A WOLF IN THE FOLD.

A DOMESTIC STORY WITH A MORAL.

Fom Watterly's horse was the pride of his heart. It was a bob-tailed, raw-boned animal, but, as Tom complacently remarked to Alida, "He can pass about any thing on the road"—a boast that he let no chance escape of verifying. It was a terrible ordeal to the poor woman to go dashing through the streets in an open wagon, feeling that every eye was upon her. With head bowed every eye was upon her. With head bowed down, she employed her failing strength in holding herself from falling out, yet almost wishing that she might be dashed against some object, that would end her wretched life. It finally occurred to Tom that the woman at his side might not, after her recent experience, share in his enthusiasm, and he pulled up, remarking, with a rough effort at sympathy, "It's a cussed shame you've been treated so, and as soon as you're ready, I'll help you get even with the

scamp."
"I'm not well, sir, said Alida, humbly.
"I only ask for a quiet place where I can rest till strong enough to do some kind of

work."
"Well, well," said Tom, kindly, "don't lose heart. We'll do the best by you we can. That ain't saying very much, though,

for we're full and running over."

He soon drew rein at the poor-house door and sprung out. "I—I—feel strange," Alida gasped

to his assistance, and together they bore the unconscious woman to the room which was used as a sort of hospital. Some old crones gathered round with such restoratives as they had at command. Gradually the stricken woman revived, but as the whole miserable truth came back, she turned her face to the wall with a sinking of heart akin to despair. At last, from sheer ex-haustion, feverish sleep ensued, from which she often started with moans and low cries. One impression haunted her,—she was falling, ever falling, over a dark, bottomless

Hours passed in the same partial stupor, filled with phantoms and horrible dreams. Towards evening, she aroused herself mechancially to take the broth Mrs. Watterly ordered her to swallow, then relapsed into the same lethargy. Late in the night, she became conscious that some one was kneel-ing at her bedside and fondling her. She started up with a slight cry.
"Don't be afeard; it's only me, dear,"

In the dim rays of a night lamp, Alida saw an old woman with gray hair falling about her face and on her night robe. At first, in her confused, feverish impressions, the poor waif was dumb with superstitious awe, and trembled between joy and fear. Could her mother have come to comfort her in her sore extremity?
"Put ye're head on me ould withered

breast," said the apparition, "an' ye'll know a mither's heart niver changes. I've been alookin' for ye and expectin' ye these long, weary years. They said ye wouldn't come back—that I'd niver find ye ag in; but I knowed I wud, and here ye are in me arms, me darlint. Don't draw away from ye're ould mither. Don't ye be afeard or 'shamed loike. No matter what ye've done or where ye've been or who ye've been with, a mither's heart welcomes ye back jist the same as when yes were a baby an' slept on me breast. A mither's heart ud quench the fires o' hell. I'd go into the 'burnin' flames o' the pit an' bear ye out in me arms. So niver fear. Now that I've found ye, ye're safe. Ye'll not rin away from me ag'in. I'll hould ye,—I'll hould ye back," and the poor creature clasped Alida with such convulsive energy that she screamed from pain

and terror.
"Ye shall not get away from me, ye shall und ye rin away from me? Wasn't I koind? place. I feel sorry for you, and don't want you to get among folks that have no feelings. No, no, ye cannot lave me ag'in," and she bon't you wor'y now; chirk up, and you'll threw herself on Alida, whose disordered mind was tortured by what she heard. Whether or not it was a more torsible with the sorry for you, and don't want unseemly and jarring discord in our home," and she brought the rocking-chair from the parlor to the kitchen, with a serene and lofty with the series of the window. The series of the window with the series of the window with the series of the series Whether or not it was a more terrible dream than had yet oppressed her, she scarcely knew, but in the excess of her nervous horror she sent out a cry that echoed in every part of the large building. wo old women rushed in and dragged Alida's persecutor screaming away.
"That's allus the way o' it," she shricked.

"As soon as I find me Nora they snatches me and carries me off, and I have to begin me watchin' and waitin' an' lookin' ag'in

Alida continued sobbing and trembling violently. One of the awakened patients sought to assure her by saying, "Don't mind it so, miss. It's only old crazy Kate. Her daughter ran away from her years and years ago, -how many no one knows, -and when a young woman's brought here she thinks it's her lost Nora. They oughtn't a

let her get out, knowin' you was here."
For several days Alida's reason wavered. The nervous shock of her sad experience had been so great that it did not seem at all improbable that she, like the insane mother, might be haunted for the rest of her life by an overwhelming impression of something lost. In her morbid, shaken mind she confounded the wrong she had received with guilt on her own part. Eventually, she grew calmer and more sensible. Although her conscience acquitted her of intentional evil, nothing could remove the deep rooted conviction that she was shamed beyond hope of remedy. For a time she was un-able to rally from nervous prostration; cares for me. To work, and to be tole atec meanwhile, her mind was preternaturely for the sake of my work, is all that's left.' active, presenting every detail of the past until she was often ready to cry aloud in her despair.

Tom Watterly took an unusual interest in her case and exhorted the visiting physician to do his best for her. She finally began to improve, and with the first return of strength sought to do something with her feeble hands. The bread of charity was not sweet.

Although the place in which she lodged try to endure her foolish, high-flown talk was clean, and the coarse, unvarying fare until the three months expired; but that she abundant, she shrunk shuddering, with each day's clear consciousness, from the tive in matrimonial designs was proof of door before delivering her return fire.

CHAPTER XIII.—Nor WIFE, BUT WAIF. majority of those about her. Phases of Tom Watterly's horse was the pride of life of which she had scarcely dreamed were the common topics of conversation. In her mother, she had learned to venerate gray hairs, and it was an awful shock to learn that so many of the feeble creatures about her were course, wicked, and evil-disposed. How could their withered lips frame the words they spoke? How could they dwell on subjects that were profanation, even to

such wrecks of womanhood as themselves?

Moreover, they persecuted her by their curiosity. The good material in her apcuriosity. The good material in her apparel had been examined and commented on; her wedding ring had been seen and its absence soon noted, for Alida, after gaining the power to recall the past fully, had thrown away the metal he, feeling that it was the last link in a chain binding her to a loathed and hated relationship. Learning from their questions that the innates of the almshouse did not know her history she refused to reveal it, thus awakening endless surmises. Many histories were made for her, the beldams vieing with each other in constructing the worst one. Poor Alida soon learned that there was public opinion even in an almshouse, and that she was under its ban. In dreary despondency she thought, "They've found out about me. If such creatures as these think I'm hardly fit to speak to, how can I ever find work among good, respectable people?"

Tom caught the fainting woman in his arms and shouted, "Here, Bill, Joe, you lazy loons, where are you?"

Three or four half wrecks of men shuffled the receiver of the control of the receiver of the control of the receiver surrounded, retarded her recovery. By her efforts to do anything in her power for others she disarmed the hostility of some of the women, and those that were more or less demented became fond of her; but the majority probed her wound by every look and word. She was a saint compared with indulging in pleasing reminiscences which any of these, yet they made her envy their respectability. She often thought, "Would to God that I was old and ready to die as the feeblest woman here if I could only hold up my head like her."

Industry in pleasing reminiscences with the facts of her life scarcely warranted.

"Ven hi vas as leetle a gall as ye a she began, and then she related experied quite devoid of the simplicity and innoce of childhood. The girl soon forgot her forms."

One day a woman who had a child left it sleeping in its rude wooden cradle and went down stairs. The babe wakened and began to cry. Alida took it up and found a strange solace in rocking it to sleep again upon her breast. At last the mother returned, glared a moment into Alida's appealing eyes, then snatched the child away with the cruel words, "Don't ye touch my baby ag'in. To think it ud been in the arms o' the loikes o' ye!"

Alida went away and sobbed until her

strength was gone. She found that there were some others ostracised like herself, but they accepted their positions as a mat-ter of course,—as if it belonged to them and was the least of their troubles.

Her strength was returning, yet she was still feeble when she sent for Mrs. Watterly and asked, "Do you think I'm strong

enough to take a place somewhere?"

"You ought to know better than me,"
was the chilly reply.

"Do you—do you think I could get a
place? I would be willing to do any kind of
honest work not beyond my strength."

"You hardly look able to sit up straight.
Better work fit it you're stronger.

Better wait till you're stronger. I'll tell

my husband. If applications come, he'll see about it," and she turned coldly away.

A day or two later Tom came and said A day or two later fold came and said brusquely, but not unkindly, "Don't like my hotel, hey? What can you do?"

"I'm used to sewing, but I'd try to do almost any thing by which I could earn my

living."
"Best thing to do is to prosecute that

scamp and make him pay a good round sum

She shook her head decidedly. "I don't wish to see him again. I don't wish to go before people and have the—the—past talked about. I'd like a place with some kind, quiet people who keep no other help. Perhaps they wouldn't take me if they knew; but I would be so faithful to them, and try so hard to learn what they wanted"—

"That's all nonsense, their not taking you.

people who take me ought to know," said Alida, with a bowed head. "They'll be blamed fools if they don't

think more of you when they do know," was his response. "Still, that shall be as you his response. "Still, that shall be as you please. I've told only my wife, and they've kept mum at the police station, so the thing

hasn't got into the papers.

Alida's head bowed lower still as she replied, "I thank you. My only wish now is to find some quiet place in which I can work and be left to myself."

"Very well," said Tom, good-naturedly, "Cheer up, I'll be on the lookout for you."

She turned to the window, near which she dication that she was not at peace. At last was sitting, to hide the tears which his she said, with great dignity, "Mrs. Viggins, rough kindness evoked. "He don't seem to shrink from me as if I wasn't fit to be spoken to," she thought; "but his wife did. m afraid people won't take me when they

know. The April sunshine poured in at the window; the grass was becoming green; a robin alighted on a tree near by and poured out a jubilant song. For a few moments hope, that had been almost dead in her heart, revived. As she looked gratefully at the bird, thanking it in her heart for the song, it darted upon a string hanging on an adjacent spray and bore it to a crotch between two boughs. Then Alida saw it was building a nest. Her woman's heart gave way. Oh." she moaned. "I shall never have a home again? No place shared by one who cares for me. To work, and to be tole ated

CHAPTER XIV.—A PITCHED BATTLE.

It was an odd household under Holcroft's roof on the evening of the Sunday we have described. The farmer, in a sense, had "taken scantuary" in his own room, that he might escape the manœuvering wiles of his tormenting housekeeper. If she would content herself with general topics he would

such an unbalanced mind that he was filled with nervous dread. "Hanged if one can tell what such a silly, hair-brained woman will do next," he thought, as he brooded by the fire. "Sunday or no Sunday, I feel as if I'd like to take my horsewhip and give Lemuel Weeks a piece of my mind." Such musings did not promise well for

Mrs. Mumpson, scheming in the parlor be-low; but, as we have seen, she had the fac-ulty of arranging all future events in her mind. That matters had not turned out in the past as she had expected, counted for nothing. She was one who could not be taught, even by experience. The most insignificant thing in Holcroft's dwelling had not escaped her scrutiny and pretty accurate guess as to value, yet she could not see or understand the intolerable disgust and irritation which her ridiculous conduct excited. In a weak mind, egotism and selfishness, beyond a certain point, pass into practical insanity. All sense of delicacy, of the fitness of things, is lost; even the power to consider the rights and feelings of others is wanting. Unlike poor Holcroft, Mrs. Mumpson had few misgivings in regard to coming years. As she rocked unceasingly before the parlor fire, she arranged every thing in regard to his future as well as her awc.

Jane, quite forgotten, was oppressed with a miserable presentiment of evil. Her pinched but intense little mind was concentrated on two facts,-Holcroft's anger and her mother's lack of sense. From such premises it did not take her long to reason out but one conclusion,—"visitin' again;" and this was the summing up of all evils. Now and then a tear would force its way out of one of her little eyes, but otherwise she kept her troubles to herself.

Mrs. Wiggins was the only complacent personage in the house, and she unbent with a garrulous affability to Jane, which could be accounted for in but one way,— Holcroft had forgotten about his cider barrel,

the facts of her life scarcely warranted.

"Ven hi vas as leetle a gall as ye are," she began, and then she related experiences quite devoid of the simplicity and innocence of childhood. The girl soon forgot her fears and listened with avidity until the old dame's face grew heavier, if possible, with sleep, and she stumbled off to bed.

Having no wish to see or speak to her mother again, the child blew out the candle and stole silently up the stairway. At last Mrs. Mumpson took her light and went noisily around, seeing to the fastenings of doors and windows. "I know he is listening to every sound from me, and he shall learn what a caretaker I am," she murmural coffits.

ed softly.
Once out-of-doors in the morning, with foot on the native neath of his farm, Holcroft's hopefulness and courage always returned. He was half angry with himself at his nervous irritation of the evening before. 'If she become so cranky that I can't stand her, I'll pay the three months' wages and clear her out," he had concluded, and he went about his morning work with a grim purpose to submit to very little nonsense.

Cider is akin to vinegar, and Mrs Wig-gins's liberal potations of the evening before had evidently imparted a marked acidity to her temper. She laid hold of the kitchen utensils as if she had a spite against them, and when Jane, confiding in the friendliness shown so recently, came down to assist, she was chased out of doors with language we forbear to repeat. Mrs. Mumpson, therefore, had no intimation of the low state of the barometer in the reigon of the kitchen. "I have taken time to think deeply and calmly," she murmured. "The proper course has been made clear to me. He is somewhat uncouth; he is silent and unable to express his thoughts and emotions in brief, undeveloped; he is awfully irrelig ious. Moth and rust are busy in this house; much that would be so useful is going to waste. He must learn to look upon me as the developer, the caretaker, a patient and helpful embodiment of female influence. I will now begin actively my mission of making him an ornament to society. That mountainous Mrs. Viggins must be replaced by a deferential girl who will naturally look "Ye shall not get away from me, ye shall not get away from me and try ing him an ornament to society. That we stained are the woll est fence, reminding her amused looker-on of the near the control of the lear mountainous Mrs. Viggins must be replaced by a deferential girl who will naturally look up to me. How can I be a true caretaker—not strong enough yet. You'd be brought this dwelling with two hundred pounds of female impudence always in my way? Mr. Holcroft shall see that Mrs. Viggins is an unseenly and jarring discord in our home," and she brought the recking society. and she brought the rocking-chair from the ome out all right."

"I—I think that if—if I'm employed, the ing.

"At first there was an ominous silence in Portentous sounds in-

respect to words. Portentous sounds increased, however, for Mrs. Wiggins strode about with martial tread, making the boards creak and the dishes clatter, while her red eyes shot lurid and sanguinary gleams. She would seize a dipper as if it were a foe, slamming it upon the table again as if strikingan enemy. Under her vigorous manipulation, kettles and pans resounded with remote like firearms. ports like firearms.

Mrs. Mumpson was evidently perturbed her calm superiority was forsaking her; every moment she rocked faster, a sure in

down things."
"Vell, jes' ye vait a minute, han hi'll show ye 'ow hi kin take hup things han put 'em down hag'in hout 'o my vay," and before Mrs. Mumpson could interfere, she found herself lifted, chair and all bodily, and carried to the parlor. Between trepidation and anger, she could only gasp during the transit, and when left in the middle of the parlor floor she looked around in utter bewilderment.

It so happened that Holcroft, on his way from the barn, had seen Jane looking in at the window, and suspecting something amiss. had arrived just in time for the spectacle. Convulsed with laughter, he returned hastily to the barn; while Jane expressed her feelings, whatever they were, by executing something like a hornpipe before the win-

Mrs. Mumpson, however was not vanquish ed. She had only made a compulsory re-treat from the scene of hostilities, and after rallying ler shattered faculties, advanced again with the chair. "How dared you, you disreputerble female," she began Mrs Wiggins turued slowly and ominous-

"Woman!" she cried, "are you out of your mind? Don't you know I'm housekeeper here and that it's my duty to super-

intend you and your work?"
"Veli, then hi'll double ye hup hand put ye hon the shelf hof the dresser han' lock the glass door hon ye. From hup there ye kin see all that's goin' hon and sup'intend to ye're 'earts content," and she started for her superior officer.

Mrs. Mumpson backed so precipitately with her chair that it struck against the door-case and she sat down hard. Seeing that Mrs. Wiggins was almost upon her, she darted back into the parlor, leaving the chair as a trophy in the hands of her enemy. Mrs. Wiggins was somewhat appeased by this second triumph, and with the hope of adding gall and bitterness to Mrs. Mumpson's defeat, she took the chair to her rivat's favorite rocking-place, lighted her pipe and sat down in grim complacency. Mrs. Mumpson warily approached to recover a suppor which, from long habit, had become moral as well as physical, and her indignation knew no bounds when she saw it creaking under the weight of her foe. It must be admitted, however, that her ire was not so great that she did not retain the "better part of valor," for she stepped back, unlocked the front door and set it ajar. Returning, she opened with a volubility that awed even Mrs. Wiggins for a moment. "You miserable, mountainous pauper, you interloper, you unrefined, irresponserble, unregenerate female, do you know what you have done in thus outraging me? I'm a respecterble woman, respecterble connect-I'm here in a responserble station. When Mr. Holcroft appears he'll drive you from the dwelling which you vulgarize. Your presence makes this apartment a den. You are a wild beast"-

"Hi'm a vile beastes, ham hi?" cried Mrs. Wiggins, at last stung into action, and she threw her lighted pipe at the open mouth that was discharging high sounding epithets

It struck the lintel over the widow's head, was shattered and sent down upon her a shower of villanously smelling sparks. Mrs. Mumpson shricked and sought frantically to keep her calico wrapper from taking fire. Meanwhile, Mrs. Wiggins rose and took a step or two that she might assist should there be any positive danger, for she had not yet reached a point of malignity which would lead her to witness calmly an auto-da

fe. This was Jane's opportunity. Mrs. Wiggins had alienated this small and hitherto friendly power, and now, with a returning impulse of loyalty, it took sides with the weaker party. The kitchen door was on a crack; the child pushed it noise lessly open, darted around behind the stove withdrew the rocking-chair.

Mrs. Wiggins's brief anxiety and pre-occupation passed and she stepped backward again to sit down. She did sit down, but with such terrific force that the stove and nearly every thing else in the room threat-ened to fall with her. She sat helplessly ened to fair with her. She sat helplessly for a bewildered moment, while Jane, with the chair, danced before her, exclaiming, tauntingly, "That's for chasing me out as if I was a cat."

"Noo hi'll chase ye both hout," cried the

the ireful Wiggins, scrambling to her feet. She made good her threat, for Holcroft, a mement later, saw mother and daughter, the latter carrying the chair rushing from the front door and Mrs. Wiggins, armed with a great wooden spoon, waddling after them, her objurgations mingled with Mrs. Mumpson's shricks and Jane's shrill laughter. The widow caught a glimpse of him stand ing in the barn-door, and as if borne by the wind, she flew towards him crying, "He

shall be my protector."

He barely had time to whisk through a side door and close it after him. The wi-dow's impetuous desire to pant out the story of her wrongs carried her into the midst o the barnyard, where she was speedily confronted by an unruly young heifer that could scarcely be blamed for hostility to such a wild looking object.

The animal shook its head threateningly as it advanced. Again the widow's shriek resounded. This time Holcroft was about to come to the rescue, when the beleagured woman made a dash for the top of the nearest fence, reminding her amused looker-on

able to restrain roars of laughter. Perched upon the fence, the widow called piteously for him to lift her down, but he was not to be caught by any such device. At last, giving up hope and still threatened by the heifer, she went over on the other side. Knowing that she must make a detour before reaching the dwelling, Holcroft went thither rapidly with the purpose of restor-ing order at once. "Jane," he said sternly, "take that chair to the parlor and leave it there. Let there be no more such non-

sense At his approach Mrs. Wiggins returned sullenly to the kitchen. "Come," he ordered good-naturedly, "hasten breakfast and let there be no more quarrelling."
"Hif hi vas left to do me work hin

"Hif hi vas left to do me work peace,"—she began.
"Well, you shall do it in peace."
At this moment, Mrs. Mumpson came tearing in, quite chlivious of the fact that she had left a goodly part of her calico skirt on a nail of the fence. She was rushing towards Holcroft, when he said, sternly and with a repellent gesture, "Stop and listen to me. If there's any more of this quarrelito me. If there's any more of this quarrelito me. If there's any more of this quarrelito me. If there's any more of this quarrelitory is like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send line like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send like cats and dogs in my house, I'll send like cats and love like me result of ignorance and folly, who find themselves weak, nervous and exhausted; also Mms who are broken doub Mms who If you are not all utterly demented and hopeless fools you will know that you came here to do my work, and nothing else." catching a glimpse of Mrs. Mumpson's dress. and fearing he should laugh outright, he turned abruptly on his heel and we t to his room, where he was in a divided state between irrepressible mirth and vexation.

Mrs. Mumpson also fled to her room. She

felt that the proper course for her at this juncture was a fit of violent hysterics; but a prompt douche from the water pitcher,

a prompt douche from the water pitcher, administered by the unsympathetic Jane, effectually checked the first symptons. "Was ever a respectable," interrupted the girl, as she departed, "you look like a scarecrow. 'Fi's you I'd begin to show some sense now."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The grand total of the white pine lumber product of the Northwest for 1886 was 7,425, 368,000 feet. This is 370,000,000 feet in ex cess of the preceding year.

HOUSEHOLD.

POTTED SHRIMPS.-Shell a quart of shrim.ps freshly boiled, chop them lightly, and pound them with about two ounces of fresh butter, cayenne, a suspicion of mace, and, just at the last, some finely chopped chives. Serve with hot dry toast.

POTTED HERRING.-Pick the flesh from bone and skin, and pound it in a mortar with a little butter, cayenne pepper, salt and atom of mace. Serve as before. Cold smoked salmon or Finnan haddies done in this way, with a dust of currie powder, are excellent.

Roast chickens are a delicacy if the chickens are of good quality. Obtain, if possible, chickens with a whole breast bone, truss them neatly, and let them be carefully singed; put celery dressing inside each chicken; tie a piece of buttered paper or a slice of bacon over the breast, and roast in moderate oven, basting frequently. Time of roasting, about an hour. About ten minutes before they are done remove the paper or bacon and sprinkle them freely with salt. Serve with plain gravy in a boat, not in the dish; garnish with thin slices of boiled bacon rolled up.

MOCK GAVIARE. -Bone some anchovies, chop them lightly and pound them in a mortar with a little dried parsley, a clove of garlic (shallot is usually strong enough, especially if a piece of garlic has been rubbed once or twice across the mortar), cay-enne, salt, a good squeeze of lemon juice, and a very few drops of salid oil. Serve in glass dish with hot dry toast.

CAUS.—Pound together to a smooth paste one small onion or shallot (in Russia, the one small onion or shallot (in Russia, the home of this dish, they use a clove of garlic), four anchovies, about the same of cheese, a small piece of butter, one teaspoonful of mustard, cayenne and salt to taste. Shape like a tiny cream cheese, and serve like the preceding. Chopped chives are often used instead of the onion.

GREEN BUTTER. -- Wash and pick carefully two ounces of parsley; boil it well, then pound it thoroughly with the same quantity of anchovies, washed and boned; rub it through a sieve, and mix it with four ounces of fresh butter. Serve in a little pat under a lump of ice, with hot crisp toast, or else heaped smoothly on little squares of fried bread with an olive stoned and curled round a fillet of anchovy on the top.

SAVORY Eggs.—Hard boil four eggs and cut them in two across. Remove the yolks and fill the whites (from the tips of which a bitshould be cut to let them stand) with a mixture of chopped olives, tongue, an anchovy or two, a little beet-root and some capers; season each with a few drops of best salid oil or a squeeze of lemon, and grate over each the yolk of eggs. Serve on some crisp, dry toast, cut in tiny squares or circles. The advantage of the preceding half dozen savories is that they can be prepared some time before serving.

Sorry That He Killed Him.

Toronto man (meeting an old missionary friend)—" Well! Well! When did you return from Africa?"

Returned evangelist—"I left shortly after you did, and, by the way, I was greatly encouraged by something I saw just before starting home."

"Eh! What was that?"

"I saw the Zulu slayer of the young Prince Imperial weeping and raving over his wickedness in killing the youth, and his people stated to me that he could not be comforted."

"Yes, I told him that if he had taken the boy alive he could have got a big ransom."

The Federal Life Assurance Co'y.

(Hamilton Times, March 3rd, 1887).

The fifth annual report of this Company, which appears elsewhere in our columns, is such a report as must be perused with plea-sure by all who feel interested in the success of a worthy home institution. That the Federal should have done an amount of new insurance in its fifth year in excess of what has ever been done in Canada in any year by any company, except the Canada Life, shows any company, except the Canada Life, snows a degree of success in this regard which is quite unparalleled. When the Federal adopted the Homans plan of insurance, it was claimed by officers of other companies that there was no field in Canada for such a system of insurance. The contrary has been proved by the experience of the Company. The gain in insurance in force over the previous year has, under the circumstances, been remarkable. In fact, the progress of the Company has been in every way most satisfactory. We are assured, while the new business so far this year far exceeds that done during a corresponding period in any previous year, renewal premiums are being paid with a degree of regularity and prompt-ness that affords the utmost satisfaction to the Company.

People who are subject to bad breath, foul coated tongue, or any disorder of the Stomach, can at once be relieved by using Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters, the old and tried remedy. Ask your Druggist.

Whenever your Stomach or Bowels get out of order, causing Biliousness, Dyspepsia, or Indigestion, and their attendant evils, take at once a dose of Dr. Carson's Stomach Bitters. Best family medicine. All Druggists, 50 cents.

The burden of a song is the being obliged to sit still and listen to it.

Heart Disease,

The symptoms of which are "Faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpitation, skip beats, hot flashes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the heart with beats, strong, radiul pain in the heart with beats heart beat the strong with the strong painting and the strong pa pid and irregular. The second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, &c." Can be cured "in many of the first stages." Send 6c in stamps for pamphlet and full particulars. Address M. V. LUBON, 47 Wellington St. East, Toronto, Canada.

"Castor oil is easy to give, but awfully hard to take." So is advice.

A new brass band in Cincinnati has blown all the plaster off its practice room.