the waters with unrelenting fury.

But the storm is over, and the moonlight, new fast growing pale and cold, shines upon the face of an inanimate form with tender and lingering touch. The dreamer, who has wandered to the shore again, draws to the shore a mass of weeds and clothes, and brushing away the clinging mass that obscures the features he sees the pale face of one who was once beautiful, but who now wears the face of death. Her dear eyes are closed now, and the dear and tender lips that once smiled so sweetly are cold and clamp. Only a short time ago she had laughed, and held her dimpled face up to receive the kisses of loved ones, but God looked down and waved. His hand over her fate, and the dark and gloomy river told the dreamer the story.

BERT KELLY.

RIDEAU LAKES, July 10th.

His Hand Print Convicted Him.

A horrible case of murder of the Jack-the-Ripper kind has been tried at the Court of Assizes at Lagonegro, Italy. The defendant was a certain Domenico Muscari, who had brutally murdered his mistress, Annunziata del Gaudio, a handsome woman, to whom he was said to have been betrothed. He wanted to marry another girl with whom he had fallen in love, and had made an offer to her. Muscari was a handsome young man and the girl accepted him, but when she learned of his relations with the Gaudio woman she refused to have anything to do with him and broke the engagement. This made Muscari furious, and he made up his mind to get rid of the other woman. He went to her house one evening, and said he was going to spend the night there. When the Gaudio woman was asleep Muscari quietly got up, seized his knife, and stabbed her in the neck. A jet of blood spurted from the wound, and the woman jumped up and begged for her life. The answer was another stab, and when the poor creature caught hold of the knife the inhuman wretch pulled away, and nearly severed her fingers from the hand. The woman struggled hard for life, and both were covered with the blood. Finally she succumbed. He then made a dash for the street, but left his mark behind him. In pushing open the door with his bloody hand he left an excellent impression in blood of his palm on the panel, and it was through this mark that he was detected. He was arrested on suspicion the following day, but he had already washed the blood from his face and hands. The bloody impression of his hand on the woman's door, however, proved a potent, if silent, witness against him.

The Standard of Time.

Mr. Tupper has introduced a bill which provides for the adoption in Canada of the twenty-four hour system. The measure is in one sense permissory. It does not come into operation until the various provinces have through their legislatures approved of it. That legislation should be necessary to the adoption of the new time standard is on the face of it strange. But obviously there must be some law authorizing a departure from the old plan. Many of our statutes fix the hours within which certain acts may be performed. For example, banks must be kept open until three o'clock p. m. for the convenience of persons whose notes of hand they hold, and the polling booths must not be closed until five o'clock. If we are to change the hours o'clock into fifteen o'clock and five o'clock into seventeen o'clock there must be a statutory provision for the alteration so that the acts performable at these hours may be legalized. The new arrangement has already been adopted by one of the great railways. In the North-West time is reckoned entirely on the twenty-four hour basis. The zone system has also come into operation throughout Canada and the United States. Every fifteen degrees of longitude represents one hour, and as we pass westerly from one zone to another we move from one mode of time-reckoning into another which is one hour behind its predecessor. This system is an advance in that it gives us the same time over a large area. Formerly Ottawa was twenty minutes ahead of Toronto. Now the time in both cities is the same. The twenty-four hour system is bound to move forward. Should Canada adopt it it will lead many of the nations in what is admitted to be one of the important movements of the day. We will also do honour to the prophet in his own country, for Mr. Sandford Fleming is the author of the scheme.

CANNIBALISM AT STANLEY FALLS

Natives Kill and Eat 50 Members of a Tribe Friendly to the English.—Summary Vengeance.

Advices from Stanley Falls in the Congo Free State say that natives along the Lomami River, who had blocked the stream with hundreds of armed canoes, killed and ate 50 natives friendly to Europeans. An expedition composed of 10 Europeans and 50 Arabs soon after left Stanley Falls to punish the cannibals, and after a day's battle routed them and occupied their villages. Hundreds of rebellious natives were killed and wounded.

The Cannibals around Stanley Falls are returning to cannibalism, and several of them have been courtmartialed and executed.

A SECOND JONAH COME TO PORT.

The Marvellous Tale of a Sailor's Experience.

The bark Guy C. Goss, with a cargo of $300,000 worth of tea has arrived at Tacoma Wash., forty-four days from Yokohama, long overdue. When fifteen days out, "Tom" Hiskiaski, a Japanese sailor, mounted to the topsail to reef it during a gale. A lurch of the vessel threw him headlong into the sea, and he was seen suddenly to disappear. The lifeboat was put out, but no trace of the missing sailor was found. When returning to the vessel, a whale rose to the surface. The crew then suspected what had become of Hiskiaski. The whale seemed to be in great distress. Suddenly, after a violent convulsion, Hiskiaski was thrown from the whale's mouth on to the crest of a wave and upon the deck of the Goss. He was unconscious and badly injured. Careful nursing brought him around, and he is now in his normal health. Captain Mallette vouches for the truth of this story, and the sailor was pointed out.

A LEAK IN A GASPIPE.

How a Plumber Nearly Lost His Life by Being Jammed in an Air Space.

There is a by-law of the London Board Health to the effect that all new houses but without basements should have a space eighteen inches between the floor and a layer of concrete with which the ground should be covered. Along this open space in many of the more cheaply built houses the gas and water pipes supplying the house are frequently laid to avoid running them up in the walls. So much of a prologue is necessary before I tell you that I am a plumber by trade and that a couple of years ago I was in business at Fulham, a southeastern district of London, where a large number of small, cheap houses have recently been run up.

A twelvemonth ago to-day I was called to 47 Minosa street to discover and stop a leak in a gaspipe. The leak was probably under the flooring, because it was in the upper floor dining room that the smell of gas was so strong.

The house had only recently been repapered and painted the new carpet laid down and the room prettily, though heavily, decorated. An immense antique oak sideboard took up nearly the whole of one side wall, and the rest of the furniture was of the same description.

Mrs. Thornton asked me if it would not be possible to find the leak without disturbing the room, and as she was a good paying customer I said I would try. I had a mate with me, but he was a big man, whereas I am quite small. Of course, I could see all about the open space beneath the house, and I guessed I could crawl in under and find the leak.

There was a means of doing this first from just below the kitchen doorway, so after a short consultation with Jim (my mate), in which the impossibility of his crawling under was clearly demonstrated, I off with my coat and prepared to make the exploration.

"A small dark lantern, a little white lead and a few tools were quickly slipped into my pockets and away I crept between the beams and rafters under the house. I had no difficulty in finding my way. I just made for the front of the house, dragging myself along on my back by means of the beams. Then guiding myself by the foundations of the front wall, I soon got to the dining room fireplace, and sure enough here I found the leak. It was not much of a leak, any way, and I was not many minutes before I had stopped it with white lead, tested it with a light, and was beginning to crawl back again.

Somehow or another, just as I had got about half way back, I remembered that I had left my big pincers behind me, and I couldn't well spare them, so I turned around to go back and fetch them. In moving I knocked over the lamp, and it went out, leaving me in total darkness.

Well, I thought, I'll just keep along a beam till I reach a wall and crawl along to the fireplace. I made another turn to do this, when suddenly I found that, in turning, I had got myself over upon my side, and that I was jammed up between two beams, with one of my legs underneath me, and I could not move one way or the other. Here was a pretty predicament to be in!

I had not the remotest idea what position I was in according to the topography of the house. I might be under the dining room, the parlor or the kitchen, but at any rate I was a fixture, and the more I struggled the tighter I got fixed. Neither had I any very clear idea of how long I had been under the floor. I had been at work and time passes quickly when one is busy. Besides, crawling under a floor was a new business, and I had no precedent from which to make an estimate. Presently, however, what with breathing the confined air and wearying myself with my futile struggles, to say nothing of a gradual sensation of mortal fear creeping over me, I suppose I lost consciousness. And here I shall give you the part of my narrative which Jim related to me when some hours later I found myself in my bed at home in a weak and played-out condition.

"I gave you twenty minutes," said Jim, "to do the job, and I expected to see you back at the kitchen door by that time. I watched you for quite a while crawling along, because I could see the glimmer of the lantern. But when you passed beyond the section wall of the dining room I couldn't see you any more. Then I went into the dining room to listen for you at work. The twenty minutes soon passed by, but you didn't return, and I began to be afraid you were suffocated.

"Then I up and went to the lady of the house, and I told her I was afraid something dreadful had happened to you, and that she would be to blame as the cause, as she might never to have let you crawl under that narrow place. Well, she got frightened and asked what I ought to do. I took my hammer and sounded all over the floor, but couldn't make you hear, and at last we (Mrs. Thornton first thought we heard faint tappings under the floor.)

"Sure enough we did, and they were right under that big oak sideboard. I said it would have to be moved and the flooring taken up to get you out. She was terribly put out, said she'd have to take everything out of the drawers and cupboards, and then it would take three or four men to move it. I said there couldn't be helped, I wasn't going to let a man die underneath that floor for the sake of an old sideboard. So I ran up the street and brought down Adam an Bill (two more of my men), and by that time the sideboard was empty.

"I suppose quite an hour had gone by by this time, but I know we were all in a considerable state of funk lest you should be dead, and then tell you it took no four men to move that sideboard; we three had it out into the middle of the room while the lady was telling us we couldn't do it. In a few minutes more the carpet and the flooring was up, and there you were, fainted dead—between the rafters and the place where the section wall sinks a little. Didn't we have you out quick, too! And the lady made us put you on to her swell sofa and lent us a mattress to take you home on, and sent this bottle of brandy too; and now, thank goodness, you're all right again." And then the great big lady burst out crying.

Yes, they put back the floor and the carpet and the sideboard, and no harm was done to anything, and Mrs. Thornton gave each of my men five shillings for their share of the work. I was all right next day, but I tear up floors now when I look for leaks in gaspipes.

The Martyrdom of Vice

The martyrs to vice far exceed the martyrs to virtue, both in endurance and numbers. So blinded are we by our passions that we suffer more to ensure perdition than salvation. Religion does not forbid the rational enjoyments of life any sternly as avarice forbids them. She does not require such sacrifices of ease or ambition, or such renunciations of quiet, or pride, not murder sleep, like dissipation; or health, like intemperance; or scatter wealth, like extravagance, or gambling. She does not embitter life like discord, or shorten it, like duelling; or harrow it, like revenge. She does not impose more vigilance, than suspicion; more anxiety, than selfishness; or half as many mortifications as vanity.—[Hannah More.

DISTURBANCES IN CHINA.

Business Well Nigh Impossible, and Foreign Residents in Constant Danger.

Advices received at Victoria, B. C., by the steamer Empress of India say that the whole southern portion of China is in a state of turmoil, and armed bands of plunderers make business almost impossible.

Le Wing Chuen, Governor-General of Formosa, is in very bad health. It is believed his death will be the signal for revolts and general uprising against Chinese rule. The feeling around Shanghai is one of disquiet on account of the late riots. Foreign resident fear that attacks may be made upon them at any time.

It would seem that Mr. Leary, the famous New Brunswick lumber merchant, has at length discovered a method of constructing mammoth timber rafts so that they can be successfully towed from one ocean port to another. Of five attempts to run a raft from St. John's N. B. to New York the first resulted in a total loss, the second and third were badly broken up and only portions saved, while the fourth and fifth were entirely successful. Mr. Leary is himself satisfied that shipment in this manner is quite practicable. The last raft, which landed at New York only a few days ago was four-fifths of a mile long, and contained 3,500,000 feet of timber. Two tugs were employed in towing it down at an expense of $4,000 each. Had the old method been employed the cost of transport would have been $105,000, as the freight rate is three cents a foot. Moreover it would have required forty schooners to have done the work. Whether the success would have been so pronounced had the weather been less propitious remains an open question.

THE TRIPLE ALLIANCE.

Will Britain Join With Germany, Austria and Italy.

Three events, all of which have happened since Kaiser Wilhelm started upon his present tour, have given an unusual interest to the European situation. These are the renewal of the Triple Alliance, by which Germany, Austria and Italy league themselves together into a defensive compact, the visit of the King and Queen of Italy to that portion of the British fleet at present in the Adriatic, and the hearty and enthusiastic welcome accorded by England to Germany's young Emperor. That these events that is the last two, have political significance few are disposed to doubt. On the continent, and no doubt at home as well, the opinion is generally entertained that while England has not formally entered into a compact with the nations embraced under the Triple Alliance, she has virtually committed herself to espouse the cause of all or any of them should they be attacked from without. Nor is this an opinion merely, seeing that Sir James Ferguson has stated in the House that it is the intention of the British Government to maintain the *status quo* in the Mediterranean. This means that England has resolved to protect Italy against the French fleet, and as Italy is the only point at which France could use her fleet against the Triple Alliance, the alliance has received England as a naval ally for the present. Naturally in view of this new demonstration of friendliness on the part of England towards Germany and Italy there arises the question, what will the next move be in the game of European politics? Will the other nations be content to look upon this powerful combination without making some attempt to offset it by another alliance? Although this is a question that none can confidently answer, there are not lacking important rumors concerning the matter. It is reported that France and Russia are about to enter into a compact and that Servia, Greece and Montenegro will probably be added. This rumor is rendered credible by the circumstance that France and Russia have manifestly been drawing nearer together of late, and also by the fact that both countries are greatly irritated over the great demonstrations made by England in honor of France's greatest enemy. So exasperated do they feel that it is stated that M. Ribot, the French Minister of Foreign Affairs, has approached the Russian government on the subject of a coalition against England, offering to co-operate with Russia in the seizure of Constantinople and the formation of a new Turkish State in Asia, embracing Egypt, under France-Russian protection. Whether the rumor is true or not cannot be determined, but it is at least certain, that the relations between England and Germany on the one hand, and France and Russia on the other, are considerably strained. What then are the prospects for the peace of Europe, and is it likely to be rendered more precarious by the recent occurrences? Such is not the popular feeling in England where it is generally regarded that the outcome of the Emperor's visit will be to render peace more secure. In this connection the utterances of the young Kaiser are significant. In his address at Guildhall he is reported as saying: "My aim above all is the maintenance of peace, for peace alone can give the confidence necessary to a healthy development of science, art and trade. Only so long as peace reigns are we at liberty to bestow earnest thoughts upon the great problems the solution of which in fairness and equity I consider the most prominent duty of our time. You may then forever assured that I shall always be ready to unite with you and with other nations in the common labor for peaceful progress, friendly intercourse and the advancement of civilization." These words from the Monarch who is the absolute master of the most powerful army on the face of the globe, taken in connection with the known sentiments of Lord Salisbury who is emphatically a man of peace and who is what master of the most powerful fleet in the world, give ground for the opinion that "peace is more assured now than it was."

But will the cordial relations at present existing between England and Germany, and which the recent occurrences have exhibited in a manner so impressive, be themselves continued? This is a question one does not care to contemplate, especially with the instructive examples that history furnishes before one's eyes. Twice at least within the last half century has England welcomed to her shores the monarch who for the time being was the most powerful in all Europe, once when the Emperor Nicholas of Russia came to pay his respects to Her Gracious Majesty, and again when Napoleon III., a little later, crossed the channel on a friendly visit to his neighbor. The demonstration on these occasions was only less satisfactory than that with which the young Kaiser has been received. Each of these potentates visited England because each was, like William, the arbiter of Europe; each was the recognized and accepted ally of England; each was in absolute control of the country, and the army—by common consent deemed the most powerful in Europe—and both for Nicholas and Louis Napoleon all men predicted at the time of his visit the prosperity, power, and permanent supremacy now universally accredited to William of Germany. But how were these predictions fulfilled? Scarcely had the decorations of each visit faded before the inexorable logic of events forced England to oppose the policy of her Imperial visitor. Russia was soon at war with Great Britain, France drifted to the edge of war and has from ever since in the strenuous antagonism in which gives England difficult ground to meet and master wherever her interests or her frontiers march with those of France—in Newfoundland, in Morocco, on the Oil Rivers, in Egypt, in Madagascar, in the country of Laos, or in Yuhnan. Certainly it is not absolutely necessary that history should repeat itself in this instance, and that the German monarch should attempt to force the pace or to exert his influence openly as to awaken opposition or compel himself to embark on some foolhardy enterprise that will end his career; nevertheless it must be confessed that the danger is important and that even now the situation is not absolutely free from disturbing elements. Of these it is enough to mention the scheme which is the Emperor's own creation and by which it is proposed to unite Germany, Austria, Italy and Switzerland in a zollverein or Custom's League as against the rest of the world. It is difficult to see how such a union of the powers named can be carried out without impediment being offered to English trade which will awake British jealousy. England is almost all things commercial. The sympathy of her government goes, like her wares, to the cheapest market. It would not be surprising, therefore, if within a few years England should make an effort to detach Italy from a union which would so seriously obstruct the freedom of their present commercial intercourse. And that would mean Italy detached from the Triple Alliance, and that again would mean Germany and Austria left alone to face Russia and France in an unequal struggle.

A WEB-FOOTED MAN.

His Deformity Removed by a Pennsylvania Hospital Surgeon.

John Ealan, a Mexican sailor with feet and hands webbed exactly like a duck, presented himself at the Pennsylvania Hospital Philadelphia the other day and requested that an operation be performed to relieve him of his deformity.

Dr. John Ashhurst, jr., examined the man and determined to attempt the perilous operation. After placing Ealan under the influence of an anesthetic the doctor and his assistants began upon the left hand. The soft, flabby flesh joining each of the fingers and lapping over like the ribs of a fan was wholly cut away, and the fingers, after being sewed properly, were carefully wrapped in cotton. After each finger was bound, splints were placed between them and the white arm up to the elbow was then placed in splints.

The sailor's feet were treated in the same way, and it is expected that when the wounds heal Ealen will have full use of every muscle of his hands and feet. Not only were his feet and hands webbed like a duck's foot, but the fingers and toes were so mishapen as to give them the exact appearance of a duck's foot. The operation was successful in every way.

The Harriers.

The members of the well known Raneleigh Harriers' Club of London, Eng., know what is best when one writes like the following Mr. W. F. Jefferries, member of the Club, says: "I find St. Jacobs Oil the best remedy I have ever used for sprains, stiffness and bruises. It quickly removes pains and swellings, and if rubbed into the muscles, it will be found of great benefit to all athletes. I may also add that several friends of mine have found the Oil a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia."

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100 Doses One Dollar

New Consumption Cure.

And now it is Dr. Lannelongue, a Paris physician, whose star is in the ascendant, and who is heralded abroad as the discoverer of a new consumption cure. The remedy is no other than chloride of zinc, which Dr. Lannelongue affirms he has used in the treatment of infantile tuberculosis with the most gratifying results. Notwithstanding the bitter disappointment which the public have experienced in Dr. Koch's tuberculine which is now almost universally condemned as futile and by many declared to be fatal, the announcement of this new cure is said to have produced a profound sensation not only in frigid academic and scientific circles, but in the clubs, *cafes* and newspapers of the Gay Capital. "The very next day," says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "Dr. Lannelongue was besieged with hundreds of letters from tuberculous patients in Paris, and now thousands from Germany, Italy, England, Russia, Spain, Switzerland are flowing in upon him. The excitement is almost as great as that which followed Dr. Koch's announcement." That those who are afflicted with this fatal malady should snatch at this new straw is easily understood. It would be most unwise, however, for the press to show the same haste in praising this latest remedy that it displayed in advertising the supposed virtues of the now discarded and almost forgotten tuberculine. Its recent experience should make it cautious and unwilling to lend itself to the creation of hopes which must end in bitter disappointment. This is the advice of an "American Doctor," at present in Paris, who writes that the demonstration is not by any means conclusive. He consoles the non-medical press to moderate public opinion, always prone to become enthusiastic over medical discoveries, and to tell inform, tuberculous patients who have already had a severe lesson by the absolute futility of the Berlin experiments that the encouraging vision now placed before their eyes may yet turn out to be only a mirage and that the cure of tuberculosis by other means than hygiene and open air is still to be discovered. This is prudent counsel and it is hoped it will not be lost on those for whom it is intended.

"August Flower"

Mr. Lorenzo F. Sleeper is very well known to the citizens of Appleton, Me., and neighborhood. He says: "Eight years ago I was taken sick, and suffered as no one but a dyspeptic can. I then began taking August Flower. At that time I was a great sufferer. Everything I ate distressed me so that I had to throw it up. Then in a few moments that horrid distress would come on and I would have "to eat and suffer "again. I took a "little of your medicine, and felt much "better, and after "taking a little more "August Flower my "Dyspepsia disappeared, and since that time I have never had the first sign of it. I can eat anything without the least fear of distress. I wish all that are afflicted with that terrible disease or the troubles caused by it would try August Flower, as I am satisfied there is no medicine equal to it."

For that Horrid Stomach Feeling.

How to be Happy in Summer.

Seek cool, shady nooks.
Read the latest books.
Bathe early and often.
Throw fancy work away.
Wear lightest, lowest shoes.
Ride at morn and walk at eve.
Believe that waiters are human.
Let bats be light and bonnets airy.
Think the best possible of all men.
Eschew kid gloves and linen collars.
Hurry never, this being at leisure's prime.
Dress in calicoes, lawns and ginghams.
Be lavish with laundresses, fruit men and fans.
Court the sea breezes, but avoid the hot sands.
Let melons precede, and berries follow the breakfast.
Stone up the sweet and give small place to the bitter.
Remember that seeming idleness is sometimes gain.
Listen to the break of the waves instead of the fog-horn.
Retire when in the mood, and arise when most inclined.
Send flowers to the living; kind thoughts serve the dead as well.
Order freshest fish and corn-cake; never mind the heavy fritters.
Take your loftiest ideas to the beach, and your lowbrest thoughts to the mountains.
Remember that nine-tenths of the people are at the seashore for rest, and do not sing to them.
If you feel like doing a good deed, treat a dozen street children to ice-cream. That is mission work.
Do not tell your hostess how sweet the butter and cream were at your last summer's boarding place.
Remember that children are only small editions of older people, and they have feelings quite as acute.
Look pleasantly at the tired stranger who glances wistfully at the part of your car seat occupied by your wraps, even if you do not offer her the seat.

ST JACOBS OIL TRADE MARK

THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN.

DIAMOND VERA CURA

CURES DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION

If you cannot get Diamond Vera Cura from your Druggist, send 25c. for sample box to

CANADIAN DEPOT 44 and 46 Lombard St. TORONTO, - - ONT.

To Straighten Crooked Eyes.

Any mind or cast in the eye can be cured without the expense of going to a physician or an oculist. It is only necessary to get a pair of spectacles with plain glass in and to color the center of one of the lens Black. The eye will naturally make an effort to look straight ahead all the time, and after a few days the effort will be imperceptible. With a child a cure can be effected in a week, and with a grown person a month will suffice to remedy the worst case. Wearing smoked glasses is the best possible safeguard for weak eyes when in a strong light, and even these will help to get rid of a "cast" by strengthening the eyes and relieving them from unnecessary exertion.

He did so.

And next week he'll be married
Vere,
"What a pity it is that his face
Is all pimples!"
Said pretty Miss Vere, with a smile a
dimples
Reflected from under the nobly sprig hat—
As she looked at herself in the glass, softly
sighing.
That she had for the young man a tender regard.
There wasn't the least need of denying—
for every one knew it. "His beauty is marred by the frightful red blotches all over his face. I wonder if he couldn't take something to cleanse his blood, and drive them away?"

He heard what she said about his looks. It hurt his feelings, but he couldn't deny she told the truth. He remembered a friend whose face used to be as bad as his. It had become smooth and clear. He went to him and asked how the change had been brought about. "Simply by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery," was the reply. "Take that, and I'll warrant you to get rid of your pimples."

It is not expedient or wise to examine our friends too closely. Few persons are raised in our esteem by a close examination.

The One-horse Shay.

The peculiar feature of the "one-horse shay" was, that it was "built in such a wonderful way" that it had no "weakest part." The "weakest part" of a woman is invariably her back, and "female weakness" is a only too common. With the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, this may be avoided, and women may be comparatively as strong as their brothers. Prolapsus, inflammation, ulceration, periodical, pains, leucorrhea, dragging-down sensations, celibacy, nervousness, sleeplessness, despondency, or only a few of the symptoms of weakness of the female organs which the "Favorite Prescription" is *warranted* to remove.

What is the world? What but a spacious burial field unwalled? The very turf on which we tread once lived.

Too Careless with the English Language.

A clothing dealer, in Boston, advertised all-wool pantaloons for $2, advising the public to make haste and secure the great bargain, saying: "They will not last long." Probably they would not. Neither will your health last long if you don't take care of it. Keep Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets in your house. They are indispensable to every family, as they positively cure biliousness, with its endless train of distressing ailments—sick headache, irritability, constipation, dizziness and indigestion; a marvelous specific for liver and kidney troubles, and a pure vegetable compound. They are sugar-coated, the smallest pills made, and the best, because they do all they promise. All druggists sell them, and the proprietors *guarantee* them, and refund the price if they fail.

Great results cannot be achieved at once; and we must be satisfied to advance in life as we walk, step by step.

Three Pretty Things.

A pretty scarf is made of yellow India silk and satin-edged ribbon. The side edges and ends are turned over on the outside for wide hems, which are herring bone stitched to place with yellow floss. A row of Brussels net wheels are sewed along each end and to the top of a section of ribbon, with the effect of insertion. Similar wheels are sewed together to form one large point, which is joined to the lower edge of the ribbon at one end, and also to form two pretty points, which depend from the ribbon at the opposite end. To make the wheels, cut one circular section about four inches in diameter from white Brussels net for each wheel, gather the section all around the edge, drawing the gathering up closely so that the edge comes over the center. Thread a needle with yellow wash embroidery silk and draw it up through the center from underneath; make a knot stitch by twisting the thread several times about the needle and passing the needle down close to the point of first insertion; then pass the needle up near the fold, then back to the center, make a knot stitch and continue until five long stitches, extending from the center to the fold, are made, being careful to space the stitches so that they look evenly apart near the fold. The scarf is equally pretty and less expensive all made of white Brussels net, using any preferred color of wash embroidery silk or lizen floss for the fancy stitching.

The foundation of a beautiful floral center piece for the table is a tin dish enamelled in white. Three wires are soldered about the dish—one at the top, one at the bottom, and one in the middle—and on them ordinary clothes-pins, made beautiful by gold paint, are mounted, with truly artistic effect. The pins are placed close together all around the dish, the white enamel which shows prettily, between the bright gold. The dish may contain earth or water and may be preferred, various varieties of flowers or foliage. It may be round, square, oblong, oval or any preferred shape, and the enameling may be done in a dainty shade of blue pink, yellow or green. The pins also may be all over enameled in the same color, or they may be enameled below the heads, which may be painted gold or silver. A pretty combination would be to enamel the dish in a delicate shade of blue and paint the pins with silver.

Here is a fire-place fernery for the summer months. A box about a foot deep, and long and wide enough to fit into the fire-place on the floor is the first requisite for a fernery of this kind. Several holes should be made in the bottom for drainage, and a shallow tin plate set under the box for a drain. A piece of molding set along the bottom of a box will conceal the pan. The box should be filled nearly to the top with rich soil, in which all kinds of ferns may be planted. Vines that will thrive in sandy places will be very pretty to train up the sides of the mantel, ivy being particularly nice for the purpose.

Items For Housekeepers.

To temper earthenware which is to be used for baking, put the dishes in cold water over the fire and bring them gradually to the boiling point. When the water boils around them, remove them from the fire and let them remain in the water till it becomes cold.

An oyster shell in the tea-kettle will prevent the formation of crust in the inside.

Another use for oyster shells is to clean the fire-brick of the stove. Lay a number of them on top of the hot coals and when the fire burns down it will be found that all the clinkers have scaled off the bricks.

A simple cement for broken china or earthenware is made of powdered quicklime, sifted through a coarse muslin bag over the white of an egg.

Powdered flint glass ground to an impalpable powder mixed with the white of an egg makes one of the strongest cements known.

A remedy for creaking hinges is mutton tallow rubbed on the joint. A great many locks that refuse to do their work are simply rusted and will be all right if carefully oiled.

Never neglect to see that the garbage pails and all vessels for refuse are kept scrupulously clean. It takes only a few moments to throw in a solution of lye or of sal soda and water as soon as they are emptied. Scrub them around with a little whisk, touching every portion of the vessel with this disinfecting solution. Rinse them with water and set them where the hot sun will dry and purify them. There is no more certain source on which the bacilli of all foul diseases may feed than uncleansed garbage pails, and yet it is not an uncommon practice for otherwise neat housekeepers to neglect to keep them clean.

Two Irishmen were working in a garden, when one of them suddenly disappeared, the covering of a drain having given way. When he arrived on *terra firma* again the other Irishman (Felix by name) said—"Eedad, Andrew, I thought sure Sandy had come for ye." "Oh, no," said Andrew, "it was only Providence takin' me out of bad company."

Truth is violated by falsehood, and it may be equally outraged by silence.

We cannot all be first, but T. A. SLOCUM of 186 West Adelaide St., Toronto, Ont., must feel more than ordinary pride in the success of his valuable preparations for the cure of lung diseases, viz., SLOCUM'S OXYGENIZED EMULSION OF PURE COD LIVER OIL. No preparation of the kind has ever met with the same success in the same time and the testimonials in its favor are all from the most authentic source. Every druggist sells it.

A man