Maiden! triping from the primrose bowers Into June, whose roses flush thy face,
Life to thee is but a dream of beauty;
Thou hast only started in the race.
Thou hast learn't not yet to miss life's flowers:
Let it be ! in after-years thy grace
May by pain be mellowed. Who would show
thee. 'Mid earth's sufferers, which shall be thy place

Far away where autumn's red leaves quiver, May and June are links of what is past; ud a woman in life's full September, Ripe with sorrow. wears a crown at last— Year: the crown that home and love doth gi

her,
Bright than earth's gold; for love is vast!
And life uever can be quite December,
Where, o'er hearts, love's golden web is cast. Wrinkled brows and tottering feet descending

To the grave where all our loved ones go
Journeying Home to rest, y-t thankful ever
For the suffering God's love do the bestow.
Heaven and earth o'er human failure blending,
Golden sun-ight kis-ing winter snow;
Angels stepping down from God to sever
Mortal ties, and cancel every woe.

The Blooming and the Fading Somebody's birthday kept to-night, Somebody first saw the blessed light, Somebody symbicand face first shome With a radiance geniel, all its own. Somebody born to lift the veil That over men's spir ts doth still prevail; Somebody born to see the light That shineth in carkness of deepest night Somebody's birthday! may his face somebody born to see the light That whineth in narkness of deepest night; Somebody's birthday! may his face Our social gathering often grace, and may the good wishes our hearts outpour Often fly in at his open do r, and gather in glory about his head, Bedewed with the happiness heaven doth shed. Bomebody's gonel and a passing bell Swells O'er the heart with a solemn knell; Somebody's gone! and the va-antair Swells o'er the heart with a solemn knell; Somebody's gone! and the varant air Tel.s. I our absent one's piesence there; Somebody's gonel whither away? Gone through the shalowy gates of day; Somebody's gone! and many a heart Hath its tenutrest fibres torn apart—And hands are clasping and tear-drops fall—And the night of sorrow comes like a pall. Somebody's genel but we'regoing, too, From the worn and the old to the bright and new. new.
When all shall meet in the gladsome day
Where glc. y shall nevermore pass away.

G II S., San Francisco.

A WO NS SHORTCOMINGS. She has laughed as softly as if she sighed!
She has counted six and over
Of a purse well filled and a heart well tried—
Oh! each a wor-hy lover.
They gave her time, for her soul must slip
Where the world has -et the gronving.
She will lie to 1 one, with her fair red lip—
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb, As her though: a were beyond recalling.
With a glance for one, and a glance for some
From her eyelids, rising and falling.
Speaks common words with a blushful air,
Henra hold ones unreproving;
But her slience says what she ne'er will swear—
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady | lean to the night guitar, And dop a smile to the bringer, Theu smile as sweetly, when he is far, at the voice of an Indoor singer; Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes, Gance lightly on their removing, And join new yows to old perjuries— But dare not call it loving.

Unless you can think when the song is done
No other is suft in the rhythm: Collegge 18 8-15 in the rhythm; Unless you can feel when left by one That all men else go with him; Unless you can know when upraised by breath breath
That your beauty itself want proving;
Unless you can swear "For life—for death
Oh, fear to call it loving.

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day
On the absent face that fixed you;
Onless you can love, as the angels may,
With the breath of heaven between you;
Unless you cau dream that his faith is fast,
Through behooving and unbehooving;
Unless you can die when the dream is past,
Oh, nover call it loving!

THE SUPPRESSION OF SPRING. Said Winter to Summer: 'Tis quite clear to me That the seasons are badly a justed; The season called Spring, you must surely agree, Is one with which all are disgusted.

Her vanity's something immense, and her wiles Are wanton, deceitful and fickle; The farmer who trusts to the creature's false

Smiles
Will find himself soon in a pickle. That she is a blot upon Nature's fair plan Is a fact, and the world ought to know it; Beside, it is the who inflicts upon man That terrible bore, the Spring poet."

'Your head is quite level," sweet Summ replied;
"Mus Spring has gone wrong, I am thinking.
Just see how he staggers from side to side;
No doubt in the world she's been drinking.

She steals weather from me, and steals weather

from you, And that's how she picks up her living. but cannot be always forgiving. "To think how that wicked young creature

praised, When her temper can never be trusted, And what mountains of song in her honor are raised,
When she ought to be—yes, sir be bu'sted !"

Said Winter: "There need be no quarrel or ngut; Let you and me closely caress her, And thus we can squeeze out the lite of her quite, And silently, surely, suppress her.

When Apring is put depently out of the way. We two will no more be derided:
Then I will take warch, and you shall take May,
And let april be fairly divided."

I knew she'd think I thought she slept,
But I was sure she did di-semble;
Across the purch I softly stept—
I shew she'd think I thought she slept—
And to the b=mmock siyly crept
And sissed h=r sweet lips a tremble,
I knew she'd think I thought she slept,
But I was sure she did dissemble. SHE.

O tell-tale winds, the secret keep |
I stole away; I knew he'd miss me.
I saw him through the lattice peep—
O tell tale winds, the secret keep—
And closed my eyes, lenging sleen;
But no, I never thought he'd kiss nie. O tell-tale winds, the secret keep; I stole away; I knew he'd miss me.

BY THE WAYSIDE. An April landscape, flushed with terder green A level broken by a broad clear crees, A vista 'twixt the maple rows, with streak
Of road that meets the arch; all this is seen
Where three ways meet, and many a farmb

with the prospect. Sitting by the way A crippled child, bent low in innocent play, takes a sweet, glad face to my unhappy eyes. Over the fields light footed children run With merry laughter, but this blessed one Fettered fluds dear. I joy when all is done. Can I accept the lesson that I see Here by the way whereof best sermons be? Happy is he that, losing, gaineth Me.

I often wonder mo her loves to creep Up to the garret where the cupboard s'ands A a at upon the musty flor and weep, Holding a baby's dresses in her hands.

l often wonder grandma loves to sit Alone where hangs a portrait on the wall— A handsome, haughty face, whereon is writ The phantom of a love she would recall.

I wonder, too, that sister, pale and sad, Waits at the gate and, waiting, seems to hear The footfill of the brave, heroic ad who nevermore may woo her waiting there.

The little lips in voiceless death are sealed— The haughty 'squire sleeps now a lasting

sleep —
The lover's bones bleach on the battle field—
And broken-hearted women live to weep.

AUGUSTUS AND THE WILLIAM GOAT.

Augustus Prim went out to swim, And following tradition, He hung his clothes ou a hickory limb, Devoid of all suspicion. A William goat soon came that way,

And, following tradition, He wickedly chewed up those clothes Devoid of all contrition. Augustus Prim came from his swim

But, when he saw the empty limb, Fled like an apparition. FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

Smash smash, smash, O shina, rio: & id gay,

## MELICENT:

The Mystery of the Veiled Picture.

A Novel-By Fayr Madoc. CHAPTER II.

Of course the Delysfordians gossiped. They could scarcely be called scandal-mongers, but they took an intensity of hypothetical and actual interest in the affairs of their neighbors. They were a without ill nature, but they discussed them much and not infrequently. They held it is principal discussions on the after noons of every Saturday and Wednesday, in the drawing rooms of the two large red houses, which, with a few smaller and less pretentious residences, flanked one side of the Green, and whose gardens at the back sloped down to the May. These houses belonged respectively to Mr. Phil-lete, the doctor, and Mr. Philland, the lawyer, and so similar were the exteriors of the mansions, and so alike the gentle and benevolent countenances of the two old gentlemen, that many a short sighted or absent person had found himself gravely exhibiting his tongue and detaining his symptoms to the solicitor, or tranquilly aking the surgeon's opinion on the subject of a legacy or a disputed will. The relationship existing between the two old men was somewhat involved. They boasted an identical descent from the twins— Phillippe le Petit, so called from his diminutive size and delicate health, and Phillippe le Grand, who obtained his nick-name by virtue of his great stature and strength-who had come from Normandy in the train of Rene, the first Baron Du Lys. The forefathers of all the Delysford families had come over in the same fashion. or at least it was supposed that they had

so come over, but in many cases this coming over was but traditional. In the case of the Phillands and the Phillotes it could be susbtantially proved. The twin brothers had actually come over, and had offspring. Their seed had never failed, but the pedi gree had soon bifurcated, and though more than one marriage had united the two branches, a few generations had always torn them assuder. At the present date the consumblin was indistinguishable, and whether the families would re-amalgamate, for the third or fourth time, in the nine teenth century, remained to be proved.
Mr. Philland had a pretty daughter, who
had rearcely ever slept out of Delysford. Mr. Phillote was the father of a clever young son, who had been to a public school, had studied at a London hospital, and had eventually to substitute his father. But whether these descendants of the illustrious twins who had come over with the would ever become one, was as yet wrap-ped in uncertainty. The root was undis-turbed, whatever happened to the branches. On a certain Saturday in a certain June

of the present century, the usual weekly gathering was taking place in Mrs. Philmrs. Bertraud, two of the doctor's married daughters, presided over the tea and coffee pots, and the young men of the party handed the cups, and carried about plates of bread and butter and plum-cake. At the Delyamere At Homes these offices were performed by soft footed lackeys, but the Delysfordians did not emulate the magnificence of Delysmere. They could afford hospitality, and they could chat, but they did not hanker after grandeur. They enjoyed Miss Fremaine's evening recep tions, but they had too much good sense and good breeding to imitate her daring

innovations.
"Well!" said old Mrs. Belamour, the widow of the late, and the mother of the present, proprietor of the Delusford Gazette " well, ladies and gentlemen, you will see that my surmise is correct "
"Very likely," said Mrs Phillote; "your

surmises usually are correct, my dear Mrs. Belamour."
"I believe it was Mrs. Belamour who

prophesied that Mr. Fremaine would never come back at all, but that if he did he would bring a second wife with him," remarked Mrs. Mathieu, maliciously.

"I said he would marry a second wife in due course," corrected Mrs. Belamour, gently. "That he will do so I have every reason to feel confident. There is a Mrs. Gurduer staying at Dalysmers now."

Gardner staving at Delvamere now. "Well, that settles it," said Mrs. Phil-te. "What is Mi s Gardner like?"

lote. "What is Mi s Gardner lise (
"She is a most designing person, and
"She is a most designing person, and
very eccentric," replied Mrs. Belamour. She and Miss. Fremaine called ou me vesterday, and she called Miss Fremaine Amy, and spoke of her dear father. Then she actually talked about the geology of Delysford. Now, to the best of my belief,

Delysford has no geology."

"That comes of living in London," struck in Mr. Phillote. "It's just like my son Robert. St. Jude's has sent him back with the absurdest notions possible about galvanism and chloroform and Heaven only kuows what. He will c ol down in time, I tell him, and I find it best to go on just as I do, and as my father did before me."
"Quite right," said Mrs. Belamour, approvingly. "Scientific crotchets must

ouraged." "One of his manias," pursued the good doctor, who dearly loved to harangue a smiling audience, "is that every one should wear flat nel or silk next to his skin. I sent him —as the latest hospital authority—to Mr. Marrable, when he began with his bronchial attack the other day. Marrable is the only person hereabouts who has bronchial attacks, so my practice is not over-large in attacks, so my practice is now order in the kind of thing, and I thought my boy with know a good prescription. Well, off might know a good prescription. Well, off he goes, and says first thing, 'Mr. Marra-ble, do you wear vests?'—'No, I do not,' says Marrable very positively. 'Then you must take to them at once,' says my son, for I can't answer for the consequences! Mar able bowed in his polite way, but he

sent privately for me and asked if vests were essential. Mrs. Mathieu, you were 'And what did you say?" asked Mr. Philland, with interest.

"I said, firmly, 'No, my good sir. I have never been a party to the profane system of prevention. My business is to cure the diseases with which Providence sees fit to strike us, but it is quite beyond my province to arrest the chartening rod! Mr. Marrable was kind enough to say I viewed my profession in a religious light. Did he not, Mrs. Mathieu?"

"Your remark was very well put," said Mr. Philland, with cordial admiration. "I am of your opinion, Phillote. God sends disease—no doubt to do us good—and it seems almost like a sort of deviltry to try and circumvent the Lord's dealings with His creatures. Even the brazen serpent only healed the people who had been bit

"Robert is a very young man," said Mrs. Philand, kindly, and glancing almost mechanically at her daughter Louisa. "In my humble opinion a good Providence will deliver him from all ignorance and prejudice with the control of th

dice before he sees thirty."
"Mr. Marrable is almost well again, and he did not scruple to tell me that he considered vests rather a presumptuous inter-ference with the course of nature," remarked Mrs. Mathieu. "But the Du Lyses wear them. I happen to know that.

"I dare say they may," said the doctor adulgently. "I had not the happiness of indulgently. being present when either Rene Du Lys or his sister came into the world, but from what I know of their antecedents, I have no doubt that their constitutions are of a peculiarly fine and sensitive grain, and that some precautions may be advisable for neem which other people hardly require."

"At d why are precautions less proface
"Why de you talk of leaving Delyeford?

Bostock, the curate, who had joined the group of elders a few minutes earlier, and had been quietly listening to their observations. But Mr. Bostock was not a Delysfordian, and it was the part of every true De ysfordian to quell his wayward

humors.
"Precautions, my good sir," said Mr. "Precautions, my good sir," said mr. Phillote, solemnly, "precautions have been authorized by the example of Joseph, who, though unable to stop the famine, yet succeeded by his foresight and intelligence in mitigating its horrors."

"And why may not a modern Joseph

mitigate the horrors of brouchitis, by using foresight and intelligence, and wearing a flaunch shirt?" persisted Mr. Bostock. "Mr. Bost ck, you are indecently here-tical," cried Mrs. Mathieu, reddening, and

almost rising to her feet in her intolerant excitement. "The famine was revealed to "I should have thought that past experience would have revealed the likelihood

of bronchitis to Mr. Marrable," said the clergyman. Your argument is perfectly irrational? said Mrs. Mathieu, frowning terribly. "You speak of natural experiences as if they were derived from the Lord. When I speak of revelation, I mean a direct and tangible communication from heaven. But it is no use quoting Scripture to you. You preached quite a shocking sermon on Jacl last Sunday. I assure you, we all con-

sidered your views unwarranted by the Bible. We felt that you almost refuted the

"We felt that you almost refuted the Bible," added Mr. Phillote.

"It is an awful thing to deny the Bible," murmured Mrs. Phillote.

"But I don't deny the Bible," protested Mr. Bostock. "I was only wishing to say that I believe God originally made man and mannt him to be healthy."

strong, and meant him to be healthy."
"Yes, in the Garden of Eden," said the doctor. "You seem to forget that man is doctor. "You seem to in a fallen condition." "Still he might try to be healthy as well

"There is no parallel between disease and virtue," said Mr. Philland. "Disease is part of the punishment accruing from Adam's disobedience. If you do away with the penalties of the Fall, what becomes of the scheme of Divine Retribution?" asked the old lawyer, sternly.

"I don't know-I have not studied phi "I don't know—I have not studied prin-losophy much," replied the curate, meekly.

"Philosophy!" ejaculated Mrs. Mathieu, hotly.

"As if philosophy had anything whatever to do with religion! Philosophy will lead you into schism, Mr. Bostock, but it will never carry you to heaven.' Robert Phillote entered

At this juncture the room, and, in the little commotion of now returned to Delvsford to assist and hand-shaking which ensued, Mr. Bostock retreated.
"The unsettled state of that

man's mind must be awful," said Mrs first Rene Du Lys (in what capacity no chrontole had ever precisely determined) would ever become one, was as yet wrap "Quite so," said Mr. Phillote, politely. But he was getting a little weary of the theological discussion. He preferred talking him-elf.

"Speaking of young men, Mrs. Philland." Mrs. Marlay and really look after your little Louisa, or you

"Really, Mr. Phillote!" said Louisa's mother, with no air of displeasure.
"I see no objection," proceeded Mr. Phillote. "It's the old twins who will have to answer for it. I don't suppose they dreamed the birth of the suppose they dreamed. of the little dramas they were preparing for the future " 'It's a pretty little by play," said Mrs

Belamon. "I'm pleased to see it, though such things do pall upon a woman over seventy. But I was going to tell you of a realty interesting affair which is impend ing, only I was interrupted. But I see it dearly. I was coming through Page's Passage just now, when I descried him. There he stood in the deep porch, with a ro e in his button hole."
"H: ! ob, who?" demanded several voices.

Oul don't you know?" continued the old lady, imperturbably. "Didn't you know he arrived yesterday? 'Dear me, Mrs. Belamour, it's you! he said. I was a hutle tart with him, I own. Whom should he be likely to meet in Delysford but one of the oldest inhabitants? I asked. Then Jane opened the door, and he took off his hat, and we parted. I must say I like Sir Oliver Clinton, though I am short with him now and then."
"Ha!" said Mr. Phillote; "that's the

"He has a beautiful place somowhere on the coast, I believe," said Mrs. Philland.
"Sir Oliver is a very well-meaning young
man," observed Mrs. Mathieu. "Mr. Mar-

say," said Mr. Phillote. "I like the young cost. Smiling courteously, she entered fellow. He seems generous and open- into conversation with her new acquainthanded. He has put some dependence into the Lock Cottage—a deaf-and dumb m n and a disagreeable sort of a woman. I have some of the young people making their many into the garden. Even Mr. Marrable always perfectly well, and he didn't even allow me a death bed. Fancy his dying suddenly, and never having consulted me about his heart!"

Behavior so reprehensible caused quite

afflutter of agitation among the little party.

The whole group began to speak at once,

"We entertain rather a prejudiced feel The whole group began to speak at once, and with animation.

"What a hubbub!" said Robert Phillote glaucing at them. "Louisa, I wonder if you and I shall be like those old ladies and gentiemen thirty or forty years hence?"
"They are our parents," said Louisa
Philland, blushing and inconsequent.

"But must children be just like their parents?" questioned the young doctor.
"How can I tell?" said Louisa. "It will be difficult to prevent it if we live ou and on here," said Robert rather gloom-ily. "You would scarcely believe that my father had ever been out of this place, but he actually once practiced in a suburb of London itself. He came back here, however, and the place claimed him as its own

"Oh, indeed I could not!" cried she "But if you did," he persisted, "you would leave this humdrum place, and you would find life much pleasanter and your "But Delysford is not humdrum, and I

Now, Louisa, if you were to marry

could not marry a Kaffir," said Louisa, firmly; "and I am quite well, Rubert, thank you.' s," said he, surveying her pretty rosy face and neat supple figure with satis

that the nervous system requires—" Continent, where manne "Now, Robert, don't!" interrupted Lou-lax and unceremonious." isa, imploringly. "I am not at all nervous, and you must not talk in this way. Only the other day my father shook his head, and said you reminded him of young Leroy—the dreadful man who wrote that lam; oon on poor Mr. Fremaine, you know-and you he went to Australia, and has never

" Perhaps it would be a good thing if I

than preventions, doctor?" asked Mr. It is north to have one's friends go away," "Throw Physic to the Dogs, I'll None

said Louiss, pouring.
"I slan't go away-at least I think not unles you marry a Kaffir," said he.
"Bui I shan't—not on any account. Unless-unless-you were to set an examp e by marrying a South Sea Islander," she

"No, no," he said. But he looked very serious. He longed to emulate the awful adventure of Leroy, and emigrate to larger field, if only he could persuade Louise to accompany him. But this was doubtful. He knew she was his, if he remained at Delysford-that went without stying; she had been his little sweetheart even in the nursery. But would she follow him into the wide world? He could not tell. So he asked him elf over and over again—Should be marry Louisa, and endure an eternal stagnation at Delysford? or should he forego Louise, and follow enter-prise? And he hardly knew which oftener came uppermost—his love for the sweet girl he had known all his life, or his desire for a wider sphere of action. He looked at his sisters, who had so comfortably married Delysford gentlemen, and he sighed as he thought of the opprobrium which was attached to the other sister- the eldest Miss Phillote—who had gone with a strange husband to so distant a portion of the kingdom that it seemed to the Delys-fordians like foreign parts.

As if in answer to his cogitations, Mrs.

Bertrand was just saying to Mr. Bostock who had seated himself between the two sisters, "I don't think you have ever met' my poor sister, Mrs. Hungerford, have you? We hope she is coming to visit us next mouth. "Is your sister a widow?" asked the

rate innocently.
'Oh, dear, no!" oried Mrs. Bertrand. "Oh, d-ar, no!" orled MIS. DELIGIOUS.
"Quite the contrary. She has a husband and eight children, poor thing!"
"Is she an invalid? Is her husband unfortunate?" asked Mr. Bostock.

No," said Mrs. Marlay, in a melaucholy voice. "Poor Isabel enjoys excellent health, and her husband has, I am told—for I have never been able to get so far myself—a first rate practice in Yorkshire, where he lives But the whole thing was very sad. About fifteen years ago an epiden ic of scarlet fever broke out here, and my father caught it, and he had to send to London for a locum tenens. Dr. Hungerford came, and poor Isabel and he took some sort of odd fancy to one another, and, notwithstandall opposition, nothing would satisfy them but to marry. My mother cried about it, and my father was so unhappy and we positively had to follow her to the altar in blue dresses. Was it not distress

Ing?"
"But is Mrs. Hungerford unhappy?"
In quired Mr. Bostock.
"No, I have every reason to believe she is perfectly happy. That is not the point.
Don't you see she has broken through every family tradition. She has introduced among us a strange and unwelcome element. She has opened the doors of Delysford to Yorkshire liberalism and free thought. Conceive the horror of my children, and my sister's children, and any children our brother may have in the future being cou ins-and first cousins too-to a "I am afraid you would strongly object

if I were to carry a Delysford young lady off to Cheshire," said Mr. Bustock with a smile. He was not thinking of any young lady in particular. He had, in leed, obtained no special footing in any Delysford household, and the girls of Delysford would have so rued to set their caps at a young man from a region so wild and unknown as the old County Palatine; but all things are possible, and he threw out the hint accordingly. The younger ladies, however, were as quick to repress the foreigner as their elders had been, Mrs. Ber trand raised a warning finger.
"Do not attempt it, Mr. Bostock," she

said impressively. "Atter poor Isabel's fate, not a girl here would go with you."

The drawing rooms at Delysmere were

througed with a well-dressed and radiant crowd, and the evening was already some-what advanced, when Rene and Melicent Du Lys were ushered in.
"Who is that pale, handsome man, with

CHAPTER III.

the intellectual face and the grand air?" inquired a lady in black, who had been taking to the stately master of the house. "I mean the tall, distinguished looking man who is now addressing Amy, and his wife is equally striking." Baid Mr. Fremaine, with rather

" That," way the wind blows, is it?"

"Well, I imagine so," allowed Mrs. Bela mour. "I don't know why else he is so perpetually at that tumble-down little Belandunlizely to abandon himself to the tender passion, I think, but he pays Amy too much court, and I don't want her to be involved unawares. That is one reason why I hope you are in no hurry to run away. An elder lady can be so charmingly deterrent. But excuse me, pray. I must go and welcome my guests. But first let

deterrent. But excuse me, pray. I must go and welcome my guests. But first let me introduce you—Mrs. Mathieu, Sir Oliver has witten from London to have the white gate mended.' I went by the next day to see, and it was quite true. It had been off its hinges forty years, and Mr. Clinton never touched it."

"Sir Oliver is a nice young man, but he ought to be married," said Mrs Philland, shaking her head. "He must be quite thirty."

"Well, well, he will marry account."

"Well, well, he will marry account."

"Well, well, he will marry account."

"In enter lady can be so charmingly deterrent. But excuse me, pray. I must me introduce you—Mrs. Mathieu, Mr. Marrable, my old friend Mrs. Gardner."

"He hurried off, and the tete-a tete between the widowar and the widower was interrupted. But Mrs. Mathieu showed no symptom of annoyance. She was veritably an introduce you—Mrs. Mathieu, Mr. Marrable, my old friend Mrs. Gardner."

He hurried off, and the tete-a tete between the widowar was interrupted. But Mrs. Mathieu showed no symptom of annoyance. She was veritably an interconting the widowar was interrupted off, and the tete-a tete between the widowar was interrupted. But Mrs. Mathieu showed no symptom of annoyance. She was veritably an interconting the widowar was interrupted off, and the tete-a tete between the widowar was interrupted. But Mrs. Mathieu showed no symptom of annoyance. She was veritably an interconting the widowar was interrupted off, and the tete-a tete between the widowar was interrupted. But Mrs. Mathieu, But Mrs. Mathieu, But Mrs. Mathieu, But Mrs. Mathieu, But widowar was interrupted off, and the tete-a tete between the widowar was interrupted. But Mrs. Mathieu, But tan of exquisite workmanship and unknown

never got a single six pence, out of him. He was hardly feels the open windows, and he has only just recovered from a severe bronchia dying attak.

The old gentleman, indeed, looked very frail, and coughed frequently.
"Mr. Marrable should winter abroad,"

ing against wintering abroad, madam," said Mr. Marrable. "We incline to the opinion that in the place where our Maker gives us birth, there we ought cheerfully to make our homes as d our graves."

"Is not that rather an absurd prejudice?" rather a superstitious opinion?" said Mrs. Gardner. "With us, madam, it is inbred," replied the old gentleman.

"We have been wont to accord to the domestic virtues a prominant place in our estimation," tegan Mr. Marrable. "Oh, of course!" Mrs. Gardner interrupted. "Chacun a son gout! Different places have different customs."

"They have," assented Mrs. Mathieu.
'In Delysford we are rather jealous of ntrusion. As one of the oldest inhabitants, I think I may safely say as much."
"Ah! I was sure Miss Fremaine had
mentioned you as an oll inhabitant," said

Mrs. Gardner, condescendingly. "I believe we are hoping to have the pleasure of calling upon you one day this week."
"Miss Fremaine is extremely good," returned Mrs. Mathieu, coldly. she does not owe me a call, but I shall be glad to see her nevertheless. She is weet young creature, and one willingly parfaction. "You are quits well now, and I dons her little ignorances, especially when am thankful for it. But you must know one reflects that she was brought up on the Continent, where manners are notoriously

"English manners are proverbially stiff," said Mrs. Gardner. "It is well to be acquainted with all styles. Then one steers clear—in any society—of an appear "Quite so," replied Mrs. Mathieu, coolly.

"Experience undoubtedly prevents one mistaking position for birth, and bonhomic for breeding "Or conceit for real importance," said Mrs. Gardner, with easy composure. (To be continued.)

We do not feel like blaming Macbeth for this expression of disgust. Even nowadays most of the cathartics are great repulsive pills, eaongst to "turn one's stomach." Hat Macbeth eventaken Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets" he would not have uttered those words of contempt. By drametiss.

Reports from the hop region of Prince Edward are unfavorable

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?—If so, you can tesuffy to its mervellous powers of healing, and recommend it to your friends. We refer to Briggs Magic Relief, the grand specific for all summer complaints diar-rhess, cholers morbus, dysentery, cramps colic, sickness of the stomach and bowe

Ox-blood is a new color for parasols. Answer This.

Can you find a case of Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes, Urinary or Liver Complaints that is curable that Hop Hitters has not or cauno cure? Ask your neighbors if they can.

Little-beer kegs are used for perfume They are of oxydixed silver A RUN FOR LIFE.—Sixteen miles were

covered in two hours and ten minutes by a lad sent for a bottle of Briggs' Electric Oil. Good time, but poor policy to be so far from a drug store without it.

Cherry blossoms are the fashionable lowers for the corange.

Many sink into an early grave by not giving immediate attention to a slight cough which could be stopped in time by the u-e of a twenty five cent bettle of Dr. Wistar a Pulmonic Syrup. " Sunset costumes" and "rainbow" hats are to be popular this season. The Governor-Generalship.

Many press comments have been made in reference to the rumor that Sir John Macdonald was likely to be elevated to this important position. We ask why his name should receive special prominence unless it is claimed he has given us the N. P. and has not given the disputed territory. Dr. Scott Putnam, the inventor of that great corn cure, Putnam's Paicless Corn Extractor, is hereby placed in nomination for the position. His record is the highest that can be claimed, for by his Corn Extractor he has ministered to the relief of human suffering. Putnam's Corn Extractor is sure, safe and pain-

ministered to the relief of human suffering Putnam's Corn Extractor is sure, safe and pain less. A. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, proprietors. Over 1 000 shade trees have thus far been

planted throughout Brandon.

THE THE STEAD OF BEING purely a local disease of the lungs, as is commonly believed, must be treated as a great constitutional malady, the result of impoverishment from a fa lure of nutrition. Organs and tissus a impuired by cl matic influences, or previous siesese, are the first to give way, and we have the poverty of blood showing itself in consumption of the spine, hip, knee and bowels, as well as the lungs. The defect consists well as the lungs. The defect consists well as the lungs. The defect consists of the spine of the sp

A sort of influer za that has been epidemic among the horses round Winnipeg during the winter is disappearing.

It is the common observation that the standard of natural health and normal activity among American women is being lowered by the influence of lane ideas and habits of lie, engendered by fashionaule ignorance and luxurious living. It is a happy circumstance that Mrs. Lydia E. Plukhain has come to the front to instruct and cure the sufferens of her sex.

Brandon is this year getting a great deal of the hotel business that Winnipeg got last summer. Wells' " Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts cumons. Homesteads and pre emptions to extent of 4,000 agres were entered at Bran-

don in one ony much weak. Bafon Hen.

"Wells Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia Impotence. Sexual De-binty. \$1.

—Coming through the Rye—Picking one's way among whiskey barrels. Faded articles of all kinds restored to their original beauty by Diamond Dyes. Perfect and simple. 10 cents, at all uruggists.

It is the first duty towards children to make them happy. If you have not made them happy you have wronged them; no other good they may get can make up for

Don't Die in the House.

"Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed bugs, flies, auts, moles, chipmonks gophers. 15c. -One real spring day makes the whole world grin.

"Golden Medical Discovery" (words registered as a trade-mark) cures all humors from the pimple or cruption to great wirulent eating It is often a good deal better for one to

bear trouble than get rid of it.

The "Favorite Prescription" of Dr. Pierocures "femals weakness" and kindred affections by druggists. To ease earache or almost any pain, lay

cloths wrung from very hot Change them every minute. A specific, and the only one too, for all forms and types of skin dise so, is known the world over as Dr. Benson's skin Cure. It is not a patent medicine, but a remaile, certain remedy. Druggists.

A good rule to follow when boiling corned after it has commenced to boil.

As two boxes of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured a friend of neuralgia, whom the Drs. here couldn't help, I'll send for some for myself." CL.FFORD SHAND, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

It is perhaps well that some men do no love their neighbors as themselves. The neighbors would soon be hugged to death.

A Nerve and Brain Food is needed in all cases of Lervous and sexual prostration. Mack's Magnetic Medicine meets this want more effectually than any other preparation, and the price Drings it within the reach of all. Read the adverteement in another column. Hoyley says" Never trump your partner's ace." We never do. Our luck is never to have a trump, and our partner's luck is

never to have an ace.

\*\* "Little thanks are due to him who only gives away what is no use to himself." The thanks of invalue the world over are being showered on the inventor of Kidney-Wort moves the bowels regularly, cleanes the blood, and radically curse sidney disease, gravel, piles, bilious headacne and pains which are caused by discreted liver and kidneys. Thousands have been cured—why should you not try it?

"What becomes of the clothes pins?" is the newest household conundrum. That's easy; they "get three sheets in the wind" and "go off on a tear." "Mrs. Miffin," said a visitor, "Emma

has your features, but I think she's got her father's hair." "Oh, now I see," said de r little Emma; "it's because I've papa's hair that he has to wear a wig." In the 17th century London merchants

sent their superfluous funds to the Tower of London, where the must then was, for safe keeping. They abandoned the habit, however, after Charles I. had helped himself to \$1,000,000 which he found there, although he considerately explained that CURIOUS USE OF EGGS

What is Done With 2,400 a Day in

Rochester. Comparatively few persons are probably ware of the fact that eggs are used to any extent except as an article of food. Yes ment in this city—one of three in the United States—which utilizes large numbers daily. A curious reporter for The Union recently paid a visit to the Albumen Paper Company's works on Water street. The first sight which met his eyes was at more than the company of the street. immense basket of eggs. The reporter made known his wishes to a representative of the company, who kindly, in answer to numerous questions, gave all the informa-tion in his power. As above stated, there are only two other albumen paper factories in the country, one being lecated in Camden, N. J., and one at Philadelphia. These three firms supply the 7,000 photographers in the United States with the peculiar kind of paper necessary for their business. The manufacturing season begins in the latter part of February, and continues until near the first of the following December. During the season the Rochester company uses on an average about 200 dozen eggs (2 400) per day which makes a total of about 50,000 dozen (600,000 eggs) per year. Grocers in the surrounding towns furnish the greater part of the eggs, which must be perfectly fresh. Some idea of the extent of the business may be obtained from the fact business may be obtained from the fact that paper sufficient to print 200,000 photographs has been prepared in one day. The paper used is of the finest quality, and is imported from France. The reporter was shown into a room where a young lady was busily engaged in breaking aggs and separating the whites from the yelks. The whites are prepared by a chemical process and then spread over the surface of the paper, leaving it glossy as seen in the photograph. Noticing

glossy as seen in the photograph. Noticin that the yelks were also carefully preserve the reporter inquired if it was possible to utilize them, and was answered in the affirmative. They are nearly all sent to Johnstown and Gloversville, where the glovers use them for dressing kid. The trough and tramped upon with the feet. A finish is thus imparted to the skins which is obtainable in no other way. Informa-tion was volunteered to the effect that a large number of the dogskin gloves and kid shoes worn so extensively are nothing more than sheep or calfakin dressed and är with the yelke of eggs. Col. S. S. Eddy's morocco factory is the only establishment in this city using yelks in dressing leather.
Mr. Eddy said he also used the whites to some extent, but only in the finishing of the roan leather .- Rochester (N.Y ) Union

"You are the laziest man I ever saw, said Mrs. Jenkins to her husband, who was waiting for his noonday meal, which, as usual, was late. "Am I?" he murmured, carelessly

"Yes, you are, and you will stand more blowing up than anybody I ever heard of without resenting it.

"Yes, you will. Ain't there anything that will move you?"
"Yes, dinner might."
Then he exploded in a laugh of densive corn, and his wife went out into the kitcher

vondering why she ever married.

Important.

When you visit or leave New York city, save baggage expressage and carriage hire, and stop at the Grand Union Hotel, opposite Grand Central Depot. Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1\$ and lowards per day. European plan. Rievator Bestsurant supplied w † the best. Horse cars stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel n the city.

Three French boats, fishing off the coast of Clare, recently caught in one week £4,000 with of mackerel.

The finest and noblest grounds on which people can live is truth; the real with the real; a ground on which nothing is assumed. but where they speak, think and do they must, because they are so and not otherwise.



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

Is a Positive Cure Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman.

Prepared by a Woman.

The Greatest Medical Discovery Since the Dawn of History.

137 It revives the drooping spirits, invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions, gives elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh reces of life's spring and early summer time.

237 Physicians Use It and Prescribe It Freely It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weigh

For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either ser this Compound is unsurpassed. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER

ill eradicate every vestige of James from the book, and give tone and strength to the system, of an woman or child. Insist on having it, Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are propared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottlee for \$5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of No family should be without LYDIA E. PINITHAM'S LIVER FILLS. They cure constitution. Liliousn as and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.

Sold by all Druggists. %\$ 0 母母母母母母

KIDNEY-WORT FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF CONSTIPATION. No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constitution, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated Kidney-Wort as a curs. Whatever the cause, however obstinate with case, this remedy will overcome it.

PILES THIS distressing complicated with constitution is very apt to be complicated with constitution. Kidney-Wortstrengthens the weakened parts and quickly curse all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before falled. PRICE SI. USE Druggists Sell

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KIDNEYS, LIVER AND URINARY ORGANS THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIES.

THE REST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be on ed, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every di-ease is caused by decanged kidneys or liver. To restore these herefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where Warner's safe ture has achieved its great reputation. It acted directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placing them in a healthy condition drives disease and pain fr in the system. For all kidney, Liver and Urinary troubles, for the distressing disorders of women, for Malaria and physical troubles generally, this great remedy has no equal.

e are of imposors, imitations and concectic a said to be just as good.

For Diabetes ask for Warner's Safe Diabetes dure.

For sale by all dealers H. H. WARNER & CO., Poronto, Ont.; Rochester, N. V.; London Eng.

KIDNEY-WORT IS A SURE CURE for all diseases of the Kidneys and

It has specific action on this most important ergan, enabling it to throw off torpidity and inaction, stimulating the healthy secretion of the Bile, and by keeping the bowels in secondition, effecting its regular discharge.

Malaria I fyou are suffering from malaria, have the chills, are bilious, dyspeptic, or constipated, Kidney-Wort will surely relieve and quickly cure. In the Spring to cleanse the System, every one should take a thorough course of it.

KIDNEY-WORT

Remember This. If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails. If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bovels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney Disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a missmatic district barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, billous and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

Hop Bitters.

If you have a rough, pimply, or sallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally. Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health, and comfort.

In short, they cure all diseases of the Stomach. Rowels, Bloot, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. \$600 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister, nother or daughter, can be made the picture of health by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

DOWNS' ELIXIR N. H. DOWNS' VEGETABLE BALSAMIC Has stood the test for FIFTY-THREE

and all Lung Diseases in young or old. SOLD EVERYWHERE. Price 25c. and \$1.00 per Bottle.

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Postively cures Nervousness in ALL its stages
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It restores Surprising Tone and Vigor to the
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