THE SELECT STORY TELLER

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FROM DEATH ITSELF.

It was Nellie Spencer's wedding day, and as she stood for a moment just outside the shaded porch of her father's home it was quite apparent to passers by that she was by far the happiest maiden in the village.

The unfortunate thing about it was that Luke Fernley happened to be the only passer-by at that time, and Luke Fernley was the last person in the village that cared to witness Nellie's happiness.

Luke had been Carl's rival for many months, and now, for the thousandth time, Nellie congratulated herself that she had chosen Carl rather than this dark-browed fellow who was just now coming up the path with a scowl upon his face that would have alarmed her greatly had she not felt so safe in the coming protection of a husband.

"Good morning, Luke," she said pleasantly, trying to ignore the angry face and speak exactly as she would to any of her village acquaintances.

But Luke Fernley did not return her greeting. He stood looking down at her beneath the shadow of the vines, while all the bitter resentment of his heart seemed oozing from his features.

"So this is your wedding day," he said at last, and it seemed to Nellie that his dark face grew ashen as he spoke the disagreeable words so slowly.

"Yes, it is my wedding day and I am very happy," Nellie answered bravely. Then she extended her dimpled hand in an impulse of real friendliness.

"Will you not shake hands and wish me joy, Luke? I know it is hard for you if you really love me," she continued frankly, "but it is not my fault that I love Carl the best, and I should be so glad to be your friend."

"That you can never be!" the man responded angrily. "It is everything, or nothing, with men like me."

"Then you must yield to the inevitable," she said with a little nervous laugh as she turned abruptly to walk away.

In an instant Luke caught her by the arm. "Is it inevitable?" he asked hoarsely. "You are not married yet, and if anything should happen"—

"Nothing will happen," Nellie answered quickly; "Carl is to be here at half-past two and we are to be married at five, so if you still refuse to be my friend I must bid you good morning," and she turned with great dignity and entered the house.

"What a beautiful temper Luke Fernley has," she said to her mother as she met her in the hall. Then, after a moment's thought, she continued anxiously, "I am so sorry that I told him what time Carl was expected! He may meet him and try to pick a quarrel."

"And get soundly punished for his pains," her mother added quietly.

Nellie laughed. "You are right, mother. Carl can take care of himself and me too, I fancy." Then she ran up to her room to try on her wedding slippers, and Luke Fernley's dark, revengeful face faded from her mind entirely.

Half-past two came and Carl did not appear; three and even four o'clock passed by, the guests were coming thick and fast, and Nellie, decked in all the finery of her bridal robes, stood white and trembling at the window.

Luke Fernley's words, "if anything should happen," were ringing in her ears, and, at the last moment, even as the clock was striking five, she burst excitedly into the little parlor, where all the guests were sitting in anxious expectancy, and cried out in frenzy, "It is all Luke Fernley's doings! I told him what time Carl was to arrive and he has met him and killed him, perhaps!"

Then she stopped stock still, for there on a chair directly before her eyes Luke Fernley sat among the guests, as amiable and harmless in appearance as any of them there.

Hours after, when they had calmed her a little, Nellie arose and laid her bridal robes away, and, although she was nearly frantic in her grief, she followed her mother about the house or waited, with tearless, aching eyes, at the window for some news of Carl.

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Two weeks passed by, and then a clew was found. A man living just at the border of the woods and the road leading from the depot to the village remembered that he had seen two men pass by his house on that particular day who seemed to be in fierce dispute. He described Luke Fernley accurately, but the other was on the opposite side, and as he gave them a passing glance he was not positive whether it was Carl or not. But this clew, together with Nellie's mild words on the all-eventful day, was considered ample evidence that Luke was the guilty party.

A searching party was organized once more, but this time, strangely enough, Luke Fernley, who before had been one of the foremost volunteers, was nowhere to be found.

They left the house with Nellie's father at early dusk to search the village quietly for both the victim and the supposed assassin, and after they had gone Nellie drew a shawl about her head and ran out upon the lawn to quiet her nervous agitation.

Hour after hour wore on, and Mrs. Spencer stood in the doorway calling loudly Nellie's name, when several of the searchers returned.

Like wild-fire the news spread through the village that Nellie, too, was gone, and before morning the entire population was up in arms and searching for the missing ones.

Six months passed rapidly away, and Mrs. Spencer now but a shadow of her former self, sat quietly sewing in the vine-clad porch. It was early spring, and the walks were soft and spongy, so that she did not hear an approaching step until a man's form suddenly appeared before her. She raised her tear-dimmed eyes and looked at him as his shadow fell across the porch, then staggering to her feet she cried out brokenly: "Oh, Carl! Carl! where have you been, and what has become of my darling child?"

Tenderly the young man led her through the door and into the pleasant parlor. He was weak and trembling like a child, but his voice was steady as he answered briefly: "I have been lying in a hospital for months, sick almost unto death, but Nellie! Tell me of Nellie! What do you mean by asking me what has become of your child?"

In feeble words Mrs. Spencer told him of Nellie's disappearance, beginning with his own absence on their wedding night and all the details of their weary search. For answer Carl drew a slip of paper from his pocket: "I was hurt in the collision ten miles above here on the day we were to be married. Here is the account, but in some way my name was never printed. I have been in the hospital since then, but unconscious from an injury to my brain, and when I did awake to my surroundings—" here he drew another scrap of paper from his pocket—"I found this in my morning's mail," and he held the slip before the mother's eyes.

Mrs. Spencer snatched it from his hand. "Married! My Nellie married, and to Luke Fernley! It is a lie! A preposterous lie! The child was nearly mad over your non-appearance, and only ran out on the lawn a moment for the air, when Luke Fernley must have kidnapped her."

"Then this marriage notice is all a blind!" Carl answered furiously, as he rose to his feet. "He has stolen her from us and hidden her away, but I will find her sooner or later, and then, as God is my witness, he shall suffer for his fiendish knavery!"

* * * * *

It was perfectly true that Nellie had married Luke Fernley. She had awoke the morning after her walk upon the lawn, only to find herself in a cheap hotel in New York City, with Luke Fernley standing over her and with two strange men looking carelessly about the room as though they were quite accustomed to such horrible transactions. In vain she begged and pleaded for release. She was powerless in their hands, and when she realized the full extent of her degradation she yielded her consent to the marriage as a last and only resort to keep her pride and honor.

She knew nothing definite about the service only that the two brutal looking men were present, and that Luke took her immediately after to a wretched tenement, where the squalor and filth of her surroundings nearly drove her frantic at the start.

As days and weeks passed by she tried every way to mail a letter to her father, but Luke watched her like a keeper when he was present, and whenever he was away she soon discovered that one of the brutal bullies who officiated as a witness at her marriage was outside the door to refuse her egress.

She was a prisoner in her wretched home, but in many respects Luke treated her with much consideration. He gave her sufficient wholesome food and seemed to delight in arraying her in pleasing garments. He took her with him all about the city, to theatres and other places of pleasure, but not one move of hers escaped his eyes, and Nellie knew that she was helpless. If she had not been confident that Carl was dead she could never have endured her sorrow, and even now when the thought of her mother's grief the torture seemed almost unbearable.

The hideousness of her position seemed to benumb her senses for a time, but as the years went by a new terror came upon her. Luke was beginning to drink heavily, and all he had was made upon the gaming table. When he was drunk he abused her shamefully, and it was usually at these times that there was nothing to eat in the house, and the agony of desperation was added to her other horrors.

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Three years passed by, and the dimples had fled from Nellie's cheeks. She was pale and thin from want and care, and now that Luke was so perfectly degraded she dared not hope for anything better.

The man outside the door leered at her insultingly when he brought Luke in, and more than once he had tried the door during her husband's absence, but found it securely barricaded. She understood the change in his demeanor perfectly. Luke was unable to give him money now, and the few drinks that he obtained for guarding her prison were not enough to satisfy his ambitions.

If she could only get around him during one of Luke's drunken stupors she would be safe, for she knew the city perfectly now, and yet, if she were free, where could she go?

She was morbidly sensitive about her wretched life, and one day she discovered something that drove all thought of ever returning to her parents forever from her mind.

Luke had stumbled in and fallen upon the floor in a heavy, drunken slumber after what seemed to her a furious struggle in the hall with her equally intoxicated watcher, and she had slipped the bolt none too soon to keep the other from entering to resume the squabble in her small apartment.

"He has money and I must have it," she heard the man mutter over and over as he pounded on the door for admittance. Then an idea suddenly occurred to her. Would she dare go through her husband's pockets and see if it was true what the man was saying? She thought it over for a moment and then went and put on her hat and coat, to be in readiness in case she should succeed.

Then she began to fumble in her husband's pockets. The first thing that she touched was a paper, and drawing it forth she opened it carefully and spread it across her knees.

Instantly the blood left her cheek and lips and her heart almost ceased its beating. She read it hurriedly, almost breathlessly; then clutching it in her hands tore it in atoms and scattered them upon the floor.

The paper was nothing more or less than a letter he had written to some low-lived pal, in which he told of his mock marriage to herself and his plan to presently desert her for another. She was almost beside herself with shame. For three years she had lived in dreadful misery, consoled only by the thought that she was lawfully his wife, and now, on top of all her grief, came this announcement of her life's dishonor.

Whore should she go? What could she do? Her original intention flitted back into her brain. "Yes, it was true; there was a goodly roll of bills in his inner jacket, stolen, probably, but she did not care for that. She selected two and put them in her purse, the rest she hid safely in her bosom. Then she went to the door, and, without unbolting, called to the man outside:

"If I will give you some money will you let me out?" she asked coaxingly.

There was a half stupid reply and she slipped the bolt and stepped out into the hall. "Here!" she said, tossing a bill at the wretch's feet. "He may have more about him—go in and see," and as the man hurried with drunken alacrity to act on her suggestion Nellie fled from the place and did not lessen her speed until she was safe in one of the uptown streets.

Whore should she go? She, a disgraced and wretched woman. She had no home, no friends, and only this roll of bills between her and starvation. And then the longing for death and peace came so violently upon her that she was surprised for a moment that she had not thought of it before.

A moment later she emerged from a druggist's shop with a small bottle of poison clasped closely in her hand, and with a look of almost happiness upon her face, walked swiftly along until she came to the morgue. There was an old man in charge of the horrible place, and the familiar smell of liquor as he came up to her only strengthened her resolution.

"I am looking for some body," she said timidly.

The man nodded and turned away. "Look where you please," he said gruffly, and in another moment he had disappeared behind a thin partition.

For a few moments Nellie groped around among the discolored bodies, seeing nothing in their ghastly faces but the appearance of a perfect rest, and when, suddenly, a sound of heavy breathing came to her from behind the partition, she knew the guard had fallen asleep and the time had come for her to act.

Softly and determinedly she laid herself down upon one of the marble slabs, then lifted the bottle to her lips, and drained the contents to the dregs. There was the sound of the river splashing below, as she lay, and in a few moments her eyes had closed and the morgue had received, apparently, a very willing subject.

It was nearly an hour before "Dead Jack," as the students called him, was aroused from his slumbers by the entrance of two physicians.

"Anything new to-day?" one of them called out as he glanced hastily along the line.

But the other had not waited to ask any questions. He was a pale, studious-looking man whose sad face was usually so composed that now, as he suddenly halted in the narrow space, his companion was surprised and even alarmed to notice its appearance. The sad, brown eyes were dilated with horror. His chest heaved convulsively, and as his companion sprang hastily to his side he pointed with one trembling hand to where Nellie lay, so pale and silent on the marble.

"My God! It is Nellie!" he said, brokenly. Then he summoned all his strength, and, bending forward, touched her hand. "Hurry, doctor! For God's sake hurry with some liquor!" he almost shrieked as he felt her pulse, and then like one to whom science is but a slave to work a master's bidding, he set about restoring her to consciousness. Six months later Carl and Nellie were married in her mother's home. Luke Fernley had been found dead upon the day of Nellie's escape, and, although there was scant congratulation in the fact, still it was proven beyond a doubt that Nellie had been his lawful wife during all that period of incarceration.

It was not until after they had been married some time that Nellie thought to ask this question: "Whatever made you take up the study of medicine, darling?" and Carl answered with a glance of tenderness into her happy face: "I am sure I don't know, sweetheart, unless it was to rescue you."

My Divinity.

Why do I happen to be a bachelor. The philosopher was in a communicative mood and readily answered the question. Because, my dear boy, all things in life, animate and otherwise, are engaged in the great universal game of hide and seek. No matter ever actually to riches. Look into the atomic theory, and there you will see the different materials bits revolving constantly and endlessly around one another. Put aside your microscope and take a telescope and you will follow the movements of the planetary bodies that circle and circle, and yet approach only so near. So people approach, recede, pass away, return and constantly vanish. The face of yesterday belongs not to the morrow, and who shall say that souls may absolutely touch any more than matter, which by a universal law is doomed to eternal isolation? Affinities? Oh, yes, I met my affinity. Where she is now I don't know. I could tell you where she was ten years ago last January, or seven years ago last May, or five years last February, but to-day I don't know just what part of this little globe she honors with her presence.

The first time I met my affinity was at the theatre. I was around behind. Between the third and last acts I happened to look through the peep hole at the audience. In a box was seated a young girl, graceful as Psyche, with a wealth of dark hair parted over a high, intelligent forehead. Her face was peculiarly oval, denoting exquisite sensitiveness, and I knew that her eyes were violet. When speaking her features lighted up with delightful animation, fascinating the observer; in repose she was a dream of grace. Her smile intoxicated me, so sweet, so thrilling was the expression when accompanied by the penetrating glance she shot forth from her eyes, and instinctively I knew as well as though I had always known, her that her nature was light and sparkling, her emotions sudden and swift and her heart capable of generous impulses although swayed as a rule by the dictates of caprice. I made up my mind to have a parting glimpse of my divinity, so when the curtain had rung down I sauntered in front of the theatre and there waited her to pass. Soon she came out with her escort, glided gracefully across the pavement and entered the carriage, followed by the gentleman who accompanied her and who treated her with the deference one accords a princess. Then in the twinkling of an eye the carriage vanished in the darkness and I remained meditating upon the passing of the divinity. I smoked four cigars that night at the hotel, and during that time indulged in all manner of speculation about my affinity. But as a lover's dreams in a single hour would fill a volume as large as an encyclopedia, I will spare you the drift of my meditations. "I am happy. I have found her," I said to my heart.

I was called away suddenly on business and did not see her again until about three years afterward, in the Bavarian mountains. I was passing the summer at Tagern See, and one night commanded my German gondolier to row me out into the lake. It was a perfect evening, with the stars all out, the distant mountain tops outlined on the sky, the waves twinkling in the pale light, and with distant strains of music wafted softly and seductively from some party who were also enjoying the beauties of the night. Then a woman's voice was heard. To me it was the voice of an angel, so sweet, so soft, so penetrating were those tones which were wafted by the night wind, with the low sighing of the pines on the shore a weird accompaniment. The witchery of the moment stole over me; the voice came nearer, a boat passed, and there in the stern was a young girl who was singing. Her face was familiar in the brightness of the night. It was the divinity of the theater whom I had first discovered through the peephole of the drop curtain. They vanished in the distance. But the voice continued to carol sprightly ballads. "A sylph, a transplanted American siren," I told myself. "To-morrow I will discover who my Loreley is."

The next morning I went to the hotels, but could find her nowhere. I was informed that a large party had left at daybreak. I attempted to follow them, but lost them altogether. I met her a third time at the races on the Thames. She stood in a small boat watching the crews with the greatest interest. This was about a year after the last meeting. She was in gala attire, and was the daintiest and prettiest figure in all that gay assemblage of beautiful and well dressed women. That she commanded much attention was evident, for her boat was surrounded with men, young and old, among the latter being many worn-out lords who strove to rejuvenate themselves basking in the eyes of peerless youth. But my boat got tangled up in the crowd of small craft, and try as I would I could not follow her after the race was finished and the spectators began to disperse. This confusion was added to from the fact that one of the tugs ran down a pleasure craft.

I did not see my divinity again until one night in St. George's church. Like many other Americans I was attracted there by the announcement of a brilliant wedding. I managed to procure a ticket and went with many others of the curious. There was the time-worn Mendelssohn march, the usual preliminaries and then walking down the aisle came my affinity. She looked most charming, with a smile of pleasure on her features; her figure never seemed so graceful, her violet eyes were more brilliant than ever, her gown exquisite, and her bearing that of a princess. She looked altogether so desirable that I found myself expressing aloud my admiration, together with certain volubile women who remarked "how beautiful," "how sweet," "how happy she looks," and so on. I was so much concerned with her that I don't believe I saw the groom, but I presume that he was there. Anyhow, the papers said so the next day. The ceremony went off in elegant style; the couple drove away, and amid a profusion of flowers entered upon their honeymoon. That was the last time I saw her. Meet again? Oh, maybe. That all depends. There is an invariable law which governs the movements of people just the same as those of the planetary bodies or the revolving atoms. It isn't chance; it is destiny. The time will come when all the world thinks as I do about these things. Who can control the destiny of a soul? Nature is the one great controlling agency. It is all the time working out combinations which we watch with infinite interest just as a child observes someone putting together the bits of an intricate puzzle picture. Che sara, sara. "Whatever will be will be."

UNDER WHOSE HAND?

A Pretty Parlor Game—Simple and Amusing—Try It.

"Jenkins up and Jenkins down" is an easily played quiet little parlor game, with which almost any evening party may while away a pleasant hour. "Jenkins" is a 25-cent piece. Cover the dining-room table with a heavy cloth to prevent the coin from clinking, then choose sides.

Five on a side makes the best game, but as many persons as like can play. Each side selects a captain. The opposing parties take their seats on opposite sides of the table. Each captain sits in the centre of his party and issues every command.

The captains toss up to decide who is to begin the game. Everybody must huddle as close as possible to the captain. The captain who wins the first inning takes the coin. The opposing captain calls "Jenkins up," and the opponent holds the coin up.

The captain then calls "Jenkins down!" All hands on the other side disappear under the table, and the captain places the coin in the hand of one of the members of his party.

The moment the captain of the other side cries "Jenkins up!" all hands come up and are clasped above the head. At the final order, "Jenkins down!" all hands descend, palms down, on the table with a resounding whack. The object now is to find under which hand the coin lies. For instance, suppose that four are playing on a side. That would mean eight hands down on the table.

The captain consults with his party as to which hand the coin is under, and when they have arrived at a decision he orders hands off the table, one by one. Supposing that the first hand ordered up contains the coin; that would count seven points for his opponent—one point for each hand that remains on the table when the coin is found. If, however, he is positive that he knows which hand the coin is under, he must order every other hand up consecutively until that hand alone remains on the table. Should his supposition prove correct, then his side wins the coin and their inning commences.

Fifty or 100 points constitute a game.

It is quite permissible to pass the coin from one hand to the other after the hands are all down on the table. In fact, this rather enhances the fun. The instant that the captain cries, "Break away," however, all hands must separate.

A Novel Way to Collect a Bill.

Quite a novel suggestion in the way of bill-collecting was made the other day through the mistake of a man mailing two letters in this city. He had had considerable difficulty in persuading a young woman that his goods had not been sold to her for the mere pleasure of selling, and finally she had dismissed his messenger with the statement that she did not want to hear from him again. Nothing was left for the merchant to do but to resort to her Majesty's mails. He accordingly sat down and wrote to the young woman a letter which was characterized rather for terseness and vigor than by any terms of affection. Fortunately or unfortunately for him, he had a social acquaintance with another young lady in the same house, and while he had his pen he thought he would write to her, too, a personal letter. When he came to direct his envelopes, though, he sent the dunning letter to his personal friend and his personal letter to his debtor. It is needless to say that the mistake was corrected within a few moments after the receipt of the letters, but the debtor's chargin at the revelation of her position to another was so great that she paid her bill immediately.

MISCELLANEOUS READING.

GRAVE AS WELL AS GAY.

Reading For Leisure Moments for Old and Young, Interesting and Profitable.

TENANT FARMERS' REPORT.

Selections from the Reports of the British Farmer Delegates Who Glanced at Canada's Agricultural Resources.

The English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh tenant farmers who visited Canada in the early part of 1893 have each written an account of their journey, giving in detail some sketches of what they saw and the impressions they gathered. These sketches and writings were considered of such value that the Canadian High Commissioner had them arranged and published under the authority of the Department of the Interior of the Government of Canada. They were printed in pamphlet form in London, England, and are now being distributed from the Canadian offices and circulated through the counties of Great Britain. There were thirteen tenant farmers in the delegation, and all speak very highly and truthfully of the country through which they travelled. Two other farmers, Messrs. John Cook of Shropshire, and C. E. Wright, of Lincolnshire, who visited Canada under their own auspices, have also contributed reports of their impressions.

Mr. Joseph Smith, of 2 Mowbray terrace, Sowerby, Thirsk, Yorkshire, describes "Toronto a fine city of 200,000 inhabitants, and well laid out streets, large churches and public buildings. We stayed here two or three days and visited the neighborhood." He describes his visit to the farm of Mr. Wm. Davies and also to Hon. John Dryden's stock farm near Brooklin, Ontario. "He has the best bull we saw in Canada," said Mr. Smith. He concludes:

"Of all places Ontario is the one to go to for men who have capital and want the

COMFORTS OF MORE CIVILIZED LIFE

and society, and nearness to the markets. There are large towns every few miles, and plenty of home comforts. A great deal of land is owned by loan companies and mortgagees, who sell at reduced prices. I was in England a few years ago when wheat was selling well, so in Ontario. A farmer would borrow money at high interest in order to purchase or take an adjoining estate, and give his own farm or his stock as security for it thinking to get rich thereby. However, things changed; a reverse took place, he was unable to meet his liabilities, and so the land in many instances got into hands of money-lenders, and now they have them to sell."

BE MISSED THE CATTLE.

J. T. Franklin, of Handley, Northamptonshire, regrets that they were too soon at the Toronto exhibition to see the cattle exhibit. "It is held annually in good permanent buildings. The exhibit of ranges and cooking stoves was good, as was that of carriages. We were amused and delighted with some trotting races; it is astonishing the pace the horses travel.

"We were shown around the places of interest by Alderman Hallam."

Mr. Franklin advises strongly against the plan of placing young men with farmers who demand a premium, and also advises artisans, unless they are superior ones, to keep away from Canada.

C. E. Wright concludes his report: "I am well satisfied with the Edmonton district, and have left instructions for price, etc., of a section of land to be forwarded to me. If it is satisfactory, and I can sell my farm here, I shall make Canada my future home."

AHEAD OF THE OLD COUNTRY.

Mr. T. Pitt, of Devonshire, also speaks very highly of his visit to Toronto fair. "We were much pleased with the show of fruit and vegetables of all kinds. Fine orchids, ferns, foliage and other plants were better than are seen in many of our Old Country greenhouses." The agricultural implements, he thought, were lighter, more durable and cheaper than in England. He, with others, describes a visit to Postmaster T. C. Patteson's large farm, Eastwood, near Woodstock.

Mr. N. J. Davies, of Worcestershire, thinks Toronto "will deserves its appellation of the 'Queen City.' Its streets are well paved and lighted by electricity. It has some fine churches and public buildings, and as one walks down its business streets and sees the familiar English names—unlike Montreal and Quebec—one could quite fancy

HE WERE IN SOME ENGLISH TOWN.

At the time of our arrival the annual Exhibition or 'Fall Fair,' as it is called, was being held. These autumn shows or fairs are a curious mixture of an exhibition of farm produce, manufactures and a pleasure fair, including what we would term in England a 'fete.' Nearly every town in the Dominion holds one annually."

TWO FARMERS FROM SCOTLAND.

Mr. John Steven, of Ayrshire, like a canny Scot, has a report that bristles with figures and finances. Everywhere he went he got down to the dollars-and-cents basis of calculation. He met many Scotchmen, both in farming and mercantile pursuits, who seemed "to carry the secret of prosperity wherever they go in the Dominion."

Mr. Alex. Fraser, of Inverness, who said their "mission was principally connected with the Northwest," like his countryman, Mr. Stevens, confines his descriptions to this part of Canada, and gives to Ontario, in his report, only a passing mention.

ONTARIO MEN PLEASED HIM.

Mr. John Roberts, the delegate from North Wales, pays a tribute to the Ontario farmer. He says: "A large number of farmers and farmers' sons from Ontario have gone to the West. If we found a Canadian in the Northwest he invariably turned out to be an Ontario man. Undoubtedly he is the best man to go there; he knows how to build his own house, and he can fix his own land. In fact, an Ontario farmer is an all round man—well-educated, hard-working, industrious and plucky." He regretted that they were given to understand that their mission was more in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories. Again he says: "The Canadian farmer is independent of everyone. This consciousness of independence makes the farmers a better, nobler and more honorable class of men. Over there the farmer is not expected to be the flatpaw of his landlord, and obliged to think, speak and vote as that master thinks fit. Canadians now enjoy most of the reforms which have yet to be granted in Great Britain. The law of primogeniture does not exist.

"This destruction of classes, so general in this country, does not exist there."

HE SAW THE ONLY NICHOLAS.

Mr. Jerome J. Guiry, from Tipperary, Ireland, "was glad indeed to meet in Regina a Tipperary man—one of the most brilliant and talented of my countrymen. I mean N. Flood Davin, M.P. Mr. Davin has done a good deal for the farmers, and they appear to appreciate his services, for there is no more popular member of the Dominion Parliament." Mr. Guiry was particularly struck with the fine land between Toronto and Hamilton, which he thought was the best land in Ontario. "The soil was deep and brown, the houses fine and each farm had a large orchard on it. The general appearance of the country around was that of an English county in the midlands; but one was particularly struck with the hurdle fences and the absence of the thorn hedges of England and Ireland." He describes Toronto as a beautiful city and the "County of York, so called on account of the number of Yorkshiremen who have made it their home."

THE QUESTION OF RELIGION.

"A very important and delicate subject—religion," is dealt with by Mr. Guiry. "In no part of the world is religion in a more satisfactory condition than in Canada. Everyone can go his own way, and few care what religion any one else professes. There is no State church, but in Quebec the people are Roman Catholic, and they make their own laws, and the payment of tithes is still part of the law in the Province, in respect of Roman Catholics. There are also many Roman Catholics in the other Provinces, but there they enjoy no special advantages—except separate schools in some places. Everyone can pay or not, just as he likes, to the support of his faith. Somehow or another it has got into the minds of the Irish Catholics who do not know Canada that it is an Orange Protestant country; how this had got abroad I do not know, but it is an absurd idea and one that is used largely by Canada's enemies. One notable exception of the toleration of the Canadian people will be found in the fact that, of the Canadian Cabinet, the Premier and three more are Catholics. Compare this with the United States, where there has never been a Catholic President, even understand, even a member of the Cabinet, professing that faith."

ADVICE GIVEN WITH CAPITAL.

Mr. Guiry comments on the apparent social equality of the people, and advises the young and middle-aged man who cannot look forward to the future with any degree of confidence, who wishes to work and keep ahead, who has energy and wishes to provide for his family, who has large or small capital, to "try the west." The want of capital, in his opinion, is keeping Canada back more than anything, and so especially recommends any young man with from $2,000 to $3,000 to embark for Canada and try ranching and stock raising in the Northwest.

HURRIED THROUGH ONTARIO.

Owing to the hurried way in which the delegates journeyed through Ontario some of them have little to say, beyond a slight mention of hearsay evidence regarding the lower province of the Dominion. The project was evidently gotten up in the interests of the Northwest and the Canadian Pacific Railway.

RED RIPE STRAWBERRIES.

Varied Ways of Preparing the Delicious Fruit.

The strawberry season is always too short for the delicious home desserts of the fruit and the various strawberry festivals and fairs to become tiresome or common to any one. Each year with a zest every body looks up old recipes and tries all possible new dishes.

This was Mr. Crump's recipe: "Into one pint of flour put a large teaspoonful of baking powder and one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Sift thoroughly. Rub into the flour four large tablespoonfuls of butter. Wet with a teacupful of sweet milk. Bake quickly in a hot oven. When well browned spread with butter and berries, white or unshed, cover heavily with sugar and serve hot, passing a pitcher of whipped cream with the shortcake cut in cubes."

Another White House recipe for strawberry shortcake runs thus: One quart of flour, three teaspoonfuls cream tartar, one teaspoonful of salt, half cup lard or butter, one pint of sweet milk or water. Bake in four shallow pans, fill with strawberries lightly chopped in sugar with a knife—not bruised, but cut in pieces. Serve with the heated juice of one pint of berries and one cup of sugar.

As a strawberry luncheon the glory of the table is always the large dish of crimson berries served in the French style, with their hulls on, garnished with their own leaves and, if possible, their tiny blossoms.

RUSSIAN CREAM OF STRAWBERRIES.

This is a favorite dish late in the season when the fruit becomes very ripe. Soak two tablespoonfuls of gelatine in one-quarter of a cup of cold water. Mash one quart strawberries to a pulp with one and one-half cups sugar; let this stand half an hour. Pour over the gelatine three-quarters of a cup hot water, stir until dissolved, and add to the berries and press them through a sieve. Mix with one pint of cream, whipped to a stiff froth. Turn into a freezer and freeze until it begins to thicken. Then remove the dasher and stir with a spoon, pressing the mass into molds and set them in ice and salt for two hours.

STRAWBERRY MERINGUE.

Make a good puff paste and cut it large and round as a dinner plate. Bake it a light brown in a very quick oven. Draw it forward to the open door and cover with berries rolled in sugar. Over the berries spread an inch deep meringue made of the whites of four eggs whisked stiff, with three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Bake a golden brown. It is good cold or hot, and delicious for a small company, served picnic fashion, on the piazza or lawn, when the sunny days show hot.

AUNT POLLY'S VIRGINIA'S SHORTCAKE.

This confection is a favorite in the old country homes where buttermilk abounds: One quart flour, one teaspoonful of soda and one teaspoonful salt, sifted three times through the flour, two tablespoonfuls lard and two tablespoonfuls butter chopped into the flour; yolks of two eggs, two and a half cups of buttermilk. Roll in two layers. Cover the bottom crust with berries and sprinkle with sugar. Put on the upper crust and bake about twenty-five minutes. Cut into squares, pile them on a flat dish, and send to the table, to be eaten with butter and sugar. This is very simple and good for children; light and delicate.

"STRAWBERRY TRIPLE."

When in midwinter Senator Stanford used to receive by private car from his California home big, perfect strawberries for their generous entertainments in Washington, this recipe was often prepared in addition to the beautiful dishes of fresh berries piled high in their green leaves:

Fill a glass dish with sponge cake cut thin. Wet it with sweet cream. Cover it with firm, fresh berries. Sprinkle heavily with sugar. A layer of cake, cream and berries. Over all pour a rich golden custard. The whites of the eggs used for the custard beat stiff; add sugar and strawberry juice. Heap this on top. Lay rows of whole berries upon the meringues and whirl the platter or the center of the crystal dish with strawberry leaves.

MISS WHITNEY'S WILD STRAWBERRIES.

The wife of Secretary Whitney taught one of Washington's society belles how to serve wild strawberries in a novel way. It was at a tea given at "Grasslands" in honor of the Riding Club, just as the little wild berries began to appear by the roadside and in the "Poundtown" fields.

To the juice of half a lemon add one cup of wild berries and rub through a sieve, and add one pint of thick cream, one cup of sugar. Whip to a stiff froth, and pour the mixture into an ice cave, piling on top one quart of berries. Cover carelessly with their own vines and leaves, after sprinkling with sugar. Tuck the red berries and vines into all possible cracks and crevices of the crystal cave, which is simply a square block of ice hollowed out with heated irons into the size and shape needed. Oyster caves have long been the fashion, but fruit is a most beautiful decoration. Serve with a silver fruit knife or ladle the frozen fruit creams, on small cream plates, with cakes.

MRS. JERRY RUSK'S CREAM.

Cover one package of gelatine with cold water; when dissolved add one cup of new milk and one cup of sugar, and heat to a boiling point, stirring frequently. Set it away to cool. Whip one quart of thick cream until light, and beat the whites of six eggs and flavor with vanilla. The jelly is made thus: To one package of gelatine add one pint of cold water. When dissolved add one pint of hot water, two cups of sugar, juice of six lemons. Stir slowly until well dissolved; then strain into molds. Place the jelly in the bottom of the molds. When stiff and cold add the cream and cover, after it is turned out on a dish, with strawberries, sprinkled heavily with sugar.

STRAWBERRY PUDDING.

Beat the yolks of four eggs and four tablespoons of sugar. Add the juice of one cup of berries and two tablespoons of hot water, and simmer until it thickens.

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