various minerals, and predicted ... as great a rush to that province as during the famous Cariboo rush of a few years ago. He hoped no man who lived in Canada would consider that the country was in a state of decay and ruin. Canada had no reason to fear the future when she possessed such extraordinary mineral and timber resources. What better indication of the prosperity of the country could they have than the fact that insurance had more than quadrupled during the last ten years? The Liberal party was not progressive, which accounted for the reason they were in opposition.

CHICAGO CHANNEL.

Mr Haggart, in answer to Mr. Cockburn, said he had directed an enquiry to be made as to th p obable effect upon the harbours and canals in Canada of the proposed open channel to be constructed at an expense of $20,000,000 at Chicago, to be ... feet wide at the bottom, and at least 18 feet deep, which when opened would discharge more than 10,000 cubic feet of water per second, being about 5 per cent. of the amount now flowing through the Niagara river, and which it was considered would materially affect the level of the lakes and depth of water in the canals and harbours in Canada. He was awaiting a ... before any steps should be taken.

OCEAN MAIL CONTRACT.

Sir Adolphe Caron, in answer to Mr. ..., said mails were sent by the ... Labrador, of the Dominion line, which sailed from Quebec yesterday. The department was now in correspondence with the Allan line in reference to whether the Vancouver and Labrador of the Dominion line would be employed as formerly in carrying mails.

RAW AND REFINED SUGAR.

Mr Wallace, in answer to Mr. Legris said the total quantity of raw sugar imported during the year 1892-3 was 245,... pounds and the total quantity of refined sugar imported during the same period was 1,619,147 pounds. The total quantity of raw sugar imported during the year 1893-4 was 303,796,812 pounds, and the total quantity of refined sugar imported during the same period was 3,356,... pounds.

POST OFFICE EXPENDITURE.

Sir Adolphe Caron, in answer to Mr. ..., said the total expenditure for the ... Department for the nine months ended March 31st, 1895, for Parliamentary appropriations amounted to ...

SAN JOSE SCALE.

Mr Montague, in answer to Mr. Borden, ... Department of agriculture ... that the San Jose scale pest ex... portions of the United ... considering steps which ... to effectually prevent it ... Canada.

... BRIDGE.

... in answer to Mr. McCarthy, ... had been commenced ... St. Louis in connection ... frauds perpetrated in the ... work known as the ... The prosecution had been ... Mr. N. C. Desnoyers, J. P., and the charges were those of ... divers sums of money ... and with intent to ...

...SON BAY RAILWAY.

... in answer to Mr. Mc... the Government did not re... in Council with respect to ... the Winnipeg and Great ... Railway Company as creating ... relationship between the ... and the Company.

PIG IRON IMPORTS.

... in answer to Mr. Laurier, ... iron was imported from the ... to the port of Toronto ... or March last. The average price of pig iron from the ... during these months was ...

... That Never Drink.

... number of animals which ... without water. ... on Abyssinia says ... Dorcas for the Bennett ... known to resort to the ... rivers for the purpose of ... in his "Voyage of a ... that unless the wild animals drink salt water they ... In the London Zoological ... without drinking ... water and there are ... who doubt whether wild ... during their lives.

THE DIFFERENCE.

... never kiss a man before, ... only dudes."

... on Shipboard.

... remarked the drummer, ... is a great ship."

... responded the clerk.

... a lot in it," added the ...

... further?" ...

... commented the drummer ... has solved the riddle ... going to Europe next ...

... done. Dropped a couple of ... inside pocket?"

... You know I have never ... couldn't stand the seasick...

... what you've always said."

... was the reason, too; but yester... who has been over there ... years just because he was ... back again."

... compromise with his credulity," ... the clerk.

"As I was saying," continued the ..., regardless of the interruption, ... was taken up on the trip over that ... was afraid to come back, and he might ... on foreign soil, if he hadn't run ... distinguished hypnotist in Paris ... was coming to America, and the ... suggested that he make an experiment on him he had long been anxious to make, to wit, continuing a sensitive in the hypnotic condition for an indefinite ... My friend proved to be a good ..., and after a few experiments ... they went aboard ship, the hypnotist ... him under the influence, that is, by suggestion, as they say, simply telling him every morning he wouldn't be sick, and ... became as smooth as you please, and never ... sick for a moment. The captain of the ship was so pleased with the experiment that he secured the services of the hypnotist to go with the ship regularly, and I'm going to Europe on that ship in ... day, and I won't be the only one either. It's going to boom ocean travel, and I'll tell you how it feels when I come back."

The clerk gave a long, low whistle of ... and sent a pitcher of ice water to room 13.

COMIN' THRO' THE RYE.

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

[CONTINUED.]

"Good-by! good-by!" say the Buffs.

The footman puts in my portmanteau, and away I go, feeling like Cinderella, without the beauty. It is a lovely day, but oh! I wish I had a companion, for it is dull sitting all alone behind those two gorgeous, backed men-servants. How invitingly the nuts nod their brown faces at me from the hedge! I should be happier walking in the road with Jack, free to pick them, than perched up here with nothing to do. I wonder if I dare ask one of those men to gather me some? I cannot call them for I do not know their names, so I up lift my voice in a "hem!" which I deliver, point-blank at the middle of the footman's back.

"Did you speak, miss?" he said, touching his hat and turning.

"A—not exactly," I say; "but I want some of those nuts; can you pick them for me?"

"Certainly, miss," and in another minute he is in the road, and scrambling up the hedge; his long coat hampers his legs, the powder flies from his hair to his shoulders, but he is a man "for a' that"; and finally, he brings me my nuts with an unruffled countenance. I fancy I hear him saying later in the servants' hall, "She's low, she is; she ate nuts out in the carriage, and cracked them with her own teeth, she did."

And now we have passed through the lodge gates, and are rolling along between the avenue of tall trees that mark the approach to Flytton. It is a beautiful old place, and a footman ushers me through stately passages and anterooms to the drawing room, in which I have some difficulty in discovering Lady Flytton—so little, so wizen, so shrunken is she. I make her out at last in a far corner. I think she is asleep, but she opens her eyes suddenly and bids me welcome, very kindly desiring the footman to bring white wine and grapes; while I eat the latter, she chatters away, with the garrulity of old age, of mother, who was, she says, "a beautiful young woman;" of everything, in short, that her wondering thought hit upon. Presently she leans back in her chair, and, without the smallest sign or word, goes soundly to sleep. I am just wondering what I am going to do with myself, and thinking how lively it will be here, when the glass door leading to the garden swings back and Silvia Fleming comes into the room, and, without looking about her, sits down with her back to me in a low chair. Her hair is hanging down her back in thick curls; she wears a plain white wrapper, that by its severity makes her beauty more than ever conspicuous. There is a listless droop about the whole figure as she leans back with her arms clasped under her head. She has not been seated there twenty seconds, when the door opens, and "Captain Chichester" is announced; he is tall, languid, blase, but his steps and face quicken as he spies the recumbent figure in the red velvet chair.

"How do you do?" he says, stooping over her and holding out his hand; but she does not put out hers; she only looks up at him with a lazy look of welcome, provocation—which is it?

"Too hot," she says; "would not one think it August instead of September?"

He sits down beside her, and they talk in low voices. They do not seem to know any one is present; however, as I cannot hear what they are saying, it is somewhat unnecessary for me to announce myself, though, indeed, I am not anxious to play the degrading part of eavesdropper again, as I did a week ago.

Is yonder coquette the passionate, despairing woman that Paul Vasher kissed awhile ago so hotly? Was it but a fine piece of acting—her love and her misery? For surely, surely she is acting her own proper character at this moment? No, she was not acting then, but she was taken out of herself, for the time; and Paul's estimate of her is the right one; the taint of infidelity in her nature is too deep to permit her to be either a good or a faithful woman. Admiration is meat and drink for her, flattery the very air she breathes; no man could keep this woman straight any more than a rope can be made of sand. She does not love this man to whom she is talking, does not even admire him, but she will fool him to the top of his bent. A woman's vanity takes many lives to feed it. So much, I guess randomly as I sit and watch her.

"Little devil!" says Lady Flytton, softly. Turning to look at the old woman, I find she has come out of her sleep as suddenly as she entered it, and is surveying the couple yonder with an expression of countenance that is, to say the least of it, vicious.

"Good afternoon, Captain Chichester!" she remarks, austerely.

The young man looks round with an astonishment that is ludicrous, rises, and comes towards the old lady. Silvia, I observe, does not move an inch.

"I did not know anyone was here," he says, holding out his hand that Lady Flytton altogether overlooks.

"I dare say you did not," she says, testily, and he goes back to his charmer, looking somewhat red and decidedly snubbed. Tea is brought in and we partake of it apart. Oh, it is dull! If the little woman does not like her company, why does she not leave it? Anon Captain Chichester takes his departure, and, it being near the dinner-hour, I am shown to my room, where I array myself—in my little all, and, modestly habited in the same descend to the drawing-room. Silvia Fleming is there, and she speaks some half words of greeting, giving me the contemptuous, indifferent regard that apparently she always bestows on her own sex. Mrs. Fleming comes in, fat and kind. I like her better than her daughter; last of all Lady Flytton; and we go in to dinner, where there is next to no conversation, for the hostess devotes herself to her knife and fork with the assiduity of a woman who knows her time for wielding the same is short, and the other two have little conversation. In the drawing-room later the two elders sit together, knitting and talking, while Silvia's restless figure paces up and down the terraced walk outside, and I sit at a table, turning over a photograph book, and pitying myself from the very bottom of my soul.

"It is too ridiculous," says Mrs. Fleming's vexed voice, rising in her excitement, "and the offers and admiration she has had, too!"

"She's a bad little cat," says Lady Flytton, shaking her ungodly Madeira-warmed head, "and she'll never come to any good, never! As to Paul Vasher, he'll never marry her; he knows her too well for that."

I move quickly away before I hear more, and marvel for the ninety-ninth time why I was ever invited to Flytton.

CHAPTER XIX.

A tap at the door. "Come in," I say, pausing in my wrestle with my bonnet-strings—which I am trying to settle in a bow that will not disgrace Lady Flytton's smart chariot—and enter Silvia. Apparently she is not going to church, for, although we start in five minutes' time, she wears a white morning gown and slippers.

"Will you do something for me?" she asks, sitting down.

"Tell me what it is first," I say, cautiously.

"You know Mr. Vasher?"

"Yes."

"Will you give him this note after church?"

I look at the held-out billet, and for a moment hesitate. I love to help lovers; but I like him and do I not like her; shall I hurt him by taking it? He is strong enough to take care of himself. "Yes, I will give it to him," I say, and put it in my pocket.

"You are a good child," she says, and goes away.

I wonder if he will be in church? Yes, he is there, as I discover twenty minutes later, and he gives me a friendly look as I go up the aisle behind Mrs. Fleming. That old heathen Lady Flytton never goes to church. The Buffs give me a smile or two, and I wink affectionately at Mary Burns at a favorable opportunity. In the porch outside, when the service is over, I find Mr. Vasher, which is lucky; for supposing I had been obliged to run after him?

"Soon ... floundering, then I thrust the note into his hand and flee.

"Did you give it to him?" asks Silvia, as we are walking in the garden after luncheon.

"Yes."

She speaks truth, the morning was sultry.

"How hot it is!" she says, shrugging her shoulders; "there is a storm brewing."

The afternoon is worse; the air is charged and heavy with heat the skies are closing in black as night, the very birds have ceased singing; all creation seems to be holding its breath, awaiting one of Nature's fierce convulsions. With the same instinct that has sent all the animals to their hiding-places I go in, leaving Silvia pacing up and down, with clasped hands, an intent look of listening upon her face. I am not ashamed to confess it, I am horribly, terribly afraid of a thunder-storm; the dread crack of the awful, invisible hosts above always makes me shiver, and through my eyelids the lightening seems to strike and blind me. After all, I must be a coward, for Jack does not mind it at all; he opens his eyes wide, and never puts his fingers to his ears. The sisters are fast asleep in a remote corner of the queer-shaded, many-angled room; every now and then a gentle snore attests their happy unconsciousness. When I am old, I dare say I shall consider it a godly and suitable employment to spend my Sabbath afternoons in slumber; being young and broadly awake, find the time hangs very heavily on my hands. I take a peep at "Good Words;" I look as the pictures in the "Sunday at Home," finally I take up Lady Flytton's album, which I have indeed already explored, but still find interesting, thanks to the extraordinary unhandsomeness of her friends and relations, her defunct husband bearing the palm away from them all for general unsavoriness, imbecility, and grimace. I am just grinning at the photograph of a very short man, who has a most ferocious expression of countenance, and looks as though he were saying, "laugh at me if you dare!" when the door opens and Paul Vasher is announced. The sisters do not awake, and he does not see me. In another moment he is face to face with Silvia, who comes hastily through the glass door.

"You sent for me," he says, "and I have come."

"Come out into the garden," she says abruptly.

And they go out together, along the terrace and disappear among the trees. An hour slips away, the light falls strangely; the skies are of ink, save, where a lurid-tipped cloud betokens mischief; every leaf, and tree, and flower, stands stirless; there is not a living thing to be seen.

Steps come quickly along the terrace, and Paul Vasher comes in alone. I am half leaping up to speak to him, when something in his face checks me, and I fall back; in another moment he is gone. The closing door awakens Lady Flytton, who sits up, and asks sharply:

"Who was that just went out?"

"Mr. Vasher."

"Vasher here!" screams the old woman: "Has that little cat been up to some more of her tricks? Well, he didn't stay long!" And she composes herself to sleep again.

"Was I snoring, child?" asks Mrs. Fleming, with some anxiety.

"Not much!"

Hark! A few drops of rain, heavy as lead, fall with hissing sound upon the pavement; a low faint moan comes sweeping up over the land and now, with an awful, shivering reverberation, the heavens are rent in twain, the forked lightning leaps out, the flood gates of heaven are loosed, and the storm is upon us. I bury my head in my hands to shut out the glare of the lightning, but through the hideous discord I hear Mrs. Fleming's voice ask, in fear, "Where is Silvia?"

Out yonder; out in the fury and teeth of the storm, as reckless, as wild as the hurricane itself; and God only knows what depths of misery and shame she is sounding! Paul Vasher's face was not hard to read. And child as I am I know that she has played her last stake and lost.

In her present mood she will court death, if I know anything of her character. Some one must find her, and bring her back. But who? I will: My life out there is as much in God's hands as here; and though I do not love her, I would do this much for my worst enemy. I take my hands from my eyes, snatch up a shawl lying near, and heedless of Mrs. Fleming's exclamations of horror, step out on the terrace. Down comes the water-spout in its resistless strength, almost beating me to earth; blinded with lightning, deafened with thunder, bewildered by the hurly-burly, I push on, looking hither and thither, in every nook and corner, but I cannot find her. Stronger and fiercer grows the storm. At my side a tree, smitten in mid-air by an unseen hand, is whirled aloft, and hurled crashing to the ground, a rabbit, struck dead by lightning lies in my path; overhead, from end to end of heaven, echoes that long, hollow, shuddering peal that always sounds to me like the shrieks and wild laughter of lost souls in Hades. At last I come upon her, sitting under a tree, in a far-off corner, looking out at the storm as indifferently as though it were a pageant arranged for her special amusement.

"Silvia!" I cry, while yet a little way off, "Silvia!" But she never stirs, never lifts her head, or unclasps her hands, or seems to know my voice, while all about her lie the wreck and ruin of the wild hurricane, and a few yards away an oak struck with lightning stands bare and ghastly, stripped of all its bark. I am stepping toward her, when O my God!—the heavens above us open; a great light shines upon our faces, and, cleaving the air there rushes toward us a great crimson ball of flame. I shut my eyes, and stand motionless: is not this death? and with a hiss and a whirl, and with a burning breath that scorches my face, it smites the ground at my feet, and a great smoke belches forth, and hides everything from my eyes. Dimly I grope my way round to the other side; I am not killed; therefore Silvia must be! But there she sits looking just as she looked before the bolt fell.

"Alive and unharmed, thank God!" I cry, taking her cold hand in mine.

"If it had only killed me!" she says in a whisper, pointing her finger at the sullen flames; "if I had been only one step nearer—"

"Come away!" I say, gently, and she does not resist, but lets me lead her away like a child. Her face is pale as the dead; her lovely eyes look straight before her, as though they beheld only one object; her hair hangs damp and heavy down her dripping back. An uncommonly nice couple we look as we reach the house, with pools of water running from our clothes; as beaten down and draggled as yonder poor flowers that lie with broken stalks in their churned-up beds.

Mrs. Fleming shrieks at her daughter's face—and, indeed, she might well have taken some grievous hurt out in the storm to judge by her looks—but the girl pulls herself wearily away.

"Leave me alone," she says, and goes slowly up the stairs, to the great embellishment of her aunt's carpeting, and I follow. On the landing she turns round.

"Come into my room; by and by," she says.

I have slipped out of my wet clothes, and am almost attired in dry ones, when Mrs. Fleming comes in, bearing a tumbler of hot wine, which she makes me drink. It tastes very good, but surely, it is rather strong.

She goes away and I proceed with my toilet; but somehow I don't seem to be quite mistress of my legs, and in crossing the room I have to tack a good deal. My ideas, too, are very hazy. I find myself surveying various articles of my attire with a benignant and fixed smile, instead of putting them on; and I am by and by distinctly conscious that, with no apparent volution of my own, I am standing before my looking glass, swaying from side to side, and saying, in an indistinct voice, "My intention is good, Jack, but my legs is weak." And after that I know nothing, save that I am blessedly, soundly asleep.

The clock is striking seven as I awake, and Mrs. Fleming is looking down on me with some anxiety.

"What does it all mean?" I say, rubbing my eyes; "I never went to sleep like this ..."

"No," says Mrs. Fleming ... "it was the wine. I put brandy in it to keep out the cold and forgot you were not used to it."

"And so I have been tipsy," I say, putting my hand to my head; "oh, what would papa say if he could see me?"

"Say it was my fault," says Mrs. Fleming. "And now, my dear, don't trouble about that; can you go to Silvia now? She has been asking for you."

"I will be ready in a minute; but Mrs. Fleming, you will never tell any one about it, will you?"

"Never," she says, smiling, and goes away.

To my knock at Silvia's door, I receive no answer; pushing it open I entered. She is standing by a window, looking at the smoke that rises from the spot where the bolt lies imbedded. She is talking to herself, and does not seem to see or hear me, although I am before her eyes.

"I was wrong to wish it had killed me," she utters; "after all, it's a stupid thing to do—to die. Talk of the proud contempt of spirits risen, it is the living who have the best of it, and despise the dead. If I had died to-day, the women who hate me would have said, 'poor creature!' Pe would have said, 'Poor Silvia,' I should have been poor Silvia, a weak loving fool to all eternity to him. I will live!—live to punish the scorn and coolness that has dared repay such love as mine—live to make him rue the day he made Silvia Fleming stoop to pray in vain. When he least expects me, I will be there; in the hour of his joy, I will stand by his side and strike the cup from his lips; in his night of sorrow, I will rejoice over him—and since I cannot have his love, I will work his misery—and this I will do, so help me God!"

The last lurid gleam of the storm is on her set face, and in her wide eyes. Has the afternoon actually crazed her brain?

"Are you there, child?" she says, turning round sharply. "Have you heard all the nonsense I have been talking?"

"Some of it."

"Bah!" she says; "I have a bad habit of talking aloud. You were a good little thing to come out and find me like that; it would not have been pleasant to be killed by that bolt, eh?"

"No," I say, shuddering; "but it was very near, a narrow escape. Have you told Mrs. Fleming?"

"Not I! How that old woman, my aunt, would have hopped, if she had seen it all! That red thing coming through the air, you and I with our mouths wide open, at least yours was—" She goes off into a fit of laughter, that does not strike me as being particularly seemly.

"You can go now," she says; "will you send my mother up to me?"

Truly Silvia Fleming has somewhat odd manners. Down in the drawing-room I find the sisters looking out of the window at the desolation of the garden, and, having delivered my message to Mrs. Fleming, proceed to inform Lady Flytton of the shave we had, to which she listens with many upliftings of her hands and exclamations.

"And all that little cat's fault," she says. "Whatever will your mother say, when she hears that I took so little care of you? As to that Silvia, it's my belief that's she is being saved up for something worse!"

CHAPTER XX.

"I wonder if Paul will come to-night?" says Mrs. Frere, stirring the fire with a recklessness highly reprehensible in a godly man during these days of greedy coal merchants and champagne-drinking colliers.

It is rainy October now, and the nights are cold and frosty, and, without, Mother Earth is drawing the flowers, her darling, down into her brown breast, as Hans Anderson tells us, away from the Frost-King's breath, which strikes chilly against the tender green stalks, and late tarrying fuchsias, myrtles, and magnolias.

"I don't think he is coming back at all!" I say, nodding; "he has been gone such a long, long time, you know—weeks!"

"Paul always keeps his word," says Mr. Frere. "He is sure to come back. Besides, he left all his things here." That is conclusive, for however heartbroken a man may be, he does not usually forget his dressing-case and his little comforts.

"The ground is good for walking just now," says Mr. Frere. "I dare say he has got as far as Devonshire."

Yes, the ground is good for walking, but I think all roads are pretty much alike to him just now. As I sit staring in to the fire, I seem to see Mr. Vasher walking swift and fast, trying to escape from his restless thoughts; trying to quench a flame that will not be put out. Pshaw! Probably I see a myth and a fallacy and at this very moment he is dancing a jig or—

"Are you asleep?" asks a cheerful voice behind me.

"You have come back!" I cry, starting up; "how glad I am! We were beginning to think you were lost!"

As the firelight falls on his face I see that it is pale and worn as that of a man who had fought a battle against fierce odds, and,

"Where is my uncle?" he says, looking round.

"He was here a minute ago, but Mrs. Pim fetched him to go to Sally Lane, who says she is dying."

"I wonder how long she will be about it?"

"She has been dying for twenty years," I say, laughing; "and she will probably be dying for twenty more! Dying with her means port."

"Does my uncle give her a bottle to soothe her last moments?"

"Always! About once a month, you know; and she is far too careful a body to go off until she has drunk the last drop; then the thought of the next bottle supports her."

Mr. Vasher laughs. "Do you know," he says, "that I have missed you, child, during these past weeks? Over and over again I have wished I had your saucy chatter to listen to. What have you been doing with yourself—anything particular?"

"Something very particular," I say, solemnly; "or at least—almost. It is a miracle you do not find Miss Fleming's piece and mine laid out in baskets."

"What do you mean?" he asks sharply. "You have been in danger—and Silvia?"

"It was a thunderbolt," I explain; "she and I were only a few yards apart, and it fell between us."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MORMON SOCIAL CONDITIONS.

Advantages of Town Life Blended with the Charms of Rural Existence.

Social changes of a marked character will be wrought by the occupation of the arid region. In this matter also Mormon experience is illuminous. Brigham Young sought to found his prosperity not only on industrial ethics, but also upon the happiness of the people. He would not tolerate idleness, and the walls of cobblestones still standing in the older portions of Salt Lake City were invented that the church might pay for the labor of men who would otherwise have been temporarily supported by charity. As a means of furnishing entertainment, various diversions were planned including the Saturday night dance, led by the bishops of the wards.

The leader's wisdom is almost as clearly exhibited in his social scheme as in his palm of industry. The central idea in it was the farm-village. A village site, generally a half-mile square, is selected in the midst of a tract of 5,000 or 6,000 acres to be colonized. In Utah there are many small valleys between the towering mountains and the village site is generally located near the centre, and near the river from which the water is diverted into canals on each side at a sufficient elevation to command the irrigable lands. The half a square mile is then laid out into blocks of four acres, with broad avenues between and the blocks are divided into lots of an acre each. On these lots the farmers have their homes. Here also are their commodious barns. Here they have their poultry and swine, while considerable space is devoted to a market-garden. The farmer then has his farm on the outlying lands, which are divided into lots ranging from two acres up to twenty acres.

... from their homes. On the other hand, the women and children enjoy the important advantage of having near neighbors, while the church, school house, stores, and post-office are near at hand. Under this system the advantages of town life are blended to a very considerable degree with the charms of rural existence. It is a system full of delightful possibilities. The Mormons have realized its substantial advantages in neighborhood association; but their model will be much improved upon by many colonies of more recent establishment. Farm life under the old conditions has involved isolation. The hunger for human sympathy and company has driven thousands from the country to cities already overcrowded. This factor is responsible for many a social tragedy, as well as for the problems which have arisen in congested city populations.

There is no reason why farm-villages patterned after those of Utah should have a social life and an outward beauty quite as pleasing as, for instance, the suburbs of Boston. There the architecture seems almost uniformly pleasing. Attractive lawns, with trees, vines, and flowers, are everywhere. People of small means will be able to surround themselves with similar advantages in the farm-villages of the arid regions, while realizing all the benefits of independence and equality inseparable from the industrial scheme of irrigation—("The Conquest of Arid America," by William E. Smythe in the May Century.

An Expensive Swiss Frock.

The Swiss or organdie gown of the French dressmaker cannot be laundered unless it is ripped up, though the French scourers manage to clean it. It is so much more easily wrinkled than a silk gauze that when it is made up with silk it is one of the most expensive gowns that can be purchased. Pale rose-colored and delicate willow-green Swiss muslins dotted with pin dots of black, and trimmed with many rows of narrow black thread lace, make picturesque and effective summer afternoon gowns. These are finished with wide hems on the bottom of a plain, circular skirt, lined with silk of pale rose-color or green, and finished with full gathered bodices, laid in inch tucks, separated by vertical rows of black lace in inch width. Similar rows of lace stripe the full puffed elbow sleeves, which are plaited in at the arm-hole in inch plaits that meet on the shoulder in the same effect as the tucked waist. The straight stock collar is finished on each side by Paquin points of rose muslin edged with tiny double ruffles of black thread lace.

The Real Trouble.

Bingo—"Didn't you have some trouble in building your house?"

Kingley—"Oh, a little. The architect made ... mistake in he estimate, and it cost me $1,000 more than I counted on."

Bingo—"Was that all?"

Kingsley—"All? No, sir. The carpenters forgot there was such a thing as specifications, and left out a hall; but of course one shouldn't mind a little thing like that."

Bingo—"Certainly not."

Kingley—"Then the pipes were put in wrong and had to be replaced."

Bingo—"That usually happens."

Kingley—"Oh, yes. Then I neglected my business for three months trying to find the architect, and that cost me a pretty penny."

Bingo—"But you expected that?"

Kingley Certainly. After the place was finished I found my old furniture wouldn't do, and I had to get a new outfit. Then my cellar flooded, the roof leaked and the piazza warped; but these things aren't anything to the trouble I'm in now."

Bingo—What's the matter now?"

Kingley—I can't sell the house."

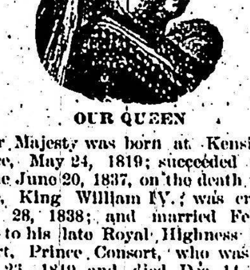
New Ailments.

"Strange, ain't it, the new kinds of ailments folks has!" remarked Mr. Simri Smith, after reading his newspaper.

"Now I've been a-reading an advertisement in here of a new medicine, and it says it's dreadful good for a sluggish liver."

"Liver trouble ain't no new disease, Pa," responded Mrs. Smith. I remember grandfather having liver trouble when I wasn't more'n 10 year old."

"I was a-saying that this medicine was good for sluggish liver, Martha Ann, and what beats me is how them slugs gets into the liver, anyhow"



OUR QUEEN

Her Majesty was born at Kensington Palace, May 24, 1819; succeeded to the throne June 20, 1837, on the death of her uncle, King William IV.; was crowned June 28, 1838; and married Feby 10, 1840, to his late Royal Highness Prince Albert, Prince Consort, who was born Aug. 23, 1819, and died Dec. 14, 1861. Her Majesty is the only child of his late Royal Highness, Edward, Duke of Kent, son of King George III.

THE QUEEN'S HOUSEHOLD.

About One Thousand People Employed Around Her.

Queen Victoria's household is a larger one, consisting of just under a thousand persons, for the maintenance of whom the nation sets apart the sum of $2,500,000 every year. Most of the posts are sinecures or fixtures for life.

In the early part of Queen Victoria's reign a mistress of the robes may possibly have done a few hours' work in the year, giving orders that the apparel of the sovereign should be carefully preserved from moths and dust, renewing the regal ermine, velvet and lace at stated times, and seeing that the crown jewels were always locked safely after a public airing.

She could not affix her name to warrants empowering one worthy tradesman to sell sewing cotton to the royal household and allowing others to put up the royal arms over their doors because their various wares were bought by personages of illustrious degree.

Harriet Sutherland's signature was almost as good an addition to business advertisements as "To the Queen" emblazoned in big gilt letters over the shops.

Some of the posts are entirely ornamental and others have very little duty attached to them. Probably the only additions to the household since the time of Henry VIII are two steam apparatus men.

Although there is no longer a royal barge nor any pageantry, on the Thames, there are still a bargemaster and a waterman, with a salary of $2,000 a year.

For the past 200 years there has been no hawking in the forest of Windsor, but the office of grand falconer, held by the Duke of St. Albans, has only been suppressed within the last two years.

There are four table deckers whose sole duty is to lay the dinner cloth and see that the plates, dishes and cutlery are fairly set forth.

There is also a wax-fitter, who sees the candles properly disposed, and a first and second lamplighter, who receives the same salary as that of the poet laureate, which is $500 a year.

This may seem shabby payment, but it must be confessed that most of the poets laureate have been overpaid for the stuff supplied.

Then there is the "keeper of the swans," who annually pockets $150 for looking after the sacred birds on the royal waters. Lastly there is the "Queen's rat-catcher," who is especially attached to Buckingham Palace. His salary, $75, is provided outside, the civil list. Every session the House of Commons, in committee of supply, considers this vote and gravely agrees to it.

JOY IN THE HOME.

THE LIFE OF A BRIGHT LITTLE BOY SAVED.

The Story Told by His Grateful Father—An Experience That May Bring Gladness to the Hearts of other Parents.

From Waterloo, Ont., Chronicle.

Mr. David Thaler is a prosperous well-to-do farmers who lives near Centreville, on the main road from Berlin to Galt. He has a fine farm of 100 acres, and everything about his place has an air of neatness and prosperity. A representative of the Waterloo Chronicle lately had occasion to call on Mr. Thaler and in the course of conversation came across one of those remarkable cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that has given this great life-saving medicine a world-wide reputation. Among Mr. Thaler's family is a bright rosy-cheeked boy of four years, whose winsome manner attracted the reporters' attention and caused him to remark on his healthy appearance. "Yes," replied the farmer, "the little fellow looks well enough now, but two years ago he was but a mere skeleton and we were sorely afraid we would lose him, and I believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved his life." Asked to give the particulars Mr. Thaler said: He was a strong and healthy child when born and continued so until 15 months old, when unfortunately a servant gave him, without our knowledge, food quite unsuited to an infant. The result was his stomach became deranged; he began to pine away and no food would remain with him but passed off like water. He could not sleep or rest, and cried day and night. He kept going down for six or seven months until the poor child was reduced to skin and bone. He had medical aid but little or no good was accomplished. It was not until the little fellow was in this desperate strait that we determined to give him Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I procured a supply and he was given them according to the directions for children. Soon after beginning to give him the Pink Pills the change was remarkable, and from that he became stronger and stronger until he is now the healthy little chap you see before you. As I said before I believe we owe his life, under providence, to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and if you feel that what I have told you will benefit any one else you are quite at liberty to publish it." The reporter has no doubt that the statement may point to some other parents the road to renewed health for their child, and gives it as he got it from Mr. Thaler.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and puny little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body, and nerves. Sold by all dealers, or sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. See that the ... mark is on the wrapper around every ... and do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

CLERGYMEN AND LAYMEN UNITE.

In Their Praises of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Taking the Bishop of Toronto, Right Rev. A. Sweatman, D.D., D. CL., three of the leading members of the Faculty of McMaster Hall, and men like the Rev. W. H. Withrow, D.D., and others, as representing the Methodist Church, all of whom have spoken in high terms of the merits of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, and unite with these the warm endorsement of this medicine by the well-know Toronto journalist, Mr. W. L. Smith, as representing the laymen, and it must be granted that clergymen and laymen are of one mind touching this truly meritorous medicine. The truth is that everyone who uses the medicine has a good word to say for it.

One short puff of the breath through the blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use. It relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsilitis and deafness. 60 cents. Sample bottle and blower sent on receipt of two three-cent stamps. S. G. Detchon, 44 Church street, Toronto.

IT DOES BOTH.

South American Kidney Cure Not Only Relieves Kidney Disease Immediately, But It also Heals and Removes the Trouble.

Those dragging pains in the loins that are a common symptom of kidney trouble are most distressing, but they are only the forerunner of more acute pain, and will develop rapidly if an effective remedy is not applied. No medicine acts on the kidneys with such speediness as South American Kidney Cure. It gives relief in the most distressing cases in a few hours But it does not stop there. It is a great healer, and its continuous use for a short time completely banishes the disease. It is a cure for kidney trouble, and only it, but it never fails here.

HEART DISEASE OF 20 YEARS STANDING RELIEVED IN A DAY.

Mr. Aaron Nichols, Who Has Lived On One Farm for 70 Years, Tells What He Knows of Dr. Agnew's Cure For the Heart.

This is to certify that I have bought two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart for my wife, who has been troubled for the past twenty years with heart disease. The first few doses gave relief, and she has had more benefit from it than from all the doctoring she ever did. The remedy acts like magic on a diseased heart. I am pleased to give this certificate."

AARON NICHOLS,

Peterboro.

More Kind Words from Hamilton Regarding the Great Remedy which Cures Rheumatism in One to Three Days.

Mrs. Phillips, sr., corner Hunter and Grath streets, Hamilton: "Several months ago I was afflicted with rheumatism, which completely crippled me. South American Rheumatic Cure being recommended me, I procured a bottle and obtained perfect relief from the first few doses. It is without doubt the quickest relief for rheumatism I have ever seen, and I clearly recommend it to all sufferers from this ...e."

Far, Far Away.

It was 2 o'clock in the morning and the policeman stood on the corner watching the hours of the night go by, without making the slightest effort to arrest them, when he saw a man come out of a gate just across the street and approach him.

"What were you doing in there?" inquired the officer.

"That's all right, Mr. Officer," replied the man, "what I want to know is how far am I from bed?"

"Well, it isn't very far to the station house, and there's a bed there."

"That's all right, Mr. Offier, but what I want to know is how far I am from bed?"

"Where do you live?"

"That house where you saw me come out."

"Well, then you are not very far from home."

"Ain't I?" and he sniffed the sharp night air at the officer. "I'm a thousand miles by the watch."

"I guess not."

"And I guess yes, my wife's locked the door on me and I've been rootin' on the steps trying to coax her to let me in, but she won't have it. Now if I ain't a thousand miles, how far on the average would you say I was?" And the officer, after a careful reference to his distance tables, and a comparison with his experience in similar cases, concluded that the man was considerably more than ninety-nine hundred the right.

Potato Culture.

A Duchess County correspondent of the Country Gentleman, who says he has no seed potatoes for sale, tells how to get good seed, as follows: For the main crop I very much prefer medium-sized, smoothly, well-matured tubers. I take a great deal of pains in selecting my seed potatoes. Generally speaking, I cannot select a barrel of choice seed (such as I would wish to grow seed from) from three barrels of good marketable tubers, although some few varieties are an exception to this. Too much care cannot be taken in selecting potatoes for seed, if you wish to perpetuate—and I sometimes think improve—a variety. I grow every year a few of the old Peachblow potatoes and, by careful selection of seed, I have them as good, if not better, than when first introduced. Last year I wished to plant a few Early Rose, and as I had not grown them for a few years I was obliged to buy seed. Now, to prove that I have full confidence in my theory and that I practice what I preach, I purchased a barrel of seed off a man who has two farms and makes a specialty of growing choice potatoes of the leading varieties—the most careful man I know of in growing and selecting seed potatoes. I purchased of him for two reasons: First, I was sure of getting carefully selected seed, and second, they would be true to name, for I knew that the Early Rose potatoes can be traced back to its original source, grown on his farm ever since the second year of introduction; and notwithstanding the unfavorable season of '94, I grew from that seed a very fine crop, and they were without exception the best lot of Early Rose that I ever saw on any man's farm, the gentleman's ... excepted.

9/10

... Eddy's were ... best matches made they would not be in constant use by nine tenths of the people.

In giving general satisfaction they leave absolutely nothing to be desired.

- - FISH - -

Boxes Red Herring for ...

25 lb and Box Boneless Fish for ...

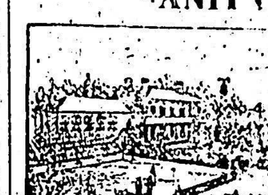
44 ... Pure Cod Fish ...

Freight paid to your nearest station.

A. H. CANNING,

Wholesale Grocer, TORONTO.

LAKEHURST SANITARIUM



OAKVILLE, ONTARIO.

For the treatment and cure of

ALCHOLISM, THE MORPHINE HABIT, TOBACCO HABIT, AND NERVOUS DISEASES.

The system employed at this institution is the famous Double Chloride of Gold System. Through its agency over 250,000 Slaves to the use of these poisons have been emancipated in the last fourteen years. Lakehurst Sanitarium is the oldest institution of its kind in Canada, and has a well-earned reputation to maintain in this line of medicine. In its whole history there is not an instance of any after ill-effects from the treatment. Hundreds of happy homes in all parts of the Dominion bear eloquent witness to the efficacy of a course of treatment with us. For terms and all information write

THE SECRETARY,

28 Bank of Commerce Chambers,

Toronto, Ont.

THE Very Best Place to Learn.. Shorthand and Typewriting, or to get a Business Education, is at The Northern Business College. Circulars free. C. A. FLEMING, Prin'l, Owen Sound, Ont.

Cold in the Head.

AND

HEADACHE

CURED IN FIVE MINUTES.

Catarrh Cured in a Week by using

Dr. HUNT'S MAGIC SNUFF

IN BOXES 25 Cents at all Druggists, or by mail on receipt of price. Address, ... Kingston, Ont.

The Good Die Young.

[illegible]

R. Parker & Co's.

787 and 791 Yonge St., Toronto.

Branch offices and agents everywhere. Send for pamphlet.

50c. Bargains in Bulbs and Plants

The Maximum of Worth at Minimum of Cost

No. B—	15 Gladiolus, finest assorted, for	50c
" I—	6 Dahlias, select show variet's	" 50c.
" G—	8 Montbretias, handsome	" 50c.
" O—	6 Roses, everbloom'g beauties	" 50c
" F—	Window Collection, 1 each, Fuchsia, Dbl. Fl. Musk, Ivy and Sweet Sc't'd Geranium, Manetta Vine, Tropæolum, Mex. Primrose & Heliotrope	" 50c.
" E—	8 Geraniums, finest assorted	" 50c.
" R—	12 Coleus, fine assorted colors	" 50c.
" S—	5 Iris, finest varieties	" 50c.

Any 3 collections for $1; 5 for $1.25; or 5 for $2 By Mail, post-paid, our selection. A Snap!

Catalogue Free.

THE STEELE, BRIGGS, MARCON SEED CO. LTD. Toronto, Ont.

ELECTRIC MOTORS from one-half Horse Power up to Eleven Horse Power. Write for prices, stating power required, voltage of current to be used and whether supplied by street car line or otherwise.

TORONTO TYPE FOUNDRY, Toronto and Winnipeg.

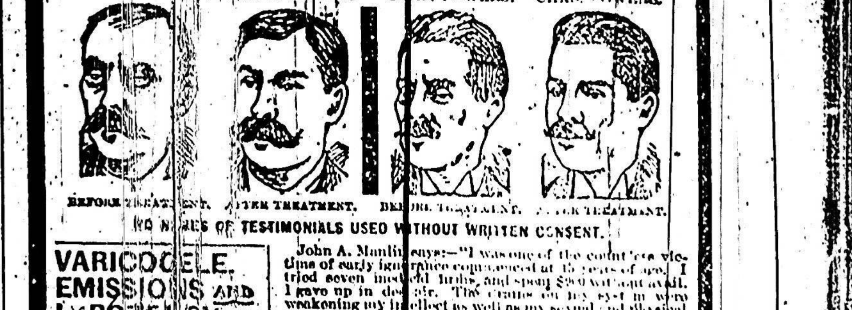
200,000 WEAK MEN CURED!

STARTLING FACTS FOR DISEASED VICTIMS.

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

ARE YOU? Nervous and despondent; weak or debilitated; tired mornings; no ambition—lifeless; memory poor; easily fatigued; excitable and irritable; eyes sunken, red and blurred; pimples on face; dreams and night losses; restless; haggard looking; weak back; bone pains; hair loose; ulcers; sore throat; varicocele; deposit in urine and drains at stool; distrustful; want of confidence; lack of energy and strength—WE CAN CURE YOU!

RESTORED TO MANHOOD BY DRS. K. & K.



JOHN A. MANLIN. JOHN A. MANLIN. CHAS. POWERS. CHAS. POWERS.

BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT. BEFORE TREATMENT. AFTER TREATMENT.

NO NAMES OF TESTIMONIALS USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT.

VARICOCELE, EMISSIONS AND IMPOTENCY CURED

John A. Manlin says:—"I was one of the countless victims of early ignorance commenced at 15 years of age. I tried seven medical firms, and spent $900 without avail. I gave up in despair. The drains on my system were weakening my intellect as well as my sexual and physical life. My brother advised me as a last resort to consult Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. I commenced their New Method Treatment and in a few weeks was a new man, with new life and ambition. This was four years ago, and now I am married and happy. I recommend these reliable specialists to all my afflicted fellowmen."

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY.—CONFIDENTAL.

"The vices of early boyhood laid the foundation of my ruin. Later on a 'gay life' and exposure to blood disease completed the wreck. I had all the symptoms of Nervous Debility—sunken eyes, emissions, drain in urine, nervousness, weak back, etc. Syphilis caused my hair to fall out, bone pains, ulcers in mouth and on tongue, blotches on body, etc. I thank God I tried Drs. Kennedy & Kergan. They restored me to health, vigor and happiness." CHAS. POWERS.

Syphilis, Emissions Varicocele, Cured.

We treat and cure Varicocele, Emissions, Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Gleet, Stricture, Syphilis, Unnatural Discharges, Self Abuse, Kidney and Bladder Diseases.

17 YEARS IN DETROIT. 200,000 CURED. NO RISK.

READER Are you a victim? Have you lost hope? Are you contemplating marriage? Has your Blood been diseased? Have you any weakness? Our New Method Treatment will cure you. What it has done for others it will do for you. CONSULTATION FREE. No matter who has treated you, write for an honest opinion Free of Charge. Charges reasonable. BOOKS FREE—"The Golden Monitor" (illustrated), on Diseases of Men. Inclose postage, 2 cents. Sealed.

NO NAMES USED WITHOUT WRITTEN CONSENT. PRIVATE. No medicine sent C. O. D. No names on boxes or envelopes. Everything confidential. Question list and cost of Treatment, FREE.

DRS. KENNEDY & KERGAN, No. 148 SHELBY ST. DETROIT, MICH.

"I TELL ALL MY FRIENDS."

A Lady of Shelburne, Ont., Permanently Cured of Indigestion After Using Two Bottles of South American Nervine—Glad to Let Everyone Know It.

MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH

With indigestion it is not only that one suffers all imaginable torments, physical and mental, but more, perhaps, than anything else, an impaired digestion is the forerunner of countless ailments that in their course lead to the most serious consequences. Let the stomach get out of order and it may be said the whole system is diseased. When the digestive organs fail in their important functional duties, head and heart, mind and body are sick. These were the feelings of Mrs. Galbraith, wife of Mr. A. V. Galbraith, the well-known jeweller of Shelburne, Ont., before she had learned of the beneficent results to be gained by the use of South American Nervine Tonic. In so many words she said: "Life was becoming unbearable. I was so cranky I was really ashamed of myself. Nothing that I ate would agree with me; now it does not matter what I eat. I take enjoyment out of all my meals." Here are Mrs. Galbraith's words of testimony to South American Nervine, given over her own signature:

"Shelburne, Ont., March 27, 1894.

"I was for considerable time a sufferer from indigestion, experiencing all the misery and annoyance so [illegible]

[illegible] ... MRS. A. V. GALBRAITH."

The testimony of this lady, given freely and ... of a full heart because of ... experienced ..., have an echo in ... all over the country. South American Nervine must cure, because it operates at once on the nerve centres. These nerve centres are the source from which ... the vital fluid that keeps all organs of the body in proper repair. Keep these nerve centres sound and disease is unknown. There is no trick in the business. Everything is very simple and common sense like. South American Nervine strengthens the digestive organs, tones up the liver, ... the blood, ... shattered and nervous constitutions. It never fails to give relief in one day.

RENEW YOUR

SUBSCRIPTIONS . . .

- - NOW.