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THE RULING PASSION.

Even in Prison Women Seek to Beautify Themselves.

A writer in an English paper, says that Mrs. Mayborick set the fashion in Woking prison of wearing the skirt long, that is, with a train, as she was wearing such when she entered the prison. The dresses served out to the convicts are constant sources of annoyance to them, and many an hour is spent touching up and altering. At Millbank, another English prison, some years since, a female convict was discovered to be in possession of three tallow candles, which, if they had not been missed, would no doubt have been utilized as pomade! One woman created quite a sensation among the female convicts in Woking prison by reason of the brilliancy of the color of her cheeks and lips. One day she became quite friendly with a young convict to whom she took a fancy, and during the ten minutes' chat (female convicts are allowed to converse with each other for this allotted time) she confided the secret. It was soon all over the prison, and very soon on most of the cheeks of the women could be found traces of color. The "paint" was obtained in the following ingenious manner: In the aprons that the women were wearing there was, running through the pattern, a bright-red stripe, and this was carefully drawn out. When unraveled and chewed in the mouth the color or dye was released, and thus the paint was obtained which decorated their faces and lips.

In the same prison a convict had repeated fainting fits. One day she was attacked in chapel and, upon her removal to the infirmary, she was undressed, when, to their astonishment, the authorities found the fits proceeded from tight lacing and from the effects produced by the pieces of wool and wire which the convict had managed to force into her stays in order to make her waist slender. A convict will spend hours in tearing out bits of wire from the window guard and afterward bending them into the required shape for use as hairpins. Leaves from the Bible are often torn out to make the old-fashioned "crack r" curls, but this practice, if found out, involves a very serious punishment. Even the "life" prisoners are not exempt from this desire to make the best possible appearance, and they will scheme, plot, and plan for months together in order to become possessed of a piece of broken window pane in order to make a looking-glass. While out in the exercise yard a convict will rapidly scan the ground in the hope of coming across a piece of glass. Once possessed of it, she will run the risk of solitary confinement on a bread-and-water diet in order to get it into her cell. A piece of black cloth at the back of the piece of glass makes an excellent mirror.

Not To-day.

An English lady, travelling in New Zealand, waxes enthusiastic over the beauties of the country, especially in its mountainous parts. She tells a funny little story about the sharp-witted driver of the public coach in which she made some of her expeditions.

At one point, where the steep road overhangs the river, Davis, the driver, always took the opportunity to lighten the load for his horses.

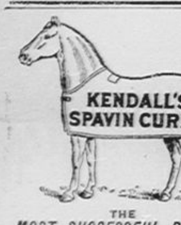
"Gentlemen," he would say, in an insinuating tone, "the Prince of Wales always gets out and walks here."

It is to be presumed that he had usually found his "fares" quite ready to follow in the footsteps of so distinguished a predecessor, but one day a man, who had already heard the speech more than once, stole a march upon the wily Davis. The ground was wet, and the passenger was not in a mood for stumbling; so as they approached the spot, he anticipated the driver's hint by remarking:

"Davis the Prince of Wales isn't going to walk to-day.

Will be Out of Fashion.

"Who will take care of the babies when the women have their rights?" some one asks. There won't be any babies.



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Every pugilist on eart'
Talkin' fur de stuff.
When dere wind's exhausted
Dere will be a pause—
Isn't it a lovely sight?—
Scrappin' wid dere jaws!

MARIE, THE BEGGAR GIRL.

During the "Reign of Terror" in France there were many deeds of daring performed, even by women, and many noble examples of affection exhibited.

The very streets of Paris were deluged with human blood, but near the guillotine it ran in gushing torrents.

One dark morning an unusual number of the aristocracy had been marched forth, and countless heads rolled from the block.

A gaping multitude stood by, and with shouts rent the air as the aristocracy were thus butchered.

Among the assembled multitude, that dreary morning, were two females. One of them was plainly clad, while a cloak was thrown around her, with which she kept her features nearly concealed.

But a close observation would betray the fact that the woman had been weeping.

Her eyes were inflamed and red, and she gazed eagerly upon the platform, while a shudder passed over her frame as each shock of the glittering knife severed the head from the body of some one who had been unfortunate enough to fall under the ban of the leaders.

The face of the woman was very beautiful, and she was young—certainly not more than sixteen or eighteen years of age.

The other female was quite different in character. Her face was fair, but there was a brazen expression about it. She was clad in rags, and as each head fell she would dance, and in various ways express her delight, and then exclaim:

"There falls another aristocrat, who refused me charity when I humbly sued to him!"

Each expression of the kind would create a laugh from those who heard her. But any thoughtful person must wonder how one so young could have become so depraved.

The first female watched this creature for a few moments, and then pressing her way to her side, she laid her hand upon the shoulder of the wretch, and whispered:

"Would you like to become rich at once?"

The female in rags turned about with a look of surprise, burst into a loud laugh, and then replied:

"Of course I would."

"Follow me, and you shall be."

"Enough. Lead on."

It was with considerable difficulty that the females extricated themselves from the crowd; but they did so at length, and then the first female asked of the other:

"What shall I call you?"

"Oh! I'm called the Beggar-Girl Marie."

"You live by begging?"

"Yes; but what's your name, and what do you want?"

"My name is Marie, the same as your own."

"Are you an aristocrat?"

"It does not matter. If you know where we can find a room, lead me to it, and you shall have gold."

The pauper led the way into a narrow and filthy street, then down into a cellar and into a dark and filthy room.

The other female could not but feel a sickening sensation creep over her, but she recovered herself. After contemplating for a time the apartment and what it contained she asked:

"Are you well-known in Paris?"

"Yes. Everybody knows Marie the Beggar-Girl."

"Are you known to Robespierre? If so I want to make a bargain with you."

"I am. What do you wish?"

"You see my clothing is better than your own, and I wish to exchange with you. I want you to consent to remain here, and not to show yourself at all for a short time

"WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME RICH."

or until I come to you again. As recompense for aiding me I will give you a thousand francs, and when I come back I will give you a thousand more. As security for my return take this ring."

The lady drew a diamond ring from her finger, and gave it to the beggar girl. Then she handed her a purse containing gold.

The girl appeared a little puzzled, and said:

"Well, what are you going to do with my dress?"

"I want to put it on, and go where I first met you."

"Oh, I understand now. You want to see the chopping go on, and you are afraid you will be taken for an aristocrat if you wear that dress. You want to represent me?"

"Yes. I want to look as near like you as possible."

"Well, that wont be very difficult. Your hair and eyes, and even your mouth, are like mine. Your face is too white, though. But you can alter that with a little dirt."

They exchanged dresses, and soon the young, rich and noble Marie de Nantes was clad in the rags of Marie the Beggar-Girl of Paris.

The history of Marie de Nantes was a sad one. Her father and two brothers had fallen victims to the remorseless fiends of the Revolution, and a third and last brother had been seized. But of his fate she was ignorant, although she expected that it would be similar to that of her other relatives. He had been torn from her side but a few hours before.

After the exchange had been made the pauper looked on the stockingless and shoeless feet and ankles of the lady, and said:

"That will never do. Your feet are too white and delicate. Let me arrange matters."

In a few moments Marie was prepared, and in the filth and rags she emerged into the street.

She now took her course back towards the guillotine, and at length reached the square where the bloody work was still going on.

Gradually she forced her way through the crowd, and nearer and nearer she came to the scaffold.

She even forced a laugh at several remarks she heard around her, but those laughs sounded strangely.

She now stood within a few feet of the platform, and swept it with her eyes, but her brother was not there.

The cry was now raised:

"Here comes another batch."

Her heart fluttered violently, and she felt a faintness come over her as she heard the tramp of the doomed men approaching.

Her brother walked proudly and fearlessly forward and ascended the very steps which led to the block.

Up to this moment the strength of poor Marie had failed her, and she was unable to put her resolve into execution.

But now a sister's love swelled up in her breast and she recovered her strength.

She sprang forward, bursting through the line of guards, and ran up the steps.

Grasping her brother by the hand she cried:

"What does this mean? It is only the aristocrats that are to die."

"Away, woman," exclaimed one of the executioners.

"No; I will not away until you tell me why my brother is here and thus bound."

"Your brother" was the echo.

"Yes, this is my brother."

"Well, who are you."

"I am Marie; don't you know me?"

"The beggar-girl?"

"Ay."

"But this is not your brother?"

"It is. Ask him—ask him."

Young Antonio de Nantes had turned a scornful gaze upon the maiden, but a light passed across his face and he murmured:

"Oh, my sister!"

"Is this your brother?" asked Robespierre of the supposed beggar, advancing near her.

"It is."

"But his name is down differently."

"Then you are mistaken. He is my brother. Ask him.

"Does Marie speak the truth" asked Robespierre.

"She does," was the brother's reply.

"And you are not De Nantes?"

"I tell you I am her brother."

"Why did you not tell us this before?"

"I attempted to speak, but was silenced."

"But you might have declared yourself."

"You would not have believed me."

"But your dress?"

"It belonged to an aristocrat. Perhaps to him for whom I was taken."

Robespierre advanced close to young Nantes, and gazed earnestly into his face. Then he approached Marie, and looked steadily in her eyes for a short time.

It was a moment of trial for the poor girl. She trembled in spite of all her efforts to be calm. She almost felt that she was lost, when the human fiend whose word was law, turned and said:

"Release the man."

The chains were instantly removed and Antonio de Nantes walked down from the scaffold, followed by his sister, while the shouts of those around rent the air, for they supposed it was a commoner who had thus been saved.

The young man worked his way through the crowd as rapidly as possible, leading Marie.

They had scarcely escaped it before the poor girl fainted from the intensity of her feelings.

The brother scarcely knew what to do, but a hand was laid upon his arm, and a voice said:

"Bring her to my room again. She will be safe there."

"IT IS MY BROTHER."

The brother conveyed her to the apartment of the pauper, and asked of her:

"Have you seen the female before?"

"Yes. I know all about it," returned the pauper. "She borrowed my clothes to save her lover. She has done it, and I am glad.

Before the noble sister returned to consciousness the brother had learned all.

When she did so they both sought secure quarters, after rewarding the beggar girl as had been promised."

"Do you think Robespierre was really deceived?" asked Marie de Nantes.

"I think not," returned the brother.

"Then why did he order your release?"

"He saw your plan. He admired your courage. Could a fiend have done less?"

"Perhaps this was the case. But if so, it was a deed of mercy, and the only one that man ever did."

"You are right."

Antonio de Nantes was not again arrested, and lived happily with that sister who had so nobly imperilled her own life to save him by representing the "Beggar-Girl of Paris."

LITTLE TOM KEEP.

How a Plucky Little Drummer Boy Served His Country in the Crimea.

A little more than a year ago an old soldier, named Thomas Keep, died suddenly in Battersea, England. After the inquest was held, the following story concerning him was told:

He was the son of the bandmaster of a regiment of Grenadier Guards, and enlisted as a drummer at the age of ten. A few months later his regiment was ordered to the Crimea.

Tom was a plucky little fellow, and loved England and hated Russia fiercely, as was natural under the circumstances. Every night when he lay down to sleep, and every morning when he woke, he hoped that the chance would come to him to help his country in some efficient way.

The battle of Balaklava was fought. He was in the midst of it, but was unharmed. There seemed to be nothing for Tom to do. Nobody listened to his drum, and he had neither gun nor sword with which to fight.

On the fifth of November the sleeping English camp was awakened by the fire of ninety parks of artillery placed during the night on heights around them.

All day the terrible battle raged. At evening the dead and wounded lay—fifteen hundred of them—on the plateau, while shot and shell still poured down on them, and the merciless cold of a Russian night silenced the cries of agony on their lips.

Suddenly a stout boy, conspicuous in his red uniform, began to move among them, while shells and bullets whizzed past him unnoticed. He gathered wood and built a huge fire. Then he made a great pot of tea, and in a tin cup carried it to the wounded, freezing men, kneeling by each one, lifting his head gently, and putting the mug to his lips with a cheery, "Try a hot drink."

It was little Tom Keep.

Many a wounded soldier owed his life that night to the boy's courage and practical sense. He was dubbed in the regiment, the boy hero of the Grenadiers. But throughout his life Tom angrily refused the title and the credit.

"I wanted to do something for Old England," he would say. "But all I could do was to give a cup of hot tea. What was that?"

Many good men and more good women are in Tom Keep's case. They are ambitious to play a prominently noble part in life, and fate decrees that they shall stand in the background, and only give a little help to the soldiers who do the fighting.

The man who mixes the mortar in the building of a great house may be despised by master masons and decorators, whose work is seen and applauded by the world; but the architect who gave him his work knows that without it the temple would not be reared. His reward will be sure, when the day of payment comes.

Mormon Farms.

Wherever the Mormons live you will find small, well-tilled farms. Brigham Young was one of the wisest as well as one of the greatest men of this century. No one can visit Utah intelligently without observing proofs of his great wisdom and farsightedness, which have lapped over into Idaho and Colorado. He preached the gospel of irrigation, small farms and diversified farming as the most profitable, and people have long realized the value of his words. The day of bonanza farming is closing. The people of the North-West have discovered to their sorrow the folly of carrying all their eggs in one basket. The great bonanza farmer with 10,000 acres in wheat is the Ancient Mariner of agriculture. Wheat at 20 cents a bushel, with flour at $2.40 a barrel, is worthless to him even when it harvests thirty bushels to the acre. It costs more than that to raise it.

Thought Best to Begin Early.

"Shall I have to get married when I grow up?" asked little Flossie one day of her mother.

"Just as you please, dear," answered her mother, with a smile. "Most women do, however."

"Yes, I suppose so," continued the little girl, musingly, "and I guess I'd better start right in and hustle for a husband now. They say that Aunt Jane has been at it for twenty years and hasn't caught one yet."

Torture Enough.

Little Boy—"Folks say that the Chinese torture their prisoners."

Little Girl—"How?"

Little Boy—"I don't know. Maybe they have apple dumplings for dinner, and don't give the prisoners any."

The immediate construction of the Hudson's Bay railway is said to be assured.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

A New Shoulder Cape.

These directions are for knitting a shoulder cape which commends itself as especially adapted for wear over puffed sleeves, and stiffened bodice garniture. Either midnight or Spanish knitting yarn can be used, with rather slender bone or wooden needles. A lighter and more fleecy cape can be made of split zepher and coarser needles. The cape is in two parts, a narrow upper part or yoke, and a deep flounce or ruffle. The stitch somewhat resembles railroad stitch.

Cast on 32 stitches.

1st row—Knit 8, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 4.

2d row—Knit 5, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8.

Repeat these rows till a strip is formed of sufficient length to reach around the shoulders. Commence at the edge having the narrowed rib and knit once across. Drop the first two stitches, knit 7, drop 1, knit 8, drop 1, knit 8, drop 1, knit 4.

Now each dropped stitch should be ravelled to the end of the strip. Turn and bind off loosely, making a long loop stitch over each stitch dropped. This edge is made to fit the neck with a cord or narrow ribbon run through the meshes formed by the open row of stitches just below the loops. For the lower part or ruffle:

Cast on 41 stitches.

1st row—Knit 8, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 7, thread over, narrow, knit 4.

2d row—Knit 5, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8, seam 1, knit 8. Repeat these rows until the strip is of sufficient length to give the required fullness. Drop two stitches, knit 7, drop 1, knit 8, drop 1; knit 8, drop 1, knit 8, drop 1, knit 4.

Ravel each dropped stitch to the end of the strip. Turn and bind off loosely, making a long looped stitch over each stitch dropped. Full this edge and sew it to the lower end of the yoke, gathering it quite a good deal fuller over the shoulders. Fasten at the neck with cord and tassel or with ribbon and bow.

Your Husband's Mother.

I will not call her your mother-in-law. I like to think that she is your mother-in-love, writes Ruth Ashmore in a very earnest article. She is your husband's mother, and therefore yours, for his people have become your people. There have been vulgar jests, ridiculous songs and coarse puns about the husband's mother ever since any of us can remember, but in how many households is the husband's mother an angel, not in disguise but appreciated and loved? Now, will you take my advice and call her what your husband does? Will you treat her just as you do your own mother, not being afraid to tell her of your little affairs, receiving her as one of your own, and making her feel happy in the fact that she has not lost a son but gained a daughter, and a loving considerate daughter? Will you remember this, too—that before you came your husband was all in all to his mother? And sometimes when she comes to see you won't you leave those two alone, and let them talk together as they did before the two became a trio? Don't make it evident that you are doing this, but go off for a little while and attend to some of your household duties.

Useful Recipes.

Snow Pudding.—Soak one-half of a box of gelatine in one-half of a cup of cold water for half an hour, pour over it one pint of boiling water and, when dissolved, add three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar and one-half cup of lemon juice. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, strain into a basin, stand where it is cold, not only until the liquid has chilled, but has begun to form. It must be beaten until it is as white as snow before the eggs are added. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff, dry froth, beat them into the mixture and when thoroughly mixed, snowy white and stiff, turn into a mold previously wet with cold water. The liquid settles because it is not beaten sufficiently, or is beaten before it begins to form. It must be beaten stiff and foamy before the eggs are added, and then there is no danger of their rising.

Charlotte Russe.—Cover one-fourth of a box of gelatine with one-fourth of a cup of water and let stand for half an hour. Dissolve over hot water. Scald one cup of milk, add one cup of granulated sugar and stir until it is dissolved and the milk looks blue. Beat one egg very light, add to the milk, stirring all the while. Take from the fire, add the dissolved gelatine and strain. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanilla and put away to cool. Whip one pint of cream, add it to the cooled custard, turn into a mold previously wet with cold water and stand away to harden. When ready to use turn out and cover with grated stale macaroons.

Corn Starch Blanc Mange.—Scald one quart of milk, moisten four tablespoonfuls of corn starch with a little cold milk and rub until smooth, and add to the milk with one cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. Cook until the milk thickens; take from the fire, stir in the well beaten yolks of two eggs. Return to the fire and stir about two minutes, add the whites beaten to a stiff, dry froth; cook and stir for two minutes longer. Take from the fire, flavor and turn into a mould to cool.

Mayonnaise Dressing.—Before beginning the dressing, chill the plate, eggs and oil, even the fork. Put the yolks of two eggs, carefully freed from the whites, in a soup plate; add one half teaspoonful of salt and stir with a silver fork until the yolks are well broken and mixed; add the oil, drop by drop at first, being careful to always stir in the same direction, adding a drop of vinegar when needed—that is, when the oil and eggs show globules of oil, or to use the common expression, "look oily." As the emulsion becomes thick the oil may be added faster, always stirring, not beating, and adding only acid enough to keep the dressing from separating. Two eggs will take a pint of oil easily. When finished it should be thick and smooth. Season with salt and red pepper and lemon juice if necessary. A perfect mayonnaise should not be strongly acid, as that destroys the flavor of the oil.

French Dressing.—Put one half a teaspoonful of salt and one fourth of a teaspoonful of pepper in a bowl. Add three tablespoonfuls of oil and stir until the salt is dissolved. Then add one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, gradually stirring all the while. Stir until the vinegar and oil are thoroughly mixed and serve at once.

Sweetbread Salad.—Thoroughly wash the sweetbreads. Cover with boiling water and simmer for twenty minutes. Drain, cover with cold water. As soon as cold enough to handle, remove all skin, and cut in pieces with a silver knife. For each pair of sweetbreads one half of a cup of mayonnaise dressing will be required. Mix the sweetbreads with the dressing and serve on lettuce leaves, or garnish with celery tops. Celery cut in pieces, as for chicken salad, can be mixed with sweetbreads if desired.

A CANNIBAL FEAST.

Savages of Rossell Island Attack a French Trading Station and Murder the People.

A despatch from Victoria, B.C., says:—The steamer Miowera, from the south seas, brings word that the savages of Rossell island, lying off the New Guinea coasts, attacked a French trading station late in October and killed everyone on the place including the trader, cannibalism being practised upon the victims. Enquiries are being made by the authorities, with a view to the apprehension and punishment of the ringleaders in the horrible affair. Rossell island is notorious for having been the scene of the massacre and human feast of a whole shipwrecked crew of Chinese several years ago.

In thirty years the number of looms at Lyons has decreased from 80,000 to 12,000 and only 3,000 of these are working.

PERSONAL.

Andrew Lang claims to have discovered the literary possibilities of Dr. Conan Doyle.

The tallest man in the German army, a "one-year recruit" in the First regiment, is 7 feet 4½ inches in height.

Rider Haggard's brother, Colonel Andrew Haggard, is seeking fame as a novelist. He is bringing out "Tempest Torn."

The wife of the Italian prime minister, Crispi, is an ardent lover of cigarettes and enjoys puffing a cloud whenever she is disengaged.

F. Marion Crawford has no fads about the circumstances under which he writes. He can work anywhere and labors on his novels while traveling.

Since the battle of Waterloo the Rothschilds have laid by $2,000,000,000 for a rainy day, and one estimate of their wealth by the year 1965 is $60,000,000,000.

The first surgeon to use the antiseptic treatment for wounds was Sir Joseph Lister, the famous English operator. He is now about to retire from his profession on account of old age.

It is reported that Professor Metschnikoff of Paris, a pupil of Pasteur, has discovered a cure for mucus fever, a dangerous form of gastric fever. The cure is accomplished by the Koch method of inoculation.

As a fashionable wedding party was leaving St. Paul's church, Ogontz, one day last week, the master of the chimes, after running over a few preliminary staves, thoughtlessly broke into the "O Dear! What Can the Matter?"

At a review of troops held recently at York by the Duke of Cambridge the Archbishop of York attended on horseback. The archbishop was formerly in the army, obtaining his commission in 1847 and retiring with the rank of lieutenant in 1852.

W. H. Sheppard, twenty years ago a poor little yellow boy in the streets of Waynesboro, Va., is, at the age of 30, perhaps the most distinguished colored man in the Southern Presbyterian Church, and the only American negro that has ever been made a fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

There is pleasant story told of the late historian, Froude, to the effect that he had just finished his course of lectures in Boston when the great fire of 1872 broke out and upon being proffered a check for $1,000—the net proceeds of two or three of said lectures—he ordered it to be given to the proper authority for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire.

M. Y. Chung is the diplomat of the Chinese legation in Washington, whose thorough knowledge of English makes him the medium of communication between the legation and the press and public. Mr. Chung is a Yale graduate and a member of the Delta Kappa Upsilon fraternity. He is one of the first of the Chinese officials able to speak English without a trace of foreign accent.

The new German chancellor, Prince von Hohenlohe, was ambassador to France during the troublous days following the war and subsequently was made governor of Alsace-Lorraine. Two more difficult positions no man could well hold successfully, but so discreet, sagacious and conservative was Caprivi's successor in both that he achieved the most important personal and official triumphs.

The attorney general of Jamaica, Constantine Burke, is colored, and there are four distinguished men of color in the legislative council. George Stiebel, a negro, has been knighted by the Queen for his services in promoting the success of the Jamaica exhibition. There are colored representatives in the judicial and administrative departments of the government and it is only a question of time when the entire government of the colony will be in their hands.

A FRIGHTFUL MALADY.

An Erroneous Impression Exists as to the Cause of Tetanus or Lockjaw.

The death is announced by lockjaw of a lad named Parker Ferrier, son of the principal of Huron street Public school Toronto. The boy got a slight wound in his heel a few weeks ago, caused by a nail in his shoe. Tetanus, or lockjaw, set in and the lad died on Saturday night. An erroneous impression exists among the public as to the cause of this frightful malady. With most people the disease is associated with a rusty nail or other piece of rusty metal piercing the hand, foot or other part of the body. But modern medical science tells another story. There is no danger of a person having lockjaw unless there should be secreted on the nail or splinter a tentanus bacillus, or lockjaw microbe. The discovery of the tetanus bacillus was made in 1885 by the German bacteriologist, Nikolaier. He found that in all cases of death by lockjaw there was

A DISTINCT DISEASE GERM FOUND.

The symptoms of lockjaw are easily recognized. After the little germ has entered upon its work of poisoning the blood, the muscles of the jaws first become stiff, and soon afterward the jaws become tightly locked. After these muscles have become affected, those of the trunk begin to grow stiff; sometimes they grow entirely rigid, and the body is drawn up so that it becomes arched and cannot be reduced to a normal position. The patient is soon after attacked with convulsions, during which the sufferings are intense.

These convulsions become more and more frequent as the disease progresses, and the slightest shock or surprise of any kind, such as touching the bed on which the patient is reposing, will bring them on. The intervals between the attacks grow shorter and shorter, until the victim dies of sheer exhaustion. The clinched jaws prevent the swallowing of food. The disease always follows after a wound of some sort has been inflicted on some part of the body such as may be caused by

A SCRATCH OR SPLINTER INJURY

of the most trifling character. It more frequently follows injury to the hands or feet, because, as the doctors say, these members are brought more commonly in contact with the earth in which this deadly little microbe makes its home. Recent investigations by medical men have disclosed the fact that more cases of lockjaw occur in the eastern end of Long Island than anywhere else in the world. It was found on examining the soil of that locality that it fairly swarms with busy little lockjaw microbes. It is the presence of the microbes in such numbers in the soil that is undoubtedly responsible for the many deaths from that disease on Long Island. The rusty nail theory has been thoroughly exploded.

A Disciple of Franklin.

Judge (abruptly)—"One dollar."

Vagrant (philosophically)—"Yer honer'll never know de real value of a dollar till yer try to get it out uv me."

Reducing the Population.

Superintendent—"The poor-house is over-crowded."

Deacon Grim—"I wondered why taxes were so high. I s'pose it wouldn't do to kill any of 'em, would it?"

"Of course not."

"No; come to think, guess it wouldn't: but I'll tell you what to do. Get 'em to discussing, 'Is Suicide a Sin?' Then leave the doors unlocked, so them what goes crazy can get to the river."

Not Much Acquainted.

Helen—"Your husband was a man of many excellent qualities."

Henrietta—"Yes, he was a good man. Everybody says so. I wasn't much acquainted with him myself. He belonged to seven different clubs."

Millinery,
Millinery.
Fall Millinery
— AT —
Mrs. E. DAVIDSON'S.

Come! Come!
And get your Buggies and Waggons Repaired at Lowest Rates.
Painting Done in the Latest Styles.

We are also getting up New Rigs of all kinds.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
McKNIGHT & LENAHAN,
Dornoch.
April 24th, 1894.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.
We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.
Our Stock of DRY LUMRE is very Large so that all orders can be filled.
Lumber, Shingles and Lath alwasy In Stock.
N., G. & J. McKECHNIE.

HARNESS SHOP!
CHAS. LEAVENS, Jr.,
Is still in his old stand on Lambton Street, near the Post Office, where he is ready to fill all orders for
HEAVY AND LIGHT HARNESS,
SADDLES,
BRIDLES,
COLLARS, Etc.
New Stock Horse Blankets.
A complete stock of Whips, Combs, Brushes, Bits, etc., kept on hand.
Repairing promptly attended to.
First-Class Workmanship guaranteed.
Highest Price paid for Raw Furs.
CHARLES LEAVENS.
Durham, Jan. 26th, 1892.

For Over Fifty Years.
MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums and reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs Winslow's Soothing Syrup."

A westward ocean trip, between Europe and New York, is usually 7 per cent. longer than an eastward one.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relief in six hours the "Great South American Kidney Cure" This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back, and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by McFarlane & Co., Druggists.

On account of the hard times the C. P. R. will not build dairies in Manitoba until next year.

A BOON TO HORSEMEN.—One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, as it acts with mysterious promptness in the removal from horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, blood spavin, splints, curbs, sweeny, stifles and sprains. GEORGE ROBB, Farmer, Markham, Ont. Sold by McFarlane & Co.

Paper indestructible by fire has been invented by M. Meyer, or Paris. A specimen of it was subjected to a severe test—148 hours in a potter's furnace—and came out with its glaze almost perfect.

Save Your Amonia Soap Wrappers
And when you have 25 Ammonia or 10 Puritan Soap Wrappers send them to us, and a three cent stamp for postage, and we will mail you FREE, a handsome picture suitable for framing. A list of pictures around each bar. Ammonia Soap has no equal. We recommend it. Write your name plainly and address:
W. A. BRADSHAW & Co.,
48 and 50 Lombard St., Toronto.
Sold by all general merchants and grocers. Give it a trial.

Increase to Millions In a Day.

Many species of bacteria are capable of doubling their number every hour. In this case, in the short space of twenty-four hours, a single bacterium would increase to a number but little short of 17,000,000, to be exact, in forty-eight hours the offspring of this minute germ, which is not more than 1-15,000 of an inch in length have increased to the surprising number of 281,500,000,000, their bulk being sufficient to fill a pint measure.

A Dry Goods Prescription.

Miss Saffernskin—"I have come to see if you can give me something for my complexion."

Dr. Synnex—"Certainly." (Writes out a prescription.) "There, I think that will help you."

Miss Saffernskin—"Shall I get it prepared at Peatle & Bolus?"

Dr. Synnex—"No; go to any dry goods store. I've only ordered a veil."

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, Stifles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted by McFarlane & Co.

A clothes wringer that operates without any person to attend it has been constructed by a Pittsburger. It takes the clothes, piece by piece, from the tub, wrings them, and when all are out it empties the water out of the tub. It is moved by electricity.

The third page of the Toronto Daily *Mail* is noted for "Want" advertisement. If you want a situation, a mechanic, a business, machinery, lodging, if you want to find out where any one is, advertise in the Toronto Daily *Mail* and read the advertisements on the third page of that paper. The charge is two cents a word each insertion, or ten cents a word for six insertions. Address the *Mail*, Toronto, Canada. y

There is a monastery at St. Honorat, on an island near Cannes, France, which was built in the fourth century. No woman has ever been allowed to enter its walls during the 1,400 years of its existence.

STARK'S Powders, each package of which contains two preparations, one in a round wooden-box, the cover of which forms a measure for one dose, an immediate relief for Sick Headache and Stomach, also Neuralgia, and all kinds of nervous pains, and another in capsules (from ¼ to ½ of one in an ordinary dose) which acts on the Bowels, Liver and Stomach, forming a never-failing perfect treatment for all Head and Stomach complaints. They do not, as most pills and so many other medicines do, lose their effect or produce after constipation, and are nice to take. 25 cents a box, at all medicine dealers.

Newspaper Laws.

We call the special attention of Postmasters and subscribers to the following synopsis of the newspaper laws:

1. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrears, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount whether it be taken from the office or not. There can be no legal discontinuance until payment is made.

2. Any person who takes a paper from the post office, whether directed to his name or another, or whether he has subscribed or not is responsible for the pay.

3. If a subscriber orders his paper to be stopped at a certain time, and the published continues to send, the subscriber is bound to pay for it if he takes it out of the post office. This proceeds upon the ground that a man must pay for what he uses.

DURHAM DIRECTORY

TRINITY CHURCH.
W. J. CONNOR, PASTOR.
Sabbath Services at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sunday School and Bible class at 9:30 a.m. Church Wardens, W. B. Vollet and T. M. Whitmore.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.
REV. A. G. JANSEN, PASTOR.
Service every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting on Wednesday evening at 8 p. m.

BAPTIST CHURCH.
REV. W. McGREGOR, PASTOR.
Sunday Services, morning at 11 a. m. Sabbath School and Bible class at 2:30 p. m. Preaching at 7 p. m. Week evening Service—Thursday evening, regular prayer meeting at 8 p. m. Young Peoples Union on Monday evening at 8. p. m.

METHODIST CHURCH.
J. C. POMEROY, PASTOR.
Service every Sabbath at 10:30 a. m. and 7 p. m. Sabbath School at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 p. m.

R. C. CHURCH.
REV. R. MALONEY, Pastor.
Durham Services—11 a. m. first Sunday of every month. Glenelg Services—9 a. m. first Sunday of every month, 10:30 a. m. third Sunday of every month.

S. G. REGISTRY OFFICE. Thomas Lauder, Registrar. John A. Munro, Deputy-Registrar. Office hours from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m.

POST OFFICE. Office hours from 8 a. m., to 7 p. m. Arch. MacKenzie, Postmaster.

DURHAM LODGE NO. 306 OF A. F. & A. M. Night of Meeting, Tuesday on or before full moon of each month. Visiting brethern welcome. Thos. Brown, W. M. Geo. Russell, Sec.

GREY LODGE NO. 169 I.O.O.F. Night of Meeting every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, in the Odd Fellows Hall. Visiting brethern welcomed. W. B. Vollet Sec.

DURHAM L. O. L. NO. 632. Night of Meeting, on Thursday or before full moon in each month. W