LOVE MAKING IN IRELAND.

A song called "The Sprig of Shillelagh," which has been very popular with the Irish peasantry since it was written, close on a century ago, says:

Love is the soul of a neat Irishman,
He loves all that's lovely and loves all he can.

And yet, though there seems to exist widespread impression that strong, passionate, masterful love is a characteristic of the Irish temperament, love-making in Ireland is really a very calm and placid business, and, the old song I have quoted notwithstanding, the average Irish peasant takes unto himself a mate with as clear a head, as placid a heart, and as steady a nerve as if he were buying a cow at Ballinasloe Fair, says a writer in Macmillan's Magazine.

Love by no means decides all the marriages that are made in Ireland. The match is often arranged in a ludicrously cool, businesslike and mercenary fashion between the parents of the "boy" and the "girl," the young people themselves not being allowed, and, indeed, not expecting any voice in the matter. But if there is little romance in the origin of most of the matrimonial contracts made in rural Ireland, they are, as a rule, entirely successful. The marriages thus prosaically arranged are as happy as happy can be. Pat and Mary fall fondly in love with each other after they are made husband and wife; children quickly spring up around their hearth, and the older they grow the more passionately do they cling to each other. Their domestic felicity is rarely, if ever, disturbed by jealousy, for Pat makes the faithfullest of husbands and Mary the fondest and truest of wives, and as there is little or no illicit passion, the crimes which spring from that source and make desolate so many homes in other countries are almost unknown in Ireland.

The great marrying season in Ireland is Shrovetide. During the forty days of Lent the Irish peasantry, in obedience to the ordinance of the Church, abstain from matrimony as well as from eggs, butter and milk. Some time before the approach of that holy season a farmer with a marriageable son or daughter whom he desires to see settled tells his friends and neighbors of the fact. He usually conveys the intelligence in an indirect, offhand manner. He meets a friend at the fair or market, and says, with a laugh. "Whisper here, Jim. I'm training up my little Maggie for your Johnny." "Ah, now, Jim," the other says, "you do me a grate favor entirely. But mind you, my little Johnny is very particular. The boy do be saying what a grate fortin he'll want with his wife." The subject having thus been broached, the parents discuss it whenever they meet, and it often happens that a long time elapses and many a discussion and wrangle take place before the terms are finally settled. The farm generally goes with the male, and the great difficulty in the arranging of matches is the fixing of the girl's dowry, consisting partly of money and partly of furniture and culinary, utensils as a set-off against the land.

A favorite proverb of the peasantry in regard to matrimony is: "Either marry very young or become a monk very young." Early marriages are the rule in Ireland, and the poorest marry the earliest.

And yet many of the Irish poor enter into matrimony as a sort of provident investment for old age. A very intelligent Irish peasant once said to me: "A poor man ought to marry young, that his children may be able to assist him when he grows old." When Pat and Biddy begin housekeeping their little cabin is soon filled with children, and the more their flock increases the more they say: :"Shure, the childer will be a grate support to us in our ould age." And happily this investment for old age never fails them. In no country in the world is the affection between children and parents so strong; in no country in the world is the duty of children to provide for their aged parents held so sacred as in Ireland. Four generations may be seen in many of the poorest cabins in the West—the children, the young father and mother, the old grandparents, and an ancient great-grandmother or great-grandfather. The large sums of money which have been annually sent by children in the colonies and in America to parents in Ireland during the past half century are another striking demonstration of this intense filial affection.

But happily many of the marriages in rural Ireland have their spice of romance. The match is made by the boy and girl themselves. An Irish peasant maid in the heyday of her youth, with her pretty figure, her abundant black hair, her large blue eyes, with their indescribable half-arch, half-shy expression, is quite irresistible; and the boy has too often an impressionable heart and a "deludhering tongue" to render it always necessary that the parents should "make the bargain." The youthful couples meet at dances or on Sundays after mass—even a wake is turned to account for a little courting—and they are in hearty accord with the boy who said, "It is a grate pleasure entirely to be alone, especially whin yer sweetheart is wid ye." "Do you drame of me, Mike?" said the girl to her lover as they walked arm in arm down the lonely glen. "Drame of you, is it, Kate? Shure, 'tis the way wid me that I can't sleep dramin' of you, me darlin'?" Yes, they have the flattering tongue, those Irish boys. "Och, I wish I was in jail for stealin' ye," was the compliment one of them paid to a pretty colleen. Even when they get a refusal they have a "soft word" to say. Eileen was engaged to another boy, and so she had to say no to Tim when he asked her, "Wisha, thin," said Tim with a sigh, "I wish you'd been born twins, so that I cud have half of yez."

The girls in Ireland can afford just as well, if, indeed, not better, than the girls of any other country to take up an independent position in regard to matrimony, for the proportion they bear to the males is not so large in Ireland as in other lands.

The boys, therefore, have often a great deal of difficulty in inducing the girls to agree to "getting the words said," as the marriage ceremony is colloquially described. In one case I have heard of, a farm servant was told by the girl to whom he proposed that she was too much attached to her mother and her mother to her to think of getting married. "Arrah, sure, no husband could equal my mother in kindness," said she. "Oh, thin!" exclaimed, the boy, "be me wife and shure we can all live together, and see that I don't bate your mother." He could not have meant that he would ill use the mother—that was only his Irish way of putting things—for his declaration induced the girl to yield to his wishes. A bashful youth, a rather rare person in Ireland, be it said, who was in love with a girl, intrusted his proposal for her hand to his sister. One day the maid visited his father's cabin, while he, with anxious heart hid behind the door, awaiting the result. The girl, who did not care to be wooed at second hand, replied with a saucy toss of her head, "Indeed now, if I'm good enough to be married, I'm good enough to be axed." The boy then stuck his head into the room and exclaimed, with a sob in his voice, "Mary, allanah, will ye do what Maggie axed ye?"

When the day has been named, whether by arrangement between the boy and girl themselves or through the intermediary of their parents, preparations are made, on the most extensive scale, for a grand wedding. It is considered essential in the humblest circles that, for the honor of the family, the guests at the wedding, which include sometimes the whole countryside, should have lots of eating and drinking—"lashin's and lavin's of everything." Closeness on such an occasion is the unforgivable social sin. "Arrah, if I wor gettin' married," I have heard a woman exclaim when she saw poor display at a wedding, "I'd sell every stitch to my back and go naked in order to get married dacently!"

A pretty Irish servant maid, who had got married, called to see her mistress. "I hear you are going to Australia with your husband, Kitty," said the lady. "Are you not afraid of such a long voyage?" "Well, ma'am, that's his outlook," said Kitty. "I belong to him now, an' if anything happens to me, shure it'll be his loss, not mine." But there is not always that complete loss of the wife's identity in the husband which the above anecdote suggests. It is the wife that rules the household in rural Ireland. The husband surrenders to her all his earnings, to the uttermost farthing; an excellent arrangement for Pat, who, feeling the money burning in his pocket, as he says himself, is disposed to get rid of it rapidly; and a still more excellent arrangement for the sake of the children. Bridget is, indeed, Pat's guardian angel. On many, a Saturday, when a boy in Limerick, have I seen the long line of country cars returning homeward from market in the dusk of the summer evenings, the wives driving and the husbands, with a "drop taken," perhaps, quietly in the straw behind.

There is a story told of a young lady from Cork, who was presented at the Viceregal Court, Dublin, shortly after her marriage. The Viceroy has the pleasant duty of kissing the cheek the ladies presented him at a drawing room; but when his Excellency was about to give this young lady the regulation salute she cried, "Oh, no, that privilege is exclusively reserved for Mr. O'Mahony."

Of course there are exceptions to the general serenity of the domestic hearth, and the fond attachment between husband and wife. I knew at least of one Irishman in Limerick whose life was made miserable by a drunken wife. She had sold everything in the home for drink, and as a last resource she threatened to commit suicide if money to procure liquor were not forthcoming. Next morning before proceeding to work, the husband, driven to desperation by his wife's conduct, left his two new razors lying on the table, telling her to "select the best one ov them." At night when Pat came home, trembling with apprehension, he found his wife buddled up in a corner, not dead—but dead drunk. By her side was a pawn-ticket, and on it was written, "Two razors, 1s. 6d.

There is another story of the exception which proves the rule. Some years ago, as the mailboat from Ireland was entering Holyhead Harbor, a lady fell into the water. One of the sailors, an Irishman, jumped overboard and rescued her from death by drowning. When she was safe on deck again the husband, who was a calm spectator of the accident, handed the sailor a shilling. The spectators did not hesitate to express their indignation at the man's meanness, when the sailor, with native shrewdness, threw a new light on the matter by saying: "Arrah, don't blame the gintleman; he knows best; maybe if I hadn't saved her he'd have given me half a crown." I am disposed to think that the husband in this case was not an Irishman. History, certainly, does not indicate his nationality.

Marital relations in Ireland are as a rule of the most harmonious character, and if a husband and wife do fall out occasionally and even resort to blows they think nothing t' worse of each other in the end. Pill Lane is a classic locality in Dublin, which might with some truth be described as the Billingsgate of the Irish metropolis. "That's a fine black eye you've got, Missis," said a man to a woman, sitting over her basket of fish in Pill Lane, "Fightin', I suppose, agin." "No, I wasn't fightin'," replied the fishwoman. "Himself, her husband, it was that gave me that," and facing fiercely round on her questioner, she added, "and I'd like to know who had a better right."

A laborer out of employment, applied for outdoor relief for himself and his wife at the North Dublin Union. "Well, my good fellow, we must have evidence that you are legally married," said the Chairman of the Relief Committee. "Begor, sir, I've the best proof in the wurruld," said the applicant, and bending his head he displayed a scar on his skull. "Does yer Honor think," he added, "I'd be after takin' that abuse from any wan but a wife?"

Having such happy homes and faithful wives, is it any wonder that Irishmen are loath to leave them behind? An Irish car driver was wrapping himself up carefully before starting on a journey on a cold winter's day. "You seem to be taking very good care of yourself," said the impatient fare. "To be shure I am, sur," replied the driver. "What's all the wuruld to a man when his wife's a widow?"

COULD RUSSIA TAKE INDIA?

The Problem Analyzed—It Would Be a Formidable Task.

Lieut.-Col. von Bieberstein discusses the question "Could Russia Take India?" Russia, he tells us, has about 40,000 troops in Turkestan and rail communications with the Caspian extending to within 240 miles of the Afghan fortress of Herat. She could, therefore, he thinks, seize this fortress, long before the British could reach it, and could mass 150,000 troops in and about it within two months.

But then would begin the 700 miles march through Afghanistan, over high mountains, which would occupy approximately three months. An immense amount of stores and ammunition, must be carried with the army, and large cannon could not be taken at all. Moreover, the line of march must be protected, and the army in consequence diminished, and, in short, Russia could not reach the borders of India with more than two-thirds of her original army.

To oppose this army the British could bring up a nearly equal number of Indian troops, and still leave 130,000 for the maintenance of British supremacy in India. In addition, their fleet, carrying 35,000 troops, could twice make the journey to India and back before the Russians could reach the border. Besides all this, they could be drilling the warlike tribes of India, and thus increasing their forces.

Then, too, they would have several lines of defence even after the Indian border had been crossed, and the Russians would be fighting far from their base of supplies. Unquestionably, however, there are various eventualities that must be taken into consideration, as, for instance, France and Russia might be united, and in that case the French fleet would interfere somewhat with the sending of troops from England to India.

Again, the Alghans might be induced by hopes of plunder to join the Russians in an invasion of India. Still, again, there might be a revolt in India stirred up by Russia's friends in that empire. But, in any event, the natural conclusion is that the conquest of India would be a colossal task, requiring an immense expenditure of men and money, and it is almost sure that it could not succeed, certainly not by Russia or any other European power single-handed.

SILLY GOSSIP.

Maud—Is it true that you are in love with Mr. Bullion?

Clara—Mercy, no! I'm only engaged to him.

About the House.

SHE CAN'T COOK.

My wife cannot cook, though she studies a book
Of recipes day after day;
But what do I care? She is charming and fair,
And as sweet as the blossoms of May.

She tries all her might, but her bread isn't light,
For she never can get it to rise;
But then you should see, as she breakfasts with me,
The light that illumines her eyes!

No skill can she boast in preparing a roast,
And in pies her sucesses are few,
And ill she fares when soup she prepares,
For she is sure to get into a stew.

But no fault do I find, for she's loving and kind;
And when bachelorship I forsook
'Twas to wed a sweet wife, a companion for life—
It wasn't to marry a cook.

FLORAL DECORATIONS.

There is no more artistic decoration than flowers; they give the note of refinement even to a room that seems otherwise impossible, and they cheer and brighten as no other dumb things can. Somebody has called them "heaven's messengers." And yet there is one melancholy thing about them says an exchange—their transientness. Preachers have a way of noticing it and pointing a moral, and the average woman sighs—because brief staying charms make flowers an expensive luxury.

Flowers treated properly can last and look well even after six weeks, thus taking from them their only reproach, and rendering them possible pleasure for the poorest. Every night take them out of the vases and thoroughly rinse the stalks under the tap, removing with the fingers any decomposed matter. Then place them to bed for the night in a basin of strong soapsuds.

Be careful not to allow any water to touch the blossoms, as this only fades them. The soapsuds supply a certain amount of nourishment.

In the morning rinse the stalks under water again, and as each blossom is arranged for the day in the vase of fresh water snip off the tiniest possible portion of the stalk with a pair of scissors. Always carefully trim away any faded portion. Food for the day is supplied by sulphate of ammonia, a small quantity of which can be bought from the chemist for a few pence.

If he knows his business he will be able to tell you that sulphate of ammonia contains all the properties of good manure for keeping the blossoms alive. A few drops in each vase is quite sufficient; indeed, if you use the soapsuds at night, as well as the sulphate of ammonia in the day, some intervals must be spent by the flowers in nothing but clear, cold water. It is possible to kill with kindness, remember.

Put the flowers at night into some dark, cool place, say a scullery or pantry, as it is not good either for the flowers or the household that they should remain altogether in the living rooms.

To revive flowers put them into warm salt water, to which has been added a few drops of sulphate of ammonia.

To keep a spray of arranged flowers, place on damp cotton wool under a basin. This keeps the air away and preserves the blossoms. The fragile, delicate maidenhair fern is best treated in this way.

HELPFUL HINTS.

We have discovered a rather odd addition to breakfast dishes, that may be liked by others who have corn in plenty, but live where "breakfast foods" are expensive, says a writer. It is the old-fashioned cornmeal gruel, such as my grandmother used to make for me when I was a little girl and had a bad cold. It is a very accommodating dish as it may be made to suit the taste, but we like it best to take about three pints of boiling water, sift slowly into it, stirring steadily, a pint of meal; when it has boiled a few minutes add a pint of milk, more or less, as it may be plenty or scarce, boil up again and set back on the range while you get the rest of your breakfast. Salt to taste, and if you like thicker, use more meal or less water. Sometimes we have it thin enough to drink from cups and sometimes thick enough to eat with cream and sugar.

I might add, too, that while a member of our family was recovering from a severe attack of inflammation of the bowels it agreed with him better than anything else, and he did not tire of it so quickly as of rice, oatmeal or anything else we could give him.

I have recently learned that average fresh pork steak is much improved by covering with water after it is seasoned in the frying pan and letting the water boil away before frying it brown.

I have found, too, that I need much less soda if I sift it with the flour the same as baking powder and add it the last thing, getting the article into the oven as quickly as possible than I do if I mix with the milk or water. Of course, the less we use the better for our health.

A good plain cake, easily made and nice for the children to carry to school is made as follows: Two cups sour cream, two cups sugar, one egg, a teaspoonful of salt, a scant teaspoonful soda, flour to make a stiff batter. Put all the ingredients together, sifting the soda in with the flour, stir and get into the pans as quickly as possible. If preferred, bake in drop cakes, gem-tins or patty pans. If you dislike to use soda, take sweet cream with baking powder.

DOMESTIC USE OF BEEF.

The retail butcher in cutting up meat as ordered generally weighs it before trimming, making the customer pay full price for portions which go into the scrap and are sold at a small price for soap-making. The marketman thus gets paid for, this not inconsiderable part of his wares twice over, the first time usually getting a high valuation therefor. The economical housewife will insist upon getting all that she pays for, and makes the trimmings valuable for soup stock.

Meat when delivered by the butcher should be at once removed from the paper and put in a cool place until needed. Care should be taken that it does not come into direct contact with the ice. If the refrigerator is large enough, it is better to hang the piece up so that the cool air surrounds it.

No good housewife will order meat unless selecting it herself. The dealer is almost sure to take advantage of her in some way or other if only in sending a cut not quite so choice as is desired. Misunderstandings as to weight might be obviated if the purchaser saw her order on the scales, and then noted the quantity of bone and fat trimmed off and thrown into the scrap pile.

Roast Beef with Yorkshire Pudding.—Put the meat upon a rack (or trivet) and roast as before directed. Make a batter of one pint milk, 1-2 pint sifted flour, four eggs well beaten and one-half teaspoonful of salt. Mix thoroughly and pour into the pan under the meat about one hour before it is done. Cut in squares and serve with the roast. This dish is of English origin as its name indicates, and is a favorite with the people of that nation.

Beef a La Mode.—Take a large piece of round steak and lard with strips of salt fat pork, i. e., with a sharp instrument punch holes in the steak, the way of the grain, and then run the strips of pork through them with both ends projecting. Then put the meat into a bowl with a teaspoonful of whole cloves, one of peppercorns, a bay leaf, half cup each of sliced carrots, turnips and onions, and cover with vinegar and water, half-and-half. Do not use any salt. Let it stand at least three hours, better a day or two. When tender, remove from the pickle and fry it brown in a pot of hot dripping. Then put in two tablespoonfuls of flour, turning the meat over and over. When brown cover with hot water, cook slowly, allowing half an hour to each pound of meat. Salt to taste when done.

Beef Brown Stew.—Three pounds beef, one onion, two cloves, one teaspoon chopped parsley, one teaspoon celery salt, one tablespoonful olive oil, one tablespoon butter, one tablespoon lemon juice, one tablespoon browned flour. Slice and brown the onion in the butter; add the beef, brown a little in the hot butter, then add the remainder of the ingredients except the flour. Cook in the oven three hours. Remove the meat and make a gravy of the browned flour and dripping, adding a little hot water. Strain gravy and serve in a bowl.

Plain Stew.—Have two pounds of meat cut into small pieces, simmer two or three hours until quite tender, using enough water to cover the meat. Add potatoes, and, if desired, onions, allowing half an hour for them to cook. Season with salt and pepper about ten minutes before serving. The liquor may be thickened for gravy or served as soup.

Beef Loaf for Slicing Cold.—Chop three pounds of raw beef, half pound of suet, half pound of bread crumbs, and two eggs, four tablespoonfuls of cream, one teaspoon of butter, two teaspoonfuls of summer savory, one teaspoon of salt, half teaspoon of pepper. Mix and work into a loaf, using flour to bind the ingredients together. Bake in a pan for two hours, basting frequently with melted butter and hot water.

Steaks Broiled—This is by far the best way of cooking steak, and many will not touch it otherwise. Charcoal makes the best fire for this purpose, and several patented gridirons are on the market to hold the coals so that any stove may be used. Have a bright fire of live coals. Heat and grease the bars of the gridiron. Lay the steak on the gridiron, cover, and turn as soon as the first side is seared. Turn again and again until sufficiently cooked, then put on a hot platter, season with butter, pepper and salt, and garnish with parsley and slices of lemon. Serve at once. A porterhouse or sirloin is best for broiling. Trim off superfluous fat and the tough end of the porterhouse, which may be used for soup. Another way to prepare meat for broiling is to cut out the bone, and about two hours before cooking rub with a mixture made of one tablespoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful of pepper. Broil and garnish as above.

A Victim of Neuralgia

MRS. ROBERTS, OF MONTREAL TELLS A WONDERFUL STORY.

She Was a Sufferer for Some Seven Years, and Medical Treatment Failed to Give Her More Than Temporary Relief—A Herald Reporter Investigates the Case.

From the Herald, Montreal.

"I thought it was something wonderful when I went three days without being sick," said Mrs. Annie Roberts to a representative of the Montreal Herald, referring to her remarkable recovery from an illness of over seven long years. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts reside at 34 Wolfe street, Montreal, and the reporter was cordially welcomed when he went to enquire as to the truth of the report that Mrs. Roberts had been restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts came to Canada from England a little more than five years ago, and Mrs. Roberts' illness began while still in the Old Country. "I was really the victim of a combination of troubles," says Mrs. Roberts. "For several years, neuralgia with all its excruciating pains, has been my almost constant attendant. Added to this I was attacked with rheumatism and palpitation of the heart, and for the last five years, was not able to get out of doors during the winter months. Sometimes I felt as though those terrible pains in my head would drive me mad; my nerves were all unstrung and a knock at the door would send me nearly crazy. I was treated at different times by four doctors since coming to Montreal, but without any lasting good, and I had given up hope of ever being better on this side of the grave. A friend of mine whose father had been helpless for two years, but was restored by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged me to try them. My husband asked the doctor who was attending me what he thought of them, and the doctor replied that he believed them to be a good medicine. This persuaded me to begin their use. No one who sees me now can form any idea of my condition when I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I had only taken three boxes when I began to recover. But seven years of pain had nearly shattered my constitution and I did not look for a speedy recovery, and I was more than gratified to find that after I had used I think about a dozen and a half boxes, I was fully restored to health. It seemed all the more wonderful because the doctors both in England and here never done more than give me temporary relief, and their treatment was much more expensive. The past summer was the first in years that I really enjoyed life, and I was able to go on a visit to Radnor Forges. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have also been of much benefit to my daughter Violet. She is just nine years old, but she suffered a great deal from pains in the back and sick headache, but the pills have made her feel all right again."

"I never fail to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when any of my friends are ill," said Mrs. Roberts. "While visiting at Radnor Forges, I urged a young lady friend who has long been a sufferer from curvature of the spine, and obstinate constipation to try them, and they have done her a vast amount of good."

The reporter confesses that Mrs. Roberts' story is a wonderful one. That she is now thoroughly well is clear from her face, her manner and her happy spirit. Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are intelligent and reliable people. Mr. Roberts is head engineer in the biscuit works of Viau & Frere, the wealthiest firm in this line in the Dominion, and he fully endorses the good words his wife has to say in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In fact he says the speedy cure they wrought in his wife's case has saved him many dollars.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have no purgative action, and so do not weaken the body. They build up the blood by supplying it with the elements which enrich it, and strengthen the nerves. In this way they cure all diseases having their origin in poor and watery blood. Always refuse the Pink colored imitations which some dealers offer. See that the full name Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is on every package you buy. If in doubt, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., and they will be mailed post paid at 50c a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

True Greatness In Medicine

Is proved by the health of the people who have taken it. More people have been made well, more cases of disease and sickness have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla than by any other medicine in the world. The peculiar combination, proportion and process in its preparation make Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiar to itself and unequalled by any other.

Breaking the Ice.

Harold Severn and Frank Spencer were both in love with Alice Ware, but she had so successfully used those methods in which all accomplished young women are well versed that neither of them had any assurance of being a favored suitor. With most admirable adroitness she would divide her attentions between the two, and then on convenient occasions, would slight them both with equal sincerity.

One afternoon in midwinter, as she sat playing and singing dreamily to herself, she was interrupted by her cousin Edith, who came to discuss the skating party planned for the appoaching evening.

"We must start early, so that we can make the most of it," she said, enthusiastically.

"They're going to build a fire on the bank of the pond, where we can warm ourselves and have our refreshments, and I believe 'twill be the gayest time we've had this season."

"I don't think I care much about it," said Alice, fingering her piano absently as she spoke.

Regardless of her indifferent manner Edith continued her lively conversation. "Didn't Frank Spencer look fine at the last dance, as if he'd just stepped out of a fashion plate?"

"I hate to see a man look that way," said Alice, coldly. "'Tis a bad sign."

"Nonsense! 'Tis only a signal that he's fastidious, that's all," replied Edith. "Harold ought to suit you better, then; his necktie is hardly ever exactly straight."

"He is very careless about his clothes, and that's another bad fault."

"Goodness! If I wasn't acquainted with you, Alice, I should think something dreadful was going to happen, but I know you'll be yourself again when you get on your skates with a devoted attendant on each side."

The full moon shone in a cloudless sky when the party reached the pond, and soon equipped for their sport they went skimming away over the sparkling surface like a flock of swift-winged birds, while the brushwood fire burning on the bank, shed warmth and brightness around the merry scene.

Exercise sharpened all appetites, and the lunch baskets were emptied at an early hour, after which their spirits seemed to rise to higher levels. Alice especially displayed more than her usual wilfulness as she performed her capricious evolutions, closely followed by her unwearied satellites.

At length as she was describing a wide circle near the edge of the pond she approached a point where the prying beams of the afternoon's sun had discovered a weak spot, and now the warm breath of the fire wafted across it had rendered it unsafe. But unaware of this she swept fearlessly onward, when suddenly the ice gave way at her feet and she sank into the water beneath. Though the depth was not great, the shock was sufficient to excite her utmost terror, and struggling helplessly, she shrieked aloud, "Oh, Harold, save me!"

Both young men arrived at nearly the same moment, but Harold had heard his name called, and with headlong speed, he rushed to her aid. Plunging into the broken ice he held her fast while he strove to secure a foothold on the muddy bottom. He was not long in doing so, and then succeeded in getting to the shore unassisted with Alice clinging frantically to him.

"Oh, Harold," she murmured between her shivering sobs, "I'm so glad you got here; I didn't want Frank to get me out."

"Let me get off your skates, quick, Alice, and then we must hurry home for you'll get a deadly cold."

Frank met them on the bank, saying anxiously, "Do let me help about something."

"Take care of our skates, will you," said Harold, "we've got to race for life," and catching Alice by the hand they ran like two children across the meadow to the road, where they disappeared from the sight of their companions, who immediately disbanded and hastened away from the scene of the catastrophe.

Frank Spencer mechanically gathered up the skates that had been left in his care and walked in silence amid the talkative groups, feeling that something was ended forever.

Alice, comforted by dry clothes and a warm bed, soon recovered from her chill and fright, and Harold, blessing his good fortune that at the mere cost of a cold bath he had won her approval, slept with rainbow visions hovering around his pillow.

The next morning, as soon as practicable, he called on Alice, to find her calm and reticent—not at all the clinging, impulsive being he had so lately rescued; but resolved not to be baffled, he ventured to say: "I never dared to think before that you could really care for me, but last night, when you said—"

"You were my choice then," she hastened to reply with a look and emphasis that struck the gallant youth like a blow in the face, and unable to command his voice he rose and walked to the window. But in a moment he was aware of a hand on his arm and a pair of mischievous eyes looking up into his.

"I know you don't choose me today," he said, falteringly, endeavoring to keep his gaze fixed upon the distant landscape.

"Why, yes, I do," she answered in tones of such evident truthfulness that the courage of her hearer again revived, and he questioned impetuously: "To-day and always?"

"Yes," was the reply, "if you are bent on making it such a serious affair."

"Oh, Alice! My love now and forever," and he clasped her unresistingly to his heart.

"Do you know," said Alice, after a short silence, "when I found myself in the pond it flashed like lightning through my mind that Frank would be disgusted with the thought of getting me out of such a disagreeable place, and I knew that you would be perfectly happy to do it," she concluded, with a most adorable smile.

"Poor Frank," whispered Harold, for in this hour of supreme happiness he could well afford to pity his disappointed rival.

from, be it tung, hand, or futt, without mercy." At Glasgow, in 1598, the Presbytery carefully considered the conduct of a youth who had passed his father "without lifting his bonnet". Other times, other manners. Nowadays, according to parental experience, every youth in the land should have his neck in the iron collar.

WIDOWS AND BACHELORS.

Men and women have such different views on some subjects. Take matrimony, for instance. When a widower chooses a second helpmate he looks about him for a spinster, but a widow doesn't care two straws for a bachelor. She prefers a widower with a fund of domestic experience to draw on. These are facts. Statistics prove them. As a general thing the man who spends one-half of his time in memorizing statistics and the other half firing them at his friends—or rather his enemies, he has no friends—is an unmitigated nuisance, but he is, withal, a useful and even necessary evil, and we tolerate him with resignation. There are oases in the desert of his tiresomeness. Once in a while when floundering in the depths of his varied information he tells us something we would have never known, or perhaps would not even have thought of had we not been blessed by his untiring diligence.

One of the choice morsels of information recently gleaned is the abovementioned peculiarity of the sexes when hunting substitutes for lost partners. Statistics do not explain why this condition exists, but the statistician does. In fact he offers several explanations. Like the man at the show, you can pay your money and take your choice. In the first place, he says, a man who has lost his other half is much more anxious to marry than a woman. Indeed, so enamored is he of the matrimonial state that he is willing to give it not only a second, but even a third or fourth trial if necessary, and each time he chooses a spinster. This the statistician partly accounts for by stating that as the female population greatly exceeds the male, each man feels that it is his bounden duty to assist as many women as possible into their true sphere of the home circle.

To dissenters from this philanthropic view the statistician offers another suggestion to the effect that a man likes to be "boss" in his own home, and having learned from experience that after a woman has been married a few years she is pretty apt to take the reins of the household in her own hands, he prefers some one who is still uninitiated, so that he may enjoy at least a few months of lording it before she gets broken in. Whether either of these hypotheses is correct it would be impossible to state positively, but certain it is that a widower fights as strenuously against an alliance with a bereaved representative of the opposite sex as did Mr. Pickwick when threatened with matrimonial entanglement with Mrs. Bardell, and quite frequently with less gratifying success.

During the year the statistician studied matrimonial reports of the most populaous districts of the eastern and middle states and discovered that in that section and during that time 46,343 widowers took 46,343 spinsters unto themselves to love, cherish and protect, while only 6,325 widows were so honored. As that arrangement disposed of but a small proportion of lonely females, 10,625 of them were forced to find solace by taking as many single gentlemen from the realms of bachelorhood and transforming them into obedient benedicts.

Whether these facts will be of any special benefit to anybody, neither the scribe nor the statistician pretends to say. They are merely given for what they are worth as conditions of life.

SCIENCE AND LIFE.

We are Indebted to the Former for the Latter.

Science Gave us Dodd's Kidney Pills—Dodd's Kidney Pills Give us Security From Death—Mr. Charles Dean's Case Proves This Claim.

London, Jan. 30.—At this season, when everybody one meets is complaining of "the Grip," "Backache," or some other similar complaint, it comes as a relief to know that there are some diseases from which people can free themselves at very slight expense, and scarcely any trouble.

When we find that these diseases have for centuries been looked upon as incurable and have carried hundreds of thousands to untimely graves, we have reason to be thankful to science and its votaries, who have given us the means to free ourselves from this horrible nightmare of Death.

As everyone knows, Kidney Diseases have, until less than ten years ago, been looked on as utterly incurable. Hundreds of thousands have died of them. Until lately there was no medicine known to man that would either relieve or cure them.

To-day, thanks to the wonderful medicine known throughout the civilized world as Dodd's Kidney Pills, Kidney Diseases are no more dangerous than a common cold.

Proof of this fact has been given by thousands of startling cures, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, of cases that the best physicians had "given up."

The latest evidence in this city comes from Mr. Charles Dean, an employee at the City Hotel.

Mr. Dean suffered for three years with terrible pains in his back. He could get no relief from any of the many medicines he used.

One day a friend advised him to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. He did so. As a result he is now as strong and well as he ever was. Dodd's Kidney Pills, he says, are worth their weight in gold. So they are to victims of Kidney Disease.

ENOUGH TO KLIL HIM.

Do you think Flammer will get over his illness?

I hardly think so. He has three doctors.

Iowa Farms for sale. $2 per acre cash, balance crop until paid. J. Mulhall, Sioux City, Ia.

When a Tartar invites a guest to dine he takes him by the ear, and thus leads him to the table.

If you want to find out which is really the best tea in Canada, buy a package of Blue Ribbon and it won't take you long to decide.

Pure Tea, Good Value, Low Price, are represented by

LUDELLA

CEYLON— Lead packages— 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60c.

WE HAVE GIVEN **150 Graphophones** up to the present time to as many highly pleased agents. You have to sell but $12.00 worth of our medicines, to have one shipped **to you free**. NOTE—In addition to this we give an extra Graphophone—or its value in records—to each one of our smartest agents. You can also have a beautiful premium for selling $4.00 worth, and for even selling $1.00 worth. We satisfy you in everything you do for us, down to the smallest fraction. **We don't ask you to run any risk. Send us 25c.** and we will ship you our medicines and premium list. If you don't think it the best offer ever made you—return the medicine and **we will refund your money.** We also refund the money to every purchaser of our medicine who says it fails to do what we claim for it. We are here to stay and very much so. We are advertising our medicines by distributing them in this way for the next three months, after which they will be handled by the Druggists only. These are the latest improved Edison Talking Machines fit for concert hall as well as parlor, giving you the latest songs (comic, sacred and secular) greatest bands and orchestras, most noted singers, pianists, violinists, reciters and orators. If you know a good thing when you see it, send for our medicines enclosing 25c.

British Chemists Co.
Toronto, Can.

MOVING STAIRCASES ARE COMING.

Every visitor to the Grands Magasins du Louvre at Paris has been up the wonderful moving staircase, says London Sektch. You put your hand on a rail, you stand still, and you find, by a delightful movement, which is both exhilarating and fascinating that you are carried from floor to floor without the least effort, and without any of those unpleasant thrills which lifts—or, as our American cousins call them "elevators"—always succeed in giving to nervous persons. It is worth while shopping at the Magasins du Louvre for the sake of going up that moving staircase, and now—a long way behind our French friends—we have got one in London. The enterprising firm that has started a moving staircase on this side of the water is Harrod's Stores, in the Brompton Road, and I think they will find it so popular that there will scarcely be a store of great trading business in London that will not be glad to institute the same invention. Its carrying capacity is upward of 3,000 persons.

A Happy New Year Ineeed

To those that believedd there was no cure for catarrh and to whom the constant use of ointments, snuffs and washes were a weariness to the flesh. A delightful and sure cure has been found. No need for fetid breath and broken voice. Send for a free sample outfit and be convinced. The name of this sure cure is Catarrhozone. Catarrhozone penetrats to the diseased parts in the form of a pine-scented gas. Write at once to
N. C. POLSON & Co., Kingston, Ont.

A CLERICAL ERROR.

That was a good sermon that Dr. Binks preached this morning.

Excellent. It would have been almost perfect if the doctor hadn't interpolated a few sentences of his own.

ALBERT THOMAS' PHOSPHATE POWDER

CHANGE OF BASE.

Nurse Girl—Why don't ye put that brat to sleep, an' have a good time while yer in th' park?

Ex-Nurse Girl—It's me own.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State, aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.
FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
SEAL A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

WILLING TO TRY.

The new woman who had acquired some of the slang of the business world was speaking.

I am a square woman, she said.

Then, of course, a ring would not fit you, returned the youth who had hopes.

Still she intimated that she would not discourage an experiment.

W P C 957

CALVERT'S
Carbolic Disinfectants, Soaps, Ointment, Tooth Powders, etc., have been awarded 100 medals and diplomas for superior excellence. Their regular use prevents infectious diseases. Ask your dealer to obtain a supply. Lists mailed free on application.
F. C. CALVERT & CO.,
MANCHESTER, - - ENGLAND.

MONTREAL
The "Balmoral," Free Bus Am. Plan, $1.50 & up.

SAUSAGE CASINGS—New importations finest English Sheep and American Hog Casings—reliable goods at right prices. PARK, BLACKWELL & CO., Toronto.

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

AGENTS—FASTEST SELLING ARTICLE ever invented. Norton & Co., Sarnia.

RETURNS IN ONE WEEK.
We want good Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc. Ship to us, and you will have your cash in a week or less. THE ARKENHEAD PRODUCE CO., 88 Front St. E., Toronto.

$5.00 PER DAY GUARANTEED ONE agent in every township in Canada, gentleman or lady, to sell a $15.00 typewriter. Lyon Manufacturing Company of Toronto, Limited.

CUTTING SCHOOL.—Tailors and Dressmakers, second for catalogue. C. & D. SCHOOL CO., Montreal.

Stammerers Especially those who have failed to be cured elsewhere, write to Dr. Arnott, Berlin, who will convince you he can cure you.

TORONTO CUTTING SCHOOL.
Write for special terms during January and February. S. CORRIGAN, 113 Yonge St.

Stammerers Every stammerer can and will talk if they will come and try. I have spent 40 years' study on this distressing habit. Come and satisfy yourselves. No risk. W. K.