Millionaire and Barctoot Boy. 'Tis evening, and the round red sun sinks slowly

in the west,
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to
their nest,
The crickets chirrup in the grass, the bats flit to And tingle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go; And the rich man from his carriage looks out on

them as they come—
On them and on the Burefoot Boy that drives the cattle home.

I wish," the boy says to himself-" I wish that I were he; And yet upon maturer thought, I do not-uo, sirree!
Not for all the gold his coffers hold would I be that duffer there.
With a liver-pad and a gouty tee, and scarce a single hair : To have a wife with a Roman nose, and fear lest

And the rich man murmurs to himself . " Would I give all my polf

To change my lot with yonder boy? Not if I know myself.

Over the grass that's foll of ants and chill with dew to go,

With a stone bruise upon either beel and a splinter in my too! Oh, I'd rather sail my yacht a year across the ocean's foam
Than be one day the Barefoot Boy that drives
the cattle home."

The Phantom Ship.

The auchor's weighed, the harbor past, Away' away! the ship flies fast. The skipper's wife is at his side. In fear she scans the darkening tide. "Fear not," quoth he; "thou'rt safe witl Though the fiend himself should sail that murrily ho! the breezes blow, Over the sea the ship doth go.

The sea grew black, the wind blew high; 'A ship!' a ship!" the sailors cry.
Down sank the blood-red suo in flame.
But nearer still the vessel came,
She had no sails, no cars, no crew
But nearer, nearer still she flew,
One lone, dark man on deck they see,
They can bear him laughing mockingly.

The skipper stood with frozen stare, His men were white with wild despair; The tempest shrieked, the sea was flame, And nearer still the strange slip came. Down knelt the skipper's wife and prayed

Hurrah! hurrah! The spell is done! The phantom ship is gone, is gone The winds are fair, and fair the tide The skipper's wife is at his side. He holds her hand, he cannot speak, A tear rolls down his rugged cheek; And merrily ho! the breezes blow, -Frederick E. Weatheri

HUSBAND'S RELATIONS:

The People Loved Her Much.

"For I've a real fancy for you," she goes on; "and if I can make your life pleasanter I'll do it, no matter what it costs," which is quite true, inasmuch as Mrs. O Leary has a clearly defined intention in course of their three months' joint housekeeping in London.

Take care what you're about with that woman, Marian," Robert Annesley says, when his wife tells him that Mrs. O'Leary woman, Marian," has gone across with "the intention of taking a furnished house for the season, which they ar eto share with her.'

"Take care what you are about with that woman; she'll run you into ruinous expenses before you know where you are. Besides, I doubt her; she's not sufficiently well authenticated for me to wish to see you mixed up with her."

"You only say that because she has found out that Ronald Mackiver and that horrid Miss Thynne are playing a double game with your sister," Marian says,

say it because I honestly believe that Mrs. O'Leary is not a good companion for

you."
"Well, you're too late, Robert, I've authorized her to take a house that we can occupy with her from May till the end of I am not going back from my bargain, it would make me look too ridiculous; besides, I want to go and look for a suitable place for poor mamma and the girls. Now their affairs are settled, it is better they should be in a house of their own again.'

"We could go over and find the house and settle them in it without Mrs. O'Leary's assistance," he protests. Whereupon Marian almost weepingly defends her ally, Whereupon and avows that it is essential to her social well-being for the season that she adheres to the alliance.

comes to pass that the party at Darregh is broken up less pleasantly than it was in the original programme. Miss Thynne goes back to London first, to some old friends of her father's who are glad to get the attractive beauty, who may still be the Marchioness of Portbank if she pleases, to their house, and Robert Annesley and his wife to a pretty little house in Green street which they are to share for three months with the wondrous widow.

"And so in consequence of our proper home being broken up your marriage must be delayed till the autumn," Marian says to Dolly, and then she adds spitefully and I have reason to think that Captain Mackiver is very glad of the reprieve. "Marian, that's cruel, and cowardly as well as cruel, unless you tell me your

reacons," Dolly says, spiritedly.
"It ought to be enough for you that I have one; however, I'll tell you this much, you have been deceived in your friend, Miss

Deceived in Darragh? Oh! no. no! "Well, if you stubbornly refuse to listen to facts I can't help you, Dolly; I shall say no more. I only know that if I were engaged to Ronald Mackiver I would give

thim to know that he musn't be riding in the Row with Darragh Thynne."
"He's not even in London," Dolly says, injudiciously, and then Mrs. Annesley tri-

umphantly hands her a telegram which just come from Mrs. O'Leary. The telegram is as follows: "Have secured a bijou house in Green

street. Just in front of the Park. Captain M. riding there with Miss Darragh. turns her head as she hands the

telegram back to her sister-in-law; but not before the latter has seen the tell-tale flush and tears which Dolly cannot suppress. "You see he doesn't keep you posted un

in all his movements," Marian says, sneer ingly; "how can you be so tame as to stand it. I should have broken off with Robert without hesitation if he had served me so. "It's a shame to me that I should have

felt vexed even for a moment." Dolly cries, vehemently; "why shouldn't Ronald ride with Darragh? Who of all my friends Ad I like so well as Darragh...."

Int. Backet very like and to be settled till your brother is ready with a statement of what he is prepared to do," the old gentleman says, salamply "It seems to me that he would do I like so well as Darragh-

"Pray don't get excited about the pleasure you feel in Captain Mackiver's preference for your friend.' Mrs. Appeslev interrupts, tauntingly; "for my part I like the girl Darragh as little as I like the place. I wish with all my heart we had never seen or heard of either."

It is the eye of their departure for England, and Robert Annesley has been engaged with the agent whom he is going to leave in charge of his Irish property all This agent, Mr. Thompson, has been investigating the affairs of his employer's estate assiduously for the last week, and he has come to the conclusion that Mr. Annesley has been needlesslyalmost culpably-generous in having remitted the rents of many of his tenants for the current quarter. In consequence of his having given open expression to this conviction with the hardihood of a man who has never lived in an atmosphere in which it is necessary to conceal an honest Mr. Thompson is already a much to-be disliked man on the Darragh prothan his own upright, kindly course of per-

feet integrity and confidence.
So it is with considerably lowered expectation of perfect peace and prosperity that Robert Annealey leaves his newly acquired estate for the first time since his taking up his residence upon it, for this hubble metiveless visit to London unreas which he sees will bring neither honor, glory, nor happiness to any one of them.

But Marian is ecstatic about it; Mrs. O'Leary has uttered golden words of promise concerning the introductions she can give, and the select circles into which she can introduce Mrs. Annesley. The latter sees visions of herself in a court train pre sented to our gracious Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria, or to that levely representative and daughter in-law of hers, the sweet Princess of Wales. And once presented. once known to have been made one of that social holiest of holies of the Court, Marian a panic come—

Far better to be the Barefoot Boy that drives the cattle home." feels that she will be solicited to sear into the highest spheres, and, perhaps, who knows ?- take rank as a celebrated beauty

All these possibilities are before her, she is assured by Mrs. () Leary, and so her hopes of happiness during the coming campaign are high. It is a little disappointing to her to find the bijou house in Green street very small, and decidedly stuffy as to its furniture and arrangements. The rent, too. is not so ridiculously low in their eyes as it is in Mrs. O'Leary's estimation. However, they feel that it would be ungracious to cavil at anything when she has been so kind as to take all the trouble off their hands, and the dinner which is the work of her man-cook, is contaioly an artistic success, and already she is full of plans for thoir amusement.

"I have a love of a box for Covent Gar den to-night, and to morrow we'll go to Sandown," she says, when superb soup and fish cooked out of all semblanes to itself and into the form of something so ethersally savory that these who partake of it feel lifted above ordinary humanity for the time being."

"I don't fancy Marian will care for the races," Mr. Annealey replies; but Marian has set her heart on going into the paddock and being seen by royalty in a costume

soon as possible, she shall take the oppor inity of going to them to-morrow."
"Captain Mackiver has tastes for the turf, though you don't share them," Mrs.

O'Leary says. "Not very pronounced ones, I think," Dolly replies.
"That's what you hope, I suppose; but I

can always tell if a man is horsey at heart," Mrs. O'Leary rejoins.

"He may be horsey without being turly," Dolly laughs. "I quite decline to be made anxious about Ronald's sporting pro-

olivities."
"Do you know the people Miss Thynne
"Do you know the Pripos's Gate?" Mrs. O'Leary has a clearly defined intention in her mind that the Annesleys shall pay all the bill which may be incurred in the 'Only by name. I've heard her speak of the Thornes often; he was an old friend of Darragh's father, Lord Killeen, and Mrs.

Thorne is a second wife and a schoolfellow of Darragh's. "He has two perfect teams this year," Mrs. O'Leary says, enthusiastically. "We shall see them at Sandown to morrow."

"Do you know them?" Mrs. Annesley asks; and the handsome puzzle answers carelessly-"I'll tell you whether I do or not after to-morrow. Mr. Thorne may be inclined to side with my worthless husband; men have a habit of standing up for one another

when matrimonial disputes arise."
"But, surely, Mrs. Thorne, if the has any womanly feeling, must sympathize with ather stinging in Mrs. O'Leary's laugh as

she replies: "I don't know Mrs. Thorne; she's a "I don't know Mrs. Thorne; she's a lovely enough to dazzle any man to day; prude and a parvenue, and I make a practice you must get hold of her dressmaker.

"If she's a prude it's to be hoped s'ie will imbue Miss Thynne with some of her views," Mrs. Annesley says, spitefully. She has no real dislike to the girl, but the name of "Darragh" is becoming hateful to her, especially when she thinks of what might be before her in town if only she

these ambitions inflated Marian's soul when she married. They date from the time of her becoming intimate with Mrs. into which she expected to be introduced O'Leary.

"Darriga is as incapable of becoming a prude as she is of becoming anything clse that's unpleasant or wrong," Dolly

says, stoutly.
"How delightful for you that your future husband should so evidently share future husband should so evidently share your views about Mies Thynne," Mrs. O'Leary says, with a smile that robs her words of their bitterness. She, too, has no real dislike to Darragh, but she fancies that Mrs. Annesley has, and for financial reasons she wishes to please Mrs. Annes-

lev greatly. The next morning Mrs. O'Leary, in a costume of steel colored plush, richly trimmed with steel beads, and Mrs. Annesley, in a twin costume of brown Annesley, in a twin costume of brown plush and bronze beads, accompanied by Mr. Annesley, start for Sandown, and Dolly goes to the Mackivers.

By the five o'clock post last night she dispatched a note to Ronald at Aldershot asking him to meet her to day at his father's house, and her heart is beating and her cheeks are burning with expectancy, as she stands waiting for admission. For Ronald is very dear to her, and she does long to see him, and to see his love expressed for her, after all the innuendoes to which she has been compelled to listen of late.

But Ronald is not here! "He will come, of course," she says buoyantly; "he will come in late for luncheon, and make us all feel grateful to him for having exerted himself to get here in such good time."

"He ought to have been here before you." "He ought to have been here before you," not offer to introduce Mrs. Annesley to his sister Mary says, decisively; and then any one of the titled people whose names

his mother adds-"In my time the gentlemen were always before the ladies, but young men are very lax nowadays, and seem to think nothing of keeping the ladies waiting. I suppose now you are in town, my dear, you'll be

seeing about your wedding outfit?"
"I don't think I'll get the trousseau till know when we are to be married," Dolly says, with a slightly heightened color; and at this Mrs. Mackiver shakes her head, and

Mr. Mackiver pulls a long face.
"That cannot be settled till your brother solemnly. "It seems to me that he would have been doing a far wiser thing if he had stayed over there and looked after things himself on his estate, instead of paying an agent to do that, while he comes over here and wastes money in a set of sham fash-

"So Robert feels himself-I'm sure of that," Dolly says, dejectedly; "but Marian frets for change and fashion, and Robert is so kind hearted that he has given way

against his better judgment." My husband never gave way to me against his better judgment, and I'm a happier woman for his firmness," Mrs. Muckiver says. "If young people would only consent to be guided a little by the

example of their elders, a great deal of sorrow and expense would be saved."
"Dolly's always ready to be guided, mother; you needn't point the moral of her sister in-law's perversity so strongly to her," Mary puts in, and then Mrs. Mack-iver harks back to the subject of the wedding outfit, and gives Dolly much sound

advice about it.
"Get Irish linen, Dolly; it's the best feels for the first time that his popularity thing in my opinion that comes out of that among his people depends on other causes country. I have some now that I got when

1 married, and it's good and a perfect co'or still; and get it made up by Irish needlewomen if you cau."

6 I'll obey both injunctions—when I get

my trousseau." Dolly says, gayly.
"That is, when your brother remembers his duty to do, and does it," old Mr. Mackiver says, frowning a little, and then he adds "It pains and surprises me that Robert Annesley should be wasting his substance in a vair effort to make a show in the fashionable world, instead of defraying a debt of honor to his sister.'

"I gave it to him freely," Dolly says valiantly; "if I never see a penny of i again, I should hold my brother blameless." "Such a sister should have a better brother," Mrs. Mackiver says, and Mury thinks "Such a woman should have a better husband than Ronald will be," but she holds her peace, and gives all her mind to the task of making the lagging hours, during which Ronald does not come, agree-

able to Dolly.
Ronald does not come, does not even respond to Dolly's little note of invitation, and in spite of her abstract affection for the Mackiver family the hours lag heavily. Still Dolly stays on gallantly to the cud of the day, taking in information on various bousehold matters from Mrs. Mackiver, and listening with a patient sweetness that touches them, though they impose upon it in the prognostications they utter as to the inevitable ruin that must ensue from Rob

ert's purchase of Darragh.
"The end of it will be a drained purse and a bullet through his head," Mr. Mackiver says, with the sweet resignation people are ant to disp'av about the evil that is to

overtake their friends.

"And that won't be the end of it for Dolly," Mrs. Mackiver adds, upon which Dolly remarks that if her brother is to die of a bullet through his head she shall not very much care what becomes of herself.
"You have Ronald to think of," Ronald's

mother says, and Dolly answers—
"Dear Mrs. Mackiver, however much I
think of Ronald, it won't alter the fact that

"I suppose you'll wire to Ronald to go with us, Dolly?" her brother says, but Dolly tells him, "No; Sandown holds no particular charm for her; and as she wants to have a quiet day with the Mackivers as the same to have a quiet day with the Mackivers as soon as possible at the same to have a property with the Mackivers as the same to have a quiet day with the same to have a quiet day with the Mackivers as the same to have a quiet day with the sa than rather cross. That they have not achieved the success they anticipated is very palpable, for they disparage every and my head seemed dull and beautiful.

"I never saw such a priggish set in my life," Mrs. O'Leary says. "Your friends were there in great force, Miss Annesley.

but they kept quite aloof from us."
"My friends!" Dolly says, wonderingly.
"Well, the friends of your friend Miss
Thynne. Mr. Thorne's drag was quite a feature, some said on account of the heauty of the team, others because Darragh Thypne and Lord Portbank were on it. Wasn't Arthur Thynne there?" Dolly asks: and Mrs. Annesley replies-

any more than Ronald did. They were both on the drag, but Lord Portbank monopolized Darragh."

"Was Ronald—did you see Ronald?"

"Was Ronald—did you see Ronald?" "Oh! yes; but he didn't seem to count Dolly

answers-"Oh! yes; of course we thought you "Oh! yes; of course we thought you know he was there; hearing from him as you do constantly, I thought that he naturally would have told you he would be at Sandown—with Miss Thynne."

"And the Thornes and Arthur Thynne and Lord Portbank; why don't you put them all in, Marian?" her husband says, pletely?" as he marks and pities his sister's discom fiture.

them all, you." Marian says: and there is something and then she adds with affected magnan "I must confess that Darragh looked

Dolly."

CHAPTER XX.

THE CO-(PERATIVE HOUSEHOLD.

The co-operative household has existed for a fortnight, and already each one of the Annesleys is heartily tired of the arrange wero given a fair chance. ment. But Marian keeps her own counsel
It must be borne in mind that none of still, and makes no outward sign of the sore disappointment under which she is smartby Mrs. O'Leary. Robert, on the other hand, speaks openly to his wife and sister of his dissatisfaction with the way in which the scheme is being worked out; and Dolly, though she says very little, suffers more than enough on account of her forced interconrse with a woman of whom

she is more than doubtful.

They have had a good doal of gayety of a certain kind. Mrs. O'Leary is rather an adept in the art of keeping the ball rolling, and during this past fortnight, as private invitations have not been forthcoming, she has contrived to keep up a constant supply

of opera and theatre engagements.

It is very different to what Mrs. Annesey has been led to expect, and though she atters no word of complaint, her brow is The morning stroll in the Row, the drive in the Victoria (which she shares with Mrs. O'Leary) after luncheon, and the theatre or opera in the evening, are not the joys which she panted to taste when Mrs. O'Leary first proposed that they should come to tow. together.

That gay and careless dame evidently gives no thought of her breach of contract. She drives, dresses, dines, and shops as if these were the sole objects to her life in London. She goes out quite independently of those who are dwelling in the tent with her, and offers no account of herself to them when she comes back. She frequently monopolizes the Victoria for the whole morning without any consideration for the lady who hires it with her. worst of all her sins of omission, she does ran so glibly off her lips

Wasps and Grapes. Most gardeners experience more or less trouble with bees and wasps on their ripen-ing grapes. A gardener of Strassburg-Neudorf possesses a large vine, from which the wasps in one week removed 300 pounds to 400 pounds of grapes. After trying in vain to get rid of the insect past by attach ing to the vine bottles with honey water, which attracts and drowns the waspa, he took a bucket half filled with boiling water placed it under the grapes, and by beating the attacked vines he brushed the wasps off into the boiling water. In two hours he killed nearly two quarts of wasps. The early morning, when the wasps are stiffened with the cool air, at noon, when they are giddy from the juice which they have absorbed, and the evening are the best

Why is a primrose like an umbrella -Because at the touch of the spring it opens

times for this operation.

up. The State Council at Neufchatel has is sued a decree expelling Miss Booth and all foreigners suspected of the intention to or-

ganize Salvation Army meetings. The Provincial Synod of the Church of England has set apart the territory of Assibiboia as a new diocese. Rev. W. C. Pinkham, of Winnipeg, is mentioned as the

first bishop. dirst bishop.

The elevation of Rector Potter to the until afternoon. Theu they appear in their New York episcopate leaves vacant a berth best clothes. Equiday is observed by the worth \$10,000 and an elegant home! The Christians of various denominations. On

A DETECTIVE'S EXPERSENCE.

cape from an Impending

His Successful Endertaking and Es-Fate. (Buffalo, N. Y., News. One morning several years ago, just as

the dull gray light was beginning to show itself in the east, a small band of men might have been seen deployed about a house on Ferry street, in Buffalo. There was nothing special either in the dress or appearance of the men to indicate their intention, but it was plain that they had business of importance on hand. Suddenly a man appeared at one of the windows, took in the situation at a glance, and swingurg himself ontward with wonderful quickness, scaled the roof of the house. This man was Tom Ballaid, the notorious annterfeiter: and, armed to the teeth and fully realizing his situation, he defied justice and the efficials below him. Some of the officers, knowing the desperate character of the man, proposed to shoot him until he was killed, but one of the number promptly protested, and declared that if his brother officers would assist him to ascend he would capture the man alive. Accordingly be began the difficult and dangerous task, and succeeded in bringing his prisoner to the ground in safety.

The man who accomplished this task was

Mr. Thomas Curtin, the present superintendent of city police of Buffalo, N. Y. Mr Curtin is a man who is known by every prominent detective and policemen America, and he stands pro eminently in the front rank of his profession. Quiet and gentlemanly in appearance and manners, he possesses a courage, combined with marked physical powers, that make him the terror of evil-doers and the pride of law abiding citizens. Few people can realize, however, the trials, exposures, and even privations to which the members of every municipal police and fire department are exposed. Compelled to be on duty at uncertain hours, subjected to the most if my brother fails altogether it will be better for Ronald that I should cease to by the nature of their duties to protracted by the nature of their duties to protracted undertakings, they endure a nervous and physical strain that is terrible. Such was the experience of Mr. Curtin in former days; and it is not surprising that he found bimself suffering from a mysterious physical trouble. In relating his experience to a representative of this paper he said:
"At times when I was on duty I would

supposed, as most people suppose, that I was suffering from malaria. I tried to throw off the feeling, but it would not go. I thought I might overcome it, but found I was mistaken, and I finally became so badly off that it was almost impossible to attend to my duties. I have known any number of men in the police and fire departments of this country who have been afflicted as I was, and I doubt not there are to day hundreds similarly troubled who, like myself, did not know the cause, or really what ailed them."

220 pounds of bone and muscle standing exclaims, and Mrs. Annesley nearly 5 feet 11 inches in height before him. "O, no; that is altogether a thing of the past, and I am happy to say that for more than a year I have enjoyed almost perfect health, although I now realize that I was on the road to certain death by Bright's disease of the kidneys and travelling at a

How did you came to recover so com-"That is just what I want to tell you. ture.

"Well, it does sound better to mention nem all," Mrs. Annesley says, laughingly; and then she adds with affected magnan. of a number of friends in this city, and found to my great gratification that I began feeling better. This feeling continued and I gained in strength and vigor until now I am perfectly well—and wholly through the instrumentality of Warner's Safe Cure, which I believe to be the best medicine for policemen, firemen, railroad men or any other class of people exposed to danger or a change of weather, ever discovered. Since my recovery I have recom mended it everywhere, and never knew a case where it failed either to cure or hence fit. I would not be without it under any consideration, and I am positive it is a wonderfully valuable and at the same time entirely harmless remedy. Indeed, I see that Dr. Gunn, dean of the United States Medical College, of New York, inderses it

in the highest terms." "So you experience little difficulty in the execution of your duties now, Mr. Curtin,

do you?"
"None whatever. Our department was never in better condition than at present."
"And do you never have any fear of some of the desperadoes whom you have been the means of bringing to justice?" "Not in the least. Such men do not try to retaliate, partially because they have not the courage, but oftener because they

respect an officer who does his duty.' The policemen, firemen, letter carriers and other public employees in this country have a particularly trying life. When often clouded, and her spirit greatly vexed. therefore, a simple and pure remedy that can restore and sustain the health of all such men is found, it should be cause for great congratulation, especially when recommended by such a man as Superintendent Thomas Curtin, of Buffalo.

A LIVELY FALL.

Interesting Enppenings Accompanying Early Autumn Frosts.

A lively fall, my masters. There is no lack of excitement around

town in these early fall days. All around are judications of an activi Even stocks are falling, and many eligible

offers in the matrimonial market have been declined. And the root mounts the stairs to the editorial sanctum with a new version of

'The Melancholy Days."

At this time the traveller comes back from Europe, dropping his h's on the way or speaking enthusiastically of delightfu Paree.'

The preacher who has left the fold at the mercy of the arch enemy during the sum-mer, now makes a determined effort to epair damages. The tramp forsakes the green fields and

babbling brooks, and stretches his manly form once more on one of the benches in the Police station. Now is the time when the young man seriously contemplates the aspect of the

weather, and turns his thoughts toward the redemption of his overcoat. This is the time when the artless rural mind expands in descriptions of Jumbo pumpkins and gigantic squashes, and the Halton farmer leaves Baron Muenchhausen

far in the rear. The bracing fall weather inspires the chronicler of contemporaneous history to wander far beyond the bounds of probability, and to engage in the manufacture of canards to an unlimited extent.

-In the city of Jerusalem three Sundays are observed every week. The Moham-medans observe Friday, not by closing their shops and resting, but by going to the mosque at certain hours and reciting prayera. The Jews observe Saturday, being very strict as to their conformity to ancient custom and ordinance They close their equal number of applicants for the succession is that day the flags fly from the consulates already said to be not much short of 100. of the Christian nations.

A STRANGE HALLUCINATION CURED.

How an Old-Time Philosopher Was Separated From a Leg of Mution.

Malebranche, a celebrated philosopher of the seventeenth century, was for a long time the victim of a singular notion. He funcied that he had an enormous leg of mutton attached to the end of his nose. A friend would shake hands with him and inquire, "How is Mr. Malebranche to-day?"
"Pretty well, on the whole; but this horrid leg of mutton is getting quite unbearable by its weight and its smell." "What! This its weight and its smell." "What! This leg of mutton?" "Yes. Can't you see it hauging there in front?" If the friend burst into a laugh, or ventured to deny the existence of the strange phenomenon, Male-branche would get angry. At length a col-league of his, a man gifted with a sense of the humorous, determined to cure him by some means or other. Calling upon him one day, he affected to perceive the cause of his trouble and inquired about it. The imaginary patient overcome with gratitude, ran to embrace this first believer, who, sterping backwards, uttered a cry. "What! Have I hurt you, my friend?" "Certainly; Have I hurt you, my friend?" you have run your leg of mutton into my eye. I really cannot understand why you have not tried to get rid of that awkward appendage long since. If you will allow me with a razor—an operation performed without the slightest dangerfriend, my friend, you will have saved my life! Oh! Ah! Oh!" In the twinkling of an eye the friend had slightly grazed the tip of his nose, and producing from under his coat a splendid leg of mutton, he flour-ished it triumphantly in the air. "Ah!" exclaimed Malebranche, "I live, I broathe! My nose is free, my head is free! but - it was a raw one, and this one is cooked!" "Wby, of course; you have been sitting for an hour close to the fire!" From

this time Malebranche ceased to be haunted by his leg of mutton .- London Journal. What Might Have Been.

KALAMAZOO, Mich., Feb. 2, 1880. I know Hop Bitters will bear recommendation honestly. All who use them confer upon them the highest encountains, and give them credit for massing cures—all the proprietors claim for them. I have 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 purty and usefulness, I shall continue to recommend them—something I have never before done with any other patent medicine.

J. J. BABCOCK, M. D. -By popular vote eighteen counties in

Georgia have abolished fences. " Mother Swan's Worm Syrup." Infallible, tasteless, harmless, cath rtic; fo feverishness, restlessness, worms, constipation 25 cents.

-Shades of orange red and crimson rose thorn berries trim steel gray.

Decline of Man.

Norvous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renower." \$1. -When a dairy burns down we never hear the milkman advertising milk

damaged by water. THE GREAT SUPERIORITY OF THE GREAT SUPERIORITY OF

Dr. Wheeler's Compound Elixir of Phosphores and Cansay, consists in its being purely
physiological in its action in restoring all forms
of debliny by supplying the wasts of this was
resulting from mental and muscular exertion,
and thus preventing nervous presentant acid
gaineral deblinty. For building up constitutions of low vitality from scrothinus, or consumptive diseases, or impaired by dissipation
and bad habits, it is unequalled, as it immeantely impairs energy to the digestive applaratus, and creates healthy blood, toning and
vitanizing at once at the organs of the body in
the same manner as our daily food. Phosphittes
are the only compounds of Fusphorous assimiaced by the system, and are Nature's agents for
maintaining the vital powers.

-Even mer - A-war sometimes get so hard up for female scorety that they have to hug

the shore. -"My skin, which has been covered with scaly sores, has become electric, smooth and soft as a lady's. My hands were covered with latte dry scaos. They have disappeared and I'm better than I have been for twenty years, using Dr. Benson's Skin Care.—A. M. Nobie, Selma, N. C.,

-" Yes." said the reporter, " I always carry my copy in my hat." "I plied Fogs, "news in a nutshell."

Witn, Wite, Wite, successfully treated by World's Dispensary Medical Association. Address, with stam. for pamphiet, Buffalo, N. Y.

-" Mi," in Chinese, means America The poet knew what he was doing when h wrote, " MI conatry, 'tis of thee.' —"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Fill for the cure of Neuralgia are a success."—Dr G. P. Holman, Christianburg, Va. 40 ets. a

-A Frenchman is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.

Cancers and Other Tumors are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphies.

Forty-five thousand immigrants arrived n the United States during the past month

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative agent in all complaint Why was the first day of Adam's life the longest ever known?—Because it had no Eve.

"There is no arguing a coward into courage.' But even the coward may be brave after trying Kidney-Wort, that medicine of wonderful efficacy in all diseases of the liver and kidneys. It is prepared in both dry and hquid form and can always be relied on as an effective cathartic and

The leaves begin to fall and the fall

iuretic. Try it.

ra. Dresses, cloaks, coats, stockings and all armonts can be colored successfully with the Diamond Dyes. Fashionable colors. Only 10c. Professor Paul Passy, of Paris, thinks that

merica is the dustiest country he ever Get It, Sure !

- Queen Victoria always takes a great interest in tapestries.

Wells' "Rough on Rats" Almanac at druggists' mailed for 2c. stamp. E. S. Wells, Jersey City-

*If you are a woman and would contribute your influence to redeem humanity from its numborless ills, make all things else subordinate to heaith. If you possess this inestimable treasure you may transmit the same and your off-spring may rise up and call you blessed. To secure this it will be well to seek the motherly countenance of Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass. -Lord Lyons has been English Ambas-

ador to Paris since 1867. Advice to Consumptives

On the appearance of the first symptoms -as general debility, loss of appetite, pallor, chilly sensations, followed by nightaweats and cough prompt measures for relief should be taken. Consumption is scrofulous disease of the lungs—therefore use the great anti-scrofula, or blood-purifier and atrength-restorer—Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Superior to Cod liver oil as a nutritive, and unsurpassed as pectoral. For weak lungs, splitting of plood and kindred affections, Sold by druggists the world over. For Dr. Pierce's pamphlet or Consumption, send two stamps to World's Dr-PENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

-In London red heels to ladies' boots are coming into fashion again.

Facts and Sigures. The Civde is 98 miles long, drains an area of 945 square miles, and discharge into the Atlantic ocean 48,000 cubic feet of water per minute.

Of every £1 that is levied in Suez Canal dues, more than 16s. comes out of English pockets. The annual tax or toll levied on English shipping is over £2,000,000 ster ling.

In 1867, the fruit trade of Jamaica with the United States consisted of a few bunches of bananas and barrels of cranges. valued at £725; last year the export of oranges alone had risen to 35,000,000, and the total value of the trade was £124.

non. The number of troops serving in England on January 1st, 1880, was 90 784 the nationalities being as follows: English, 65,131; Irisb, 16,586; Scotch, 7,781; born in India or the Colonies, 1.064; foreigners, 82; not reported, 200. The following are the religious denominations of the above named: Church of England, 60, 389; Roman Catholics, 18,685; Presbyterians, 7,562; Weslevans, 3.345; other Protestants, 603; not reported, 260.

-Earl Granville, finding the tricycle too slow, has mounted a bicycle.

Vital Questions

Continued.) CHAPTER II

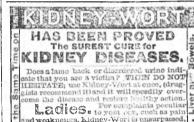
wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet i is Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest nyalid or smallest child to us

"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.

Women gone was:

From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wake-ilness and various diseases peculiar to women,
People drawn out of shape from excruciating
bangs of Rheumatism,
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nilammatory and chronic, or suffering from
erofula!

crofula! Erysipplas! Saft rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indi-estion, and in fact almost all diseases frail Nature is being tured by Hop Bitters, proof of which am befound in every neighborhood in the known world.





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so common to our best female population. A Medicine for Woman. Invented by a Woman. Prepared by a Woman. The Greatest Medical Disentery Since the Dawn of History. server a primary than depositive a delta inviscorator and harmonizes the organic functions, gives clasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustro to the cye, and plants on the pale cheek of woman the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

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It removes faintness, flathleney, destroys all craving or stimulant, and relieves weakness of the stomach. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by it case. For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed. LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURITER Blood, and give tone and strength to the system, ou nan woman or child. Insist on having it.

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From Mr. Edward Mitchell, Manager of the Bank of Commerce, Hamilton,

Out.

Hamilton, January 18th, 1883. N. SUTHERLAND St. Catharines.

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St. Catharinos.

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I am, my dear sir, yours most truly.

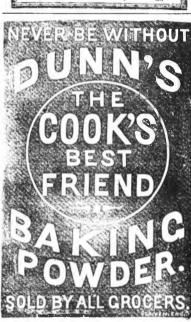
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