EDITORIAL NOTES.

That Crete is to have a future of some sort appears to be taken for granted. It is entirely problematical what that future will be. One thing is generally admitted by all candid observers and that is the powerless Powers have made a wretched failure of their programme for combined control of the island. It has been a case of joint misgovernment. Indeed good government could hardly have been possible under such mixed racial and religious conditions complicated by diplomatic blundering. Responsibility must always lodge somewhere. In the last resort there must be an executive head over all. It has been precisely this element of strong and strenuous leadership that has been lacking. Four or five bluff and hearty sailormen rocking on the billows off Crete, even though they be of flag-rank, and prompted by as many ambassadors at Stamboul, are utterly unable to cope successfully with the shifting perplexities of civil affairs ashore. The truth is that of late the administration of Crete, largely a nominal control, has represented only a patched-up truce, an absurd and unworkable compromise. In a realm quivering with scarce suppressed strife and fanaticism the naval officers of the Powers have been expected to maintain order where the basal elements of union were wholly lacking and to secure peace while a score of irritating questions were yet unextricated from the fevered social body.

In fixing the responsibility therefore for the explosion that occurred in Candia, when nearly half as many British soldiers perished as in the whole of the recent Khartoum campaign, censure must be laid upon the mutually jealous Powers as well as the servile Djerad Pasha and the crafty Sultal, unreconciled as he naturally is to foreign interference of any sort in Crete. But now that the break has come in the brittle system introduced by the four Powers, the future of Crete looks possibly a bit brighter. Britishers can stand a good deal of slaughtering of Armenians. England can even tolerate a bombardment of Cretan Christians, in the supposed interest of the general peace of Europe. But when a British Consul is killed the fleets start from Spithead. Questions thereupon begin to be settled from Portsmouth Dockyard rather than Downing Street. It may be so in the case of Crete. Even the lethargic Salisbury is reported to be moving energetically towards an amendment, if not a reversal, of the present system of maladministration. The simplest solution would be an Anglo-Italian occupation of Crete, in which law-loving England would naturally become the dominant factor. That Britain would be willing, even eager, to assume the sole responsibility for the administration of the island is little to be doubted. England has never shrunk from burdens of that sort.

To the first naval Power in the world the possession of Souda Bay would be a great attraction, while a huge fleet of tramp steamers is always waiting to follow wherever the iron-clads lead the way to new scenes of commerce and enterprise. But England's bland proposal is not likely to be accepted by her jealous rivals. As for Turkish rule, that is no longer practically thought of except as a nearly nominal suzerainty. Neutralization seems almost equally out of the question since Crete has the misfortune to be so situated strategically with reference to the Aegean and the Dardanelles that no one Power could safely permit its transfer to another; while at the same time each Power might hope that it so long as Crete was not neutralized, might by some fortunate turn of events attain to the possession of the island. It is accordingly most probable that the exigencies of the Cretan situation will force the Powers to an insistence on the withdrawing of the Turkish garrisons from the island, subsequent to a disarmament of the Moslems, and the speedy appointment of a Christian Governor, who shall have actual and undivided authority to enforce order and inaugurate reforms. It is of course not impossible that in connection with her demands for reparation for the recent massacres Britain, trusting to the moral effect if not the physical support of America, may start such measures against Turkey as will be tantamount to a reckoning for all the wrongs against Armenians and others perpetrated by the latter Power in recent years. It is understood, however, that Lord Salisbury is not inclined to individual action in Crete. He is not the kind of a man that makes history in an hour and by himself. It is more likely that a Governor will soon be appointed for Crete, backed by the Powers, and that a modified form of joint superintendence of that famous isle will continue until the next European war precipitates a rearrangement of political values and ethnic groupings all around.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Be not merely good; be good for something.—Thoreau.

Evil is wrought by want of thought as well as by want of heart.—Hood.

Our ancestors have traveled the iron age; the golden is before us. — St. Pierre.

We are indebted to Christianity for gentleness, especially toward women.—C. Simmons.

God governs the world, and we have only to do our duty wisely, and leave the issue to him.—John Jay.

Good taste rejects excessive nicety; it treats little things as little things and is not hurt by them.—Feulton.

No man was ever so completely skilled in the conduct of life as not to receive new information from age and experience.—Terence.

Our lives, by acts exemplary, not only win ourselves good names, but do to others give matter for virtuous deeds, by which we live.—Chapman.

Narrow-minded and ignorant persons talk about persons and not things; hence gossip is the bane and disgrace of so large a portion of society.—Sheridan.

There cannot be a surer proof of low origin or of an innate meanness of disposition than to be always talking and thinking about being genteel. —Hazlitt.

GUIDANCE.

Mudge—I have always tried to guide myself by the truth.

Yabsley—Well, you have succeeded in steering yourself past it pretty successfully.

People who denounce the stage should remember that the minstrel is never as black as he is painted.

Capital and labor would commingle better if there weren't so many men trying to get capital without labor.

A southern railway has a female train dispatcher. Nearly every small boy is acquainted with a woman switch-tender.

About the House.

LEGEND OF RED ROSEBUDS.

When cruel hands the crown did twine
Which pressed the Savior's brow divine,

Unconsciously a rosebud white,
Was twined among the sharp thorns tight.

And lying on His holy hair,
It saw where thorns had wounded there.

So gently from its place it slips
To kiss the wound with fragrant lips,

And ever since, the legend said,
His blood has stained the rosebud red.

Fit emblem of His love and grace,
Amid the thorns it found a place.

So every grief that here we win
Has some sweet blossom hid within.

And every sorrow, without doubt,
Some helpful lesson twines about.

Search mid the fingers of each care,
You'll find the rosebid hidden there.

CLOSETS AND SHELVES.

Many houses are built without making the proper arrangements for closets and cupboards, and it becomes necessary to provide a place for the clothing, trunks and other things that are very useful but which do not add to the appearance of the rooms, if left exposed to view, says a writer.

A corner wardrobe or closet is very convenient in a bed-room or sitting-room and is easily constructed. Two wide pieces of board are fastened to two walls which meet in a corner at a height of five or six feet from the floor. A row of hooks placed near the lower edge of the boards is used to hang the clothing on, and a three-cornered shelf rests upon the upper edge. A foot above this is another shelf fastened to the wall in the same way, and from the front edge hangs a curtain of prettily figured sateen or cretonne, of a color which harmonizes with the other furnishings of the room. The lower shelf is used for hats, and the upper one is a good place for vases and pieces of bric-a-brac, if the ceiling of the room is high. A three-cornered box with a hinged lid set on the floor, is a convenient receptacle for boots, shoes and rubbers. A panel door may be substituted for the curtain if preferred, and the expense will be slight, if you have some one in your family who knows how to use carpenter's tools.

A friend of mine has a very pretty and comfortable lounge in her sitting-room, which I was surprised to find was also used as a chest for the extra comforts and other bed clothes not needed in the summer. A box six feet long and two feet wide, with castors under the corners and a lid fastened to one side with hinges, is the foundation. The top of the box is padded with several thicknesses of old quilts, that were too badly worn to be used in any other way, then covered with blue denim, putting the light side out, and a full ruffle of the denim is placed around the front and two ends. This reaches the floor, and conceals the box from view. A large pillow, also covered with denim, is placed at the head. A lounge made like this for the dining room would do nicely for table and bed linen. Place a partition across the middle, dividing it in two parts, and use one for tablecloths, napkins, sideboard covers, doilies, etc., and the other for sheets and pillow cases. The window seats and cozy corners so much in favor now-a-days could be utilized in the same way.

A recess or jog in the wall maybe fitted up as a bookcase or closet. If the jog extends from the floor to the ceiling, have lattice panels set in at the top and under this place a pole fastened to the side pieces of wood, nailed up to secure the lattice transom. From this pole suspended a curtain, which falls before the shelves, protecting their contents from the dust and sunlight. This might be fitted up for a clothes press or wardrobe.

A convenient medicine chest is made by fastening a box twelve inches high, sixteen inches long, and seven inches deep, near the end of the mantle shelf. A strip of moulding is put on around the upper edge. It was divided into two parts, one for tall bottles and one for short, by putting in a shelf ten inches from the bottom. A curtain of momie cloth, finished at the lower edge with bell fringe, was placed across the front. In these shelves were kept various toilet articles, glycerine, cologne, ammonia, tooth powder, mucilage, and other bottles that are useful but unsightly. The woodwork should always be stained or painted to correspond with the other woodwork in the room.

A friend of mine found, upon moving into a new home, that one of her upstairs bed-rooms was quite long and narrow, both ends being cut off by the sloping roof, until the upright walls were only four feet high. A large double window in one side where the ceiling was highest, furnished light. We have all seen such rooms, and know that the space where the ceiling is so low is almost useless. This woman called a carpenter to her aid, and the space on one side of the room was divided into three parts, and drawers made to fit in the spaces. The lower drawers were quite deep, and were nice places for skirts, capes and other things that are injured by folding. The other drawers were smaller. On the other side the space was used for closets, and furnished with two panel doors. The appearance of the room was greatly improved, and as closet room was unusually scarce in this house, she has often assured me that she would not do without the closets and drawers for many times what they cost.

HOME OF THE FLOWERS.

The Scilly Islands are a little group of rocks, islets and barren crags about fifty miles off the very southwestern point of England. There is an isle or a rock for every day in the year, counting those that appear above high water—twice as many perhaps when the tide is out. Only five of the islands are inhabited and the largest is but two and a half miles long by one and a half miles wide.

In Roman days the islands were used as a place of banishment; later they became a refuge for outlaws. These outlaws became smugglers and wreckers, the latter not at all removed from pirates, and many a vessel has been lured on the rocks by false lights for the sake of the treasures to be cast up by the sea after its destruction. It is said of the islands that they are "the most extensive marine graveyard in the world," and in spite of the powerful light which now warns the mariners to keep away even when twenty miles distant every winter sees some unfortunate ship dashed to pieces on these dangerous rocks.

A branch of the gulf stream sweeps round these isles and brings them within the semi-tropical zone. The climate is months earlier than on the mainland. January in the Scillies is like April in England, thus spring begins at Christmas.

These conditions are favorable to the chief, almost, indeed, the only industry of the islands, the growing of cut flowers, chiefly the daffodil and narcissus. It may be said the conditions are the cause of the industry. Nearly every available acre of land in the five inhabited islands is set to flowers. Some of the large flower farmers have from twenty-five to thirty-five acres in flowers, but from five to seven acres is the average. The only—or at least the chief—drawback is the wind storms that sometimes sweep over the isles and blast the buds. The buds are planted in patches of perhaps a third of an acre, separated by hedges for protection frm the wind.

The flowers are cut while still in bud and set in trays or pots of water in hot houses to ripen. As this occurs, boys and girls put them into bunches and pack them for shipment. They are sent to London, where every grower has his customers, while the surplus stocks the city's great flower market, Covent Garden. The grower gets about sixty-three cents for a dozen bunches and the crop from the Scillies, during its three spring months, is worth $300,000. Some idea of the enormous output may be gained from the fact that the yearly output is 500 tons. One hundred and sixty boxes, each of which holds six dozen bunches, are allowed to a ton. Something like 69,000,000 blooms then, must be sent to market during January, February and March.

The Scillies belong to the crown and the revenue goes to the Prince of Wales. The inhabitants hold their farms under leases. If a man wants to build a house he submits his plans to the governor of the islands, who leases him the land on which to build for ninety-nine years. At the end of that time the house and all go to the crown.

An Engineer's Story.

SUFFERED THE PANGS OF RHEUMATISM FOR YEARS.

Was Reduced in Weight From 180 to 130 Pounds—His Friends Feared That Recovery Was Impossible—Now Actively Attending to His Duties.

From the Midland Free Press.

Alexander McKenzie is one of the well known residents of Brookholm, Ont., where he has lived for many years. A few years ago it was thought that an early grave would be his; on the contrary, however, he is now stout and strong, and the story of his recovery is on the lips of almost all the citizens of that burgh. The writer, while visiting in the village could not fail to hear of his recovery, and with the reporter's proverbial nose for news decided to put to the proof the gossip of the village. The reporter visited Mr. McKenzie's home and was introduced to Mrs. McKenzie. Enquiry elicited the information that Mr. McKenzie was not at home, but when informed as to his mission the lady freely consented to tell the reporter of her husband's case. Her story runs like this: "Mr. McKenzie is 40 years of age, an engineer by profession, and is now on a boat on the lakes. About five years ago he began to feel twinges of rheumatism in different parts of his body and limbs. For a time he did not think much if it, but it gradually got worse until the pain was such that he was unable to work, and could not get rest at nights. I would have to get up two or three times of a night." said Mrs. McKenzie to try and relieve this intense suffering. Of course he consulted a physician who pronounced his trouble sciatic rheumatism. The doctor did what he could for him, but without giving any permanent relief. This went on several years sometimes he would be some better and try to work, then the trouble would come on again and be as bad as ever.

He was pulled down from being a stout man of 180 pounds to about 130, and was so thin and miserable that all who knew him thought it would be only a matter of a short time until he would be in his grave. For four years did he thus drag along a miserable existence, until in the beginning of 1897 some one recommended Dr. William's Pink Pills. Tired of medicine, with some reluctance he procured a box and gave them a trial. Almost at once a change was perceptible and as he kept on taking them, the improvement continued, and he was soon able to be about. By the time he had taken about a dozen boxes he was free from the slightest twinge of rheumatism, and as stout and strong as he had been before his affliction. So great is his faith in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that when he left home recently to go up the lake for the summer, he took three boxes with him as a preventative against a possible recurrence of the trouble. Mrs. McKenzie was quite willing that this story should be made public, and believes that she owes her husband's life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Rheumatism, sciatica, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and diseases depending upon humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc., all disappear before a fair treatment with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. Sold by all dealers and post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for $2.50 by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to take some substitute.

MODERN METHUSELAHS.

The Greatest Age to Which Some People Have Attained.

Niemens De Cugna, a native of Bengal was the Methuselah of modern times, if Maffens, the historian of the Indians, and Lopez Casteguods, historiographer royal of Portugal, can be believed. They solemnly averred that Cugna lived to the remarkable age of 370 years.

They were for a time contemporaneous with the three-times centenarian, but of course they may have made a mistake of a century or two.

It is said of Cugna by the historians that he observed the greatest simplicity in his mode of life, and hisfaculties were unimpaired by age.

At the time of his death he was noted for his memory as well as for his longevity. He was unable to find a wife who possessed his remarkable hold on life, and during his 370 years was forced to marry many times.

His hair and beard changed several times from black to gray and from gray to black. The ignorant people of Bengal attributed his long life to magic. Cugna declared it was the result of a good constitution and temperate habits.

Peter Loctron, a French peasant, who died Jan. 25, 1724, at the ripe old age of 183 years, comes next to Cugna on the longevity list, as it is reported.

The Rovin family, of Tunievax, France, present a striking instance of old age as a family dower. The combined ages of the Rovins, father and mother, amounted to 388 years, the father, John Rovin, being 174, and his wife 164. The French chroniclers state that they were married 147 years, and during that period of matrimonial experience "they lived in much peace and contentment."

At the time of their death this venerable couple, had three children living, the baby being only 116 years old.

England also furnished some remarkable instances of long life. Henry Jenkins, a native of Yorkshire, lived to be 169 years old. In his time three queens and one king were beheaded, and he often said that had he belonged to the royal family he would never have been a centenarian.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to Cure. 25c.

JAPS NEVER SWEAR.

The Japanese never swear. Their language contains no blasphemous words.

FUNERAL OF GEN. GORDON.

HONORS FOR THE GALLANT DEAD BY KITCHENER'S ARMY.

An Impressive Scene—Martial Requiem Amid the Ruins of Khartoum "Under the Conquering Ensign of His Own People.

Geo. Stevens, writing to the London Daily Mail from Omdurman, thus describes a touching incident:—

The steamers—screws, paddles, sternwheelers—plugged their steady way up the full Nile. Past the northern fringe of Omdurman, where the sheikh came out with the white flag, past the breach where we went in to the Khalifa's stronghold, past the choked embrasures and the lacerated Mahdi's tomb, past the swamp-rooted palms of Tuti Island. We looked at it with a dispassionate, impersonal curiosity. It was Sunday morning, and that furious Friday seemed already half a lifetime behind us. The volleys had dwindled out of our ears, and the smoke out of our nostrils, and to-day we were going to the funeral of Gordon. After nearly fourteen years the Christian soldier was to have Christian burial.

On the steamers there was a detachment of every corps, white, or black, or yellow, that had taken part in the vengeance. Every white officer that could be spared from duty was there, fifty men picked from each British battalion, one or two from each unit of the Egyptian army. That we were going up to Khartoum at all was evidence of our triumph; yet if you looked about you, triumph was not the note. The most reckless subaltern, the most barbarous black was touched with gravity. We were going to perform a necessary duty, which had been put off far, far too long.

Fourteen years next January— yet even through the humiliating thought there ran a whisper of triumph. We may be slow; but in that very slowness we show that we do not forget. Soon or late, we give our own their due. Here were men that fought for Gordon's life while he lived—Kitchener, who went disguised and alone among furious enemies to get news of him; Wauchope, who

POURED OUT HIS BLOOD LIKE WATER

at Tamai and Kirbekan; Stuart-Wortlay, who missed by but two days the chance of dying at his side. And here, too, were boys who could hardly lisp when their mothers told them that Gordon was dead, grown up now, and appearing in the fulness of time to exact ten thousand lives for one. Gordon my die—other Gordons may die in the future—but the same clean-limbed brood will grow up and avenge them.

The boats stopped plugging and there was silence. We were tying up opposite a grove of tall palms; on the bank was a crowd of natives curiously like the backsheesh-hunters who gather to greet the Nile steamers. They stared at us; but we looked beyond them to a large building rising from a crumbling quay. You could see that it had once been a handsome building of the type you know in Cairo or Alexandria —all stone, and stucco, two-storied, faced with tall regular windows. Now the upper storey was clean gone; the blind windows were filled up with bricks; the stucco was all scars, and you could walk up to the roof on rubble. In front was an acacia, such as grow in Ismailia on the Ghezireh at Cairo, only unpruned—deep luscious green, only drooping like a weeping willow. At that most ordinary sight everybody grew very solemn. For it was a piece of new world, or rather of an old world, utterly different from the squalid mud, the baking barrenness of Omdurman. A facade with tall windows, a tree with green leaves—the facade battered and blind, the tree drooping to earth—there was no need to tell us we were at a grave. In that forlorn ruin, and that disconsolate acacia, the bones of murdered civilization lay before us.

The troops formed up before the palace in three sides of a rectangle—Egyptians to our left as we looked from the river, British to the right. The Sirdar, the generals of division and brigade, and the staff stood in the open space facing the palace. Then, on the roof—almost on the

VERY SPOT WHERE GORDON FELL

though the steps by which the butchers mounted have long since vanished—we were aware of two flagstaves. By the right hand halliards stood Lieutenant Staveley, R .N., and Captain Watson, K.R.R.; by the left hand Bimbashi Mitford and two other officers.

The Sirdar raised his hand. A pull at the halliards, up ran, out flew the Union Jack, tugging eagerly at his reins, dazzling gloriously in the sun, rejoicing in his strength and his freedom. "Bang!" went the Melik's 12 1-2-pounder, and the boat quivered to her backbone, "God Save our Gracious Queen" hymned the Guards' band—"bang!" from the Melik—and Sirdar and private stood stiff—"bang!" to attention, every hand at the helmet peak—"bang!"—in salute. The Egyptian flag had gone up at the same instant; and now, the same ear-smashing, soul-uplifting bangs marking time, the band of the 11th Sudanese was playing the Khedival hymn. "Three cheers for the Queen!" cried the Sirdar; helmets leaped in the air, and the melancholy ruins woke to the first wholesome shout of all these years. Then the same for the Khedive, The comrade flags stretched themselves lustily, enjoying their own again; the bands pealed forth the pride of country; the twenty-one guns banged forth the strength of war. Thus, white men and black, Christian and Moslem, Anglo-Egypt set her seal once more, for ever, on Khartoum.

Before we had time to think such thoughts over to ourselves the bands were playing the 'Dead March in Saul." Then the black band was playing the march from Handel's "Scipio," which in England generally goes with

"TOLL FOR THE BRAVE."

This was in memory of those loyal men among the Khedive's subjects who could have saved themselves by treachery, but preferred to die with Gordon. Next fell a deeper hush than ever, except for the solemn minute guns that had followed the fierce salute, Four chaplains—Catholic, Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist — came slowly forward and ranged themselves, with their backs to the palace, just before the Sirdar. The Presbyterian read the Fifteenth Psalm, The Anglican led the rustling whisper of the Lord's Prayer. Snow-haired Father Brindle, best beloved of priests, laid his helmet at his feet and read a memorial prayer, bareheaded in the sun. Then came forth the pipers and wailed a dirge, and the Sudanese played, "Abide With Me." Perhaps lips did twitch just a little to see the abony heathens fervently blowing out Gordon's favourite hymn; but the most irresistible incongruity would hardly have made us laugh at that moment. And there were those who said the cold Sirdar himself, could hardly speak or see as General Hunter and the rest stepped out according to their rank and shook his hand. What wonder! He had trodden this road to Khartoum for fourteen years, and he stood at the goal at last.

Thus with Maxim-Nordenfelt and Bible we buried Gordon after the manner of his race. The parade was over, the troops were dismissed, and for a short space we talked in Gordon's garden. Gordon has become a legend with his countrymen, and they all but deify him dead who would never have heard of him had he lived. But in this garden you somehow came to know Gordon the man, not the myth, and to feel near to him. Here was an Englishman doing his duty alone, and at the

INSTANT PERIL OF HIS LIFE

yet still he loved his garden. The garden was a yet more pathetic ruin than the palace. The palace accepted its doom mutely; the garden strove against it. Untrimmed, unwatered, the oranges and citrons still struggled to bear their little hard green knots, as if they had been full ripe fruit. The pomegranates put on their vermillion, star-flowers, but the fruit was small and woody and juiceless. The figs bore better, but they, too, were small and without vigour. Rankly overgrown with dhurra, a vine still trained over a low roof its dwarfed leaves and limped tendrils, but yielded not a sign of grapes. It was all green, and so far vivid and rerfeshing after Omdurman. But it was the green of nature, not of cultivation; leaves grew large and fruit grew small, and dwindled away. Reluctantly, despairingly, Gordon's garden was dropping back to wilderness. And in the middle of the defeated fruit trees grew rankly the hateful Soudan apple, the poisonous herald of desolation.

The bugle broke in upon us; we went back to the boats. We were quicker steaming back than steaming up. We were not a whit less chastened, but every man felt lighter. We came with a sigh of shame, we went away with a sigh of relief. The long-delayed duty was done. The bones of our countrymen were shattered and scattered abroad, and no man knows their place. None the less Gordon had his due burial at last. So we steamed away to the roaring camp, and left him alone again. Yet not one nor two looked back at the mouldering palace and the tangled garden, without a new and great contentment. We left Gordon alone again —but alone in majesty under the conquering ensign of his own people.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

It takes a pretty good carpenter to floor a pugilist.

Cruel words seldom cut a lazy person to the quick.

Many a man punctures his tire on the road to wealth.

Weather-strips will soon be classed as long felt wants.

The more bread the baker makes the more he kneads.

Some people spend the most of their time in nursing animosity.

Some men become crooked in trying to make both ends meet.

The more innings a man has the more he enjoys his outings.

It is sometimes difficult to get even with a man who credits you.

Nothing worries some people like the absence of worry in others.

The early milkman catches a glimpse of a woman's true complexion.

The heiress who invests in a title doesn't always purchase happiness.

Work is nature's physician, but most people prefer some other doctor.

A woman's idea of religion is to have kindly thoughts of her rival.

Women probably talk most because men are too polite to interrupt them.

Perhaps it is the microbes in kisses that cause people to fall "dead in love."

A few men "think," others "guess," some "fancy," while still others "reckon."

Some people prune their genealogical trees by cutting their poor relations.

The end of one man's failure is oftimes the beginning of another man's success.

The less thought some men give to a subject the more liberal their views are.

With the exception of ourselves no one ever does things as they should be done.

It must be hard on the fingers of the jolly mute who is always cracking jokes.

It always makes a man feel cheap to be caught looking at a photograph of himself.

Social etiquette doesn't interest the man who is wearing a porous plaster on a hot day.

The happiness of some people depends upon their ability to make others unhappy.

Nothing contributes more toward alleviating domestic storms than a clear conscience.

Some men go abroad to complete their education and others marry for the same purpose.

An act of charity pushes a man further along on the road to glory than an act of heroism.

The criminal judge may be a man of few words, but he is not always a man of short sentences.

Many a man who has the sand to propose to a girl lacks the necessary rocks to get married on.

Love may laugh at locksmiths, but it never smiles at the owner of a bicycle repair shop.

FASTEST YET.

The extraordinary record 40.8 miles an hour was made at the second trials of the torpedo boat destroyer Hai Lung, just built at Elbing, Germany, by the Schichau works for the Chinese Government. The runs were made in the open sea, between the lighthouses at Pillau and Brusterort, which are 19 knots apart. The wind was fresh (five by the scale) and there was considerable sea on. The Hai Lung, according to the Kolnische Zeitung, traversed the course several times, the average time for the runs being 32 minutes 28 seconds, which gives a speed of 35.2 knots, or 68 kilometers, or 40.8 statute miles. This exceeds by far any speed heretofore made on the water, surpassing even the best performance of the Turbinia.

A REVELATION.

If there are doubting Thomasess or Maidens fair, or those unfair, who fain would be fair, let them use Dr. T. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream and prove the efficacy of what the proprietor has so long tried to impress on the minds of all, in nearly every part of the World. As a Skin Purifier and Beautifier it has no equal or rival. If the reader would prove the virtues of Oriental Cream, use it where a Scratch or slight Cut, or where a Black-head or Pimple is troubling you then you see its healing and purifying qualities—if it does its work well, then read the advertisement again for further testimony of its virtues, and by using Oriental Cream, renew both Youth and Beauty.

The Fall

is a Time When the Health Must Be Carefully Guarded.

With its sudden changes, its hot days and chilly nights, dampness and decaying vegetation, this season is peculiarly trying to the health. A good Fall Medicine is as important and beneficial as Spring Medicine. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed when the leaves begin to fall; it keeps the blood pure, wards off malaria, creates a good appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and maintains the health tone through this trying season.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is Canada's Greatest Medicine. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills cure Liver Ills; easy to take, easy to operate. 25c.

Agricultural

BREAKING AND DEVELOPING COLTS.

The colt is never too young to be taught that man is his friend, and he should learn to both love and respect him. It is a sad commentary on the method pursued by his breaker or owner, if when he enters the pasture, the colt immediately scampers to the farther end. If possible the young foal should be gentled and handled when but a few days old, accustomed to be stroked and lightly brushed with a soft brush, and his feet picked up and held for a moment or two. This should be done very gently and gradually, taking care never to frighten or hurt him or arouse a spirit of resistance.

When it is weaned, a nicely fitting leather halter should be put on. Let the colt wear the head stall for a few hours in the stall every day until he is accustomed to it. Do not, however, put it on in the field, as it may catch on a fence post or some other obstruction, and greatly frighten and annoy him. Then attach a strap or a rope, at least as long as the stall is wide, to the head stall. Give the colt the full length of it, letting him feel only the weight of your hand at the end. Do not attempt to pull him to you or check him, but follow him around the stall, very gradually taking up the slack of the rope, as he begins to yield to your hand. Pet and caress him when he submits, especially if he comes to you, and after a few lessons he can be readily led around the stall. Then select some convenient place outside where he is not likely to hurt himself in his struggles, and giving him some length of strap, convince him that his resistance is in vain. Be firm, but very gentle and quiet, and in a very short while he will be nicely halter broken.

During this, his first winter, presuming that he is a spring colt, he should in addition to being thoroughly halter-broken, be well-accustomed to having his feet lifted, picked out and washed. This frequent handling of his feet teaches him to submit to it quietly and cheerfully, so that when his first shoes are applied it is a comparatively easy task, instead of a difficult, dangerous operation. Allow him plenty of good oats, given in small quantities and often, but avoid corn in all forms and shapes. Give, also, all the good, bright hay he will eat up clean, with a bran mash two or three times a week. The drinking water should always be fresh and unstinted, and do not forget to give him the run of a field or paddock on pleasant days. This, with light but thorough grooming daily, will bring him nicely through his first winter.

As a yearling he should be thoroughly bitted and made familiar with all parts of the harness, but unless he is very well developed and his trainer is a cautious man of great experience, it is wiser not to permit him to drag any weight whatever, but after he has thoroughly learned this he should be turned out for another year. When he is two years old he should be thoroughly broken to both single and double harness, but the greatest care must be exercised that he is not over driven or worked, and it is better to be on the safe side by giving him too little than too much. The next year as a three-year-old he may be slowly but surely inured to service, and taught that he has entered upon the serious duties of life.

PLANTING FRUIT TREES IN WET GROUNDS.

It is useless to plant trees in ground which is not at least fairly well drained. When water cannot get away from land it is unfit for the growth of ordinary trees. There must be some flow to make it possible to have trees thrive therein. Where there is some drainage, even though it be slow, trees can be planted to advantage if set in mounds; but this is only worth doing when no other place offers for the trees. The plan followed, is to have a cart load or two of earth dumped where the trees are to be placed, enough so that when the tree is planted its roots will not be more than a few inches below the surface of the natural soil. In this way trees may be set, and they will flourish very well. The added soil affords them sustenance and the means to get a good foothold, and, as the roots push beyond this, they keep along not far under the surface of the natural soil out of the too wet portion of it. I have known trees to do very well in such places when treated in this way especially the pear. In fact, for this tree, a damp situation is not a bad one. It generally means a stiff soil, which is what the tree likes. In low ground, capable of being drained by ditches, pear trees thrive amazingly Cherries, too, will thrive near water, but not so well in heavy as in light ground. Rocky soil will grow good cherries, no matter how much water passes through it. When water passes through the ground continually it carries air with it, and this is what roots demand, and when this cannot be supplied them the trees will die Whoever has a place he deems too wet for fruit or any other tree, let him follow the mounding plan, and without doubt he will be pleased with the results. A case is in my mind where one who had quite a wet piece of land which he wished planted to trees, and which it was his intention to drain in a few years, planted the trees in mounds, as explained above, and did not drain the grove for three years afterward. The trees were practically set on the level ground, the mound being no more than the covering of the roots to the proper depth. Until draining occurs the roots keep near the surface of the ground, but when the water is taken out of the ground by drains down go the roots into deeper soil. Trees growing in wet places, such as along the banks of streams are always surface rooting. I have seen large forest trees blown over near creeks which showed a mass of fibrous roots, not much over a foot in depth. And this is why such trees do blow over so often, there being no descending roots to support them. There are some trees, such as the silver maple, which, though they make but surface roots in wet places, are very tenacious of their hold, and very rarely lose it and become prostrated. These general remarks, it is hoped, will benefit many who have such a piece of ground they contemplate planting.

CLOVER AFTER WINTER WHEAT.

The usual practice in the four-year rotation is to apply a heavy dressing of farmyard manure to the corn in the spring, with perhaps a light application of well-rotted manure in the fall, in connection with from 200 to 500 pound per acre of commercial fertilizers. This is supposed to answer not only for the wheat, but also for the clover and timothy crop to follow. So long as a good clover crop can be secured, a good timothy crop is sure to follow. If the clover fails, the timothy fails also, and the rotation is broken, with the result of several years' unprofitable work to get the soil into good heart again.

It is clearly understood that the bulk of the farmyard manure goes to the corn each year, the wheat receiving the remainder, supplemented by commercial fertilizers. Now it should be perfectly clear that the corn and wheat substantially exhaust the fertilizer applied as manure and commercial fertilizer, and the clover must make out the best it can. If the soil is very rich naturally, the clover will make out very well; in the long run, however, the soil becomes poor and the clover fails.

The importance of making a good catch of clover being admitted, we naturally seek a method by which there will be no hit or miss about the matter. We all know the importance of mineral fertilizers in growing clover, and it is quite probable that the cause of so much failure is due to a deficiency or potash and phosphoric acid in the soil immediately after the maturity of the wheat. Farmyard manure contains its nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid in much the same proportions as are required by the wheat crop itself. It stands to reason that if the wheat is not above the average, it has suffered from the lack of plant food; such being the case, what fertilizer is left in the soil for the clover which follows? Clover needs no nitrogen fertilizer, but it requires as much phosphoric acid as the wheat, and two or three times as much potash.

Farmers will find it pays them to fertilize for their clover, in which case the timothy will look out for itself. The mineral fertilizer can very well applied in the fall on the wheat, though a top dressing of 75 to 125 pounds of muriate of potash per acre in the spring will prove effectual. The acid phosphate can safely be applied in the fall with the fertilizer for the wheat.

STORING APPLES AND GRAPES.

If apples are kept in the cellar they should be placed in the coolest and most airy part. It is best to keep them in a shed or garret until there is danger of freezing, and then put in the cellar. To keep well, apples should be kept in receptacles as air-tight as possible. The barrel should never be left uncovered. Open the barrel and take out a sufficient quantity to last a few days and then nail the cover on again.

It is hard to keep grapes in a good condition until Christmas, yet it can be done. Use a keg, jar, or any receptacle that is clean, dry and tight. Put a clean layer of sawdust about three inchesl in the bottom and then a layer of grapes. Pick off all the imperfect ones and do not let the bunches touch each other. The grapes should be perfectly dry. Sprinkle sawdust all over and throught hem, and a thick layer on top; then another layer of grapes, and so on until the receptacle is full. When full nail on a tight cover, and keep in a dry, cool place.

DOG COMMITS SUICIDE.

Had to Hold His Head in Shallow Water to Accomplish It.

A dog belonging to Marcus Vanderpool, Lisle, N. Y., made a successful attempt at suicide on Wednesday last. Assistant Chief of Police Ables of Binghamton with several residents, were standing on the creek bridge when the dog, a large collie, ran down the bank and into the water. It was first thought he way playing, and as the water is not four inches deep at this place, no attention was paid to him. He was seen to lie down on his side and thrust his nose under the water, where he held it. Finally his peculiar movements attracted the attention of the spectators, and they descended the bank to find that the animal had drowned himself. The dog lay with his head under the water that did not cover his body. Before the spectators reached the spot he was seen to raise his head and thrust it into the water again. The reason for his ast i snot known. He was in his usual cheerful spirits when last seen about the farm, but all the spectators agree it was a deliberate suicide.

WOMEN OF PERU.

The women of Lima are proverbial for their beauty. Such large, liquid, soulful eyes; such rosebud lips and pearly teeth, such dainty hands and feet, rounded arms and graceful figures it would be hard to find so common any other place in the world. A few of the most ultra-fashionable wear moderns hats and bonnets for state occasions, but the majority still cover their glossy black tresses with the lace mantilla or black mantua of silk or woollen. The latter is the only correct thing for church wear among young and old, rich and poor, and a bonnet would no more be allowed during the service than a gentleman in the north would be expected to go to the communion altar with his hat on his head. But the mantua, is no longer worn as formerly, so that only one eye of the wearer is visible, but is fastened with more or less coquettish effect, and is vastly more becoming to the Castilian type of beauty than the most elabor-

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PAINFUL REMINDERS.

You remind me so much of my poor, dear, first husband!

You remind me of him altogether too much, my dear.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials.
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A YOUNG MAN'S EXPECTATION.

So you want to marry my daughter, eh? What are your expectations, young man?

We expect to elope if you refuse your consent to our marriage and we expect forgiveness when we get back. Then we expect you to make us an allowance.

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