Helen is the handsomest girl of her race; She's an elegant form and an exquisite face And she dresses with perfectly consum

grace,
But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.
She knows many languages, living and dead;
In science and fiction is very well read,
But she cannot cook meat, and she cannot make . bread, And she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She can play a "fantasia" (r "nocturne" with skill;
Can sing up to "B"—has a wonderful trill;
Can write a good story or sonnet, but still
She doesn't know chicken from turkey.
She's been up the Tiber, the Rhine and the
Nile;
She's a painter in every popular style—
Can decorate china, a plaque or a tile—
But she doesn't know chicken from turkey.

She's always self-satisfied, graceful and cool;

Sile's always self-satisfied, graceful and cool;
A critic, both just and correct, as a rule;
And knows every stitch of the Kensingto
school.
But she deesn't know chicken from turkey.
She can work a design by Lensing or Burt;
But she cannot cut out for her children
akirtOr make for her husband a well-fitting shirtShe doesn't know chicken from turkey.

I'm willing a girl should read Latin and Greek Should German and French and Italian speak And be "up" in the latest methetical freak, If she only knows chicken from turkey. I'd like her in music and song to take part; Read poetry, science, and cultivate art. If husband and children were first in her heart, And if she knew chicken from turkey— Knew barley from rice, knew a tart from a pi

Anew barley from rice, knew a tart from a pie
A boil from a stew, a broil from a fry;
And if she went into the market to buy,
Knew very well chicken from turkey.
For, to make a home happy, all knowledge muse
blend;
Art, science and service their benefits lend;
Then ladies, so clever and wise, condescend
To know about chicken and turkey.

The Form is the Continuent.

-Lillie E. Barr in the Continen *An old saying for a poor housewife.

HUSBAND'S RELATIONS;

The People Loved Her Much.

or,

edly uncivil manner of hers." Mrs. O'Leary says out these words slowly and distinctly, with the evident intention of giving her auditors plenty of time to mark and digest them. As she has hoped, they palpably wound the brother of the girl from whom her, and that without any regard to Dolly.

"But Miss Thynne is distinctly Irish— Irish to the backbone. No well-bred Emlishwoman would be guardedly uncivil to any person of consequence, I assure you; especially after hearing that your father was an ambassador and all that sort of thing; she would be incapable of it." "And Darragh Thynne is incapable of

being 'guardedly uncivil' or guardedly 'anything' that's low and mean to any one; and, Marian, you had better be careful how you promote people verbally. Mrs. O'Leary will have a difficulty in dealing with her father soon if you make many more honorable mentions of him."

"I said he was an envoy, if you remember, dear," Mrs. O'Leary explains to Marian; "and, indeed," the lady goes on, sweetly, "I almost regret having said that, even; it looks like vaunting. Now you, sure, think me a boaster; don't you, Mr. Annesley?'

"It would hardly become me on so short you, however flattering my opinion might be." Robert Annesley savs. laughing himbe." Robert Annesley says, laughing him-self out of the corner into which she has boldly thrust him. And then Marian quite unintentionally comes to his aid by

"But what do you mean about Miss Thynne and Captain Mackiver? You don't mean to say you think she's wicked and cruel enough to want Ronald to jilt Dolly for

I merely say she is luring him to love her as fast as she can. I'm a woman with some experience in such matters, and I can see when a man's eyes and heart and intellect are all engrossed with one woman as quickly as any one. Captain Mackiver is so engrossed, and the woman who engrosses him is not your sister Dolly."

"I think we may safely leave my sister to hold her own, and I certainly have no intention of discussing an imaginary wrong," Robert says, impatiently. He hates the woman who has made the suggestion to him that his sister is in danger of losing her lover; he hates himself for feeling, though it nettles his pride, that it would solve one of his most difficult problems—namely, the having to find ten thou sand pounds for Dolly in May

and pounds for Dolly in May.

Above all, he is angry with his wife for having brought this woman into their midst. Mrs. O'Leary's beautiful person has no charm for him. There is something the difficulties that may be brought to pass in her frank, fascinating voice and manner that rings false in his ears and estimation, and he has a foreboding that in some way or other she will work harm of a serious is wide awake and ready for all the lovely kind, either socially or morally, to him or

Feeling thus, he cannot fall in with the vein of gay humor which Mrs. O'Leary strikes presently, when the whole party reassemble at the inn and go to dinner with what appetite they may. But, though he takes no part in the conversation, he is watchful and observes that Mrs. O'Leary spares no pains to draw out Darragh Thynne and make the girl show herself at her brightest and best.

CHAPTER XVIII. MISCHIEF BEGINS.

Sleep plays strange tricks with Ronald Sleep plays strange tricks with Rohald Mackiver this night. At first she flirts with him, pressing his eyelids for a few moments, and then sliding away, leaving him wider awake than before. After a time she plays more fantastic tricks still, half steeping his senses in oblivion and leaving them half conscious of a cause he has for faciling intense, pleasure and intense pain feeling intense pleasure and intense pain. Eventually she settles down upon him in earnest, and then commences to send his

mind roving wildly in all sorts of directions He wakes with a happy start and with his heart beating wildly, for in his dream he had been on the cliffs with her, with none others beside them, and it is hard to realize for a few moments that the intense joy he had felt was only a dream. When he does realize it he knows there will be no more sleep for him, and as the bright dawn is breaking with golden radiance in the east, he resolves to get up and go down

and see the sun rise over the sea. There is a good deal of soft warmth in the air in spite of its being early morning still, and when Ronald has watched the eun rise out of the sea and flood the earth and air with glory, he saunters on to the ruins of the Seven Churches, and sits him-self down on a piece of sculptured stone close by the shaft of a ruined cross, on which can be traced an inscription in the ancient Irish characters. He is employed in sketching this roughly as a memento of this the last day he will be with Dolly for some time, when, on glancing towards the oliffs to his left, he sees a woman's form seated just as he saw Darragh in his dream.

delight he sees that she is coming straight | to-night I understand, and when he is gone for the group of ruins among which he is half hidden. As she comes nearer he sees her face is very pale, there is no morning bloom upon it, and her eye-lids are red, as though she has been crying. Perhaps she has had a sleepless night, perhaps her heart is heavy, too, perhaps her dreams have been disturbed by thoughts of him.

"Dolly, your world's too good for me," he almost moans aloud, as this possibility strikes him, and then, in spite of his reso lution and remorse, he steps out to meet the girl whose heart, he feels exultantly, is heavy for him.
"You out, too?" she says, unconcornedly.

"I thought I was the only one of the party silly enough to come out before breakfast in search of the Adiantum and the Asplenium marinum. See what a levely bunch of fronds I've got! Have you found any?"
"I haven't even looked for them." He speaks stiffly, for it burts his manly sense of what is due to him, that she withholds this tribute of going heavily and sorrow-

fully on his account from him.
"What brought you out then? Did you want to make a sketch?" "I couldn't sleep, and I preferred being restless and miserable in the open air to

being the same thing in a little stuffy bed-There is something far too eager and earnest under his light manner! Darragh feels that if she is to be merciful to him,

generous to Dolly, and just to herself, she will have to go at once. "Battle with your miserable thoughts and conquer them as I have done," she cries out. And then she nods her head in farewell, and sets ou sat a brisk pace for the inn, hoping, half unconsciously, that she may gain its friendly shelter unperceived by any one.
Presently she approaches her bourne, and,

as ill luck will have it, she sees emerging from the doorway and coming steadily to meet her, the beautiful, richly robed

form of the Honorable Mrs. O'Leary.

"What evil spirit has prompted her to
this feat of early rising?" the girl asks
herself in vexation. And then something
more than vexation makes her its prey, as "He may not 'be giving himself up' to the lexury of loving Miss Thynne, but she is compelling him to do it as fast as she can. I saw that before I had been an hour with them to-day, and that is the reason miss Thynne has been treating him with the mass of the fear that the less that the loss of the fear that the fear that the less of the fear that ing, and suggesting that she ought to go down to the nearest cliffs and get the morning sweetness of the ocean's fresh

breath.

"Are you too tired to take a turn with me before breakfast?" she says, with sparkling eyes and a bright meaning smile. she avers Darragh Thynne is luring ner lover. But she fails to sting him into speech. It is Mrs. Annesley who answers long breath that sounds like a sigh, but that in reality is merely an outcome of her suppressed impatience to get away from this woman before any discovery is made.
"Oh let Miss Annesley rest; if her natural inclination for a sea breeze and

> did you get them?" Daraagh says—
> "Down there," rather curtly, and nods very vaguely toward the coast.
> "You should have got some roots; let

us go and dig some up now, will you? I want to make a fernery in my house that shall be the envy of all Galway. You shall help me with it."

"Thank you, I am afraid I can be of no

assistance to you," Darragh says, coldly. The girl's sense of self-respect and dignity is outraged by the laughing, meaning glances which Mrs. O'Leary is bestowing upon her. "Does she guess that Captain Mackiver is down on the cliffs? Does she imagine I'm bad enough to have had a secret meeting with him on purpose?" the girl asks herself indignantly. Then once more saying something about "going is for Dolly," Miss Thynne walks into the house leaving the honorable widow gazing after her with a not too well-pleased expression

on her fine, fair face.

"So you give yourself airs of being too good for me, do you, Miss Darragh Thynne?" she soliloquizes, with calm vindictiveness; "how do I know that you're s better woman than I am after all? You're not above being in love with your friend's lover, but you're too good to wish me to find you out; how flurried and anxious she looked when she met me first! I'll find out why before long, I promise Miss Darragh Thynne; she hasn't been down on the cliffs alone, I know, but I may as well go and find her fellow sinner out and let him know that I do hold such a fact in the hollow of my hand concerning her; it may

piciously!
"Oh, why didn't I wake her and make her go out with me?" Darragh says to her-self, as her prophetic soul foresees some of the difficulties that may be brought to pass island they are on can offer, Darragh says:
"Dolly, I got up and went out quietly to the cliffs very early this morning—wanting to be alone to be sad and have my sadness all to myself, and to my annoyance Captain

Mackiver came down just as I was coming up, and to my great annoyance that dubious Mrs. O'Leary met me at the door with one of her most dubious expressions as I came in; if this is put before you to annoy you, you won't let it annoy you, will you, Dolly?"

"How could I be annoyed?" Dolly asks wonderingly. Why should I be?" "There's no real reason on earth, but Mrs. O'Leary may make a false one; however, I've done my part to avert unpleasant

ness. Now shall we go out again?"
"And join Ronald? Yes," Dolly says, promptly, but by the time she is ready to go out Mrs. O'Leary and Captain Mackiver come strolling back, the lady with choicest ferns in her possession, and with the pleased consciousness that she has fathomed the secret of Ronald's soul, namely, his unhappy love for Darragh Thynne.

She had gone down to the cliffs and told

him she "had read that he was there in Miss Thynne's eyes." It was a bold assertion on her part, but she made it, trusting to Captain Mackiver being sufficiently subdued by his own sense of wrong-doing to let her remark pass unchallenged.
"And if instead of resenting it he

accepts the suggestive compliment he will be more careful how he treats me in future. I shall know something that he won't like to be told to the whole world." This is what she tells herself, and probably she is right. At any rate, Ronald comes back to breakfast with the edge taken off his appetite by the conviction he has, that in some way or other Mrs. O Leary

now regards herself, not only as an ally of his, but as a partisan of Darragh's and as inimical to Dolly Annesley, and truly enough he tells himself that he "is in an awful coil."

"You may trust me," Mrs. O'Leary whispers, with a familiarity that is odious to Darragh, when they next meet, and though Darragh looks at the lady with frank, open, angry disdain, she does not dare to disavow any need of trusting Mrs. O'Leary in words, for the fear she dream.

He is not near enough to see the expression of her face, but there is something infinitely touching in the sad, steadfast attitude. "That girl is far from being happy," Ronald thinke, and if it were not for a restraining recollection of Dolly he would go and try and comfort this realization of his dream.

Presently she gets up, and with a thrill something that is half dread and half

Mrs. O'Leary in words, for the fear she has of calling the attention of others to the trifle that is being so falsely magnified.

In spite of Mrs. O'Leary's assurance that she is "to be trusted"—to observe secrecy it is to be supposed—she takes the direct that she is "to be supposed—she takes the direct that she is "to be supposed—she takes the direct that she is "to be supposed—she takes the direct that is constituted.)

Abbe Smoulders is the name of the new Precurator-General of the Cistercian Order appointed by the Papal See as Apostolio Commissioner to Canada. He will arrive about mid-October.

Lord Houghton, who leaves England during the present month for India, will pass the winter as a guest of the Viceroy and Lady Ripon.

break it to your sister-in law that some-thing has come to your knowledge which convinces you that he will jilt her; don't let her force you to be too explicit, and don't mention me. She dislikes me already, and would try to undermine me with you, dear, if she knew I had discovered her lover's

perfidy."

"No one will ever undermine you enthusiastically." consider that you are proving yourself a true friend; the Mackiver's want Dolly's money, but if she has a spark of self-respect and womanly feeling she won't be married for that only, by a man who insults us all by carrying on with another girl under her brother's roof."

"It is for you to save her from such a fats," Mrs. O'Leary says, warmly. She has quite made up her mind to oust Captain Mackiver from the Annesley's set if possible. In time the mists of uncertainty as to her past may clear themselves away from his mind, and she does, above all things, desire that this past may never be revealed. After all, it is, with her, merely the instinct of self-preservation. It is her intention to shine in London society this season—to become a much talked about and photographed beauty! Shall such a lofty ambition be laid low by a few words from a young man who has more than once mentioned a certain rue in Paris in her presence, in which was a wine shop in days gone, whose success was mainly due to the charms of a beautiful woman who

has since then soared into a higher sphere? The remainder of the time they spend in Arranmore drags heavily. Captain Mackiver is undisguisedly in low spirits, as become a man who will soon be called upon to take leave of his betrothed. Dolly is infected sympathetically by his dullness, and is, moreover, distraught between his declared determination to come back and marry her in May, and her brother and sister-in-law's strong opposi-tion to that early date being fixed. Dar-ragh is in fitful spirits, which Mrs. O Leary remarks upon as a certain sign of guilt, and Robert Annesley is fretting over his inability to refund to Dolly that ten thou-sand pounds which has been melted down

in the part purchase and improvement of the Darragh property.

Their homeward bound sail over the spring tide sea is not nearly so blithe and happy as their outward bound one was the preceding day.

"The shadow of your approaching

departure has fallen over us all, Captain Mackiver," Mrs. O'Leary says maliciously, with her sunniest smile, directing attention to Darragh with a glance. She has chosen the moment for making her remark with the supreme discretion of spite. Miss Thynne's attitude as she lounges on the gunwale of the boat, her cheek nestled into her hand, her eyes fixed yearningly on space, is the very embodiment of despondency.
"But you remember in time that 'a

lie that's half the truth is a harder matter to fight,' don't you, Miss Thynne? and so morning air was so weak that she could sleep through such a glorious opportunity of enjoying both, I should certainly not disturb her. Ah! what lovely ferns! Where one I care about, if I oughtn't to care about that person, I hold my tongue; I should probably let out worse things concerning myself in my ardor than any one can invent about me." And again Mrs. O'Leary laughs her musical noisy laugh, and looke about her with an air of defiance that would be revolting in a less beautiful

> When Ronald is saying his last good-by to Dolly this day a few minutes before he starts, the girl puts her hands on his shoulders and holds her clear, truthful face away from him when he would kiss her. "Tell me, Ronald, do you still wish to marry me more than any other woman in the world?" she asks softly, and he feels

the blood mounting to his brow as he answers-"My dearest girl, what an absurd question! You are the only woman I wish to marry, more than this, you are the only woman I will marry."

She heaves a sigh of relief.

CHAPTER XIX.

MOLE WORDS. There is little doubt about Darragh being sad and depressed, but she is able to give Dolly good reason for being so. Lady Killeen has written to her husband's voung cousin that it will not be convenient for her to be with them during the season. "My soribed but had never experienced. Any house will be full," her ladyship writes,
"for at last Killeen sees the justice of my wanting to have some of my own relations and friends to stay with me, and as Arthur and you are going to commit the folly of marrying, you may as well do it at once, I should think, and secure a house of your

own."

It is a cruel letter, cruelly intentioned,

and cruelly worded, and it wounds as deeply as it is designed to do.

"It means that you will be able to make your home with me when I'm married,"
Dolly says, kissing Darragh as she gives back the spiteful letter.
"It means that I have no home," Darragh says, sorrowfully, "but it means worse than that even. Killeen must have turned against both Arthur and me when

ne could allow his wife to write to me in this way." "The gain will be mine and Ronald's till you are married and have a home of your own," Dolly says cheerfully, but Darragh shakes her head, and says, "that arrange-

ment can never come to pass." "Well, cheer up, Darragh; think!—
you'll be a happy wife all the sooner perhaps; Mr. Thynne will be sure to want to
be married directly he hears that you can't be with the Killeen's this season," and as she listens to these words Darragh cannot repress a shudder.

Altogether the girl's position is a miserable one just now. Mrs. Annesley, who has heartily wearied of her Irish home by this time, is anxious to clear her house of guests before she wings her way to London in May, where she has arranged to take a furr nished house for three months with the fascinating friend, Mrs. O'Leary. It is in vain that Robert Annesley protests against this arrangement. His wife has the happy art of not hearing anything that

happy art of not hearing anything that any one says against any plan she forms. Supported by Mrs. O'Leary's sympathy and counsel she goes on her way just as though he acquiesced in it.

"If you give way to him now he will mew you up all your life," Mrs. O'Leary says, "and you'll burst out and become provincial. I can introduce you to a number of charming people in London, and I'm very much mistaken if you're not the fashion before you've been there a week."

"Robert yows he can't afford it." Marian "Robert vows he can't afford it," Marian

says, feebly.

"O! nonsense; we get the house for a song, and after all half the expense will be mine; we'll live elegantly for less than you spend at Darragh. I have a French cook; he's such a manager that I can give quite recherche little dinners for a mere nothing. Mr. Annesley must come and dine with me before we go over, and my cook will convert him to our schemes of co-operative housekeeping for a few

months. "I'm sure I can't be grateful enough to you for having planned it," Marian says, effusively, and Mrs. O'Leary assures her that "this is a mere nothing to what she is prepared to do for her dear friend." (To be continued.)

THE FATHER OF FISH-CULTURE. Seth Green's Ideas About the Finny Tribe

and Some of his Varied Experiences. (Turf. Field and Farm.) "How did you ever come to devise this

scheme?" "I have been working at it over since I was large enough to bend a p.o."

The above remark was addressed to Mr. Seth Green, the veteran fish colturist, who is known to the entire world, and his reply indicates the extent of his labors.

"When I was quite young," he continued, "I would lie on the limbs of trees the entire that the world was a state of the limbs of trees.

that reached out over the water entire afternoons watching the movements of the fish and studying their habits. In this way I discovered many characteristics which were before unknown. I saw, as every observer must see, the destructive elements that are warring against fish, and I realized that unless something were done, the life in the streams of this country would become extinct. To counteract this disastrous end became my life work, and I am happy to say I have seen its accomplishment."

"Were you successful on the start?"
"No, indeed. Up to that time all artificial attempts to hatch and raise fish from the spawn had failed, and I was compelled to experiment in an entirely new manner. The work was a careful and tedious one but I finally succeeded, and to day I am able to hatch and raise fully 75 per cent. of

all snawn." "Enormous! Why, that is a larger percentage than either the vegetable or animal kingdoms produce in a natural condition."

I know it, but we exercise the greatest care in the start, and guard the little felows until they become able to care for them-

selves. The foregoing conversation occurred at Caledonia, where the representative of this paper was paying a visit to the State fish hatcheries. It has been his privilege to report very many interesting sights within the past twenty-five years, but the view presented here exceeds in interest anything ever before attempted.
"How many fish are there in those ponds,

Mr. Green? "As we have never attempted to count them it will be impossible to say. They extend way up into the millions though. We shipped over three millions out of the ponds this year and there seemed to be as many afterward as before. We have nearly every variety of the trout family and many

"You speak of hybrids, Mr. Green. What do you mean by that?"
"I have experimented for years in crossing the breed of the various fish and am still working upon it. We cross the female salmon trout with the male brook trout, and thus produce a hybrid. Then we cross the nybrid with the brook trout, which gives us three-quarter brook trout and one-quarter salmon trout. This makes one of the inest fishes in the world. He has all the habits of the brook trout lives in both streams and lakes, develops vermillion spots on his sides, rises readily to a fly, is far more vigorous and fully one-third larger than ordinary brook trout of the same age. The possibilities of development in the fish world are great and we are rapid'y accortaining what they

As the man of news watched the counter nance of Mr. Green while he was giving the above account, he could not but feel that he was in the presence of one of the few investigators who, from a rich and life-long experience, bring great benefit to the world. Let the reader imagine a strong and stal-wart frame, surmounted by a head strongly resembling that of Socrates, and covered with a white silky beard and luxuriant gray hair. Seth Green, the father of fish culture is a picture of health, and the reporter could not help remarking so.

"If you had seen me the last winter and spring, young man, you might have thought

differently," said the veteran.
"How is that? One would think, to look at you, that sickness was something of

which you knew nothing."

"And so it was until last winter. I went down into Florida in the fall to see what kind of fish they had in that State and study their habits, and was attacked with malaria in its severest form, and when I came home I realized for the first time in my life, that I was sick. My symptoms were terrible. I had dull, aching palus in my head, limbs and around my back. My appetite was wholly gone, and I felt a lack one who has ever had a severe attack of malaria can appreciate my condition. I went to bed and remained there all the spring, and if there ever was a sick man I was the one."

"It seems hardly possible. How did you come to recover so completely?"
"My brother, who had been afflicted by a severe kidney trouble and threatened with Bright's disease was completely cured by a remedy in which I had great con-fidence. I therefore tried the same remedy for my malaria and I am happy to say I am a well man to day and through the instru-mentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be one of the most valuable of medicines. Indeed, I see it is endorsed by the United States Medical College of New York, and that Dr. Gunn, dean of that institution, has written along article concerning

"And are you now as well as formerly?" "Apparently so. I keep the remedy on hand all the while though and do not hesiate to recommend it to others." "One question more. How many ponds of fish have you here and how are they

"Well, we have 43 ponds which are divided up as follows: 22 ponds of brook trout, 2 ponds of salmon trout, 4 of Mc-Cloud River or rainbow trout, 2 ponds of German trout, 3 of California mountain trout, 2 pends of hybrids, 4 of one-quarter salmon and three-quarters brook trout, 2 ponds of gold fish and 1 pond of carp. Then we have what we call the centennial pond we have what we can the centennal pout or "happy family," consisting of crosses of different fish, including Kennebec salmon, Land Locked salmon, California salmon, brook trout, salmon trout and hybrid These fish range in size from minnows to 18 pounders, and in age from one-2nd one-half months to eleven years. I forgot to say, also, that we have a 'hospital' pond, which is entirely empty, which speaks pretty well for a community of many millions. Indeed the whole secret of fish culture can be summed up in four things Impregnation,—using no water. Plenty of food. Plenty of pure water and cleanli

ness."
The numerous fish exhibitions which are taking place in all parts of Europe and the unusual interest which is being manifested in this subject throughout the world all owe their origin to the process above described as originated and conducted by Seth Green. It is certainly cause for congratulation to every American that this country produces so many men whose genius brings value to the world, and it is proof positive of the greatest merit that a remedy even with such high standing as Warner's Safe Cure is known to have should be so strongly en-dorsed and recommended by one so reput-able and reliable as Seth Green.

Canon Dumoulin has left Toronto for a few days to attend the general convention of the Church at Philadelphia as a member of the delegation appointed by the Canadian Church at the recent Provincial Synod in Montreal.

A writer asks, What is more terrille than the uncertainty of a woman's love?"
The uncertainty whether her stump tailed
bull pup will be hanging around the steps when you go out.

The statue of Alexandre Dumas, one of Gustave Doré's latest works, will not be unveiled in Paris until near the end of this Latest from Ireland.

The Kilorglin & Farranfore Railway is fast approaching completion. Loodenderry, died on the 9th ult. at

Monkstown. Thomas Fagen one of the Registrars of the Court of Bankungaey, and anddedly on the 11th vib. at Kingtown. Mr. Fagan was Clerk of the Crown and Peace for the boat."

city of Limerick. The wheat crop, not much of which is sown in the Tyrone district, is thin, and not a very good crop, especially spring wheat. Oats are not so good as might have been expected from the appearance of the crop about the end of July. At a recent meeting of the Guardians of

the Drogheda Union, the Clerk announced that since last meeting 141 fresh cases of foot and mouth disease had occurred in the Union district amongst cattle. There were in the entire district 822 animals affected with the disease on 87 farms. At the North Dublin Board of Guar-

dians, on the 12th ult., the milk contractor's excuse for deficiency in his supply was that he was boycotted at Carlow, his cows hav-ing been turned in on his barley fields, one of them killed and two of his laborers' cotages burned.

Workmen are now engaged removing Fairell's Horse Repository, Dublin, the site of which is intended for a new theatre, opera house and circus, to be built upon the plan of the old Royal Theatre, which was destroyed by fire. The theatre will seat

I wo-Thirds of a Bottle Cures. DR. R. V. PIERCE. Buffalo. N. Y.: Dear

Sir—I have been taking your "Favorite Prescription" for "female weakness." Before I had taken it two days I began to feel stronger. I have taken but two-thirds of a bottle and believe I am cured. Gratefully, MRS. H. C. LCVETT, Watseka, Ill.

Spurious sovereigns are just now causing trouble and loss to English tradesmen. Skinny Men.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and rigor, cures Dyspepsia Impotence, Sexual Debility. \$1.

The Princess Dolgorouki, morganatic widow of Alexander II., will spend the winter in St. Petersburg.

, "Men are but sorry witnesses in their own cause." The praise of Kidney-Wort comes from the mouths of those who have been made strong and healthy by it. Listen: "It is curing every-body," writes a druggist. "Kidney-Wort is the most popular medicine we sell." It should be by right, for no other medicine has such specific action on the liver, bowels and kidneys.

It is proposed that officers of the British army serve without pay.

Texas audiences are delighted with lec-

tures by a 7-year-old girl named Jennie What Might Have Been.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880.

I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honosely. All who use them confer upon them the hignest encomiums, and give them credit for maxing curos—all the proprietors claim for them. I nave kept them since they were first offered to the public. They took high rank from the first, and maintained it, and are more called for than all others combined. So long as they keep up their high reputation for purity and usefuluess, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine.

J. J. BABCOCK, M. D. J. J. BABCOCK, M. D.

A Rome despatch says it is reported that

the Pope is seriously judisposed. external treatment at same time, and it make the skin white, soft and smooth. It contains no poisenous drugs. \$1 at druggists.

Colorado has a new town called Wagon Wheel. It took its name from the facthat all the fellows there are tired.

Throng, Bronchial, and Lung Disease a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self treatment. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association Buffalo, N. Y.

Sense shines with a double lustre when it is set in humility. humble man is a jewel worth a kingdom.-Penn.

"I am truly thankful that I ever used Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamonnile Pills, for they cured my periodical headache." Mr. J. R. Paudison, Point Caswell, N.O. 50 ets. at druggists. The ancient custom of ringing the curiew

bell was resumed at Stratford-on Avon on the 11th, the bell being the same that was toiled for Shakspaare's funeral. Sick and bilious headache, and all de by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes

o allow waste of virtues. By druggists. Nothing but the possession of some power can, with any certainty, discover what a the bottom is the true character of an

man.

*No lady of refinement likes to resort to supe "No lady of refinement likes to resort to superficial devices to supply a becoming semblance of her former beauty. It is health atome that kindles the fire that lights the countenance and brings back-the fresh tints of the apple blossoms to the faded cheek. It asything on earth will do this it is Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which has already brought health to multitudes with whom all other mears had failed.

Thompson, of Dallas, Tex., reminded Cooper that he owed him a board bill. Cooper shot Thompson dead. The board bill is still unsettled.

ety of Cinchona or Peruvian Bark, first came into general use on account of a remark, able cure performed by it on the Countess del Chinchon, at Lima, who, after her recovery, distributed a large quantity of it to the Jesuits in whose hands it acquired a great reputation, that charitable prelate, Cardinai de Lugo, having purchased it at great expense for the benefit of the religious poor at Rome. It is combined with aromatics in a delicious cordial in Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphates and Calisaya, a remedy of extraordinary efficacy in restoring constitutional vigor, and repairing the worn-out frame, whether used up by mental worry, overwork, excesses and bad habits or debilitated by prostrating diseases.

What veracity is to speech fidelity is to action. As we may safely depend upon the word of a truthful man, so we may safely depend upon the doings of a faithful

A gentleman, aged 65, writes: "I heartily thank you for the great boon I have obtained through the use of your wonderful rejuvenator, known as Magnetic Medicine. I am fully restored—feel like a young colt." Love in marriage should be the accom-

plishment of a beautiful dream, and not, as

it too often proves, the end .- Karr. Wells' " Hough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts bunions.

Mr. Terashima, the Japanese Minister at Washington, is ill, and will leave for lapan next week. Dan't Die in the House.

"Rough on Rats" clears out rats, mice oaches, bed bugs, flies, ants, moles, chipmonks ophers 15c. Rev. Robert Lowry, Secretary of the

Rev. Robert Lowry, Secretary Of Secretary Of

Not the Mail Boat.

"Please, sir, is this the mail boat?" inquired a lady holding a letter in her hand, Dr. Elrington, Q.C., the Recorder of of a gentleman who was standing on the boodenderry, died on the 9th ult. at deck of a Lake Ontario steamer.

" I guess not, madame," replied the gen-



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THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER. THE BEST BLOOD PURIFIER.

There is only one way by which any disease can be cured, and that is by removing the cause—whatever it may be. The great medical authorities of the day declare that nearly every disease is caused by deranged kidneys or liver. To restore thes herefore is the only way by which health can be secured. Here is where Warner's Nate directly upon the kidneys and liver and by placthem in a healthy condition drives disease and pain from 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. Heware of impostors, imitations and conoctions said to be just as good.

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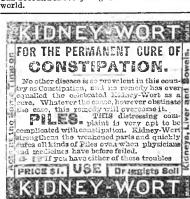
Vital Questions ! Continued.) CHAPTER II

wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid or smallest child to use. "Patients "Almost dead or nearly dying"

For years, and given up by physicians, of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

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From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness and various diseases peculiar to women. romen,
People drawn out of shape from excruciating
sages of kheumatism,
nflammatory and chronic, or suffering from

scrofulal
Erysipelas!
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in its effect. It is a great help in pregnancy, and re-lieves pain during labor and at mgular periods.

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Find Great Relief in Its Use. Find Great Relief in Its Use.

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(2º Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, \$1. Six bottles for \$7. The Compound is sent by yardl in the form of pills c. of lozenges, on receipt of price, \$1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this Paper. TT LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVIE PILLS cure Constipa-Sold by all Druggists. To

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From Mr. William Magrath.

Enindale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 18-8. Eninale, Credit P. O., Jan. 8th, 18-8.

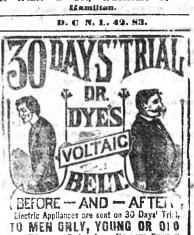
My Dear Sutherland,—Some two months slace I became so afflicted with Rheumatism of the neck and right shoulder as to render my right arm nearly powerless. I determined to try your "Rheumatine," and the result is that I am now free from pain, and enjoy the full use of my arm. My general health is also much improved by the use of the medicine. The first two bottles relieved me—the third bottle freed me from all pain.

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