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MARKDALE STANDARD.

THURSDAY, NOV. 19, 1896.

The Week's Commercial Summary.

The stock of wheat at Toronto is 229,710 bushels as against 237,973 bushels a week ago and 99,466 a year ago.

The gross earnings of the Canadian Pacific for the week ended October 31, were $790,000. An increase of $32,000.

The stocks of wheat at Fort William and Port Arthur are 2,055,184 bushels as compared with 1,593,251 bushels a week ago and 1,940,981 bushels a year ago.

The recent rise in wheat and the present active condition of the market and demand for seaward freight space, has attracted attention afresh to the unusual.

Since the beginning of the year the net imports of gold at New York are $26,392,000, as against net exports last year of $45,979,000 and exports of $70,109,000 in 1894.

The visible supply of wheat in the United States and Canada is 58,650,000 bushels, an increase of 1,895,000 bushels during the week. The total visible a year ago was 52,999,000 bushels, and two years ago 80,043,000 bushels. The amount of wheat on passage to Europe decreased 640,000 bushels last week and the total is 39,850,000, as against 25,600,000 bushels a year ago.

In a lecture given by Prof. Macoun on "Our Fishing Resources," he described the vast number of codfish that have always been found in Canadian waters, and which he said, are rather on the increase than the contrary. He pointed out the influence they have had on the country in producing good sailors, as men to catch them must be good seamen.

A large quantity of that cereal handled at Montreal this year. Last year's receipts of wheat at that port were small, not exceeding 3,683,000 bushels. This year they were more than double that quantity, the total from the first of January to 20th October being 8,027,854 bushels. Of this quantity the canals carried 7,200,558 bushels, while the railways transported the comparatively small proportion of 827,338 bushels. As to shipments of wheat eastward, they have been, during the same period, 6,406,000 bushels which would leave to be disposed of locally 1,621,000 bushels.

The following about coal and coke is derived from statements made in Boston last week by Mr. Henry M. Whitney, of the Dominion Coal Co., whose company has purchased the Halifax Gas Light Company. "The output of the Dominion Coal Company this year will be no doubt 1,700,000 tons, as compared with the sales of 1,150,000 tons last year. The ovens of the Halifax plant have been finished, and are now being dried out. We hope to be producing coke by November 1st., and by December 1st. to be furnishing gas to the city of Halifax, both for fuel and illuminating gas. The Halifax plant is the first of its kind, and though only a 10 oven plant, cost $100,000 to build. We have a double set of pipes through the city of Halifax, and will furnish both fuel and illuminating gas, commingling gas through one pipe and fuel gas through the other.

Here and There.

Du Maurier's successor will have to work hard to equal his success.

Japan has just signed an imperial ordinance making the Russian colors to be red, white and blue, read backwards.

A contemporary asserts, dogmatically, that "no dog has any right to bite a bicyclist with impunity." Nor with anything else.

The Springfield, Mass., Union says that "skates are now made of glass." We've seen many of them made by using too many glasses.

It is becoming a settled as well as unquestioned fact that every time Gomez is surrounded and killed by the Spaniards he is present.

A clergyman died in a horse car in New York the other day, which calls to mind the fact that so far as street car transportation is concerned, New York is still in a trance.

A Hamilton woman had such an interesting bit of scandal to discuss with some lady callers that she broke her jaw in two places. The woman's tongue, being hung in the middle, was not injured.

It doesn't pay to get excited. A Portland man kicked and recently because his wife had spent $4 on a new hat, and started down town in a rage, slamming the door behind him with such violence that he broke a 20 light of stained glass.

A young woman sweetly says that she should think there would be as much bargaining in teaching a girl to ride a bicycle as in teaching a girl to skate or waltz." If that is true, Daisy, no one would have to charge for instruction.

The great Sahara desert is to be cleared up and prepared for habitation, a French syndicate having declared it to be fully capable of raising a large and prosperous population. It is safe to say that Sahara corner lots will be held cheap for some time to come.

Fish Can Scent Bait.

The sense of smell and taste appears to be well developed in the great majority of the fish species. Tobacco thrown overboard from vessels is often seized by mackerel and halibut, but it is immediately rejected. Nearly all varieties of fish, and more especially the "ground swimmers," have a keen sense of food. Halibut and cod are attracted a long distance by certain kinds of bait. Herring, when fresh and in good condition, are splendid bait for cod, but are of no use whatever if they have become stale from long keeping. Catfish, buffalo and one or two varieties of the bass will bite bacon when they will not, pay no attention whatever to the choicest angleworm.

Many diseases and sickness in children are caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A New Match.

Within the last few weeks frequenters of down-town saloons and cigar stores have noticed that the matches set out by the waiters with the cigars were colored red about an inch from the end which does not light. Some people wondered a little about it and deciding it was a trade-mark or something of the kind, used the match and tossed away the blazing end. Many others asked the waiters about the innovation and the waiters always said: "Light it and see." And the man who lit the match and allowed it to burn out observed that when the flame reached the red mark on the match it died away and went out, leaving the seeker after light an inch of red wood in his fingers. Then he understood it all. The matches are intended as a blessing for the people who light a match and continue to talk about the parity of metals and the balance of trade until they burn their fingers. Then, they swear, drop the burned match and try it again. Tired men who have been out several hours in rapid succession can not always estimate with the naked eye how much of a match remains to be burned before the fingers are reached, and therefore some mighty genius invented the preparation which refuses to burn. When the fire reaches the danger line it goes out. And that is why the new matches are called "The Drunkard's Friend."

TOPICS OF A WEEK.

The Important Events in a Few Words For Busy Readers.

CANADIAN.

Floods are reported in the vicinity of Quebec.

The Pacific Cable Commission met for organization in London.

Serious landslides have taken place off the cliffs at Montmorency Falls.

Charges of bribery have been brought against a number of Montreal aldermen.

Montreal will shortly ask the Legislature for authority to tax church property.

The penitentiary investigation commission has commenced work at Kingston.

It is estimated that 550,000,000 feet of lumber were cut in the Ottawa district this year.

Mrs. Watterson, of St. Catharines, fell dead in the Roman Catholic Church at early mass.

Mr. John Day, architect, of Guelph, was found dead in his bedroom with a bullet in his head.

Vandals broke into All Saints' Church at Kingston and did a lot of damage to the church property.

It is proposed to erect a Woman's Institute on the site of the present Y. W. C. A., Hamilton.

Mr. John Walker, a well-to-do farmer of Camden Township, committed suicide by drinking carbolic acid.

Mr. Albert Horton, Toronto, has been appointed official stenographer to the Bering Sea Commission.

The new wharf in course of construction at St. John gave way and was damaged to the extent of $80,000.

Lieut.-Col. Lindsay denies the rumor that the 7th Battalion is about to disband or that he intends to resign.

Thomas Mallon, of Brockville, was shot through both lungs by a companion named Harry Songor while hunting.

The story of the wreck of the schooner Senora and the loss of several Canadians in Lake Erie turns out to be false.

Canadian refiners advanced their prices for all grades of refined sugars Monday. Prices in New York were also advanced.

Archie Gilling, of Teeswater, was wounded by a boy friend who pointed a revolver at him, not knowing it was cocked.

The schooner Senora was wrecked in Lake Erie and five of the crew drowned. Amongst them was Malcolm McLeod, of Toronto.

Sir Charles and Lady Tupper left for England on board the steamship Numidian, which sailed from Quebec on Saturday night.

The schooner Maggie was cut in two by the steamer Tiber near St. John's, Newfoundland, and thirteen persons were drowned.

The Canadian deputation to negotiate a treaty of reciprocity with the United States will probably visit Washington in about six months.

Extradition proceedings were begun at Buffalo against Mrs. George Sternaman, who is wanted at Cayuga on a charge of poisoning her husband.

Chief Engineer Coste says that no engineering difficulties would be met in making improvements at St. Andrew's Rapids, on Red River.

The report of the Montreal Street Railway Co. for the year ended September 3 shows a net profit of $462,106, against $351,349 in 1895.

The body of Michael Dundon was found at Hamilton lying on the street in a pool of blood. It is believed he received his injuries in an accident.

The Governor-General's office on his ranch in British Columbia was burned, and it is feared a lot of important public documents have been lost.

Mr. Alfred Lamb, was working under a car on a switch at Stratford when a shunted car struck it. The result was the shocking death of Mr. Lamb.

Judge Snider has concluded the investigation into the alleged irregularities in the Hamilton House of Refuge contracts, and will make a report to the Council.

The last shipment of butter for this season from the Government dairy stations at Prince Albert and Indian Head, N. W. T., are on their way to Montreal.

Mr. R. Gregory Cox, the well-known lawyer of St. Catharines, Ont., a member of the firm of Cox & Vale, barristers, died after about two weeks' illness, aged 45.

Messrs. W. Anderson and E. Burrows, fishermen, of Port Bruce, while trying to make the harbor at Port Burwell in the gale, were drowned by the capsizing of their boat.

The Dundas Council has agreed on a by-law giving the Hamilton & Dundas Railway Company the right to run as a trolley system, the company to pay $1,000 a year mileage.

F. T. Shutt, chemist at the Experimental farm, will go to Washington to attend the annual convention of the agricultural chemists of the United States and Canada.

Ethel, the six-year-old daughter of Mr. John L. Brown, of Owen Sound, was playing where some men were cutting down trees. A large log rolled on her, crushing her to death.

It is expected that the Dominion Tariff Commission will begin its enquiry about the 16th inst. Ontario will be the first province visited, and the commission will sit in Toronto, Hamilton, and London.

Prof. Bell, of the Dominion Geological Survey, is of the opinion that the mineral found near Sudbury is anthracite coal; but as it is in veins instead of layers, he is doubtful if it will be found in paying quantities.

Edmund Harvey, late City Treasurer of Guelph, having pleaded guilty of embezzlement of city funds and made restitution so far as he was able, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment by the County Judge.

It is reported in Roman Catholic ecclesiastical circles that the expediency of appointing a Papal delegate for Canada has been recognized by the Propaganda, and that it is very probable the Rev. Father Forbes, a Scotch member of the Order of Jesus, will be appointed.

They Never Fail.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmelee's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmelee's Pills are antibilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

A boiler explosion blew the Paterson Roofing Manufacturing Company's premises, on Front street east, Toronto, to ruins, and injured three employes, who are at present in the General hospital progressing favorably.

An Ottawa girl was on her way to be married, when she received a letter from her father in Missouri enclosing money to pay her fare out there. The wedding was immediately declared off, and the young lady will do as her father desires.

In the Prentiss murder case Mr. Osler has claimed that his client is entitled to a new trial on legal objections to the judge's charge, but as Prentiss is unable to bear the expense of a trial, he asks that the sentence be commuted to life imprisonment.

The members of the Dominion Government profess to be well pleased with the result of the election in the United States, and there is a disposition to regard the election as an indication that a reciprocal trade arrangement may be effected with the United States.

Frank McGarry, who disappeared from Cornwall a year ago and was recently the subject of a sensational story by Mrs. Winters, has been traced to Montreal, from which port he sailed on the steamer Lake Superior as a cattle boy.

Perf. Coleman's report upon the discovery of what was supposed to be coal in Balfour Township has been issued. The substance is called anthraxolite, and the opinion is expressed that it may have a considerable economic value as fuel for local use.

The skeleton of a man, supposed to be Peter McLellan, was turned up by Mr. Weir while ploughing on his farm in South Dorchester. McLellan worked for Little Bros., former occupants of the farm, and disappeared under suspicious circumstances ten years ago.

Sleeplessness is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

UNITED STATES.

Mrs. William H. Vanderbilt is dead.

The New York canals will be closed on December 1.

Prof. Henry E. Parker, for more than twenty years professor of Latin at Dartmouth College, Boston, is dead.

A writer in the Contemporary Review asserts that some of the New York belles have taken to chewing tobacco.

FOREIGN.

The Duke and Duchess of York are arranging to visit Toronto in the autumn of next year.

The Sultan has pledged himself to France to put into immediate execution certain reforms in Armenia.

The Japanese Government has awarded to American shipbuilders contracts for building two swift protected cruisers.

The Hawaiian Government has granted a full pardon and restoration of her civil rights to ex-Queen Lilliokalani.

Capt. John Marriott, of England, who was captured by brigands near Smyrna and held for ransom, has been released.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes is seeking an Irish Parliamentary seat, and if elected he will appear as a supporter of Mr. Dillon.

Reports are current that a massacre has occurred in an Armenian village near Kalaserlea, and that 60 persons have been killed.

At a meeting of the British Bimetallic League, it was claimed that McKinley's election is a victory for international bimetallism.

The Viceroy of India cables that there has been no rain in the famine districts, and that extensive relief works have been opened.

Mr. Edward Poynter has been elected president of the Royal Academy, as the successor of Sir John Millais, who died last August.

Sir Robert Peel, it appears, has settled down to a novelist's career. His second novel will shortly appear, and a third is said to be well under way.

Peru has sent an agent to England who will negotiate for the supply of artillery and machine guns and the latest improvements in small arms.

The Manchester Guardian says it is whispered among bi-metallists that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, during his visit to the United States, became a convert.

The British emigration returns just issued show that during the month of October 2,001 persons sailed for Canada, against 1,769 in the preceding October.

There is a great difference of opinion in the London press regarding the sentence of three months' imprisonment passed upon Mrs. Castle for shop-lifting.

The Queen has decided that St. Paul's and not Westminster Abbey shall be the central scene of the functions associated with the Jubilee accession fetes next June.

At a meeting of the British South African Company in London, a stockholder called for three cheers for Cel. Cecil Rhodes, and they were most heartily given.

The extensive worsted mills of Dawson & Sons, at Bradford, England, have been destroyed by fire. The loss on buildings, machinery and stock amounts to £70,000.

The Saturday Review, in an article on Canada and the Imperial Customs Union, calls attention to the "spirit of disaffection with the Empire which is at work in Canada."

Owing to the failure of the wheat, hay, and potato crops in Ireland, caused by prolonged wet weather, the Irish in large numbers are face to face with winter and starvation.

At Sholapur, India, a band of 5,000 men looted a lot of grain. The police were called on, and, being unable to control the mob, they fired upon it, killing four men and wounding six others.

A despatch from St. Petersburg states that a railway train which was conveying the dowager Czarina, Grand Duke Nicholas and Grand Duchess Olga was stopped between Semkotowo and Mikalejewo, the engineer finding that parts of the locomotive had been wilfully loosened.

There is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil—a pulmonic of acknowledged efficacy. It cures hoarseness and soreness when applied externally, as well as swelled neck and crick in the back and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

An Alibi Office.

Novel ideas are being put into practice every day, and if rumor is to be believed the latest thing in original conception has assumed the form of an alibi office. What is an alibi office? the bewildered reader may be inclined to ask. Well, in this particular case it is an establishment which undertakes to post letters from any and every corner of the world. It is, in fact, a sort of philanthropic institution, devised for the benefit of persons who, while remaining quietly at home in a sort of incognito condition, can make believe that they are on a long tour. Thus is human vanity satisfied, and thus are the expenses of a regular journey saved. A man takes leave of his friends at the close of the season, with the announcement that his recreation will assume the form, for instance, of a run through Spain and Portugal; and at regular intervals follow letters from Madrid, Seville, Lisbon, Oporto and so on, duly stamped and postmarked. The alleged promoters of the enterprise are represented as arguing that after all this pleases some people who do not care for the trouble and fatigue of travelling, but are eager to enjoy the prestige with which a grand tour will, as they fancy, invest them in the eyes of their friends. As to the logic of this line of reasoning, to say no more, your readers may safely be left to draw their own conclusions. After all, this may be more report, for the office is described as being a very discreet institution, having no outward and visible sign of existence.—London Telegraph.

Winter Blooming Bouvardias.

Bouvardias flourish in ordinary potting soil and require all the heat they can get, for it is best to give them the sunniest place in the window. Like all other plants that are wanted for winter flowering, they should not be allowed to bloom during the summer. At all times the plants must be kept free from insects, and daily syringing the foliage with clear water will be found of great benefit.

Alfred Neuner is a pure white, perfectly double variety. Very delicate yellow flowers are produced by the variety Hav escens. It is also very fragrant.

President Cleveland has long, graceful scarlet flowers, and President Garfield soft, delicate pink ones. White Bouquet is a veritable bouquet of graceful snowy white single flowers.

How She Snapped Back.

"Just one more, Katie!" pleaded the young athlete.

"Let me alone!" said Katie, pushing him away. "I don't see why they call you a half back. You're not half as backward as you ought to be, sir!"—Chicago Tribune.

WINTER SLEEVES.

Two or Three Materials Are Employed in Their Decoration.

Happy is the woman whose purse knows no limit at this season, for never were there more bewildering modes to tempt one. Plaids are much en evidence, and especially rich and showy.

One gown, at least, of this brilliant stuff every fashionable maiden must have or she is quite behind the times. A very fetching costume, composed of a huge plaid in shades of brown and violets, and deep violet velvet, is built for a slight blonde beauty, who carries the gown off to perfection.

The skirt is noticeably narrow and made of the plaid, with at the foot a six-inch double frill of violet velvet, set on with a soft heading, above which is a band of marten fur. The bodice is composed of a bolero in the velvet, bordered with fur, worn over a snug little round waist of the plaid, worn with a deep, folded girdle of velvet, fastened at the back with fancy metal buttons.

Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and as yet we have not come to the day of really tight sleeves; only once in a while are our senses smitten with the sight of monstrosities, because people generally have too much good sense to wish to appear odd.

By another season, I dare say, we shall be submerged in skin-tight sleeves,

MOUSQUETAIRE SLEEVES.

sight enough to stop the circulation of the blood and make the hands purple; but, no matter, so long as fashion demands it.

For the present we may revel in genuinely pretty, becoming sleeves, which display the graceful contour of the arm, and yet have enough width at the top to give a good breadth to the figure.

This effect is obtained by either a narrow puff or cleverly-arranged caps, or bretelles. All manner of devices are resorted to in the decoration of sleeves. One style shows numbers of bands of whatever trimming is employed, encircling the arm from the wrist to the shoulder, while a second, quite as popular mode of decoration, has lengthwise bands reaching from shoulder to wrist.

In the case of a slim arm the circular trimming is best, as it tends to add to the apparent size, while a too plump arm may be made to seem more slender by the upright trimmings.

Very often two or three materials are employed in the decoration of the sleeve, without appearing in any other portion of the gown. Narrow pipings of seal-skin, or any of the close-haired furs, are employed as a trimming on sleeves, setting the seams together.

Materials for Evening Dresses.

Transparent materials are preferred for evening dresses, which makes the lining an important item. If glace taffeta, twenty inches wide, is selected it costs seventy-five cents; silky-looking cotton linings, at thirty-five cents, are forty inches wide, resemble fine-ribbed silk. The outside material may be a chiffon at sixty cents, mousseline de soie a little heavier for a dollar, or a net at the latter price; these are forty inches wide. Then, tulle, two yards wide, may be found at a dollar; gauffered Japanese crepe or silk even as low as forty cents, being twenty-four inches wide, and lovely cotton crepes for fifteen cents. Small-figured, self-colored silks for evening wear are from seventy-five cents, but are not as much liked as the transparent materials. A silk skirt even of the useful habutai silk, twenty-four inches wide and fifty cents a yard, is lined and gilish when worn with a chiffon waist over the same or silky cotton lining.—Emma M. Hooper in November Ladies' Home Journal.

Printed Velvets.

Checks of all kinds will be first favorite in place of the deposed stripe, which, however, have had so long a reign that they may well retire with a good grace; and matelasse cloth, boucles and the like will be all well to the fore. Printed velvets are the loveliest of all the new materials. Imagine one, for instance, with a tender gray-green ground, over which posies of tea-roses are scattered, some of the trails caught together by true lovers' knots in a beautiful shade of blue or again, a Sevres blue velvet on which a quaint Japanese design is carried out in white, and then, when you realize that there are dozens of equally lovely designs, you can imagine that the new velvets will be dangerous—first to your peace of mind and then to your purse.

Dreadful Suspense.

A good yarn is to hand from the wilds of Australia. Two impecunious Scotsmen, traveling north in search of gold, came upon a saloon. They only had "saxpence" between them, so they ordered one "nip o' whuskey."

They were hesitating who should have the first drink, when an "auld" acquaintance joined them. Pretending that they had just drank, one of them handed the newcomer the whiskey, requesting him to join them in a drink.

He drank, and, after a few minutes of painful and silent suspense, said—

"Now, boys, you'll have one with me?"

"Wasna that weel managed, mon?" said one to his pal afterwards.

"Ay, it was," said the other solemnly; "but it was a dreadfu' risk!".

Mending Gloves.

When mending gloves it is better to use fine cotton rather than silk. If cotton matching the color of the gloves be selected, it will soon soil, and be hardly noticeable, whereas silk has a glossy appearance, and attracts notice to the fact that the gloves have been mended.

A Smart Apron.

A smart apron will go far towards the brightening up of a dress which has seen all its best days and will make the well-brushed young housekeeper look very picturesque as the head of her breakfast table. Carried out in Turkey twill one would be most effective, the opaulets being covered or rather faced with a contrasting color, and the pocket and collar an interlining of crinoline muslin must be introduced between the upper and under coverings of Turkey twill. Tiny black satin bows fasten the braces to the band of the apron and a black satin waistband would have a remarkably good appearance.

He Knew It.

Pompous Mistress—Who is that man at the door, Hannah?

New Girl—He says he's the rent collector, ma'am.

P. M.—But, Hannah, we don't pay rent.

New Girl—That's what he says, ma'am.—Detroit Free Press.

Money In Them.

"And you really consider it good luck to find a horseshoe, then?"

"Certainly. They are worth 2 cents apiece at any junk dealer's, and every little helps, these hard times."—Buffalo Courier.

(Copyright 1895.)

He was only a station hand. Where he came from, or why he came there, of course, nobody knew—that is common enough in Australia and perhaps commonest of all on a back-country run in Queensland. To look at, indeed, he had something to recommend him—tall, straight, active and manly-looking—there was not a hand on the station who could ride a horse better than Jim. Jim what? you might have been disposed to ask—but that was just what nobody knew or cared much to know. Jim was plenty, when Jim was only a boundary rider on the Mulla-Nulla Run.

It was as Jim that he joined and was entered on the overseer's book, and as Jim he had worked there for at least a twelvemonth without anybody ever asking whether he owned another name or not. Mulla-Nulla Run is well known in middle Queensland. It is rather a large one, and carries more stock for its size than most runs in the district; when Jim was there perhaps 50,000 head of cattle were depastured in its broad valleys and on its grassy downs, and there were about twenty-five hands besides the overseer to look after them. The owner, Mr. Leslie, of Mulla-Nulla, lived there when he was at home, though, being a member of parliament and a leading politician, he was a good deal away in Brisbane with his family.

It was a good place to live, too. The house—long, low and substantial, was built half way up the slope between the creek and the wooded range that faced the west; and from the verandah you looked out as far as the eye could see over the open plains towards the setting sun.

Miles upon miles of grassy plain, with here and there a shallow bottom where the pale mimosas waved their thin feathery foliage and soft lilac flowers over the bed of the little winter stream that remained green so long through the fiery heats of the long bright summer months. Miles upon miles—green as emerald, after the rains—yellow as gold while the summer heat was still, but a month or two old—brown as russet through the long hot months, from December to April.

Many a glance Jim had cast at the house, lying nestling on the breast of the hill, half-hidden in its fruit trees and shrubberies, only glimpses of its green-shaded windows and deep verandah, draped with its gorgeous flowering creepers, visible through the cool vistas. In front, sloping to the stream, terrace after terrace, clothed with vines that spread their broad leaves tenderly over the great bunches of their white and purple grapes. Jim could admire the place to his heart's content, but from a distance only, for though Mr. Leslie was a popular man with his hands, his friendliness didn't extend to his family.

Yet Jim met the girls every now and then as they rode with their father or brother, and more than once it had been his luck to see them near at hand—so close, indeed, that in his own mind he had settled which was the elder of the two. It hadn't taken him long to decide which was the prettier, and there could hardly be two opinions about that, he was right, for Margaret Leslie was a strikingly handsome girl. Yet, strange to say, it was another face that came back with a strange persistency to Jim on his long solitary rides—other eyes than those of

HE TOOK HIS STAND BY THE DOOR.

the belle of Brisbane that shone upon him in the still hours of the night in his lonely hut on the outlying boundary.

It would be rash to say what and how much a girl observes of what concerns herself. Perhaps it was not in Jim's mind alone that a face—only a face—connected with language, either spoken or written, appeared and re-appeared at unbidden moments—who can say? There was something, after all, uncommon about Jim, as he sat his horse. Firstly, with the ease of a Centaur, and doffed his broad-brimmed cabbage-tree hat to the passing girls—something engaging in the frank, manly look of respectful admiration would be cast momentarily on one at least of the Leslie girls whenever they chanced to meet.

It was on a Friday that it happened. It might have occurred on any other day of the week, although to this day Miss Leslie is of a different opinion. Jim was out on the Death's Valley boundary that day, as luck would have it, and young Leslie and his sisters took their ride in the same direction. It may be that Jim's mind was running on the bright dark face, with the eyes that glanced so quickly at him as he raised his hat in passing, but whatever the reason may have been he took no notice of the weather till he suddenly found himself face to face with an Australian thunder-storm.

A blinding, blue flash, a deafening roar, a sudden fierce splash of blinding rain, like the discharge of a water-spout—and the storm was upon him. To make for cover was his first instinct, and at any rate his horse refused to face the storm, so in a minute he had turned and was galloping back in the direction of the Valley range. With flash, and growl and roar, the storm swept after him, but it was the horse, rather than the rider, that seemed to feel it. Jim indeed was resigned, for there was no escape from the rain which came down with splash and hiss on the tangles of the dull golden-brown grass that lay matted under foot, and by this time he was too well accustomed to the mood of Queensland nature to feel nervous about the jagged streams of steel-blue light that ran and flickered around him.

As Jim returned into the boundary hut gully he was startled by the sound of the long, shrill wail of the native Coo-ee-oo, which rang out strange and wild through the dull splash of the falling rain. It seemed to come from the hut, and Jim hurried on. The party then had been caught in the storm—it was awakened, no doubt, but at least he would make their acquaintance. In another minute he had rounded the bend in the gully, and once more that cry, so wild and despairing, met him as he turned. It was strange and alarming, and as he peered through the swimming mist of the falling water, he could just make out moving figures in the uncertain light.

"Blacks!" He put spurs to his horse and sprang forward. Yes, four or five yards on and the dark lithe form of a native, spear in hand, seemed to melt out of his path, and something passed him with a sharp swish, so close that involuntarily he stooped his head. In another moment he had reached the hut, and as he leapt to the ground he saw more dusky forms disappearing behind the veil of hitting mist.

A glad cry of relief welcomed his arrival and the rough bark door of the hut was thrown open. With quick decision Jim plucked off the bridle and struck the horse sharply with the stock-whip in his hand. Firstly threw up his head indignantly and disappeared into the

THE DARK, LITHE FORM OF A NATIVE.

storm. Then Jim stepped quickly inside the door. He had been right—they were there. There, but in evil case. On the floor, half propped against the wall of the hut, half leaning against his younger sister's shoulder, lay young Leslie, the first victim of the murderous attack of the natives. The slight shaft of the spear which had pierced his side, lay on the ground beside him, while his half-glazed eyes looked up anxiously at the new comer. "Pull it out!" he whispered, huskily. Jim stooped and looked at it. "I don't know that it's safe," he said. "Now, how!" whispered the feeble voice, more huskily yet, "it hurts too much—pull it out!" Jim shook his head, then glanced a question at his sister. "Do what he asks, please," she said, in a low tone. Jim drew out the spear. As he did so, something struck through. There was a from the other girl who was in an agony of fear against the wall of the hut. Jim gathered up the axe of his stock-whip and grasped the short-handled handle by the smaller end. "Don't be afraid," he said, reassuringly—they won't come in while I'm here." He took his stand by the door. No more was said, and there was silence. In the but but for the weak, panting breathing of the wounded man, and an occasional moan of terror from Miss Leslie. From the outside came the growl of the thunder and the monotonous splash of the falling rain. The dusky interior of the hut, dimly lighted by the little window, its lower half barricaded by a rude shutter, flashed into splendor at the ultra glare of the lightning. Slowly the minutes crept on—slower and yet more slowly came the gasping breaths of the wounded man. Gradually the lightnings paled, the long volleys of the thunder rolled sullenly away, the rain ceased, and the sun blazed out again in all its golden splendor. It was the signal for relief. Jim's stroke and rebound of the spears drew frequent while here and there some found its way through door or window, and stood quivering in the earthen floor.

The labored breathing of the wounded man ceased, and Jim motioned to his companions to shelter themselves under the rough table. At last! A hasty rush of naked feet upon the sodded earth—a rude impact against the frail bark door. The fastening gave way, they came at a bound through the opening, and fell headlong under the deadly stroke of the loaded whip at the very feet of the dead white man. Then the door was closed again and the silent watcher resumed his vigil.

After at last the sharp reports of half a dozen rifles told of rescue, the level rays of the western sun shone on the fragments of a broken door—shone on the calm face of a dead white man—shone on the pale faces of two terror-stricken women—shone, also, on the dead bodies of three natives, and on Jim, who, his long guard relieved at last, had fallen senseless in the doorway with spear wounds through thigh and shoulder.

They carried him to the house on the Mulla-Nulla slope, and when at last he recovered he rode away. Another rider has the northern boundary now; and no one, at least, at Mulla-Nulla knows that Jim has a right to another name. One pair of bright eyes turns often in the direction where the boundary hut on Death's Valley still stands. In one memory the last sight of Jim's strong, active figure as he rode away with a lingering backward glance, is a living memory still—though he was only a boundary rider. Will Jim come back to Mulla-Nulla? The question has been often asked—the answer still remains, as so much remains—perhaps. Who can tell?

The Mystery of the "Old Rag."

The Old Rag is a long, jagged spur of the Blue Ridge that skirts the counties of Madison and Green, Va. Here was the scene of the "Goldbug" of Poe, one of the weirdest and most thrilling stories, in which the great writer indulges in the mysteries of the stars and divination.

The east side of the "Old Rag" overlooks a long stretch of country and is seen a great way off. About three-fourths the way up the side of this mountain is a phenomenon that has for many years attracted the attention of the people for miles around, caused much speculation, and yet to this day remains the mystery of the "Old Rag." This is a bright, beautiful light which burns and glows on the side of the Rag.

Not every night, but dependent on atmosphere is favorable the "Eye of the Rag" may be seen, dazzling and scintillating as if it were some immense diamond set in the rocks of the everlasting hills. So far investigation has not solved the mystery, though at irregular periods some enthusiast undertakes to investigate, but progress up the problem is a short time. Persons have camped on the mountain for days, seeing the light then as from below. So precipitous are the sides, and so impassable from the huge boulders and rocks that skirt all around, that nothing definite has been learned. Others, more scientific and enterprising, have spent days in locating the great diamond by establishing a line of stations and signals, but the light still shines—the mystery of the ridge.

It can be no artificial light for no one lives within several miles, and to make such a light night after night for so many years would be simply impossible. Then, too, it is too sparkling, scintillating and opalescent for art to make, and whatever it is one thing is sure, and that is that it is the work of nature. The light has been a favorable night is seen 30 miles away, and at that distance still preserves the peculiar shooting, darting features which are seen to much better advantage from the immediate vicinity.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Old Age.

A medical man compares an old man to an old wagon; with light loading and careful usage it will last for years, but one heavy load or sudden strain will break it and ruin it forever. Many people reach the age of fifty or sixty or seventy measurably free from most of the pains and infirmities of age, cheery in heart and sound in health, ripe in wisdom and experience, with sympathies mellowed by age, and with reasonable prospects and opportunities for continued usefulness in the world for a considerable time. Let such persons be thankful; but let them also be cheerful. An old constitution is like an old boiler, broken with ease, mended with difficulty. A young tree bends to a gale, an old one snaps and falls before the blast. A single hard lift, an hour of heating work, an evening of exposure to rain or damp, a severe chill, an excess of food; the unusual indulgence of an appetite or passion, a sudden fit of anger, an improper dose of medicine—any of these or other similar things may cut off a valuable life in an hour, and leave the fair hopes of usefulness and enjoyment but a shapeless wreck.

WOMEN HESITATE TO TALK FOR PUBLICATION.

But It Is Not a Disgrace to be Sick.

Yet Some Suffer in Silence and Will Not Even Speak on the Subject to Their Physician —A Foolish Modesty.

HEALTH AND STRENGTH CAN BE RESTORED.

Not the least among the many valuable services Dr. William's Pink Pills have rendered to suffering women, is that of tiding them over the critical periods commencing at middle age, commonly known as the change of life. It so often happens that at this climacteric women relapse into a state of chronic invalidism and the actual danger to life which attends the change is so great that a medicine which can be relied upon to carry the system over this dangerous time, is nothing less than a life-saving invention. What Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for women at this change of life is shown in a case reported in the Dewsbury, (Eng.) Chronicle. It is that of Mrs. Benjamin Smith, who lives at Hanover street, Dewsbury. The life-long left her weak and miserable, with constant pains, dizziness and shortness of breath on the slightest exertion, together with chronic rheumatism in the head and eyes. The pain in her head was too acute for words. She got no sleep either by day or night, and her agony was at times so great that it took two people to hold her in bed. A skilful doctor was called in but did no good. "My cheeks would swell up as big as saucers," said Mrs. Smith, "my eyes were as red as fire and there was no getting rid of the pains in the head. I suffered also from a sluggish liver and weak heart, and at times my eyesight was so bad that objects before me seemed but dim shadows, and there was none of my friends who looked for my restoration to health. I saw an account in a newspaper of a cure similar to mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and my husband urged me to try them. Before two boxes were used the pains began to disappear as if by magic, and the continued use of the pills for less than a month, has left me in good health as ever I had in my life. I consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a blessing, and as I know there are thousands of women who suffer in silence from troubles having the same origin as mine, I am grateful enough for what they have done for me to tell my story in the hope that some suffering sister may be similarly helped, and you have full permission to publish what I have told you, which statements can be verified by any of my neighbours."

Mrs. Frank Murray, who resides near Ogdensburg, N. Y., says, "I am in my 46th year of age and for many years resided near Prescott, Ont. We moved over here some time ago and have worked in Ogdensburg at his trade, that of a stone mason, while my children and myself carry on the farm.

"I have been a great sufferer from sick headache, which would generally come on about evening, and I would be completely prostrated, and not even able to lift my hand or help myself in any way. These spells would last for about two or four hours, and would leave me in so weak a condition that for a few days I could scarcely drag about the house. I have also had considerable spinal trouble, the sharp, darting tongues of pain being most severe, following along my spine and to the back of my head. Have dizzy and sick much, but without the desired result. The doctor told me it was due to the approaching change of life. I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and also later heard of the cures they had effected in a number of persons known to me, and it was their stories that decided me to try them. I got some of the pills, and after I had taken a few boxes I had no more headaches for several months. This summer my head began to have a heavy feeling, and at times I was quite drowsy, but no pains accompanied it. I now have no pills and though I've taken only a few I feel well again. I don't think any person could stand it a great while to be troubled as I was and stand the amount of pain. I know that Pink Pills are a good medicine and fully what they are represented to be. I have recommended them to some of my friends with beneficial results. Oh, my, yes! They have done wonders for me. I do all my own housework on the farm. We have a dairy of twelve cows, and often when the boys are very busy getting in the crops I have milked all the cows alone."

Mrs. J. H. McMillan South Finch, Ont., says: "For seven years I was afflicted with what is generally termed female weakness, and was for weeks unable to leave my bed. At times my friends all thought that I was going into decline and had consumption. My complexion was sallow, my appetite was almost gone and I was terribly emaciated, my head gave me great trouble, and at times the pain was so great that I feared it would affect my reason. I had tried many medicines without avail, and began to despair of recovery when I was urged to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The result has been marvelous. From a sickly, despairing woman, I have been transformed into one full of health and energy, and I feel more thankful than I can say for the wonders Pink Pills have done me."

Mrs. L. Lundahl, Lavant, Ont., says: "I have much pleasure in adding my testimony to the great efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Some years ago I was severely injured in child birth and had to go to the Kingston hospital to be operated on. I was in the hospital and under treatment for nearly two months, but the doctors were unable to stop it. I went home and after still suffering for three or four months, I determined to go to the hospital again, but fortunately for me an old lady on the cars, who noticed what ails you, my child?' I told her my trouble and she replied, 'Before going to the hospital again give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. I know they will help you.' I followed her advice, and after taking four boxes the flowing absolutely stopped. I took the pills for some time longer and my health was fully restored, and since then I have been both strong and active. I believ