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 G. P. REID,
 Manager.

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 Paid Up 1,000,000
 Reserve Fund 600,000

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 I am prepared to fill orders for good shingles.

CHARTER SMITH,
 DURHAM FOUNDRYMAN

Maida's Secret.....

By the Author of....
 "A Gipsy's Daughter,"
 "Another Man's Wife,"
 "A Heart's Bitterness,"
 Etc., Etc.

—she's very beautiful, and some one is sure to come sooner or later. Son curate, or—confound him! who ever he may be."

He broke off, and too disturbed by the idea of a possible lover for Miss Thorpe, she arose and went to the piano. She was playing softly, a sort of running accompaniment, but her thoughts it seemed to him, and did not heed him approach.

Guy stood looking at her, his hand so near her that it almost touched her arm, a strange, wistful, troubled feeling possessing him. He was to marry—if he kept his promise—to marry Constance. And he had been willing to marry Constance—had given her his love; but she had coldly thrust it aside. Her coldness had made him miserable, the air of mystery and reserve had chilled him and saddened him. Now, at the critical moment, he meets this beautiful creature, with all the tenderness and meek maidenliness which to him Constance lacked.

Was he fickle? He could scarcely accuse himself of that. For one thing, he was not in love with this sweet young creature yet. He liked her, in a friendly way, and she exerted a soothing, quieting influence upon him, but he was quite sure that he did not love her. He thought of Constance as he looked at her, and he sighed.

She had not known he was so near, and, looking around with a little start, was in time to see the troubled, perplexed look in his handsome face. Her voice faltered, and her fingers strayed on the keys.

"I am trying you," she said, and her hands dropped into her lap.

"Don't talk like that," he said. "I know of no one who can compare with you—"

He stopped in confusion and she looked up at him with a frightened flush. Then she bent her head timidly and looked down. As she did so her brooch—a little silver bird—fell from her throat to the floor. She bent, and put out her hand to recover it, and in doing so touched his face, as he stooped also. The blood flew to both their faces as she drew her hand back; but when he looked up her face was pale.

He looked at the brooch for a moment, and then held it out to her in his open palm; as she touched it with the tips of the soft white hand, his fingers closed on hers.

With a sudden quiver she raised her eyes to his, a half frightened questioning in them.

Some word trembled on Guy's lip, a world of passionate longing shone in his eyes; then he remembered Constance and his promise to Sir Richard, and, as if with a sudden effort, he let her draw her hand away, and with tightly compressed lips he turned aside.

With a long breath, either of relief or regret, she let her fingers touch the keys, to gain time and composure.

When she looked around afterward Guy was gone, and a minute later she heard the sound of his horse tearing up the lane. Her face went down and was hidden in her hands.

Guy rode like a man fleeing from some terrible temptation, but the look in those soft, melting brown eyes went with him and haunted him. That touch of her warm hand on his cheek—why had it sent the blood surging through him and made his heart beat so wildly? Could it be possible that he loved her? He had only seen her twice or thrice—knew nothing of her except that she was worth to mention the past. And Constance—what was to be done about her? It was true that she showed no signs of accepting him if he proposed to her; but still, he had promised, and the promise was sacred to Guy.

And that thought took him to the one of love. Did he love Constance, or had the sweet-faced girl at the cottage won his heart? Why, else, had he been on the point of telling her so at that moment when he held her hand imprisoned in his? Well, then, he did love her. But what right had he to even think of her if he was pledged to another. He groaned and dug the spurs into Hotspur's sides till that noble beast reared and plunged forward in a mad gallop.

As for Mildred, she could not leap into the saddle and ride away her perplexity and embarrassment, but she caught up a white shawl and said she would go out for a walk. It mattered little to her which way she took, and it was not until she had gone some distance that she realized that she had turned toward Hartleigh village.

To be Continued.

CHAPTER XXII.

Time, that flew with fleet wings for the petted heiress of the Hall, dragged with leaden heels for the lonely girl at the little cottage at Loughham. There were no picnics, no dinner parties for her. Day after day wore away, each like its fellow day, whereas but a few days ago the days had all been joyous to her, they now were dull.

Eight days had passed since Guy had sat in the easy, chaise-lined chair—eight long days; and in the afternoon of the eighth, Mildred came in at the gate, and slowly walked along the hall, into which she used to run eight days ago.

She had been to the church to practice, and she had played and sung the music and the hymn which she had played and sung that afternoon when Guy had fallen asleep in the church.

A perfect picture she made as she paused beside the autumn roses. A very flower among flowers she looked, the fairest of them all. The girl turned away from the rose-tree and was entering the cottage, but at that moment there came the sound of hoofs on the road, and she saw a stalwart figure, riding a great, powerful horse, coming toward the cottage.

Was he going to stop, or would he merely bow and ride on? She knew, in that moment of intense longing, what it was that had filled her monotonous life with a vague sense of gladness—of sweet, melancholy pleasure—of infinite, dream-like longings. She had been looking for the second visit of this young squire with his crisp golden hair, and the frank, boyish smile.

Would he ride past? Suddenly, as she asked herself the question, Guy caught sight of her. A pleased light shone in his blue eyes, and he sent Hotspur forward with a spring, scattering the gravel in all directions.

"Good-afternoon, good-afternoon," he cried, dropping from his horse, and standing bare-headed before her. "What a beautiful afternoon!"

She murmured something, and Guy, who was waiting to see her put out her hand, at last put out his. With a little twitch of the scarlet lips, she put her little hand into his great brown one, and felt a thrill run through her, as his strong fingers closed over her soft ones, and he held them prisoners.

"You see," he said, still holding her hand, "I have kept my word, and very soon put yours to the test. Will you give me a cup of tea? Ah, here's the dame. Well, dame?"

"What, Master Guy! was the glad exclamation. "Is it you? Oh, bring him in."

"Horse and all?" laughed Mildred, her soft eyes beaming, her cheeks blushing like roses.

"Oh, that great, ugly Hotspur," said the dame. "Tie him to the gate."

"Where he can kick all the passers-by," said Guy. "No, he shall go in the paddock; it will not be the first time," and he led the horse away.

When he came back Mildred had flown.

"Where's Miss Thorpe?" he asked. "Only gone to her room, poor child!"

"What's the matter? Why is she poor child?" asked Guy, smiling.

"Why, don't you see how pale she is?" said the dame. "Not at all like herself, she haven't been for this—oh, this week past."

"Pale!" said Guy, incredulously, and looked up significantly at the door opening. Mildred entered, a beautiful color on her sweet face, her eyes shining, her lips eloquently curved in a smile of serene happiness.

The dame stared. Half an hour ago the girl had been sitting in the arm-chair, looking "like as if she were going into a decline," the dame had said and now:

"Heart alive!" exclaimed the dame gazing at her admiringly. "What a girl! Those roses in your cheeks?"

Mildred started, and looked shyly from one to the other, and the roses grew to peonies.

"Come, dame, don't be personal," said Guy, banteringly. "You'll be complimenting me directly on my altered appearance."

"Ah, and so I will," said the dame. "Why, bless the boy! if he isn't red now. Have you been doing anything wrong, you two? You look as if you were waiting for a whipping, that you do."

CHAPTER XXIII.

There was a profound silence for some moments after the dame's remark, and two beautiful roses settled on the cheeks of Mildred, while Guy stirred his tea as if he meant to scratch a hole in his cup. Then the dame, all unconscious of the confusion she had occasioned, began to chatter and ask questions, and Guy, compelled, as usual, to give an exact account of the health of the

folks at the Hall, and of every little event which had happened there since his last visit to the cottage.

"And the old cat's dead, and that's all. Quite enough too, dame. Miss Thorpe is bored to death. Let us talk of something else."

"Very well, my dear," laughed the dame. "I'm going to clear the things away; you and Miss Mildred can then talk about what you like."

"Let me help you, dame," said the girl, rising, but the dame pushed her gently into her chair again.

"Sit still, my dear; he'll be off like a shot if he's left alone. Keep him till I come back."

With a little laugh and a heightened color, Mildred arose, and taking up her work, went and sat beside the open door, but she did not offer to talk. Guy leaned back and watched her, his head resting on his hand, his thoughts roaming here and there aimlessly, a feeling of repose, very novel and grateful, stealing over him.

"Not tired of your seclusion yet, Miss Mildred, he asked.

"Not in the very least. I am quite content."

"Quite content!" He nodded and sighed. "That's a great thing to say. But you look it; you look quite happy."

"I am very happy," she assented in a low voice.

"Yes, you look it," he said, thoughtfully, unconsciously gazing at her sweet face, with its soft, reposeful lips and downcast eyes. "You look as if the world with all its failings and disappointments, were a sealed book to you; as if life had been one untroubled day, neither too bright nor too cloudy, but—"

He paused suddenly, for at his words the color left her cheeks, and she raised her eyes with a troubled look.

"Oh, you are wrong, quite wrong," she said, in a startled voice. "Life has been very hard and sad for me till now; perhaps that is why I am so content. Not too bright—ah, no, it has not been too bright—but clouded."

"You will forgive me," he said "but sometimes, when I am thinking of you"—she colored faintly and lowered her head at those words—"I have an idea that you have travelled a great deal."

She looked up with a hesitating glance, and then went on with her work.

"Yes," she said reluctantly. "I have travelled a great deal."

"I thought so," he gently responded.

"Why?"

"I scarcely know. For one thing, because I sometimes fancied I detected a little foreign accent in your voice—something American."

Once again she glanced at him with the half-troubled, half fearful look, as if wondering if he suspected anything she would not have him know.

"I have been in America," she slowly said.

"I thought so," said Guy frankly. "How strange! You know, of course, that I have not long returned from there?"

"Yes, I know," she assented.

"It would be singular if I had met you there," he said, as if communing with himself. "Were you ever in San Francisco?"

"A shade of white passed over her face, and she looked at him with a strangely searching glance. Her fingers paused in their task, and she answered him in a low tone:

"Yes, I have been in San Francisco."

"When?" demanded Guy, eagerly.

She hesitated, and then reluctantly answered:

"In July."

"July!" he repeated after her, with a tone of pleased surprise; "why I was there in July. Do you know, the first time I saw you I had an idea that I had seen you before. I fancied at first you were like my cousin Constance. Is it possible that we could have met in San Francisco?"

"No, no," she answered, hastily. "I don't think we had ever met before the other day, and it must be that I am like some one you have seen; though," she added, with a smile, "I do not think it can be Miss Hartleigh, because they say she is so beautiful."

"No more," she answered, and then colored and went on, blunderingly, "hers is a different style of beauty from yours."

She stopped him with a merry laugh.

"I am unused to such compliments," she said; "to any indeed, so I do not know what to say. Of course I am very much obliged, Mr. Hartleigh," and she laughed again in a manner which indicated that she did not set much store by what he had said.

"That's right," he said, cheerfully. "I wanted to hear you laugh. And if you are so much obliged you can show it by singing something for me, will you?"

"I don't think you deserve it," she said, still smiling.

"She arose, nevertheless, and went to the piano.

Guy leaned his head against the door-post and watched her, as her white, slender fingers glided over the keys, and the exquisite voice rose softly into song.

"She is not only beautiful," he thought; "she is lovely—lovely beautiful. What a hard world it is. But what can I do for her? Nothing. She is happy and content, she says. Ah!" and he sighed, "if she were still suffering from some wrong, I would want someone to right her—to defend and protect her, there would be some comfort in that—for me. I could do something then. But to be her friend only till some one with a better title comes to take her away

many a hostess. How often after the menu is written is an extra course added because one guest, who is to be present, had many at her dinner last month or last year? Some women lie awake at night to devise a new dish which will awaken wonder and envy in the other women who are to dine with them. This is especially true in small towns where the same friends meet often at one another's homes; there is frequently a rivalry between neighbors which consumes time, money and energy, and turns the rites of hospitality into an epicurean cult.

One noted woman was taken unawares by a party of distinguished visitors whose letter announcing their coming had somehow failed of delivery. They appeared just at dinner time, tired and hungry. That fate plans these things, that the servants had been given a holiday, and the family were about to sit down to a picnic meal of bread and milk and raspberries. There was no fire in the kitchen, and no time to cook anything had there been; so the unruffled hostess put more bowls of milk on the table and another dish of raspberries, and the guests sat down to what was undoubtedly the simplest meal of their lives. There was a laughing explanation of the circumstances, but no apologies and no embarrassment. It is needless to say that the strangers rated that woman's tact above the roast beef and salad, and journeyed on to speak of her savoir-faire in a way to make other women envious.

CHICKEN IN JELLY.

Draw and clean a chicken and cut it up with the exception of the breast, which should be left whole. Put the pieces in a stew-pan with the liver, heart and gizzard; add two bay leaves a small bunch of parsley and thyme and half of a small lemon; pour in water to cover, season to taste with salt and pepper and boil the chicken very gently until tender. When cooked take it out of the liquor, cut the meat off the breast in four long strips and cut the remainder of the meat into small pieces. Put the bones back in the saucepan with half an ounce of gelatine that has been dissolved in a small quantity of water and boil gently for fifteen or twenty minutes longer. Strain the liquor through jelly, and add enough to make a thick jelly dish to cover the bottom. When the jelly has set, arrange on top of it a device in hard boiled eggs, put the largest slice of chicken in the centre of the dish, arrange some of the other slices around it, pour in another layer of the jelly, and leave it until set. Then put in the remainder of the pieces of meat, arrange them tastefully, pour the remainder of the jelly carefully over, and put it in a cold place. When the jelly is firm dip the dish in warm water, wipe it and turn the contents over on a dish upon which is a folded napkin, garnish with a few sprigs of parsley and serve.

MEASLES.

The great thirst and craving for cold drink usually present in measles is often denied for fear of interfering with the eruption when, as a matter of fact, free cold water drinking frequently results in the appearance of the desired outbreak, the cooling of the internal surface causing the blood to flow outward, thus relieving the intense internal congestion. If the skin is pale and the patient feels chilly, a warm or hot bath will often give relief, and be followed by the appearance of the rash. Oiling the skin after the sponging gives relief from the intense irritation which is so wearing on the nervous system.

Did you see that man we passed just now? Yes. He's a sort of relative of mine. Is he? How? He married the girl I was engaged to.

PRIMITIVE FISHING.

How Fish are Caught by The Natives of The Congo.

Primitive methods of catching fish are in vogue among the natives of the Congo. Sometimes they poison the water and occasionally fish with a hook and line, but their favorite instruments of destruction are funnels, shaped somewhat like ordinary ear-pots, from which no fish, having once entered, can escape.

A small funnel of this kind is called a "nswa," and is made of thin strips of palm. A fish can easily enter, but as soon as he tries to get out he finds the exit barred by the ends of the strips, which come together just inside the broad entrance. When the water is rising and falling fish can easily be caught in this way.

Larger and longer funnels, known as "nswa," are also used. They are made of broad strips of palm or branches of other trees, and are found very effective in rapidly flowing rivers. First, the river is dammed, and then a number of openings are made in it, behind which the "nswas" are placed. Through the force of the current the fish are driven into the openings, and once there they cannot get out.

Some of the fish caught in these funnels are of enormous size, frequently, indeed, so large that two boys find it no easy task to carry one of them home.

DINNER GIVING.

To share another's salt was once considered a recognition of affinity, of common interest, of camaraderie. Now, unfortunately, the spiritual meaning is too often forgotten, and dinner-giving is perfunctory and duty-bound. Decidedly the reason why it is considered a disagreeable duty rather than an intimate pleasure is that dinner-giving has become largely an opportunity for display. Just to outshine her neighbors, if only by a hair-breadth, is the ambition of

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Munn & Co. 311 Broadway, New York
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Dame Europa—"Now, boys, don't all speak for the wishbone."

About the House

QUINCES AND TEA LEAVES.

White visiting a friend I first became acquainted with the Japanese quince as an article of food, writes a correspondent. I am not sure that the sensation of delight which my stomach experienced at the sight of quince jelly, of which I am especially fond, did not shine forth from my eyes and give rise to my hostess's rather pertinent remark:

"You are fond of quince jelly, are you not?"

"Very," I replied; at the same time raising my spoon containing a generous portion, to my lips. "Yes, I am extremely fond of quince jelly," I continued, "but I never tasted any that could compare with this; it is delicious."

"I am glad you like it," said my friend. "My experiments do not always prove satisfactory; but I must acknowledge that this is one of the exceptions. Let me explain. I had some quinces given me—a dozen more—but hardly enough to be of much account. As I stood looking out of the window, my Japanese quince bush caught my eye. Why not eke out with a few of these? If the jelly is good, I'll confess; if not, I'll say nothing about it."

"I ran out and picked three of them, and then went to work. I smiled while peeling and cutting the flinty things, at the surprise, pleasant or otherwise, I was preparing for my family; they never are quite sure of me." And she gave a smiling glance around the table.

"Harry brought a friend home to tea one night; and as this was all I had on hand in the shape of preserve I was forced to use it; remembering that if anything was amiss, it was to be of my neighbor's quinces. I was obliged to explain, but not in the way I had anticipated. Now I always use a few Japanese quinces whenever I make jelly. Not only do they improve the flavor, but they also have a tendency to make the jelly firmer and clearer. I am careful not to use too many as they are very tart. It is this acid quality that brings out the rich quince flavor; just as currants do with the Japanese quinces which she has promised to do.

"What are you going to do with these tea leaves?" I asked a friend, one day. A heaping bowlful of tea leaves stood upon the table, and my friend was equipped for sweeping.

"I am going to put them on my carpet," she answered.

"To be the fun of sweeping them up again?" I asked with a laugh.

"Is it possible you never have heard of our grandmothers' method of sweeping a carpet, without raising the dust?" she asked.

While she talked she industriously scattered the fragrant leaves over her carpet. I watched her with much interest, as she seized her broom and the dust which otherwise would have been whirling around the room, remained wrapped up in the wet leaves, which at last were gathered into a dust-pan. I also noticed that scarcely any dust had settled upon the furniture; and that her carpet looked as bright as if it had been washed.

"That night I began to save tea leaves, and they have saved them ever since. It is very little trouble. I keep a large bowl into which I put the leaves, having first thoroughly drained them through a strainer. I never sweep a carpet without using them, with the exception of my parlor carpet, which is very light. Besides keeping down the dust, the wet leaves brighten the carpet wonderfully, and are much easier to sweep up than sawdust, which also is used for the same purpose.

CLEVER COMPLIMENTS ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

King Edward VII. is a Past Master in the Art—A Scotch Minister's Reply.

There are probably few men living who can fashion a compliment or frame a happy retort, with more skill than King Edward VII.; or, when occasion demands it, can more effectually crush rudeness or presumption.

Only a few weeks ago, when a beautiful young countess inadvertently interrupted the King when he was speaking and apologized with blushes and confusion, the King, with a low bow, bade her continue, saying, with a smile, "When Lady—speaks Kings may count it a privilege to be silent."

On another occasion, when a pretty young debutante, the daughter of one of his oldest friends, was deploring the fact that the sun would not make his appearance, the Prince, as he then was, smilingly answered, "Ah! you see, Miss—, the sun is very human after all. He cannot brook a rival."

This reminds one of perhaps the most charming compliment ever paid by a man to beauty. In the old days, when it was customary for the Scotch ministers to bow to the chief members of the congregations as they entered the church, Dr. Wightman, of Kirkmahoe, omitted one morning to notice the entry of Miss Miller, the daughter of his chief parishioner. When the young lady reminded him playfully of his oversight the courteous old man replied, "I beg your pardon, I am sure; but surely Miss Miller knows that angel-worship is not permitted by the Church of Scotland."

For promptness and cleverness it is doubtful whether Dr. Wilberforce's retort to Lord Palmerston.

HAS EVER BEEN BEATEN.

It may be remembered that when the famous Bishop and Lord Palmerston were guests in a country house Dr. Wilberforce elected to walk to church, leaving the statesman and other guests to drive in a closed carriage, as they feared the rain.

When the carriage overtook the pedestrian, who was, at the time, trudging through the heavy rain, Lord Palmerston put his head out of the window and shouted to "Soapy Sam"—

"How blest is he who ne'er consents By ill advice to walk; To which the Bishop promptly answered—

"Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor Where men profanely talk."

Lord Bradford, a Scotch judge, famous for his wit in retort, was very much annoyed one day, when presiding over the Court of Session, at the failure of one of his brother judges to appear. "What on earth can be keeping the man?" he querulously asked of a fellow-judge. "Haven't you heard," the judge answered, "that Stonefield has lost his wife?" "Has he, indeed?" answered Bradford, "That's a very good excuse, indeed; and I wish we had of the same."

In much lumber circles the temptation to make an effective retort proves equally irresistible. Not long ago the following advertisement appeared in a Yorkshire paper:—

I, Thomas Green, hereby declare that I will no longer be responsible for the debts of my wife, Elizabeth Green.

On the following day appeared this significant retort in the same column of the same paper:—

I, Elizabeth Green, hereby declare that I am quite able to pay my own debts, now that I have got shot of Tommy.

MR. W. S. GILBERT.

of comic-opera fame, has a deserved reputation for witty retort. Once when he was supervising the rehearsal of "Brantingham Hall" at the St. James's Theatre, one of the actresses who had to make a hurried entrance, saying, "Stay, let me speak," would persist in exclaiming: "Stay, stay! let me speak."

"After Mr. Gilbert was weary of correcting her lost patience and said: "No, Miss—, you must not say that; it isn't 'stay, stay,' but simply 'stay'—one 'stay' you know, not a pair of stays."

"The answer that turneth away wrath" was never better exemplified than by a French Abbe who had offended Conde, and sought an interview to make his peace with the great man. When Conde saw the Abbe he rudely turned his back on him. "Thank God," the Abbe said, "that your Highness does not at all consider me an enemy."

"What makes you think that, M. Abbe?" the Prince asked, in surprise.

"Because, your Highness," the Abbe artfully answered, "no one would ever accuse you of turning your back on an enemy."

What could Conde do but take the diplomatic Abbe into favor again?

AN ESTIMATE OF SUCCESS.

And how is my old school friend Binson getting on? said the man who had returned to his native city after a long absence.

"Oh, he's doing first-rate."

"But he was such a bright boy we always expected he would display special ability."

"Well, I don't know that he hasn't displayed special ability. I never heard him mentioned in connection with any of your elections."

"No; that's just the point. He has shown ability to go ahead quietly and build up a business. He doesn't have to run for office."

British and Irish emigration during the past year shows a large increase compared with 1899.