LOST FORTY POUNDS

AN ILLNESS THAT ALMOST CARRIED AWAY AN ONLY CHILD.

She Suffered Terribly From Pains in Back, Heart Trouble and Rheumatism—Her Parents Almost Despaired of Her Recovery—How It Was Brought About.

From the Arnprior Chronicle.

Perhaps there is no better known man in Arnprior and vicinity than Mr. Martin Brennan, who has resided in the town for over a quarter of a century, and has taken a foremost part in many a political campaign in North Lanark. A reporter of the Chronicle called at his residence not long ago and was made at home at once. During a general conversation Mr. Brennan gave the particulars of a remarkable cure in his family. He said: "My daughter Eleanor Elizabeth, who is now 14 years of age, was taken very ill in the summer of 1892 with back trouble, rheumatism and heart disease. She also became terribly nervous and could not sleep. We sent for a doctor, and he gave her medicine which seemed to help her for a time, but she continued to lose in flesh until she was terribly reduced. When first taken ill she weighed one hundred pounds, but became reduced to sixty pounds, losing forty pounds in the course of a few months. For about two years she continued in this condition, her health in a most delicate state, and we had very little hopes of her ever getting better. Our hopes, what little we had, were entirely shattered when she was taken with a second attack far more serious than the first. This second attack took place about two years after the first. We now fully made up our minds that she could not live; but while there is life there is hope, and seeing constantly in the newspapers the wonderful cures affected by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we decided to give them a trial. Before she had finished the first box we noticed that her appetite was slightly improving, and by the time she had used the second box a decided improvement had taken place. By the time she had used four boxes more she had regained her former weight of one hundred pounds and was as well as ever she had been in her life. Her back trouble, heart affection, rheumatism and sleeplessness had all disappeared. She now enjoys the best of health, but still continues to take an occasional pill when she feels a little out of sorts, and it passes away." Mrs. Brennan, together with the young lady, who is an only child, were present during the recital, and all were loud in their praises of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Brennan also stated that he had used the pills himself and believed that there was no other medicine like them for building up a weakened system or driving away a wearied feeling; in fact, he thought that as a blood tonic they were away ahead of all other medicines.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hundreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other remedies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and take nothing else. The genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Economy of Electric Motors.

[illegible] a locomotive, can make as great a mileage as an electric motor, W. Baxter [illegible] shows what is done in actual practice, and at the same time makes the distinct statement that such a system as the Pennsylvania Railroad could effect a saving of over $6,700,000, or [illegible] per cent of its operating expenses by the adoption of electricity. On the roads named there are 1,103 freight engines having a mileage of 20,400,358 annually. In the passenger service there are [illegible] locomotives, and the total miles run per year by passenger trains [illegible] on a basis of 90 [illegible] in use, the miles [illegible] would be [illegible], and on an [illegible] miles. Trolley [illegible] average speed of less than [illegible] an hour, run from 45,000 [illegible]. At this rate, motor [illegible] trains at fifteen [illegible] easily cover 65,000 [illegible] per year, and those used [illegible] making an average speed of [illegible] miles per hour, could run over [illegible] miles per year. If so much greater yearly mileage could be made [illegible] it follows that the [illegible] would be very much [illegible] wages of engineers per [illegible] daily compensation not [illegible] distance covered. [illegible] fully into [illegible] operation and maintenance of the two systems. Mr. Baxter establishes the fact of the superior economy of electric propulsion for trunk lines.

Assessment System—Mutual Principle.

The important announcement is made this morning of the amalgamation of the business of the Provincial Provident Institution of St. Thomas with the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, whose manager for Ontario is Mr. W. J. McMurtry, of Toronto. These are the two largest natural premium life institutions in Canada. The aggregate business in the Dominion amounts to $36,000,000. The Mutual Reserve Fund Life, which is the largest natural premium company in the world, has for years done a large business in Canada, and has paid here in death claims over $1,250,000. It is duly registered under the Dominion Act, and has a deposit in Government Bonds with the Insurance Department amounting to $50,000. By this change the members of the Provincial Provident become members of an institution with one hundred and fifty thousand members and over $[illegible],000,000 of insurance; an institution that has nearly $5,000,000 assets and an equal annual income, and which has paid out $25,000,000 in death claims. It is hardly possible that they will fail to appreciate the advantages of this change in the increased security which is thus placed behind their insurance.

Cholera and all summer complaints are so quick in their action that the cold hand of death is upon the victims before they are aware that danger is near. If attacked do not delay in getting the proper medicine. Try a dose of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and you will get immediate relief. It acts with wonderful rapidity and never fails to effect a cure.

A Great Pull.

Hennessey—That man going there has the greatest pull in this town.

Dunleigh—That's so? What is he, a dentist or a politician?

Hennessey—Neither. He has invented a stretcher that will really straighten pants which are bagged at the knees.—Cleveland Leader.

In the West.

Drawback Dick—I don't see why they're makin' such a fuss about hossless wagons in the east. We've had 'em out west as long as I kin remember.

Mr Effete—Really! What do they run with?

Drawback Dick—Mules.—San Francisco City Argus.

Fickle Fashion.

Reginald—Time brings about some odd changes, doesn't it?

Harold—I should say it did. Look at the matter of costumes. Why, when we played tennis, we turned our trousers up at the bottom, and now that we play golf we turn our stockings down from the top.—Woonsocket Reporter.

Their Own Surgeons.

Animals, when wild, constantly die a lingering death from injury to the skin, whether caused, as usually happens in tropical countries, by wounds aggravated

LIFTED BY LOVE;

Or, How the Wharf Waif Became a Princess.

PUBLISHED BY SPECIAL ARRANGEMENT.

(CONTINUED)

"Why, that is the very place he ought to avoid. Can you think of no means of communicating with him before he arrives here?"

After a moment's consideration I said that it was probable he would call upon the people who had helped me in Berlin, Mr. Hoffman and his wife.

"Considering all things— Excuse me, madam," he broke off, with an apologetic cough, "but your hair behind has worked a little to one side. Considering all things, as I was about to remark," he continued, "when I had replaced the false hair, "do not you think it would be advisable to go to Berlin and wait there with these friends until Mr. Gordon comes?"

"No," I said, "I could not do that. I must be in England. I will write to Berlin; that will answer the same purpose."

He shook his head doubtfully and glanced nervously at my treacherous knot. I, too, felt that it would be wiser to go away, but I could not reconcile myself to the idea of going so far from Taras, even for a few weeks, little as I had to hope in staying near him.

"May I ask where I may write to you in case I have anything important to communicate?"

"I will let you have an address. I do not know yet where I shall stay, I think near Woking."

"Woking. Of course you have no reason to suspect that Mr. Kavanagh might by chance go to Woking?"

"I know he passes through the town occasionally, but," I added hastily, to allay the alarm expressed in the little solicitor's face, "the place I thought of staying at is a roadside inn quite out of the town, where he would never think of stopping."

"Still, many people visit a roadside inn. You could not always stay in one room out of sight, and—excuse me saying so—your appearance might excite curiosity and give rise to gossip, which would be in the highest degree undesirable. I positively think, madame, that out of respect to the gentleman who has advanced this money"——

"I will not go there," I said, already convinced of the folly of yielding to a merely morbid and sentimental motive. "Tell me what I ought to do, and I will do it."

"Have you any idea where Mr. Kavanagh lives?"

"At Sydenham, I think."

"Ah, well, if you took a lodging at Stoke Newington, say, I think you would be perfectly safe—especially if you laid aside your disguise."

I feel sure my hair had gone wrong again.

"And what shall I do then?" I asked, feeling that the long period of suspense would be intolerable without some occupation to divert my thoughts.

"What should you have done at Woking, madame?" Mr. Pelham asked pertinently.

"I think I should have walked a great deal in the woods."

"Unfortunately there are no woods at Stoke Newington, but there are other attractions for a lady. There are shops and—Are you fond of music?"

"Music!" I echoed, jumping at the suggestion. "That is the very thing. I want to learn the piano."

"In that case I think I can suggest the very thing that would meet all requirements. I have a sister living there who gives lessons in pianoforte playing. She would be happy to give you board and lodging, and there would be no necessity for explanations, which might be required elsewhere. I myself live at Stoke Newington, and if it is agreeable to you we will go at once to my sister's and arrange the affair."

I accepted this offer eagerly, the notion of learning music fired my imagination with the wildest hopes. In my ignorance I thought that by working all day I might in a month be able to play as well as Judith Bell. And that night I took up my quarters under the roof of Miss Janet Pelham.

CHAPTER XLV.

I DISCOVER THE FIRST CAUSE OF KAVANAGH'S VILLAINY.

Miss Janet Pelham was the dearest little old maid that ever lived. She had the bird-like alacrity and cheerfulness of her brother, but with a sweet and amiable disposition which was less perceptible in his character because of the restraint imposed by considerations of professional etiquette maybe. But indulgent as her nature was, Miss Pelham could not permit me to practice scales on Sunday. Possibly she felt for her neighbors, for the walls were thin, and they certainly heard enough strumming for six days of the week to entitle them to a day's rest on the seventh. But the inaction which was a godsend to them was intolerable to me, and so on the second Sunday I put a little parcel of provisions, which I had bought over night, in my pocket and left Stoke Newington at an early hour.

There was but one place in the world that had any attraction for me, and that was Betterford, and with a wild feeling of freedom and hope, heightened by my love of adventure and the sense of risk I ran, I took the first train from Waterloo to Woking.

I was alone in the compartment when the train started, and taking advantage of this opportunity I carefully pinned on the pieces of false hair I had brought with me and put on the thick, spotted veil to complete the disguise.

A very beautiful fir wood lies at the back of the Grange. It slopes down to the common, and from a path winding round the hill, at a certain point, one obtains an unobstructed view of the Grange and its surrounding grounds below. A seat has been fixed there, for this opening commands one of the finest views in Surry, the undulating country spreading out beyond the common as far as the eye can reach.

It took me by surprise when I looked down and saw the Grange lying open to my observation below. It seemed as if something more than hazard had guided me to this spot.

"It must be lunch time," I said to myself, seeing no one in the garden. "I am hungry too. Perhaps by the time I have eaten my lunch Taras will have finished his. Then he will come out to smoke a cigar and look into that wonderful world he spoke of."

I sat down and ate the sandwiches I had brought. Then, after waiting with eager hope and expectation for about half an hour, my heart bounded as Taras came out from the house and walked slowly over the lawn. He was not alone. A thin old gentleman walked by his side. I knew Taras the moment I saw him, but it was some time before I felt certain that his companion was Colonel Bell.

Instinctively I drew aside, screening myself behind a bramble. It was not likely that the old gentleman would descry me at that distance, still less that, perceiving me, he could recognize who I was. Presently a young lady with a sunshade appeared, immediately followed by a gentleman. Him I knew at the first glance to be Mr. Kavanagh by his height carriage and smart appearance. They crossed the lawn to Taras and Colonel Bell and a few minutes after sauntered away, disappearing beyond the shrubbery that hedged the lawn. I was glad when she went away, for I knew it must be Judith, though her sunshade concealed her head and face from me. While she was there only a feeling of jealousy imbitted my thoughts. When she was gone, my heart beat more calmly, and I could look down upon my dear friend with that tender sentiment which I had made the pilgrimage to indulge in.

Mere Lucas brought out a glittering liquor set and a box of cigars and set them on a table before the garden seat. Even there I could hear her laugh. These and many other trifling incidents I noticed with untiring interest until the sound of voices startled me from my reverie, and looking downward I perceived through the intervening growth a bright speck of color. It was the sunshade I had seen in the garden. Judith and Kavanagh were coming up through the wood by the winding path. I stepped back noiselessly and looked round for a hiding place not knowing by which path to escape meeting them. A deep trench bordered the inner side of the path, overgrown in parts by straggling brambles and dead brake. I crept round the seat and dropped in the trench behind it, thinking that I should be secure there while they passed. It was not likely that they would stop to pry into the ditch at the base of the seat. They had ceased to talk but as they drew nearer and nearer I heard the sound of their footsteps. I could see nothing but the banks and the loose growth about me. I heard Kavanagh exclaim in admiration:

"By Jove, what a glorious view!"

"This is my favorite walk. When it is fine, we come and sit here for a time," Judith answered.

"A pleasant suggestion. Shall we rest a bit?"

I heard the rustle of Judith's skirts as she seated herself, and then Kavanagh speaking again:

"Ah, there's the Grange below there, and Taras with your father."

"Poor papa! Even from here I notice the change in him. He used to sit so erect."

"It's that detestable office. He sticks at it too close. He is there bending over his desk from morning till night. It is too much for a man of his age. Why should he? A lad at 15 shillings a week could do the work he does."

"Happily he does not know that."

"Unhappily I think he does. That blundering idiot, the accountant, made it clear to him that his share in the business was practically nil, and knowing that but little persuasion is needed to make him retire."

"How can he retire if he has nothing?"

"He might have all he needs."

"You are thinking of Taras' generous offer."

"No; I know your father's character too well to believe that he would accept any offer from Taras or from me that carries the smack of charity with it. It is only from his daughter that he could take a gift and still feel independent. You owe him still for all he has bestowed on you."

"When the trouble came last year, I gave up all I had saved. It barely covered the house debts. I cannot rely on receiving to the end of papa's life the salary Taras pays me. It is more than I ought to take. I know that, but I have sacrificed my own little share of pride with this very hope you point to. Oh, I have thought of it over and over again. But how can I give papa a home when my future is so uncertain? It would be dreadful to take him away from business and then find I had not enough to support him."

"But your own future need not be an uncertain one. You have it in your power to offer him a home and surroundings as pleasant as the Grange below there—a home in which you might be to him what you now are to Taras."

"I could do this—I!" she murmured in a tone of bewildered surprise. Then, after a moment's pause, she exclaimed in expostulation, "Mr. Kavanagh!"

"No, I cannot let this hand go until you have heard me out and I know whether there is hope for me or not," he answered, with low and passionate firmness. "It is time to speak. I have been silent as long as silence was endurable—masking my feelings toward you as only one with my earnest desire could. I love you, Judith! I have loved you for more than a year—from the first day I met you. I loved you hopelessly until George Gordon threw away the treasure that his soul was too base to value. Since then I have built every hope upon the possibility of making you my wife."

In that instant it flashed upon me that here was the secret motive for which we had been searching—a motive stronger than avarice. It was to rob George Gordon of his sweetheart and his fortune that we had been kidnaped and sent to Siberia.

CHAPTER XLVI.

PREPARING FOR POSSIBILITIES.

"Oh, I cannot marry," said Judith, her voice betraying extreme agitation.

"With Gordon's infidelity fresh in your memory the idea of marriage must have been repugnant to you," Kavanagh replied. "For that reason I have subdued the natural impulse of my heart and controlled the expression of my dearest hopes even to the extent, I fear, of seeming reserved and cold. If Gordon were dead and had died faithful to you, I should feel that his memory was still a bar which respect for widowed love forbade me to pass. But the proofs of his preference for a worthless woman, of his heartless treachery toward you, must long ago have extinguished every spark of affection you felt for him or I am utterly mistaken in you character. No; I would rather have you refuse to be my wife for another cause, much as that other cause would strain the bonds of a dear friendship."

"That other cause—I do not understand you quite now."

"I will speak plainly, though I betray my own weakness. I am jealous of Taras. I have been jealous of him since you came here, and this feeling has grown, not without reason, until it is too great to be concealed. It urges me on to this last point. I can be silent no longer—hide my passion no more. I must speak and end the torment in which I live. The vitriol that was thrown into his eyes is nothing to the corroding venom that sears my very soul and blinds my reason when I see him take your hand"——

"Oh, Mr. Kavanagh!"

"No, no—you must hear me out now that I speak, for it may be the last time. You are all in all to Taras. You are with him every hour of the day. He loves you—you must know that."

"If I knew that, I should not, I could not, stay with him."

"Tell me that again," he said eagerly, "for if you do not know that it is because you do not love him."

"He does not love me. If I thought it necessary to defend myself, I could tell you why."

"I do not ask for explanation. It is enough for me that you say it is so, and I thank God for it. Forgive me if I have offended you. You must forgive me, knowing how deep my passion is by the mad lengths to which it has led me. Look in my face—see how my hand trembles. Oh, if you knew, as one day I hope you shall know, what I have done to make you mine" He paused, as if perceiving that his passion had brought him to the edge of an abyss.

"You frighten me. Let us go. You hurt my hand," Judith said in pain.

"It is past. See, I am a rational being again now. There, you are free to leave me if you will, but for pity's sake give me an answer now. I swear to abide by your decision, and if you bid me go I will go, and you shall never see my face again. You have told me you cannot marry, but not why."

"I do not know. It may be only sentiment that makes it seem impossible—a feeling that I ought not to marry."

"If it be only sentiment, reason will in time prevail. Take time to consider my offer. It is too grave a question to be decided in one moment. Until now the idea of being my wife has not presented itself to your imagination."

"Indeed it has never entered my thoughts. I have regarded you always as a friend—a most generous and loyal friend—but not—not"——

"Not as a lover. No, my manner is against me. Flirtation is odious to me. Love seems to me too great a thing to be frittered away. A man should have one passion and no more, a grand passion to which all ends are subjected, and such a love I offer you. Think of me during the coming week not as a friend only, but as a lover, and next Sunday let me know my fate. I ask you now only to promise that."

"I promise," said Judith faintly.

"With all my soul I thank you. Rest assured that I shall not attempt to alter your decision. It shall be final. If you tell me that you cannot be my wife, I shall throw up everything on the morrow and leave England forever. Come, let us go back mere friends as we came. Your father still there—see."

Judith made no answer. She may have been thinking, as doubtless Kavanagh intended she should think, of what woul befall her father if she refused to marry.

I thought it advisable to tell Mr. Pelham of the discovery I had made, or at least part of it, and that, I confess, not the least important part in my estimation. An opportunity occurred that evening.

Mr. Pelham had brought his sister home from church, and being induced to stay to supper with us we were left together while the precise Miss Janet was changing her churchgoing dress.

"I am delighted to see you looking so well," said he, smiling, as he seated himself opposite to me and drew off his gloves. "You look ten years younger than when I saw you last Tuesday."

"I feel ten years younger," I replied. Indeed I had not felt so happy and hopeful since the day I returned to London. "I have been in the country to-day, and—and I have something to tell you."

"It must be good news to have had such an effect upon you."

"It is good news. Oh, better than any I have dared to hope for!" I said, thinking only of Judith's positive assurance that Taras did not love her. "I have found out Kavanagh's motive—a motive which explains every act of villainy he has committed."

"That is a very satisfactory discovery. At any rate, it is to me; for, as you may recollect, I intimated that some special purpose must have induced him to take Colonel Bell's affairs in hand."

"He had a special purpose. He is in love with Mr. Bell's daughter, Judith, who was engaged to George Gordon, and to-day he has made her an offer of marriage, threatening to throw up everything and leave England at once if she refuses."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Pelham, regarding me in astonishment, not unmingled with perplexity.

"Has Miss Bell consented to marry Mr. Kavanagh?"

"No, she is to give him a decisive answer next Sunday."

"Next Sunday—hum!" He held his head on one side and looked down on the ground exactly like a bird, at an empty husk, and then perking up he asked, with a little hesitation, "Have you anything else to add?"

"No; that is all I have to tell you."

He regarded the husk again seriously this time, and twiddling his thumbs observed:

"Well, really, I do not see any great cause for exultation over this affair, for if Miss Bell consents your friend, Mr. Gordon will lose his sweetheart, and if she refuses he may as certainly lose a considerable part of his fortune."

"I was not thinking of that," I confessed, sobered at once by this plain statement of the position. "But George Gordon will be back before they could be married."

"That depends on a variety of circumstances over which we have no control. In the first place, we must not count too surely upon Mr. Gordon's escape. We have to trust in the honesty of Mr. Lazarus, the good faith of Peter Shemyl, the dishonesty of a long line of officials, and at any point we may be deceived. Then, again, three weeks is a long time, and a clever rascal may do much before it expires. If Miss Bell consents, he will naturally hurry on the marriage. With a special license they might be married in a few days. If Miss Bell was engaged to Mr. Gordon only three or four months back, she would probably wish to avoid publicity and be glad to get it over as quickly as possible. The moment they are married it is pretty certain that Kavanagh will accept the terms offered by the Potteries company and decamp, taking Miss Bell with him and leaving her father to make the best terms he can with the company. That, I think, is fairly presumable when we bear in mind the nature of this unmitigated scoundrel and the extreme danger in which he stands. On the other hand, if Miss Bell refuses to be his wife, we may be equally confident that he will put his threat into practice—sell up everything and fly—the one inducement to expose himself to the risk of discovery and punishement being gone. Do you follow me?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NOT BY THE WEATHER MAN.

Three white frosts and then a storm.

If you see sun-dogs, expect rain soon.

When you see whitecaps on the pond or river, it is going to rain.

When the smoke from a chimney does not rise, but falls to the ground, it is going to storm.

If the melt of the hog killed in the fall is big at the front end, the winter will be sharpest at the beginning. If the melt is biggest at the rear, the winter will be the coldest in the latter part.

In winter when you see the wild geese flying south, expect cold weather. They fly south because the ponds to the north are frozen over. When the geese are seen flying north, warm weather is to be expected.

If the sun sets in a cloud, it will rain on the morrow. The person who takes this saying as literally true would do well to remember that unless the cloud that hides the sun from his sight is extremely large, a spectator a short distance to the north or south would at the same moment see the sun set in clear sky.

EUROPEAN STATISTICS.

During the last two centuries the wealth of Great Britain has increased fortyfold.

The amount of gold actually in circulation in England is estimated to be 110,000,000 pounds sterling, or about 865 tons.

The annual increase of the German nation during the last five years has been more than five times as much as that of the French.

The feminine element is terribly in excess in Germany, the women exceeding the men by more than 1,000,000, according to the latest statistics.

A German statistician makes the startling assertion that there are in Bulgaria 3,883 centenarians, or one to every 1,000 inhabitants. If these figures are correct Bulgaria holds the record for long-lived citizens.

FROM THE RAM'S HORN.

Men who try to serve God for gain are willing to serve the devil for nothing.

Skeptics may tear the Bible to pieces, but they can make no reply to a consistent Christian life.

Many a procession that is marching straight toward the pit is headed by a moderate drinker.

There is hope for a man who doesn't have to fall down more than once to learn how to stand up.

Praying for the heathen on other than a cash basis, is like giving a check when there is no money in bank to meet it. A revival meeting is sure to drag when the leading members feel most comfortable in their back seats.

There is too much singing "Take my silver and my gold," and putting nothing but [illegible] nickel in the basket.

What Rings Cost.

"Have you any idea of the price of the most costly ring ever made?" asked Mrs. Watts, looking up from her paper, from which she had been reading about jewels.

"Dunno," answered Mr. Watts. "I know the one I put on your finger has been costing me from $2,000 to $2,500 a year ever since."

AN ORDINARY WOMAN

HANNAH WAS SIMPLY AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTIAN MOTHER.

Yet Dr. Talmage Says Industry, Her Intelligence and Her Christian Devotion Rendered Her for Heaven—A Plea for Our Mothers.

Washington, July 26.—This radical discourse will no doubt have its practical result in many homesteads throughout Christendom. The text was I Samuel ii, 19, "Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

The stories of Deborah and Abigail are very apt to discourage a woman's soul. She says within herself, "It is impossible that I ever achieve any such grandeur of character, and I don't mean to try," as though a child should refuse to play the eight notes because he cannot execute a "William Tell." This Hannah of the text differs from the persons I just named. She was an ordinary woman, with ordinary intellectual capacity, placed in ordinary circumstances, and yet by extraordinary piety standing out before all the ages to come the model Christian mother. Hannah was the wife of Elkanah, who was a person very much like herself — unromantic and plain, never having fought a battle or been the subject of a marvelous escape. Neither of them would have been called a genius. Just what you and I might be, that was Elkanah and Hannah. The brightest time in all the history of that family was the birth of Samuel. Although no star ran along the heavens pointing down to his birthplace, I think the angels of God stooped at the coming of so wonderful a prophet. As Samuel had been given in answer to prayer, Elkanah and all his family, save Hannah, started up to Shiloh to offer sacrifices of thanksgiving. The cradle where the child slept was altar enough for Hannah's grateful heart, but when the boy was old enough she took him to Shiloh and took three bullocks and an ephah of flour and a bottle of wine and made offering of sacrifice unto the Lord, and there, according to a previous vow, she left him, for there he was to stay all the days of his life and minister in the sanctuary.

Years rolled on, and every year Hannah made with her own hand a garment for Samuel and took it over to him. The lad would have got along well without that garment, for I suppose he was well clad by the ministry of the temple, but Hannah could not be contented unless she was all the time doing something for her darling boy. "Moreover his mother made him a little coat and brought it to him from year to year when she came up with her husband to offer the yearly sacrifice."

Hannah stands before you, then, today, in the first place, as an industrious mother. There was no need that she work. Elkanah, her husband, was far from poor. He belonged to a distinguished family, for the Bible tells us that he was the son of Jeroham, the son of Elihu, the son of Tohu, the son of Zuph. "Who were they?" you say. I don't know, but they were distinguished people, no doubt, or their names would not have been mentioned. Hannah might have seated herself in her family, and, with folded arms and disheveled hair, read novels, from year to year, if there had been any to read. But when I see her making that garment and taking it over to Samuel, I know she is industrious from principle as well as from pleasure. God would not have a mother become a drudge or a slave; he would have her employ all the helps possible in this day in the rearing of her children. But Hannah ought never to be ashamed to be found making a coat for Samuel. Most mothers need no counsel in this direction. The wrinkles on their brow, the pallor on their cheek, the thimble mark on their finger, attest that they are faithful in their maternal duties. The bloom and the brightness and the vivacity of girlhood have given place to the grander dignity and usefulness and industry of motherhood. But there is a heathenish idea getting abroad in some of the families of Americans. There are mothers who banish themselves from the home circle. For three-fourths of their maternal duties they prove themselves incompetent. They are ignorant of what their children wear, and what their children eat, and what their children read. They intrust to irresponsible persons those young immortals and allow them to be under influences which may cripple their bodies, or taint their purity, or spoil their manners, or destroy their souls. From the awkward cut of Samuel's coat you know his mother Hannah did not make it.

Out from under flaming chandeliers, and off from imported carpets, and down the granite stairs there is coming a great crowd of children in this day untrained, saucy, incompetent for all the practical duties of life, ready to be caught in the first whirl of crime and sensuality. Indolent and unfaithful mothers will make indolent and unfaithful children. You cannot expect neatness and order in any house where the daughters see nothing but slatternliness and upside-downativeness in their parents. Let Hannah be idle, and most certainly Samuel will grow idle. Who are the industrious men in all our occupations and professions? Who are they managing the merchandise of the world, building the walls, tinning the roofs, weaving the carpets, making the laws, governing the nations, making the earth to quake and heave and roar and rattle with the tread of gigantic enterprises? Who are they? For the most part they descended from industrious mothers, who in the old homestead used to spin their own yarn and weave their own carpets and plait their own doormats and flag their own chairs and do their own work. The stalwart men and the influential women of this day, 99 out of 100 of them, came from such an illustrious ancestry of hard knuckles and homespun. And who are these people in society—light as froth, blown every whither of temptation and fashion—the peddlers of filthy stories, the dancing jacks of political parties, the scum of society, the tavern lounging, store infesting, the men of low wink and filthy chuckle and brass breastpin and rotten associations? For the most part they came from mothers idle and disgusting, the scandal mongers of society, going from house to house attending to everybody's business but their own, believing in witches and ghosts, and horseshoes to keep the devil out of the churn, and by a godless life setting their children on the very verge of hell. The mothers of Samuel, Johnson, and of Alfred the Great, and of Isaac Newton, and of St. Augustine, and of Richard Cecil, and of President Edwards, for the most part were industrious, hardworking mothers. Now, while I congratulate all Christian mothers upon the wealth and the modern science which may afford them all kinds of help, let me say that every mother ought to be observant of her children's walk, her children's behavior, her children's food, her children's books, her children's companionships. However much help Hannah may have, I think she ought every year at least make one garment for Samuel. The Lord have mercy on the man who is so unfortunate as to have a lazy mother!

Again, Hannah stands before you today as an intelligent mother. From the way in which she talked in this chapter and from the way she managed this boy you know she was intelligent. There are no persons in a community who need to be so wise and well informed as mothers. Oh, this work of culturing children for this world and the next! This child is timid, and it must be roused up and pushed out into activities. This child is forward, and he must be held back and tamed down into modesty and politeness. Rewards for one, punishments for another. That which will make George will ruin John. The rod is necessary in one case, while a frown of displeasure is more than enough in another. Whipping and a dark closet do not exhaust all the rounds of domestic discipline. There have been children who have grown up and gone to glory without ever having had their ears boxed. Oh, how much care and intelligence are necessary in the rearing of children! But in this day, when there are so many books on this subject, no parent is excusable in being ignorant of the best mode of bringing up a child. If parents knew more of dietetics, there would not be so many dyspeptic stomachs and weak nerves and inactive livers among children. If parents knew more of physiology, there would not be so many curved spines and cramped chests and inflamed throats and diseased lungs as there are among children. If parents knew more of art, and were in sympathy with all that is beautiful, there would not be so many children coming out in the world with boorish proclivities. If parents knew more of Christ and practised more of his religion, there would not be so many little feet already starting on the wrong road, and all around us voices of riot and blasphemy would not come up with such ecstasy of infernal triumph. The eaglets in the eyrie have no advantage over the eaglets of 1,000 years ago; the kids have no superior way of climbing up the rocks than the old goats taught them hundreds of years ago; the whelps know no more now than did the whelps of ages ago—they are taught no more by the lions of the desert, but it is a shame that in this day, when there are so many opportunities of improving ourselves in the best manner of culturing children, that so often there is no more advancement in this respect than there has been among the kids and the eaglets and the whelps.

Again Hannah stands before you today as a Christian mother. From her prayers, and from the way she consecrated her boy to God, I know she was good. A mother may have the finest culture, the most brilliant surroundings, but she is not fit for her duties unless she be a Christian mother. There may be well read libraries in the house, and exquisite music in the parlor, and the canvas of the best artist adorning the walls, and the wardrobe be crowded with tasteful apparel, and the children be wonderful for their attainments and make the house ring with laughter and innocent mirth, but there is something woefully lacking in that house if it be not also the residence of a Christian mother. I bless God that there are not many prayerless mothers. The weight of responsibility is so great that they feel the need of a divine hand to help, and a divine voice to comfort, and a divine heart to sympathize. Thousands of mothers have been led into the kingdom of God by the hands of their little children. There are hundreds of mothers today who would not have been Christians had it not been for the prattle of their little ones. Standing some day in the nursery, they bethought themselves: "This child God has given me to raise for eternity. What is my influence upon it? Not being a Christian myself, how can I ever expect him to become a Christian. Lord, help me!" Oh, are there anxious mothers who know nothing of the infinite help of religion? Then I commend to you Hannah, the pious mother of Samuel. Do not think it is absolutely impossible that your children come up iniquitous. Out of just such fair brows and bright eyes and soft hands and innocent hearts crime gets its victims—extirpating purity from the heart, and rubbing out the smoothness from the brow, and quenching the luster of the eye, and shriveling up and poisoning and putrefying and scathing and scalding and blasting and burning with shame and woe.

Every child is a bundle of tremendous possibilities, and whether that child shall come forth in life, its heart attuned to the eternal harmonies, and after a life of usefulness on earth go to a life of joy in heaven, or whether across it shall jar eternal discords, and after a life of wrongdoing on earth it shall go to a home of impenetrable darkness and an abyss of immeasurable plunge, is being decided by nursery song and Sabbath lesson and evening prayer and walk and ride and look and frown and smile. Oh, how many children in glory, crowding all the battlements and lifting a million voiced hosanna—brought to God through Christian parentage! One hundred and twenty clergymen were together, and they were telling their experience and their ancestry, and of the 120 clergymen how many of them do you suppose assigned as the means of their conversion the influence of a Christian mother? One hundred out of the hundred and twenty! Philip Doddridge was brought to God by the Scripture lesson on the Dutch tile of the chimney fireplace. The mother thinks she is only rocking a child, but at the same time she may be rocking the destiny of empires, rocking the fate of nations, rocking the glories of heaven. The same maternal power that may lift a child up may press a child down. A daughter came to a worldly mother and said she was anxious about her sins and she had been praying all night. The mother said: "Oh, stop praying! I don't believe in praying. Get over all those religious notions and I'll give you a dress that will cost $500, and you may wear it next week to that party." The daughter took the dress, and she moved in the gay circle, the gayest of all the gay that night; and, sure enough, all religious impressions were gone and she stopped praying. A few months after she came to die, and in her closing moments said, "Mother, I wish you would bring me that dress that cost $500." The mother thought it was a very strange request, but she brought it to please the dying child. "Now," said the daughter, "mother, hang that dress on the foot of my bed." And the dress was hung there on the foot of the bed. Then the dying girl got up on one elbow and looked at her mother and then pointed to the dress and said, "Mother, that dress is the price of my soul!" Oh, what a momentous thing it is to be a mother!

Again and lastly, Hannah stands before you to-day the rewarded mother. For all the coats she made for Samuel, for all the prayers she offered for him, for the discipline she exerted over him, she got abundant compensation in the piety and the usefulness and the popularity of her son Samuel, and that is true in all ages. Every mother gets full pay for all the prayers and tears in behalf of her children. That man useful in commercial life, that man prominent in the profession, that master mechanic—why, every step he takes in life has an echo of gladness in the old heart that long ago taught him to be Christian and heroic and earnest. The story of what you have done or what you have written, of the influence you have exerted, has gone back to the old homestead, for there is some one always ready to carry good tidings and that story makes the needle in the old mother's tremulous hand fly quicker and the flail in the father's hand come down upon the barn floor with a more vigorous thump. Parents love to hear good news from their children. Do you send them good news always? Look out for the young man who speaks of his father as the "governor," the "squire" or the "old chap." Look out for the young woman who calls her mother her "maternal ancestor" or the "old woman." "The eye that mocketh at his father and refuseth to obey his mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it." God grant that all these parents may have the great satisfaction of seeing their children grow up Christians!

There she sits, the old Christian mother, ripe for heaven. Her eyesight is almost gone, but the splendors of the celestial city kindle up her vision. The gray light of heaven's morn has struck through the gray locks which are folded back over the wrinkled temples. She stoops very much now under the burden of care she used to carry for her children. She sits at home to-day too old to find her way to the house of God, but while she sits there all the past comes back, and the children that 40 years ago trooped around her arm chair with their little griefs and joys and sorrows, those children are all gone now—some caught up into a better realm, where they shall never die, and others out in the broad world attesting the excellency of a Christian mother's discipline. Her last days are full of peace and calmer and sweeter will her spirit become until the gates of life shall lift and get the worn out pilgrim into eternal springtide and youth where the limbs never ache, and the eyes never grow dim, and the staff of the exhausted and decrepit pilgrim shall become the palm of the immortal athlete.

WERE THEY MARRIED?

A Young Couple Duly Dissected and Talked Over.

They were coming away from the theater and they fell to discussing the young couple who sat in front of them.

"They are evidently married," said the girl in the Persian waist; "I noticed that they didn't exchange a word while the curtain was down."

"Nonsense; they are merely engaged," said the girl in the black gown; "I heard him tell her that he did not consider the leading lady even pretty."

"Perhaps they are merely brother and sister," suggested the young man of the party.

"No, they weren't," said the girl in the Persian waist, "he'd have gone out between the acts if he was only her brother, while an engaged man wouldn't want to leave her, and—"

"A newly-married man would not dare to," broke in the girl in the black gown.

"She took off her hat as soon as she came in," remarked the young man. "That looks as if she was married and in the habit of consulting the feelings of someone else."

"Or that they were not really engaged yet and she wanted to show him how considerate she could be," said the girl in the black gown.

"Or that she was merely conscious of having pretty hair," said the girl in the Persian waist. "Will you wager a box of chocolates that they are not married?"

"I—I'd rather you ladies would settle it between you," said the young man, hastily. "You have so much more insight in such matters, you know."

"There they come now," said the girl in the Persian waist. "Let us notice what they do and perhaps we can decide. If they are merely friends they will stop for cream, soda and—"

"If they are engaged she will tell him how hungry she is, and they will stop for supper," said the young man, bitterly.

"While if they are married," went on the girl in the Persian waist, "he—there, what did I tell you?"

The couple paused before a cigar shop and he went in, while she waited at the door.

"You were right," said the girl in the black gown, "they are married."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Know All About It.

"Before beginning my lecture," remarked the professor, "I will, in order to more fully establish the influence of handwriting upon character, ask some gentleman in the audience to come forward and give me a sample of his penmanship."

A pale, young man with short hair arose and stepped to the platform. Seized the pen and dashed down a sentence or two and then returned to his seat.

"Excellent," remarked the professor, as he surveyed the young man's work: "This writing shows the advantage of acquiring a fixed style. I don't suppose the man who wrote this could vary in his penmanship if he practised a month of Sundays. It shows an adherence to established principle, unswerving directness of purpose, a fixed moral code, an aspiration for orderly methods. I should classify it as a combination of conscience and commerce, so to speak. It's the style of writing Oliver Cromwell might have affected. And now, young man, may I inquire your business?"

"Hain't had no business lately," replied the young man hoarsely, "I've just finished a term in the pen for forging checks."—Cleveland Leader.

Venezuela has 200,000,000 acres of forest, in which grow all the varieties of ebony, as well as rosewood, satin wood and mahogany.

Couldn't Help Knowing Him.

An old colored man who wheels rubbish out of alleys in a South side residence district considers himself pretty well known among the people away from whose back doors he pushes ashes. One morning recently one of the gentlemen who employed the African walked out into his back yard and spoke familiarly to the ash wheeler.

"What is your name?" he asked in addressing the colored man.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Washington—Washington," repeated the gentleman; "it seems to me that I have heard that name before."

"Guess you have," rejoined the African. "I have been wheeling ashes out of these alleys for 'bout ten years."—Chicago Herald.

Just for Carriage Folk.

"No," said the old gentleman, sternly, "I will not do it. Never have I sold anything by false representations, and I will not begin it now."

For a moment he was silent, and the clerk who stood before him could see that the better nature of his employer was fighting strongly for the right.

"No," the old man cried again, "I will not do it. It is an inferior grade of shoe and I will never pass it off as anything better. Mark it, 'A Shoe Fit for a Queen,' and put it in the window. A queen does not have to do much walking."—Chicago Tribune.

To Candy Lovers.

Much of the outcry against candy is the result of wrong methods of use. It can often be safely taken at meal time with good results. Scientists say that the food value of sugar is very great. A pound of sugar contains much more energy and power to support animal life than a pound of meat. If candy is taken under such conditions that it will not derange the digestive apparatus it is perfectly wise and rational to be a candy eater.

Diamond-Studded Sticks.

Jewels in umbrella handles is a new conceit. It is considered exceedingly swagger to have precious stones set into the butt of your parasol stick or umbrella handle, and to cause them to be arranged in all kinds of beautiful designs; when a woman is tired of a ring, with several diamonds, rubies, emeralds or any of them, to go to her jeweler, and commission him to transfer them to the article that is so useful in this changeable climate.

A parasol or umbrella with a cluster of real diamonds in the handle is a brilliant thing, and when it is placed in a hall rack it glitters a welcome to any sneak thief that may happen to be within reach. It is supposed, of course, that these valuable umbrellas will not be left carelessly in hall racks, where strangers have an opportunity to examine them. But it is to be feared that the abstraction of one or two of these jeweled parasols or umbrellas will be quite enough to drive out the new fad quicker than it came in.

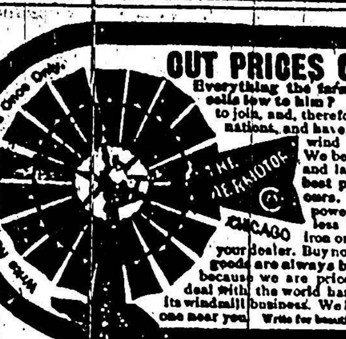
Some of the new parasols are exceedingly beautiful. They cost as much as $30 in some cases. The latest idea is to make them of woven silk. The flowers are woven into the material, and the designs look as if they were hand painted. Dark colored flowers are the particular taste.

White silk umbrellas will be much in evidence this summer, as they always are. They will be ruffled to the top in dotted and plain chiffon, giving them an airy, fairy cool look in hot weather.—New York Press.

The leading pantheistic philosopher was Spinoza. He found God in everything, and deemed that everything was God.

The most skillful military tactician was Napoleon. His victories were won more by skill and tact than by strength.

The song of the locust is louder when bad weather is imminent than at other times. In the rural districts this sign is regarded as exceedingly favorable for a change of weather for the worse.



OUT PRICES ON PUMPS. Everything the farmer sells is low. Who sells low to him? We have repeatedly refused to join, and, therefore, defeated windmill combinations, and have, since '89, reduced the cost of wind power to one-sixth what it was. We believe in low prices, high grades and large sales. No one knows the best pump, or prices [illegible] he knows ours. We make short hand and long power stroke pumps, with best seamless brass tube cylinder, lower than iron ones—a 3¼ x 16 inch at $2.12. Tell your dealer. Buy none other. Aermotor prices and goods are always best. Through gratitude, and because we are price makers, and are safest to deal with the world has given us more than half its windmill business. We have so branch houses—one near you. Write for beautifully illustrated circular.

GOLD OR SILVER?

You'd Give All You Have Of Both to be Restored to Health—Dr. Agnew's Great Cures Are Specific Cures for Specific Ailments.

HEART DISEASE.—Relief in thirty minutes in most alarming cases of heart trouble: A strong statement to make for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, but it is borne out by the testimony of thousands who to-day proclaim themselves snatched from the grave by its wonderful curative powers. If the heart flutters, palpitates, tires easily, it indicates heart disease. Be warned in time. Use this surest and quickest cure; it never fails. James Allen, of St. Stephen, N.B., writes: "I was troubled with very severe pains in the heart, pain in the side, and shortness of breath. I became completely exhausted with the least exertion. Doctors said my case was a hopeless one. I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. A few doses gave me permanent relief—six bottles entirely cured me, and to-day I am well, and strong as I ever was. I think it the best medicine on earth for heart trouble."

CATARRH.—It goes right to the seat of the trouble, attacks the disease, removes the cause, cleanses out and heals the parts, quickly and permanently. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder does all this, and it's no hearsay. The slaves who are freed from this loathsome malady, by this positive cure, are singing its praises day in and day out. "I am 50 years old. I have had catarrh for 50 years. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured me, and I look upon my cure as almost a miracle," says Geo. Lewis, of Shamokin, Pa. A simple cold in the head may be the first step to chronic catarrh. Stop the cold and prevent the catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is harmless and easily applied.

PILES CURED IN THREE TO SIX NIGHTS.—Dr. Agnew's ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from 3 to 6 nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

TEN CENTS CURES CONSTIPATION AND LIVER ILLS.—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliousness, indigestion and all liver ills. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

New Process of Butter-Making.

A new process of butter-making, whereby butter can be produced in a minute, has been invented and some dairymen of experience who have given the matter some study assert that it will revolutionize the industry on this continent. The inventor is Herr Salenius, a Swedish engineer, and is now in successful operation in Sweden, Finland and England. The butter is made from sterilized milk the milk being heated to a temperature of 190 degrees and then suddenly cooled to a temperature of 50 degrees by means of small cooling frames through which iced water is constantly run. The cream which rises is taken by a skimmer and raised to the churning chamber of the machine. The cream is then forced into a tub which is perforated with tiny holes and emerges with great force onto each fresh layer of cream as it rises, converting it into butter by concussion. The butter is then in the form of granules and is drawn into a tub, where it is mixed with buttermilk. After a thorough mixing it is put under pressure in a butter worker and almost all the buttermilk is squeezed out. The butter is then placed on ice, where it is kept for two hours and it is then worked over again and made up.

Ideal Summer Resort.

Kill two birds with one stone. Spend a pleasant summer holiday at Oakville and get rid of the liquor or morphine habit once and for all at the same time. It will cost you a little more than if you go to an ordinary summer resort, but probably not half as much as you would spend on liquor in half the time. "Lakehurst," with its fine house, shady grounds, water front and excellent board, is preferable to most hotels, and you can leave your liquor curse behind you forever when your holiday is over. For full particulars address Manager, Lakehurst Institute, Oakville, Ont.

The Precious Bit.

Mrs. Billus—John, what are you putting that great padlock on the ice box for? Are you afraid burglars will steal the pound of butter and the quart of skimmed milk inside of it?

Mr. Billus—No. I'm afraid they'll steal the half pound of ice.—Chicago Journal.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury,

As mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

Prepared.

"No," said the savage king, "the people of my tribe will not arbitrate. They want blood."

The envoy smiled.

"In that case," he said—

And he opened his grip and confidently extracted a bottle of beef, iron and wine.

ADAMS' GINGER BEER.

For Making a Delicious Health Drink at Small Cost.

Recipe:

Adams' Root Beer Extract .... one bottle
Fleischmann's Yeast .... one half to one cake
Sugar .... two lbs.
Cream of Tartar .... one half oz.
Lukewarm water .... two gallons

Dissolve the sugar, cream of tartar and yeast in the water, add the extract, and bottle; place in a warm place for twenty-four hours until it ferments, then place on ice, when it will open sparkling, cool and delicious.

The Ginger Beer can be obtained in all drug and grocery stores in 10 cent bottles to make two gallons.

A Story of the Heart.

Alberta—He must be in earnest and those places where his letter sticks together must be tears.

Alethea—They're not tears, but they prove positively that he loves me—they are where he dipped his pen in the mucilage.

FITS.—All fits stopped free and permanently cured. No fits after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Free $2 trial bottle sent through Canadian agency. Address Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Wise Tommy.

Tommy—Mamma, I wish you were interested in foreign missions.

Mamma—Why?

Tommy—'Cos Billy Barlow's mamma is and she doesn't notice when Billy does naughty things.

Cleaning Silk Ties.

Gentlemen's silk ties may be cleaned by rubbing them with French chalk or magnesia, and then holding to the fire. This will clean thoroughly, and the heat absorbs all grease.

Tommy Could Tell.

"Now, can any little boy tell me what the word 'debut' means?" asked the teacher, pleasantly.

There was a dead silence.

"Come, come," she continued, in an encouraging tone, "let me see if I cannot help you a little. You all remember when I became your teacher?"

"Yes, ma'am," in a chorus.

"Well, the first day that I presented myself before you, what was it I made?"

"Please, ma'am, I know" from Tommy Tradles.

"That's it, Tommy," said the teacher, with a pleased smile. "Tell the rest of the boys what it was I made."

"A big bluff," said Tommy.—Milwaukee Wisconsin.

Fagged Out.—None but those who have become fagged out, know what a depressed, miserable feeling it is. All strength gone, and despondency has taken hold of the sufferers. They feel as though there is nothing to live for. There, however, is a cure—one box of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills will do wonders in restoring health and strength. Mandrake and Dandelion are two of the articles entering into the composition of Parmelee's Pills.

A Frost.

Blinks—My poetry will be read when all my miserable contemporaries are forgotten.

Editor—Well, come around and see me then.

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

An Easy Matter.

"Yes, doctor, it still hurts me to breathe—in fact, the only trouble now seems to be my breath?"

"Oh, well, I'll give you something that will soon stop that."

Do You Fish?

If so, favor us with your order for tackle. We can supply your every want in this at prices as low as any house in Canada. Write for prices. Toronto Sporting Goods Co., 67 Yonge street, Toronto. W. McDOWALL, Manager.

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"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

IS DELICIOUS.

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AGENTS WANTED ON SALARY OR commission; good agents can secure a permanent position. Send stamp for particulars. No postals. Address VITAE ORE DEPOT, Toronto.

MACHINERY OIL.

In half barrels of about 28 gallons at 32 cents per gallon, 5 gallon cans at $2.00 per can; 2 gallon cans at 90 cents per can.

PARIS GREEN.

In one pound packages, at 17½ cents per pound, 25 pounds in one order at 17 cents per pound.

Above prices freight pre-paid on all orders amounting to $5.00 or upwards.

Our oil is equal to the celebrated climax oil. Why pay 60 cents per gallon when you can get a better oil for 30 cents per gallon. Catalogue and Samples sent to any person sending us their name and address.

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A Battle With a Wolf.

The author of a book on early Canadian life says that a young girl was one afternoon on her way to the spring for a pail of water, relates the Youth's Companion, when she heard her pet lamb bleat and saw what she supposed was a large dog worrying it.

Being a brave girl, she dropped the pail, seized a stout stick which lay on the ground and rushing forward began to beat the brute with all her might.

The animal let go the lamb and turned upon the girl, showing his teeth and snarling. She saw then that she had to deal with a wolf instead of a dog. The sharp ears, bushy tail and gaunt figure were convincing. But she was not frightened; excitement and fears for her pet gave her courage, and when the wolf again seized the lamb she valiantly attacked him, and again he released his prey. She used the club vigorously and rained blows upon the wolf, crying for help meantime.

Her brother, hearing her outcry, ran with his gun toward the spring, but the wolf saw the reinforcement coming and fled into the woods.

A Temperance Lesson.

A cavalryman had for the second time returned to the barracks in an intoxicated condition.

His comrades saw a chance the second time to give him a little lesson. He had gone to bed and thrust his bare foot out from under the blanket; and they fastened one of his spurs on his naked heel. The trooper lay in a heavy and motionless sleep for a long time. At last he stirred, changed his position and dug the spur into his other leg.

"Oh! Help! Murder!" he shouted. Then he started up, struck a light, and looked at the spur fastened on his bare heel.

"Well," he said, "if that doesn't make me out a helpless idiot! When I took off my boots last night I forgot to take off one of my spurs. I'll never drink a drop again!"