I don't know what we'll do, Jim; the rain's a coming fast.

I haven't got no money, and it's twelve o'clock and past. Let's sit down in a doorway, the first as we can We can maybe get to sleep there, if the "copper"

Here, come a little closer, Jim, you're youngest, d'ye see, And the rain won't get so near you if you shelter behind me; Put the matches in that corner, lad, and then they won't get wet,

There might be some cove come along as wants
to buy one yet.

Does the rain come nigh you there, Jim? It doesn't? That's all right.

I wish we had a crust of bread to eat this cold, wet night; I don't care much about myself, but I must keep And if I can go without at ten, you can't at only

D'ye see that star up there, Jim, a-shining in the sky? I wonder what the people does as lives up there so high.

D'ye think our mother went up there to live I wish we could go too, lad, but it looks so far.

I'm afraid we'll not get there, Jim; but there, we scarcely know! Tom, what lived in Seven Dials, died not very long ago, And he said, when he was dying, that he saw a place all light,
And heard 'em singing, and saw folks all dressed
in snowy white.

Do you feel the cold a deal, Jim? your hands are just like lead,
And stiff—why Jim! poor little Jim—ah, what!—
he isn't dead? ne san't duad? Oh, Jim, it can't be—nay, he's gone—Jim's seen his last wet day, And his acul's gone flying upward to the star-light far away.

-The Quiver.

SIR HUGH'S LOVES. Fluff did not wait for his answer: she

chattered on very much at her ease.
"Mother and Fern only think I am tak-"Mother and Fern only think I am van-ing a walk, but I always meant to come and see grandpapa on my birthday. I should think he ought to be very glad to see me; and if he is not," here her lip

see me; and if he is not," here her lip quivered a little, "I should tell him he is very naughty to live in this beautiful house while poor mother is so poor, and goes out teaching." But, as she spoke, the door had opened softly, and a tall grey-haired man, with a thin erect figure, walked slowly into the room, leaning on Erle's arm, while Percy followed him. Fluff gave a little exclamation at the

sight of the two young men, and then ran towards Mr. Huntingdon, her broad-brimmed hat falling on her neck, and her dark eyes all aglow with excitement.

"I have come to see you, grandpapa," e said, holding out her hand with the air of a little princess; and then, as he did not take it, she continued rather piteously, 'please, dear grandpapa, don't be angry with me, for I have come all this way my own accord, and I am so tired and

thunderbolt had fallen in the midst of that stately room it could not have

created a greater sensation.

Erle flushed and looked uncomfortable, a dark frown crossed her brother's face : Mr Huntingdon's was inscrutable as usual, only a grey tint seemed to spread over his features, and there was a slight trembling in the hand that held Erle's arm.

Fluff looked from one to the other, and then she touched Erle coaxingly.

"Do ask grandpapa to be kind to me, Mr. Erle," she pleaded. "Percy is always cross, but you have been so good to me and Fern." But a stern voice interrupted

"Do you know this child. Erle? she seems to recognize you."
"Yes, sir," stammered Erle, losing color now as fast as he had gained it; hi embarrassment was not lessened by the look on Percy's face. 1 have seen her when I have been with Percy. She is Florence Trafford, Mrs. Trafford's youngest child, and I expect what she says is quite true, and that she has come of her own accord,

though I have no idea how she found her y here."
'How should you, Mr. Erle," returned Fluff, nestling up to her favorite, " when I never told you a word about it or any of them either? why, bless me, the of all those stupid owls in the Zoological Gardens, that we laughed at so much, knew more about it than you did. Oh, you need not frown, Percy, you do not come half so ee poor mother as Mr. Erle does,

and he is far kinder to Fern." "I think you had better hold your tongue, Fluff," replied her brother; but he evidently enjoyed the sight of Erle's discomfiture. "I don't see why you are to comfiture. "I don't see why you are to be troubled with this sort of scene," he continued, addressing Mr. Huntingdon, who was eyeing Fluff gloomily all this time. 'If you wish it I will ring for Roger to take her home.

"No, no, let her be for a moment," he replied, quickly; and Fluff who had looked terrified at Percy's proposition, came closer and rubbed her curls delightedly against his coatsleeve.

"That's right, grandpapa. I have not spoken to you yet, have I? and I have so much to say, I was that little baby you know whom mother carried through the snow that night. "Yes," as Mr. Hunting-don shuddered, "I heard mother tell Fern all about it one night when they thought I was asleep—only I got sleepy and lost half; but I said to myself, 'I shall go and tell grandpapa that poor mother is very miser able and unhappy, and that he must come unhappy, and that he must come and take care of her.'

there, you have said your lesson very prettily," observed Mr. Huntingdon with a sneer. "Children are apt parrots;" but Erle saw that his sneer was forced, and that he sat down like an old man, and he

Oh, sir, do not think so badly of your daughter. She has not sent the child on this errand. I would stake my life on

"And how long have you taken upon yourself to defend my daughter, Mrs. Trafford?" asked his uncle coldly. Erle almost repented of his generous impluse when he heard that hard relentless voice. They had not noticed their visitor, and Raby, at the other end of the great room, lost much of what was passing, he was so absorbed with his own bitter disappoint. ment. As Erle was silent a moment, Mr. Huntingdon repeated his question.

"Since he knew I had a pretty sister," replied Percy, carelessly.

Erle turned round and their eyes met, but Percy's fell before that glance of utter contempt; Mr. Huntingdon intercepted

the look between the young men.

"I was not speaking to you, Percy," he observed, curtly; "I should have thought it was your place to take your mether's part, but you choose to be silent. Well, it is no affair of mine. Erle, will you be good enough to answer me a question or two. and then I will trouble you to send the child home. How often have you visited at my daughter's house?" I can hardly answer that question, sir;

I have been several times.'

Did Percy take you?" "In the first instance, yes; but I have been there alone too," for Erle's truthful nature scorned subterfuge. The crisis he had dreaded had come on him at last; but Percy should not see that he was afraid. He might be weak and vacillating, but he was a gentleman, and a lie was a bhorrent to him. Percy's innueudo might work deadly mischief, but all the same he would not shelter himself behind a falsehood.

Mr. Huntingdon's hard look involuntarily softened. This show of manliness on his nephew's part pleased him.

"Of course you went there knowing that I should disapprove of such visits. Tell me, is this Fern of whom my grandson speaks so very attractive?'

"She is very pretty."
"That is all I want to know. Now will

you order the carriage to take the child home? No, stop, I think Rodger had bet-ter fetch a cab." But at this point Fluff

began to cry. Oh, I am so tired and hungry," she "and all those dreadful bones sobbed.' my legs, and the crier rot come yet. What is the good of a grandpapa if he has cakes and things, and on my birthday Mr. Huntingdon smiled grimly.

"Very well, order the child some refresh-ment, Erle. After all she is but a starved bit of a thing; see she has what children like best. Percy, come with me a moment, I want to speak to you."
"Oh, thank you, grandpapa" exclaimed

Fluff, cheering up at this; and as the door closed on Mr. Huntingdon, Erle knelt down by the child, and wiped the tears from the tired dirty little face that had brought such trouble to him. And the heart of Fluff was glad within

her, for they brought her fruit and cakes and sweet wine on a gold salver, so that she feasted like a king's daughter, or like the Princess Dove herself; and Erle sat by and watched her all the time, though he looked rather grave and unhappy, Fluff thought.

Both of them were rather startled when Mr. Ferrers groped his way towards them. had been hidden by the curtain, and Erle had not noticed him.

"Mr. Erle, if you will allow me, I should

ike to take the child home."

"Of course," rousing himself, and looking a little bewildered, "we were both to have gone this evening. I had ordered the brougham, but I am afraid now that I must ask you to excuse me. There are circumstances—and," here Erle paused and bit his

iip.
"There is no need for you to go," returned Raby, sorrowfully;" the bird has flown. This child," putting his hand lightly on Fluff's curly head, "told me before you came in that Crystal had gone to America—she started this morning. To America?" exclaimed Erle, in an

incredulous voice. "Yes, but she has told me no particulars. It is hard, very hard, is it not? I find one does not get used to disappointment. It is a heavy blow to my faith. I thought that to night we should certainly have

"I am awfully sorry, Mr. Ferrers, I am indeed. I wish I could have come with

you.' You could not help me. I will take the child home, and talk to those kind friends who have sheltered Crystal; at least I shall hear about her and know her future move ments.

"I think I hear the cab, Mr. Ferrers, and Fluff is fast asleep."
"We will not wake her, poor little thing,"

"We will not wake her, poor little thing," returned Raby, lifting her up as he spoke. Fluff grunted contentedly as her head dropped on his broad shoulder. Erle watched them as Roger guided them to the cab. How he longed to accompany them. The next moment he turned with a content as his procled slow froster paned. start, as his uncle's slow footstep paused

ide him. 'Erle,'' he said, '' look at this,'' and he held out a costly ring, a half hoop of diamonds. "I have heard all I wish from Percy. His sense of honor is none of the finest, but he is useful to me. You and I need not heat ourselves in a perfectly useless discussion. Miss Selby has a right to expect this ring. You are treating her very shabbily, Erle. Come to me to-morrow and tell me you have placed it on her

And if I refuse ?" Erle's pale lips could

hardly frame the question.

Mr. Huntingdon smiled ironically.

"I do not think you will refuse, Erle You are too much a gentleman to treat a woman badly. All the world is saying you and Miss Selby are engaged. You an hardly allow a girl to be talked about. But if I prefer another?" stammered

Erle.
"Tut, tut, boy, you will soon get over your fancy," returned Mr. Huntingdon, impatiently. "Most young men have half-a-dozen flirtations before they settle down. I suppose I need not tell you that I strictly prohibit any visits to Mrs. Trafford for the future. If you infringe this rule it will be at your own risk;" and then he continued more earnestly—"Erle, I am determined you shall not disappoint me. You are my adopted son, and, I trust, my future heir. I have a right to count on your obedience. Come to me to morrow, and tell me you and Miss Selby are engaged, and all will be well between us." Then, pressing his houlder gently, and in a ve heard since his daughter's loss—" I am an old man, and my life has not been a happy one. Do not let me feel that you have disappointed me too."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

" I WANT HIM SO." No shade has come between No snade has come between Thee and the sun;
Like some longchildish dream Thy life has run;
But now the stream has reached A dark deep sea,
And sorrow,dim and crowned,
Is waiting thee.

Adelaide Anne Proctor.

Fluff woke up before they reached their destination, very much refreshed by her brief nap. When the cab stopped before the side door of Mrs. Watkins', and she caught sight of Fern standing on the threshold, as though she had been waiting there some time, she gave a little cry, and literally jumped into

her sister's arms.

"Oh, Fluff, Fluff! what does this mean?" exclaimed poor Fern, who had mean?" exclaimed poor Fern, who had passed a most miserable afternoon, picturing Fluff being borne in a policeman's arms to the nearest hospital: but Fluff silenced her by an embrace so vehement that it nearly produced strangulation.

"It is all right, Fern, so don't scold me. Grandpapa was not so very angry—at least, only just at first; but he sent me in the beautifullest supper, such nice things on a beautifuliest supper, such ince things on a big gold plate—really gold you know, like Princess Dove's; and Mr. Erle was there, and Percy—and oh! I forgot the poor man in the cab, who is blind—quite blind,

but he is very nice too." "Will you let me explain about your little sister, Miss Trafford," said Raby in his pleasant voice; and Fern, turning in some surprise, saw a very tall man in clerical dress standing beside her, as she afterwards expressed it to her mother, with the very nicest face she had ever seen." "I do not know if you have ever heard my name; I am Mr. Ferrers, and your friend Miss Davenport, as she calls

herself, is my sister's cousin."
"Oh yes, I know," and Fern's voice grew pitiful all at once; "and you have come just as Crystal has left us; did Florence tell you? Oh, I am so sorry, so very

"Yes, the child told me; but there is May I come much that I want to ask you. May I come in? the cab will wait for me." And then, as Fern guided him up the narrow stair-case, she told him that her mother was out -an evening class had detained her; and she had been thankful that this had been the case, and that she should have been spared the anxiety about Fluff. Mrs. Watkins' boy was scouring the neighborhood, making inquiries of every one he met; and she had made up her mind to send for her

mother when the cab drove up.

"And she really found her way to Belgrave House," asked Fern, in a voice between laughing and crying; "oh, what will mother say," and she listened with cagerness to Mr. Ferrers account of how the alld had accosted him, and of her meeting with Mr. Huntingdon.

Raby himself had been much mystified history; he had thought that the child was only paying an impromptu visit until she man who, in his own way, had been good to mentioned her name. Erle had told him him. Erle knew that in spite of his hardthat Mrs. Trafford was Mr. Huntingdon's
daughter, and that he had never seen her

the Benjamin of his old age.

a disinfectant; and the same put into a short and have also metal clasps at the
pork barrel and thoroughly washed round throat. A new fancy for trimming for
it will cleanse it and make it as sweet as girls' coats, and even for the entire gardaughter, and that he had never seen her the Benjamin of his old age. it will clear since her marriage. This clue guided him No, he could not help himself, he thought, when new.

to the meaning of the sternness in Mr. Huntingdon's voice; but he had hardly understood in what way Erle was implicated, or why the child should receive little notice from her brother. Raby had finished his account, which was annotated in a rambling and far from lucid manner by Fluff, Fern sent the child away to change her frock and make herself tidy, and whispered in herear that she might stay with Mrs. Wat-kins for a little; and when Fluff had left them she began to speak of Crystal, and to answer the many questions he put to her without stint or reserve; she even told that Crystal had left them on account of

Percy's mad infatuation.
"It was very wrong of Percy to take advantage of her unprotected situation, and am sure she went to put a stop to it, and because it was so awkward for us. Crystal not like other girls-she does not care for admiration; people turn round and look after her in the street because she is so beautiful, but she never seems to

notice it." "No; you are right," he returned, with evident emotion. As Fern spoke, a scene rose to his memory—a fresh young voice behind his chair seemed to whisper in his ear, "Oh king, live for ever!" and there she stood, his dark-eyed Esther in her girlish loveliness, her white neck and arms gleaming through lace, a ruby pendant on the slender round throat, the small head looking so queenly with its coils of smooth black hair; and he had turned coldly from her, and she never knew that his was the soul of a lover. "No; you are right," he answered, gently; "she was as guileless and innocent as a child."

Fern looked at him wistfully; all her heart seemed to go out to this sad, noblelooking man. Crystal had not said too much in his praise; but he looked older than she had imagined—for pain and the knowledge of his shorn and wasted powers had aged him, and there was certainly no

youth in his aspect.
"Oh," she said, eagerly, for she longed to say something that would comfort him, I think sometimes that there is no one so good as Crystal—we have all grown to love her so. She has such high-spirited, troublesome pupils; but she is so patient with them. When they are ill, she nurses them, and she has more influence over them than the mother; and she is always so kind and thoughtful, and no one ever sees her cross. She is angry with Percy sometimes; but then he deserves it; and she will not take any pleasure, but all she thinks about is to do little kindnesses for people; and though she is so unhappy that she has grown quite thin from fretting, she tries not

to let us see it."

"Has she told you about herself?" he asked, in a very low voice.

"Yes, and it is that that makes her se

unhappy. Oh, she told me all about it, and I thought she would never, never stop crying-it preys upon her mind, and her remorse will not let her be happy; she back to him when I have blighted his life and darkened his days?' oh! you should have been a should have bee have heard the despair in her voice when she said that, Mr. Ferrers," and here Fern's sweet tones trembled. "Mother and I sometimes think it will kill her in time, unless she has help and comfort."

" Do not fear, Miss Trafford, she shall have both soon; it will not be long before I "But she is in America-at least she is on

her way there." "There are other steamers than the one in which she has crossed," returned Raby, with a smile. "I suppose she means to write to you?"

"Oh yes, she will write from every place -she has promised me long letters, and of course Mrs. Norton will hear from Miss

Campion; do you really mean to follow her, Mr. Ferrers?" "Yes, to the world's end if it be necessary I have a strong will, and even blindness will not hinder me. Tell me how did she seem last night; did she leave

"Well, no, Crystal puzzled us last night," returned Fern, quickly; she went out to bid good-bye to her pupils, and Percy waylaid her as usual, but she got rid of him somehow but she was out a long time, and she would not give us any reason; but when she came back her eyes were swollen, and she had a dreadful headache, and yet she said Percy had nothing to do

A sudden, wild idea flashed into Raby's mind. "How was she dressed, Miss Trafford—I mean what colored gown did "How was she dressed, Miss Fern seemed surprised at the question.

"Oh, her old brown gown—she was all in brown, I think;" but she did not under-stand why Mr. Ferrers seemed so strangely

agitated at her answer.
"The tall young lady in brown, who seemed to notice you wanted help;" he remembered the words of Miss Merriman. Good Heavens! it must have been she; it must have been her little hand that guided him so gently; oh, his miserable blindness.
Of course she had seen this Percy Trafford, and he had told her all about the guest they expected, and she had come to the station just to see him concerning.

just to see him once again.

But he would not speak of this to Fern;
his darling's secret should be kept by him; he would hide these sweet proofs of her love and devotion in his own breast, Fern wondered why the miserable harassed look left his face. He looked quite young—a different man—as he bade her good-bye; his shoulders were no longer stooping, his

head was erect.
"Good-bye, Miss Trafford," he said. "I shall come and see you and your mother again before I leave. I shall go back to Sandycliffe next week, and set my house in order, and talk to my sister. I do not doubt for a moment that she will offer to accompany me. I shall not come back until I bring Crystal with me." And Fern quite believed him.

There were restless sleepers that night in Belgrave House. Kaby was revolving his plans and wondering what Margaret would say; and on the other side of the wall Erle tossed wakeful and wretched, knowing that his fate was sealed, and that Evelyn Selby and not Fern Trafford was to be his wife. And now, as he lay in the darkness. he told himself that in spite of her goodnes and beauty he could never love her as he and besity he could have a the moment he asked her to marry him, and when she put her hand in his and told him frankly that he had long won her

heart. "You are too much a gentleman to treat a woman badly," Mr. Huntingdon had said to him well knowing the softness of Erle's nature; and yet, was he not treating Fern

badly? He had thought ever it all until his head was dizzy; but his conscience had told him that his sin against Fern had been light in comparison with that against Evelyn, What were those few evenings in Beulah Place compared to the hours he had passed in Lvelyn's

He had been in Lady Ma travers train for months; he had suffered her to treat him as a son of the house. He had ridden with Evelyn in the Row: she had been his favorite partner in the ballroom. they had gone to the opera, Erle had been Huntingdon said, that she had a right to expect an offer from him; their names had long been coupled together, and Erle's weakness and love of pretty faces had drawn the net round him. And there were other considerations that moved him-his dread of poverty; the luxurious habits he had known nothing of his host's past that had become a second nature; and above all, reluctance to disappoint the old

And yet how dreary the prospect bitterly. seemed. He had given up the first young love of his life; and now the barren splendors of Belgrave House seemed to The ppress him—the walls closed round him

like the walls of a prison. And yet other men would envy him, and wonder at his luck. Evelyn had many admirers—many a one nobly born and nobly gifted would grudge him his prize; though he knew, and hated himself for the knowledge, that they envied him in

Erle found it difficult to play his part well; but his young fiancee was too unsuspecting in her happiness to guess at her lover's secret trouble. His slight gravity spoke well for him, she thought; most likely a greater sense of the responsibility oppressed him. She was too much in love erself to notice how often he relapsed into silence.

Every one thought him a most devoted lover; he was always at his post—always ready to escort them to picture galleries and flower shows, or to stand sentinel at the back of Lady Maltravers' box. uncle's generosity enabled him to load his betrothed with gifts. Evelyn used to remonstrate with him for his lavishness, not knowing that Mr. Huntingdon had prompted

"Of course I love you to bring me things," she would say, looking up in his face with her clear candid eyes; "but indeed, dear Erle, I do not need so many

proofs of your affection."
"I feel as though I should never do enough for you, Eva," he answered, hur-" you must not refuse to let me give you things. I am always thinking how I am to please you;" and as he clasped the diamond bracelet on the slender wrist, he suddenly remembered what a pretty hand Fern had, so white and dimpled, and a vivid longing came over him, turning him nearly sick with pain, to see that sweet face again, and to hear from those frank lips that she was glad to see him; but he never yielded to the temp-

visits out of his power; for he had written to Mrs. Trafford within a few days of his engagement, telling her that his uncle had interdicted them, and that he dare not risk his displeasure, deeply as he regretted such a break in their intercourse; and he told her that he and Miss Selby were engaged and would probably be married in the autumn; and then he sent his kind remem-

brances to her daughter.

Mrs. Trafford thought it a very manly and straightforward letter. He had not acted so very badly after all, she thought; her father's strong will had evidently coerced him, and she knew how strong that He had meant no harm: he will could be had only said pleasant things because was his nature to say them; if only it had

not gone very deep with Fern.
"I have had a letter from Mr. Erle, my darling," she said, quietly, as she noticed that the girl had turned a little paler, as though she had recognized the handwriting; but she had not spoken, only bent lower over her work.

(To be continued.)

Anti-Poverty Society.

As a result of the New York Anti-Poverty movement, branch societies have been formed in many places in the United States. The parent society has a by-law providing that twenty members of the society residing in any town or district outside of New York City may form a branch by adopting the constitution and agreeing to affiliate with the parent society. The condition of affiliation shall be the payment to the parent society of a fee of cents for each member admitted to the branch, in consideration of which the parent society shall furnish for each branch member a certificate of member-ship bearing the autograph signature of the President and Vice-President. It is recommended that the initiation fee branch members be the same as that of members of the parent society, viz.: \$1. The following is the constitution; The time having come for an active warfare against conditions that, in spite of the advance in the powers of production, con-demn so many to degrading poverty, and foster vice, crime and greed, the Anti-Poverty Society has been formed. The object of the society is to spread, by such peaceable and lawful means as may be ound most desirable and efficient, a knowledge of the truth that God has made ample provision for the needs of all men during their residence upon earth, and that involuntary poverty is the result of the human laws that allow individuals to claim as private property that which the Creator has provided for the use of all.

Occasionally the servant has really reason to find fault, A man appeared at an intelligence office the other day and engaged a girl for general housework.
"Have you any children?" asked the
maid before she closed the bargain.
"Only a few," he replied, and she took this to mean two or three. She arrived at the house just at breakfast time the next morning and was surprised to see nine little ones filing into the dining-room. 'Are there any more?" she gasped.
'Well, yes," answered the proud father, "there are the twins, who cannot walk yet, and the baby." The girl did not stop to unpack her trunk,

Disestablishment in Wales.

Church disestablishment in Wales foreseen by many of the strong friends of the Establishment. Bishop Brumby told the Church conference a few days ago that he could see the wave of disestablishment coming nearer and nearer to the shore, and he added. " If the Church has maintained her hold on only 25 per cent. of the population she has no claim to 75 per cent, of the endowments." This sentiment was not applauded.

"If I were to tell you, Miss Smith," he said, in a low, earnest tone, "that I am about to start on a long journey, even scross the sea, and that it may be months and possibly years, ere I return, what would you say?"

vould you say?" If the girl drooped it wasn't perceptible, I would say, Mr. Sampson," she replied, Ta, ta."-Harper's Bazar. No Cause for Alarm.

Timid Tourist-" Say Cap'n, this boat seems yery shaky; was anybody ever lost in her?" Boatman—" Not ter my knowledge. There was three men drownedfrom her last Thursday, but we found them all the next high tide."—Life.

Wild Rice for Manitoba. Mr. John Gunn, who has a stock and dairy farm near Gonor Station, has succeeded in growing wild rice, the seed of which was taken up from Ontario,

" I've just returned from a fishing excursion in the Adirondacks. I hau a lovely

"You had good luck, then ?" "Oh my, yes. I caught a Chicago millionaire!"—Life. Manitoba's surplus wheat has been carrived out of the Province at the rate of

ive train loads a day, and all fears of a blockade are dispelled. Some do not know that a tablespoonful of baking soda in a quart of boiling water, thrown into the sink and left to run out, is THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Latest Fashions at Home and front and trimming the sleeves. Abroad.

(Aunt Kate's Weekly Budget.)

Baby Among the Strong-Minded. The Vermont W. C. T. U., at its thirteenth annual meeting, witnessed a pretty incident. Mrs. Phæbe Stone Beeman came into the meeting while the votes were taking, with her 16-months-old baby. Every mother of them welcomed the baby, little Lelia Stone Beeman. An escort was sent. The baby was brought to the platform. She looked smilingly over the Convention. Miss Willard took her in her arms, and moved that "the white-ribbon baby be made a delegate to this Convention." She passed to Mrs. Greene's arms, who said: "My department of kindergarten has received a baptism." Forthwith they elected Mrs. Beeman Secretary. Who fears that women who vote will cease to

care for children ?—Woman's Journal. The Jersey Come to Stay. I expressed some weeks ago my fondness for the jersey, and my hope that all persons of the worthy sex who know that they have fine figures, or fear that they are too lumpy for gracefulness, will go on patronizing it. I am glad to find that the Grand Duchess Vladimir thinks as I do. Her feeling on the subject is that the jersey is the highest effort of the dressmaking art. She has it thin, and she has it thick, with a plushy inside; she has it high, and she has it low. Of the low kind! have this week been shown a specimen. It is in salmon silk. The upper edge is trimmed with a ruche of raveled silk set on an elastic band, which is factened on at short distan Nothing can be softer or more fluffy. One would think that with the first zephyr the whole thing would fly off like thistledown, which in texture it resembles. There are no sleeves, but the ruche forms a shoulder band, and a pair of downy tassels falls from the middle of this part. The meagre-chested should not wear the low ersey; but the plump, or too plump should adopt and cling to it obstinately ; but the plump, or too plump What, you see, is so objectionable to modest persons in a ball-room, is not the stripping of busts, but the forcing up of roundner toward the neck. That frontier line which Miss Rose Cleveland spoke of in her letter about low-cut waists, and which, unfor tunately, she did not define, is displaced in the sense of upheaval. This is done not by the corset if it be all well made, but by the corsage. A jersey, low or high, forces nothing, and lends itself to every undulation. For this reason the stout and unstatue-like should wear it both in and out

of the ball-room.-London Truth. The Fashionable Girl's New Walk. The new walk is neither graceful nor pretty. It is a kind of a waddle. The would be fashionable young lady now walks It is a kind of a as if she had no joints nor firmness to her. Every part of her anatomy seems to shake and wiggle as she goes. She comes down hard first on one foot and then on the other, seeming to rest her body alternately on each of her nether limbs. Her cheeks wobble and so do her arms. I don't know any better way to describe it than to say who is the originator of this fashion, but it who is the originator of this fashion, but it is evidently going to be the thing this winter. All the girls put it on with their fall bonnets, and all over the streets you can see the little dears trying their best to be ungraceful in their efforts to be up to the latest "fad". N. V. Promiss Comatest "fad."-N. Y. Evening Sun.

Finery Harmful to Children Children are overloaded with finery, destroying utterly their childish charm and grace; for they are either pertly conscious "my best clothes" or they are rendered miserable by the necessity of so comporting themselves as not to rumple, tear or soil their fripperies—this being, with some mothers, the unpardonable sin. New French Fancies in Feminine Attire

Mrs. Crawford writes from Paris to London Truth as follows; "The ladies tailors are all busy at costumes de chasse by which they don't exclusively mean riding habits. Mobilization and autumn manœuvres being on their brain, the costumes have a military savor. Wraps to be worn in going to or returning thence are like hussars' jackets, but of soft flannel. The body of the shooting costume is a la fantassin and the skirt a la cantiniere. Dull colors are used, unless just in the facings. A shew of bright red or blue would frighten the birds, who are apt to fly off whenever they see blues, purples or strong greens. Russets are the hues least alarming to the denizens of the forest. But they are not military. However, th ladies' tailors seem to think that they ought to be. The grays and hrowns and unbleached flax, and, indeed, neutral hues and coleurs rompues in gen-eral, have had their day, and a revival is showing itself of the bright, decided tones which were in favor up to 1870. Attempts are being made to adopt the swallow-tailed coat, waistcoat and shirt front to the feminine attire, Those who go in for this adaptation must drop the bustle, don't object to the bustle being shed; but what I tremble at is the probable lengthening of the skirt. Dress a lay figure with gentleman's evening coat and short peti-coat, and it will at once set you laughing. You will either have to reduce the swallowtail to the "postilion" size or let down the skirt. The hat to harmonize with this style of garment—and play-goers may rejoice thereat—is to be a crush one either low and flat, like a sailor's, or three-cornered and feathered, like a French General's. This headgear will, at the theatre, take the place of a fan. It won't last, but don't be surprised if it's the rage or a few seasons.

Revival of the Reticule.

It is understood that opera glass bags and the dainty little plush pockets for handkerchiefs that our belles have for the past year been wont to carry about with them are to be superseded this season by the regular old fashioned reticules that ou grandmothers used to delight in. And, indeed, this fashion will certainly prove a charming one in many ways. A fashionable woman nowadays is obliged to take so many indispensable articles about with her that it is absolutely necessary to have some convenient receptacle in which to stow them, so that they shall be near at hand Ordinary dress pockets are becoming almost obsolete, principally because modistes will persist in putting them in such out-of-the-way places that it is impossible to gain access to them. Everybody will surely welcome our grandmothers' reticules as a pleasing change. Of course, one must possess as many reticules as gowns, satin and silk ones to match evening toilets, and others of more sober cast for shopping purposes. They may be ornamented with lace and flowers or fur and feathers, and they may contain anything, from a batiste hand-kerchief to the latest design in enamel bonbon boxes. At any rate, every woman of taste will admit that, from an asthetic point of view, any kind of reticule—even one of the plainest pattern—will be preferable to those monstrosities in leather called shopping bags, and which are to be placed in the me category as ulsters and rubber cloaks. -Washington Post. Fashion Notes.

School dresses for girls are made with a belted waist gathered to a voke and a full gathered skirt. Serge, homespun, cheviots or gay plaid woollens are used for these

Coats for girls are made of rough-finished check goods having the Newmarket pleats, a belt clasped with metal clasps and a silk-These are made either long or short and have also metal clasps at the throat. A new fancy for trimming for ment, is astrakhan cloth of rich dark red.

When the entire jacket is made of this cloth, which almost perfectly imitates the real article, it is cut in plain jacket shape, with black frogs buttoning it down th

Dresses for girls from 7 to 10 will show the natitical designs that have been so popular for the past two or three seasons. Children of that age will wear pea jackets and kilt skirts of serge trimmed with wide Hercules braid.

There will be an effort made to revive a odification of the Highland costumes for little boys as a relief from the long regime of the sailor. The pretty plaid velvete being introduced this season have given the ones have been made. One of them has a kilt of grey velvet plaided in fine lines of red, buttoned upon a white shirt waist. A coat and waistcoat of gray cloth form the upper part of the dress; a red scarf is knotted under a wide white collar, plaid stockings, a little fillibeg and a Glengarry

cap complete the costume.

The wide felt hats still popular for every-day wear for children are trimmed with voluminous bunches of ribbons of all shades. Frequently single quills are stuck through these ribbon clusters and some times two or three of them. Little close onnets, without strings of course, and with a decided poke, are worn for dress occasions. These are trimmed with thick folds and pours of velvet, with breasts of birds or little thick clusters of ostrich feathers. Some of these little bonnets are trimmed with unlimited yards of the narrowest width of point-edged ribbon made into pompons.

Weights in the Kitchen. Ten common-sized eggs weigh one pound

Soft butter the size of an egg weighs one One pint of coffee A sugar weighs twelve

One quart of sifted flour (well heaped) ne pound. One pint of best brown sugar weighs thir

Two teacups (well heaped) of coffee A

weigh one pound. Two teacups (level) of granulated suga weigh one pound. Two teacups of soft butter, well packed,

veigh one pound. One and one-third pints of powdered sugar weigh one pound.

Two tablespoons of powdered sugar or

flour weigh one ounce.

One tablespoon (well rounded) of soft but-

er weighs one ounce One pint (heaped) of granulated sugar weighs fourteen ounces

Two and one-half teacups (level) of bes brown sugar weigh one pound.

Two and three-fourths teacups (level) of

powdered sugar weigh one pound.

One tablespoon (well heaped) of granu-lated coffee A or best brown sugar equals one ounce. As a help in the absence of any handy means of weighing, the following rules for measuring will be found very convenient

Miss Paraol says one generous pint of liquid or one pint of finely-chopped meat packed solidly weighs one pound, which it vould be very convenient to remember. Teaspoons vary in size, and the new ones hold about twice as much as an oldfashioned spoon of thirty years ago. A medium-sized teaspoon contains about a

dram. Lively Canadian Horses. An English paper gives the following

account of an occurrence mentioned in our

special cables: On Wednesday afternoon an extraordinary scene occurred at Woolwich. Between 30 and 40 Canadian horses arrived at the T Pier, Royal Arsenal, in the steamship Thorndale, from Montreal to be broken in for military purposes They had been a fortnight on board in stable fittings, and the scene on arrival at the arsenal being evidently different to anything they had previously experienced they became frightened and uncontrollable Forty horse artillerymen had been sent down from the barracks for the purpose of eading them to the remount establishment, Woolwich Common, but they could do nothing with them. One of the animals jumped overboard from the vessel and alighted on the pier, causing a panic to seize the whole herd. The infuriated animals broke loose and galloped about the arsenal in the wildest manner. They were ultimately driven to the main gates, where they were stopped. Another attempt was made to capture them; but they kicked and resisted with all their strength, and the attempt had to be abandoned. Passing through the arsenal gates the horses rushed into the streets, where it was feared they would create a general panic. With some determination and presence of mind, the artillerymen made an attempt, which happily succeeded, to turn the affrighted animals into the road leading towards the barracks and thus confined them to one thoroughtare, limiting the terror of the foot passengers to the one street. On reaching Woolwich common (a square mile of grass land) they were allowed to gallop, and they gradually tamed down. A sufficient force of artillerymen turned out, and they were ultimately whence they will in the course of a few veeks be turned out perfectly docile and tractable.

"As glares the tiger on his foes, Hemmed in by hunters, spears and bows, And, ere he bounds upon the ring, Beleuts the object of his spring,"

Se disease, in myraid forms, fastens it angs upon the human race. Ladies who suffer from distressing ailments peculiar to their sex should use Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is a positive cure for the most complicated and clustinate cases of leucorrhea, excessive flowing, painful men struction, unnatural suppressions, pro-lapsus, or falling of the womb, weak back, "female weakness," anteversion, retrover-sion, bearing-down sensations, chronic congestion, inflammation and ulceration of the womb, inflammation, pain and tenderness in ovaries, accompanied with " inter-

"My dear boy," he remarked with a sigh,
you don't know half the trials of a
popular man. Just look at this pile of nvitations.

"From whom ?" " My creditors—invitations to come down and settle up."

A Fine Fellow

He may be, but if he tells you that any preparation in the world is as good as Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor distrust the advice. Imitations only prove the value of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. See signature on each bottle of Polson & Co. Get "Putnam's."

Resolve not to be poor. Whatever you

have, spend less. Poverty is a great enemy

to human happiness. It certainly destroys liberty, and it makes some virtues impracticable, and others extremely difficult.—Dr.

Don't disgust everybody by hawking, blowing and spitting, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and be cured.

I. M. Chase, of Boston, found a pear tree in his garden which the mice had girdled by eating the bark of the trunk, and it was dying. Mr. Chase planted four small trees around this tree and close to it, cut off the tops, pointed the ends, and, making incisions in the bark, bent the small trees and grafted them above the dead trunk. They all grew, and the tree draws its nourishment from the small ones and "still lives." for bushel of nice pears has just been taken from it.

Miss Annie Chastaine died of broken heart at Birmingham, Ala., last week. Her betrothed broke their engagement last July Branch Office, 37 Young St., Toronto. and her grief proved fatal.

ALLEGED COAL FAMINE.

ossibility of an Increase of a Dollar Per Ton in the Price of Coal.

Circulars from the Delaware, Lackawana & W. R. R., Delaware & Hudson, Lehigh Valley & Pennsylvania Central Coal Com-panies have been received by all the local lealers to-day from headquarters, cancelling all existing contracts and withdrawing recent circular quotations. Copies of the same circular have been issued to every dealer in Canada and the United States simultaneously. In Montreal and Toronto stocks are fast running out, and little or no shipments are being made, pending the action of the New York coal parons. Ottawa dealers have barons. Ottawa dealers have a moderate supply of their winter stock in store and but twelve cars of nut are now on track here. It is likely there will be an imme-diate advance of 50 cents or \$1 per ton throughout both countries. Ottawa dealers are short about 10,000 tons to complete orders already booked and for winter trade The immediate causes of the famine are strikes in the coal regions, limited output. and increased consumption over that of last year.—Ottawa Journal.

A Horse Who Can Talk !

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh, but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone have would been a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption would have been looked upon as miraculons. people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time. The world re-nowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when all other means have a failed. Thous when all other means have failed. Thousands can gratefully testify to this. All

Helping Those Who Help Themselves. Aunt Kate-" My dear, don't you think if it had been the Lord's wish that you

should have had curling hair He would have curled it for you?" Jessie—" And so have curled it for you?" Jessie—"And so he did, Aunt Kate, when I was a baby. He probably thinks I am old enough now to do

ierce's The Original
leasant LITTLE
uréative LIVER
ellets PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DB. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-Com-ED PILLS.

Heing entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically scaled. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction. SICK HEADACHE,

Hillous Headache,
Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion
Hillous Attacks, and all
derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently
curred by the use of Dr.
Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets.
In explanation of the remedial power of these In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of diseases, may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tisque secuping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.



SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dullheavy headache, obstruction of the masal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucons, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hucking or coughing to telear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scales from ulcers; the woice is changed and has a man! twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a backing cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave, and dangerous, or less understood by physitians.

By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh feemedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache.
Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents, SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.-Dull.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of thaca, N. Y., writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I pust die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so bearse I could barely speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sago's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has been permanent."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting." Thomas J. Rushing, "2002 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly hreathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the postrike I thought nothing could be done for me. Light, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

ELI ROBBINS, Rungan P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remody advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it belped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty." D C N L. 44 87.

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