- Ab, how shall we proclaim his worth, His virtues how unfeld? Of tender thoughts there is no dearth, But written words are cold.
- Nor gold, nor gems, nor purple fine Hath fallen to his share, Yet doth he own by right divine Treasures to us more fair.
- A meek and holy spirit set A modest shrine within,
- And eloquence whose pleading yet Ne'er failed our hearts to win.
- A mantle of humility
 That's never cast aside,
 A heart where truth and dignity
 And charity abide.
- A soul in which a constant flame Of love for men burned clear, In whose pure light a selfish aim Ignoble must appear.
- These gifts in perfect union blent Have cast a wondrous spell And many hearts to-day are rent With grief too deep to tell.
- One germ as strong as death A memory that will freshness keep While love has life and breath.

ESTELLE'S INFATUATION: A NOVEL

It was curious how rational, alive, co herent she had become. Her face was flushed, her large eyes were feverishly bright, her whole being seemed strung and stirred. She was herself and yet not herself. Her mind was no longer clouded and oppressed, and yet it was not same nor healthy. Not the living log-the organized statue-she was more like an incarnate flame, self-consuming and self-destroying. Yet none of the dear people around herall loving her as they did, but all inex-perisoned in the phases of her malady feared the consequences of this sudden reaction. On the contrary, they rejoiced in her renewed lucidity, and even Lady Elizabeth did not read the signs aright. " But why am I in bed, Liese?" she asked.

"I am quite well. Let me gct up. Let me go out. I am well. Why am I kept You shall get up, darling," said her

friend. "It is better for you."

Lady Elizabeth did not remind her that it was by her own wilful refusal to rise and dress that she was here to-day, as now for some days past. She was too glad to see the signs of improvement, as she read them, to argue about responsibilities. So Estelle's new wish was gratified, and she dressed and came into the sitting-room before Anthony had got rid of the traces of his journey and had rofreshed himself as Englishmen do.

All that day Estelle was in the same state-vivid, alert, feverish-insane. But with the preternatural cunning of insanity she concealed her state with the skill of a finished actress, and no one but an expert would have seen her real condition behind her assumed brightness and responsiveness. Her eyes, however, would have betrayed her to those who could read them. Unsteady, quick, suspicious, watchful, they had in them all the well-known distrust and slyness of her state, and belied the more favorable symptoms of her lucid speech. Hers only in shape and color, they had not a trace of their former expression. They were the eyes of a maniac, with just so much conscious intelligence as enabled her to feign for better concealment. She startled Anthony, and more than startled him, by saying suddenly, abruptly, with nothing to lead up to it:
"When I left Thrift I went to Mary

Crosby's, and hid there for years, I think Mrs. Latimer's daughter, and gave us money. They were cheating us at home and bribed me to keep the secret."

Then she laughed, in a mindless, foolish

way, with a note of maliciousness in the Nothing that she could have said would

have so disturbed her hearers as this apparent cynicism. How changed she was to ne able to make this shameless confession How long were you there?" asked Anthony, turning away his eyes.

She glanced at him furtively, and a look

of suspicion came over her face. "I do not remember," she said, shortly, and for some time after this relapsed into

silence and would not speak.

So the day wore on, and nightfall came. Anthony had not been able to speak to Lady Elizabeth apart, and Caleb had wandered away into the hills, like one whose work was done. He was no longer wanted: and he felt himself an obstacle. an encumbrance, where so lately he had been the guardian and preserver. But Estelle evidently missed him, and looked round the room and to the door more than once, not saying what she wanted, but to discover. So she suddenly resolved on go-showing that she was uneasy about some-ing too, and she made her husband thing. When he returned toward evening she looked pleased, but did not speak, and When he returned toward evening Lady Elizabeth -- Anthony notwithstanding —said kindly, to give him pleasure, the poor omad'haun, "We have missed you, Mr. Stagg, and so has our dear invalid."

"I am glad that I am not only a nuisance, Lady Elizabeth," said Caleb,

blushing to the tips of his ears. "I thought I might be in the way, and so just took myself off that you might be shot of me. We owe you too much ever to find you "We owe you too much ever to find you a nuisance or in the way," she replied, with great kindness. "Why, what should we have done without you?"

"I am main glad," said Caleb; and even

Anthony had to recognize the dog-like and unselfish devotion which lifted the miner's son out of the category of men of whom to be jealous, and put him into that of sexless saints. When the night had fully come and the activities of the day were over, Estelle got up and went over to Lady

"I am tired, Liese," she said abruptly.
"I am going to bed." Very well, dear, I will go with you, was the answer. "We do not leave her," she said, turning to Anthony. "Either I or the maid is always with her."

"I will watch by her to-night," said Anthony, in his authoritative way. Estelle clutched at Lady Elizabeth's

dress like a child.

"I wish it," said Anthony; and no more was to be said. It was his will, and he had the right—was he not her master by the law? His heart was heavy as lead, and his hopes had died down almost as soon as they had grown up. His Dead Sea apple had proved its bitterness. The light of his "No, Liese," she said.
"Perhaps—" began Lady Elizabeth.
"I wish it," said Anthony; and no more was to be said. It was his will, and he they had grown up. His Dead Sea apple had proved its bitterness. The light of his life was quenched; the woman he had loved and still loved—the woman whom he would have taken back in the face of the world—was but a living death, whose heart was in the grave of another. Nevertheless he would watch by her to-nightfirst-born—carefully as a miser guarding she ought to retire. He murmured how-

his treasure—mournfully as one who watches the dead. And when to morrow irremediable. By judicious treatment her throw them off the scent forever-that mental health and moral sanity would be scent which was now so burning! restored, and years of happiness were yet before him. If the neighbors looked coldly on her, he would leave Thrift and go where their sad story was not known. She should never be reminded of her fault. It had been grave and damnable, but she had not been grave and damnable, but she had not been to blame. She had been weak, not my cousin collected?" then inquired Mr. wicked: that scoundrel who, fortunately Clanricarde. elf, had died before vengeance had overtaken him, was the only one to blame.

the exhaustion consequent on his own emo-tions, his head sunk on the bed beside her own, and he fell heavily asleep. Then Estelle opened her eyes and looked said Mrs. Clanricarde, sharply.

overpowered by the heat of the

at him, first with a shudder and then a smile. She slid her hands in among her coils of hair, which she dragged from their fastenings as she took from among them small phial, which she uncorked.

"They shall not separate us, Charlie!" she said softly to herself, her eyes strained up to the ceiling of the room while she drank the contents of that little bottle to the last drop. She was smiling, and her face had a rapt ecstatic look, for there, visible to her eyes, she saw the face of the one she loved, beautified, glorified, freed from all trace of suffering and disease, looking at her with love, while his hands were held out as if to receive her. still smiling, her eyes still fixed, a change came over her. Her heart ceased to beat, her blood ceased to flow; what visions or what thoughts possessed her no man could know, for the thing we call the life had gone, and she lay on the bed motionless and

When Anthony awoke he found her stiff and cold. Her eyes were still opened wide and lips were parted with a smile. Her curling hair fell over the pillow and her arms like a cloud, and in her white hand, with the long taper fingers still crossed was hidden a little bottle drained to the last drop and smelling of bitter almonds. By this she had secured the swift passage she desired and had meditated; and by his she had passed from the night of her bondage to the glad day of her release.

CHAPTER XIII.

UNMASKED. Mary Crosby, for the most part ready for any emergency, was rather at the enc of her resources. Mrs. Latimer had been nconsiderate enough to have an attack of congestion of the lungs, which necessitated careful examination by the ductor threatened fatal consequences, and made it absolutely necessary for one who was only a servant to adopt an above-board and straightforward kind of behavior. A nurse was insisted on by the medical man and Mary was ordered to communicate her state to Mrs. Latimer's natural belongings. When he was told the old lady's reputed age the doctor gave the chronicler the direct lie, and docked off 20 years at a blow.

"She was no more past eighty than he was," he said, scornfully, wondering what was at the back of the fraud, and angry that such a cheat should have been sough to be played off on him, but most of all indignant that he should have been taken for a fool. What did it mean? Why should this woman of 60 odd, and vigorous for her age, seek to make herself 20 years older? and why should the hands of one presumably a lady show signs of hard work and rough usage? A mystery was behind these appearances, and he went to Mr for such insight as he ought to give. As the clergyman who had so fre quently paid his offical visits and adminis-tered godly consolation, he might have some clew. But Mr. Trotter was a student whose books had given him lore, not know ledge, and he was of no use as a detective adjutant. Nevertheless, he was brought to a proper state of doubt and suspicion, and knew that the net was closing round Not to send word to the Clanricarde was to confess to the packed cards and loaded dice of her game. To have them here—even that foolish George—was to be discovered as sure as fate. But the doctor insisted, the clergyman exhorted, the nurse refused the responsibility; and, like the general stir which sent the pig over the stile, and the old woman to her supper when the dog began to worry the cat, and the cat began to eat the rat, the pressure of events was too strong for the obstructing sentinel, and the Clanricardes had to be communicated with. The letter was sent just at the time when Mrs. Clanricarde, her toilette finally completed, was preparing to go over to Mentone, but was hindered by the news of Estelle's sudden deathwhich she wept over as heart-breaking and characterized as inconvenient. So that when she found that old Mrs. Latimer was dangerously ill, the sense of hope and relief which it brought went far to mitigate

ner sorrow by reducing the weight of its inconvenience. "You must go at once, George," said Mrs. Clanricarde to her husband, speaking

in her sharp, peremptory way.

"And you, my Louise?" he asked,
amiably, turning his other cheek as was

At first she answered No. she would not go. There was no necessity for it. She disliked the act of travelling, and there was nothing to be got by this journey. If Mrs. Latimer died—she died, and they would come in for the money; but then she reflected that perhaps the servant might lay pilfering hands on unconsidered trifles, which that foolish George would never see and which it needed a woman of perspicacity ing too, and she made her husband understand how great the effort was and how direful she felt the necessity to be, all owing to his ingrained stupidity. To which he answered, rather dryly: "What a pity

your mother blundered, my Louise! She spoiled the making of a man in you." "Yes," said Louise, as dryly. "A better man than I have found in you 'To my sorrow," said George.

"To something more than sorrow with mo," was her reply, in her high-pitched, French voice, with its accent of complaint and irritated inflection.

When they arrived at the house they were met by Mary Crosby, who opened the door to them and ushered them into the front drawing-room. Duels are none the less deadly when conducted with courtesy and this was Mary Crosby's thought if put into different words. Hence she paid these two enemies-greater enemies than they themselves yet knew-the most flattering court, and at a bound won that foolish Reorge's heart, and established herself therein as a really good and superior person. Mrs. Clanricarde was more cautious. She could read far better than could her husband : and the hidden nature of this resolute, hard-visaged woman, with the square jaw, compressed lips, searching eyes, and general hardness of demeanor, was scarcely in accord with her soft words and boundless attentions; and being in this disaccord, her carcs awakened more

each other, and not even that soft-hearted George could find words of condolence on the spar of the moment. They came after consideration. But really even he thought that an old creature, long past 80, who had been standing for the last 10 years in the shoes which he wanted to wear, and which were rightfully his, had had long enough innings, and that the time had come ever, something that sounded like pity and condolence; but Mary caught the pretence came he would decide on his plans. It any in his voice and noted the silence of Mrs. case, these included an immediate return to Clanricarde, and wondered, in a rapid kind England and the advice of experts. He of way, whether she could escape detection would not believe that her state was if she were to put arsonic in their tea and

> "Has Mrs. Latimer left a will? asked Mrs. Clanricarde.

"I don't know, sir," was the glib reply When we left London Mrs. Latimer had

So he sat and thought, watching her pale them all packed up and sent away. I know impassive face for hours into the night, nothing more of them." "Are they warehoused or at the bank?" silent night, by the fatigue of travel, and asked George.

Mary,
"But you were her confidential servant,"

"A servant is never really in the confidence of her mistress," answered Mary, demurely. "Ladies sike Mrs. Latimer tell us little things, but not great ones, and I know no more of my lady's affairs than you do. And not so much," she added,

"It is very odd." then said Mrs. Clanricarde, more and more uneasy and sus-picious, seeing in this absence of costly art reasures the first act of denudation.

cannot understand it." "Perhaps she has left some noticeome instruction," said Mary. "She had a lot of papers, I know." asked Mrs. Clanricarde.

"Where?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde.
"In a box upstairs," said Mary.
So there were—old love letters, and business papers relating to the early lives of the dead and gone Latimers, but of aught that should be of use or prove a clew in the present condition of things not a trace. Not even a check-book nor a banker's beek check light or received. book shed light on receipts, savings, or exenditure, and when things came to be looked into, of the last quarter's annuity not more than five pounds were left for current expenses. But Mary's house keep-ing expenses were plain and correct to the last farthing, and each week tallied with the amount set down with scrupulous fidelity, as, "Received from Mrs. Latimer, £2," or "£2 10s.," sometimes "£3," and for a long time as much as "£5," or even

"Why is this so high?" asked Mrs. Clanricarde, when she glanced over the

"Mrs. Latimer had two young friends," said Mary, with consummate self-posses-sion. "They came and stayed here for a

Who were they?" was the next ques-Mary hesitated for a moment; then she suddenly decided on her line of action. She and never been quite sure what she should do if this question were put to her-whether she should boldly confess, and so, as it were, bribe the father and mother to silence, or gloss it over into an in-significant visit of indifferent people. She did not know that Estelle was dead, and Mrs. Clanricarde's mourning might mean any one besides a daughter. Acting, then, on half knowledge, she made a bold move, and said, quietly, "Mr. Charles Osborne, ma'am, and young Mrs. Harford."

"Infamous wretch! and you say that to

me, her mother, to my face!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, rising and facing the woman standing there calm, a little sneering malicious and triumphant.

"I could not let them starve," said Mary, tossing up her head. "They had no money, and Mrs. Latimer took them in out of pure compassion. If their own deserted them, and left them on the streets, Mrs. Latimer was too kind to do so too. That was how the money went, Mrs. Clanricarde; and more to the back of the weekly bills, I can Those two nearly ruined poor mistress, and took, to my knowledge very halfpenny she had saved. And she had saved something that would have come in handy now with all these expenses

"Wretches!" said Mrs. Clanricarde, strongly agitated. "I shall give you in charge of the police, Mary. You shall be put in prison as sure as you are alive."
"Very well, ma'am," said Mary; "and let the whole story come out in open court.

I am willing, I am sure. I have done nothing to be ashamed of, and if you, mother, choose to bring the story forward, I'll not back out of it. But I'd warn you to think twice before you do. It's an ugly story at the best."

"Leave the room, you wretch! you sinful and abominable woman!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde; and Mary, saying, as her parting shot, "And this is the gratitude of the quality!" beat a speedy retreat, glad to be relieved from the heckling she had undergone. As she went out of the room she met the doctor and the nurse coming down the stairs.

"It is all over !" they said. "The poor ady has gone.

Mary gave a sharp cry.
"I should have so liked to see her again!" she said, passionately weeping. "She was always a good mistress to me! I should have liked to see her once more."

"Too late now," said the doctor; and 'She is in heaven," added the nurse. "She deserved it, if any one ever did." said Mary, sobbing; and the doctor, with a half-smile in his eyes, went into the room to inform Mr. and Mrs. Clanricarde, the nearest of kin, and the deceased lady's who passed for over 80, and was certainly 15 years younger, and whose hands bore the traces of hard work and rough usage.

Then said Mrs. Clanricarde, enlightened as by a sudden revelation, "George, we have been robbed! Call the police. This woman was not Mrs. Latimor, and Mary Crosby is the thief!"

CHAPTER XIV. AT BAY.

The game was up, but Mary stood her ground. "You may do your worst," she said,defiantly,when she was haled before the anthorities assembled in the drawing-room and your worst will not do you much good.

As yet the police had not been sent for until Mr. Harford had been summoned

"Now that mother has gone, I care nothing about any of you," said Mary, slightly snapping her fingers. "I kept her warm and comfortable for her lifetime, and I can do my 7 years, or even 10, if need be, now I am by myself."
"You are a shameless wretch!" said

Mrs. Clanricarde, almost tearful from anger Shameless yourself!" retorted Mary, flinging back the words like a bullet. " Me and mother didn't sell a poor young lady for money to a man she cared for no more than a sack of potatoes. a fine young gentleman dead when he wasn't, and bring a heap of misery and misfortune to every one all round."

"Silence, woman!" thundered Anthony, his face as dark as a demon's. "No, Mr. Harford, sir," said Mary : "it is no time now for silence. You are yours have got to hear the truth. If

us out of the money that belonged to us all these years!" cried Mrs. Clanricarde, still almost beside herself from the morified rage of one who has keen balked

and dispossessed. "What excuse? A sight better than you can give for your selling of your daughter," said Mary. "We kept Master Charlie for years, did we; and we kept Mr. Harford's wife for nigh a year. It was we as paid for everything—their food here, Mrs. Harford's very boots and under-linen, and for their expenses out there. We kept them, I say, and did better with the money than any one of you would, I reckon. "That does not make it less a theft, Mary," said George Clanricarde, mildy.

Some one had to speak, and it seemed his turn. "That may be, sir," said Mary, a little did mother and me, and all we saved we gave to Master Charlic to let him marry

Miss Estelle; or to Mrs. Harford when she ran away." This was not true, but it served its purpose as well as if it had been. That good fat sum at last taken out of the mattress and invested in Consols, the bonds whereof deposited in the county bank, under the name of Molly Dance, could have told a That I really can't say, si.," answered arrows took a different story had any one known it. "How dare you speak of Mrs. Harford!" said Anthony, in white heat. "Mrs. id Mrs. Clanricarde, sharply.

"Truth is truth, sir," Mary answered, sullenly. "Your good lady had no one else to see her through her trouble, and we did, mother and me. I don't think we

deserve ballyragging from any of you for that same," she added, with a false air of whimpering. "She came to uz, poor young lady, in her trouble. What were we o do? Turn her out into the streets, or take care of her? Mother and me talked it over, but we thought it would be a treacherous sort of thing to do to turn he

I says it as shouldn't." No," returned Mrs. Clanricarde, with a virtuous scoff. "It is not every honest woman that would have harbored a run-away wife and her paramour." "They did kindly," said that foolish George, his restless eyes full of tears.

"They did damnably," said Anthony, "And you would have had us betray Master Charlie Osborne, who was like my own?" fired up Mary. "You would have own?" fired up Mary. "You would have us send for you, and let you do with that poor young gentleman what you would, and treat that poor young lady like a Tory? No, Mr. Harford, sir, I know my duty to God and my neighbors better than that; and I hope I shall always be done by as I

"Your duty to God!" flamed out Anthony. "Your duty to the devil, you

have done to others."

mean."
There was silence. It Mary's eloquen had not reached the hearts of her hearers. the father's emotion had at least shamed the mother to quiescence, and Anthony's large words had removed from his bosom some of his own perilous stuff. For all his momentary excitement against the woman who had harbored his wife in her sin, he was substantially softened to the deed. Remombering what he had felt in the early days, he knew that Mary and her mother had kept him from committing a crime and had saved two lives—if but for more prolonged suffering. He felt, morever, that all this dirty linen had best be washed at home. To give Mary into custody and to have her committed for trial would be to flood the world with scandalous details, at better to compound the felony and let her

For all that he was a magistrate, and so far bound to obey the law he administered, Anthony's American experience had made him more individual than social: and he was so majioso to the extent of liking to settle his own affairs with his own right hand. ather than have them settled for him by judge and jury and afterward analyzed by

he press.

His difficulty at the present moment was not to let Mary see that he was inclined to her deliverance for fear of the world's talk and for the instinct of self-preservation, but to wrap up the truth in an opaque envelope of part gratitude for the care taken of his erring wife, part consideration for the woman herself, qua woman, and so recently afflicted. It was not possible for him to show the truth. How often, indeed, can any of us?

Mary was the first to break the silence. As astute as she was insolent, she saw the situation clearly enough, and she would let them know that she saw it.

(To be Continued).

The New Marriage Service. Good Minister (a married man)-Do you vish to marry this woman? Minister-Do you wish to marry this

Minister-Do you like the city as a place

Man-No; I prefer the suburbs. Minister—Do you like the suburbs? Woman—No, indeed; I prefer the city. Minister—Are you a vegetarian in diet?
Man—No: Leate vegetables. I live on

Woman-I can't bear meat. I am a egetarian. Minister-Do you like a sleeping-room

well ventilated? Man—Yes; I want the window way lown, summer and winter. Minister—Do you like so much fresh air? Woman-No; it would kill me. I want all windows closed.

Minister-Do you like a light in the room? Man-No; can't sleep in the light; want the room dark.

Minister—Are you afraid in the dark?

Woman—Indeed I am; I have always

ad a bright light in my room. Minister -Do you like many bedclothes?
Man-All I can pile on. Minister-Do you ?

Woman-No; they suffocate me. Minister—I hereby pronounce you man and wife, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls .- New York Weekly.

In the Scientific World.

Recent experiments with sugar as a preventivo for incrustation of steam boilers are reported as giving very satisfactory Oil to be spread on stormy waves has

been inclosed in a cartridge and fired from an ordinary breech-loading gun, giving most excellent results. The amount of rain with a falling barometer in Great Britain is twice that with

a rising barometer. The ratio diminishes as we go eastward. In recent years it has been claimed by chemists that the changes attending the dissolution of metals in acids are only in part electrical and in part chemical.

The quality of the effects produced by aluminum and copper diaphragms for telephonos is very remarkable, as they give the timbre of sounds and of articulate

speech far better than iron. In a recent paper on the hygiene of Japanese houses the common idea that welling houses in that country are very unhealthy was distinctly disproved. remarkably small infant mortality among the Japanese shows that their houses as healthy and suited to their modes of life.

Better Late Than Never.

In 1873 a man named Wilson, who lives in Oshawa, was robbed of a gold watch and \$4 in cash and the thief was nover detected. On Tuesday Mr. Wilson received a package by express from the State of Indiana, and apon opening it he found the watch along with a cheque for the money stolen together with interest from the date of the robbery.

Nautleal and Genealogical, Snipkins-His pedigree is as long as a vard arm. Snifkins-Yes, I've heard his grand-

father was hanged at sea.

The late Dr. Austin Flint, Professor in Bellevue Hospital Medical College, Fellow of the New York Academy of Medicine, member of the State medical societies of New York, Virginia, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, etc., says in speaking of advanced kidney disease (or Bright's): "Fatal termination is many times due to pericarditis (heart disease), apoplexy, difficult breath-ing, dropsy." The foregoing are but symp-toms of diseases. That being the case there is nothing absurd in the claim made by the proprietors of Warner's Safe Cure that they prevent apoplexy and cure heart dis-ease, etc., with Warner's Safe Cure. Why Because it removes the cause of disease, and when the cause is removed the symp.

tom called a discase is cured. According to Peter Henderson, ordinary stable manure is yet almost exclusively used by the market gardeners of Hudson County, N.J., and that at the rate of seventy-five tons to the acre. Very little phosphate or other concentrated manures are used on lands continually under tillage.

NOTHING LIKE PRAISE.

Many a Child is Seart Hungry for a Little Encouragement.

Parents are too often slow to see the motive of their children's kindest actions A little fellow has been reading of some young hero who helped his father and mother in all sorts of ways; and after racking his brains to think how he, too, can help, he remembers that he can fetch his father's slippers and take his boots back, when she trusted us. So we kept her secret, and no one was the wiser. It's not every one would have done so much, though evening comes he does it, but the father is evening comes he does it, but the father is so occupied that he notices not what the boy has done. The little fellow hopes on, thinking that when he goes to bed his father will say how pleased he was to see Charley so willing to help; but not a word is uttered, and the boy goes to bed with a choking feeling in his throat and says his prayers by the bedside with a sadness very real in his heart. Parents often complain of children not being so ready to help as they should be. The fault is with the parents, who have not known how to evoke feelings with which the heart of every child is richly stored. All words of approval are helpful and encouraging. In large family thero have been days of anxiety and care. The eldest daughter by her skill in teaching has earned a little extra money, and without a word to any one she lays nearly all of it out in buying things that are much needed in the house What joy fills her heart when a fond mother takes her aside, and with emotion that cannot be concoaled says how thankful she is for such considerate kindness, and murmurs: "I don't know what we should do without you, darling!" My friends, do not be so chary of these word of encouragement.—Good Words.

Ontario's Success in Making Cheese.

Englishmen sometimes ask, How come it that a young country like Canada has forced her way ahead of almost all competitors in the cheese markets of Great Britain? No rents, little taxes, and great natural resources will, no doubt, suggest an answer in part; but if some further influence is to be sought, as we believe it must be, it may be found in the judicious stimulous which the industry receives from the governing authorities in the various Provinces. Take Ontario as an instance Where in England will one find an organize tion which provides the farmers free of charge with such a bulletin as that entitled Notes for Cheese makers for May," which Mr. James W. Robertson, the Professor of Dairying at the Guelph Provincial College, has prepared, and which has by this time reached all Ontario farmers through the Provincial Department of Agriculture? In the first place we find nine practical sugges-tions as to the management of factories and their surroundings; next come thirty suggestions on "Milk and Making;" and lastly four suggestions for the patrons of each cheese factory. In this little eightpaged pamphlet the Ontario farmer has a vade mecum to the highest forms of cheese-making. What wonder that with such a royal road to success pointed out to him he hould outdistance his competitors even in European markets.—Canadian Gazette

The Attraction of a Soft Voice. We agree with that old poet who said that a low, soft voice was an excellent thing much further than he has on the subject and call it one of her crowning charms. No matter what other attractions she may have; she may be as fair as the Trojan Helen, and as learned as the famous Hypatia of ancient times; she may have all the accomplishments considered requisite at the present day and every advantage that vealth may procure, and yet if she lack low, sweet voice she can never be really fascinating. How often the spell of beauty is broken by loud, coarse talking. How often you are irresistibly drawn to nlain unassuming woman, whose soft, silvery tones render her positively attractive. Besides, we fancy we can judge of the character by the voice: the bland, smooth fawning tone seems to us to betoken decei and hypocrisy as invariably as the musical subdued voice indicates a genuine refine-ment. In the social circle how pleasanc it is to hear a woman talk in that low ker which always characterizes the true lady In the sanctuary of home how such a voice socthes the fretful temper and cheers the weary husband. How sweetly such cadence the dying bed; with what a solemn melody do they breathe a prayer for a departing soul.—New York Telegram.

She had a Word or Two to Say.

A fast young man decided to make to young lady a formal offer of his hand and heart—all he was worth—hoping for a cordial reception. He cautiously prefaced his declarations with a few questions, for he had no intention of "throwing himsel away." Did she love him well enough to live in a cottage with him? Was she good cook? Did she think it a wife's duty to make a home bappy? Would she consult his tastes and wishes concerning her associates and pursuits in life? she economical? Could she make her own clothes? etc. The young lady said that before she answered his questions, she would assure him of some negative virtues she possessed She never drank, smoked or chewed never owed a bill to her laundress or tailor never stayed out all night playing billiards never lounged on the street corners and ogled giddy girls; never "stood in the boys for cigars or wine suppers. "Now," indignantly, "I am said she, rising indignantly, "I am assured, by those who know, that you do all these things, and it is rather absurd for you to expect all the virtues in me, while you do not possess any yourself. I can never be your wife;" and she bowed him out and left him on the cold dcorstep madder if not a wiser man.-Health Journal.

Consumption in Canada

At the meeting of the Ontario Medical Association yesterday, Dr. W. T. Aikins, Toronto, read a paper on "The Goneral Management of the Patient and Sick Room in Canada." He maintained that Canadians were not so robust generally as Old Country people on account of the bad ven-tilation of the houses, particularly during the winter, when stoves consumed the pure air and windows were seldom or ever opened He described a process of filtering the air and exhibited a piece of gauze or cotton batting to be used in lieu of the window of the room of a sick or consumptive patient showing how it prevented the entrance of impurities, including smoke and dust.

Hot Water for Inflamed Eves

Hot water is now a remedy so popular and varied in its applications that it is not surprising to hear it recommended for the treatment of inflamed and itching eyes. An American writer, a woman whose eyesight was wonderful, considering her age and the immense amount of labor she performed, attributed it mainly to the custom of bathing her oyes freely in water as hot as could be borne, night and morning, a habit continued for manyy ears. -Buffalo Times.

Aged Rapidly.

Young Husband-What, you are twentyfive years old to-day? Why, you told me a year ago, just before the wedding, that ou were only twenty. Young Wife (wearily)-I have aged rapidly since I married.

At the Kindergarten. "Now, children, what is the name of the meal you eat in the morning?" "Oatmeal," replies a precocious member of the BONNETS AND PINS.

The Fashionable Greens as Focs to the

Complexion. The coming bonnet is a subject of feminine interest, but the staying one appeals much more to mankind. If there is anything under heaven a man loathes worse than getting up early in the morning or going to bed early at night it is to be walking with a woman who is never quite certain as to whether her bonnet intends to remain on her head or to take wings unto itself and settle in an ash barrel. The chances are she objects to pins in the first place, and the other chances are that if she approves of bonnet pins she doesn't know how to place them. You cannot wear your hair low and pin your bonnet to it without that bonnet rising in rocking-horse fashion and giving you a distracted appearance, and you need not rely on strings to keep your bonnet on your head. If you wear your hair low you have got to have a small pad of false hair, which you lay right on tor of your head, fasten down securely, and when your bonnet is put on stick your pins through it; then and then only are you safe, and then and then only is the man of your heart certain that your bonnet is the prettiest he has ever seen, because, as he emphatically puts it, "It stays on."

Among the very latest colors are a green that gives you a beautiful complexion, beautiful in the sense of being desirable as an advertisement before certain liver pills are taken, and a crimson shade that makes the average brunette look black and the average blonde corpse-like. And yet women wear both these colors and make positive hat most clever and true French saying There are no ugly women; there are only women who do not know how to look

Continental Drunkards and Their Treat

ment. An habitual drunkard in Sweden and Norway is treated as a criminal, in this sense, that his inordinate love of strong drink renders him liable to imprisonment and whilst in confinement it appears he is oured of his bad propensities on a plan that, though simple enough, is said to pro-duce marvellous effects. From the day the confirmed drunkard is incarcerated no other nourishment is served to him or her but bread and wine. The bread, however, it should be said, cannot be eaten apart from he wine, but is steeped in a bowl of it, and left to seak thus an hour or more before the meal is served to the delinquent. The first day the habitual toper takes his food in this shape without the slightest repugnance. The second day he finds it less agreeable to his palate, and very quickly he evinces a positive averaion for it. Generally, we read, eight or ten days of this regime than sufficient to make a man loathe the very sight of wine, and even refuse the prison dish set before him. This manner of curing drunken habits is said to succeed almost without an exception, and men or women who have undergone the treatment not only rarely return to their evil way, but from sheer disgust they frequently become total abstainers afterwards.—Evening

The Men Who Stand to Win. People go to a public gaming table with their eyes open. They know at Monte Carlo that the zero is against them at roulette, and they are content to face the certainty of the refait at the rouge et noir. Consequently they are assured that the bank must win in the long run, and they back their highly speculative full connaisance de cause. But the sharpwitted innocents who stand "to win" upon unknown horses, while professing to calculate chances, never care to count with certainties. Yet surely it might be worth their while to consider that the great world of betting men and tipaters must live. A few of the book-makers make fortunes out of the victims who are fleeced; many more might retire upon competencies wer they only decently prudent; and, in any case, the indispensable expenses of the professional are enormous. The net profits at the best are but a small percentage on the heavy gross outlay.—Saturday

If the umbrella is at the "other end of the line," bear it patiently. Some other umbrella will do just as well. Be sure and inform every one you meet that "it rains." Otherwise they might remain in ignorance of the damp fact. Waterproof garments may be depended upon to shed water upon other folks. That

seems to be the chief object of their exist Do not allow any ventilation in a horse car on a rainy morning. It might exhilarate the passengers to deeds of violence.

Carry your umbrella very carefully and you can just manage to drain one quarter section of it down the neck of the person who is so unfortunate as to be a head of you He will appreciate this.

Queen Victoria's Sensible Shoes. A shoemaker from London, who worked in the shop where Queen Victoria's shoes are made, being interviewed by a reporter said: " I suppose the Queen's number is at least a six and she wears a sensible shoe long and broad, with a low heel, and plenty of room at the toes. She has several bun ions and corns, you know. I suppose her common sense ideas about shoes didn't come to her until late in life. I remember making a pair of ball shoes for the Princess Beatrice just before I left. She has a foot something like her mother's. and fat, the ankle being what you might call boxed just a little. Her number was a four and she were out perhaps a dezen pairs a year."

Mr. Quickwit Moralizes. Mr. Quickwit (to Mrs. Coarseair, who is profusely bedecked with imitation dia-monds)—Madame, you remind me of an

open-faced watch.

Mrs. Coarseair—How so? Te, he, he! Mr. Quickwit—Your orystal is so prominant.—Jeweller's Weekly.

No Chance in a Fight, "Sarah, why on earth don't you cut at boy's hair?"

"I shan't, John. What, spoil our Little Lord Fauntleroy !"

"If he ever gets into a fight with a short-haired boy he'll get spoiled quick enough."—Chicago Herald.

AUSTIN FLINT, M. D., late professor of the principles of practice of medicine and of clinical medicine in the Bellevue Hospital Medical College, says of Bright's Discase: "Pain in the lcins is rarely a prominent symptom, and is often wanting." This statement also applies to tenderness on pressure over kidneys." It is not safe, therefore, to argue that you have not kidney disease because you have no local symptoms of it. Your only sure plan is to use Warner's Safe Cure as soon as the

most remote symptoms appear. "Yaas, I know you-ah name. You-ah fathah was one of my gwandfathah's keepers." "Indeed. I never heard that my father looked after the monkeys."

The Congregationalist reports that one of the quaint old Scottish preachers in Edin-burgh recently used this phrase in his "O Lord, bless those who are at home, unable to be present; those who might be here if they would; bless the poor, and bless the rich, who after their

funerals, will be poor!" The Philadelphia Record, commenting upon the now Minnesota law for the punishment of drunkenness, asks: "Who is to judge whother a Minnesotan be drunk sober?" Whereupon the Minneapolis Tri-bune replies: "The Minnesotan's wife, good friend; the Minnesotan's wife."

DEAD AMONG HIS PETS.

They Died With Him When August Hinize

Passed Away. A crowd of children were yesterday afternoon peering into the basement of a big tenement house at No. 414 East Seventyninth street, where August Hintze, an old man whose face had been for years a man whose face had been for years a familiar one in the neighborhood, had been found dead in bed. He was a widower, 77 years old, and lived alone in two dark little cooms with two canary birds, a family of white mice and a woolly-haired terrier. Save for an occasional visit from his two grown-up sons, one of whom is in Nevada and the other in this city, no one ever came to see him. Last Saturday night the old man went home, followed by his dog, and lay down on his bed. Sunday he did not appear and most of that day his dog kept howling. Yesterday morning the janitor of the tenement became alarmed and broke open the door. The windows were all closed and the gas turned on. Hintze was undressed, in bed, dead, and stretched by his side, also dead, was his inseparable companion, the dog. The white mice on the window sill and the canary birds near by were also dead in their

cages.
The police were notified, and Hintze's son, who lives at No. 415 East Eighty-fifth street, subsequently had the body removed to his home. It is thought that the old man was asphyxiated accidentally. The gas cock worked very loosely, and he probably turned it on after turning it off, not knowing what he was doing. He suffered from an incurable malady, which at times deprived him of his senses.—New York World.

Insects in the Ear.

Dr. J. Herbert Claiborne, jun., talking in The Medical Classics" about removing in sects from the oar, expresses the belief that "sweet cill is perhaps the best thing to keep the insect from moving. That is the first desideratum. The oil, by its thick con-sistence, will so entangle and bedraggle the insect's legs and wings that the intolerable noise will be stopped. If oil be not at hand use any liquid that is not poisonous or corrosive. Water will probably be within the reach of every one. This is also more liable to float him out, too, than either sweet oil or glycerine. It has been suggested to blow tobacco smoke in the ear to stupefy the insect. We cannot indorse this advice: tobacco smoke blown into the car of a child has been known to cause alarming symptoms. When the movements of the intruder have been arrested syringe the car gently with warm water. All manner of insects and bugs have been found in the ear, but you can never tell in a given case who the rude caller is knocking at the door of your brain until you have him out."

Pills and Poetry.

There are men who make a living by riting rhymes in which they extol the virtues of somebody's tooth wash, or consumption cure, or Purgative Pellets. It rather grates upon one's feelings to read a pathetic stanza of poetry and finish by learning that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is the sovereign remedy for consumption in its early stages, for deranged liver, disordered kidneys, impure or im poverished blood. Still this is absolutely true, and why should not the truth be to!d n poetry as well as prose.

A Plague of Grasshoppers.

Farmers coming to and from the surrounding country report the presence of myriads of grasshoppers. The recent rains killed off a good many of them, but it needed a good deal colder downfall than any we have had yet to do much good. What with the grasshoppers and caterpillars, the outlook for the country districts is not so encouraging as it was a fortnight back when everything looked fair for phenomenal crops.—Ottawa Herald.

Sedentary Habits.

In this age of push and worry, the business man and the professional man are alike unable to devote any adequate time to exercise. In the daily round of toil and pleasure, no suitable provision is made for that important function, and the result is that men of sedentary habits become subject to many forms of ailments arising from torpid or sluggish liver. Constipation, sick headache, biliousness and dyspepsia are all due to improper action of the liver. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets cure these troubles by restoring the liver to

its normal condition. A Critical Opinion.

"I saw you at the opera last night, Mr. Smytho. Did you enjoy it?" "Yes, very much." "Which part did you like best?" "Oh, I don't know exactly. It struck me as being the prettiest when they all wore pink!"

Chronic nasal catarrh—guaranteed cure -Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. Sold by druggists at 50 cents.

A Milwaukee street car company is going to introduce the storage battery system. That does away with horses without substituting the overhead wire and its many -" I am tired of living with such a homely

woman!" exclaimed William Rush, of Niagara Falls, as he walked away from his wife six weeks ago. The other day she was left a legacy of \$40,000, and William hur-ried back home to call her his angel wife, but she wouldn't let him in.

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