When I was a little lass, just sixteen, Bonnie was I, but proud as a queen ; sonnie was 1, but proud as a queen;
Proud and saucy, and hard to please,
And wonderfu' fond o' taking my ease.
Folks didna mind then—for I was young—
The "canns be fashed" that was aye on my
tongue.

"I couldna be fashed" wi' my books at the school,
And now I am old, I am only a fool;
"I couldna be fashed" wi' the dairy and house,
And now I'm as poor as ony kirk mouse;
And when mither spak o' my needle and thread,
"I couldna be fashed" was aye what I said.

But spite o' my laziness, spite o' my pride Young Elliott, the pride of the country-side, Cam seeking my love; and oft for his sake A wheen of fair promises I would make; But when the time came the gude purpose was

Wi' just the auld sang, "I canna be fashed.' "I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to walk;
"I couldna be fashed," if he wanted to talk;
I thought it was fine sae indifferent to be—
Folks mustra be sure o' the getting o' me;
And thus a' his hopes and his pleasures were
dashed

thae wearisome words, "I canna be fashed."

But I said them too often. One hot summe day,
When the folks were a' busy in "saving the hay,"
My lover said, "Lassie, let's help them awhile."
"I canna be fashed," I said, wi' a smile.
"O lassie, dear lassie, thae words gie me pain;"
And I tooked in his face and said them again.
Then he put on his hat, took the over-hill t And from that day to this he has never come back.

I've had " fashes " enou since thae happy days Wi' losses and crosses and wearifu' ways; I might hae been weel and happily wed If I'd keepit a kind, ceevil tongue in my head; But' I couldna be fashed "wi' others, you see, And fortune and friends ceased "fashin" w

Sae, lasses, tak tent from the tale I hae told; PHYLLIS.

Author of "Molly Bawn," "The Baby," "Airy Fairy Lilian," etc , etc.

"Can she? But perhaps you fail in the

cleverness also?"
"I think you are excessively rude and disagreeable," I say, much affronted, and getting up, move with dignity towards the

"If you see Ashurst tell him I want him, calls out Marmaduke as I reach it.
"Yes; and at the same time I shall tell
him you said he was a dunce at college," I

return, in a withering tone. Marmaduke laughs, and dropping the precious gun, runs after me, catches and

draws me back into his sanctum.
"I think Dora and Ashurst two of the most intellectual people it has ever been my good fortune to meet," he says, still laughing and holding me. "Will that do? Is your majesty appeased?" "I wouldn't tell fibs, if I were you,"

return I, severely.

"Say lies. I hate the word 'fib.' A

lie sounds much more honest. But I am really in earnest when I say I think Dora clever. I know at least twenty girls who have done their best to be made Lady Ashurst, and not one of them ever came as near success as she has."

"But he has not proposed to her yet." "It is the same thing. Any one can see that he has Dora on the brain, and I don't think (asking your pardon humbly) his brain would stand much pressure. I'd lay any amount she has him at her feet before his visit is concluded.'

"How delightful! How pleased mamm Marmaduke, I forgive you. But you must not say slighting things of me

Slighting things of you, my own darling Cannot you see when I am in fun? I only wanted to make you pout and look like the

baby you are. In reality I think you the brighest, dearest, sweetest, et cetera." Thus my mind is relieved, and I feel I am wait with calmness the desirable end

that is evidently in store for Dora. I am so elated by Marmaduke's concur rence with my hopes that I actually kiss him, and, re-seating myself, consent to take the but end of the gun upon my lap and hold it carefully, while he rubs the barrels

up and down with a dreadfully dirty piece of scarlet flannel scaked in oil Do you think they would ever grow brighter than they are now?" I venture mildly. "If you rubbed them for years, Marmaduke, I don't believe they would be

further improved; do you?"

"Well, indeed, perhaps you are right. I think they will do now," replies he, regard-ing his new toy with a fond eye; and then almost with regret, as though loath to part with it, he replaces it in its flannel berth. By the bye, Phyllis, I had a letter from a friend of mine this morning - Chandostelling me of his return to England, and I

have written inviting him here. "Have you? I hope he is nice. Is he Mr. or Captain Chandos, or what?" ' Neither; he is Lord Chandos.'

"What!" cry I; "the real live lord at last! Now, I suppose, we will have to be very seemly in our conduct, and forget we laughed. Is he very old and staid, 'Duke?'

Very. He is a year older than I am and I remember you once told me I was bordering on my second childhood, or some-thing like it. However, in reality you will not find Chandos formidable. He has held his honors but a very short time. Last autumn he was only Cantain Everet, with nothing to speak of beyond his pay, when fate in the shape of an unsound yaoht sailed in, and, having drowned one old man and two young ones, pushed Everett into his

present position. What a romance! I suppose one ought to feel sorry for the three drowned men but somehow I don't. With such a story connected with him, your friend ought to be both handsome and agreeable. Is he?"
"I don't know. I would be afraid to say.

You might take me to task and abuse me afterwards, if our opinions differed. You know you think George Ashurst a very fascinating youth. Chandos is a wonder ful favorite with women, if that has anything to do with it."

"Of course it has—everything." "I have been thicking," says 'Duke, that as a set off to all the hospitality we have received from the county, we ought to give a ball."

ve a pail."
"A ball! Oh, delicious!" cry I, clapping my hands rapturously. "What has put such a glorious idea into your head? To dance to a band all down that great, big, ball-room! Oh, 'Duke! I am so glad

'Duke laughs and colors slightly.

"Are you, really? Do you mean that?
Do you never repent it?"
"Repent it? Never!—not for a single instant. How could I when you are so good

to me-when you are always thinking of ings to make me happy?"
"I am doubly, trebly rewarded for anything I may have done by hearing such words from your lips. To know you are glad you married me' is the next best

knowing you love me."

"And so I do love you, you silly boy; I am very, very fond ot you. Marmadake, do you think you could get Billy here for

the ball ?" 'I will try. I dare say I shall be able to manage it. And now run away and get Blanche Going to help you to write out a list of people. She knows every one in the county, and is a capital hand at anything

of that sort." "She seems to be a capital hand at most things," I reply, pettishly, "except at making herself agreeable to me. It is Blanche Going can do this, and Blanche Going can do that. She is a para-gon of perfection in your eyes, I do believe. I won't ask her to help me. I hate her." Well, ask any one else you like, then, or

no one. But don't hate poor Blanche. What has she done to deserve it?"
'Nothing. But I hate her for all that. I teel like a cat with its fur rubbed up the wrong way whenever I am near her. She has the happy knack of always making me feel small and foolish. I suppose we are antagonistic so each other. And why do you call her 'poor Blanche?' I dont see that she is in any need of your pity.

"Have you not said she has incurred your displeasure? What greater misfor-tine could befall her?" says 'Duke, smiling tenderly into my cross little face.
I relent and smile in turn.

"Oh, believe me, she will not die of that," I say; "at all events don't you be unhappy, 'Duke," patting his face softly. 'I shall never hate you—be sure of that." And then catching up. And then catching up my train to facilitate my movements, I run through the house in search of Harriet and Bebe, to make known to them my news and discuss with them the joys and glories of a ball.

"It shall be a ball," says Bebe, enthusi-

astically, "such as the county never before attended. We will astonish the natives. We will get men down from London to settle everything, and the decorations and music and supper shall be beyond praise. I know exactly what to do and to order. I have helped Harriet to give balls ever so often, and I am determined, as it will be your first ball as Mrs. Carrington, it shall

be a splendid success." "My first ball in every way," I say, feeling rather ashamed of myself. "I was at several small dances before my marriage, and at a number of dinner-parties since, but I never in my life was at a real large

"What!" cries Bebe, literally struck dumb by this revelation; then, with a little lady-like shout of laughter. " I never heard of anything half so ludicrous. Why Phyllis, I am a venerable grandmother next to you. Harriet," to Lady Handwock, who had just entered, "just fancy! Phyllis tells me she was never at a ball!

"I dare say she is all the better for it," says Harriet, kindly, seeing my color is a little high. "If you had gone to fewer you would be a better girl. How did it happen,

Phyllis?" No one in our immediate neighborhood ever gave a ball." I hasten to explain, "and we did not visit people who lived far away." I suppress the fact of our having no respectable vehicle to convey us to those distant ball givers, had we been ever so

inclined to go. "I suppose it appears very odd to you."
"Odd!" cries Bebe; "it is abominable I am so envious I can soarcely bring myself to speak to you. I know exactly what I may expect, while you can indulge in the most delightful anticipations. I can remember even now the raptures of my first ball; the reality far exceeded even my wildest flights of fancy, and that is a rare thing. Positively I can smell the flowers and hear the music this moment. And then I had so many partners—more, I think, than I can get now; I could have filled twenty cards instead of one. Why, Phyllis, I am but two years older than you, and yet if I had a pound for every ball I have

been at, I would have enough money to tide me over my next season without fear of debt." I sit down, and running over all my dresses in my mind, cannot convince myself that any of them, if worn, would have the desired effect of adding years to my face and form. My trousseau, to he just, was desirable every way. How she managed it no one could tell, but mother did contrive to screw sufficient money out of papa to set me creditably before the world. Still all my evening robes seem youthful and

girlish in the extreme as I call them up one by one. After a full half-hour of earnest cogitation, I make up my mind to a grand purpose, and, stealing downstairs, move rather sneakily to Marmaduke's study. I devoutly trust he will be alone, and as I open the

door I find I have my wish.

He is busily writing; but, as he is never too busy to attend to me, he lays down his pen and smiles kindly as he sees me.

"Come in, little woman, What am I to "Marmaduke," I say, nervously, "I have

ome to ask you a great favor."
"That is something refreshingly new.
Do you know it will be the first favor you have asked of me, though we have been married more than three months? Say on and I swear it shall be yours, whatever it

is-to the half of my kingdom.'

"You are quite sure you will not think it queer of me, or—or shabby?"

' Quite certain." ball, I think, Marmaduke, I would like a new dress; may I send to London for it?"

When I have said it, it seems to me so lisgracefully soon to ask for new clothes

that I blush crimson, and am to the last legree shamefaced. egree shametaced.

Marmaduke laughs heartily.

"Is that all?" he says. "Are you really really wasting a blush on suon a slight request? What an odd little girl you are! I believe you are the only wife alive who would feel modest about asking such a question. How much do you want, darling

You will require some other things too, I suppose. Shall I give you a hundred pounds, to see how far it will go? Will that be enough?" "Oh, 'Duke! a great deal too much."

"Not a bit too much. I don't know what dresses cost, but I have always heard a considerable sum. And now, as we are on the subject of money, Phyllis, what would you prefer—an allowance, or money whenever you want it, or what?

whenever you want it, or what?"
"If you would pay my bills, Marmaduke,
I would like it best." I have never feit so
thoroughly married as at this moment,
when I know myself to be dependent on
him for every shilling I may spend.

"Very well. Whatever you like. Any time you tire of this arrangement you can say so. But at all events you will require some pocket-money," rising from the table and going over to a small safe in the wall. " No, thank you, 'Duke : I have some."

"How much?"

"Enough, thank you." "Nonsense, Phyllis!" almost angrily.
"How absurd you are! One would think!
I was not your husband. I wish you to try to remember you have a perfect right to everything I possess. Come here directly, take this," holding out to me a roll of notes and a handful of gold. "Promise me," he says, "when you want more you will come to me for it. It would make me positively

wretched if I thought you were without money to buy whatever you fancy."
"But I never had fifty—I never had ten pounds in my life," I say, half amused. "I won't know what to do with it."

"I wonder if you will have the same story to relate this time next year?" answers 'Duke, laughing. "The very sim-plest thing to learn is how to spend money. And now tell me—I confess I have a little curiosity on the subject—what are you going to wear on the twenty-fourth? You

will make yourself look your most charm-ing, will you not, Phyllis?"
"I shall never be able to look dignified or imposing, if you mean that," say I, gloomily. "All the old women about the farms who don't know me think I am a visitor here, and call me 'Miss,' just as though I were never married."

That is very sad, especially as you will have to wait so many years for those wrinkles you covet. I dare say a dealer in cosmetics, however, would lay you on a few for the occasion, if you paid him well; and, with one of your grandmother's gowns, we might perhaps be able to persuade our guests that I had married a woman old enough to be my mother.'

"I know what I should like to wear." I say, shyly.
What?"

"Black velvet and the diamonds," I say,

holdly. Marmaduke roars. "What are you laughing at?" I ask.

testily, somewhat vexed. "At the picture you have drawn. At the idea of velvet and diamonds in conjunction with your baby face. Why did you not think of adding on the ermine? Then, indeed, with your height you would be quite majestic?" "But may I wear it? May I—may I?"

ask I, impatiently. "All my life I have been wanting to wear velvet, and now when I have so good an opportunity do let me."
"Is that your highest ambition? By all

means, my dear child, gratify it. Why not? Probably in such an effective get-up you will take the house by storm." "I really think I shall look very nice and

I return, reflectively. Then, 'Duke, have you written about Billy ?"

the 19th for a week; that will bring him in time for the slaughter on the 20th. "You think of everything." I know no thought perhaps he might enjoy that." one so kind or good-natured.

make a joke about that velvet. Don't tell any one what I said, please."
"Neverfear. I will be allent as the grave. You shall burst upon them as an aparition

in all your ancient bravery." That evening we dress early, Bebe and I, for no particular reason, that I can remember, and, coming downstairs together, seat ourselves before the drawing-room fire to ruin our complexions and have a cozy chat until the others break in upon us. As we pause, the door at the end of the room is flung wide, and a tall young man coming in

walks straight towards me. The lamps have not yet been lit, and only the crimson flashes from the blazing fire reveal to us his features. He is dark rather more distinguished-looking than handsome, and has wonderful deep, kind,

gray eyes.
"Lord Chandos," announces Typon, in the background, speaking from out the darkness, after which, having played his part, he vanishes.

I rise and go to meet the new-comer, with extended hand. "This is a surprise, but a pleasant one. I am very glad to bid you welcome," I say, in a shy, old-fashioned manner: but my

hand-clasp is warm and genial, and he smiles and looks pleased. "Thank you; Mrs. Carrington, I sup-pose?" he says, with some faint hesitation, his eyes travelling over my dreadfully youthful form, that looks even more than

usually childish to-night in its clothing of cashmere and blue ribbons. Yes," I return, laughing and blushing, Marmaduke should have been here to give us a formal introduction to each other, though indeed it is hardly necessary: I

eem to know you quite well from all I have heard about you.' A slight rustling near the fire, a faint pause, and then Bebe comes forward.

"How d'ye do, Lord Chandos?" she says. "I hope you have not quite forgot-

ваув. She holds out her hand and for an instant her eyes look fairly into his-only for an

instant. She is dressed in some filmy black gown, that clings close to her, and has nothing to relieve its gloom save one spot of blood-red color that rests upon her bosom. Her arms shine fair and white to the elbow; in her hair is another fleck of blood-red ribbon. Is it the flickering uncertain light or my own fancy that makes her face appear so

pale? Her eyes gleam large and dark, and the ourious little black mole lying so close to her ear looks blacker than usual in contrast to her white cheek. But her tone rings gay and steady as ever. A smile quivers

round her lips.
I am puzzled, I soarcely know why. I glance at Lord Chandos, and—surely the firelight to night is playing fantastic tricks -his face appears flushed and anxious. I draw conclusions, but cannot make them

Batisfactory. "I had no idea I should meet you here," he says in a low tone that is studiously

Bebe laughs musically. "No! Then we are mutually astonished. I thought you safe in Italy. Certainly it is on my mind that some one told me you were there."

"I returned home last week." Then, turning to me, he says, hurriedly, "I hope Carrington is well?" "Quite well, thank you. Will you come with me to find him? He would have been the first to welcome you, had he known

you were coming, but we did not hope to see you until next week." "I had no idea myself I could have been was none to detain me, so I came straight on to throw myself on your tender mer-

We have now reached the library door. "Marmaduke," I call out, opening it and entering, "I have brought you Lord Chan-dos. Now, are you not surprised and pleased?"

"Oh! more pleased than I can say,"
exclaims 'Duke, heartily, coming eagerly
forward to greet his friend. "My dear
fellow, what good wind blew you to us so soon? When I return to the drawing-room I

find the lamps burning cheerily, and most of our party assembled. Lady Blanche, reclining on a low tauteuil, is conversing earnestly with Sir Mark Gore, who stands beside her. Seeing me, she

smiles softly at him and motions him to a chair near her.

Dora, in her favorite white muslin and sweet demure smile, is holding Mr. Powell and Sir George Ashurst in thrall. She is bestowing the greater part of her attention upon the former, to the disgust and bewillerment of honest George, who looks with moody dislike upon his rival. Both men are intent upon taking her down to dinner.

There is little need for you to torture your-self with jealous fears, Sir George. When the time comes it is without doubt upon your arm she will lay that little white pinktinged hand. Bebe is sitting upon the sofs, with the infatuated Chips beside her, and is no onger pale; two crimson spots adorn her cheeks and add brilliancy to her eyes. As I watch her wonderingly she slowly raises her head, and, meeting my gaze, bestows upon me a glance so full of the liveliest

reproach, not unmixed with indignation, that I am filled with consternation. have I done to deserve so withering a look? "I would give something to know of whom you are thinking just now," says a voice at my elbow. "Not of me, I trust?"
I turn to find Sir Mark is regarding me

earnestly. Instinctively I glance at the vacant chair beside Lady Blanche and in doing so encounter her dark eyes bent on mine. Verily, I am not in good odor with my guests to night.

All through dinner I try to attract Bebe's attention, but cannot. I address her only to receive the coldest of replies. Even after-

wards, when we get back once more to the drawing-room, I cannot manage an explanation, as she escapes to her own room, and does not appear again until the gentlemen have joined us.

Neither she nor Lord Chandos exchange one word with each other throughout the entire evening. With a sort of feverish gayety she chatters to young Thornton, to Daptain Jenkins, to any one who may chance to be near her, as though she fears a silence. Nevertheless the minutes drag. It is the

wish I had learned whist or chess or something of that sort. I am out of spirits, and, though innocent of what it may be, feel myself guilty of some hideous blunder.

Presently the dreaded quiet falls. The whist-players are happy, the rest of us are not. Sir Mark, with grave politeness, comes

to the rescue. "Perhaps Mr. Thornton will kindly favor us with a song?" he says, without a smile. ment
And Mr. Thornton, with a face even ship.

more than usually benign, winning, sents, and gives us "What will you do, love, when I am going?"—apropos of his departure for India—with more than usually benign, willingly conmuch sentimental fervor, and many tender

glances directed openly to Miss Beatoun. Thank you," murmurs that younglady when the doleful ditty is finished, having listened to it all through with an air of sad dened admiration impossible to describe and unmistakably flattering. "I know no

song that touches me so deeply as that. "I know you are laughing at me," says Chips, frankly, seating himself again beside her, and sinking his voice to a whisper that he fondly but erroneously believes to be inaudible; "but I don't care. I would rather have you to make fun of me than any other girl to love me!"

Could infatuation further go? "Pehaps one might find it possible to de hoth." insinuates Miss Beatonn, wickedly but this piece of flagrant hypocrisy proving too much even for her, she raises her far to a level with her lips and subsides with an irrepressible smile behind it, while poor little Chips murmurs:
"Oh, come, now. That is more than any

fellow would believe, you know," and grin a pleased and radiant grin. Bebs, being asked to sing, refuses, gently but firmly; and when I have delighted my audience with one or two old English ballads, we give in, and think with animation of our beds.

In the corridor above I seize hold of Bebe.
"What has vexed you?" I ask, anxiously. Why are you not friends with me? must come to my room before you go to bed.

Promise." "Very good. I will come," quietly disengaging my hand. Then before closing the door, "Indeed, Phyllis, I think you might have told me," she says, in a tone of

deep reproach.
So that is it! But surely she must have seen his coming so unexpectedly was a great surprise. And is there a romance connected with her and Lord Chandon? I confess to an overpowering feeling of curiosity. I dismiss my maid with more haste than usual, and, sitting in my dress

ing-gown and slippers, long for B-be's coming. I am convinced I shall not sleep one wink if she fails to keep this appointment. I am not doomed to a sleepless night, however, as presently she comes in—all her beautiful hair loose about her shoulders. "Now, Bebe," I exclaim, jumping up to give her a good shake, "how could you be

so cross all about nothing? I did not know myself he was coming so soon. You made me miserable the entire evening, and spoiled everything?"

"But you knew he was coming some time; why did you not say so?"
"I forgot all about him. I knew no reason why I should attach importance to his presence here. I don't know now either I was quite ignorant of your previous acquaintance with him. Probably had he waited in London until next week, as he originally intended, it might have occurred to me to mention his coming, and so I

would have spared myself all the cruelty and neglect and wicked looks so lavishly bestowed upon me this evening." "You have yet to learn," says Miss Bea-toun, who is, I think, a little ashamed of her pettishness, "that of all things I most detest being taken by surprise. It puts me out dreadfully; I don't recover myself for ever so long; and to see Lord Chandos here, of all people, when I believed him safe in Italy, took away my breath. Phyllis, I don't know how it is, but I feel I must

tell you all about it."
"Yes, do. I am so anxious to hear. Yet I half guess he is, or was, a lover of yours. Is it not so? And something has gone

wrong?" "Very much wrong, indeed," with a rather bitter laugh. "It will be a slight come down to my pride to tell you this story; but I can trust you, can I not? I am not fond of women friends as a rule indeed, Harriet is my only one-but you, Phyllis, have exercised upon me some charm, I do believe, as when I am near you I forget to be reserved."

That is because you know how well I like you."
"Is it? Perhaps so. Well, about Lord Chandos. My story is a short one, you will say, and to the point. I met him first two years ago. He fell in love with me, and last year asked me to marry him. That is all; but you will understand by it how

little ambitious I was of meeting him again. 'And you---" "Refused him, dear. How could I do herwise? He was only Cantain Everett then, without a prospect on earth; and I am no heiress. It would have meant poverty—soarcely even what is called 'genteel poverty'—had I consented to be his wife; and"-with a quick shudder of disgust-" I would rather be dead, I think, than endure

such a life as that." "Did you love him, Bebe?" "I liked him well enough to marry him, certainly," she admiss, slowly, "had cir-

cumetances been different." We are silent for a little time: then Bebe says, in a low tone.
"He was so good about it, and I deserved so little mercy at his hands. I don't deny I had flirted with him horribly, with cruel heartlessness, considering I knew all along, when it came to the final move, I would say 'No.' I liked him so well that I could not make up my mind to be brave in time and let him go, never counting the pain I would afterwards have to inflict—and bear."

Her voice sinks to a whisper. Without turning my head. I lay my hand on hers. "It all happened one morning," she goes on, presently, making a faint pause between each sentence, "quite early. There was nothing poetic or sentimental about it in the way of conservatories or flowers or music. He had come to pay me his usual visic. It was July, and mamma and I were leaving town the next day. We are not to see each other again for along time. Perhaps that hastened it. It was a wet day, remember-I can hear the sad drip, drip, of the raindrops now—and we felt silent and depressed. Somehow then—I hardly know how-it all was said-and over."

"How sad it was !" I murmur, stroking the hand I hold with quiet sympathy. ' And then-"Then I let him see how utterly false and worthless was the woman he loved. I let him know that even if I adored him his want of money would be an insurmountable barrier between us. I think I told him so. I am not quite sure of that. I do not recollect distinctly one word I said that

impressed with the belief that I was a mere ontemptible money-worshipper." "Did he say anything-reproachful, I mean?" "That was the hardest part of it. He would not reproach me. He only sat there, looking distinctly miserable, without an unkind word on his lips."

"What? Did he say nothing?"
"Very little. Unless to tell me I had treated him disgracefully, I don't know that there was anything to be said. He declared that he had expected just such ar answer; that he felt he had no right to hope for a happier one. He did not blame me of course I was acting wisely—and so on. He never once aske I me to reconsider my words. Then he got up and said he must bid me a long farewell. He knew a man who would gladly exchange with him and give him a chance of seeing a little Indian life; he was tired of England. You stupidest night we have known, and I begin

can imagine the kind of thing."
"Poor fellow, how did he look?" (To be continued

The question of the "kist of whistles" is still agitating the Scotch mind, and the Scotch Free Kirk has called a conference to decide whether organs or other instrumental music may be used in public wor-

CURRENT TOPICS.

ALTHOUGH the year 1884 has not yet entered its sixth month the number of lives lost at sea has been terrible. By the four 412 lives have been lost. These figures, of course, do not include the scores of lives lest in minor catastrophes.

THE example long since set by the United States, and the more recent union move ment among the Methodists of Canada have not, it would seem, been without their influence in Australia. There the unhappy divisions which are characteristic of Euglish Methodism still prevail. The union spirit, however, grows stronger and stronger; and according to our latest news the Bible Christians of South Australia and Victoria have declared in favor of union with the other branches of the Methodist family of churches.

THE present ruler of Afghanistan boasts of his skill as a mechanic, a musician and a physician. In each capacity he believes there is no Afghan to equal him. To expect truth from an Afghan is like looking for water in the desert, says a writer in the London Times, but it is said that Abdurrah man is an accomplished liar and an adept in the art of chicane. He is averse to the practice of making oaths, but when he does has promised.

A NEW Irish grievance bas been dis covered by Mr. Kenny. The honorable member intends to ask the First Commissioner of Works for what reason the public notice attached to the Coronation Chair in Westminster Abbey has been altered by the omission of all references to the legend hitherto generally admitted and recognized, viz.: That the Coronation Stone of Scotland was first used for the coronation of the Irish kings and that it was only carried to Scotland by Fergus, the Irish King, who subdued that country.

An expert connected with the Pennsylvania geological survey estimates the amount of the coal still remaining in the anthracite region at 8,000,000,000 tons. Should the present rate of coal production be continued the supply will last about 250 years. Only 46 per cent. of the volume of the coal in any given vein gets to market. The pillars left standing to support the roof take 33 per cent. of the whole, and 24 per cent. is wasted. Until quite recently only 27 per cent. of the coal vein could be used. The pillars required 41 per cent. and 32 per cent. was wasted.

PERHAPS the most curious battalion in any army is the Norwegian Corps of Skaters. It is composed of picked men armed with rifles, which they use with great precision. The skates used are admirably adapted for travelling over rough and broken ice and frozen snow, being six inches broad and between nine and ten inches long. The soldiers can be man@nvred upon ice or over the snow fields of the mountains with a rapidity equal to that of the best trained cavalry. As an instance of the speed at which they can go, it is stated that a messenger attached to the corps has accomplished 120 miles in 18; hours, over mountains.

THE combination recectly formed by the four leading propeller lines on the lakes to keep up freights to a certain standard will probably collapse before long. "Every one admits," says the Chicago Tribune. "that freights are low, but at the same time there are but few who think there is anything to be gained by attempts to bolster them up so long as the present demoralization of railroad rates exists. Supply and demand necessarily regulate the freight market, and at present the supply of transportation facilities largely exceeds the demand. There is plenty of grain to go forward, but no one seems to want it very bad. The same may be said of lumber. The coal and ore trades are in healthier condition, but not sufficiently so to support the entire shipping of the lakes."

LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL is now fairly a rival candidate with Lord Salisbury for the leadership of the Tory party, Sir Stafford Northcote being in ill-health, and. at the best (if we are to believe a Liondon contemporary), too "niminy-piminy" for the time. Lord Salisbury has the advan-tage of being twenty years older, of having held Cabinet office and of having latterly been in close contact with Lord Beacons-field; but he is intellectually arrogant and unsympathetic, whereas Lord Randolph has an eminently sympathetic manner and voice, which are in winning contrast to Salisbury's sardonic gloom and frigidity. When Lord Randolph appeared, bare when Lord Kandolph appeared, bare-headed, before a vast assembly at Birming-ham, accompanied by his young and pretty wife, there was seen the perfect historical type of the aristocratic demagogue "qui a bien etudie sa bete."

 \mathbf{E}_{VERY} flower of any note in the woods or meadows in England is associated with the memory of some saintly man or epoch of earlier times. The snow-drop was under-stood to mark the feast of Candlemas; the Canterbury bells not only cured throat disease—hence called throat wort—but kent alive the holy memory of St. Augustine; the lily of the valley was understood to have first sprung from the sprinkled blood of St. Leonard, slain in a wood near Hastings, where St. Leonard's has since The harabell claims to be by none but those who are true. The black spots on the leaves of the common arum, "ouckoo-pint," or "wake-robin," are due to the same cause that colored the red heart's crimson chest or twisted the crop-bill's beak, for legends differ as to which of these two birds plucked out the nails from the cross.

JOHN WYCLIFFE, the 500th anniversary of whose death has just been celebrated in England, is believed to have been born in Yorkshire, England, about 1324. He died at Lutterworth in 1384. It is now 500 years since his dootrines were condemned by the Synod of Divines assembled at Gravfriars Priory, London. In his writings he maintained that the authority of the Crown was supreme over all persons and propert in England. He was opposed to the whole framework of the hierarchy and to episoo-pacy and endowments, holding that the clergy should be supported only by alms. He retained the ordinance of be without regarding it as essential to salvation, and the sacrament of the mass, but without the doctrine of transubstantiation. Some of his doctrines have of late been advocated by modern social reformers, notably his views on the land question, on which he held that private property in land was robbery.

Among the 86,000 non-commissioned officers and men constituting the British home army on the 1st of January, and in-cluding all young soldiers, there were under 5 feet 5 inches in height 10 622; between that and 5 feet 6 inches, 11 944; between 5 feet 6 inches and 5 feet 7 inches there were 15 810, and nearly the same number, or 15,499, 5 feet 8 inches or an inch under; between 5 feet 8 inches and 5 feet 9 inches there were 12,763; between 5 feet 9 inches and 5 feet 10 inches, 8,725; and between 5 feet 10 inches and 5 feet 11 tobacco, its use in Afghanistan will be inches, 5,373. Above that height there were only about 5,000 men, and one-fifth are in the Household Cavalry, of whom

665 are over, and 378 less than an inch under, 6 feet. In the Guards, notwith-standing the lowering of the standard from 5 feet 8 inches, there are but 505 men be tween 5 feet 7 inches, the new, and 5 feet 8 inches, the old, minimum. In the matlarge disasters which have already occurred | ter of thest measurement there were 2 376 under 33 inches and 5,543 between tha and 34 mohes. For each ingressed inch above that the respective numbers are 13,-796, 16,303, 17,106, and 13,690. Above 38

inches the number is of course much less

M. FARVILLE has discovered a new use for electricity, viz., to protect vines from the disastrous effects caused by any sudden fall in the temperature. It has hitherto been the custom in France to keep a person on the watch in the vicinity of a vineyard, and directly a cold wind arises to se fire to some combustibles, such as tarred straw, and by means of the smoke arising from the fire to warm the air, and so counteract the ill effects of the cold wind. But as this watcher may not always be watching, there is constant wind coming upon the vineyard before the fires can be lighted, and M. Parville maintains that by using electricies this danger may be overcome. He would put one or more electric batteries in the vineyard, similar to the batteries used to fire mines, the wires being connected with the prepared combustibles. By a simple arrangement, whenever the ther-mometer falls very low an electric current is passed along the wires, lighting the fires on its way, and by filling the air with smoke make one it is considered a sure sign that he has no intention of performing what he protects the vines. The idea seems ingenious, and is stated to have been very successful.

> THE fact that photographic portraits are so rarely good likenesses is attributed by a writer in Chambers' Journal to the circumstance that by photography it has hitherto been found impossible to give colors their true shale value. What is meant by this is that yellow to the eye is a brilliant light tint, but in a photograph it is reproduced almost black; red, instead of giving the idea of fire and light, comes out black, and blue photographs perfectly white; such changes, of course, playin sad havor with complexions and contrast of color generally. According to a recent French process, however, the trouble or drawback in question can be obviated, the plan consisting simply in addition to the usual ingredients of the sensitive photographic surface of 1 per cent. of cosine. A modification of the crystoteum process is now being introduced. The photograph printed in the usual manner on paper, is first of all immersed in a mixture of naphtha, paraffine, mastic drops, ether and vinegar; this treatment makes it quite transparent, so that body colors in oil, if the picture, show through with good effect.

> For five centuries, from the days of the first Normans to those of the last Tudors the Tower of London was the official esidence of the kings of England, and hence the scene of much of its political history. Plantagenets and Tudors have inhabited it, and for three centuries kings started from it for their coronation cere mony. Two kings, four queens, and many princes and princesses died there. Man ave been born there, and two are within its walls. There is hardly any other building in Europe, and certainly none in England, of which it can be certainly said, as it can of St. John's Church in the White Tower, that it stands much as it was in the days of the Norman

and Angevin kings. PROF. REUGER, on feeding his monkeys, in Paraguay, with eggs, observed that at first they smashed them and then wasted much of their contents; but they soon learned to hit one end against some hard hody and nick off the bits with their naws. body and pick off the bits with their paws, and if they cut themselves once with any sharp tool, they would either not touch it again or handle it with the greatest caution. Lumps of sugar were given them wrapped up in paper, and sometimes a live wasp was put in to try them, so that in hastily opening the paper they got stung; but after this had once occurred they always held the packet to their ears to detect any mover ent.

Into the enemy's country. This is verified in the case of Putnam's Corn Extractor, so favorably known throughout Canada. The mand from th this great corn cure has induced the proprietors to put it up there, and boldy push it to the front as the leading article in its line. From England also a demaftd has arisen. This is the reverse of the usual methods, as a large portion of the proprietory goods sold here emanate from these countries. This speaks highly in favor of Putnam's Extractor, the great corn cure. We advise sufferers from this discomfort

to test its merit.—Exchange. A Santa Barbara, Cal., man realized \$1,100 from an acre and a half of strawber ries last season. This year he has been selling about \$30 worth daily, at wholesale

prices, from the same patch

Fair Evidence for Everybody. No one can doubt the great merit o olson's NERVILINE, for it has been placed in the market in 10 cent bottles, just to in the market in 10 cent bottles, just to give you the opportunity of testing its wonderful power over all kinds of pain. This is the best evidence of its efficiency, for every person can try for themselves. Polson's Nerviline is a positive (it cannot fail) cure for oramps, headache, colds, neuralgia, and the host of pains that flesh i Good to take, good to rub on. Go to any drug store and buy a 10 cent sample bottle. Large bottles 25 cents.

Mahdiism is catching. Another Mahdi has risen in Bokhara by the name of Mohammed Abdallah Ben Oman. He has aken the title of Kefrid, and has written a letter to the Sultan calling upon him to unfurl the green banner of Mahommed against the unfaithful.

-It is truly wonderful to see how the name of Mrs. Pinkham is a household word among the wives and mothers of our land. Alike in the luxurious homes of our great cities and in the humble cabins of the remote frontier one woman's deeds have borne their kindly fruit in health for

John E. Smyth, personal property o ve assessed. Total, \$4,000. Off, \$1,600.

The sufficiency of thy merit is to know that thy merit is not sufficient.—St. Augus-A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming

You will never convince a man of ordinary sense by overbearing his understanding.—Samuel Maunder. It is one proof of a good education and of

rich.—Shenstone.

true refinement of feeling to respect antiquity .- Sigourneu. A Fayette, N.Y., farmer with 400 bushels of potatoes on hand, after vainly waiting for several months for a rise in price, fed

the whole lot to his horses, cattle and hogs A famous mollah at Cabul having declared the use of tobacco to be contrar the Mohammedan law, the Ameer submitted the question to a council of mollahs from all parts of the country. If

The New and Novel.

East Cleveland is to have an electric notor for drawing street cars. A swarm of locusts 9 miles wide is devas

tating Texmalca, Mexico. Mrs. Bradley, a Connecticut woman, is dying from the effects of a cat bite. Custer Co, M. T., has a larger area than the five smallest States of the Union com

bined. The Kentucky Legislature has prohibited bicyclists from using the public roads of many counties of the State.

The New Orleans Exposition is to have the largest building in the world. It has 33 acres of floor area.

There is land in the city of New York worth \$15,000,000 an acre.



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It removes Faintness, Flatulent, Destroys all cincil of the control of t

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