EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mr. Joseph Chamberlain has not yet fulfilled his promise to provide relief for old-age poverty, but he has announced that a select committee shall be appointed for an investigation of the subject. Meanwhile he has introduced a bill the purpose of which is to give industrious and thrifty workingmen homes of their own. The measure to which we refer proposes to give to the occupiers of small houses in English towns the same facilities for becoming the owners of their houses as have been given to the owners of small farms in Ireland. The purchase money, however, is to be advanced not by the imperial Government but by local authorities, who are strictly limited as to the amount applicable for the purpose. Whatever, for instance, the expenses accruing under the bill rise above the rate of a penny in the pound, the bill will cease to be operative until the expenses sink below that limit. In no case is compliance with the bill obligatory on a local community, or on any present individual owner. It is only when the actual owner of houses occupied by workingmen is willing to sell, and the local authority is willing to advance part of the purchase money, that the transaction will be authorized. The appraised value, moreover, of a house to be purchased must not exceed $1,500, and the maximum sum to be advanced in furtherance of the purchase thereof is to be $1,200. The remainder, that is to say, one-fifth of the whole, must be furnished by the workingman who is to become owner of the dwelling, and he will also be called upon to repay in annual installments the money advanced. If the installments are not paid regularly, or if the house is not maintained in a sound and proper condition, the local authority, which is, practically, a ,ortagee, is to have power to enter and sell the premises.

One object brought against the project is that it tends to interfere with the mobility of labor; that is to say, to constrain a workingman to remain in a given place, although his interests may call him elsewhere. This objection is met by a provision which enables workmen to transfer their holdings with the utmost facility. All ownerships arising under the bill are to be registered by the local authority, and transfers of ownership are to be made on payment of a fee not exceeding $2.50. Moreover, if an owner's work draws him away before he can find an individual purchaser for his dwelling, the local authority is empowered to take it at a price to be fixed by arbitration. A more serious criticism of the bill is based on the prediction that the burden of supplying the purchase money, although temporarily placed upon the local authorities, will eventually be devolved upon the imperial treasury. Whatever the cost of the scheme may prove to be, it will be just so much deducted from the local funds applicable to other uses, and, even as it is, the demands are incessant for the replenishing of local funds from the imperial exchequer. In 1885 the fraction of the imperial revenues annually alienated to local purposes was $28,500,000; at present the amount attains the gigantic total of $67,500,000.

What now renders the framing of a budget so difficult a task for the Chancellor of the Exchequer is the formidable extent to which the imperial Government has assumed burdens that used to fall upon local authorities. It is sometimes said, by way of reply, that the payer of local rates is the same person as the payer of imperial taxes. Even if that were true, it would seem wasteful to draw money from a person by a tax only to return it to him after much expense and delay. If, on the other hand, the payer of local rates is a different person from the payer of imperial taxes, it would seem unjust to take money from the latter and then allocate it to the former. In spite of the opposition which it is likely to encounter, not only from the Radicals but from some of the Conservatives, there is but little doubt that Mr. Chamberlain's bill to enable workingmen to own their dwellings, will become a law in the course of the present year. It will be a highly interesting experiment that we shall then begin to witness.

THE KAISER OBJECTS.

The Great Young Man of Germany, as they call the enterprising and pyrotechnic Kaiser, while poking his imperial finger into every art and every science, still finds time, the court scandal mongers say, to pay strict attention to the wardrobe and toilet of the Empress, his wife.

The Empress is but human, and when she saw silver threads making their appearance in her hair she most naturally tried to defer the inevitable—and dyed, it is said. Whether she put on too much, or whatever the reason was, certain it is that one morning the poor Empress appeared at breakfast with stripes of doubtful green among her tresses.

"You have put some rubbish on your head, Augusta," cried Wilhelm, with a great frown. "Where's the bottle?"

The Empress muttered a few words and went on with her breakfast, but the ruler of minds and bodies got up, rummaged his wife's dressing room, to the distress of the maids, who were busy putting things in order, and, observing that one of them tried to conceal a bottle, he snatched it from her and put it in his pocket. Nothing more was said on the subject to the Empress but the Perfumer-in-Ordinary to their Majesties lost his exalted patron, and poor Augusta's head remained harlequined for a month.

The same fate befell a later importation from Paris, and at last the Empress, who detested a motley head as much as the Kaiser does hair dye, got a new preparation to blanch her hair an even color, and from that day the Empress appeared completely white, and even poudree. Her fancy now, in which, however, she cannot always indulge, is to wear pure white garments or pale gray ones, which suit her well, and make her look very picturesque. However, Wilhelml loves pink, blue and green, and she must comply with his wishes and order colored dresses.

BIG MONEY.

One of the largest and most cumbersome forms of money is found in Central Africa, where the natives use a cruciform ingot of copper ore, over 10 inches long. It is heavy enough to be a formidable weapon.

WHERE THE TROUBLE CAME IN.

The Rube. Did you make him eat his words?

The Wreck. Ye-e-es, but my name was mixed up in 'em somehow.

JACK

Then out of the mass of motionless figures there emerged at different points three young Indians, tall and magnificently formed. Beneath the clear, dark skin, which had been oiled and rubbed until it glistened like burnished copper and stretched like rubber, one could see the play of the powerful muscles.

Pembroke leaned over to Eviston.

"Gad!" he said excitedly. "Look at the tallest chap. Look at those muscles over the shoulders and in the back. If he had been a Trinity College man last year, I rather think we'd have won."

"He s my favorite," put in Carlington; "I'll back him to see the dance through. I've seen him before; his name is White Eagle, and he s a fine Indian."

"They all look game," remarked Stirling; "they must be the pick of the tribe. The one with the red brow-band looks wicked, though. I rather hope the torture will be a little too much for him."

The three Indians were moving noiselessly around the ring, keeping perfect time with one another as they raised and lowered the foot with a double blow on the ground, showing their intense excitement only by their flashing eyes and the quick, nervous movement of their limbs. Six medicine-men arose slowly, two approaching each of the three Indians. They stood for a moment muttering some incantation, and then motioned the young Indians to lie down on the ground. They then stationed themselves on the right and the left of each, and began gently to rub the heaving chests. It was like the even, practised work of a good masseur, only there was no varying of the stroke or position. The spot on each breast that they kneaded and rubbed could not be larger than a silver dollar. As they worked, the Indian with the tom-tom began to beat again, but very softly, and there ran a subdued, sympathetic murmur through the crowd. From out on the prairie one could hear now and then the short, fierce whinny of a bronco, and the sun beat down on the pine boughs more hotly than ever, and they gave forth a faint, refreshing odor.

Captain Eviston turned uneasily to the women.

"You'll be awfully sorry you came in about a minute," he remarked. "Perhaps you had better not look—"

He might as well have spoken to stone walls. The eyes of the girls were fastened on the prostrate Indians as though held there by a magnet, and their breath came in quick, uneven gasps. They did not even hear him. So he turned again to look, and as he did so he saw the medicine men draw from their bags sharp little knives like scalpels, and make two parallel incisions in each benumbed breast. Not a drop of blood issued from the wounds, and the sinews thus laid bare were drawn out carefully and skilfully, and short pieces of wood passed beneath them, to each end of which a lariat was tied. The medicine-men then took each Indian by the shoulders and helped him to his feet. As the young Indians stood upright, facing the excited, restless throng, they gave one triumphant, scornful look about, and then moved forward until each had taken up a position beneath a cross-beam, and about equally distant from one another. So far they did not seem to be at all affected by the torture, except that the pupils of their eyes had contracted to pin-points, and there was a peculiar rigidity about their limbs. They were the picture of proud unconcern while the lariats were being thrown over the cross-beams and fastened there, and they put the shrill little whistles, which they were to blow while they danced, to their mouths with as much indifference as though they had been cigarettes. When all was ready, and the medicine-men had stepped back, suddenly the tom-toms burst out with a terrific rattle; the young Indians began to dance back and forth at the ends of their lariats, with long, sweeping lunges, as though they would quickly tear the sinews from their breasts; the whistles shrieked, the masses of Indians broke into a wild shouting, and the medicine-men, lifting up their hands, prayed aloud to the Great Manito. A sort of frenzy seemed to communicate itself to every Indian in the lodge. Their faces turned ashy, and their muscles quivered as if they were undergoing some intense physical strain. The restless heels beat the ground in double throbs that shook the whole tepee. The swarthy faces, which an hour before had been only vacantly good-natured or sullen or stocial, were now full of passion and wildness. An Indian beside Miss Page sprang into the air as though some devil within him had broken loose. The young girl shrank back faintly toward Pembroke, who was slightly behind her. The men had put the women in the center, and was trying to protect them from the crowd of Indians pressing in on all sides; but it was quite impossible to make them keep back or appeal to them in any way.

"This is awful; it must be worse than a prize-fight," the young girl said, with an unsteady little smile at the Englishman.

Pembroke smiled back sympathetically and looked over at his sisters anxiously. Being English girls, they were taking things calmly, though there was a hot spot of red in each cheek, and their blue eyes looked almost black from the intensity of their excitement.

Suddenly the Indian "candidate" nearest them dropped his whistle, and with a low groan fell forward on his face in a dead faint. His attendant medicine-men sprang forward, released the lariats, and pulling the thongs from the sinews, spit upon his chest, rubbing the wounds, and murmuring incantations over him. After a long time he slowly opened his eyes. When full consciiousness returned to him and he realized that he had failed in the ordeal, he sprang to his feet in a frenzy of disappointment and rage. As his eyes fell upon the little group of white people opposite him, a wilder gleam of anger lighted up his face, and pointing a shaking finger at them, he shrieked out some imprecation. As he staggered backward, the medicine-men grappled with him and bore him panting and shouting from the ring.

Captain Eviston turned to Doyle.

"What did that Indian say, Doyle?" he asked, quietly.

The orderly was tugging at his gloves and looking very uncomfortable.

"'E says we 'ave given 'im 'bad medicine,' sir, an' that 'e his goin' to get a Blood Indian conjurer 'e knows to make us all cripples."

"Stay by us and translate all they say," commanded the officer, calmly.

Throughout this episode the tom-toms and shoutings had not ceased for a moment, nor had the other two dancers stopped an instant in their frantic attempts to break their sinews and so be proclaimed "braves." They leaped and swung from side to side, keeping time with the beat of the drum, while the musicians sang "The Song of the Brave:"

I sing, I sing under the center of the sky,
Under the center of the sky;
Under the center of the sky I sing,
Under the center of the sky;
The birds of the brave take flight around the sky,
A flight around the sky;
The birds of the brave take a flight, take a flight,
The birds of the brave take a flight.
The spirits on high repeat my name, Repeat my name;
The spirits on high, the spirits on high, Repeat my name;

First one set of musicians would sing, and then another set would take up the words, like the antiphonal chorus of a cathedral choir, while the two dancers swung staggeringly around the open space, now forward as if walking uphill, now sinking and slipping backward as the earth reeled under their trembling limbs. The sweat was running down their rigid bodies like rain, and their sinews were pulling far out from the panting chests and snapping back again in a horrible way, as the agony made them give to the lariats.

Miss Kenwood covered her face with her handkerchief and began to cry softly. The men moved restlessly and cast anxious glances at one another and the women. Stirling put an arm around his wife.

"I suppose it's impossible to get out of this," he ventured.

Captain Eviston shook his head.

"Quite impossible," he returned grimly.

He had hardly spoken when, with a cry of mingled fear and rage, the evil-looking Indian with the red brow-band bounded forward from the other side of the opening and held up the broken ends of his lariat. The rope had parted—the worst medicine that could happen to an Indian. The medicine-men, terror-stricken sank to their knees but the young brave stood up defiantly, although he reeled from faintness. Staggering across the open space with his broken lariat dragging after him, he paused on the edge of the circle, just below the little party of whites, and turning his back to them, he began to harangue the Indians. He looked like some devil as he stood there, his wicked face bedaubed with paint and showing ghastly, even under the red, with agony and wild rage, his bloodshot eyes rolling from side to side, his breast crimson with the blood that now flowed freely from the lacerated flesh, and the quivering nostrils and upper lip telling even better than his words the wrath that alone was keeping his trembling limbs from sinking under him. His voice, in spite of his faintness, was strong enough to make itself heard above the din by those nearest him.

"I Yellow Wolf, am brave and fearless," he shouted; "I do not fear death or any kind of torture; but who can prevail against evil powers, that come no one knows whence? Our medicine-men are powerful, and they have propitiated the Manito of the Indian, but they had not thought to propitiate the Manito of the white man. Why is the white man here? Why is our lodge invaded, our dance made public? Why are the children of the White Mother permitted to come thus among us? Have we lost all freedom, all courage? Did they not exercise an evil influence over the Beaver, who lies fallen and helpless, he who was so strong—" The words died away in an unintelligible murmur as he fell, half fainting, to the ground.

"What does he say, Doyle?" demanded Captain Eviston once more.

Doyle, looking more unhappy than ever, translated freely, shifting himself uneasily from one foot to the other.

"E says, sir, that we 'ave 'oodooed 'im, same as the hother Hindian, an' that we hought n't to be 'ere."

Captain Eviston looked thoughtfully before him a moment, regretting most keenly the feeling of delicacy which had prompted him to come unarmed to the dance. He had thought that such a course would appeal to the Indians. Unfortunately, they had apparently not noticed or appreciated that piece of refined sentiment. He aroused himself from his little reverie to find the eyes of all the Indians in the tepee fixed scowlingly or threateningly upon him and his guests. There was a suppressed excitement and antagonism about them, which would have been sufficiently unpleasant if he had been there with fifty good privates at his back. As it was, the absolute hopelessness of his situation made him perfectly cool. Four men and an orderly with seven women to take care of could not hope to contend successfully against five hundred maddened Indians.

While Yellow Wolf still lay moaning and struggling on the ground, an old chief seated near him, and who had heard what he had said, arose, and spreading out his hands toward him, began to speak soothingly, as if to a child.

Captain Eviston recognized him as Pretty Feathers, one of the friendliest and most sagacious of the Peigans.

"My son, said the old man, softly, "arise; be comforted. Cease thy complaints—the complaints of a child who knows not how to take punishment. Why shouldst thou think the Manito of the white man has interfered with thy destiny? Has the Manito of the Indian never visited thee before with his displeasure?" He turned to the rest of the Indians, who were listening, and raising his voice, cried, "'Yellow Wolf has spoken words of foolishness in his anger. Let us forget them, as he will forget them, and—" significantly—"as the white man will forget them."

There was a murmur of disapprobation as he seated himself, but many of the Indians looked less aggressive, and many once more turned their attention to the circle where the last Indian, White Eagle, still danced. He was almost spent, and the quavering, faint notes of his whistle told how little breath and life were still in him. His face was gray-white, and a light froth flecked his lips. His body was covered with blood and great drops of perspiration, and his lower limbs, which had at first been unnaturally rigid, now bent and twisted and doubled under him as he leaped back and forth. It was evident that unless the sinews soon burst he would faint from pain and loss of blood, and all his agony would count for nothing.

Suddenly a young and pretty squaw sprang up from the mass of Indian women crouching near the edge of the circle and forcing her way frantically through them, rushed forward with a terrible cry, and throwing herself with all the strength of her young body against White Eagle, forced him back until the sinews of his chest snapped like whip-cords, and with a groan he toppled over backward.

(To be Continued.)

OUR FUTURE KING.

Possesses a Boyish Disposition, Yet Never Neglects a Serious Duty.

The Prince of Wales has a popularity all his own—a popularity differing only in degree from that of his wife. Even at his present age he has not quite thrown off the boyishness of his disposition, but for all of his love for amusement he can never be said to neglect a serious duty. No man in England is more true to his post, more punctual or more assiduous. He is always equal to any demand which the public may make upon him, endures boredom with an apparently pleased smile, makes a good speech when the occasion demands it, and never forgets a face or a friend. The Prince, like the Princess, does not disdain to make designs for furniture. He will show you, with pride, when you visit Sandringham, a sofa which has a table attached to it—an idea of his own—and the Princess is equally pleased with a photograph screen with little nooks and corners, carried out after her design by a Bond Street tradesman. The Prince is never seen to such absolute advantage as when with the Queen. His manner, at once protecting and filial, impresses the most indifferent beholder, and is, needless to say, entirely appreciated by a very affectionate mother.

There is nothing so clear-sighted and sensible as a noble mind in a low estate.—Jane Porter.

SOME ELECTRIC NOVELTIES.

Mintature Rainbow Fountains, Fans and Tiny Lighting Plants

Among the novel electrical productions which have been put on the market recently are the electric rainbow fountain for interior or exterior decoration, an electric fan outfit built to run by power furnished by primary battery cells and an electric lighter which is declared to be cheaper and very much neater than matches for household or store use. The rainbow fountain is a miniature of the well-known electric fountains which have proved great attractions in parks and public resorts in many parts of the country and it is made in a size and manner that make it as portable as a potted plant. In fact, round about the central portion, where the fountain plays, are places for plants to decorate and inclose the waters.

The waters are made to rise in the form of a thin cylinder by being forced upward between the edges of a globe of glass in the centre and a perforated glass plate outside this. Underneath is another plate of glass which is divided into sections of different colors, and this is kept revolving under the fountain by means of a water wheel fed by the falling waters. Under the colored disk is an ordinary incandescent 32-candle-power electric lamp, which lights the dancing spray with the colors of the revolving disk. Some of these fountains are supplied with an electric pump which enables them to operate without an outside supply of water. Such a fountain can be made to operate with power from a few cells of battery, and thus can be used where there is no dynamic current at hand.

It is for such places that the new fan outfit has been made. Three cells operate it, and it is said that it will

WORK FOR 150 HOURS

at a speed of 900 revolutions a minute without change of cells.

The new electric lighter is made to be operated either in connection with an electric lighting circuit or independently by battery power, and either way it takes so little current that the electrical cost of operation is most trifling. It consists of an ornametnal body of chinaware into which extends the neck of a metal torch, the body of which holds a supply of gasoline held in cotton. The mouth of the torch has a packing of sabestos. The metal part of the torch neck is made bell shape and this works the lighting device. When this is put down into place it merely spreads apart the arms of two bell cranks which extend into the opening in the chain base, but when the torch is drawn up these arms are raised with it and spread apart at the same time until just as the torch leaves them they make contacts with two binding posts within lighter and an electric spark flies across the end of the torch, igniting gasoline. Any number of the lighters can be put in a single electrical circuit and worked with the same battery or other power. When the lighters are attached to an electric light circuit they have most of the current cut off by a choke coil concealed within them, but in a battery connection this is not needed. In the latter case two ordinary dry batteries supply power enough and this is made to give the spark by the interposition in the circuit of a spark coil.

Although there are a number of portable electric lights in the market, it is a remarkable fact that in none of the electrical papers is there a single advertisement of electric lighting apparatus for houses to be fed by batteries. Of course it is well understood that the expense would prohibit regular house lighting by battery power, but there are many uses which could be made of such outfits in the household where the cost would be trifling. They would be of use in odd spots where a lamp would be either a source of danger or inconvenience such as in closets or cellars or to flash in front of a clock face to reveal the time at night, and a very pretty use for them would be in place of candles for the table, where little incandescent lamps, which would require only small currents, would give all the light needed.

Success Must Follow

THE FAIR USE OF DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.

That is the Experience of Mrs. Sydney Druce, of Deseronto, Who Had Suffered for Many Years with Rheumatism and Catarrh of the Bowels.

From the Tribune, Deseronto.

Our attention was lately directed to the wonderful cure effected upon a resident of Deseronto, which illustrates in a very marked way the merits of that widely known health restorer "Dr Williams' Pink Pills." We refer to the cure of Mrs. Druce, wife of Sidney Druce, caretaker of the High School building. Being desirous of giving our readers the facts, a reporter of the Tribune called at Mrs. Druce's residence, and is therefore enabled to present our readers with the following facts, which can be vouched for by many neighbors and friends of the family. Mrs. Druce had from the early age of ten years been a sufferer from rheumatism and had endured an untold amount of suffering from this dire disease. She had tried scores of different medicines to dispel the malady, but in vain. Doctors told her it was impossible to eradicate the disease from her system and she had at last become resigned to the belief that rheumatism was incurable. In addition to rheumatism, about seven years ago she began to suffer from catarrh of the bowels with its attendant headaches and depression of spirits. The pain of the rheumatism and constant headaches wore her out. The doctors prescribed opiates which only dulled the pain, but did not repel the disease. The two diseases continued to make steady headway and at times she felt such pain that she could not even allow her husband to raise or move her. The neighbors thought she would never get up again. All kinds of remedies were suggested and many of them tried, but all in vain. Providentially, as Mrs. Druce expressed it, the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was mentioned. It was not until the end of the second box that she realized any benefit. She then began to realize that she was regaining strength. Before she mentioned this to others her husband also observed the change, for he remarked one day "those pills are doing you some good, you look livelier than you have for some time." She continued the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until she had taken fourteen boxes, with the gratifying and almost remarkable results that she was completely cured of the rheumatism and catarrh, not a solitary symptom of either trouble remaining. Mr. Druce was present during the interview and confirmed all that his wife had said and was as delighted as she in praising the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Druce said that out of gratitude for this wonderful restoration to health she had told scores of other sufferers from different diseases of the virtues of the medicine which had been the undoubted means of prolonging her life. She hoped that others would follow her plan of giving the pills a fair and prolonged trial as she was confident that in the end success would surely follow as in her own case.

"Necessity Knows No Law."

But a law of Nature bows to the necessity of keeping the blood pure so that the entire system shall be strong, healthy and vigorous.

To take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is therefore a law of health and it is a necessity in nearly every household. *It never disappoints.*

Erysipelas—"Had a severe attack of erysipelas, suffering from dizziness and nervousness so that I could not rest at night. Tried Hood's Sarsaparilla with good results, and now recommend it to others." M. CHALMERS, Toronto, Ont.

Tired Feeling—"Was all run down and had no appetite. Was tired all the time. Hood's Sarsaparilla was suggested, and a trial benefited me so much that now I would not be without the medicine." MRS. G. D. BURNETT, Central Norton, N. B.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Never Disappoints

Hood's Pills cure liver ills; the non-irritating and only cathartic to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

DAZZLING RICHNESS PREVAILS.

Russian Functions Generally Gorgeous Beyond Description.

The Russian court, military and ministerial dress is costly and rich in the extreme, and this richness is carried out even to the liveries of the servants, their scarlet coats being literally ablaze with gold. It is a fact that no court in the world presents such a picturesque and magnificent appearance as does that of Russia. At any function, therefore, the show is brilliant, but more especially, perhaps, at a ball, when the rich evening toilets of the ladies, enhanced by jewels of priceless worth, add much to the already brilliant effect. The Russian dances are of a very stately description and both the emperor and empress take part in them very thoroughly.

The aspect of the armorial hall where the supper is often laid, is grand beyond all description. This meal is not partaken of standing, as at the majority of courts, but the guests sit down at the long rows of tables. A procession is formed, which is headed by his imperial majesty and the most distinguished lady present, and the room is then entered in the order of precedence. Of course, an immense quantity of plate is displayed. This and the china that is also used are noted throughout Europe for their richness and beauty. There is one service alone capable of dining 50 persons that is composed entirely of the purest silver overlaid with gold. Added to all this the use of a variety of the choicest fruits and the rarest flowers, among which orchids figure largely, makes the scene one of most gorgeous magnificence.

During the evening a state progress through the suite of rooms is made by the imperial personages and the chief officers of the household, the guests forming up into a long avenue on either side. One special feature is that two or three of the largest halls in the palace are on the occasion of the ball fitted up as a huge conservatory, palms, exotics, ferns, banks of flowers and even fruit trees being transplanted thither with the most marvellous effect.

Electric light is carried throughout and glows down from myriads of globes of a variety of colors. In this veritable fairyland hundreds of seats are placed for the convenience of the guests between the dances. It would be utterly impossible to mention the rare works of art to be seen in this palace, comprising paintings, statuary, collections of jewels, antiquities and curios of every description. Everything is of oriental magnificence and to see it all the eye must weary of the continuous dazzle.

ANIMALS THAT CLIMB.

Some of Them Learn With Difficulty the Use of Trees.

African natives who have lived in one-story huts show the greatest fear of climbing stairs, and will sometimes go up on hands and knees. Dogs often have to be trained to climb stairs. instinctively distrusting the upper stories. It has been conjectured that this is because the dog's forelegs break easily below the shoulder, and the beast seems to realize this. The fox has no such fear, and has been known to climb a tree with plenty of small limbs to the height of seventeen feet.

Swimming comes easier than climbing to most animals, as well as to many races of men. Rats and guinea pigs can swim well and climb not at all, although their cousins, the squirrels, are at home in the trees.

Prairie dogs, which live in plains and have no use for climbing, can be taught the trick, but when they try to jump from a height they usually fall on their heavy, stupid heads, and either stun themselves or break their teeth. They lack the inherited instinct that should teach them what can, and what cannot be done. Australian rabbits of the same family of rodents, can climb very well, having lived for generations in forests.

Bears can climb well if little, but the grizzly and other large species stay mainly on the ground. A bear always climbs down a tree stern foremost, as does the domestic cat until she has nearly reached the ground, when she turns and jumps; but most wild cats run down a trunk head first, even the heavy leopard being a more skilful climber than the light house cat. The tiger and lion, however, do not climb, for no discoverable reason except that they fear falling on account of their weight.

THE PAY OF LAWMAKERS.

The lawmakers in Austria and France are paid $5 a day; in Greece the senators get $100 a month and the deputies $50; in Germany members of both houses receive about $2.50 a day; in Denmark the members of the "Landsthing" each receive about $3 a day; in Belgium each member of the chamber of representatives gets $85 a month; in Portugal the peers and commons are paid the same sum, which is about $355 a year; in Spain the members of the Cortes are not paid for their services, but enjoy many advantages and immunities; in Switzerland the members of the national council get $2.50 a day, and the council of states, the lower house, $1.50; in Italy the senators and deputies are not paid at all, but are allowed traveling expenses. England is the only country where members of parliament are not only unpaid, but have no special rights or privileges.

Home is the sphere of harmony and peace. The spot where angels find a resting place, when bearing blessings they descend to earth.—S. J. Hale.

BRIEFLY MENTIONED.

Norway has voted $12,864,000 a year for four years, for the extension of the Norwegian railway system.

Berlin is to have a special institute for the study of hygiene as applied to the tropics. Prof. Koch has drawn up a plan for it.

More than a hundred taverns in the Hartz Mountains of Germany have agreed to board students of high schools and universities at specially reduced rates.

A French philological journal estimates that of the 869 different languages spoken on the globe, 89 are in use in Europe, 114 in Africa, 123 in Asia, 417 in America and 117 in Oceanica.

Whatever be the motive of an insult it is always best to overlook it; for folly scarcely can deserve resentment, and malice is punished by neglect.—Johnson.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
One all-night banquet makes the top-knot spin;
One yawn from baby sets the household wild;
One good meal makes a growler reconciled.

CONDUCTOR H. HOGG

And His Deadly Struggle With a Vicious Enemy.

Diabetes was Getting the Victory Over Him When he Began to Use Dodd's Kidney Pills—Then the Tide Turned and He Was Saved.

Toronto, May 8.—Still another member of the staff of the Toronto Street Railway comes forward to testify to the unequalled efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, in cases of Diabetes. This time it is Mr. H. Hogg, Conductor No. 207, residing at No. 81 Fuller St., who tells his story.

Here is what he says: "Diabetes kept me in continual misery, and nightly agony for three years. My blood got so impure that I thought I could never get it restored to its natural purity. I was tortured by dizziness, which grew to such an extent that I had to quit work. I lost flesh and strength rapidly, and, in short, I thought it was 'all up with me.'

"I used different remedies, but got no good from any of them, until a friend recommended Dodd's Kidney Pills.

"I had no idea they would help me, as I had been disappointed so often, but I decided to try them. The first box gave me wonderful relief. The dizziness vanished, and my head became as steady as ever it was. Three boxes completed my cure, and to-day I am sound and well, thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

The best way to ascertain the real merit of Dodd's Kidney Pills is to test them. There can be no deceit then. They either will cure, or they will not. A trial costs very little, and it will settle all doubts for all time.

Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes $2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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