

the Sanhedrin, but the "officers" who have appeared so often in the story, the servants of the temple who during the performance of their ritual duties "had fun" with their victims.

TO FIT SHOES.
People would find less difficulty with ready-made shoes, says an experienced shoemaker, if they would stand up to fit them on, instead of sitting down. Nine persons out of ten, particularly women, want a comfortable chair while they are fitting a shoe, and it is with the greatest difficulty you can get them to stand for a few minutes even after the shoe is fitted. Then, when they begin walking about, they wonder why the shoes are not so comfortable as they were at first trial. A woman's foot is considerably smaller when she sits in a chair than when she walks about. Exercise brings a large quantity of blood into the feet.

A BARBARIC FASHION.
French children are ridiculously dressed as far as the laws of hygiene are concerned, for, even in cold weather, when furs and velvets attest to the taste and money lavished upon the girls' attire, their legs are wretchedly exposed to the weather, not only by the socks, which leave their knees entirely bare, but by extremely short underclothes.

HIS TREATMENT.
Spencer—About six months ago I visited an uncle of mine at I had seen in 14 years.
John Fedd—His pose he treated you as a prodigal son, and all that?
Spencer—Now! He mistook me for a fitted calf, and near killed me before I could make my git-awa.

QUEEN WILHELMINA'S CROWN.
The crown that adorns the brow of the young Queen is said to be worth \$86,000. In 1829 it was stolen by burglars and remained in the possession for nearly two years. Eventually part of the stones were found near Brooklyn and the remainder were ultimately discovered in Belgium.

CANNOT LEARN RUSSIAN.
The czarina has the greatest difficulty in speaking her husband's language, and the words come but slowly and laboriously, despite the many lessons given her by the Czar. Privately the Czar and Czarina speak frequently in English, but their conversation is generally carried on in

CAUSE OF THE DELAY.
The lady—What made you so late?
Tommy—I had to wait for me to be wrapped in a bundle for me to leave at five o'clock.

THE CAYENNE'S CANDOR.
What do you think of that fare?
The speaker of mine said the orator, I answered, Miss Cayenne, to my mind it is quite make up my mind whether it ought to be referred to as a man's song, or as merely the customary creaks.

THE DIGNITY PAINT.
The lady's very hot. If I should kiss her, wouldn't she take advantage of my boldness and kiss me, would she?
The lady—Certainly not.

A GERMAN DILEMMA.
The lady—That at the German antler exhibition a Tontonic gentleman with a beard was given the first prize by Emperor William.
The lady—Say, that board of judges has been in a painful dilemma as to whether to award the prize to a white beard or a black one.

SIMPLY HAD TO.
Doctor—I suppose when you go to work you ride?
Patient—Yes, sir. I ride up and down.
Doctor—Ah! That's the cause of your trouble. Sedentary habit. Stop riding.
Patient—But I'd never be at work if I didn't ride up and down. I'm as level as a man.

It is 18 years since Lord Frederick Cavendish was murdered in Phoenix Park, Dublin. Since that day his widow has never appeared in public in black. Her thin, careworn face is known by many women who are engaged in charity work, and how her chief concern.

The Man Who Knows.

My breakfast finished, I answered both these letters, informed my friends of my contemplated departure by the same steamer, and promised that I would do all that lay in my power to ensure both the young traveller's pleasure and his safety.

The afternoon was spent in saying good-bye to the few business friends I had made in London, and in the evening I went for the last time to a theatre.

Five minutes to eleven o'clock next morning found me at Waterloo sitting in a first-class compartment of the West of England express, bound for Plymouth and Australia. Though the platform was crowded to excess I had the carriage so far to myself and was about to congratulate myself on my good fortune, when a porter appeared on the scene, and deposited a bag in the opposite corner.

Mr. Hatteras, he cried, "I think this is the most extraordinary coincidence I have ever experienced in my life."
"Why so?" I asked. "You knew I was going to Plymouth to-day, and your baggage's reflection must have told you that as my boat sails at night, I should be certain to take the morning express, which lands me here at five. Should I be indiscreet if I ask where you may be going?"

CHAPTER VII.
Fortunately for me my arrangements fitted in exactly, so that at one thirty p.m., on the seventh day after my fatal meeting with Dr. Nikola in the West of England express, I had crossed the Continent, and stood looking out on the blue waters of Naples Bay. To my right was the hill of San Martino, behind me that of Capo di Monte, while in the distance, to the southward, rose the cloud-tipped summit of Vesuvius.

The journey from London is generally considered, I believe, a long and wearisome one; it certainly proved so to me, for it must be remembered that my mind was impatient of every delay, while my bodily health was not as yet recovered from the severe strain that had been put upon it.

The first thing to be done on arrival at the terminus was to discover a quiet hotel; a place where I could rest and recuperate during the heat of the day, and what was perhaps more important, where I should run no risk of meeting with Dr. Nikola or his satellites. I had originally intended calling at the office of the steamship company in order to explain the reason of my not joining the boat in Plymouth, planning afterwards to cast about me, among the various hotels, for the Marquis of Beckenham and Mr. Baxter. But, on second thoughts, I saw the wisdom of abandoning both these courses. If you have followed the thread of my narrative, you will readily understand why.

Nor for the same reason did I feel inclined to board the steamer, which I could see lying out in the harbour, until darkness had fallen. I ascertained, however, that she was due to sail at midnight, and that the mails were already being got aboard.

Almost exactly as eight o'clock was striking, I mounted the gangway, and strolled down the promenade deck to the first saloon entrance; then calling a steward to my assistance, I had my baggage conveyed to my cabin, where I set to work arranging my little knickknacks, and making myself comfortable for the five weeks' voyage that lay before me. So far I had seen nothing of my friends, and on making inquiries, I discovered that they had not yet come aboard. In deed, they did not do so until the last boat had discharged its burden at the gangway. Then I met, Lord Beckenham on the promenade deck, and unaffected was the young man's delight at seeing me.

"Mr. Hatteras," he cried, jumping forward to greet me with outstretched hand, "this was all that was wanting to make my happiness complete. I am glad to see you. I hope your cabin is near ours."
"I'm on the port side just abaft the pantry," I answered, shaking him by the hand. "But tell me about yourself. I expect you had a pleasant journey across the Continent?"
"Delightful!" was his reply. "I stayed a day in Paris, and another in Rome, and since we have been here we have been rushing about, seeing everything, like a regulation pair of British tourists."
"One moment," I said feebly, for I found I was too weak to speak above a whisper. "Would you mind telling

I suppose, made his appearance, and greeted me with more cordiality than I had expected him to show. To my intense surprise however, he allowed no sign of astonishment to escape him at my having joined the boat after all. But a few minutes later, as we were approaching the companion steps, he said:
"I understood from his lordship Mr. Hatteras, that you were to embark at Plymouth; was I mistaken, therefore, when I thought I saw you coming off with your luggage this evening?"
"No, you were not mistaken," I answered, being able now to account for his lack of surprise. "I came across the Continent like yourself, and only joined the vessel a couple of hours ago."
Here the Marquis chimed in, and diverted the conversation into another channel.

"Where is everybody?" he asked, when Mr. Baxter had left us, and gone below. "There are a lot of names on the passenger list, and yet I see nobody about!"
"They are all in bed," I answered. "It is getting late, you see, and, if I am not mistaken, we shall be under way in a few minutes."
"Then, I think, if you'll excuse me for a few moments, I'll go below to my cabin. I expect Mr. Baxter will be wondering where I am."
When he had left me I turned to the bulwarks and stood looking across the water at the gleaming lights ashore. One by one the boats alongside pushed off, and from the sounds that came from forward, I gathered that the anchor was being got aboard. Five minutes later we had swung round to our course and were facing for the open sea.

For the first mile or so my thoughts chased each other in rapid succession. You must remember that it was in Naples I had learnt that my darling loved me, and it was in Naples now that I was bidding good-bye to Europe and to all the strange events that had befallen me there. I leaned upon the rail, looked at the fast receding country in our wake, at old Vesuvius, fire-capped, away to port, at the Great Bear swinging in the heavens to the northward, and then thought of the Southern Cross which, before many weeks were passed, would be lifting its head above our bows to welcome me back to the sunny land and to the girl I loved so well. Somehow I felt glad that the trip to England, was over, and that I was really on my way home at last.

The steamer ploughed her almost silent course, and three-quarters of an hour later we were abreast of Capri. As I was looking at it, Lord Beckenham came down the deck and stood beside me. His first speech told me that he was still under the influence of his excitement; indeed, he spoke in rapturous terms of the enjoyment he expected to derive from his tour.

"But are you sure you will be a good sailor?" I asked.
"Oh, I have no fear of that," he answered confidently. "As you know I have been out in my boat in some pretty rough weather and never felt in the least ill, so I don't think it is likely that I shall begin to be a bad sailor on a vessel the size of the Saratoga. By the way, when are we due to reach Port Said?"
"Next Thursday" afternoon, I replied. "Will you let me go ashore with you if you go? I don't want to bother you, but after all you have told me about the place, it should like to see it in your company."
"I'll take you with pleasure," I answered, provided Mr. Baxter gives his consent. I suppose we must regard him as skipper.

"Oh, I don't think we need fear his refusing. He is very good-natured, you know, and lets me have my own way a good deal."
"Where is he now?"
"Down below, asleep. He has had a lot of running about to-day, and thought he would turn in before we got under way. I think I had better be going now. Good-night."
"Good-night," I answered, and he left me again.

When I was alone I returned to my thoughts of Phyllis and the future, as was soon as my pipe was finished, went below to my cabin. My berth mate I had discovered earlier in the evening was a portly English merchant of the old school, who was visiting his agents in Australia; and, from the violence of his snoring, I should judge had not much trouble on his mind. Fortunately mine was the lower bunk, and when I had undressed, I turned into it to sleep like a top until roused by the bath-room steward at half-past seven next morning. After a good bath I went back to my cabin and set to work to dress. My companion by this time was awake, but evidently not much inclined for conversation. His usual rosy face, it struck me, was not so rosy as when I had made his acquaintance the night before, and from certain signs I judged that his good spirits were more than half assumed.

"All this time a smart sea was running, and, I must own, the Saratoga was rolling abominably."
"To be continued."

NEW ZEALAND'S PROGRESS.
A CORRESPONDENT WRITES ABOUT THE MODERN UTOPIA.
Government Ownership Is Popular—The People Have Adopted the Co-operative Plan on a Large Scale, and It Works Well.
The following excerpts from a letter received from a correspondent in New Zealand, tell something of the remarkable progress that is being made in civilization and in Christian socialism by that progressive and original little colony:

"One of the pleasantest features of a railway ride in this country is witnessing the children flocking to the train in going to or returning from school. They get on the train as if they owned it, and no one asks them for tickets. They ride free of charge. Stations are provided at frequent intervals, and each one is a post-office telegraph and telephone office, and a savings bank as well as railway and express office as the Government conducts all these classes of business. Think of the saving in office expenses by this system and you will be able to comprehend why the railroad fares and parcel-post are so much cheaper here than in Canada. In spite of the great expense of the construction and equipment of railroads in this land of high wages and short hours, the railway passenger rate is only about two-thirds of the average price in the Dominion, while the parcel post and telegraph rates are far cheaper."

TELEGRAMS SENT CHEAP.
"A telegram of twelve words is sent to any part in New Zealand by simply affixing to it a 6d. stamp—twelve cents."
The wagon roads are a marvel for so new a country. The Government builds many of these roads, constructing them with no grade greater than 1 in 12. In other cases the Government loans the local boards one-half the funds necessary for construction at a low rate of interest, payable in instalments, covering a period of sixteen years. The other half is appropriated by the Government. These roads are graded and metalled by co-operative laborers, who take the contracts in suitable sections in gangs of about twelve men each, who divide their earnings equally. I am now in a wonderful dairy section and the home of co-operation.

Before co-operative butter and cheese factories and creameries were established the farmer was fortunate to receive eight cents a pound for cents to nineteen cents and has disburtened with the druggery of skimming, churning and marketing. He also has the sweet skimmed milk to raise calves and hogs upon. It is a common thing for a dairy of twenty-five cows to bring its owner \$1,000 per season, besides the pigs and calves grown on the milk. It is necessary to feed stock very little, if any, hay or grain.

JAPANESE BABIES.
According to our modern scientific ideas as to the careful treatment of babies, those of Japan would seem to have a hard time, and yet there are no healthier or fatter looking little mortals on the face of the earth. We insist on a fixed temperature on sterilized milk, and all sorts of improved things, while the Japanese baby gets a good dose of nature, and seems to thrive on it. It is dressed and undressed in a frigid temperature in winter, and in summer its tender little eyes are always exposed to the full glare of the sun, as it is carried on its mother's back. It is to be feared, however, that this latter treatment often does affect the eyes of the children, though they get over it later in life.

The Japanese are a very cleanly race in all main particulars, but these do not always embrace the little baby faces, which are sometimes quite smutty. This suits the baby all right; in fact, any baby would tell you that it is far more humane than that compulsory treatment with unsoiled soap and water. Perhaps this is the reason that the Japanese babies are said never to cry. Such a statement is an exaggeration of the truth; while they are good-natured above the average, they can bawl as loudly as any one when occasion demands.

It would be impossible to find a more fascinating sight than a clean Japanese baby in its fresh robes. These are made of crepe of the brightest and gayest design and color. In winter the small head is covered with a worsted cap of the same shades. The bright black eyes look out of a round face which has the most exquisite coloring of brown and deep red, and the black hair is cut in all sorts of fantastic ways, just like the hair of the Japanese dolls imported into this country. The whole family take the deepest pride in the baby, and especially the father and mother, who are, after foolishly indulgent. Some parents seem incapable of denying their children anything, and many is the household entirely ruled by a small tyrant of a girl or boy. In this way there are often spoiled children in Japan.

The babies of the lower classes are generally carried on the back of the mother or little sister; sometimes the small brother is obliged to be the nursery maid. The "kinone" is made extra large at the back, with a pocket large enough to slip the baby in, and its round head reaches the back of the neck of the person who is carrying it. It is not an uncommon sight to see children who are barely old enough to toddle themselves burdened with a small brother or sister sleeping peacefully on their backs. At first you open your eyes in horror, and expect to see the small one stagger and fall beneath the weight, but apparently none of its movements are impeded, and it plays with the other children as unconcernedly as if not loaded down with another member of the family.

At Nagasaki amongst the women coolers who coal the ship, you see many with babies on their backs in this way. The mothers work all day, in the rain, or the sun, or the snow, and there, baby sleeps, indifferent to everything, the top of its head alone visible, while the movements of the mother do not seem in the least hindered, and she accomplishes as much work as the men. It seems as if the babies of this class were born stoics.

FARMERS CO-OPERATE, TOO.
The farmers here have organized a co-operative union, which has grown into almost the dimensions of a department store—including groceries, tools, machinery, dry goods, medicines, harness, bakery, etc. Their store covers nearly half a block. As a sample of what this union has done for them I might mention that bread, which formerly sold for four cents a pound, has been reduced by the union to two and one-half cents. On this, and all other business, there is a handsome profit, the shareholders receiving a return of about five per cent. on all bills purchased, and an additional dividend of eight per cent. on their stock.

The farmers' last year, organized a co-operative bacon factory, which has resulted in giving them better prices for their hogs without the necessity of slaughtering them at home. They even get their meat for their own use slaughtered and cured at the factory and few farmers' wives now bake their own bread.

The unskilled laborer here is sure of work and a much better wage than in any country I have ever seen, but I cannot recommend skilled laborers, clerks, typewriters, teachers, etc., to come here. To the man who wants a good home, and is willing to work hard at common labor to secure it, New Zealand offers splendid chances, but the man who expects to grow rich from the labor of others, or who is looking for a "soft snap," will do well to stay away. It is not a land of millionaires and tramps.

DERIVATIVE.
I'm trying to get some information about a friend of mine, named Fox, who came out here, said the stranger from the East. They tell me he died of some throat trouble.
I guess that's about right, replied the cowboy.
What was it? Bronchitis?
Bronchitis? That's a new one to me, but I reckon I see the connection. He stole a broncho.

A FLESH REDUCER.
Stout Lady—Does a bicyclist reduce the flesh?
Mr. Sumpster, weary—if you buy it on the installment plan it does.

PROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE.

WHAT IS HAPPENING IN THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK.
Many people of the Emerald Isle—Oscar Reilly—that will interest Irish-Americans.
Sir William H. Levinge, of Mullingar, has an estate worth \$100,000. The teaching of the metric system is not compulsory in Irish schools. R. H. Meade, who once represented North Meath in the British Parliament, is dead. Blackrock Urban Council passed a resolution in favour of Home Rule by 10 votes to 7. Ploated pigs' heads, it seems, are sent from Denmark to Ireland, as the food of the poorer classes. The Enniscorthy-American Line has awarded a contract for a steamer 750 feet long to a Belfast firm. The biggest stack in the country is claimed by the Fen country, and stands six miles from Spalding. It is no less than 60 feet square and 66 feet high. Sir Charles Gavan-Duffy has presented to the Royal Irish Academy his valuable collection of books, manuscripts and curios relating to Ireland and Irish affairs. The number of emigrants from Ireland for the ten months ending October 31st was 43,669, as compared with 49,200 during the corresponding period of last year. Dublin Urban Council refused to grant a telephone company permission to erect poles on its streets, fearing that they would interfere with the appearance of the place. The Rev. John Pollock, Shamrock street, Church, Glasgow, has accepted the call to St. Enoch's congregation, Belfast. The congregation is a very large and influential one. It is intended that the new regiment of Irish Guards shall have a band. It will be entitled to 42 musicians. The band will be localized in Dublin, and not in London. The largest recorded offertory was at the opening of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh, when Father Burke preached in 1874. The amount then gathered was nearly or quite 210,000. Peasants in Donegal are anxious to find a good market for the large quantities of honey with which the country is favoured. The honey industry is almost a new phase in Donegal. The question of inclosing the names of Dublin streets in Irish as well as in English, is before the Corporation. An estimate of the cost of carrying out this rather ridiculous proposal is calculated at very close on £2,000. Two labourers, Michael Clifford and John Sullivan, employed by a large farmer named Neale, near Limerick, were found in bed with their throats cut. Clifford was quite dead, and Sullivan in an unconscious condition. The explanation is forthcoming as to how the tragedy occurred. The boys' Brigade is a very strong men's club in the same room, and no organization in Dublin, and the difference companies had a great time of it on Saturday night last, when they assembled to greet the Ambulance Company of the brigade, which returned that night, after an absence of six months in South Africa, where they did some very useful work. Henry Fowler, a Dublin judge constable, was reminded on a charge of murdering a young woman. Sir Algernon Coote, Bart., of Ballyfin, Queen's Co., has been appointed his Majesty's Lieutenant for the Queen's County, in the room of Viscount de Vasei, who has resigned the position. Sir Algernon is Premier of the County of Ireland, the title having been created in 1620. The Coote estates in the Queen's County extend over 20,000 acres.

When tired of new-fangled medicine of uncertain merit you can turn to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine with absolute assurance that it is the safest, surest, and most thorough cure for coughs and colds that was ever discovered. Mrs. F. Dwyer, of Chesterville, says: "My little girl of three years had an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My husband and I thought she was going to leave the world, as her case resisted the doctor's treatment. I bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine from our popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. After the first two or three doses the child began to get better, and we are thankful to say is all right to-day after seven weeks' sickness."

Though turpentine had long been considered invaluable as a remedial agent for inflammation of the air passages, it remained for Dr. A. W. Chase to so combine it with linseed, licorice, and half a dozen other ingredients as to make a pleasant, tasting and remarkably effective preparation for coughs, colds, and kindred ailments. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is different from any throat and lung treatment you ever

Diseases of the Throat and Lungs

Load to Pneumonia and Consumption—Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine Cures These Ailments.

To-day it is only a cough; only a choking in the throat. To-morrow will come the pains and soreness in the chest, the bronchial tubes and lungs. Once again is repeated the old story of consumption or pneumonia developed from a neglected cold. There is no use giving up and saying, "What is to be will be," for you can relieve and loosen any cough and thoroughly cure the cold by using Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, which for nearly a third of a century has been the "stand-by" in thousands of Canadian homes, as a safeguard against pneumonia, consumption, and serious lung troubles. Though turpentine had long been considered invaluable as a remedial agent for inflammation of the air passages, it remained for Dr. A. W. Chase to so combine it with linseed, licorice, and half a dozen other ingredients as to make a pleasant, tasting and remarkably effective preparation for coughs, colds, and kindred ailments. Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine is different from any throat and lung treatment you ever