

A SUMMER SHOWER.

"So you will not forgive me, Cosy?" George Wharton asked, as he stood in the garden path below, looking up at her as she leaned out of the library window of Ashley manor-house.

"No, I will not."
"And we are to part forever?"
"I have told you so."
The unforgiving maiden, whose soft, clear voice was in itself a contradiction of the very words it gave utterance to, was looking away with her tearful blue eyes to the distant hills which were already enveloped in the evening mists, and trying not to look where her lover stood anxiously waiting and watching for a sign of forgiveness.

The window almost reached the ground and was shrouded in blossoming roses. Suddenly Cosy turned and broke off a large spray, and directed all her attention to the task of smoothing out every leaf and peeping mysteriously under every petal, a warm flush gathering on her face.

"Darling, forgive me! I'll never vex you again—I swear it! And, Cosy, I was so awfully out up, too."
The spray was thrown down at his feet, the blue eyes regarded him with a scornful, flashing anger in their troubled depths, and the rose-bloom deepened into a passionate crimson.

"You mean you sat for an hour and a half smoking, for Daisy saw you—smoking those hateful cigars, while I was waiting for you and wondering why you did not come, and fretting myself to death about you. And you were enjoying yourself all the time and never thinking or caring what had become of me; and you call that being awfully out up. I—"

"Cosy—" with one hand laid upon the ledge of the window.

"Don't call me by that name, sir. I am no longer 'Cosy' to you. Our engagement is at an end, and the sooner that is known the better."

She drew herself away from the caressing hand that sought to touch her, and stood passive and silent by the curtain.

George Wharton stepped back from the window and threw away the end of a cigar he had held concealed all this time in his hand. He looked perplexed and angry, although he lifted his straw hat with a profound bow, and said pleasantly and carelessly enough:

"I have the honor of bidding you a very good evening, Miss Middleton."

There was no answer; Cosy had gone.

George walked away to the very same spot where he had spent the greater part of the evening—a little summer-house called the Bower, built under one of the fine cedars that spread their dark arms over the grassy lawn. It was a favorite spot of his, perhaps because he was free to smoke there to his heart's content.

"A summer shower—dear little girl!" he thought to himself with a smile, recalling her sudden, girlish anger, and remembering how very pretty she looked with her blue eyes flashing and her cheeks glowing like dark roses. How strange that she could ever dream of taking herself out of his life forever!

The rustle of a white dress, the gleam of an exquisite face shrouded in soft satin and lace, a laugh clear and musical as the notes of a bird, and Cosy had passed right through the cloud of objectionable smoke, leaning on Percy Winyard's arm, and apparently quite unconscious of any need of anger or regret.

"I will sing to you to-morrow, and perhaps I will tell you then," the sweet, soft voice was saying.

Percy bent lower over the fair speaker and whispered something that George did not hear, but the reply to those low, tender words came back to him suddenly, painfully, like a knife thrust into his heart. He sprang to his feet and stood by the little green bower trembling with excitement.

"Yes, I care for you a little—only a very, very little."

Was it really Cosy who was taken into Percy's arms and kissed once, twice, under the cedars, with the fragrance of the Portugal laurels around, and the moonbeams shining through a rift in the dark boughs overhead—Cosy, the dear little girl of his hopes and dreams, the sweet little love for whose sake he had traveled many thousand miles, and resigned willingly all the advantages that might have accrued to him from a longer stay in the land of pagodas and pig-tails? Could it be that the gay, trifling girl whose merry laugh had aroused him from his reverie was his own sweet Cosy, who, despite her hatred of smoking and her passionate temper, had so often timidly confessed her love for him, and in whose pure eyes he had read nothing but truth and honesty? Oh, it was impossible, simply impossible—he could never have been deceived!

"False and cruel as the emblem she wore!" murmured George. "And I should have staked my life on her goodness and faithfulness!"

He went into the little bower, and sitting down by the rickety wooden table, strewn with fancy work and books belonging to Cosy and her sister, he leaned his head upon his arms, and a few great sobs struggled upward from his proud, wrung heart. All the years before him were a long, desolate blank.

A shadow darkened the doorway, and with a sudden desperate effort, he went out and faced the intruder. It was Cosy, with the satin hood and looking very pale, with swollen red eyelids, and her pretty evening dress of delicate cashmere wet and dragged through trailing it over the damp grass and paths. She started back upon seeing her lover's face, and shivered a little as she drew her clinging dress about her.

"This is your bracelet, I believe," began George struggling to preserve a dignified reserve and coldness of manner. "I found it here only a few moments ago."

Seeing the pale face, with the eyes no longer glowing and bright with anger, but full of sorrowful pleading and remorse, he could say no more. For several moments there was a profound silence; then George Wharton roused himself, and offering her the bracelet was about to pass by her, when she laid her hand gently upon his arm and so detained him.

"Cosy," he said, almost despairingly, turning to her and wondering what her conduct could possibly mean, "How could you do it when I loved you so?"

"I am sorry, dear," returned Cosy, trying not to cry again. "I knew that it was very wrong of me to get into such a rage; but I had waited for you so long, and, of course, I thought Daisy had given you my message. You know it's really her fault, after all. I had something to tell you—something very important, and, when you never came, I

naturally thought you preferred to smoke rather than listen to me, and I was very angry—I confess it. But you need not believe everything I say at such times."

"Cosy, what are you talking about? Have you taken leave of your senses? Don't you know it is not five minutes since I picked up this proof of your heartless conduct—the bracelet you now have in your hand?"

"The bracelet! Why, what have I done now? I thought you hated it, so I gave it to Daisy. I'm sure you used to say you hated it. It is you who have taken leave of your senses."

"But did you not pass here five minutes ago with Winyard?"

"Daisy did. That is what I wanted to tell you—Daisy and Percy."

"But she had your hood on."
"Had she? Oh, very likely! We do wear each other's things in the most shameful way."

"My darling," whispered George, folding her tenderly in his arms, "will you, can you ever forgive me?"

"Why, what is the matter, George? I thought I was altogether in the wrong this time; but you did not really believe I did not love you?"

"I did, my sweet one. Heaven forgive me! I wronged you to the extent of a few moments, but, Cosy, I will never do it again—never, never, darling."

"It was very wrong of you, if you really did," she said, smiling; "and I don't know of any punishment great enough for the offense. Suppose you had gone on thinking so, how miserable we should have been all our lives!"

"Don't let us speak of it any more," George answered gravely. "Cosy, I will do anything in the world to prove how much I love you. I will give up smoking from this moment. Does that please you?"

Cosy laughed merrily.

"George," she said, looking down at her wet feet, "don't you think we had better go indoors? You can come into the library if you like, and smoke, just for once, to please me, the proverbial pipe of peace, while I promise on my part never to lose my temper again."

"Cosy, you are an angel, and I—well, I will give up smoking when we are married, and pipes of peace have become superfluous things!"—[Waverly Magazine]

A Asylum for Royalty.

The recent escape of Prince Skolkowski, a member of the Upper House of the Prussian Landtag, from the insane asylum to Doebling, a suburb of Vienna, has called attention to this exclusive Bédlam in which nearly all the patients are entitled to wear the coronet of a duke, prince, or count. Among its patients are the Duchess Adelaide of Schleswig-Holstein, mother of the German Empress; the Princess Amelia of Bavaria, Prince Rupert of Bavaria, eldest grandson of the Regent of that kingdom; and the Prince of Montenuovo, son of the Empress Marie Louise of France, wife of the first Napoleon; two Princesses of the royal house of Wurtemberg and Saxony, and several other members of the reigning families of petty German sovereignties. Besides these the Empress of Austria and the Czarina of Russia are outpatients, and the Duchess of Cumberland, sister of the Czarina, and the Duchess of Alençon, sister of the Austrian Empress, have recently been released.—[Chicago Tribune.]

Electric Light on Cars.

Sir Frederick Bramwell, the eminent English engineer, who visited Canada at the time of the British Association meeting, writes to the London "Times" with reference to the recent railway horror at Hamilton. He declares that England, up to the present, has fortunately been free from the aggravation of the ordinary accident implied in the burning of passengers to death, but adds, "how long we shall escape it is impossible to say." He attributes, rightly, the cause of the burning to the breakage of the oil lamps and the scattering of the fires from the car stoves, and remarks: "The first cause of accident could be absolutely avoided if the trains were lit by the incandescent electric light. This is perfectly feasible, and has been for some time in partial use, in England at least. The result of an accident to a train thus lit would only be that the lamps would be extinguished, and no harm would follow. As to the second cause of accident, that arising from the scattering of the fires from the heating apparatus, this can also be absolutely avoided, and the train can be equally well warmed by the steam from the locomotive, in a manner also, to some extent, in use in England." It is all very well to say that there is nothing strikingly new in these suggestions, but if they are in working order in England why may they not be tried here?

Domestic Trouble and Rough on Rats.

BALTIMORE, May 30.—A policeman was standing under the Baltimore and Ohio trestle at Carey street to-day, when he noticed an aged man sitting above him on the edge and in danger of falling and being killed. The policeman slipping up behind caught the old man just as he was about to swallow "rough on rats," it being his intention to jump after taking the poison. At the station house he said his name was J. W. Randall, and that he had married and buried four wives, and now his fifth wife, after getting into a religious discussion, had knocked him down with a tin pan, and told him his second cousin John was dearer to her than he was. Overcome by his misfortune he had resolved on suicide. He was locked up.

June.

Oh, golden June; in close embrace
The sunshine holds thee, and thy face
Is kissed by gentlest winds that pass
With lingering lips thy loveliness.

The sweet wild rose and violet,
Red clover bloom and mignonette,
Make for thy brows a fragrant crown;
Of brightest emerald is thy gown.

The silver streamlets are thy gems—
Rarer than princes' diadems.
And everywhere thy footsteps pass
The gleaming dew drops dot the grass.

Oh happy month! Love, Joy, and Song,
And fairest flowers to thee belong;
And glad birds sing their sweetest tune
To greet thy coming, lovely June!

Ottawa. M. L. M.

TRULY A TERRIBLE STORY.

The Horrible Fate Which Came to a Poor Little Zulu Maid.

The son of a Pambeli, a chief had died suddenly and the diviners, or witch doctors, were called upon to smell out the "abataki" who had caused the young chief's death. The Zulus are completely under the power of the witch doctors. They believe thoroughly in bad men and women who go about causing sickness and death; they believe that these evil ones go about at night accompanied by their familiars (wild cats and baboons) and lay

POISON IN THE PATHS

for people to step over, and on the thresholds, and in the fields to destroy crops—thus sickness and death are attributed to their magic and malice.

The course of the next day all the people gathered in the square before Pambeli's house, a mass of silent quaking men and women, for none knew whom the diviners would convict. Pambeli himself sat silent and sorrow stricken in the doorway of his hut; before him, the witch finders.

There were three hideous and revolting men wearing various charms upon their filthy bodies, rows of gleaming teeth round their necks, dried toads, with the eyes of animals and snake skins tied to their waists, and a quantity of clanking metal bracelets on ankles and arms.

After some preliminary incantations these three men suddenly leaped forward and commenced their work of "smelling out." Round and round the great circle formed by the people they ran, sometimes slowly with cunning gravity, sometimes with almost incredible swiftness, forever crying out one word "Eswa," and all the people repeating it after them, sometimes loudly—then it was dangerous—then whispering it, crying it over and over again.

RUNNING, DANCING, YELLING,

until the witch finders, steaming with perspiration, had lashed themselves in a state of hysterical fury, shouting and shrieking with the wildest contortions of face and limb, till, after one tornado of final violence, they swooped with the rapidity of eagles upon one startled girl, touched her with a forked stick, and cried, "Eswa," at their loudest, while the cowering crowd breathed freer the next moment, and then repeated the fatal word in one last overwhelming shout.

It was all over, the trial was finished, the victim was selected, and naught remained but the penalty to be pronounced. At the supreme moment of selection the people dropped away on either side, and the girl stood alone, the focus of all eyes. After one fearful glance all around, after one second of intense rigidity, the woman fell forward in a STUPOR OF PITIABLE TERROR.

It was a sight no man could ever forget. When those appointed by the witch doctors touched her she rose shrieking and struggling, but seeing—probably knowing—the hopelessness of it all she fell again at their feet.

Late that night, one of our Kafir lads—an English speaking mission-boy, called Tom Oupe—came in and told us she had been taken to the woods, bound to a tree, her body smeared all over with wild honey, a small train of it thickly laid near a white ants' nest, and left. When the moon crept above the tops of the trees, Wood and I arose, buckled on our revolvers and cartridge belts, and signaled Oupe quietly. After going about a mile, the boy crouched and pointed, and Wood and I went forward alone. There was a partial clearing in the forest, and through the trees we could see the plain beyond, then a passing cloud drifted by and obscured the light. We two men stood close together, and waited with our revolvers in our hands. Nowhere does the moon seem to shine with such wonderful radiance as in Africa. When the light showed again we crept forward. All at once Cyril gave an inarticulate cry of horror and dismay; he was covered with thousands of crawling things, slimy millions were creeping at our feet, and there before us—in the white splendor of the moonlight—was the poor girl's body tied naked at the foot of a tree, eaten to death by ants.

The Newfoundland Legislative Assembly has adopted the Government's railway resolutions by a vote of 26 to 6. The new railway is a piece of enterprise creditable to the people of the Island. The scheme has its opponents. What similar national undertaking has not! The timorous, short-sighted people who would sooner trudge through the mud than pay for a sidewalk make a wild lamentation when bigger plans are afoot, and raise a noise entirely out of proportion to their numbers or the weight of their objections. Canada has the same kind of people to deal with, but progresses in spite of them.

Speaking of railroads and Sunday regulations, Mr. D'espé, President of the New York Central road, said recently that he had received letters of complaint from some shareholders, asking why their dividends should be jeopardized for the sake of giving Sunday rest to railroad employees. This indicates the animus against which many railroad managers have to contend, and which doubtless prevents their doing what they would willingly enough do in the line of mitigating Sunday work, if left to their own untrammelled will. But the Mammon worship is too strong for them in most cases and compels a recognition which charity asks us to believe is often rendered all unwillingly.

It was a great mistake of the monarchial governments of Europe to boycott the Paris exhibition by refusing to be represented at its opening or to give any countenance to its aims. To talk of its being something very like a crime to give any kind of countenance to the French revolution of a hundred years ago is supremely silly and something worse. In spite of all the horrors of the Reign of Terror and all the bloodshed of the Napoleonic wars, that revolution in its consequences has been an unspeakable blessing to France and to the world. The idea of the Queen and the Government of England refusing to give countenance to any thing that forced a union of the two, as it is said was attempted by the Young Men's Christian Association of Buffalo. The "Professor" who had charge of the gymnasium classes connected with the Association was ordered by the Directorate to lead in prayer before beginning his instructions. This he refused to do, and resigned his position. There is such a thing as being righteous over much and the Buffalo Y. M. C. A. seems to be one of "the unco guid" kind.

GENERAL NEWS.

Mrs. Roscoe Conkling owns a necklace designed by Napoleon I. It is very exquisite, in workmanship, the enameling being famous for its brilliancy. The emperor personally supervised its manufacture. After his death it found its way to this country, where it was purchased by Mr. Conkling.

The German emperor received a very original Easter egg. It is of candied sugar and is supported by statuettes in sugar of Prince Bismark and Count Moltke. Upon the egg is a group representing the imperial family (likewise in sugar, colored), while the egg itself contains a musical box which plays the Prussian national hymn.

Tamberlik, the tenor, who died the other day, was once strolling through the market at Madrid, when he noticed a great lot of song-birds in cages. He drew a thousand franc note from his pocket, handed it to the proprietor, and threw open all the cages, saying: "Go and be free, my brothers!" as the birds flew away.

An American newspaper syndicate recently offered William E. Gladstone the sum of \$25,000 for a series of twenty-five articles on subjects of current interest. The following reply has been received from Mr. Gladstone: "At my age the stock of brain power does not wax but wanes, and the public calls upon my time leave me only a fluctuating residue to dispose of. All idea of a series of efforts is, therefore, I have finally decided, wholly beyond my power to embrace."

The English barmaids who are to attend the Paris Exposition are attracting immense attention in that city. It has been hinted that there will be some ordinance forbidding the employment of all women in the cafes during the show, and the papers are full of advice to young men how not to be enthralled.

A counterpart of the "Salon des Refuses," which in Paris takes and exhibits such pictures as are rejected by the Salon jury, is to be established in London for the accommodation of the five or six thousand aspirants who can not get into the Royal Academy. Although the Paris institution is regarded in the light of a huge joke, yet it was the means of first placing Whistler and several other noted men before the Parisian public.

While clearing an old swamp last week, Mr. Martin Finsh, living near Pleasant Valley, Indiana, discovered quite a curiosity. Several feet beneath the leaves and muck he unearthed what appeared to be a stone book. Close inspection showed it to be a family Bible, bearing the date 1773 plainly lettered. It is now solid limestone. Those who have examined the book state that it was originally a real book and is now petrified.

It is related that when Miss Jewsbury was staying with the Wordsworths she wrote a short poem. She thought she had worked very hard at it and carried it down triumphantly to breakfast. "There, Mr. Wordsworth," she exclaimed, "I spent three hours over these lines." "Young lady," replied the great poet—"young lady, I have spent three weeks over the same number of lines."

"By the death of Francis Cornelius Donders," says the London "Athenaeum," "not only does Holland mourn her most distinguished investigator, but men of science in all countries feel that they have lost one of the leaders of physiology and the first ophthalmologist of his time. It is now scarcely ten months since the celebration of his seventieth birthday was marked by the congratulations of his admirers and pupils in all parts of the world, and his appointment to the Emeritus professorship, which he had earned by forty years of hard work."

The National Academy exhibition just closed sold \$21,000 worth of pictures. This is a falling off from last year, when the sales reached \$22,000, and \$27,000 in 1887. In 1886 125 paintings were sold for \$27,000; in 1885 122 were sold for 29,000, and in 1884 the sales amounted to \$30,000 in round numbers. In 1883 the receipts from the sale of pictures exceeded \$40,000. An amount nearly as large was realized in 1882. The best year financially, in the academy's history, was 1881, when 123 pictures brought \$42,800. In 1880 the sales amounted to \$28,000.

Thirty years ago, when the population of England and Wales was about 19,250,000, the average number of penal servitude sentences was 2,589; but by the end of 1887 when the population had risen to over 27,750,000, the average number of such sentences had fallen to 962. On the last day of 1869 there was 11,660 persons undergoing sentences of penal servitude in England and Wales, the population then being 21,681,000. In July, 1888, when the population had advanced to nearly 28,000,000, the penal servitude subjects had fallen to 6,921.

An English friend of the late Laurence Oliphant says that there never was a man so indifferent about money. He came one day to a bank in London, and asked for a box that he had long ago deposited there, and which he believed to contain valuable securities and important papers. The box was brought; he had no key, and there was none in the possession of the custodians of the box. It was therefore broken open. What were the contents? A battered old merschaum pipe, and nothing more. And what were the results of this discovery on Oliphant? Not any expression of disappointment or regret, but peal upon peal of that delightful and infectious laughter which all who knew him will ever connect with the personality of Laurence Oliphant.

Anti Semitism has become so intense and aggressive in Vienna as to create a powerful and vigorous opposition. Two hundred and fifty firms in Buda-Pesth have published a common declaration to the effect that they will cease visiting Vienna's International Corn Market in consequence of the growth of the Anti Semitic movement in that city. Similar declarations have been signed by the corn merchants of Miskolcz, Arad, and Pressburg, in Hungary, and by a thousand others in Prague, the majority of whom are said to be Christians. This boycotting of Vienna has held so upon the commercial and industrial classes that the Vienna Association formed to attract visitors to the capital, has formally set its views of affairs before the Austrian Premier. Trade and industry, says the association, especially the art industry, are at the lowest ebb in Vienna, principally because rich foreigners avoid a city in which those who spend money are held up to opprobrium and hatred, and also because the wealthy Jewish residents studiously refrain from any display of luxury in order to escape the attacks of the Anti Semites. The memorial closes with a petition to the Government to denounce Anti Semitism.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor,—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respy, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 164 West Adelaide St. Toronto, Ont.

There is not much variety in skirts of dresses, but in bodices it is seemingly endless.

A. P. 452.

WHY YOU SHOULD USE SCOTT'S EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES.

It is Palatable as Milk.
It is three times as efficacious as plain Cod Liver Oil.
It is far superior to all other so-called Emulsions.
It is a perfect Emulsion, does not separate or change.
It is wonderful as a flesh producer.
It is the best remedy for Consumption, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Cough and Colds.
Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and \$1.00.

PATENTS procured, Patent Attorneys, and experts Est'd 1867. Donald C. Eldon & Co., Toronto.

CANCER

and Tumors CURED; no knife; book free. DR. MCMICHAEL, No. 63 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.—Send for our Large Illustrated Catalogue of Band Instruments, Violins, Guitars, Flutes, etc., and all kinds of Trimmings. Agent for Franche's and DeWitt's Plays. BUTLAND'S MUSIC STORE, 37 King St. West, Toronto, Ont.

TEACHERS can make money during vacation by canvassing for one or more of our fast selling Bibles and Bibles, especially History of Canada, by W. H. Withroy, D. D., latest and best edition ever published, prices low, terms liberal. Write for illustrated circulars and terms. WM. BRIGGS, Publisher, Toronto.

AUTOMATIC SAFETY ELEVATORS

Pat. hydraulic, hand and steam elevators. LEITCH & TURNBULL Canadian Elevator Works, Peter and Queen streets, HAMILTON, ONT.

GUELPH BUSINESS COLLEGE, Guelph, Ont.

There are no vacations, the College being in session throughout the entire year. Its graduates are meeting with distinguished success as book-keepers, business managers, shorthand-writers, court reporters, etc. Individual instruction is a feature of the institution. Graduates assisted in obtaining positions. Address M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

BARKER'S SHORTHAND SCHOOL,

45 King Street East, Toronto, Formerly, for over five years Principal of the Short-hand Institute in connection with the Canadian Business University Typewriting Department under the management of Mr. GEO. BENGOUGH, agent of the Remington Typewriter. Apply for circular. Mention this paper in writing.

Artificial Limbs

FOR CIRCULAR ADDRESS, J. DOAN & CO., 87 North Ave., Toronto, Ont.

BEAVER LINE STEAMSHIPS.

Sailing Weekly between MONTREAL and LIVERPOOL. Saloon Tickets, \$40, \$50, and \$60. Return Tickets, \$50, \$60 and \$70, according to steamer and accommodation. Intermediate \$30. Round Trip Tickets, \$60. Steerage, \$20. Apply to H. E. MURRAY, General Manager Canada Shipping Co., 1 Custom House Square, MONTREAL, or to Local Agents in all Towns and Cities.

Merchants, Butchers and Traders Generally.

want a GOOD MAN in your locality to pick up CALF SKINS For us. Cash furnished on Satisfactory Guaranty. Address: C. S. PAGE, HYDE PARK, Vermont, U.S.

Brown Engines

IRON AND STEEL BOILERS ANY SIZE. TORONTO ENGINE WORKS PRINCESS AND FRONT STS J. Perkins & Co. Toronto.

Toronto College of Music

SUMMER TERM, WILL BE HELD FROM July 8th to Aug. 9th, Specially designed for teachers and those who cannot attend the regular sessions, instruction in all departments by the most eminent teachers. Large Three Manual Organ in College Hall for lessons and Practice. Fall Term begins September 5th. F. H. TORRINGTON, Director.

FARMS -

IN MANITOBA Scottish, Manitoba and North-West REAL ESTATE CO., LIM. W C Akin, Mgr, 357 Main St, Winnipeg

Lands in all parts of the Province. Low Prices. Easy Terms. Lists Sent and Full Information Furnished on Application. Send us your name and we will mail you our descriptive catalogue.

JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF. THE GREAT STRENGTH GIVER. A NUTRITIOUS BEVERAGE. A PERFECT FOOD. A POWERFUL INVIGORATOR.