In Memoriam

To the Heroic Engineer, H. Donnelly, who died at his post in the recent disastrous collision at St. Thomas

To the engineer and hero be all praise and honor od firm, despising danger, to his post and duty true;
With his hand upon the lever, firm the grand old
here stood;
Just to save the train he perished; tried his best,

Life to him was just as sweet as our life is to us all,
But he bravely stood and perished, gave his life
at duty's call;
"'Twas quixotic, rash and foolish"—thus the
bitter cynics say;
Such his praise, because to save them he had
thrown his life away.

"He was half intoxicated"—such the words that Bitterly they thus revile him; thus the dead man they abuse. Oh! thank God, that he is resting deep below the crumbling clay, Sleeping sound within his coffin, little recks be what they say.

Shame upon the scandal-mongers, shame upon their cowardly race;
They, if Donnelly were living, dared not say it to his face.
Take one of these base revilers, place the lever in his hand. Place him in the same position as poor Donnelly

Let us watch our noble cynic-see his coward's cheek turn pale; Little thinks he of his duty, little thinks he of the train. Not like he who stood and perished—filled a hero's noble grave.
All our cynic thinks is simply his own cowardly life to save.

Just because he did his duty, to his post stood nobly true, Bitter words and harsh revilings are the perished hero's due; Such his praise and such his honor, he who feared not death and pain, He who nobly, bravely, grandly perished in the raging flame.

Thus his epitaph should read: "Lies a hero underneath,
One whose noble brows deserved the victorious
hero's wreath."
One who died upon his engine, true and faithful
to the last,
Calm and cool, as swiftly forward to death's

doom his engine dashed,
With his hand upon the throttle faced grim
death without a fear.
Oh! may angels crown with laurels the name of
Donnelly, Engineer.

GEO. T. PARDEE (aged 14), G. T. R., Niagara Falls, Ont.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES.

CHAPTER XI THE WEE WIFIE.

And that same God who made your face so fair And gave your woman's heart its tenderness, So shield the blessing He implanted thore, That it may never turn to your distress, And never cost you trouble or des air, Nor granted leave the granted comfortless, But like a river blest where er it flows, Be still receiving while it still bestows.

Jean Ingelow.

" Shall we soon be home, Hugh?"

Very soon, Wee Wife "Then please put down that great cracking paper behind which you have been asleep the last two hours, and talk to me a little. I want to know the names of the villages through which we are passing, the big houses, and the people who live in them, that I may not enter my dear new home a perfect stranger to its surroundings:" and Lady Redmond shook out her furs, and settled herself anew with

Sir Hugh yawned for the twentieth time behind his paper, rubbed his eyes, stretched himself, and then let down the window and looked absently down the long country road winding through the stubble land; and then at the eddying heaps of dry crisp leaves now blown by the strong November wind under the horses' feet, and now whirling in crazy circles like witches on Walpurgis's night, until after a shivering remonstrance from his little wife he put up the window with a jerk, self back with a discontented air on the cushions.

"There is nothing to be seen for a mile or two, Fay, and it is growing dusk now it will soon be too dark to distinguish a single object;" and so saying, he into silence, and took up the obnoxious paper again, though the words were scarcely legible in the twilight; while the young bride tried to restrain her weariness. sat patiently in her corner. Poor Hugh, he was already secretly repenting of the hasty step he had taken; two months of Alpine scenery, of quaint old German cities, of rambling through galleries of art treasures with his child-bride, and Hugh had already wearied of his new bonds. All at once he had awakened from his brief delusion with an agony of remembrance, with a terrible heart-longing and homesickness, with a sense of satiety and vacuum. Fay's gentleness and beauty palled on him; her artless questioning fatigued him. In his secret soul he cried out that she was a mere child and no mate for him, and that he wanted Margaret.

If he had only told his young wife, if he had confided to her pure soul the secret that burthened his, child as she was, she wife, if he would have understood and pitied and forgiven him; the very suffering would have given her added womanliness and gained his respect, and through that bitter knowledge, honestly told and generously received, a new and better Fay would have risen to win her husband's love.

never entered his mind. So day by day her youth and innocent gaiety only alienated him more, until he grew to look upon her as a mere child, who must be petted and humored, but who could never be his friend.

Yes, he was bringing home his bride to Redmond Hall, and that bride was not Margaret. In place of Margaret's grand face, framed in its dead-brown hair and deep, pathetic eyes, was a childish face, with a small rose-bud mouth that was just

now quivering and plaintive.
"Dear Hugh, I am so very tired, and you will not talk to me," in a sad babyish

"Will talking rest you, Birdie," asked Hugh, dropping his paper and taking the listless little hand kindly.

Fay dropped her head, for she was

ashamed of the bright drops that stol through her lashes from very weariness Hugh would think her babyish and fretful She must not forget she was Lady Redmond; so she answered, without looking

up,
"We have been travelling since daybreak
"Hugh and it is this morning you know, Hugh, and it is all so fresh and strange to me, and I want to hear your voice to make it seem real somehow; perhaps I feel stupid because I am tired, but I had an odd fancy just now that it was all a dream, and that I should wake up in my little room at the cottage and find myself again Fay Mordaunt. " Is not the new name prettier, dear?"

observed her husband, gently.

Fay colored and hesitated, and finally hid her face in shy fashion on Hugh's shoulder, while she glanced at the little gold ring that shone so brightly in the dusk.

"Fay Redmond," she whispered. "Oh yes, it is far prettier," and a tender smile me to her face, an expression of wonder-l beauty. "Did ever name sound half so ful beauty.

sweet as that ?" "What is my Wee Wifie thinking about ?" asked Hugh at last, rousing himself with difficulty from another musing

Fay raised her head with a little dignity

I wish you would not call me that, Hugh."
"Not call you what?" in genuine astonishment. "Why, are you not my Wee Wifie? I think it is the best possi-

ble name I could find for you; is it not pretty enough for your ladyship?" Yes, but it is so childish, and will make people smile, and Aunt Griselda would be

shocked and--" but here she broke off. flushed and looking much distressed.

"Nay, give me all your reasons," said Hugh, kindly. "I cannot know all that is in my little wife's heart yet." But Hugh, as he said this, sighed involuntarily, as he thought how little he cared to trace the workings of that innocent young mind. The gentleness of his tone gave Fay

get-but I am really sure that-that-Polite Match-Maker' would not consider it right.

"What?" exclaimed Hugh, opening his eyes wide and regarding Fay with amaze ment.

"'The Polite Match-Maker,' dear,' faltered Fay, "the book that Aunt Griselda gave me to study when I was engaged, because she said it contained all the neces sary and fundamental rules for well-bred young couples. To be sure she smiled, and said it was a little old-fashioned; but I was oanxious to learn the rules perfectly that I read it over three or four times.

"And 'The Polite Match-Maker' would not approve of Wee Wifie, you think ?" and Sir Hugh tried to repress a smile. "Oh, I am sure of it," she returned, seriously; "the forms of address were so different."

"Give me an example, then, or I can hardly profit by the rule." Fay had no need to consider, but she hesitated for all that. She was never sure how Hugh would take things when he had that look on his face. She did not want him to laugh at her.
"Of course, it is old-fashioned, as Aunt

Griselda says; but I know the 'Match-Maker' considered 'Honored Wife,' or 'Dearest Madam,' the correct form of address." And as Hugh burst out laughing, she continued, in a slightly injured tone— "Of course I know that people do not use those terms now, but all the same I am sure Aunt Griselda would not think Wee Wife sufficiently respectful,"—and here Fay looked ready to cry—" and though the book is old-fashioned she said many of the rules were excellent."

"But, Fay," remonstrated her husband. "does it not strike you that the rules must be obsolete, savoring of the days of Sir Charles Grandison and Clarissa Harlowe?
Pshaw!" with a frown, "I forgot I was gauging a child's intellect. Well," turning to her," what is your busy little mind hatching now?"

"Dear Hugh," stammered Fay timidly,
"Iknow I am very ignorant, and I ought
to know better, and I will look in the dictionary as soon as I——but I do not know the meaning of the word obsolete." "Pshaw!" again muttered Sir Hugh then aloud, "the term, honored madam

signifies disused, out of date, ancient, anti quated, antique, neglected and so on."

"Ah, Hugh, now I know you are laughing at me; but," rather anxiously, "'The Match-Maker cannot be all wrong, can

it? It is only what you call absolete."
"My dear child," answered Hugh gravely, "you can trust your husband' udgment, I hope, before even this wonder gravely, ful book-in this matter I am sure you can; and in my opinion the prettiest nam I could have selected is this 'Wee Wife. It pleases me," continued Hugh, his fine features working with secret pain. "It is no name of the past, it touches on no hope for fortune, and it reminds me of my little wife's claim to forbearance and sympathy from her extreme youth and ignorance of the world. To others you may be Lady Redmond, but to me you must ever be m

Fay clasped his neck with a little sob. Fay clasped his neck with a little sob.

"Yes, you shall call me that. I know I am only a silly ignorant little thing, and you are so grand and wise; but you love your foolish little wife, do you not, Hugh?"

"Yes, of course;" but as Hugh hushed the rosy lips with that silencing kiss, his conscience felt an uneasy twinge.
Did he really love her? Wes such food Did he really love her? Was such fond-ness worth the acceptance of any woman, when, with all his efforts, he could scarcely conceal his weariness of her society, and already the thought of the life-long tie that bound them together was becoming intolerable to him? But he shut his ears to the accusing voice that was ever whispering to him that his fatal error would bring its punishment. Well, he was responsible numanly speaking, for the happiness of thi young life; as far as he knew how, he ould do his duty.

"Well, sweetheart," he observed, glancing enviously at Fay's bright face, now quite forgetful of fatigue—how could she be tired while Hugh talked to her!—"what other amusing rules does this marvellous

book contain ? "I do think it is a marvellous book though it is somewhat obsolete;" and here Fay stammered over the formidable word "I know it said in one place that married people ought to have no secrets from each other, and that was why I told you about Frank Lumsden;" and here Fay blushed

very prettily.
"Frank Lumsden," observed Hugh, in some perplexity; "I don't think I remember, Fay."

"Not remember what I told you that

Sunday evening in the lane—the evening after we were engaged! How Mr. Lumsden wanted to tell me how he admired me, but I cried and would not let him; and he wer away so unhappy, poor fellow. As though I could ever have cared for him," continued Fay, with innocent scorn, as she looked up into Hugh's handsome face. He wa

regarding her attentively just then.

Yes, she was pretty, he knew that—lovely, no doubt, to her boy lovers. But to him, with the memory of Margaret's grand ideal beauty ever before him, Fay's pink and pearly bloom, though it was as purely tinted as the inner calvx of a rose faded into mere color prettiness. And as yet the spell of those wonderful eyes, of which Frank Lumsden dreamt, had exercised no potent fascination over her husband's heart.

"Hugh," whispered Fay, softly," you have not kept any secrets from me, have you? I know I am very young to share all your thoughts, but you will tell your little wife everything, will you not?"
No secrets from her! Heaven help her poor child. Would she know-would she

ever know? And with a great throb of pain his heart answered "No." "Why are you so silent, Hugh; you

have no secrets surely?' "Hush, dear, we cannot talk any more now; we have passed the church and the Vicarage already—we are nearly home : and as he spoke they came in sight of the lodge, where Catharine was waiting with

her baby in her arms.

Fay smiled and nodded, and then they turned in at the gate, and the darkness eemed to swallow them up.

The avenue leading to Redmond Hall

was the glory of the whole neighborhood.
Wayfarers, toiling along the hot and dusty road that leads from Singleton to Sandycliffe, always paused to look through the great gate at the green paradise

peyond.

It was like a glade in some forest, so deep was its shadowy gloom, so unbroken its reponse; while the arrowy sun-shaft flickered patterns on the mossy footpaths. a golden girdle round some worn trunk.

Here stood the grand old oaks, under whose branches many a Redmond played as a child in the days before the Restora ion—long before the time when Marma duke, fifth baronet of that nane, joined the forces of Rupert, and fell fighting by the aide of his dead sons.

Here too were the aged beeches; some with contorted holes, and marvellously-twisted limbs, like Titans struggling in their death-throes, and others with the sap of youth still flowing through their woody veins, as they stood clothed in the beauty of their pain. Fay had often played in this wonderful avenue. She remembered. when she was a child, rambling with her nurse in the Redmond woods, with their

copses of nut-trees and wild-rose thickets; and their tiny sylvan lawns, starred over with woodland flowers, such as Spenser would have peopled "with bearded Fauns and Satyrs, who with their horned feet do wear the ground, and all the woody nymphs—the fair Hamadryades;" but though she peered eagerly out in the darkshe could see nothing but the carriage lamps flashing on some bare trunk or gaunt skeleton branches.

"Dear Hugh," she whispered, timidly, how gloomy and strange it looks—just ike an enchanted forest.' They have not thought fit to cut down

the trees to give light to your ladyship," observed her husband, laughing at her awe-struck tone. "Give me your hand awe-struck tone. "Give me your hand, you foolish child; when we have passed the next turning you will see the old Hall. There will be light enough there;" and scarcely had the words passed his lips before the Hall burst upon them-a long low range of building, with its many down brilliantly illuminated and ruddy with firelight, while through the open door the forms of the assembled servants moved hither and thither in a warm background

"What a lovely old place," cried Fay, breathless with excitement. "I had almost forgotten how beautiful it was, but I shall see it better by daylight tomorrow.'

"Yes," he returned, with a sigh, "I shall have plenty to show you, Fay, but now let me help you off with those furs, and lift you out?" and lift you out.

Fay shook herself free of the heavy wraps, and then sprang lightly to the ground; and with her head erect like a little queen, stepped over the threshold of her new home with her hand still in her angband's. The circle of men and women gathered

in the great hall, with the housekeepe and grey-haired butler at their head, thrilled with a vague surprise and wonder at the sight of the childish figure beside their master. "Good evening to you all," said Hugh

trying to speak cheerfully, though there was a huskiness in his pleasant voice that was foreign to it. "You see I have brought home your new mistress at last, Ellerton. Mrs. Heron," shaking hands with her, " you must give Lady Redmond hearty welcome."
"Yes, indeed, Sir Hugh," and the stately

housekeeper folded her plump hands and looked complacently at the pretty face " A thousand welcomes both before her. "A thousand welcomes both to you and her ladyship, Sir Hugh, and a long life and a happy one to you both."

But the housekeeper, as she ended her little speech with an elaborate curtsey, was marvelling in her kindly heart what on earth had possessed her master to bring this lovely child to be the mistress of

Redmond Hall. "Thank you, very much," returned Fay, timidly, and her sweet face flushed as she spoke "I trust we shall soon become good friends. I know how you all love my dear husband, and I hope in time that you will be able to love me too for his sake.

"There can be no doubt of that, I should think, Mrs. Heron," returned Sir Hugh moved in spite of himself; and at his tone the shy fingers closed more tightly round his. Those who were standing by never forgot Fay's look, when the girl-wife raised her beautiful eyes to her husband's "And now," cantinued Sir Hugh, " you

are very tired, Fay, but our good Mrs. Heron will show you your rooms, that you may rest and refresh yourself after your long journey. This is your maid, I believe,"
turning to a fresh, bright-looking girl,
behind him; then, as Fay obediently left
him, "What time will dinner be served, Ellerton ?"

"At a quarter to eight, Sir Hugh. "Very well; I hope there are lights and a fire in the study. "Yes, Sir Hugh, and in the damask drawing room as well." But his master did not seem to hear him, as he walked slowly across the hall on his way to his dressing-room.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE BLUE NESTIE. To have its hands too full of gifts to give
For putting out a hand to take a gife;
To have so much, the perfect mood of love
Includes, in strict conclusion, being loved;
As Eden dew went up and fell again,
Enough f r watering Eden, obviously
She had not thought about his love at all.
The cataracts of her soul had poured themselves,
And risen self-crown'd in rainbow; would she ask
Whocrown'd her?—itsufficed that she wascrown'd

E. B. Browning Redmond Hall was a curious old house t had been built originally in Gothic style but an aspiring Redmond, who was ignorant of the laws of architecture and not nossessed with the spirit of uniformity, had thrown out windows and added wings that savored strongly of the Tudor style, while here and there a buttress or arch was decidedly

Norman in its tendency.

To a connoisseur this medley of architecture was a great eye-sore, but to the world in general the very irregularity of the grey old pile added to its picturesque entirety, and somehow the effect was very

pleasing. The various owners of the Hall, holding all modern innovations in abhorrence, had preserved its antiquity as far as possible by restoring the old carvings and frescoes that were its chief ornaments. The entrance-hall was of noble dimensions, with entrance-nail was of none dimensions, with a painted ceiling, and a great fireplace surrounded by oaken-carvings of fruit and flowers, the work of Gibbon, with the Redmond motto, "Fideles ad urnam," in

the centre.
The walls were adorned with stag's antlers, and other trophies of the chase while implements of warfare, from the bow and arrow to the modern revolver, were arranged in geometrical circles round the

battered suits of armor.

The dwelling-rooms of the house, with the exception of the drawing-room and billiard-room, were long and low, with the same painted ceilings and heavy oak carvings; and some of the windows, especially in the library and morning-room, were furnished with such deep embrasures as to form small with-drawing rooms in themselves, and leave the farther end of the apartment in twilight obscurity ever

on the brightest summer's day.

Many people were of opinion that the old Hall needed complete renovation, but Sir Wilfred had cared little for such things. In his father's time a few of the room had been modernised and refurnished, the damask drawing-room for example, a handsome billiard-room added, and two or three pedrooms fitted up according to nineteenth entury taste.

But Sir Wilfred had preferred the old rooms in the quaint embrasures, where many a fair Redmond dame had worked with her daughters at the tapestry that hung in the green bedroom, which repre-sented the death of Saul and the history of Gideon.

In these rooms was furniture belonging to many a different age. Carpets and chair-cushions worked in tent stitch and cross stitch and old-fashioned harpsichord; white and gold furniture of the Louis Quatorze time, mixed with the spindle-legged tables of the Queen Anne

At the back of the Hall lay a broad stone terrace reaching from one end of the house to the other.

On one side were the stables and kennels and on the other a walled sunny garden with fruit trees and a clipped yew-hedge peacocks loved to plume themselves.

Beyond divided by the yew-hedge was the h rb garden, where in the olden time, many a notable house-mother, with her chintz skirts hustled through her pocketholes, gathered simples for her medicines, and sweet-smelling lavender and rosemary for her presses of home-spun linen. These gardens were walled and entered

by a curiously-wrought iron door, said to be Flemish work; and below the terrac lay a smooth, gentle-sloping lawn, that stretched to the edge of a large sheet of water, called by courtesy the lake—the whole shut in by the background of the

Redmond wood. Here through the sunny afternoon slept purple shadows, falling aslant the yellow water-lilies, and here underneath the willows and silvery birches, in what was called " The Lover's Walk," had Hugh dreamed many a day-dream, whose begin ning and whose end was Margaret.

Poor Hugh! he little thought as he paced that walk that the day should come when his wife should walk there beside him and look at him with eyes that were not Margaret's. When Fay, escorted by Mrs. Heron and

followed by Janet, had ascended the broad oaken staircase, and passed through the long gallery, the housekeeper paused in a recess with four red-baized doors. recess with four red-baized doors.

"Sir Hugh's dressing-room, my lady,"
she explained, blandly, "and the next door
belongs to Sir Hugh's bath-room, and this,"
belongs to Sir Hugh's bath-room, and this," is pointing solemnly to the central door, " is

he Oriel room.' What," faltered Lady Redmond, rather fearing from Mrs. Heron's manner that this room might be the subject of some ghost story.

"The Oriel room," repeated the house keeper still more impressively, "where the Redmond ladies have always slept. In this room both Sir Wilfred and Sir Hugh were born, and Sir Marmaduke and nis sons Percy and Herewald were laid in tate after the battle."

It was well that Fay did not understand the latter end of the housekeeper's speech, but she shuddered notwithstanding with vague discomfort when the door was opened. and all the glories of the Oriel room were displayed before her. It was so large and grand that a queen might have slept in it nd have been content, but to Fay's eyes it was only a great gloomy room, so full of hidden corners and recesses, that the blaz-ing firelight and the wax candles only seemed to give a faint circle of light, beyond which lurked weird shadows, hiding n the deep embrasures of the windows, o

peaming against the painted ceiling.

The cabinets and wardrobe, and grotesque tables and chairs, all of black oak, and, above all, the great oak bedstead with its curiously twisted pillars and heavy silk damask curtains—each projected separate shadows and filled Fay's mind with dismay while from the panelled walls the childis figure was reflected in dim old mirrors. "Oh dear," sighed the little bride, "I shall never dare to be by myself in this

room. Janet, you must never leave me; look how those shadows move." "It is not quite canny, my lady," replied Janet, glancing behind her at her mistress's word, "but I think I can mend matters a little;" and so saying, she touched the logs so smartly that they spluttered and emitted showers of sparks, till the whole room leamed warm and ruddy with reflected

rightness. That is better, Janet," cried Fay delightedly: "but where are you going, Mrs. Heron?" for the housekeeper was making mysterious signs that her lady should follow her to a curtained recess "indeed," she continued, wearily, "I am very tired, and would rather see nothing

"Don't be too sure of that, my lady, returned Mrs. Heron, smiling, and her ton

But the next moment she uttered a little cream of delight, for there, hidden away ehind the ruby curtains, was a tiny room—"a wee blue-lined nestie," fitted up as a boudoir or morning-room. The bow window promised plenty of light, a cheerful modern paper covered the wall, with one or two choice landscapes; the snowy rug; the soft luxurious couch and low chairs, covered with delicate blue cretonne the writing tables, and bookcase, were all so suggestive of use and comfort. Two lovebirds nestled like green blossoms in their gilded cage, and a white Persian kitten was purring before the fire. "Oh, the dear room!" exclaimed Fay,

in a perfect ecstasy, and then oblivious of her dignity, her fatigue, and the presence of the stately housekeeper, Lady Redmond sat down on the soft white rug, and lifted

the kitten on her lap,
"I had a Persian kitten once," she observed, innocently; "but I took her down to the cowslip meadow and lost her. We called her the White Witch, she was so pretty and so full of mischief. I made myself quite ill crying over her loss, we were so afraid she was killed," and here Fay buried her face in the little creature's fur, as she rocked herself to and fro in the fire

Mrs. Heron and Janet exchanged looks Janet was smiling, but the housekeeper's face wore a puzzled expression; her new

mistress bewildered her.

The worthy soul could make nothing of these sudden changes: first a tiny woman rustling in silks, and holding her head like a little queen, with a plaintive voice speaking sweet words of welcome; then a pale, tired lady peering into corners and averse to shadows: and now, nothing but a pretty child rocking herself to and fro with a kitten in her arms. No wonder

as she left the room. "What on earth will my master do with a child like that?" she thought; "she will not be more of a companion to him than that kitten—but there, he knows his own business best, and she is a pretty creature. her head at intervals, for all the household knew that Margaret Ferrers, the sister of the blind vicar of Sandycliffe, was to have come to the Hall as its mistress; and the house seeper's faithful eyes had already noticed

the cloud on her master's brow. " ' Marry in haste and repent at leisure that is what many a man had done to his cost," she soliloquised, as she bustled about her comfortable room. "Well, she is a bonnie child, and he's bound to make her happy; she will be like a bit of sunshin old Hall if he does not damp her

cheerfulness with his gloomy moods."

A little while afterwards, Ellerton met his little mistress wandering about the Hall, and ushered her into the damask drawing-room. Fay was looking for her

She had escaped from Janet, and had been seeking him some time, opening doors and stumbling into endless passages, but always making her way back somehow to the focus of light—the big hall; and feeling drearily as though she were some forlorn princess shut up in an enchanted castle who could not find her prince. (To be continued.)

Applauded the Speaker.

While Senator Harris was speaking at Cynthiana the other day, says the Louis-ville Courier-Journal, a half-intoxicated Irishman, who had crawled upon the rear of the platform, interrupted him several times with remarks that were not quite intelligible. Finally Mr. Harris turned to the man and said:

Please don't interrupt me, my friend. I am not much used to public speaking, and if you want to talk, I'll have to quit."
"Bless yez!" said the Irishman, "it's not after interruptin' ye I am. I'm only approvin' of what ye say. Faith, and I didn't know it was in yez to do as well as

The Senator from Madison was completely knocked out by this speech, but he bowed his thanks to the Hibernian and joined heartily in the laughter which the latter's response had caused.

"I am king." remarks Kalakaua,

majestically. That may be so, but the Honolulu rifles appear to be the ace.—San

CURRENT TOPICS

In Wyoming, before an election, a woman heat her husband in the nomination for a good-naturedly because there was a chance the office would be in the family, anyway. This story is told to illustrate the felicities of woman suffrage.

At the session of the Bible School at Northfield, Massachusetts, Mr. Moody was asked whether a choir should be placed at the front or back of the church. answered the question with the remark: You notice how our ears are put on." It is not often that a great religious question is so easily and effectually disposed of.

In his cable letter to the New York Tribune Edmund Yates corrects the current statement that Queen Victoria means to ask Parliament to appropriate \$2,500,000 to cover the expenses of entertaining the royalties attending the Jubilee. The total expense, it appears, was some \$275,000, and it is to be defrayed from accumulated surpluses of the civil list.

Another American girl is about to beome a European Princess. Miss Winnaretta Singer, daughter of the late Mr. Singer, of Singer sewing-machine notoriety is going to wed the Prince de Montfellard whose title dates from the times of the Crusades. His future motherin-in-law, now the Duchess de Camposelice, was the daughter of an English confectioner.

Notwithstanding the probable fact that there is no "electric fluid," says the New York Commercial Advertiser, and the known fact that electricity does not "travel." but is merely molecular change, and that consequently thunderbolts never hit anybody. and lightning rods only "lower the poten-tial," people are getting "struck by lightning" and the "electrical fluid" is running up and down steeples all over the country.

THE Parsees of Bombay have long been famous for their charitable munificence. and the example of the late Sir Jamsetjee Jejeebhoy, known throughout the civilized orld for his liberality, is being emulated at the present day by another Parsee. Sir Dinshaw Manockjee Petit, Sheriff of Bom-bay, who has just offered the Government of Bombay one and one-half lakh (\$75,000) for the purpose of establishing a female college in that city.

THE purlieus of Naples are nearly as crowded with seething humanity at this season as the terement houses of New York, yet the hot weather makes no such massacre of the innocents as it does on this continent. "The reason," said an Italian lady, "is because poor Neapolitan children are allowed to run about naked, while American babies are swathed in flannels till they die of weakness caused by excessive perspiration."

Roses are the fashionable flower of the present season in Lendon, the national emblem being chosen in honor of the Jubilee. Beds of shaded roses are arrayed on dinner and supper tables, artistically harmonized from the deepest damask red down to pale sea roses. The rose was introduced into Britain at a very early period and has always thriven there, yieldng to no other country except the blessed valley at the foot of the Balkans, near Adrianople.

Owing to the disturbed condition of Bulvaria the monument which the officers of ne Russian grenadier regiment intended to raise at Plevna in memory of the grenaiers who fell there in 1877 will be erected at Moscow. It will contain five groups of figures and four statues of saints, with the following inscription, in the Russian, Bulgarian, Roumanian and Servian languages To their comrades who fell in the glorious battle of Plevna. Nov. 28, 1877, by the Russian Grenadiers."

Dr. Cyrus Edson, of New York, has been investigating the manufacture of cheap ice creams, and he reaches the conclusion that during the heated term the milky preparation is apt to contain a fungus growth that is injurious to health. Young girls who go promenading with economical beaux may expect to hear frequent admonitory narks about this lurking fungus growth The girls may suggest, however, that the doctor's analysis relates only to cheap ice cream, and that the high-priced article may still be eaten with comparative safety

A HIGH-PRESSURE hydrant system is being ntroduced in England, where manufac turers and insurance people are taking great interest in it. Where fire occurs the ordinary pressure is insufficient at a little elevation for effective work. The system proposes the construction of steel tank harged with water, connecting with the ordinary mains, which can be submitted to any desired pressure up to 100 or 120 pounds to the square inch. This pressure is maintained by a series of wrought-iror cylinders filled with compressed air.

THE tincture of the chloride of iron is a enedy frequently dispensed by the obliging apothecary to those who consult him and appear to need a tonic. It is generally taken well diluted with water, and is often drawn into the mouth through a glass tube or straw "to save the teeth." It has reor straw " to save the teeth." cently been shown that a tooth immersed in a solution of this tincture diluted with eight parts of water has its enamel entirely lestroyed in one hour. The water increase the destructive power of the iron, and, or hat account, it should not be used in dilution, but syrup is advised instead.

At Muirkirk, in Scotland, a monument in memory of some Covenanters who suffered in the cause of religion has for some time been in course of construction It has just been inaugurated. The monu ment is a polished granite obelisk, and is the gift of Mr. Charles Howatson, Glen-The names inscribed on Richard Cameron, John Smith, William Adams and John Brown, of Priesthill.

The shaft of the monument has two draped figures—one pointing to the earth, where lie bodies of the martyrs, the other point ing to the skies.

An interesting phenomenon has for some time past been observed on the eastern coast of the Caspian Sea. The Kara Bobhas is an estuary nearly separated from the main body of the sea by a bank through which there is an inlet. The evaporation from this gulf is so great that a current continually sets in from the Caspian, and, as there is no return current, the water of posit of salt is in course of formation. The natural result of this would appear to be that this gulf will be cut off from the Caspian, and being thus dried up, will beome an extensive salt bed. Gold will only melt at a comparatively

high temperature, as we all know, but what is not generally known, The Jewellers' Journal says, is that if two per cent. of silica be added to the gold it can be melted over the flame of a common candle. From the same source the reader may learn that a pretty alloy, said to resemble gold exactly, can be made with 16 parts copper, 1 of zinc and 7 of platinum. and platinum are covered first with and then with powdered charcoal and melted, then the zinc added, and the alloy thus produced is exceedingly malleable and drawn into the finest wire, while it never tarnishes.

Through railway communication is to be established across South America, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Three years ago the Argentine Government constructed a line of road, standard gauge, from Buenos Ayres to the city of Mendosea, in the Andes, on the boundary of Chili, within 160 miles of Santiago, the capital of the latter country, which was already connected with Valparaiso, the most important of the Pacific ports. It is intended to extend this road through the Andes, a chain of moun-

tains 20,000 feet high, and complete this gap of 160 miles, thus connecting Buenos Ayres and Valparaiso, and forming a line

rom coast to coast. THERE are two styles of complexions in vogue this season, and to attain them cosmetics are used recklessly, says a fashion writer. One, for pallid people, is ivory white, and is supposed to be the accompaniment of soft, brown eyes and hair to match. The style of cuticle that is mos popular, however, and which may go with all shades of hair except black and dark brown, is known as the "peachblow." It is a rosy flush suffusing the entire face, tinting the ears a deep rose, and scarcely fading out beneath the chin or at the nap of the neck. Women with this kind of skin will wear pink gowns during the summer, for the "peachblow" is to take the lead in attire as well as in complexion.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM BELL, the Brantford boy, whose telephones are ringing all over the world, has gone to his summer home, near Cape Breton, N.S. He went up there for the first time last summer, rented a house for \$100 for the season, and liked it so well that this spring he bought a small island near by for \$500, upon which he is trying to keep cool, with more or less success, these torrid days. He has an improvised "cottage," made out of an old farmhouse, this year, but proposes to build a handsome home by next year. It is rather noteworthy that neither Bell nor his thrifty father-in-law (Gardiner G. Hubbard), who is the business manager of their fortunes, has built a house since they came to be millionaires. Both live in Washington in houses built by other men, altered to suit them after they had purchased them.

MR. GORHAM GRAY Writes of the project of elephone communication between this continent and Europe: "Telephoning through a wire being only and simply a wave of re-production, similar to an air wave or sound, or I might say a wave of the ocean, is per fectly practicable for three million miles, a in fact more so under water than aerial, for disturbances atmospheric do not occur under water, nor do disturbances occur at a depth below a given sounding distance below the surface of the water, as the water at that depth is at rest. The small steel wire which I already have used for four years under water is a perfect reproducer, and will reproduce three million miles far better than the one hundred miles now so long in my service, and giving clear repro-duction of conversation, and without any induction whatever."

HEMORRHAGE from the lungs is a symptom of consumption which excites the greatest apprehension, not only in the patients, but n friends. It should be remembered that t is not only rarely fatal, but also that it invariably brings relief, in a measure, from the cough and the distressing constricted sensations previously felt in the chest. Many remedies are advised for this emergency, but rest and opium are the most valuable. One grain of opium, or twenty five drops of laudanum, should be given at once, and repeated in from four to six hours. The patient must be kept per-fectly quiet, and not allowed to speak. His fears are best subdued by the force of eximple, and his friends must appreciate this fact and conduct themselves accordingly. Rest in bed should be enforced for three or four days after the hemorrhage has

In the tomb of an Egyptian mummy pair of stockings has been found which proves that short socks were worn by the Egyptians 2,000 years ago, and that the art of knitting had then attained great perfection. These curious socks are made from fine sheep's wool, at first probably white, but now brown with age. The needles with which the work was done are supposed to have been somewhat thicker than those now in use, and the knitting is loose and elastic. The work begins in the simplest manner, with a single thread, but grows fanciful as progress is made. Instead of ending, like the modern sock, with a rounding point, two branches of equal width run out like the fingers of a glove. This was made to suit the sandals, which had a strap astened at the middle and passing over the sock when on the foot. The work shows a very skilful hand.

In the warmer months the diet should be composed largely of vegetable food. These should be chosen with care, for many of them are extremely unwholesome if not perfectly fresh and sound. Almost all of hem, except herries, are improved by washing or soaking them some time in cold water. This renders some of them, such as are to be eaten without cooking, more crisp and refreshing, while all are cleansed from possible contamination. The sources of impurity are so numerous that safety can be secured only by constant watchfulness. The ground in or upon which vege tables are grown, the hands employed in securing them and the localities in which they are stored are too apt to be unclean and the sources of disease. The healthy human stomach has a great capacity for digesting and destroying disease germs : otherwise no one would live through one ummer in the city; but when weakened by toil or sickness it loses this resisting capacity to a large degree, and the conequences are seen in the increased mortality list which marks the advent of hor

The Five Sisters.

There were five fair sisters and each had an aim-Flora would tain be a fashionable dame; Scholarly Susan's solection was books; Coquettish Cora cared more for good looks; Anna, ambitious, aspired after wealth; Sensible Sarah sought first for good health,

So she took Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and grew healthy and blooming. Cora's beauty quickly faded; Susan's eyesight failed from over-study; Flora became nervousand fretful in striving after fashion, and a sickly family kept Anna's husband poor. But sensible Sarah grew daily more healthy, charming and intelligent, and she married rich.

In India and Africa certain tribes con sider the monkey to be either sacred or equal to a human being. A slave once said: "If I had held my tongue like the monkey I should never have been put to work.

Demonstrated.

Sometimes it costs hundreds of dollars to convince a man; very often less is required, but in the case of Polson's NERVILINE, that sovereign remedy for pain, 10 cents foots the bill, and supplies enough Nerviline to convince every purchaser that it is the best, most prompt and certain pain remedy in the world. Nerviline is good for all kinds of pain, pleasant to take, and sure to cure cramps and all internal pains. It is also nice to rub outside, for it has an agreeable smell, quite unlike so many other prepara-tions, which are positively disagreeable to use. Try it now. Go to a drug store and buy a 10 cent or 25 cent bottle. Polson's Nerviline. Take no other.

His Trade to Go.

"Opposed to Commercial Union, eh? And why are you against it?" a citizen asked a tough looking mariner at Yonge street wharf yesterday. "It will interfere with vested rights."

"Whose vested rights? "Mine. Commercial Union will deprive me of my legitimate calling." "What are you?"

"A smuggler."—Toronto Mail.

Bartholdi's Great Work.

The statue of Liberty enlightening the world, which stands on Bedloe's Island, in the harbor of New York is one of the most sublime artistic conceptions of modern times. The torch of the goddess lights the nations of the earth to peace, prosperity and progress, through Liberty. But the nations of the earth to peace, prosperity and progress, through Liberty. But "liberty" is an empty word to the thousands of poor women enslaved by physical ailments a hundredfold more tyrannical than any Nero. To such sufferers Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription hold forth the promise of a speedy cure. It is the promise of a speedy cure. It is a specific in all those derangements, irregularities and weaknesses which make life a burden to so many women. The only medicine sold by druggists, under a posi tive guarantee from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee printed on wrapper enclosing bottle

Lord Brassey, having made a present to the town of Hastings of a building for an art school and public library, to cost \$75,000, it has been suggested that the in-stitution be called De Bresci Free Library, after the imaginary ancestor of the Brasвеуя.

The three R's brought Regret, Reproach and Remorse to a great political party in 1884. The three P's, when signifying Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, bring Peace to the mind. Preservation and Perfection of health to the body.

Worse Than Full Dress.

Victoria, B. C., Times: An undress rehearsal of the ladies and gentlemen taking part in the paper carnival will take place at 8 o'clock this evening in the skatin rink, Yates street.

Beaufort Castle, Lord Lovat's pictur esque seat in Inverness, has been leased for two months by W. K. Vanderbilt at a rental of \$10,000. It is the finest sporting estate in England.

HAT

Do you feel dull, languid, low-spirited, life-less, and indescribably miserable, both physi-cally and mentally: experience a sense of fullness or bloating after eating, or of "gone-ness," or emptiness of atomach in the morn-ing, tongue coaked, bitter or had taste in ness, of empthese of stonace in the morning, tongue costed, bitter or had taste in mouth irregular appetite, dizzines, frequent headaches, blurred eyesight, "floating specks" before the eyes, nervous prostration or exhaustion, irritability of temper, hot flushes, alternating with chilly sensations, sharp, biting, transient pains nere and there, sold fect, drowsiness after meals, wakefulness, sor disturbed and unrefreshing sleep, constat, indescribable feeling of dread, or of impending calamity?

If you have all, or any considerable number of these symptoms, you are suffering from that most common of American maladies—Billious Dyspepsia, or Torpid Liver, associated with Dyspepsia, or Indigestion. The more complicated your disease has become, the greater the number and diversity of symptoms. No matter what stage it has reached, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to direct

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will subdue it, if taken according to directions for a reasonable length of time. If not cured, complications multiply and Consumption of the Lungs, Skin Diseases, Heart Disease, Rheumatism, Kidney Disease, or other grave maladies are quite liable to set in and, sooner or later, induce a fatal termination.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Disease, and a powerfully unon the Liver and

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts powerfully upon the Liver, and through that great blood-purifying organ, cleanses the system of all blood-taints and impurities, from whatever cause arising. It is equally efficacious in acting upon the Kidneys, and other excretory organs, cleansing, strengthening, and healing their diseases. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, it promotes digestion and nutrition, thereby building up both flesh and strength. In malarial districts, this wonderful medicine has gained great celebrity in curing Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Dunb Ague, and kindred diseases.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

CURES ALL HUMORS, from a common Blotch, or Eruption, to the worst Scrofula. Salt-heum, "Fever-sores," Scaly or Rough Skin, in short, all disease caused by bad blood are conquered by this powerful, purifying, and invigorating medicine. Great Eating Ulcers rapidly heal under its benign influence. Especially has it manifested its potency in curing Tetter, Eczema, Erysipelas, Boils, Carbuncles, Sore Eyes, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Hip-joint Disease, "White Swellings," Golfre, or Thick Neck, and Enlarged Glands. Send ten cents in stamps for a large Treatise, with colored plates, on Skin Diseases, or the same amount for a Treatise on Scrofulous Affections.

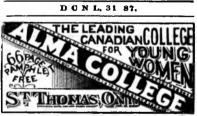
"FOR THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE." Thoroughly cleanse it by using **Dr. Pierce's**Golden Medical **Discovery**, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, vital strength and bodily health will be established.

CONSUMPTION.

which is Scrofula of the Lungs, is arrested and cured by this remedy, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease. From its marvelous power over this terribly fatal disease, when first offering this now world-famed remedy to the public, Dr. Pierce thought seriously of calling it his "Consumption Curre," but abandoned that name as too restrictive for a medicine which, from its wonderful combination of tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleansing, anti-billous, pectoral, and nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only

nutritive properties, is unequaled, not only as a remedy for Consumption, but for all Chronic Diseases of the Liver, Blood, and Lungs. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Short-ness of Breath, Chronic Nasal Catarrh, Bron-chitis, Asthma, Severe Coughs, and kindred affections, it is an efficient remedy.

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