TRIAL FOR LIFE

"She passed the night in patient, silent anguish; this morning she may scarcely be said to live. But do not be alarmed; the news that I shall presently carry to her will bring back her life. Yes, Cassinove, this is my firm conviction, that if you had died this morning, she would not have survived until night."

"Oh, good friend, will you not go to her immediately, and break this news to her ,and prepare her to see me?" said Cassinove, turning anxiously to Mr. Watson.

"Patience, my young friend; I must consult her physician first. Will it not be dangerous to communicate this intelligence in ner present exhausted state, doctor?"

"No; I certainly think not; it is just the sort of shock she requires to bring her back from the borders of the grave."

"But the dangerous effects of sudden joy?"

"Circumstances alter cases. The sudden joy that would kill a person in the full possession of health and strength, would only effectry to new life one dying of grief. It is the principle of the antidote. So come with me, if you please, Mr. Watson, to Mrs. Cassinove's bedside. Come, Cassinove," said the god doctor, leading the way upstairs.

When they had reached the chamber door, the doctor paused, and said:

"We must use caution in applying this electric shock, however. You two had better remain outside a few moments, until I go and prepare her."

We will draw a veil over the awaking of Laura from her stupor, and agonized joy of meeting with her husband. As soon as she had sufficiently recovered her self-possession, Cassinove, with his form dilated with pride, and his eyes beaming with joy, informed her that she was again the Baroness of Etheridge, and that the title came through him. That was the secret Colonel Hastings had communicated to him. He was no longer Ferdinand Cassinove, but Ferdinand Etheridge, the son of the late baron and Mary Coke, the beautiful daughter of his gamekeeper, whom he had married before running away with her. After his second marriage (with Rose's mother) he had hesitated to own his son; but on his deathbed he had told the whole story to Colonel Hastings, placed the necessary documents in his hands to establish the truth, and requested him to see that his darling boy wah put in possession of his rights. Hastings had betrayed his trust, for the sake of aggrandizing his son; but all his plans had been thwarted by Providence, and the terrible death of Albert had at last brought him to repentance.

"Will you value the rank and title the less because you must receive it from me?" inquired Cassinove of Laura, in a voice that was every moment becoming more agitated. "You gave me your hand in marriage when I was a poor prisoner in Newgate, with no fortune to endow my bride except sorrow, danger and ignominy. And now, Laura now, I come to you with vindicated honor and with the power of replacing on your brow the lost coronet of Swinburne! And, oh! my Laura! this is a power for which I would have bartered —Heaven forgive me—I had nearly said my soul! For never did earthly saint love heavenly angel with a purer and more fervent love than that which my heart has lavished upon you from the first moment my eyes fell upon your face. From that moment, your welfare and happiness has been my one aspiration—my one prayer! And if fortune had offered me a choice of her best gifts I would, above all others, have chosen this privilege of restoring you to your rank and title—this privilege that I would have purchased with my life! Oh, my dear Laura! say that you do not value the old barony less, now that you receive it from me, than when you believed it yours in your own right."

"No, no; I value it a thousand times more as your gift! I love to owe everything to you. But is this all true, beyond doubt?" inquired Laura.

"Beyond the possibility of doubt. I have the names and addresses of the minister who married my parents, the physician who attended my mother, the chaplain who baptized me, the nurse who took care of me, the guardian who succeeded her, and, finally, I have the personal evidence, of Colonel Hastings."

"Oh, how does Colonel Hastings justify his long silence as to your position and rights!"

"He does not even attempt to justify it. If ever I saw a man broken down by disappointment, sorrow and remorse it is Hastings. He was not naturally a very bad man, but a very naughty and ambitious one, and he was tempted by the prospect of a great fortune and the reversion of the old barony to his own family."

They were interrupted by a rap at the door. Cassinove, or Lord Etheridge, as we must now call him, opened it.

Mrs. Maberly stood there to inquire whether "her ladyship," as she had never ceased to call Laura, would have breakfast served in her chamber, and whether Mr. Cassinove would join the family at the breakfast table. He replied that he would breakfast with his lady, if they pleased; and soon after an elegant little breakfast was served in their room.

At noon that day Lord and Lady Etheridge sought an interview with the Duke and Duchess of Beresleigh. They met in the library, and when the doors were closed and they had seated themselves around the central writing-table, Lord Etheridge laid before the Duke of Beersleigh a package of documents that he requested him to examine.

The duke, in some surprise, took up the packet, and looked over the papers carefully one by one. Rose ,entirely ignorant of what was to come, awaited in preplexity the issue of the investigation.

Ferdinand and Laura anxiously watched the countenance of the duke, which, as he picked up and read one document after another, exhibited much astonishment, but not a shade of grief or displeasure. When he had finished and laid down the last one, he arose, with a cheerful smile, and, extending his hand across the table to Cassinove, shook hands with him cordially, saying:

"Let me be the first to congratulate you upon your accession to your title, Lord Etheridge." Then, turning to his astonished wife, he continued: "And let me congratulate you also, my dearest Rose, for you have gained a brother. Ferdinand, embrace your sister, while I salute my dear sister-in-law."

And going around the table to Laura, he took her hand, and kissed her cheek, saying:

"I wish you a long enjoyment of your recovered possessions, my dear sister."

Rose, who had received the embrace of her brother, now turned and threw herself in the arms of Laura, exclaiming:

"Oh, my dearest, I am so happy! happier than I have ever been in my life before, for I always felt like the usurper of your rights." Then suddenly remembering that the vast estates gained by Ferdinand and Laura were lost to the Duke of Beresleigh, Rose turned pale, dropped the hand of her friend, and walked away to the distant window.

The duke, instinctively surmising the cause of her agitation, went after her, and putting his arm around her waist, drew her to his side, saying tenderly:

"How is this, my darling Rose? What distresses you?"

"Oh, Beresleigh, it is as I said; I always said that my possession of the Swinburne estates would be transient, and when Colonel Hastings threatened to produce the rightful heir, I more than half believed that he could do so; and even sometimes thought that the alleged heir might be the son of my father's first marriage with that beautiful girl that he took to the Continent. And even so you see it has proved."

"Well, sweet Rose, are you not very glad that this son proves to be our young friend Ferdinand, the husband of our dear Laura, who is by this means once more in possession of her rank and title?"

"Oh, yes! as far as I am concerned, I am, or should be very, very happy; but oh, Beresleigh, to think that you, when you supposed you had wedded a richly-dowered baronese, had wedded only a penniless maiden!"

"But the very sweetest maiden that ever was made a wife; and the loveliest wife that ever man was bleat with! Sweet Rose! dear Rose! could you believe that any circumstance could make me prize and love you less? No, darling of my heart and eyes, you are and ever must be to your husband a treasure beyond price," said the duke, with deep emotion.

Rose turned on him a smile radiant with gratitude and joy.

"Besides, dearest, you are very far from having been the penniless bride you described. You surely forget that you are, in the right of your mother, still the possessor of Laurel Hall, in Norfolk, and of Forest Park, in Kent, two estates that, taken together, are quite equal in value to Swinburne."

"Oh, so I am. I had quite forgotten that my mother's estates must descend to me. I had taken it for granted that, as the inheritance came to me as a whole, it must go from me undivided. Oh, I am very glad I have my mother's fortune for you, dear Beresleigh; for now I can rejoice freely with dear Laura and Ferdinand."

"Then come and rejoice with them at once, dearest. And let us have some champagne and drink the health of the new Baron and Baroness Etheridge," said the duke, drawing her arm within his, and leading her back to the table, where they rejoined Laura and Ferdinand.

One week from that day a large party was assembled in the sumptuous library at Beresleigh House. It consisted of the Duchess Dowager and the young Duke and Duchess of Beresleigh, the Baron and Baroness Etheridge, the widowed Lady Lester an rer son, Sir Ruthven, Colonel Hastings, and lastly, poor Ruth Russel.

They were brought together by a common interest in the confession of Robert Thugsen, through whose atrocious crimes nearly every one present had deeply suffered.

The confession of a notorious criminal is not a pleasant subject for review in detail. Yet it is due to the reader to throw some little light upon the early career of this man.

Robert Thugsen was the unacknowledged son of a nobleman in one of the central counties of England and had a legal right only to his mother's family name. His father had purchased him a commission in the army, where the hereditary vices of the young man rapidly developed themselves in a career of profligacy which ended in his dismissal from the service.

Disgraced and impoverished, but still handsome and fascinating, he eloped with the daughter and heiress of a wealthy manufacturer in Leeds. The deeply-wronged father sent his erring daughter a thousand pounds, but refused ever afterward to see her or her profligate husband, and dying two years afterward, left the whole of his property to his patron, Colonel Hastings. Captain Thugsen having spent his wife's small dower, and being disappointed of the fortune, and weary of the woman whom he had married only for her money, soon abandoned his wife and children, leaving them in obscure lodgings in London, and betaking himself to the fashionable watering-places, where his handsome person, fascinating manner and ready cunning, enabled him to get on in certain sets.

At these places he always passed as a single man, and upon occasion changed his name. It was in Brighton that his first real passion led him into his first great crime.

Here he first met the family of Sir Vincent Lester, and with them Mrs. Ravenscroft, a young and beautiful widow, the sister of the baronet. She was known to be engaged to Lord Earlington, an old and brokendown bachelor, whose enormous unemcumbered fortune had temputed her family into persuading her to accept his proposals of marriage. From the moment Captain Thugsen met Mrs. Ravenscroft, he resolved to win her love. The circumstance of his own marriage seemed of no more importance of his own fact that she was the betrothed of another. Indeed, to a man of Captain Thugsen's disposition, those impediments only added zest to the pursuit of the lady. In a word, he won the passionate love of this modern Helen. The lovers met in secret, and took long walks on the loneliest part of the beach.

Thugsen urged her to fly with him so the Continent, but Helen was scarcely prepared for such a desperate measure. She said that if Lord Earlington were only out of the way, she would consent to become the wife of Thugsen. She never dreamed of the deep depravity that could put a fatal construction upon her words, and dare to obey their supposed meaning. At this time Lord Earlington, whose suspicions had been aroused, wrote a civil note to Thugsen, requesting the latter to afford him a private interview at his earliest convenience. Thugsen smiled with demoniac pleasure at the receipt of this note, and wrote a reply requesting Lord Earlington to meet him at sunset in a certain secluded coombe in the downs.

Lord Earlington kept the tryst, and Thugsen, awaiting him in that solitary spot, sprang upon him and buried a dagger to the hilt in his breast, and it was only then, from the lips of the dying man, Thugsen learned that Lord Earlington was his father, who, in a late repentance, had sought that interview with the purpose of acknowledging his son, yielding up Helen to the latter, and endowing the young couple with a portion of his large fortune.

Transfixed with horror, Thugsen could only stand and gaze upon the face of his dying parent until he was aroused by the presence of Sir Vincent Lester, who, having followed the hounds all day, just chanced upon this rencontre.

The baronet, who saw at a glance what had happened, and who, indeed, had been a witness to a part of the conversation, summoned Thugsen to surrender, and accompany him back to the town. But Thugsen sprang into his saddle, and fled with the sin of a parricide blackening his soul!

With the after part of this criminal's career, the reader is already acquainted.

Sir Vincent had the body of the murdered peer conveyed to Brighton, where, upon his person, was found the note of Captain Thugsen summoning him to the fatal tryst. Helen Ravenscroft was informed of the death of Lord Earlington, by the hand of Captain Thugsen, and, though she never knew the relationship that existed between the murderer and his victim, and that her lover's soul was blackened by the awful crime of parricide, yet from hearing of the crime, and the flight of Thugsen, she lost her reason, though, alas! she never lost her mad passion for the criminal. With the cunning of partial insanity, she listened until she learned that her brother possessed the note of Thugsen that had summoned Lord Earlington to the meeting. With the cunning of the maniac, she watched her opportunity, and stole this note, and waited until she found a way of putting it into the posession of Thugsen, which she did by throwing it to him from the carriage window while she was driving in the park.

Upon learning this fact, Sir Vincent Lester had deemed it expedient to enlighten the unhappy woman up on two points—firstly, that he himself was the witness of Thugssen's crime; secondly, that the crime was not ordinary murder, but damning parricide! Upon hearing this awful disclosure, Helen became a raving maniac, and was conveyed to a lunatic asylum, where she soon after died.

These facts were gathered, partly from the confession of Thugsen, and partly from the statements of the parties present in the library.

Several practical goods resulted from these disclosures; first, Colonel Hastings refunded to Ruth Russel, or Mrs. Thugsen, as she should be called, the property of her father; secondly, the proven fact of Thugsen's first marriage showed his attempted second marriage to be an imposture, and vindicated the honor of the young Duchess of Beresleigh.

The trial before the House of Lords might have been arrested, but the friends of the young duchess deemed at least investigation of that affair by that high tribunal essential to the triumph of right. Consequently, upon the appointed day, the trial came off, and resulted, as everyone foresaw, in the triumphant vindication of the fair fame of the Duchess of Beresleigh; for the decision of the peers was accompanied by the strongest censure of the parties who had charged her grace upon such trivial grounds, and the highest eulogium upon the character of the young duchess as it had been revealed to them through the investigation.

Thus the result of that trial was a most triumphant vindication of the honor of the Duchess of Beresleigh.

Lord nad Lady Etheridge had only remained to see the end of this investigation, and to congratulate their sister and brother upon its happy conclusion, before they set out upon a late bridal tour over the Continent.

They were absent three months, and at the end of that time they returned to England, and sent their servants down in advance to prepare for their reception at Swinburne Castle.

The people of Swinburne, let it now be confessed, had never been reconciled to the change of local dynasty that had given them the laundress' daughter as their liege lady. They had never believed in the claims of Rose, and had always looked upon her as a usurper.

When, therefore, the servants of their own Lady Etheridge arrived at the Etheridge Arms with the intelligence that their lord and lady were coming down to the castle, nothing could exceed the joy of the villagers and tenantry.

The same group that had assembled two years before at Etheridge Arms to see the arrival of the coach that was to bring the bridegroom, who was about to marry their lady, gathered once more in the taproom, to get all the news they could from the servants, who had stopped there for refreshment on their way to the castle, whither they were bound to prepare for the reception of the baron and baroness, who were coming next week.

There was the village smith, and the old laborer from Swinburne Chase, and the old cashiered groom, and all the others.

And none were so poor that they could not invest a sixpence in drinking the health of their beloved lady, whom they quite regarded in the light of a restored queen.

And there were none so niggardly as not to spend their money and labor in adorning and illuminating the village for the reception of the happy pair who were coming to reside among them.

So that the next week when the Baron and Baroness Etheridge of Swinburne entered their feudal village, it was with the state of a king and queen entering their capital city, amid the parade of the county militia, under a triumphal arch formed of evergreens, and over a road strewn with flowers by the village maidens, who stood each side the way singing a joyous epithalamium.

(The End.)

Convalescents need a large amount of nourishment in easily digested form.

Scott's Emulsion **is powerful nourishment—highly concentrated.**

It makes bone, blood and muscle without putting any tax on the digestion.

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND $1.00.

The Foreseeing Muskrat.

In the month of March, before the rivers have opened, on the snow around the heads of the creeks and about the air-holes in the thick ice may be seen the curious trail of the muskrat. It can readily be recognized by the firmly-planted footmarks, heavily and slowly impressed, and the sharp after-drag of the long, scaly, blade-like tail. All through the cold winter months these heavily furred animals have lived warm and comfortable in their well-constructed houses, rearing their third and last litter. One house erected about September seemed planned with almost human foresight. Here with their long, sharp teeth and strong, inch-long claws they had cut and cleared wide paths through all the marshes—paths so deep that three feet of ice did not close them, so wide that we have often paddled along them, marvelling at the great flaoting masses of torn-up aquatic vegetation. These paths were a hundred yards long and four feet wide, and were cut through a mass of tangled cover high enough in most places to thoroughly conceal a duck hunter and his canoe. In the winter months the muskrats can easily dive from their houses into these under-ice channels, and the whole marsh is before them to choose their meal from. The long yellow roots of the flag and the juicy tubers of the wild onion (the muskrat apple is the more poetic Ojibway) hang exposed before them, or are readily torn out.—From "Hunting the Muskrat with a Camera," by Bonnycastle Dale in the Outing Magazine for July.

Seashore Excursion

$10 Atlantic City and Return

Via. Lehigh Valley R. R.

From Suspension Bridge, Friday, July 26th. Tickets good 15 days. Allow stopover at Philadelphia. For tickets and further particulars call on or write L. V. R. Office, 54 King street east, Toronto, Ont.

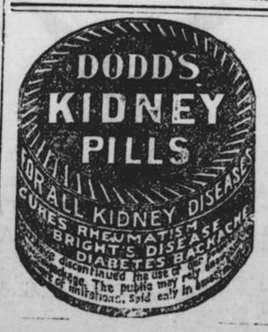
A Child's Laughter.

All the bells of heav n may ring,
All the birds of heaven may sing,
All the wells on earth may spring,
All the winds on earth may bring
  All sweet sounds together;
Sweter far than all things heard,
Hand of harper, tone of bird,
Sounds of woods at sundawn stirred,
Welling water's winsome word,
  Wind of warm, wan weather.

One thing yet there is that none
Hearing ere its chime be done,
Knows not well the sweetest one,
Heard of man beneath the sun,
  Hoped in heaven hereafter;
Soft and strong and loud and light,
Very sound of very light,
Heard from morning's rosiest height,
When the soul of all delight
  Fills a child's clear laughter.

Golden bells of welcome rolled
Never forth such notes nor told
Hours so blithe in tones so bold
As the radiant month of gold
  Here that rings forth heaven.
If the golden-crested wren
Were a nightingale, why, then,
Something seen and heard of men
Might be half as sweet as when
  Laughs a child of seven.

—Algernon Charles Swinburne.



Choice Gift of Nature.

(Victoria, B. C., Colonist.)

Cities, like human beings, have characteristics. There are cities which boast of industries, the din and confusion of forges, furnaces, shops and factories; there are others boastful of incomparable climate, a maximum amount of sunshine, a minimum amount of cloud and gloom. Some boast of the progress made in city building, and some of the wealth of nature's resources near at hand. Not a few glory in their transportation facilities, their deep-water harbors, or network of railways, and indeed a city without municipal pride in its advantages and boastfulness of its glory is verging the border land of stagnation, and stagnation means ruin.

Beautiful Victoria, thrice blest by nature's bountiful gifts, has its city gates swinging inward in token of welcome to the incoming stranger, be he prospective settler whose destiny will be linked to the city's future, of merely a warfarer, here to-day—gone to-morrow —and swinging outward, that its commerce may scatter blessings an hundred fold in the farthermost corners of the earth. To the stranger on this outpost of the empire, Victoria extends a right royal welcome, and bids him visit its beauty spots and participate in the pleasures which are gathered in a day's outing to the natural parks, the rushing waters and the scenic attractions surrounding this city set down in nature's Eden. Among its pleasure grounds not the least of them is the Gorge, a magnificent area of native forest, and glen, and nook and cove, where the peaceful stillness is only broken by the caw of the crow, the twitter of the songbird, the merry laughter of pleasure-seekers or the beating of oars upon the blue waters of the finger of the sea that seems to point the way to this glorious retreat where a dual sensation takes possession of the visitor. "So near and and yet so far," so near to the great city, and yet so peaceful, so impressive; the majesty of nature is around and about one; the lofty pine, the tender fern, the carpet of moss, the clinging tendril, form a composite picture of sublime beauty and grandeur that will linger in one's memory through all the years.

Man and nature have gone hand in hand in the transformation of the Gorge, from an unkept forest to a magnificent park. At the very gateway a great arch has been erected, draped and festooned in national colors by day, at night iridescent in a blaze of light from hundreds of electric candles that shine and sparkle like the noonday sun in his glory. Here is the beginning of the radiation of a myriad of footpaths or walks cut into the hillside or leaping over ravines and gullies by the aid of rustic bridges. Cosy seats are provided, suitably tucked away in careless disregard for the puritanism of our forefathers; others overhanging the waters of the sea's finger; while still there are other seats in which close proximity to the paths that occupants may ever be "in the public eye."

In the very midst of all this wealth of nature's bounty there is a tinge of irony in a conspicuously displayed notice that: "Persons moving plants or shrubs will be prosecuted." The desire to "remove," or take, without the consent of the owner grows out of the desire to have, to retain some real or imaginary want, or because the thing desired is rare, scarce or valuable. All these reasons considered, the notice referred to is a "redundancy of matter," for not only is the Gorge clothed in such a wealth of fcliage as to make it invaluable, but the city of Victoria is robed in nature's gorgeous splendor. There are most inviting bits of landscape which so lend themselves to the artist's fancy that in nooks and corners the disciple of the brush and palette may be seen vainly endeavoring to counterfeit the harmony of blends in nature's coloring. It is a delightful though impossible task, and yet it affords opportunity for development and study. The student finds here the retirement and solitude he seeks, to ponder o'er some weighty volume on science, sociology, religion or politics, or revel in the delightful word-painting of some novelist, whose vivid imagination pictures the story of life on realistic lines, or perchance creates a new character, with new thoughts, new ambitions —an idea for the world to emulate.

In the midst of all this charming scene is a miniature Japan transported from the Orient, enclosed by a typical Japanese fence composed of bamboo and board palings, within are found many evidences of Japanese life, a Japanese pavilion where tea and cake from the empire of the Mikado is served to the curious and adventurous, curios from the Orient are on sale, and near at hand is a Japanese maze that affords rare amusement to the rashly daring who would venture within its gates. A "kupukimon" of rare beauty supporting dainty cedars is the centre of admiring groups who marvel and wonder at the ingenuity of Japanese are creation. The utilization of bamboo in the construction of summer houses, boothas, kiosks and pavilion shows a remarkable aptitude of the Japanese in the use of the native building material and rare genius in shaping it into curious and attractive design. Messrs. Kishido and Takata, two enterprising representatives of the land of the Rising Sun, are the proprietors of this miniature kingdom, having secured a concession from the B. C. Electric Railway company, the owners of The Gorge.

A novel and interesting feature of this great pleasure resort is the reversible falls, produced by the rise and fall of the tide, from which the appellation of "rushing waters" has been coined.

At night the illuminations are produced by thousands of electric lights peeping through the dense foliage, outlining rustic buildings and casting shadows that play about the feet of pedestrians seeking pleasure, of wooers building afreastles. A picnic ground is an attraction for all those weary of the hum of the city, whence they may go with their lunchenos and the little ones, and enjoy a holiday on the moss carpeted terraces beneath the shade of the giants of the forest, surmounted by the canopy of a cloudless sky. A bath house and bathing beach is a special attraction, and the apostles of Izaak Walton find their sport ideal on this finger of the sea.

It is the one spot that will linger longest and greenest in the memory of all tourists and visitors, and is therefore one of the city's most valuable assets. Now that the tourist season approaches it is safe to say that nowhere on the continent could one find a more charming spot or more delightful weather conditions for a summer holiday than at Victoria during this season usually so hot and enervating elsewhere.

Orchestral concerts and moving pictures are provided among the other attractions for the pleasure of the visitor, while there have been provided swings, games, giant strides, Aunt Sallies, etc., for the youngsters, that their day out may be one long to be remembered and talked about as an event in their young lives.

When first purchased by the British Columbia Electric Railway Co., Ltd., it was heavily timbered, there was a dense undergrowth so thick it was quite impenetrable; this is being rapidly cleared away, leaving the timber and everything else pleasing to the eye. Ten acres have now been carefully gone over; the transformation is complete. The contrast between to-day and yesterday tells the story of expended energy to provide a pleasing retreat for all who would seek the beauteous forest, the cool waters of a perfect bathing beach the exhileration of a pull on the quiet waters of Victoria arms, a stroll on gravelled walks winding hither and yonder or a seat on some rustic bench upon which the ever-changing panorama of youth and beauty is ever passing in review.

Such is the Gorge park, the property of the British Columbia Electric Railway Company, but in its glories it has entered into partnership with Victoria, it has become an asset to the city, for it is the pleasure ground of its people and the stranger within its gates.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

At the first sign of illness during the hot weather give the little ones Baby's Own Tablets, or in a few hours the trouble may be beyond cure. Baby's Own Tablets is the best medicine in the world to prevent summer complaints if given occasionally to well children, and will as promptly cure these troubles if they come unexpectedly. But the prudent mother will not wait until trouble comes—she will keep her children well through an occasional dose of this medicine. The Tablets ought, therefore, be kept in the house at all times. Mrs. Chas. Warren, Nevis, Sask., says: "My little boy was greatly troubled with his stomach and bowels, but a few doses of Baby's Own Tablets wrought a great change in him, I would not be without the Tablets in the house." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Another Taxing Power.

(Toronto Saturday Night.)

To take the case of a union with which an editor is brought into close contact, that of the printers, it may be said that they have been for the last couple of years paying from two to ten per cent. of all their earnings into a union fund in order to fight out the eight-hour day contest. That means that the Toronto printer who has been earning $20 per week has, in the last twenty-four months, been paying a tax that was during a part of the time at the rate of $104 per year.

Ten per cent. of a man's annual earnings is a heavy tax. If the municipal, Provincial or Dominion Government should undertake to levy such a tax on the workingman of Toronto, there would be a rebellion. A man who owns a $7,000 house will not pay into the municipal treasury a larger tax than that which has been levied by the union on the printers of Toronto, and in fact some of the more expert workmen have been paying as much as $150 per year. Men who for one reason or another fell behind in their payments have been driven out of their calling, and it is interesting to notice that while the capitalist, the tax collector and the policeman are open to a certain amount of argument, the official of a union cannot be argued with in regard to these dues. He has power of life and death. The law restrains the bailiff from seizing certain household goods that are necessary to a family, but the agent of a union can step in and deprive a man of his livelihood. Unless he pays the amounts demanded of him he can be blacklisted and deprived of the right to follow his trade. Among the printers of the city are some who have been put out of business owing to their failure to pay one-tenth of their earnings into this union fund.

When men talk about the power of capital they do not pause to consider that there is scarcely anywhere a power of capital greater than that of the international union that can tax almost without limit tens of thousands of mechanics and collect their money by means of a pressure as direct and unescapable as that of the bailiff. In England the unions have grown almost too strong, even from their own standpoint, with the result that the industries of the nation are weakened in their competition with other countries because of the fact that a limit is put on the amount of labor that any one man is supposed to do in a day. The energy of the individual is discouraged. In this country some of the unions are moving in the same direction, and many onlookers believe that the tendency is a bad one, for it tends to keep workingmen fenced off for life in the particular field of employment in which they began their work. They are neither to do more nor better work than others among whom they are placed, and the man with superior aptitudes is not given a chance to benefit by his ability He is supposed to keep in step with the regiment.

Scottish "Bull."

"Drunk again!" said a Scottish magistrate to the prisoner before him. "Five shillings or seven days."

"Och, shure," said the prisoner, who was an Irish woman, "I have only 2 shillings in the world."

"Ah, weel," returned the bailie, "ye maun jist gang to prison. If ye hadna got drunk wi' your money, ye wad ha' had quite enough to pay the fine."—Tit-Bits.

SUNDAY AT HOME

New Every Morning.

Every day is a fresh beginning,
Every morn is the world made new.
You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,
Here is a beautiful hope for you—
A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the things are past and over,
The tasks are done and the tears are shed,
Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover—
Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,
Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday is now a part of forever,
Bound up in a sheaf which God holds tight,
With glad days and sad days and bad days, which never
Shall visit us more with their bloom or their blight—
Their fullness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go since we can not relieve them,
Can not undo and can not atone;
God in His mercy receive, forgive them;
Just the new days are our own—
To-day is ours and to-day alone.

Every day is a fresh beginning.
Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,
And spite of old sorrows and older sinning,
And puzzles forecasted and possible pain,
Take heart with the day and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

Men Who Will Not Stoop.

(Christian Guardian.)

God made man upright, and his uprightness remains a symbol of his manhood; the permanent stoop is a sure sign of weakness or decay. In the moral world, also, this holds good. God means men to be upright, and stooping always means moral weakness or decay. Good men are men who will not stoop.

They will not stoop to dishonorable business dealing. There is an impression abroad in some quarters that honor means simply legal honesty. This was never true. Even the Decalogue was no guarantee of righteousness. Christ taught this very clearly when He had to deal with men who had made this blunder. "Thou shalt not will" was broken, not alone when the ground grew red with blood, but when men hated each other, although never an angry word or blow had passed between them. So legal honesty is not honesty; in fact, it may be dishonesty. A man may legally refuse to pay a debt; yet that refusal brands him as a dishonest and dishonorable man. The good man needs no law. The instincts of the honorable man are mightier than all the ponderous machinery of the law courts, and a better guide than all the codes. Thank God we have such men in business and in the church, over whose fair lives the tortuous trail of the dishonorable deed has never traced its glistening slime; men who place honor above riches, and a good name above the spoils of office. The life of one such man is a better education in righteousness than a score of pulpits.

Such men will not stoop to lie. There may be gain in lying. It may carry a man safely over a dangerous spot; and its iniquity may never be discovered. It may be simply a harmless business lie, that non one can detect; and, even if detected, every one will recognize it as but a common, every-day allowable deceit. Then, again, one may have given a promise that he intended to keep; but he finds afterwards he can gain something by breaking it. Under these circumstances, why should a man not lie? True, Solomon speaks approvingly of a man who swears to his own hurt and changes not, but why should we be righteous overmuch? Why should we be more particular than those about us? There is only one answer: "The good man will not lie." If the lie would put him into the finest pastorate in the gift of his church; if it would save him half his fortune; if it would mean all the difference between wealth and poverty; still, it would make no difference in his action. Conscience is a veritable tyrant, with no idea of mercy, no trace of relenting; and yet his approval is sweet and beyond expression; and his commendation sends us through the world with heads erect, and a strange light in the eye. We may lose a pulpit or a fortune; but we preserve our manhood. This is more than all. Thank God again for men who will not lie.

What is to Come?

(By William E. Henley.)

What is to come we know not; but we know
That what has been was good—was good to show,
Better to hide, and, best of all, to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were.
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered—even so.

Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe,
Dear—though it spoil and break us—need we care
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow;
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare,
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow
What is to come.

A New Invention.

"I have read that some genius of a shirtmaker has invented a shirt without buttons."

"Do you call that a novelty? I have worn them without buttons ever since my wife became devoted to the Cause of Women!"—Il Motto Per Ridere.

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