LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON.

Every one had always agreed in saying that Major Wodehouse was an excellent father. From the day of his young wife's death he had devoted himself to his son. He had been a young man himself then, but he had not thought it beneath his dignity to go into all the minutiæ concerning the child's food and clothes; and the smart officer playing at horses with his baby boy, and a little later instructing him in the art of cricket, was considered quite a pretty sight at Aldershot.

And the major had met with no disappointing rebuffs at the hands of his offspring. Jack Wodehouse loved his father heartily, and from the time when he toddled by dadda's side in a white frock and a scarlet sash, through the schoolboy stage when he had confided all his escapades and troubles to the governor, to the days of his full manhood, his father was his best and dearest friend. Jack, indeed, had refused to go into the army because he would not leave his father; for by the time the lad's profession began to be a matter of discussion, the major had retired from the service, and had settled at a pretty place called Uplands in the village of Staunton, and Jack preferred to be articled to a solicitor in the neighboring town and stay at home, than join the finest regiment in the world, and quit the man who had been to him father, mother, and brother all in one.

There had always been perfect harmony between these two; they had never had what people call words; no breath of dissension had ever marred their happiness. Nothing, indeed, had ever occurred to disturb their beautiful relations till one summer day when they met on the threshold of Mrs. Layard's house, each with flowers in his hand. Jack was two-and-thirty now, handsome and popular; and the major, who was twice his age, was handsome and popular too—tall, erect, with eyes that were still keen, and a moustache that was thick if it was iron-grey. The major's flowers had been tied by the gardener into a still bouquet; Jack's roses had been thrust æsthetically into a little basket. They were both evidently offerings, and as evidently offerings to be made to Mrs. Layard—a recent arrival in the village—or to her pretty daughter Kate. For the first time in his life Jack glared at his father, and for the first time in his life the major frowned at his son. But they had no time to speak, for the servant came quickly to the door and ushered them into the drawing-room.

Mrs. Layard's drawing-room was cool and pretty, and full of sweet scents, partly of Indian fans and cedar-wood boxes, and partly of mignonette and pinks; and Miss Kate, coming forward to receive the gentlemen in a white gown with a rosebud at her waist, was a cool and pretty and sweet object.

"How good of you to come! I am so sorry my mother is out," she said, with a smile for both. "Let me give you some tea."

Now, thought Jack, was his father's opportunity. Would he express regret at Mrs. Layard's absence, and say that he had brought her some flowers?

"I have brought you a few roses, Miss Layard," said the young man in blunt haste. "I don't know if you care for roses, but if you will accept ——"

"Indeed, I love roses!" she interrupted him. "How good of you to have thought of me! and how pretty they look in that basket!"

Then it was the major's turn.

"I am exceedingly sorry to miss Mrs. Layard," he said. ("So far, so good," thought Jack.) "I hope I shall have the pleasure of seeing her another day. But my call was really upon you, Miss Layard. I heard you were fond of picotees, and I have brought you two or three; if you will honor me by accepting them."

Kate was charmed. She thanked the major in the prettiest way imaginable, and loosened the scented blossoms as she joyed to do so. Then she poured out the tea, chatting brightly.

It would have been impossible to say which gentleman Kate preferred, or if indeed she preferred either. She was used to society, and she was seven or eight and twenty, and she knew quite well how to entertain a father and son without showing her hand. So she inserted the tiniest *soupçon* of deference into her manner towards the major, and put the suggestion of pleasantness in her company into her way with Jack, and she satisfied neither, and filled both of them, for the first time, with ugly thoughts.

The major took his leave first, and it would have been noticeable to any one who had known them long that his exit was unusual. Usually when the father and son paid calls together, the former would arise and say, "Well, my boy, I think we must be going?" and Jack would respond cheerily and jump up willingly. But to-day the major said hesitatingly, "I don't know if you are coming, Jack?" and Jack, who had been listening vaguely to the chatter of Miss Kate's young brother, replied, "No, I'm just going to see this youngster's guinea-pigs, if Miss Layard will allow me."

So the major went home alone, heavy hearted, and that was a dismal evening at Uplands. Even the servant who waited at table marked the constrained conversation, and told the other domestics that "something was up." A great mountain of formality seemed suddenly to have sprung up between the two men. They talked certainly, but they talked as if they had been acquaintances. They were polite, and, being good-tempered men, they were not surly; but all the frankness and the fire had gone out of their intercourse. After thirty two years of the closest affection, Love the Beautiful had stepped in and struck a discordant note.

After dinner, Jack muttered a few words about business, and withdrew to his own sitting room. It was not a very comfortable apartment, because, as a matter of fact, Jack never used it. His father's so-called study had been the general living-room of the two ever since Uplands became their home, and there they had made themselves snug and accumulated all their precious litter, and steeped the air with tobacco smoke, and been inordinately happy. But on this evening Jack felt that he must be alone, and he therefore stalked across the hall to the room which was called his, shut the door after him with a decided hand, and threw himself down in a leather armchair in no enviable mood. The major did much the same in the room opposite. He, too, shut the door on his sorrow, and sat down sadly to ponder the situation.

At eleven o'clock, when the house was quiet and all the servants in bed, Jack presented himself in the study.

"Father," he said.

"Yes, my boy," replied the major, without looking round.

Somehow the major looked older. He was seated low down in his easy chair, and his spare form seemed shrunken; his voice even sounded thinner. Jack stood and looked at him pitifully.

"Father, which of us two is to go away?" he asked at last.

"We will settle that to-morrow, my boy," replied the major.

Then he rose and drew himself up to his full height. If anything, he was taller than Jack, and he was very dignified.

"It is a misfortune, my boy," he said gently, "and, as you say, one of us must go away. We will settle which to-morrow. Now good-night, and God bless you!"

He bent forward and kissed Jack as if he had been still a little boy, and Jack returned the embrace.

"My dear, dear father!" he murmured.

"God bless you!" said the major again.

Then the two men lighted their candles and went up-stairs, parting at the major's door with a close hand-clasp.

An hour later the major softly opened his door and came down-stairs with a Gladstone bag in his hand. Entering his study, he wrote a short note and leaving it on the table, he cautiously opened the window and went out into the warm summer night.

Three hours afterwards, Jack also emerged noiselessly from his room and descended the stairs. He carried a small portmanteau, and in one hand he held a sealed envelope, which he deposited on the hall table. Then he let himself out into the fragrant morning air and disappeared rapidly down the drive.

When the servants came down the next morning, they found the front door unbolted and the study window open, and a note on the study table directed to Jack in the major's writing, and a note on the hall table directed to the major in Jack's writing. And the bedrooms of both gentlemen were empty, and some of their clothes and other necessaries were gone. The butler hurried off to the station, and there learnt that his old master had left Staunton by the mail-train at 1 a.m., and that his young master had departed by the 4 a.m. train, and that both had booked to London. In dispair, the man telegraphed to the hotel where Major Wodehouse and his son generally slept in town, to their bankers, and to Jack's office. But no one could throw any light upon the extraordinary event. The gentlemen had not been seen or heard of.

Only an undated note reached Jack's partner in the afternoon, in which Jack stated that he had been imperatively called away by private affairs and hoped that his sudden absence would not be inconvenient. The astonished servants stood aghast, and they were still more astonished when upon the following day, two letters were delivered at Uplands, one bearing a French postmark and addressed by the major to his son, the other bearing a German postmark and addressed by Jack to his father.

It was evident that something had driven the two men apart, but that each believed the other to be at home, and Jack's partner took upon himself to desire the butler to go on as usual, saying that no doubt Major Wodehouse and Mr. John would soon return or communicate with their friends and servants.

But this hope proved fallacious. Every day or so letters came from the major to Jack, and from Jack to the major, always with a fresh postmark as if they were travelling without halt, the major's letters always from France, Jack's always from Germany. It was certain that each believed the other to be at home, and was eluding pursuit by constant movement, and by leaving no address at the temporary resting-places. Jack's partner wrote to both at various *postes restantes*, but got no answer, and presently he gave it up.

"It is a mere misunderstanding not a quarrel," he told the butler. "Any one of these letters would give us the key to the mystery; but we have no right to open them, so long as we are assured by their regular arrival that both gentlemen are alive. Keep the place in order, and be sure one of them will turn up in time."

So a great pile of letters from France and Germany accumulated; and people talked a great deal about the disappearance of the major and his son, and made many surmises, and suggested numbers of more or less plausible hypotheses; and the summer grew to its height and waned into autumn, frosts and falling leaves began to herald the approach of winter; and still nothing was heard of the absentees; and as Uplands was situated a little off the highroad, out of sight became out of mind, and the affairs of the Wodehouses were canvassed less and less every day.

It was at this time when the nuts were ripe and the Virginia creeper scarlet and the chrysanthemums in bloom, that Kate Layard began to look pale and languid, and to seem as if she were moped by life in the country, or as if, at all events, the air of Staunton did not suit her. Miss Kate's beauty did not diminish, but it assumed a very delicate character, and her little hand grew smaller, and the color in her cheeks came and went, like moonlight peeping through clouds. She coughed a little, and people wondered if there were consumption in the family, and what Mr. Layard had died of, and some even went so far as to commiserate Mrs. Layard on her daughter's failing health. But Mrs. Layard, whatever she guessed or knew, revealed no secrets.

"It was only the autumn weather," she declared. "Kate had been bred in London, and perhaps it was damp in the country during the fall of the leaf. She thought she would send her to Brighton for a week, or on a visit to some friends at Earl's Court."

But time went on, and Miss Kate went neither to Earl's Court nor Brighton. She looked fragile; but she was as discreet as her mother, and though she was unhappy and troubled, she always said that she was well, or at least that she only had a headache.

There came an afternoon in late October when the white mists hung low above the earth, when the red and yellow leaves lay rotting in heaps upon the ground, when only a robin's voice disturbed the melancholy silence, when all was still and damp, and the year seemed oppressed with the burden of its days. Kate had gone out, as she often did now, for the pensive evening suited her mood; after the afternoon tea, and almost mechanically her feet took her along the quiet road that led to Uplands. In summer this road was a cool and bowery place, where the trees met overhead and the blue sky and the sunlight peered merrily through here and there. But in autumn it was gloomy; the path was wet with recent rain, the gaunt, bare trees no longer protected from the heat but shut out the fading day; It was already night in this grove, and Kate felt almost relieved when she reached a gate leading into an open meadow. She went and leant against it, and surveyed the scene. There was Uplands, with its gables, and chimneys rising above the trees; the placid fields lay before her; a dog bayed in the distance; the moon, almost at the full, was just rising above the horizon. Everything was unspeakably peaceful except Kate's heart. She glanced towards Uplands and sighed deeply. She had never even owned to herself why she had been miserable since the fair June day, when the major had come to her with his picotees, and Jack with his roses; but there are some things—facts of the heart mostly—that do not require open acknowledgement. Kate had kept some of the flowers that had been given to her on that day so long ago, and it seemed to her that their faint perfume followed her wherever she went. Perhaps it did, for she looked at the withered blossoms and lingered them every day.

She was still leaning against the gate when she became aware of a footstep that was coming towards her under the trees. She listened. It was a slow footstep, as of some one weary and out of heart, and as it drew nearer, she found that it was accompanied by a laboring breath, which came and went like a profound sigh. As the wayfarer came closer, she stepped out into the road to meet him. She was no coward, and she thought that here was some one, ill at ease like herself, whom she might assist.

In the gloom of the trees she descried the figure of an old man, walking at a laggard's pace and carrying a bag. In a few moments he had reached the open space by the gate where Kate stood, which was now flooded with moonlight. It was the major. He was a good deal aged, but Kate recognized him instantly, and with a little cry of joy she sprang to his side.

"Oh, Major Wodehouse, is it you?" she exclaimed.

"Kate! Miss Layard!" he said, trembling.

"Yes," cried she; "it is I—Kate Layard!"

"Kate Layard?" he repeated.

"Yes, Kate Layard. Oh, Major Wodehouse, don't you know me?" she cried. "What is the matter with you? You look so strange. What have you been doing? and where, oh, where is your son?"

"Where is Jack?" faltered the major.

He staggered, and Kate, with a strength that she did not know she possessed, stretched out her hands and supported him.

"Dear Major Wodehouse, you look so ill and so tired," she said soothingly. "I am so glad to see you! Let me take your arm and help you home."

"But you said, where is Jack?" said the major.

He seemed half dazed. He looked stupidly at her. In four months he had grown ten years older.

"Yes, dear Major Wodehouse," said Kate, trying to speak steadily through her tears. "He went away the same night that you did, and he has been travelling in Germany ever since. I believe there are hundreds of letters awaiting you from him. Oh, let us make haste and get to the house!"

"Jack went away the same night!" echoed the major. "My boy, my boy," he murmured; "you might have trusted me! You said, 'Which of us must go?' and you might have known I should be the one."

"But why had either of you to go away?" asked Kate, with irrepressible curiosity.

The major drew himself up till once more he was a fine man. In the moonlight he and Kate scanned each other.

"Kate!" he said solemnly and with old-fashioned courtesy; "I am not ashamed to say that my boy and I both aspired to the hand of the same dear and sweet lady. When I found it out, I resolved to go away, hoping that you and he would marry and be happy, and I wrote and wrote begging him to try and win you. But at last, my dear"—the major's voice faltered—"at last I could bear it no longer, for I have never been separated from my boy since he was born, and I hoped I might have the honor of calling you my daughter, and, instead you tell me that my boy has fled."

Kate burst into a passion of weeping.

"Oh, Major Wodehouse," she sobbed, "I don't know what your son feels about me, but, whatever happens, let me be a daughter to you!"

Then the major kissed her tenderly.

"My dear," he said, "whatever happens I will be a father to you."

And she took his arm and guided his wearied footsteps to his own door.

An hour later, Kate and the major had read Jack's first note and most of his subsequent letters.

"My dear Father," the young man had written on the morning of his departure, "Kate Layard has come to be all the world to me, but I cannot forget that you have been all the world to me all my days before. So I am going. When I think you are married, I will wait in some place for news of you. Till then, I shall write, but push on, and leave no address.

"Believe me truly, dear Father,
"Your loving Son,
"J. W."

The succeeding letters were written in the same strain, and at last came several from Bonn impatient for replies.

The major groaned.

"Why didn't he trust me?" said he, over and over again.

"But you will write now?" suggested Kate; or telegraph?"

"I will telegraph," said the major eagerly, opening the drawer where he kept telegraphic forms. "He will be at home the day after to-morrow, and you——"

"I," said Kate, blushing, "am going to Brighton to-morrow."

"What?" cried the major.

But he could say no more, for hurrying footsteps were heard in the hall and a voice that cried, "Where is he? Where is my father?"

And the major rushed out, and Kate sank half fainting into a chair.

I do not know exactly what Jack and the major said to each other, nor would it be fair—even if I knew—to relate the precise terms in which Jack spoke his hopes to Kate nor how Kate made answer. But I will say that Kate walked home in the moonlight on Jack's arm, and that the major looked after them without envy, and thought that, at past sixty, a daughter is better than a second wife.

The major appeared the next day, spruce and tall as ever, and nobody but Kate knew how nearly sorrow and separation had made an old man of him. As for Jack, when he read his father's first note and successive letters, he felt more inclined to cry than he had done since he was a little lad and lost a favorite marble. "I love Miss Layard," the major had written, "but I love you even more, my boy, and I retire. Win her, Jack, and God be with you both."

"A father's love is beyond words," he said to Kate. "I ought not to have taken him."

"But you see, Jack, I loved you," returned Kate conclusively.

So the bridal was celebrated, and Jack's partner, who was the only other person who knew why the major and Jack had vanished, made a speech, in which he said words of such oracular significance that the bride blushed, and the bridegroom and his father exchanged glances of deep affection.

"In every inch of life," said this gentleman, "my partner Wodehouse and my friend the major have acted similarly. Even in their love affair—if it becomes me to tread on ground so sacred—it has been with them a case of 'Like father, like son.'"

FAYR MADOC.

How to Receive a Compliment.

Not to value honest praise, not to enjoy the appreciation of one's fellows, to be indifferent to their good as to their ill opinion, is less likely to be a mark of lofty superiority than intense self-satisfaction. Kindly people, friendly people, modest people, like to be praised. They find a compliment agreeable which is sincere and not excessive, and in one way or another they are pretty sure to manifest their pleasure in it. Often, however, they do so against their will, making all the time a poor pretense of indifference which they suppose to be demanded by modesty or politeness.

Sometimes they go further, and insistently disclaim praise which they cannot but know is fairly merited. Again they giggle foolishly, or try to waive the matter aside with an airy gesture and a laugh that does not ring true. Girls, especially, who are not likely to receive compliments, are least likely to receive them well. Often a pretty girl will destroy a delightful impression by her silly embarrassment at a few natural words of admiration for her youth and freshness. As she flushes and laughs, looks up and then down, and turns her head consciously aside, one feels that there can be but little admirable about her except her beauty, if that is so important to her that a mere reference to it in her presence moves her so easily. Or a clever girl, who thinks it due to her reputation for cleverness to despise compliments, will repel where she just attracted by airs of poorly acted disdain.

There is no real difficulty in accepting a compliment. It is neither vain nor undignified, but rather gracious and becoming, to take pleasure in giving pleasure. Therefore, if a girl has given pleasure, either by her appearance or by her actions, and if some one tells her of it there is always something honest, simple and suitable that she can say in reply: "I am glad that you were pleased"; "I am glad that you think I did well"; or "I am glad you approve my work".

Chivalry and Matrimony.

With all its fine expressions of ardent devotion to the fair sex, and the multitude of its exquisite pretensions, chivalry was the degradation of the highest and tenderest human instincts, the veritable curse of the course of true love. Such a statement presents itself to the romantic believer as a terrible counterblast; but it is true nevertheless. The records of the Treasury and the law courts of those days, in furnishing the experience of popular life deeply marked by the worst shades of modern shortcomings, provide the fullest proof.

Chivalry did not make marriages, at least in the sense of those born of love's young dream; it entirely ignored all sexual affections, and sold its victims with ruthless indifference to all mutuality. There were not two parties to its bargains; there was only one, who was always the third of the group, and the one interested, not is satisfying the yearnings of the impassioned, but in a pecuniary sense of their value. He was the vendor, and might be either King or Baron. But whichever he was he was the incarnation of unscrupulous power. The matrimonial transactions of chivalry were mercenary. To them there were no "contracting parties" in the shape of whispering lovers, ardent swains, and coy maidens. On the other hand, there were but sullen indifference or hating compliance. Chivalry canted about its faith in women and the purity of its own motives, because it could not sing of love—it may be said that it so canted because it knew it must cant.

It knew that its marriages had not been made in heaven and of ethereal sentiments. They were coarsely bargained for, either in the King's Exchequer or in the open marketplace. Chivalry knew itself as a social falsity and the parent of lust. As a consequence the "lower orders" have had to give us the nomenclature of our love affairs. Chaucer, the very mirror of the era of chivalry, has typified lust with his master's hand; but he has no picture of the gratified tenderness of longing youth. In his surroundings it was not suffered to exist. These surroundings had no terms to enumerate the ardent swains, and coy maidens of rusticity. But if the aristocracy can produce no one instance of the coy maiden, and the rustic sweetheart remains to mock the dubious fiance, it has a wealth of the arts of diplomacy, and an inexhaustible list of the terms of intrigue. Chivalry gave expression to the word maitresse, which may have, and had, the funniest of meanings.—[The Gentleman's Magazine.

A Story Told by Quebecers.

A strange story comes from Quebec. It is said that a convict, who had just been released after serving a seven years' term in the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, visited the Ancient Capital last Thursday, and that armed with a pickaxe and shovel, he engaged a carter and drove out to the Plains of Abraham. There he proceeded to a certain spot, and after digging for a while he unearthed a rust-encrusted iron box and when opened was seen to be filled with bank notes and gold, probably the spoils of a forgotten crime for which possibly he served his long term of imprisonment. The man drove back to the city with his booty and left the carter on St. John street, who then reported the strange case to the police.

Unused machinery grows rusty, so does unused mind.

Talking and eloquence are not the same; to speak and to speak well are two things.

The way to a man's heart is through his stomach; to his head through his pocket.

A liquor dealer who opened a place for business in Columbia, Mo., recently started out with a determination to justify and dignify his business and lift it from the level usually assigned to it. He issued a notice with this head line: "Know all men by these presents." He announced that he had "no desire to sell to minors, drunkards, or the destitute," that any "wife with a drunkard for a husband," or any person with a friend "unfortunately dissipated" was requested to notify him of the fact, and the persons described would be excluded from his place of business. He believed "there are gentlemen of honor, and workman who can afford it, who want to drink," and he wanted to do business, a strictly legitimate business, with them.

YOUNG FOLKS.

The Children of the Light.

I crossed the market-place of death,
The shambles-place of shame and night,
The mists came down and caught my breath,
A shadow floated by my side,
"Where are the true of heart," I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

I heard the iron roar of hate,
The under-throb of miseries throe,
I felt the biting frosts of fate
Across the moors of human woe;
I saw sad phantoms come and go,
That shadow still moved by my side,
Across the mad throb of the night,
"Where are the holy ones," I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

I saw strange deeds of evil dooms,
And knew mid haunts of human strife,
Pale phantoms worn at sorrow's looms,
Weaving the spectre webs of life;
Lone, hungry, eyes on every side,
Haunting the streets of evil blight,
"Where are the morning hearts!" I cried,
"Where are the children of the light!"

I saw youth use its strength for lust,
I saw age hideous in its woe,
God's angels groping in the dust,
For bestial baubles past me go.
I heard the sons of darkness vaunt
Their brutal strength in hellish glee,
I saw the withered face of want
Go past with haggard misery,
Great, towering greed with power did ride,
With law and force to left and right,
"Where are the true of heart!" I cried,
"Where are the children of the light!"

Above the misery and the sin,
The loves and hates, the hopes and fears,
That great, sad market-place within,
A sweet, weird music filled mine ears,
It was the magic lute of life,
Played by some sorcerer divine,
That whirled my senses to sweet strife,
And set my blood like running wine;
Till all that place a wonder turned,
The agony, the love-drawn breath,
Into mine inmost senses burned,
The ecstacy of life and death;
The laugh, the tear, the love that sighed,
Came through the murk-mists of the night,
"Where are the holy ones?" I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

Poor innocence all clothed in rags,
Sat blinking in the market-place,
Cant and hypocrisy, two hags,
Went by with mock of holy face;
Sect strove with sect across the dark,
And juggled for securer place,
Each cried, "Ours only is the ark,
We only know God face to face."
A myriad jargon voices hissed,
"The truth ye seek is here or here,"
And over above them in the mist,
In purple gleam of amethyst,
The dread word "self" was written clear,
The whole world's ill moaned at my side,
All my shrunk soul was filled with night,
And to the great, dread dark I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

"Where are the holier ones of old?
The high priests of the days of yore,
Who never schemed nor bought nor sold
With precious jewels of God's lore;
Where are the gentle and austere,
The children of the ages' youth,
The souls like brooklets running clear,
With music of the world's glad truth;
Where are the warriors of to-day,
The strong-armed battlers for the right,
The smiters of the evil way,
"Where are the children of the light!"

"Oh spirits of the dark," I cried,
"O good or evil, if you hear,
Where do the true and faithful bide,
Where are the holy and sincere?
All sin and weakness soul can dream,
In this dread market-place I see,
And nothing hidden in its gleam,
But hath its counterpart in me.
Lord of the blackness, we are naught
But dust-motes blown across the dark,
Where are the ones our hearts have sought?
Where are the keepers of the ark?
Where do the mighty spirits bide
Who see across the mists of night?
Where are the morning hearts?" I cried,
"Where are the children of the light?"

—[William Wilfred Campbell.

A Morning Grievance.

I like to dust, and I like to sew,
And I like to water the fishes,
I like to weed and I like to hoe;
But, oh, how I hate to wash dishes!

I wish a dish had never been made!
But what's the use of wishes?
Mamma is calling, and I'm afraid
I must do those breakfast dishes!

The Two Inns.

In a beautiful park on a mountain-side there are two houses in which I am interested, for they were built by a friend of mine *for* some friends of mine.

They were built by the boy of our family, for our dear friends the birds, the chipmunks and the squirrels.

They were the owners of these lovely great mossy boulders and silver waterfalls and tall trees before we came and built our cottage here, so we are going to be as kind to them as we know how to be.

When the rocks were blasted and the hammers and saws at work, they all went away, but now they are back again, and the birds come in at our windows, and the chipmunks run across the veranda and look at us, with curious, bright eyes, and are not afraid.

Our boy has his "carpenter's shop" behind the lattice-work of the basement, and there he made first a house for the robins, or any of their cousins that might like to take a cottage, rent free for a season. He stained the roof and veranda a rosy red, and the parts between a yellow-brown; and upon the front gable was painted the name, "Cock Robin Inn."

The next house was twice as large as the one I have described, but made and stained very much like it, only on the front was another name, "The Squirrel Inn."

Our boy tells me this is "for weary chipmunks and travelling squirrels."

This little inn has been placed a few feet away from our cottage. Sometimes it has been placed on a great moss-covered rock, but just now it stands on a stump that the chipmunks have often made their speeches from.

Some nuts are temptingly strewn on the veranda, and there are more inside. This inn is not a trap. It has a back door as well as a front door, and they are always open, so that our friends, who do not always agree, may have a way of escape in time of need. The inn is a new idea to them, and they are shy about entering, but another season we hope they will become accustomed to it, and enjoy its hospitality.

Grover the Dog.

Grover is not a handsome dog, but he is a good one and is trying hard to get an education. For two terms he has been one of the most regular pupils in a little country school.

His master, George Archer, is a bright little boy of eight years, and, as he lives a long way from the school, on a lonesome road, when he began to go to school Grover was sent with him. From the first day the dog seemed to like it, and almost every morning at eight o'clock he would be ready to start for school with George.

If he happened to be in the field or garden when his little master started he rarely failed to come in soon, and Mr. Archer would say, "Grover, it is almost nine o'clock if you don't start for school soon you will get a black mark this morning." And off the dog would go, alone to school.

In summer he usually lies in the entry until the sun gets around and shines in his face; then he goes in the school-room and lies down under my desk, the best behaved scholar in all the school.

At recess he seems to enjoy the play time quite as well as any of the children, who are all firm friends of the good old dog. The hour at noon-time is a favorite one with him for besides his own dinner from George's pail, he gets many a mouthful from the other boys and girls.

One day at recess, George came in with tears in his eyes and said, "Oh, teacher, Grover has got something in his mouth, and it hurts him awfully, won't you come and get it out?" I went at once, and there was the poor dog in the midst of the children, who were all anxious to help their friend.

The dog's mouth was open, and there seemed to be a large substance nearly out of sight in the back of his throat. What it was we could not tell, and he would not allow me to put my hand in his mouth. The children were all small, and I did not want to risk any harm by asking them to help me, for the pain had made poor Grover cross. Just then two men came down the road.

They kindly stopped, and one held his head while the other put his hand into the dog's mouth and quickly took out a large root which was wedged across the throat. Grover showed joy and relief, and no spoken thanks were ever more sincere than those from his eyes.

It might not be well to allow all dogs to go to school; but we are all quite willing that Grover should come; the children take no notice of him during school time, and we have grown to love the homely old dog who has been our companion so long.

Baby Blue Eyes' Guardian.

Bouncer was an ugly dog, even before bad burns had scarred his brown, shaggy-coated body. He came one night to Mrs. Link's kitchen door, asking, dog fashion, for a home.

Nobody wanted a dog, but the Links were kindly people. Mamma said, "I cannot turn the poor fellow out in this storm."

Bouncer was not driven away. He was so glad and grateful, and Baby Blue Eyes loved him so much that Mrs. Link said, "Let him stay."

Baby was able to sit alone. Bouncer would lie beside her for hours, and watched her faithfully. Mamma Link began to find the dog a real help. He was a guardian to be trusted.

Baby learned to creep, and loved to play with the coal in the coal-cupboard. One evening, when Mamma Link was busy in the dining-room, baby crept to the kitchen. Bouncer followed close behind, his bright eyes seeing the mischief that a match carelessly dropped by Robbie was doing.

The blazing match fell upon Baby's thin gown, Bouncer barked sharply. No one saw that the little gown was on fire. Robbie went to the cistern for a pail of water. Bouncer's sharp teeth gripped tightly a portion of the gown. He quickly dragged the baby, screaming and frightened, into the dining-room.

Mamma Link was able to prevent a serious burn, thanks to Bouncer's watchfulness and intelligence. The little dog's shaggy coat was burned in patches, but in two weeks Baby Blue Eyes and he were entirely healed of their burns. Our faithful dog friends deserve kind treatment.

LOOKING HENCEWARD.

The Subject of an Appreciated Lecture to the Limekiln Club.

After the regular business of the weekly meeting of the Limekiln Club had been concluded, Brother Gardner announced that the Hon. Backstep Johnson of West Virginia, was waiting to deliver a lecture. After the floor had been sprinkled with water, the alley windows raised, and Samuel Shin cautioned about falling asleep and swallowing the glass stopper of a bottle he was holding in his mouth to cure him of the habit of stuttering, the reception committee brought the stranger in. Mr. Johnson appeared to be about 45 years old. He was tall, thin, and serious, with a stiff leg and a bald head. He brought in with him from the anteroom, as if mistrusting the honesty of the janitor, a large lank satchel of the crop of 1872, and a cotton umbrella which probably saw the opening of the civil war. He had a hearty welcome, however, and he deposited satchel and umbrella, removed his coat, and got to business.

"My fren's," he said, in a voice which reminded everybody of a corn sheller hard at work, "de subject of my imperious remarks dis cavenin am entitled 'Looking Henceward.' Dar may be some among yo' who doan know what 'henceward' means. I will darefore explain dat it means beyond—in de fucher—way off ahead. [Applause from Shindig Watkins, who had been puzzling over 'henceward' for the last two months.] Yo' kin look back thirty y'ars an' see what progress de cull'd man has made, but de fucher am what is ahead of us. De fucher is a headlight to guide us on de upward path an' finally seat us on the pinacle of greatness an' verbosity. While we may feel proud of de past, we am justified in feelin a feelin of gloriosity ober de fucher. [General applause, which sagged the stove-pipe in the middle and threatened a calamity.]

"My fren's," continued the speaker as he helped himself to a glass of root beer from Brother Gardner's pitcher and wiped off his chip. "I put de past behind me an urge yo' onward to the fucher. Widin de next hundred y'ars dar am gwine to be sich a mighty change take place dat it almos' takes one's bref away to think of it. It's gwine to be a change to put the cull'd man what am belongs on top de heap. I predict:

"1. A gradual but sartin change in de hair. De kinks at knots will all straighten out, de ha'r takes on a gloss, an will be de envy of de civilized world.

"2. A gradual but sartin fadin out of color until we become whiter dan white folks. Dey will probably be mad an jealous about it, but what am to be will be, an dey can't stop it. I predict dat Giveadam Jones, heah on my right, who am now de co or of a black cow at midnight, hasn't got to lib ober fo'ty y'ars to bleach white as a Governor's Sunday shirt.

"3. A gradual but sartin acquirement of grace an' beauty. It won't be fifty y'ars befo' yo' can't find a bowlegged cull'd man in a week's travel, an' one wit a bald head or a pair of cross eyes will be as much of a novelty as a mastodon. Our mouts will contract, our lips fall away in flesh, an' poets will rave ober our droopin' blue eyes. White folks will be mad 'nuff to bust, but we mus' go right along an' pay no 'tenshun to deir empirical feelin's.

"4. In de co'se of the next hundred y'ars de cull'd man will be on top de heap in oratory, poetry, paintin', astronomy, an' all de arts and sciences. He will sit in de white House, an' he will make de laws. He will make de history of de kentry, an' he will also write it.

"5. Instead of de black folks gwine to Africa to lib, de white folks will probably c'lar out fur Mexico or de Sandwich Islands. To-day de great problem of dis kentry am not what to do wid de black man, but what is gwine to become of de white folks in a few y'ars now.

"6. A gradual but sartin contrackshun of feet till a No. 8 will fit most eberybody in de crowd. You can't scassly comprehend it as yo' look at de No. 13 boots adornin' de feet of Waydown Bebee, an' pinchin' his boots at dat, but sich will be de result of progress. Brudder Bebee himself may lib to see that day.

"An' now, my fren's," continued the speaker, as he drained the pitcher of its contents, "I do not wish to take up your walnable time. I did not come heah to dedicate an evaporashun of cupidity, but to briefly coinnive my cantilevérous consanguinity toward bituminous propagashun of what I airnestly believe will come to pass. I thank yo' gentlemen, thank yo' from de bottom of my heart; an' I shall eber hold de memory of dis cavenin as one of de most electuated in my fallacious career."

The gentleman left the hall amid wild and tumultuous applause, but when he had disappeared the silence was profound. It was not broken for a couple of minutes. Then Brother Gardner arose and said:

"A hundred y'ars am a long time to wait, but I reckon we'll hev to. We will now break de meetin in two an go home."

The Shortening Days.

The days of the year have passed their maximum length. There is a feeling of having passed the prime as we reflect that every succeeding day is shorter, and that this will continue to be so until the lowest point shall be reached in the bleak days of winter. And yet we are just coming into the harvest. We are now gathering the fruits of a whole year's labor and life. We are at the period of most intense activity. For a considerble time nature will be most active in maturing its products, and men most busy in gathering them. The rich days of glorious autumn are yet to be prepared by the shortened days of summer.

The counterpart of this is in human life. We reach a maximum point, and thenceforth the days shorten. A certain feeling of impending decadence comes upon us, and if we allow it a tone of sadness enters our thoughts. But how is it in fact? We are only coming to our prime, the best days are before us and near at hand. That for which we are living is now becoming our possession. The period of crudeness and immaturity is ending, and we are entering upon the fulness of matured powers. Life is coming into its harvest of manliness and vigor of thought and work, in which the fruits of all the previous years are gathered and used, according to the spirit of the possessor. It is the full tide of summer activity and usefulness, the period in which enjoyment is rich with the flow of life, the gathered results and the higher purposes and the better work to follow. After the summer days will come the glorious autumn, when the hidden virtues and graces of life come to the surface and are seen in their richness and beauty. When the days have reached their full limit of length, we enter upon the period in which we can do the most, enjoy to the full measure of our powers and be of the best service to others.

Snob.

While turning over the leaves of the eighth volume of the Sporting Magazine, published in 1796, I have come upon what I think is a very early instance of the word "snob." The context does not indicate its meaning, but I apprehend there is no doubt that we must interpret it by shoemaker. The writer is discoursing of races at Whitchurch. He says that "there was a very respectable field; and although neither the Duke of Queensberry, Lord Egremont, nor his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales were present, it being holiday time, a number of royal snobs were."

I love the pleasant time between
The growing time and riping,
When vines and trees all burst in green
And little birds are piping;
When on the apple tree the fruit
Bears promise of fruition,
Until the small boy starts to root—
You see, I'm a physician!

A LONDON MIRACLE.

An Important Statement by a Well-known Citizen.

Mr. E. J. Powell, of 33 Alma Street, Relates His Remarkable Experience to an Advertiser Representative—Tortured by Malignant Rheumatism from Boyhood, He at Last Escapes from Agony—A Story Full of Hope for Other Sufferers.

London Advertiser:—

At 33 Alma street, South London, lives Mr. E. J. Powell, a gentleman who has resided in London and vicinity for about six years, and who enjoys the esteem of a large circle of friends here and elsewhere throughout the Province. Those who know him are doubtless aware that he has been a sufferer since his youth from rheumatism in its worst form. His acquaintances in the city, who remember the long siege of the illness he stood a year ago last winter, and who had come to look upon him as almost a confirmed invalid, have been surprised of late to see the remarkable change for the better that has taken place. The haggard face and almost crippled form of a year ago have given way to an appearance of robustness, vigor and agility that certainly seem the result of miraculous agency.

Hearing of this a reporter called on Mr. Powell in order to ascertain by what magic means this transformation had been wrought. The scribe first asked if the reports concerning his wonderful restoration to health were true. "I am thankful to say they are," said Mr. Powell. "My case is pretty well known around here."

"To what do you owe your recovery?" was asked.

"I owe it to the use of a certain remedy," he replied; "but I would prefer saying nothing at present. I have suffered nearly all my life with a malady I had begun to regard as incurable, and the fact that I am permanently relieved appears incredible. In common parlance, it seems too good to last. I want to be sure that I am permanently cured before anything is made public, so that when I do give a testimonial it will have some weight. You may call again later on and I will let you know."

About two months later the reporter knocked at Mr. Powell's door, and was admitted by that gentleman himself. The latter said he was now absolutely convinced of the permanency of the cure, but being a man who did not care for publicity, he had hesitated long before he could make up his mind to allow his name to be used. Coming from one of his conscientiousness and probity of character, his words cannot fail to have the weight they deserve.

"The primary cause of my rheumatism," said Mr. Powell, "I attribute to a severe thrashing administered to me by a schoolteacher when I was 13 or 14 years of age. I received injuries then which subsequently brought me years of suffering. The first time I really felt any rheumatic trouble was one day when carrying an armful of wood up a flight of stairs in Victoria College, Cobourg, which institution I was attending as a student. This was in 1872. A twinge of pain caught me, but passed away in an instant. I did not know what it was. Again, when playing football, I experienced a like sensation and that marked the commencement. After that I was attacked at various periods, though it was not until 1876 that I began to grow alarmed. I was living then in Toronto, keeping books for my brother, who was in the wholesale tea business, and as I resided on North Pembroke street and had to walk to Wellington street every day, I found that my rheumatism was getting pretty bad. I did not consult a doctor, but took different patent medicines advertised to cure complaints of my nature. I was not benefited, however. The rheumatism passed away only to return in the fall and spring. In 1878 I engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that out I was at indoor work, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the left leg; it was very acute at times. In taking stock one day it became so severe that I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symptom—that is, where the effects remained for any length of time. I suffered the most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1880.

"For a number of years afterwards I continued to grow worse and worse. In 1884 I went into the real estate business in Toronto, and having a good deal of walking to do, I experienced the pain constantly that summer. It was all day and at all times, frequently so bad that I would have to stand on the street, relax the muscles of my left leg and let it swing until the spasm was over. At most, I could walk but three or four blocks and would then have to halt. I consulted medical men and was advised to try electricity. I took the treatment steadily for several weeks, getting sometimes two or three charges a day on the hands and feet from an electric battery. But it did me not the slightest good. At last my health became so bad that I decided to quit the real estate business and enter upon rural life, thinking that the change of air and occupation might have a beneficial effect. So I exchanged some property for the old Dr. Woodruff fruit farm near the city. I worked it one year, but found it was too laborious for my complaint, which was fast rendering my life a burden. I reluctantly left the farm and came into London three years ago last May. I did some building here, but my malady prevented me from actively engaging in business.

"A year ago last winter the first snow fell on December 1; I went out to shovel the snow, and before I got through I was seized with a pain and had to go into the house. For fourteen weeks I never left it. The only way in which I could be moved was by being wheeled around in an easy chair. What I suffered during that period no one but myself can ever realize. I was attended by the best physician in the city of London. Possibly his treatment was not without temporary effect; at any rate I gradually recovered until I was able to be on my feet once more. I decided to try country life again, and went back to my farm last year, but I still found I had it as bad as ever. I was living in dread of having to go through another ordeal, when I read in the papers about this Marshall miracle in Hamilton. I had then as much faith in Pink Pills as I had in other patent medicines—and that wasn't very great. I did not bother with them nor did I think of the matter again until last September. I saw Mr. Marshall at the Western Fair and he advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I told him I did not think the remedy claimed to cure rheumatism, and that although I had certainly ocular proof that his own was bona fide, my complaint was different to his. Mr. Marshall said he could not say whether it would cure rheumatism or not, but the pills were good for the blood anyway, and at least it would do me no harm to try half a dozen boxes. I neglected his advice; it would be useless to try a medicine, I thought. Many of my friends, who had probably read of the remarkable cures accomplished by Pink Pills, kept urging me to give them a trial.

"At last I yielded and bought six boxes as a sort of forlorn hope. I took four boxes and received no benefit that I could recognize, but while taking the fifth I noticed that for a period of three or four days I felt no pain. This was a novelty to me, as for three or four years I had not known what it was to have a moment's freedom from suffering, whether in bed or out of it. I supposed it was a temporary relaxation due to natural causes. However, it gave me some hope to finish the sixth box. Then I knew I was getting better—much better. The pain which had been constant became intermittent and less severe. My face, which had begun to wear a drawn expression, common with people who are suffering, commenced to show a better color. My system was being toned up. Inspired with increased hope I purchased six more boxes from Mr. Mitchell, the druggist, and continued to take them, and with each box I realized more and more that it was a cure. I used up thirteen boxes in all, and when the thirteenth was finished I had had not a symptom of pain for three months."

"At that time Mr. Mitchell spoke to me about it in the store. I told him what a blessed change had been wrought for me through the use of Pink Pills. He asked me if I would object to giving a testimonial to the firm—Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, of Brockville. I said I was not a man who cared for notoriety of any character, and did not relish the idea of having my name published broad cast over the land. That is one of the reasons why I have been so long in making this public. But I am so profoundly grateful for my rescue from a life of pain to one of health and strength that I feel I would be neglecting a duty I owe to suffering humanity if I allowed these scruples to interfere any longer with an avowal of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I discontinued taking Pink Pills the 1st of April last. I started again in June and have used six boxes, not because I had any recurrence of my old complaint; but because I want to thoroughly drive it out of my system. I think the pills as good as a tonic."

"Now," concluded Mr. Powell, "you have my experience. I know what I was. I know what I am. I know that from boyhood I have been a victim of malignant rheumatism, which has been a torture the last few years. I know that I have tried every remedy and been treated by the best medical skill, but in vain; and I know that Pink Pills have succeeded where everything else has failed and that they have brought me back health and happiness. Therefore I ought to be thankful, and I am thankful."

And Mr. Powell's intense earnestness of manner could admit of no doubt as to his gratitude and sincerity. The reporter shook hands and took his leave. "You may ask Rev. Mr. McIntyre, of the Askin Street Methodist Church, or Rev. G. Andrews, B. A., pastor of the Lambeth circuit, whether I was a sick man or not," were his parting words.

REV. MR. M'INTYRE'S TESTIMONY.

The reporter dropped in on Rev. C. McIntyre at the parsonage, 82 Askin street. "I know Mr. Powell well," said the reverend gentleman when questioned. "He was an esteemed parishoner of mine when he lived on Askin street. He afterwards moved into the country, but he has since returned and is attending the Askin Street Church again."

"Do you remember Mr. Powell's illness a year ago last winter?"

"Yes I frequently called on him. He had a very bad attack of rheumatism which laid him up for a long time. He had to be wheeled around the house in a chair."

"You notice that he has recovered?"

"Yes; he appears to be a well man now. I heard he had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You know Mr. Powell to be a thoroughly honorable gentleman and that if he says these pills cured him, he believes that to be the truth?"

"I do. Mr. Powell is, in my opinion, a most conscientious person, and any statement he would make would be perfectly reliable."

WHAT MR. MITCHELL SAYS.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular medicine in the store," said Mr. B. A. Mitchell, the well known druggist, upon whom the reporter next called.

"Do you know of Mr. Powell's case?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, and I consider it a most remarkable one. I remember that Mr. Powell was a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was continually buying medicine of some sort, but seemed to get no better. When he commenced to try Pink Pills. I saw he was beginning to look like a different man, so I asked him one day about it. He told me that he traced his cure to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. As I have already said, the demand for Pink Pills is something astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know this to be so from the voluntary statements of customers, and if necessary the proprietors could get scores of testimonials from people here who have been benefited by the use of Pink Pills. I have sold thousands of boxes, and have no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after-effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature."

Mr. Hodgins, the head clerk, corroborated what Mr. Mitchell had said. The sale of Pink Pills was extraordinary and the general verdict was that it was a wonderful medicine. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes, for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

The "Escape Pipe" of Hades.

Two and a half miles south of the little Mexican village of Las Hummettas, in Western Arizona, in a low, sandy valley flanked by tall mountains, there is a hole about three feet in diameter and of unknown depth. From this cavity, which is as round as if fashioned by an experienced well digger, a dense cloud of smoke and steam is constantly arising. For 100 feet on each side of the hole the ground is moist and damp. Water collected from small holes dug in the damp ground has a curious effect upon the person rash enough to drink it—in dispelling sleep for as much as fifty hours in succession. If the hands or feet be washed in it, it gives them a brazen hue and a paralytic numbness. Of an evening, about 7 o'clock (seldom varying as much as five minutes either way), large volumes of sand are shot from the hole several yards into the air. Sometimes this latter exhibition is preceded by increased activity and loud subterranean noises; at other times the emission of smoke and steam almost entirely ceases for about ten minutes before the sand spurting show takes place. The people of Las Hummettas know the hole by the name of "Pluto's Safety Valve."

A Question.

How can we raise more corn to the acre? Why, of course by using Putnam's Corn Extractor. Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor has given universal satisfaction, for it is sure, safe and painless. Like every article of real merit it has a host of imitators, and we would specially warn the public to guard against those dangerous substitutes offered for the genuine Putnam's Extractor. N. C. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

The essence of all vulgarity lies in want of sensation.

Dr. Harvey's Southern Red Pine for coughs, and colds is the most reliable and perfect cough medicine in the market. For sale everywhere.

It is a very easy thing to be a philosopher, but it is hard to make it pay.

TOOTHACHE. When suffering with Toothache, use GIBBONS' TOOTHACHE GUM.

Toads are regularly sold in Paris and conveyed to gardens as insect destroyers.

A.P. 626.

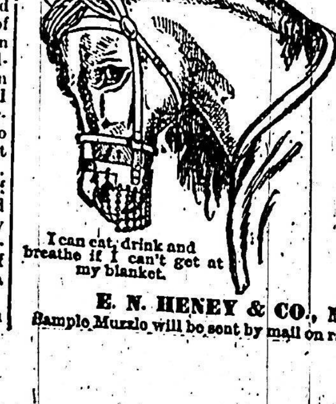
TORONTO BISCUIT AND CONFECTIONERY CO. make the best goods. Try them and see.

SAUSAGE CASINGS. Importations of fine English Sheep and also prime American Hog's Casings. Full lines New Hams, Long Clear Bacon, Rolls, Cheese, Lard, etc. Park, Blackwell & Co., Ltd., Successors to Jas. Park & Son, Toronto.

RETAILER! ATTENTION
Did it ever Strike You
That you can save money by buying direct from us?
EMPIRE TOBACCO CO., MONTREAL.

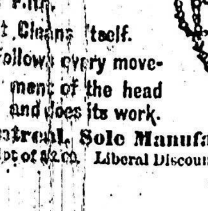
DON'T BUY
the lowest priced, but buy the best
Mixed Paints
you can find, because, in the end, they are the cheapest. Your dealer has, or should have the
"UNICORN" BRAND
and he knows you cannot get anything better.
Made by
A. RAMSAY & SON, - MONTREAL.

Easily Attached to Halter.



I can eat, drink and breathe if I can't get at my blanket.

GILLESPIES'
Patent Link Apron Blanket Muzzle.
A PRACTICAL INVENTION.
Beyond Comparison.
The Best Blanket Protector Made.
It Cannot Absorb Filth.
It Cleans Itself.
Follows every movement of the head and does its work.



E. N. HENEY & CO., Montreal, Sole Manufacturers.
Sample Muzzle will be sent by mail on receipt of $2.00. Liberal Discounts to the Trade.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 75c bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Manufactured only by the

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

ONTARIO VETERINARY COLLEGE ... Temperance St. ... Principal ...

DRESS CUTTING ... J. & A. CARTER, Toronto, Practical Dressmakers.

GAR FIELD TEA ...

DON'T ... MANSON CAMPBELL, Chatham ...

IF YOU WOULD LIVE
... NEW WILLIAMS SEWING MACHINE
The Williams Mfg. Co., Ltd., Montreal
WRITE FOR PARTICULARS

... Complete steam ... "Acme Coal ... 3 H P. Large ... The Marsh Steam ... feeder in the market ... Hot water heater ... for catalogue ... GILLIES & CO., Carleton Place, Ont.

DO YOU IMAGINE
That people ... Toilet ... unless they are ...

HEARLE.

FOR COUGHS ... PERRIN'S COUGH SYRUP

AGENTS WANTED FOR OUR NEW BOOKS ... Interesting and ... Beautiful ... World's Fair ... Toronto ...

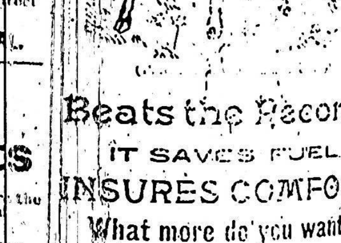
RICE! RICE!
NO CHOLERA.
...

DOMINION ROYAL MAIL ... Montreal

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS
Weekly Sailings Between Montreal and Liverpool. Direct from Montreal every Wednesday ... Passengers embark after 8 p.m. Tuesday. Superior Accommodation ... Intermediate and Steerage.
Rates of Passage, Montreal to Liverpool:
Saloon $40 and $50
Round Trip, $80 & $90
Intermediate, $30 ... Steerage ...
For further information apply to
H. E. MURRAY, Gen. Manager,
Custom House Square, Montreal.

Baffles Human Conception.

THE BUFFALO
HOT WATER BOILER



Beats the Record!
IT SAVES FUEL
INSURES COMFORT
What more do you want?
Send for "Brownie" Catalogue and Price List.
H. R. IVES & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS,
MONTREAL.

BEYOND RECALL

CHAPTER I.—LIKE A THIEF.

A clock was striking eleven as I stood still to listen on Richmond Hill. I was too early by an hour. There was time for a rest before going any further, and I needed it. From Old Street Road, Shoreditch, to Richmond, is not much of a walk for a young man of twenty, in good condition; but when a man's heart is heavy, and he had eaten nothing since midday (and then but bread and cheese), a march like that late at night makes him shaky at the knees and sick. I sat down on one of the benches under the elms on the terrace there, overlooking the river. The moon was not to be seen, but its light was diffused in the white, woolly mist that hung in the still air. The fallen leaves were covered with moisture; heavy drops from the boughs above plashed down now and then as if it had been raining recently. The gas burnt sluggishly in the lamp hard by, the mist forming a halo about it. I remember noticing these things, for my mind was in a condition to receive the impression of trifles—just as the fall of a pebble may be marked after a fall of snow has buried the earth.

It was chill as well as damp. I felt it, sitting there still after the warmth of walking. I turned my collar up, and hunched my shoulders up, sticking my hands deep in my pockets. The policeman on the raised causeway [illegible] might well pause to look down [illegible] speculate upon the kind of man I was [illegible] the reason of my coming here to sit in [illegible] fog at such an hour. After glancing behind me to know whose heavy [illegible] had stopped, I settled my ears down [illegible] my collar again. It was cold. "Now [illegible] it's better to put up with a [illegible] than to walk about and grow weak [illegible] fatigue," thought I. So I sat there, watching the drops run zigzag, by fits and starts, down the glass of the lamp, as they slid from a touching spray of elm, till the policeman, having rounded the corner and along the terrace, stopped in front of planted his thumbs in his belt, cave [illegible] nod, and spoke.

"Well, old man; got the key [illegible] street?" he asked.

I did not then know the meaning [illegible] phrase, but I answered, "No," [illegible] feeling disinclined to meet his [illegible] pleasantries.

"Out o' collar?" he asked, in the [illegible] full, high-pitched tone of conscious superiority.

"No," I answered as before.

"Going to stay here all night?"

"No."

"Why you're all nose, like a [illegible] rot," said he, with a laugh at his own [illegible] witticism. "Ain't you got [illegible] else to say? What are you thinking of?"

"I'm thinking," said I, "that [illegible] a decent suit of clothes, you wouldn't [illegible] yourself to ask me about affairs [illegible] don't concern you."

"You may as well be civil, young [illegible] or I may move you on a little sharp [illegible] what you looks for. It's my duty to [illegible] an eye on dangerous characters, and [illegible] got a face like what's more often seen [illegible] dock than elsewhere."

I turned aside, leaning my shoulder [illegible] the back of the seat in silence, to show him that I had no wish to quarrel [illegible] friends.

"Oh, you may turn your back [illegible]," he continued; "but I've got your [illegible] printed on to my mind, and I could [illegible] on the book as sure as if I [illegible] photograph in my note book; I [illegible]"

[illegible]