

WITHOUT A STAIN.

TOLD BY AN ONLOOKER.

(CONTINUED.)

"Ah!" he whispers. Then his eyes rove elsewhere; Will's do likewise. A curious faintness comes over him; for one instant Will doubts his own sanity; the next he knows he is under no delusion. By Silas Thornton's bed is Judith. She does not move towards him, but her eyes meet his. Will says softly—

"You here?"
"Yes; I am a nurse. I was here when they brought him in. I have not left him. I am his wife." The dying man hears and understands.

"Judith," he cries; and she bends over him. "Forgive!"

She puts her fingers to his brow.
"Ay," she answers, "I forgive—and you!"
"If I could undo it I would. I did not know."

She does not weep; her face is very calm; only the trembling of her lips indicates pain. The Doctor glances away. He is used to scenes of anguish, but in this one there is an entirely new feature—husband and wife meeting after long separation, only to part finally. It matters not that on neither side does love exist; they are one. Judith realises the truth as she kneels beside him. A great regret distresses her. She cannot do ought for this man for whom she should do so much. Will watches her. He too kneels down.

"Let us pray," he says. When he rises the fierce light has faded from Silas Thornton's eyes. Will fancies that he wishes to speak to him, and he draws nearer.

"I am going. Be kind to her—make up."

His voice is weak; Will's promise reaches him, and then Will goes to Judith.

"I will leave you a while," he says. "I will come again soon. I shall find you here?"

"Yes. Will it be?"

She shrinks. Doctor Merrivale interposes.

"It will not be long. You must have some nourishment."

When outside, Will hesitates. What has befallen him? He is as one in a trance. Judith is found; and, in spite of all the sadness, the gloom of the finding, he is glad—glad with a joy no words can convey.

Will hastens to the telegraph-office. He must send the tidings to those whose hearts are bound to the woman he has left. Two messages are sent, one to Sir Martin, the other to his sister Deborah.

"Silas Thornton is dying fast. Judith is with him."

Then he returns to the hospital, to wait until Doctor Merrivale comes to him. Will will not intrude on Judith. The Doctor's countenance is grave. Will comprehends before he says, "It is all over; he is dead!"

Judith, in her black dress, is close to her father, and he clasps her hands lovingly. A feverish flush is on her cheek, and her eyes are gleaming with great joy. She has heard the story of her mother's death—heard what drove her father into exile, how he refuted the charge brought against him of being guilty of his father's murder; and, as her last question is answered, she casts herself on Sir Martin's breast, her tears raining down.

"Oh, my father, you proved yourself stainless!" she cries.

"Yes."

He presses her to him; and for a time they are silent, Judith thinking what might have been, he absorbed in studying her sweet oval face. Presently he rouses himself and kisses her.

"My dear," he says; "what have you been doing since you left Ellerslie?"

His arm is about her, and he feels the tremor that runs through her. She replies concisely—

"I came to London, to my foster-mother, Dallas. She welcomed me kindly. I had not been with her many days when she sickened with fever, and I nursed her. The doctor who attended her told me I had all the qualifications of a good nurse. I inquired if he could get me employment, and he recommended me to the hospital. When Dallas was well I went there, and there remained until you took me away. My holidays have been spent with Dallas."

"Ay, you were very near while we searching for you! Oh, my child, how I longed to behold you! I had grown to fear that you were not living."

"I did not know," she says contritely.

"Why did you not write? You had friends—Deborah and Mr. Carey."

A blush dyes her cheek, and the white lids droop over the glistening eyes.

"It was best to be forgotten."

"Forgotten! Judith, Judith, who once loving you could forget you?"

The reproachful words sting her. She caresses him.

"Father, did I do very wrong in leaving Silas? I did not mean to do so; but, when he taunted me with my stained birth, when he avowed that he rued our marriage, how could I help fleeing from him? Should I have stayed in spite of all?"

Sir Martin scrutinises her steadily. Her secret is his.

"You did not love him?" he murmurs.—
"No."

She clings to him and he kisses her again. She twines her arms around his neck despairingly, frantically—as though fearful that he would cast her off. She is not capable of deceit or disguise. He consoles her with a mother's solicitude.

"It was altogether a mistake," he says thoughtfully. "My daughter, his fault was of a darker shade than yours, and you forgave him." She sobs less brokenly; and he goes on, healing her wounds skillfully, bravely. "To err is human; and you, my darling, are but mortal. You have atoned as far as lay in your power; you must leave the past and its shadows, and be happy—be happy." He smooths her glossy hair.

"Judith, I have not tasted happiness for many years. But, amid all my troubles, in all my wanderings, I have loved my motherless girl. Can you give me a little love?"

"My dear father"—she kisses him passionately—"we will be all in all to each other. I have no one but you to love."

"That is well," he says quaintly. "You might love me less had you a divided heart; and now I must go. I have an appointment with Mr. Carey."

If he imagines that the color will surge to her face he is disappointed. She bows her head and he quits her. Quiescent she re-

mains, dreaming a strange involved dream in which her father and William Carey principally figure.

TOLD BY DEBORAH ORD.

I was cross, dissatisfied, vexed. Just when I imagined all was to be cheery and comfortable, everything had gone contrary, awry. Judith is with us, looking brighter younger, more sonnie than ever. Sir Martin is happy, almost gay, and Napine is crowded with visitors. Judith reigns in queenly style, mistress of the grand old place. She and her father returned, after a long absence, to celebrate Christmas with us. Their journeyings have done them good. It is pleasant to observe them together, for they are indeed all a father and daughter should be. Whenever Sir Martin's eyes fall on his child, his whole face lights up with a blissful radiance, while her beauty is never so bewitching as when she is near him. Every one talks of their wonderful devotion. Wise folk wonder how Sir Martin will like the separation that must come some day. That Judith will marry again, and marry well, nobody doubts.

We are at Napine, Dale, baby and I. Judith insists on our coming to her for the New Year; and, as I had no desire to refuse her, we have left the court for a season.

It is New Year's Day. Snow is everywhere. The landscape is shrouded in white, and the clouds are gray and sullen. The gentlemen warn us against walking far. There will be more snow, they say—a heavy fall presently.

Breakfast is cleared. The men have vanished, some to play billiards, some to the stables, some to the library. The ladies in the cedar drawing-room gossip idly, study the weather, read, and muse. Dullness prevails. They miss their cavaliers, and find time hard to kill. I escape to the room Judith has allotted to baby Will. It is a charming apartment, large, lofty and prettily furnished. I take my boy from nurse and dismiss her. He looks so handsome in his velvet frock and smart ribbons. I toss him up, and he laughs and crows delightedly. I wish Dale could see him; but Dale has gone with Sir Martin to the kennels. There is no one but "mother" to feast her eyes on the tiny face, the fat chubby hands, and sturdy figure. I sing merrily, and whisper blandishments and nonsense stories. Presently the door is pushed open gently, and Judith appears.

In her black dress, relieved by filmy lace, she is superb, beautiful as a poet's vision. She gazes at me, and I fancy that there is a longing in her eyes. Superlatively dowered though she is, she yet lacks that which crowns and blesses my life. I kiss her and put baby into her arms. Her pale face is hidden by the rosy one. When she raises her head Will's cheeks are wet, and she wipes away the tear drops nervously. I leave my seat and lean over her.

"What is it, Judith?" I ask. "Is anything amiss? You seem joyous, merry. Is your mirth feigned?"

She looks at me vacantly.

"Why should I not be happy?" she says. Why indeed! She is her father, wealth, health, and beauty. I sigh uneasily, and am still. She muses, the coals burn redly and the flames flicker—muses and says abruptly—

"Deborah, have we done anything to offend your brother? He never comes to Napine."

Ah, that is it! I am slow to reply, not knowing what answer to make. With pain I have watched Will and Judith lately. They have persistently avoided each other. Will who thinks it right that Judith, heiress of Napine and Ellerslie, shall not be driven by old recollections into an engagement with him, is positively cold and haughty to her. She, deeming that his manner implies that he has ceased to care for her, is careful not to seek him. They are drifting apart, scarcely knowing wherefore. In a little while the breach, now narrow, will have widened considerably. Judith toys with my curls.

"He is proud, is he not?" she murmurs.

"Does he despise me for what I did?"

"What was that?" I cry bewildered.

"I left my home and my husband," she stammers. "I was rash, foolish."

"Oh, Judith, Judith, you silly child! Will will never despise you. Does he not love you?"

"No, no!" Then, before I can deny her assertion, she exclaims vehemently, "I love him! Would that I did not!"

She places baby Will in my arms, and flies away. I smile as I repeat her confession to myself, and then shake off abstracted musings. I will see Will, will go to the Vicarage at once. Here are two people, loving each other, but assuming indifference. It is an unwise pastime. I will open Will's eyes to his folly. The clouds are almost angry enough to daunt me; but I am not to be deterred. My maid wraps me up warmly, and I start, glowing with zeal. If I am quick I shall be at the Vicarage by luncheon time; and while I eat and drink I can scold Will as he deserves. I walk briskly—it is stingingly cold—and arrive at the Vicarage sooner than I anticipated, only however to find my walk has been in vain. Will is out, is not expected in till night; therefore it is useless my waiting to see him. Already it is snowing slightly. I wend my way back with less spirit, not dreaming that while away that has come to pass which I hoped to forward. Judith tells me all when it is quite an old story, her bonnie face blushing with a supreme content.

"Ashamed of the avowal to you of my love for Will I ran from the nursery to my room, where I gave way to tears, until I remembered that I must speedily face my guests. I dried my eyes, and thought that I would go for a stroll, for my head ached, and I thought that the wind would drive it away. I stole from the house, not wishing to be seen. I wanted solitude, and if I were observed I should lose all chance of it. Taking the high road, I wandered heedlessly along. By-and-by I found myself by the brook where Will once saved my life. It was summer-time then, winter now. Then the fields were in bloom, and the skies were blue and sunny; now sunshine was but a memory. The very brook, then rippling and flowing, was still, covered with ice. I thought of many things as I walked up and down the bank; the piercing cold did not reach me, for glad and sorrowful images warmed my heart. Will had cared for me—he had loved me when he drew me from the water. 'Oh, that which might have been, but might not be!' My life, which should be a glad round of days, was dreary, empty, sad. I wrung my hands. I was

alone, and no prying eyes could behold me. At Napine I must be jocund, blithe; here I could wail forth my woe. Stern Nature would neither rebuke nor cheer me, and I was free to say and do as I chose. It eased my heart to rid it of the perilous stuff weighing on it. So to the wintry winds, to the leaden-gray sky, I told my misery—told how I loved Will—told how, when it was unlawful for me to love him, I had refrained from thinking of him, but that now there was no reason why he should not utter the words he had once perforce withheld. I was powerless to resist the torrent of love sweeping over me. I whispered it all in my *abandon*. I cared not that I owned my overpowering love for Will; but I asked not that his might reawaken. I crouched in agony, thanking Heaven when the throes were strongest, that he was not unworthy of my love. Gradually my emotion spent itself, and I grew calm. I tried to brace myself with the assurance that not always would my wound thus torment me. Some day I should be able to think of my anguish without intense pain; some day I should recall this day and wonder whether my sorrow was so overwhelming. But such consolation was ineffectual. What did the 'some day' that might or might not come matter now—now that I was so utterly down-cast?"

I opened the locket I wore at my neck, and looked at the likeness it contained—Will's! A noble a princely face his—a face that no woman need fear to revere. Though my love for him had cost me dear, I dared not wish I had not loved him. Better to have lost than never to have known him. Oh that he had loved me with a love equal to mine! Neither time nor fault should have effaced it. I looked at the photograph with tearful eyes, and then suddenly started, electrified. A voice behind me said—

"What are you looking at, Judith?"

"It was Will. I was speechless. He came to me, took the locket from my unresisting hand, and gazed on his portrait."

"Where did you get this?" he cried in a rough tone.

"I glanced from him. All around was weird and chill; the blast numbed me, and I trembled. He repeated his words, this time in a kinder tone."

"Deborah gave it to me," I muttered.

"When?"— "Before I left Ellerslie."

"Ah, and you have kept it for old acquaintance sake?"

"I did not respond. I could not. He was cruel—very cruel to torture me. He walked on a few yards, and then came back; perhaps my white face touched him."

"Do you recollect what happened here?" he said; and I cried, in the very fullness of my tribulation—

"Yes, you saved my life. You would have done me a greater service had you let me die."

"Judith!"

"I was reckless; my spirit was stirred to its very depths."

"Ay, I affirmed, 'if I had only died it would have been well! Ill for me as it that you rescued me, ill for me is it that I live! What is life that we esteem it so?'"

"Judith—your father."

"He loves me! For his sake I must hide my heart and smile; but—"

"Will caught my hands."

"Judith, hush! You have all that makes existence bright; you should be satisfied."

"I am."

"And yet you talk thus wildly, rebelliously."

"My face tingled."

"Be good enough to forget my words," I said. "I am not very well; looking at the past distracted me."

He stared at me, and bowed assentingly. I turned towards Napine, and he walked with me. Very subdued and humiliated was I. I almost forgot his presence; but he reminded me of it.

"Judith," he commenced diffidently, and then ceased abruptly.

"Of what was he thinking? Ere I could guess, he hurried on."

"Right or wrong, I must speak. Do you know that I love you? I love you, Judith; but who am I that I should sue you to listen to my presumptuous tale? Has my behaviour caused you to think my friendship dead? Friendship! It was never friendship I had for you. I always loved you. I love you still. Will you therefore think of me kindly, and not be hurt that I avoid you? To be where you are is so terrible! I cannot bear it. Judith, say you pardon me, and I will go away. Do not grieve about me. Mine is a common fate. 'Never morning wore to evening but some heart did break.'"

"Will!"

"One word I uttered, his name. What more was needed? He looked at me incredulously. I laid my hand on his shoulder, he clasped me closely."

"Is it real?" he said. "Do you love me, Judith?"

"Oh, yes! You must not leave me, or not one heart, but two will break!"

There is a joy with which no tongue must meddle. Judith never told his answer to living mortal. It sufficed for her!

One more picture, and I have done. A May morning, with just sufficient keenness in the air to make the wood-fire acceptable. Judith sits by it, holding a golden-haired little one. I watch her admiringly, and think the matronly dignity in her face leaves nothing to be desired. She looks ineffably beautiful. Will, approaching, is struck anew with her tender loveliness. He kisses her with courtly obeisance, and then she gazes at him with a tender smile.

"Is she not exquisite," she says—"little Cicely?"

He nods. But he is thinking his wife is far more lovely than his daughter. Judith continues, not perceiving this.

"It all come to me as I look at her. Will, I prayed once that I might be the last of my line; and now I have here another Cicely Napine, and I am glad."

His hand is on her head. I echo softly—"Cicely Napine."

Will has added, by Sir Martin's wish, the name of Napine to his. Judith's voice is as soft as the sighing of a summer breeze.

"If my mother—her grandmother—knew how proud we are to call her so! Will, that is the sting. There is no wrong that works not some evil. I understand why my mother died. I should have died had I given my babe a tarnished name. Poor mother!"

I steal off. My heart is blithe. Storm and tempest are over, for them—even as for me, upon whom no storm has beaten—there are sunshine and joy—sunshine and joy that shall never be darkened, let time bring what it will. Loving and loved, we can trust and not be afraid, each rejoicing.

"'Tis enough for me and my darling That we live and love to day."

[THE END.]

FOREIGN NEWS.

In Shanghai a movement is on foot for an international exhibition in 1888.

Extraordinary discoveries of gold are reported from the Cape and Tasmania.

Three hundred houses have been destroyed by a fire at Kaluz, in Galicia.

A Cherbourg paper announces the arrest of several German spies disguised as priests.

China intends to issue a loan of \$50,000,000 for the construction of railways in the Empire.

A dynamite cartridge has been exploded under the principal gateway of the docks at Marseilles and caused some considerable damage. The outrage is believed to be due to private malevolence.

The Salvation Army have just held an "intercolonial council of war" in Melbourne. This body claims to have in Australia 200 recognized stations, 400 "officers," and between 11,000 and 12,000 soldiers.

The President of Uruguay has recovered from the bullet wound inflicted upon him a month ago, and has requested that no endeavor shall be made to discover and punish the intending assassin.

The present subject of gossip in Paris is Mme. Endoxie Houdouin. She is a patient at the Salpêtrière Hospital and the physicians are puzzled over her. She is subject to what is known in medical parlance as "sleeping spells" and she has just waked up after enjoying an eighteen days' sleep. This is not the first "nap" she has taken, as during January and February she slept 50 days. The doctors cannot say whether it is a case of sleep or trance.

A plan is on foot to place Brussels in direct water communication with the sea. The canal to the Scheldt is to be deepened; the quays are to be sufficiently spacious to admit twenty ships of 2,500 tons each to lie alongside; the docks and quays are to be furnished with every modern appliance for loading and unloading vessels, and with warehouses and sheds, and are to be connected with the great lines of railway.

The substitution of glass flooring for boards continues to increase in Paris, especially in those business structures in which the cellars are used as offices. At the Bank of the Credit Lyonnais the whole of the ground in front is paved with large squares or blocks of roughened glass imbedded in a strong iron frame, and in the cellars beneath there is sufficient light, even on dull days, to enable clerks to carry on their accustomed work without resort to gas.

Truth says that Lord Haldon has sold the harbor of Torquay for £85,000, and he is getting rid of as much of his property in that town as the leaseholders can be induced to buy. Lord Haldon's affairs are embarrassed, and he is about to leave England. Haldon House, the family place in Devonshire, is to be let, a desecration which is enough to cause the late peer to arise from his grave; and Lord Haldon has resigned the mastership of the local foxhounds.

The question of the public pageants which are to mark the Queen's Jubilee are already greatly exercising the minds of the officials on whom the responsibility for their carrying out will devolve. The Queen herself takes a strong personal interest in the discussion of the various projects which are under consideration, but nothing is settled, says the *World*, except a gorgeous state procession from Buckingham Palace to Westminster.

Another extensive subsidence of land has taken place at Cleator Moor, West Cumberland, at Jack-trees farm, in the neighborhood of which the Carron Company are carrying on mining operations. In one of the fields a quantity of grain went down, and could be seen growing in the cavity caused by the subsidence. The pipes which carry water from Ennerdale Lake to Whitehaven cross the same ground, and the men have been at work to secure safety.

The Empress Charlotte, widow of Maximilian, is dying from the effects of an acute renewal of the mania which afflicted her for so many years after her husband's tragic death, but which of late seemed to be leaving her. The return of the mental anguish was the result of her reading the new drama "Juarez," which treats of the events in which Maximilian and his friends were concerned during the Mexican expedition. After being carelessly lulled by her attendants to read the plot, "Poor Carlotta" was overcome by painful delusions. She imagined that she heard Maximilian calling for help against the traitors, Juarez and Bazaine, and insisted that she must go to his aid. To humor her, the attendants packed her luggage and pretended that a special train had been ordered for her. They then induced her to drink some tea before starting on the journey. An opiate was placed in the tea, which gave her temporary relief from her mental excitement but exhaustion soon resulted, from which the unhappy lady has not rallied, and her death is believed to be imminent.

The mountain meteorological stations of Europe are said to somewhat excel in their equipments and appliances anything to be found in the Western world. Among these appliances is a superior kind of arrangement, or apparatus, for the automatic registration of sunshine, the results of which are tabulated with reference to the period of possible sunshine for each day, the record being so much per cent. of this total. On the mountain top on which the highest Austrian weather observatory is located, is another interesting arrangement, namely, a telephone wire extending from the very summit down to the village below, this wire in the winter being suspended on poles, while in summer, on account of the fierce winds, it is laid upon the snow, the latter proving a good insulator, as the apparatus works satisfactorily under these conditions. The French, it appears, have the highest meteorological station in Europe, and their two largest observatories are, it is claimed, the best appointed in the world. Much is expected of the recently established station on Ben Nevis, Scotland. This mountain is the highest in Great Britain and is close upon the seacoast, as well as in the track of the great southwesterly storms which have such an important influence on the weather in the British Isles—a situation therefore, peculiarly favorable.

Our Brave Volunteers

Endured the severe marching of the North-west campaign with admirable fortitude. The Government should have supplied them with a quantity of the celebrated Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It never fails to remove corns painlessly, and the volunteers and everybody else should have it. Beware of substitutes. Get Putnam's Extractor and take no other.

SMILE AGAIN.

The nearest approach to perpetual motion may be found in a shoe factory. Ask the foreman to show you the lasting machine.

The Buddhists claim that if a woman behaves herself she will become a man; but there is no record of the male census being increased in that way, and the inference is plain.

"I cannot live without thee!"
He sang, and truly, too;
For she had all the money,
And he had not a sou.

Patient—"When can I be sure to see the doctor alone?"
Housemaid—"You had better come during his consultation hours, from two to three; he is always quite alone at that time."

Scribblers says he has received many thanks from leading publishers for his writings. We believe him, because we have often sent him letters reading, "Declined with many thanks."

Nothing exasperates a woman who has been shading her eyes from the gas light with her hands all the evening, so much as to find that, after all, she had left her best diamond ring on the washstand.

De Garmon—"And how do you stand on evolution, Miss Brewster? Do you believe man is descended from the monkey?"
Miss Brewster—"Oh, yes, I think man is; but what puzzles me, Mr. De Garmon, is where woman came from."

A young English dandy named Guyer
Went to visit one night his Maryer,
But the near-sighted fool
Took the stove for a stool,
And set his best trousers on tupper.

"Where have you been, Jane?" "I've been to a meeting of the Girls' Friendly Society, ma'am." "Well, and what did the lady say to you?" "Please, ma'am, she said I wasn't to leave you, as I meant to. She said I was to look upon you as my thorn—and bear it!"

Judge (suspiciously)—"Have you had something to do with the court before?"
Prisoner—"Oh, yes, your Honor." Judge—"Ah, I thought so. I can pick you fellows out every time. So you have been in court before?" Prisoner—"Yes, last session I was on the jury."

Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute.

This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of eighteen experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases of the digestive organs, bladder diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy, (fits) spermatorrhoea, impotency and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages,) which gives all particulars. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

In a description of the rhinoceros it is stated that he is a powerful beast, with a mouth ranging from an open valise to a candidate's smile.

Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" is not extolled as a "cure-all," but admirably fulfills a singleness of purpose, being a most potent specific in those chronic weaknesses peculiar to women.

The boy who quails at sight of a mustard plaster is the same lad that goes fearlessly forth to tackle a bee's nest with a handful of willow switches.

No trouble to swallow Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

The wretch has been arrested who, at a social party, said that a young lady playing the pianoforte was an ape because her fingers were among keys.

A Free Fight.

The great reputation of Briggs Electric Oil is such that it has induced unprincipled persons to adopt other names as near like it as possible. The proprietors of Briggs Electric Oil have the name and style of the Electric Oil registered both in Canada and the United States, and no one can use it but themselves. Others hearing of the success of Briggs Electric Oil have adopted other names similar, such as "Electric Oil," "Electron Oil," &c., and are striving to induce the public to buy them instead of the genuine Electric Oil.

In fact so determined were they that they brought suit at Law, in the High Court of Canada, to deprive Briggs & Sons of their right to control the same; but the Courts and the Minister of Agriculture at Ottawa fully sustained their registered trade mark.

Briggs Electric Oil cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises, complaints arising from Cold such as Sore Throat, Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and difficult breathing.

A tale of youth, maiden and father.—
Scene first—gate. Scene second—gaiter.
Scene third—gait!

Don't use any more nauseous purgatives such as Pills, Salts, etc., when you can get Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitter, a medicine that moves the Bowels gently, cleansing all impurities from the system and rendering the Blood pure and cool. Great Spring Medicine, 50 cents.

It is said that the lady who wrote "In the Gloaming" made \$3,000 out of it. There are a good many young ladies who sing it and who do not seem to make much out of it.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Australian Indian Asthma Cure.—We have the Skins discovered by the Australian Indians—a sure cure for Asthma, or we will refund the price of \$3.00. Full directions given how to use. Address AUSTRALIAN CURE CO., Ayrton, Ont., Box 160.

An authority on the subject says that the whole secret of political success is to know how to "treat men properly." In that case the prohibitionists can never hope to succeed.

A CURE FOR DRUNKENNESS,

opium, morphine, chloral, tobacco, and kindred habits. The medicine may be given in tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it if so desired. Send 6c in stamps for book and testimonials from those who have been cured. Address M. V. Lubon, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto Ont. Cut this out for future reference. When writing mention this paper.

The latest census returns of New Zealand show the total population of the colony to be 619,715, inclusive of 41,432 Maoris.

The Empress Eugenie has been recommended to try the Italian climate during the Winter, and Pisa is the spot which will probably be selected.