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YOU INVITE THE GUESTS; WE DO THE REST. EVERYTHING FURNISHED. 176 ALFRED STREET.

AUNT VICT'R'Y.

"YES, VICT'RY, IT'S ME," SAID FOOB LIGE.

The Temples' cook was from the country, and it was the surprise of Mrs. Temple's Southern life that she was such a good cook.

She explained it very lucidly: "Laws. I knows a heap—only I done forgot it!"

Evidently, at some period in her life, she had cooked for a table of some pretensions. Every now and then, a most unexpected accomplishment would sail into our admiration. Thus, once she broke out—"My marster! Mis' Temple, fo' de lawd, dat ar cream sass er yourn, dat aint noways diffrunt fo my ole missus' white sass 'cept like you all don't put no cream in yourn. But ye cripes de butter jes de same."

Another time, "Scallop isters? I pintedly kin, Mis' Temple. Allers done scallop de isters fo' ole Miss."

Indeed she suggested a number of new dishes to Mrs. Temple—genetally from the frying pan, but toothsome and delicate.

She brought her only child with her, a slim, brown lad of 14, who waited on table better than we feared from his first appearance, at which he brushed the crumbs off with the hearth broom into the dust pan. He was his mother's pet and, considering that fact, a marvellously good darkey, almost industrious, and the best tempered boy in the world.

We were not long in discovering Aunt Victory's history. One evening we found her at the smallest kitchen table, with Reme and the flute, plainly getting a lesson.

"Why, Aunt Victory, can you read?" said Mrs. Temple.

"Yes'm," with a smirk of modest pride, while Reme added, "Maw, she kin read a right smart I learned her."

"How nice! Then you can read the Bible?"

Up went Aunt Victory's braids in a toss:—"Laws, Mis' Temple, I'se outer de Bible an inter de newspapers!"

"And I writes fo' the newspapers," says Reme with an indescribable air of haughtiness.

"He does so," said his mother. "Aint you never seen de Mosaic Temple?" We admitted our ignorance. "Well; he does write reg'lar fo' dat."

"And you like it?"

"Yes ma'am, I like living in the city. But maw likes the country better."

"Yes'm yes'm, you all got mighty gran' 'ouse yere, but gimme de kentry!" She was one of those nut-brown Africans that have hair long enough to braid; to-night, her head was covered with a red bandana, drawn out square cornered, back of her ears, giving her a queer resemblance to the sphinx. Flinging herself forward on the table with a supple, sinuous motion that few negroes get too old to use, she let her head fall into the open palm of one hand, above the bent elbow; and as she talked this sphinx-like head rolled in her hand like a ball in a cup. "Oh, de kentry wid de wavin' fiel's an de red birds dat 'comes a peck-peckin' at de winder an de darkies a snatchin' cotton, an sech a heap er room! Oh, de kentry am so pleasureful! I'se tiresome in de city; got t'eyar' Reme longer me if I goes out in de night. But in de kentry, I rents my little fyaran an' I'se got my two mules Mis' Carrol give me. Leas' year we uns did make five hundred dollars. Done so! When I paid out t' de sto' dar ben hunard an' fifty-five doliars comin' t' me."

"An it ill been stole!" interrupted Reme in a lugubrious tone.

"Nev' you mine bout dat, Reme Sanders! Dat ers no longer livin' no purtice fer, dat bitcome dat."

A more sullen look than I had ever seen on Reme's handsome brown face answered this speech. He pushed back his chair, muttering something about going to the office, quite with the white man's air; and so smuggled himself out of the lesson or further conversation. Rather to our surprise, his mother made no effort to detain him.

"My, my!" she gurgled in the negro fashion, swaying herself to and fro, "dat boy caynt b'ar a word bout me needin' a man t' look out fo' me! Now, he are gone off rarin' on me; an' won't have a word t' say fo' a whole day. He's tempered jes' like he paw; sulks twel he gits ober it."

I asked Aunt Victory if Reme's father was dead. "Laws no," said she. "Has he left you?" said Mrs. Temple.

"He has dat."

"And doesn't Reme want you to let him come back?"

Aunt Victory rubbed her right ear against her right shoulder with a coquettish gesture; and for the first time I realized that, according to African notions, she was a pleasing woman. "Well sir! why Miss Freddy, 'taint my ole man, Reme 'jects to, 'cause not! Hit am de torrer gentleman."

We were too well used to negro morality to either feel or show any particular surprise. But it seemed decent to inquire whether the departed husband was divorced from her. No, of course he was not; that was why she had come to the Rock—as the Arkansaw call Little Rock.

"I gwine get a divorcement fo' fo'ty dollar, de lawyer man say" she explained; "done gav 'im Virty dollar a'ready. Den I go back 't de kentry. I pintedly does crave 't be in d's kentry agin'."

"But it's such hard work, Victory!" I suggested, loath to see a promising cook depart.

"Hard wuk? Taint nufin t' do stove wuk. Gimme my hoe an' my row an' I'se happy. An' laws, Missy, it do pear like I cayn't breye in dis yere shut up town. Aint no sunshine yere. I does love de sunshine. All cullud folks jes natchelly drinks up de sun. I knows song bout dat."

She had a beautiful voice, and we easily persuaded her to sing. I fancy that "ole Miss," whom she was always quoting, had written the song for her:—

"Oh, give de darky sunshine,
An' fair an' softly weddler.
Wid a bite to eat, an' he will wuk,
Fo' days an' days, togedder!
Take away his fine clo'es,
Still he'll dance an' sing.
Take away his 'movements,
Still de laff will ring.
Put take away his sunshine—
Good-by wuk an' play,
Darky, he go hide his head,
Twell sun come back some day!"

It was easy to learn her story when she was in such a mood. Sitting at ease, alone with us, in the kitchen, (for Manda, the chambermaid, was at a colored ball), she poured out her whole humble tragedy.

The ole Miss who had "raised" her and taught her to cook had died. After her death she married a negro, and they went to "making a crop" on the plantation. This negro, Lige by name, accepting her picture, was a very decent man. "Yent never seen de like er Lige t' wuk. He raise de biggest crap on de place, and he cyar so much mischief wid 'im, too. I does jes be laffin all de time. An' he done ben pintedly kind t' me. I says dat fo' him, and no' did fault his vittals. Allers so proud er my cookin' we an we all has a mut'nal or a log rollin'! Yes'm, we did give a festival once an' made ten dollars." Perhaps I should explain that negro festivals are purely private affairs, wherein hospitality is exercised at a profit, instead of expense, since the thrifty host sells the refreshments, after which there is dancing at the less pious houses and games at the house of the "professors."

At log rollings, however, the dinner is provided by the host. The log rollers clear the ground of felled trees, which they collect in heaps for burning.

As Victory's memory recalled the days of her past domestic joys and social triumphs, we could see that she was moved.

"Yess'm, Lige ner' did give me ha'sh wuds." Ner' did raise his hand agin me," so she continued, rocking her supple body to and fro, "onlies' ting I have agin his behavior, den, ben he did be so fond er coon an' possum huntin'. Mos' de onlies time I ever given him a pint-blank hard time ben de time he 'aisted on gwine 'possum huntin' an' whilst he ben gone dat boy, my fustis chile, ben bawn. Oh! I tell ye, Lige he was struck by dat. He did jes cry out loud; an' he name dat baby Remorse, he did, kase t' bar 'im in mine allus, an' he didn't go 'possum huntin' fo' a terrible long spell, not twell I say I kin'ler cravin' 'possum meat, myself. Oh, he did ben a good man t' me. I'se sorter highstrung an' 'teery an' w'en de stove didn't bake right, or it rain, wash day, or my fingers git so numb pickin cotton dat I caynt sew like I uster, why, I does be sorter ill like; but, laws, he jes laff an' coax it outer me. Den de torrer two chillen come an' die." Her face changed and quivered. "He ben mighty kind to me, dem times," she said. For a little space she was silent, then with a perceptible hardening of her mellow voice she went on.

"We got on fine fo' a spell. Me an' Lige, we uns done been raised by white folks—we ain't no niggers. We done wuk hyard an' 'sess a heap o' goods, an' live so happy an' feels so proud—not biggety, jes' Boncs' proud—twell—My Lawd!" a look of anguish keen enough to startle us came over her face while the swift flow of her words was broken by a sudden sob, and she covered her face with her hands and screamed, "Oh, my Lawd, he lef me! He done taken up wid a nigger 'oman!"

Then, just as suddenly, she lifted her head, dried her eyes and said: "But bye'm by Lige he get tired o' her. He ben raised by white folks, an' he come a beggin' back to me to take 'im in!"

"And you took him back?" asked Mrs. Temple.

The sphinx-like head was reared again with indescribable pride. Victory's grand father was an African prince, she told us once, and I can well believe it.

"Miss Temple, I takes him back! Me ben raised by white folk. He lef me fo' a black nigger. I never take him back!"

"But dow did he happen to do such a wicked thing?" said Kate Temple.

"How I know?" sullenly; "she live down de ribber, whar he go 'possum huntin', an' she gaily young thing an'—an' dey call her mighty harnsome; an', some way, she 'tice him off. He been too shamed come nigh me; but he sen' wud dat he give me de truck in de house an' de mules an' ev'rting, cep' only hundred dollars he have at de sto'. An' so he light out. But he nev' did get no satisfaction livin' wid her. She cudn't no mo' cook a meal o' vittals dan she cud match me pickin' cotton, an' she taken 't goin' on mighty bad wid torrer niggers; so dey pahted an' Lige came straight t' me. Mis' Thompson, he say Lige done make mighty sho' he git me back. Huh—Huh!"

I somehow inferred from her conscious air that Thompson was the other man in the case. I asked her, and she admitted that he was; "he was a mighty pleasant, good man," a preacher with a gift for prayer, and all the sisters admired him.

I said:—"But didn't it ever occur to you, Victory, that Mr. Thompson might be prejudiced witness against Lige?"

"How dat, Missy?"

"He wants to marry you himself, you know; mightn't he tell lies about Lige?"

"No'm. He's a plumb good man. Dar aint no such 'prayin' like hisn in the kentry. He done hab a revival er 'ligion sence he come."

"But hasn't he another wife somewhere?" said Kate, who has cynical notions about negro pastors.

"Dat jes' Reme's meanness!" declared Aunt Victory vehemently. "Bro' Thompson swar t' me dat jes de talk o dem ornery, pusillanimous niggers in Dogtown, dat wudn't give nuffin t' de ch'ch. Me an' Reme, we give $5. Dat Reme, he is a good boy, but I'se consarned baout him, kase he won't go t' meetins nur t' ch'ch nur nuffin, and says dat Mist' Thompson aint a model man. He is prejdeced, dat all, Mist' Temple. Dat story 'bout Sal Miller aint got wud o truff in it. She got t' swar dat ar baby on somebuddy, an' so she taken po' Bro' Thompson dat aint skacely pahted lips wid her. He say he skacely seen her. Aint nare critter 'cept Reme Sanders does believe it. An' he believe anything on earth agin Bro' Thompson. I knows Reme; he jes aimin' de plumb wile; git me take his paw back!"

"But could you? Would he come?" said my artful friend.

Victory's great eyes flashed! "He does come ev'ry month, 'cber t' see me from Newport, in de cyars, an' walk out six mile, fo' seben months pleadin' wil me!" said Victory, "look like he aint 'jectin'."

"Dont you think you could forgive him?"

Victory's handsome face hardened again. De fust time I say t' him: 'Lige Sanders, I aint gwine to take you back fo' my husband twell de sun drop! You git outer my house!' Dat how I talk t' him. An' he go off mighty down, wid Reme. Nex' time, I says: 'I don't want no wuds wid ye, Mist' Sanders.' But I let him come in speak wid Reme, kase he did set a heap o' store on Reme an' Reme on him. An byine by he got t' stayin' longer, an' den Reme wud hab him stay t' dinner. An' Mist Thompson says he make his braggs er dat, an' say I ben turning my mind t' him. Dat rile me. But delay it as a he come, he done shaved his beard an' look so like de Lige I married dat"—she flung out a clinched hand to strike her breast furiously—"something hot come up, dar, mindin' me o' all dem times together an' de little dead chillen an' all, an' ben fair choked. So I hit my hard mighty boyish like, an marched outer de house, nev' passin' a wud wid him. An' de next day I done rent de house t' Bro' Thompson to him an' norrer culled man wot batches (meaning they were both bachelors.) t'gedder, t' keep twell I come back, an' I drawed out my money dat I got left t' de sto'; an, I come on yere. I done promanus Mist' Thompson I git a divorcement from Lige."

"And promised him, I daresay to marry him afterwards, said I.

But Victory drew herself up, proudly, "No'm, I doesn't go so easy. I only done promnus git divorcement fum Lige. I show Lige I don't nebber furgive him!"

We both surmised that it was more anger against the erring Lige than love for Thompson (whom we unreasonably disliked) that was at the bottom of Victory's motives.

From this time our sympathies were entirely with the husband. Reme declared that Thompson stole his mother's money. "He knew 'bout de hiding place. "She wouldn't tell me where she hid it," says Reme with indignation, but she owned up she told him."

There had been suspicions of Thompson, it appeared, in regard to some church moneys that were in his hands. Oh, yes, Reme, admitted, he had paid the money back, but not until they had lost their little hoard.

"I know maw," she sets store by paw, still," said Reme, "but this fellow talks so smooth he's fairly bewitched her. I did write to paw where we ben, and I'm hopin' he'll git round. I sent him all the nigger maw let me keep outer my wages and my grips."

The grips, I suppose, were Reme's tips, which he received on various occasions.

"Maw'll git her divorcement in two weeks she says," Reme went on gloomily, "and she lows to go back t' the country right straight, but I ain't going with her if you will keep me."

Reme's prediction came true. With a profusion of thanks for our kindness, Victory gave us warning. She was going back in three weeks to her own house. We couldn't complain as far as we were concerned, especially as she had hunted up a new cook of great gifts in sauces and salads (according to her former employer), neat, industrious, indeed lacking little of perfection except a good temper.

Reme, on this official confirmation, as it were, of his fears, became a walking statue of gloom. It was at this period that he broke a Royal Worcester plate and three cut glass wine glasses, all of which, of course, just slipped from his hands while he "wasn't doing nothing." His misery over the wreck was such that Kate hadn't the heart to scold him.

He came to us later, and begged Kate not to take any money out of his wages, due the next day.

"Maw, she sayd you'd keep 'most all," he whimpered, "cause there the nicest kind of dishes and costs a terrible sight, she says. But if you'd please not this month, I'll sure work for you, all next month."

Kate reassured him. She wasn't going to take his money, but why was he so anxious to have the wages this month?

Then Reme confessed that his father was in town, and so was Mr. Thompson.

"And Thompson, he's all fixed up," cried Reme, "out of our money. In a black preacher coat and a silk hat. Oh, he looks mighty fine. But paw does look pint blank ghastly. You see, Mrs. Temple, he did ben sick ever since he went home the last time, and the house where he ben turned down and he lost his good clothes and ever' cent er money, and now he's come here, all ragged, aimin' to git some work and some clothes and make it up to maw. And I don't want maw t' see him all in his rags, and Thompson strutting round in his high hat. So I was reckoning I'd buy him some clothes."

We sympathized with Reme, but, as it turned out, our sympathy came to naught.

Either Victory's lawyer got the divorce sooner than expected, or Victory, herself, found the money sooner; anyhow, a few evenings later Kate came to me to say that Thompson was calling on Victory. I at once wanted to look at a new experiment in puddings, left in the "cold closet," to reach which one must pass through the kitchen.

True enough, there sat a smug-faced, six-foot negro, gleaning all over in a black broadcloth, with a gorgeous gold watch and chain and dazzling linen.

Victory would not let us pass without introducing him.

It was at this moment that there came a timid kind of half hearted knock at the door.

Victory opened it—and absolutely staggered back. "My Lawd! Lige!" she screamed, "what's got ye?"

Lige, indeed it was, and à forlorner spectacle than he presented is difficult to picture. He looked sick and wretched, and his clothes were no better than rags. What a contrast to the resplendent Thompson!

"Yes, Vict'ry, it's me," said poor Lige, "I know I aint fit t' come t' see ye in such clo'es, but I did wanter see ye so bad!"

All Victory said was, "Mymy! mymy! Lige!"

By this time—for half unconsciously Victory had opened the door—Lige had shambled into the circle of light. He saw Thompson. As if by magic his humility was rent from him, his limp form straightened, head erect and eyes burning, he shook his fist at the preacher.

"You black nigger! is you darin' come twixt me an' my wife!"

Mandy, who was on the other side of the table, an admiring listener to Brother Thompson's eloquence, jumped up with a scream.

"You hush!" said Victory quietly, "he won't do no hyarm!" She turned herself to Lige with actual dignity. "Who you talkin' 'bout, Mist' Sanders? Not me. I ain't no wife er yourn. I got my bill o' divorcement dis very day."

Lige gasped. The tears rose to his eyes.

"Anyhow, she ain't aimin' to demean herself to a low down, trampin' niggar like you," said Thompson, from his glistening height of broadcloth. "Miss Vict'ry lows t' become the bride of a gentlemen in the profession——"

A swift blow from Lige's fist knocked the rest of the sentence out of time.

Like a tiger Lige flew at the white shirt bosom and the gorgeous watch-chain. But, weakened by illness he was no match for the brawny preacher, who knocked him half across the kitchen.

Mandy tittered.

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Temple, "Victory! stop!"

Heeding her no more than the wind, as Lige, bleeding but undismayed, dashed again at Thompson, Victory herself flung the dish towel tight over Thompson's unsuspecting head, pulling from behind with such force and fury that, thus harassed in the rear, he made a misstep and all three went down together under Lige's onslaught.

"Git you' razor, Lige!" shrieked Victory. "You let my husband 'lone or he cut you wid a razor!"

I believe that it was quite as much the bewildering effect of Victory's conduct as Mrs. Temple's commands that sent a calm on the turmoil.

Thompson crawled to his feet and glared at Lige, also on his feet, flourishing a razor, while Victory panted, supporting herself by the table, and Mandy called on the police out of the dining-room door, as if they were hidden upstairs.

Reme's appearance at this moment rather helped the confusion, since he supposed the house to be afire, and ran to the water faucets.

"What does all this mean, Victory?" Kate demanded, as soon as she had suppressed Mandy.

"Hit mean dat I ain't gwine has no black niggers as my husband!" answered Victory. "Mist' Thompson, sah, I tids you good-day, fo' ober me. An' I'll'liebes ever word Reme done tell me gin ye."

"I shall have to ask you to leave, too," added Kate.

In vain Thompson begged Victory to think of the past and her promises.

"I didn't prommuse you nary," cried Victory in high wrath; "I nev' sayd like I'd marry you, I sayd I'd git a divorcement fum Lige; an' a big fool I ben t' do it; but I done it."

"Maybe," marled the goaded Thompson, "you didn't prommuse you'd never take Lige Sanders fo' your husband——"

"Well, I ain't taken him back," came the reply with a toss of Victory's head and a roll of Victory's eyes. "Fo' de Lawd, I gwine marry him twice. Dat what I gwine do!"

"Lawd bless you, Victory," cried Lige. "I sho' did reckon you turn me Rose, w'en ye see me in dem po' ragged clo'es an' hire no fit an' stay."

"Yes, on de money he stole from us!" shouted Reme, who was for having his car in the matter.

"Lige, you a fool sho!" retorted Victory; "ain't I jes' ben' had my hairt turned t' ye longer dem po' clo'es de minnit I seen ye, ye did look so distressid! An' w'en he tegan a pickin' on ye, looked like I cudn't bar de sight er him."

"Oh! lawa. Vict'ry!" gasped Lige.

Thompson gave his former mistress a murderous glance; but he fished his hat from under the table and, muttering a kind of apology to Mrs. Temple, went out with Mandy.

Perhaps Mandy consoled him.

There is nothing more to say except that on the following Wednesday Aunt Victory baked her own wedding cake.

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Since 1880 has devoted his whole time to the specialty of the Throat and Lung Diseases.
[The cut represents a Porous Respirator and the patient in the act of breathing.]
Diseases Treated—Catarrh of the Head and Throat, Catarrhal Deafness, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption, Loss of Voice, Sore Throat, Enlarged Tonsils, Polypus of the Nose or any other Nasal Obstruction removed. Head Office: 78 McCaul Street, Toronto.

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SEE MY WINDOWS FOR FINE
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W. BAKER & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa
from which the excess of oil has been removed, is Absolutely Pure and it is Soluble.
No Chemicals
are used in its preparation. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch, Arrowroot or Sugar, and is therefore far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, strengthening, EASILY DIGESTED, and admirably adapted for invalids as well as for persons in health.
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Will be paid to the estate of any person meeting his or her death from falling while wearing
Grip or Anti-Slip
RUBBERS.
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IF WOMEN ONLY KNEW
The exquisite pleasure of wearing a pair of
All "FEATHERBONE" CORSETS

After having suffered the tortures of the old-fash oned corset, with side steels, which rust and break, and rust, they would always insist on having "FEATHER BONE" in preference to any other. They give to the figure that symmetrical beauty which is a woman's greatest charm.
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BREAKFAST
"By a thorough knowledge of the natural law which governs the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many doctor's bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette.
Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets, by Grocers, labelled thus.
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Acid lights up the shining flames, as fresh fuel replaces the dead embers such virtues hath N.Y. LEON Water—powerful beyond comparison—to electrify to support, and assist that wonderful network, the nerves, through which alone building and repairing of the body is carried on and health and strength flow. To all who drink St. Leon comes such health and pleasure as never before known.
The St. Leon Mineral Water Com'y. (Limited) Toronto.
Head Office, 134 King Street Toronto.

GILLETT'S
PURE POWDERED 100% LYE
PUREST, STRONGEST, BEST.
Ready for use in any quantity. For making Soap, Softening Water, Disinfecting Sinks, Drains, Closets and many other uses. A can equals 12 pounds Sal Soda.
Sold by All Grocers and Druggists.
E. W. GILLETT, Toronto.

ARTHUR ELLIS, (Member of the Ontario Association of Architects) ARCHITECT AND APPRAISER. Office: 82 Brock Street, Kingston, Ont.

TIPPO TIB'S ROMANCE.

TIPPO TIB.

About sixty years ago, Tippo Tib, who has been brought into prominence in English-speaking countries through Gordon and Stanley, fell in love with a young girl who had been refused to him by the father on account of his poverty. The young people, however, were much attached to each other, and one fine evening the girl ran away with her lover.

The distance being considerable between the two douars, (villages), and the road extremely perilous, Tippo had armed himself from head to foot. Already the most dangerous part of the road had been cleared, and they were beginning to hear the dogs of the douar towards which they were rapidly advancing, when all at once a young lion, who till that moment had kin concealed behind the bushes, rose and walked straight towards them.

The young girl shrieked so fearfully that her cries were heard by the prop'e in the tents, and several of the men immediately seized their arms and rushed out to the rescue. When they reached the spot to which they were directed by the screams of the young maiden, they saw the lion walking slowly a few paces in front of Tippo, with his eyes steadfastly fixed upon him, and leading him thus towards the forest. The young girl did all she could to prevent her lover following the lion, or induce him to let go herself, but in vain; he kept dragging her on in spite of all her efforts, saying:

"Come, my beloved, come; our master will have it so: we must go!"

"But your weapons," she cried; "what are they good for if not to save me?"

"Weapons? I have none!" answered the fascinated wretch. Then addressing the lion, he said: "Great lord, believe her not; I am perfectly unarmed, and will follow you wherever you will."

At this moment the Arabs, eight or ten in number, who had come to the rescue of the unfortunate couple, perceiving that the lion would very soon have them in the forest, fired, every one of them, upon him; but on finding that he did not fall, they took to their heels. The lion sprang upon Tippo's love, and with one bound crushed her to the earth, smashing her head at a bite; after which he lay down by the side of the young man, placing his huge paws upon his knees.

The Arabs now finding that the lion did not condescend to pursue them, took courage and returned, and having reloaded their guns, prepared again to fire: but being afraid of killing the man, they told him to try to get a little way from the lion, which he allowed him to do, without ever losing sight of him. The moment the guns of the Arabs were levelled at him, the lion sprang into the midst of them, seized one with his teeth and two others with his claws dragging them together, so as to make, as it were, one bundle, then, placing under him that mass of palpitating flesh, he instantly smashed the three heads, as he had done that of the girl. Those who escaped ran to the douar and told the story, but no one was bold enough to return for another attack. The lion then carried the man into the forest. What occurred there the hero of the adventure has never revealed; but from that day to this a settled melancholy has found a resting place in Tippo's eyes.

It is true that the lion has the power of fascination over some organizations? All I can say is, that the Arabs answer in the affirmative, and give numerous examples.—H. M. S.

A Winter of Comfort.

"During the many sessions I have worked in our drafty Press Gallery (House of Commons)," writes Mr. Aubrey C. Hamilton, Ottawa, Can., "that is the only one through out which I have not been subjected to lumbago. The cause of this is that I used St. Jacobs Oil this winter, and my lumbago then disappeared like snow before the sun." Pain vanishes at its touch.

Enterprise Episodes.

Enterprise, Nov. 5. — On Thursday eighty guests from Kingston, Inverary, Renfrew and surrounding country assembled at the residence of Rev. J. M. Brewer, Enterprise, to witness the marriage of his youngest daughter, Sarah E., to Levi Brown, of Moscow. Rev. H. I. Allen, of Enterprise, officiated, and, after congratulations, the party gathered around a beautiful table, which seemed to be groaning under its load. The guests showed their respect for the young couple by presentation of valuable and costly presents. A. Jackson procured from the experimental farm, Ottawa, three pounds of Campbell's white chaff spring wheat; he sowed and threshed and cleaned up ninety-two pounds of clean seed wheat. He also had three pounds of Canadian pride oats, and has harvested 174 pounds of good clean oats.

A Pleasant Herb Drink—A Spring Medicine

The druggists tell us that people call daily for the new cure for constipation and sick-headache discovered by Dr. Silas Lane. It is said to be Oregon grape root (a great remedy in the far west for those complaints) combined with simple herbs, and is made for use by pouring on boiling water to draw out the strength. It sells at 50c and $1 a package and is called Lane's Family Medicine.

Petworth Pointers.

Petworth, Nov. 3.—Sidney W. Day is again around on his usual trip buying all kinds of fowl. The farmers are boasting of their large crops of roots. On Sunday last Rev. Mr. Tomblin, Yarker, preached a most instructive sermon to a good congregation in the Orange hall. Some of our villagers attended the fair at Clarke's Mills to-day and did a good business in exchanging horses. W. Clarke is now comfortable in his new residence on our best street. G. Brown has returned from his hunting trip in the north of the county. Miss A. Youmans leaves on Wednesday of this week for a trip to Chicago to visit friends. Wm. Jackson, Harrowsmith, and Miss Libbie Clark, of this village, were united in marriage last Sunday evening. Congratulations from their many friends here.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The Czar of Russia.

The Czar of Russia probably has his own troubles as well as we commoner mortals. Where we have the advantage in such troubles as dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, bad blood and the like is in being able to procure easily a perfect remedy in Burdock Blood Bitters, nature's grand restorative tonic and purifier.

It is a Fact.

Our stock of gloves and ties for this season have been well selected, both in styles and prices. Call and examine them at the "Red Light," King street.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

OUR HYACINTHE BULBS
Have Arrived and Now is the Time to Plant Them
Hyacinths.
Tulips,
Crocus,
Jonquils,
Easter Lillies, etc.
These bulbs look remarkably healthy and in good condition. It is evident the growers picked out fine specimens for us as promised, and now they are all ready for sale, at
W. J. WILSON'S
THE PHARMACY, 185 PRINCESS STREET

Oysters!
AT THE OLD PRICES.
40c and 50c, Imperial quart,
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TEN PIECES, $