

MAN'S HOUSE EXPERIENCE.  
"Maria," observed Peter Grigwell to his better half, as he decapitated his second egg at the domestic breakfast table. "I suppose your strongly developed feminine proclivities will not allow of your foregoing, for once in a way, the delicious delights of a thorough 'spring cleanin'?"  
"If, Peter, in plain English, you mean that you wish me to shirk my duty as a British housewife by neglecting to clear away a twelvemonth's accumulation of grime and cobwebs, you suppose correctly," retorted Mrs. Grigwell in a dry, matter-of-fact tone of voice that ought to have silenced any average man.  
But Peter had become so acclimatized as it were, to his wife's very own style of oratory that it had ceased to impress him ever so slightly.  
"Twelve months' accumulation!" he cried, in well-feigned astonishment. "Why, I have always labored under the impression that the house was kept pretty clean, week in and week out."  
"Pretty clean, of course," returned Mrs. Peter, with a sniff and toss of her head, "but the carpets are not taken up weekly. But perhaps you have been so absorbed in the consideration of weightier matters that you have failed to notice such a detail as that." This was said in Mrs. G.'s most sarcastic vein, but it only elicited a gruff "Humph!" from her husband, so she returned to the charge with: "Then look at the ceilings. You cannot truthfully deny that they require whitening, and badly, too."  
"I suppose the process is inevitable," observed Peter, at a rifle wearily. "No home complete without it, so to speak."  
"I should think not," exclaimed the lady in a ringing voice of triumph.  
"There is one thing I am fully determined upon, though," said Mr. Grigwell, calmly, "and that is, I am not going to be annoyed by the same thing as I was last year. Dasher's bill was a paralyser. A few more like it would compel me to undergo the process of whitewashing myself."  
"What do you intend to do, then?" asked Mrs. Grigwell, in a voice as hard as the primest of iron.  
"I intend," answered Peter, in a self-reliant tone, "to whitewash myself."  
"Yes," observed Mrs. Grigwell, sweetly-bitterly, "in fact, 'but who is going to whitewash the ceilings?' Peter gave his wife a penetrating glance, having a hazy notion that she was trying to get at him, as the saying goes, but as she bore his gimlet-like stare without flinching, he appeared satisfied, and said:  
"Yes, I am determined to distemper—they call it now in the bill—the ceilings entirely on my own. See?"  
Mrs. Grigwell felt the situation to be desperate, indeed, but knowing from experience pained in the past how utterly futile would any attempt be on her part to reason with the self-opsinated Peter, she determined to try the effect of ridicule.  
"Peter Grigwell," she said, in her most withering manner, "you will surely never be quite such an idiot as to attempt to whitewash the ceilings of this house!"  
"Madam," retorted Mr. Grigwell, grimly, "your remarks are in exceedingly bad taste, and will become the wife of a far-wearing husband, whose sole intent is the welfare of his family, and to preserve them from being plundered by rapacious distempers."  
"You will find that your silly lad will cost you dear in the end," retorted Mrs. Grigwell, with a derisive laugh.  
"Bosh!" exclaimed Peter, hotly. "That's just the way!—but there, what's the use of arguing with a woman! Let me see, to-day is Wednesday, I shall make a start with this room to-morrow at 10 sharp. You hear, Maria, at 10 o'clock."  
Peter spent the remainder of the forenoon in getting together all the old newspapers in the house, and with the aid of a large lobster tin full of paste, a brush and a pair of garden shears, he fashioned out of several of the broad mysterious-looking things bearing a weird resemblance to inordinately roomy trousers, and an expansive coat with balloon-like sleeves.  
Next morning Peter was up in good time, and set about mixing his whitewash in a zinc bucket, so as to be in readiness for his work as soon as breakfast was out of the way. By 10 o'clock the course was clear for Peter to commence his wrestle with the distemper business. He, with calm politeness, requested that he might be left alone, as he required no assistance, and a whole thing would be done within an hour.  
Mrs. Grigwell gave her husband a pitying look, then silently left him to his own diabolical devices.  
Then Peter set to work in desperate earnest. With a number of newspapers he enshrouded the various articles of furniture, then spread a farles quantity all over the carpet, then he proceeded to invest the walls with the order of the paper collar, as one might term it. All this done, Peter looked around upon his handiwork, a smile of satisfaction meandering across his face as he did so.  
"Who said it was impossible to whitewash a ceiling without spoiling everything in the room?" he soliloquized. "I'll show 'em how it's done."  
The self-satisfied Peter then proceeded to conceal his own rotund form with the mysterious paper combinations previously mentioned. Certainly his appearance was more that of a circus clown than of a respectable rate-paying citizen, especially when he concluded his toilet by placing on his massive (some called it fat) cranium a paper cap of the orthodox sugar loaf shape so much affected by grotesques of the sawdust. However, there was nobody present to see him, so what did it matter?  
Up the handy pair of steps sprang Peter, bucket and brush in hand, and without unnecessary delay he made dash No. 1 at the ceiling—by which the water he had forgotten should have first been water washed—with the brush heavily charged with the beautifying mixture. The result was not

quite as the amateur distemperer may have wished. A far greater percentage of the whitening descended in thick shower on Peter's paper dittoes than went on to the ceiling, to say nothing of sundry big splashes upon various parts of his upturned face, causing him to sneeze so violently as to very nearly lose his balance and topple off the steps ignominiously to the floor.  
After ten minutes' wild dabbing and splashing Peter thought he might as well assist exhausted nature by blowing the fragrant weed during work, just as though he were a real British workman. So he came down from his perch, found his beloved briar, charged it with some of Taddy's "Myrtle Grove" and lighted it with a British workmanlike—dropped while still aflame on to his improvised paper dragnet.  
No sooner had Peter again mounted his rostrum, than, glancing downward, he saw to his dismay the devouring element skimming along the floor. Downed scuttled the alarmed distemperer with the intention of stamping out the blaze. But alas! in the excitement of the moment poor Peter forgot the nature of his improvised apparatus. The next moment the tongues of the fiery serpents crawling on the floor had licked Peter's "ready-made" and he was soon frantically occupied in tearing off the paper covering and burning his hands to a rather "sulphury" tune.  
The situation threatened to develop into something serious, as the fire had commenced to mount the walls, so Peter was reluctantly compelled to fling open the door and yell for assistance.  
Mrs. Grigwell rushed forth from the back regions, and, giving a wild look into the room, fled, screaming, to the street door, which she flung open, and then she proceeded to shriek out:  
"Fire! fire! Police! police!"  
Suddenly a great commotion was heard in the front, the street door was thrown violently open and a brass-helmeted figure loomed faintly through the thick smoke which filled the entrance hall. The next instant a shining copper tube was pushed forward into the room, and before Peter could find breath to tell the man who pointed the nozzle full at him that all danger was past he was almost off his feet by a powerful jet of water which drenched him to the skin.  
However, he soon found his tongue sufficient to overwhelm the fireman in some choice vernacular that nearly had the effect of starting the fire afresh.  
With an injured look beneath his metal headpiece, the fireman threw down his hose and, going to the street door growled out to his colleagues outside:  
"Tarr off!"  
The following day the professional "distemperers" came as heretofore, and at Christmas their little (f) bill will come to Peter Grigwell as usual. The house furnishes too, will benefit by Peter's laudable but misdirected effort to economize. Taken altogether, Mrs. Grigwell's prophecy was pretty accurate.

### AN EPILEPTIC SUFFERER.

A FENLON FARMER TELLS OF HIS REMARKABLE CURE.  
At Regular Intervals He Was Subject to Fits, and Doctors Told Him the Trouble Was Incurable—Now Free From the Malady.  
From the *Warder, Lindsay, Ont.*  
Mr. Robert McGee, of the 9th constituency of Fenlon, Victoria county, says in speaking of his cure from this terrible malady—"I am 55 years of age and live on the old homestead where I was born and have lived all ways since, and where my own little family were born. This part of Fenlon is known as McGee's Settlement, there are so many of that name living in the vicinity. Never in my life did I know what a day's sickness was until March, 1885, when without any known cause, and without any warning I was stricken down with an epileptic fit. It came on in the night, causing great consternation in the household, as my wife, who never saw anything of the kind before, thought it was my end; as for myself I neither felt nor knew anything that was going on about me. After coming out of the convulsion, which they tell me usually lasted from fifteen to thirty minutes, I would fall into a heavy sleep from which I would awake with a dull, heavy feeling, and all the muscles of my body would be sore. This would pass away and in a day or two after the attack I would be able to attend to my farm work, but strange as it may seem four months after as regular as a clock I would be seized with a fit, which always came on in the night. Various doctors and specialists were consulted, and I took several different medicines, but without effecting a cure. Several doctors said the disease was incurable. I read of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the newspapers and was advised by friends who had experienced cures from other seemingly incurable ailments, to try them. In November 1890 I commenced and kept on taking them regularly for a year. The dreaded period passed and passed again and again without a repetition of my trouble, and I felt that I was at last released from this terrible malady. I am now in the best of health and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In conversation with Mrs. McGee she said that her husband's trouble was the cause of most seriously affecting her nerves and general health, as she was always living in dread, and could never enjoy a night's rest. The slightest noise would startle her, and if it had not been for the kindness of a neighbor who always came and stayed at the house over night, she believes she would have broken down altogether. She also is thankful for the great change that has been wrought, and is only too glad to let others with similar afflictions know that there is a remedy for this terrible disease. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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### Queen of the Netherlands

The title of the young princess who has just been enthroned at Amsterdam is, of course, Queen of the Netherlands, and not Queen of Holland, which is only one, although the largest, of the Seven United Provinces. There never has been a Queen of Holland, except for the four years from 1806 to 1810. Wilhelmina is the last ruler of the second line of the House of Orange, which came into being in 1747, when Prince William Charles Henry Friso became Stadtholder, a post which had remained vacant since the death, in 1702, of William III, King of England and Captain-General of the Netherlands, who left no children. Should Queen Wilhelmina marry and have issue, a new dynasty will be started in the person of her child, and, as history has taught the Netherlands to regard new dynasties with distrust, they will be profoundly interested in her choice of a husband.  
Over and over again have the Netherlands, or a part of them, been governed by a female sovereign, and seldom have the results of the experiment been satisfactory. In 1417 Holland and three other provinces fell to the Countess Jacqueline, who, for some twenty years, led a romantic and agitated life, in the course of which she allowed herself the luxury of four husbands. She was unable to transmit her lands to her children, all her territories being seized by Duke Philip of Burgundy, misnamed the Good. This was a precedent not overlooked later in the century by Louis XI of France, and, accordingly, when Charles the Bold was killed at Nancy in 1477 the Netherlands and almost all his possessions devolved upon his only daughter and sole heiress, the Duchess Mary, who, Maximilian, transferred to her subjects the House of Austria in the person of her son, Philip the Handsome, who, by his marriage with Juana, the half-crazy daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella, became the father of the Emperor Charles V. For some sixty years thereafter the Netherlands had to describe as "the monstrous regiment of women." In 1507 Margaret of Savoy, the daughter of the Emperor Maximilian, and aunt of Charles V, became Governor of the Low Countries, and continued to rule them until her death in 1550. She was succeeded in the office of Regent of the Netherlands by her niece, Mary, Queen of Hungary. In 1559 another woman, Margaret of Parma, a natural daughter of Charles V, became Regent, and continued to rule until the arrival of the Duke of Alva, eight years later. Even after the revolt of the Netherlands, women played a considerable part.  
When William II, the great-nephew of William the Silent, died in 1650, his widow, Mary of England, gave birth to a posthumous son, who was destined to become William III, King of England. For some twenty years, however, after the death of William II, the office of Stadtholder was suspended, and it was not revived for his son until after the invasion of the Low Countries by Louis XIV. When William III, died without heirs in 1702, the House founded by William the Silent became extinct and the Netherlands once more asserted the right of self-rule, being, henceforth, governed by States-General for nearly half a century until, in 1747, as we have said, the Stadtholdership was restored in the persons of Prince William Friso, under the title of William IV, when, for the first time, the office was made hereditary in female, as well as male lines. On his death, four years later, his widow, Anne of England, daughter of George II, nominally carried on the Government for some fifteen years, in behalf of her young son, William V, who, when he came to the throne, was himself entirely controlled by his wife, Fredericka Wilhelmina, niece of Frederick the Great. This is another precedent for the exercise of German influence which will not be overlooked at Berlin. The discontent aroused by the Princess of Orange was so intense and widespread that, in 1787, the Prussians had to interfere and occupy Amsterdam for the purpose of reinstating the Stadtholder, her husband, who had been driven out. The Seven United Provinces remained under Prussian ascendancy until 1796, when the French, under Pichegru, overran the country, and the Batavian Republic was organized. It lasted until 1806, when, for the first and last time, a Kingdom of Holland, so called, was created by Na-

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"What should I ever have done if my wife had a bee in her bonnet like that? Heaven be praised, Mme. Worth is too sensible for that."  
He also said that his wife's most serious thoughts were always for her children, while those of most women were given to dress.

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It's hybrid white folks put in heaps of time, said Uncle Eben, shuflyin' 'bout what high white disconnected f'm monkeys. Dat sin de question, it's what direction is we gwine now.

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