

FROM ERIN'S GREEN ISLE.

NEWS FROM IRELAND BRIEFLY TOLD DAY BY DAY.

Busy People of the Emerald Isle—Occurrences That Will Interest Irish-Americans.

The report of the Registrar-General shows crime in Ireland steadily on the decline.

Belfast corporation granted the freedom of the city to General Sir George White.

There are coal mines in Antrim, but the output is not great, nor is the quality first-class.

General Sir George White has consented to accept a charger from his admirers in Belfast.

One of the chief features of this season is the great number of cycle tourists in Ireland.

Baron Iveagh will expend between £20,000 and £100,000 in improving the dwellings for the poor of Dublin.

The man who murdered the Protestant rector of Killybegs has been declared insane by a Limerick jury.

The death is announced of Alderman the Right Hon. Joseph Meade, Dublin. He was twice Lord Mayor of that city.

The Belfast steamer Lord Londonderry has been awarded £10,000 for salvage services to the steamer De Lano.

The London boycott of Irish cattle creates a good deal of ill-feeling among the farmers and graziers of Ireland.

Sir Robert Hart is essentially an Ulster man in appearance, in manner, and with the indelible Ulster brogue to the very end.

The death is announced of Lord Farnham, an Irish representative peer. His son, the Hon. Arthur Kenil, succeeds to the title.

An Irish girl of 15 is charged with imposing on a middle-aged woman in Donegal by pretending to receive letters from heaven.

The Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland has appointed Col. Neville F. F. Chamberlain, I. S. C., to be Inspector-General of the Royal Irish Constabulary.

Bobs grandfathers, the Rev. John Roberts, was one of the minor canons of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, towards the close of the last century.

The famous Irish nationalist who has just died at the age of 90, Michael Cavanagh, was a poet, a writer, a Gaelic writer, and a fierce politician.

Canon Knox Little, who went to the front in connection with chaplaincy work, is a member of an old Ulster family, born in 1839 at Stuartstown, Tyrone.

At Fort Camden, near Queenstown, two soldiers of the Cork militia were killed and three injured through the bursting of the breach of a 40-pounder gun during target practice.

The Queen greatly admired the flowering polyanthuses and colored primroses that have been so gay in some of the gardens of the vicarages in the outskirts of Dublin.

In the course of a case in Liverpool it was stated that millions of eggs are annually imported from Russia to Belfast and then sent over to England and Scotland and sold as "Irish eggs."

At a meeting of the Limerick Corporation, Mayor John Daly, in the chair, it was decided that the royal arms over the entrance to the Town Hall, which is used for municipal business, should be removed.

MALARIAL FEVER.

AFTER EFFECTS LEAVE THE VICTIM WEAK AND DEPRESSED.

Miss Emma Huskinson, a captain in the Salvation Army, tells how she regained health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

From the Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Among the oldest and most highly respected residents of Orangeville is Mrs. John Huskinson, whose daughter, Emma, has for a number of years been an acute sufferer from the after effects of malarial fever.

A reporter of the Sun has been of the wonderful effects which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have had on Miss Huskinson, called at her home to enquire into the truth of the rumor.

After stating the reason of his visit, he was kindly received by Mrs. Huskinson, who gave him the following facts of the cure: "Some years ago," said Mrs. Huskinson, "my daughter Emma, who is now captain of the Newmarket corps of the Salvation Army, was attacked by malarial fever.

She was under a doctor's care for a long time and although she recovered sufficiently to go about, the after effects of the fever left her very weak and the doctor did not seem able to put any life into her. She had frequent headaches, was very pale, and the least exertion would greatly fatigue her. We thought a change might do her good and consequently she went on a visit to Toronto. While there she was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and at once purchased a supply. Before she had finished the second box she noted a marked change for the better, her appetite improved, her color returned, the feeling of exhaustion had disappeared, and by the time she had taken half a dozen boxes she was enjoying the best of health, and all her old-time vigor had returned. Although her work in the Salvation Army is hard and exposes her to all kinds of weather, she has since been able to do it without the least inconvenience.

"Some time after my daughter's cure, I was myself completely run down, and to add to my troubles was seized with a severe attack of rheumatism. Remembering the benefit my daughter had received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I decided to use them, and before I had taken half a dozen boxes I felt fully recovered and have been in the best of health ever since. My advice to all ailing is to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have restored more weak and ailing women and girls to robust health than any other medicine ever discovered, which in part accounts for their popularity throughout the world. These pills are sold by all dealers or may be had by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Heiress and Wife.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Have you been scolding Daisy again, Septima?" he asked, angrily, taking the panting little damsel from the floor and seating her upon his knee, and drawing her curly head down to his rough-pled shoulder, and holding it there with his hot hardened hand. "What have you been saying to my little Daisy that I find her in tears?"

"I was telling her if she did not mend her wilful ways she might turn out like her mother."

"Hush!" exclaimed John Brooks, excitedly. "I shouldn't have thought would have dared say that. What does Daisy know of such things?" he muttered, indignantly. "Don't let your senses run away with you, Septima."

"Don't let your senses run away with you, John Brooks. Haven't you the sense to know that Daisy is getting too big for you to take on your knee and pet in that fashion? I am really ashamed of you. Daisy is almost a woman!" snapped Septima, scornfully—"quite sixteen."

John Brooks looked at his sister in amazement, holding little Daisy off and gazing into the sweet little blooming face, and stroking the long fluffy golden curls as he replied: "Ah, no, Septima; Daisy is only a child. Why, it seems as though it were but yesterday I used to take her with me through the cotton-fields, and laugh to see her stretch her chubby hands up, crying for the bursting blossoms, growing high above her curly golden head. Pshaw! Septima, Daisy is only a merry, frolicsome, romantic child yet."

Daisy nestled her tall-tale face close on his broad shoulder to hide the swift blushes that crept up to cheek and brow.

"Look up, pet," he said, coaxingly, "I have news for you."

"What—what is it?" gasped Daisy, wondering if he could possibly have heard of her romantic marriage with Rex, turning white to the very lips, her blue eyes darkening with suspense.

"Come, come, now," laughed John, good-humoredly, "don't get excited, pet, it will take me just as long to tell it anyhow; it is something that will please you immensely."

He drew from his breast pocket as he spoke a thick, yellow envelope, which contained several printed forms with blank spaces which were to be filled up. There was something in his voice which made Daisy look at him, but her eyes fell and her cheeks flushed hotly as she met his glance.

Daisy was not used to keeping a secret locked up in her truthful little heart. She longed to throw her arms around his neck and whisper to him of her mad, romantic marriage, and of the handsome young husband who loved her so fondly.

Daisy knew so little of real life, and of love and marriage, up to the time she had met Rex! Her heroes had been imaginary ones, her ideas of love only girlish, romantic fancies. It was all very exciting and charming. She was very fond of handsome Rex, but she had yet to learn the depths of love, which, sooner or later, brightens the lives of lovable women.

Daisy looked at the envelope with a wistful glance.

"I'm going to make a lady of you, my little sunbeam. I am going to send you off to boarding-school. That's what you have always wanted; now I am going to humor your whim."

"But I—I do not want to go now, Uncle John. I—I have changed my mind."

"What?"

"I—I don't want to go off to boarding-school now. I had rather stay here with you."

John Brooks laid down the pipe he was just lighting in genuine surprise.

"Why, it's only last week you were crying those pretty eyes of yours out, tossing to be sent to school. I—well, confound it—I don't understand the ways of women. I always thought you were different from the rest, Daisy, but I see you are all the same. Never two days of the same mind. What is the reason you've changed your mind, pet?"

"Indeed, I don't want to go now, Uncle John. Please don't talk about it any more. I am happier here than I can tell you."

John Brooks laughed cheerily. "It's too late for you to change your mind now, little one. I have made arrangements for you to start bright and early to-morrow morning. The stage will be here by daylight, so you had better start off to bed at once, or there will be no roses in these cheeks to-morrow."

He never forgot the expression of the white, startled face Daisy raised to his. For once in her life Daisy was unable to shake him from his purpose.

"I know best, little one," he said. "I mean to make a lady of you. You have no fortune, little Daisy, but your pretty face. It will be hard to lose my little sunbeam, but, it is my duty. Daisy, it is too late to back out now; for once I am firm. You must start to-morrow morning."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" sobbed Daisy, throwing herself down on her little white bed when she had reached her own room, "what shall I do? I can't go without seeing Rex. I never heard of a girl that was married being sent off to school. I—I dare not tell Uncle John I am some one's wife. Oh, if I could only see Rex!" Daisy sprang out of bed and crossed over to the little white curtained window, gazing out into the still calm beauty of the night. "If I only knew where to find Rex," she mused, "I would go to him now. Surely he would not let me be sent away from him." She turned away from the window with a sigh. "I must see Rex to-morrow morning," she said, determinedly. And the weary little golden head, tired out with the day which had just died out, sunk restfully down upon the snowy pillow in a dreamless sleep, the happiest, slant that poor little girl-bride was to know for long and weary years.

A dark, dreamy silence wraps the

cottage in its soft embrace, the moon, clear and full, sails tranquilly through the star-sown heavens, and the sweet scent of distant orange groves is wafted through the midnight breeze. Yet the dark-cloaked figure that walks quickly and softly up the gravelled walk sees none of the soft, calm beauty of the still summer night. She raises the brass knocker with a quick, imperative touch. After a wait of perhaps ten minutes or so Septima answers the summons, but the candle she holds nearly drops from her hands as she beholds the face of her midnight visitor in the dim, uncertain flickering glare of the candle-light.

"Miss Pluma," she exclaims, in amazement, "is there any one ill at the Hall?"

"No!" replies Pluma, in a low, soft, guarded whisper. "I wished to see you—my business is most important—may I come in?"

"Certainly," answered Septima, awkwardly. "I beg your pardon, miss, for keeping you standing outside so long."

As Pluma took the seat Septima placed for her, the dark cloak she wore fell from her shoulders, and Septima saw with wonder she still wore the shimmering silk she had in all probability worn at the fête. The rubies still glowed like restless, leaping fire upon her perfect arms and snowy throat, and sprays of hyacinth were still twined in her dark, glossy hair; but they were quite faded now, drooping, crushed, and limp among her curly hair, and a strange dead-white pallor on her heavily lined, and a lurid gleam shone in her dark, slumberous eyes. Pluma had studied well the character of the woman before her—who made no secret of her dislike for the child thrust upon their bounty—and readily imagined she would willingly aid her in carrying out the scheme she had planned.

Slowly one by one the stars died out of the sky; the pale moon drifted silently behind the heavy rolling clouds; the winds tossed the tops of the tall trees to and fro, and the dense darkness which precedes the breaking of the gray dawn settled over the earth.

The ponies which the groom had held for long hours pawed the ground restlessly, the man himself was growing impatient.

"So can be up to no good," he muttered, "all honest people should be in their beds."

The door of the cottage opened, and Pluma Hurthurst walked slowly down the path.

"All is fair in love's warfare," she mutters, triumphantly. "Fool with your baby face and golden hair, you shall walk quickly into the net I have spread for you; he shall despise you, Ay, crush with his heel into the earth the very flowers that bear the name of Daisy."

CHAPTER VI.

Under the magnolia-tree, among the pink clover, Rex Lyon paced uneasily to and fro, wondering what could have happened to detain Daisy. He was very nervous, feverish, and impatient, as he watched the sun rising higher and higher in the blue heavens, and glanced at his watch for the fifth time in the space of a minute.

"Pshaw!" he muttered, whisking off the top of the buttermilk near him with his oblong walking-stick. "I am not myself at all. I am growing as nervous as a woman. I think I'll read little Birdie's letter over again to occupy my mind until my sweet little Daisy comes."

He sighed and smiled in one breath, as he threw himself down at full length on the green grass under the trees. Taking from his pocket a little square white envelope, addressed in a childish hand to "Mr. Rexford Lyon, Allendale, West Virginia, Care of Miss Pluma." Rex laughed aloud until the tears started to his eyes, as they fell on the words; "Care of Miss Pluma," heavily underlined in the lower corner.

"That is just like careless little romping Birdie," he mused. "She supposes, because she knows who Miss Pluma is, she is aware of the contents of the letter on his knee, trying hard to while away time in pursuing his pages."

Rex looked so fresh and cool and handsome in his white linen suit, lying there under the shady trees that summer morning, his dark curls resting on his white hand, and a smile lighting up his pleasant face, it is not to be wondered at he was just the kind of young fellow to win the love of young romantic girls like Daisy and Pluma—the haughty young heiress.

Slowly Rex read the letter through to the end. The morning stage whirled rapidly past him on its way to meet the early train. Yet, all

unconscious that it bore away from him his treasure, he never once glanced up from the letter he was reading.

Again Rex laughed aloud as he glanced it over, reading as follows: "Dear Brother Rex,—We received the letter you wrote, and the picture you sent with it, and my heart has been so heavy ever since that I could not write to you because big tears would fall on the page and blot it. Now, dear old Brother Rex, don't be angry at what your little Birdie is about to say. Mamma says you are going to marry and bring home a wife, and she showed me her picture, and said you were very much in love with her, and I must be so too. But I can't fall in love with her, Brother Rex; indeed, I've tried very hard and I can't; don't tell anybody, but I'm awfully afraid I shall like her one bit. She looks stylish and her name Pluma sounds real stylish too, but she don't look kind, I thought, perhaps, if I told you I did not like her you might give her up and come home. I forgot to tell you the blue room in the room across the hall is being fixed up for you just lovely, and I am to have your old one."

"P.S.—And we received a letter from Mr. Lester Stanwick, too. He says he will be passing through here soon and wishes to call. When are you coming home, Rex? Don't bring any one with you."

"Your loving little sister, Birdie."

"There's no fear of my bringing Pluma home now," he laughed, whisking a snatch of "The Pages' Chorus." "Birdie won't have anything to fear on that score. I do wish mother hadn't set her heart on my marrying Pluma. Parents make a mistake in choosing whom their children shall marry and whom they shall not. Love goes where it is sent."

He looked at the watch again.

"By George!" he muttered, turning very pale upon seeing another hour had slipped away. "I can not stand this a minute longer. I must see what has happened to Daisy."

To Be Continued.

THE POWERFUL ICE-BREAKER, "BAIKAL."

The great English firm of Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., has built upon Lake Baikal one of the most remarkable steamships in the world to ferry the Siberian trains across the lake, and in winter to break the ice at the same time. This was brought out in pieces from Newcastle-on-Tyne, and put together by English engineers who have been living in that remote and lonely spot for over two years. The "Baikal," as the steamer is called, is a magnificent vessel of 4,000 tons, with twin engines amidships of 1,250 horse-power each, and a similar engine forward to drive the screw in the bow; for the principle of the new type of ice-breaker is to draw out the water from under the ice ahead by the suction of a low-screw when the ice collapses by its own weight and a passage is forced through the broken mass by the impact of the vessel. The "Baikal" has extensive upper works and these contain luxurious saloons and cabins. Upon her deck she will carry their trains—a passenger train in the middle and a freight train on each side. Her speed is thirteen knots and on her trial trips she has shown herself capable of breaking through solid ice thirty-eight inches thick with five inches of hard snow on the top—such snow is much more difficult to pierce than ice—and has forced her way through two thicknesses of ice frozen together aggregating from fifty-six to sixty-five inches. In summer her low-propeller should be removed and large propellers substituted for her smaller winter ones; but so far the railway authorities have taken no steps to build a dock upon the lake, without which neither of these important changes can be effected, nor the steamer herself repaired if any mishap should damage her hull. Lake Baikal is frozen from the middle of December to the end of April, and there is also talk of laying a railway across upon the ice, as is done each year from St. Petersburg to Kronstadt; but probably all depends upon the success of the ice-breaker next winter.

THROWING SHOES AFTER BRIDES.

"Over Edom will I cast my shoe," says the psalmist, the throwing of a shoe being the symbol of new ownership, a testimony in Israel of possession. In Anglo-Saxon times the father delivered the bride's shoe to the bridegroom, who touched her with it to show his authority. The custom of throwing an old shoe after the bride in England and Scotland signified that the parents gave up all right or dominion over the daughter.

DEMONS AS DEBT COLLECTORS.

In China if a merchant is derelict in paying his debts his creditors on New Year's day—the Chinaman's New Year's day—carries away the door of his shop, thus permitting all the demons and evil spirits of the universe to enter and disturb his equanimity as long as the poor tradesman lives.

BROUGHTS.

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St. Andrews, Que., states:—"Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine has cured me of bronchitis. I have, without success, tried many remedies for the past six years. Last winter when I had a severe attack and was unable to work I procured a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine and was happy to state that the third bottle made me well again."

The Home Treatment For Coughs and Colds.

Few indeed are the family circles from whence there has not been taken some member as the result of neglected coughs and colds. The prudent mother is constantly on guard lest her little ones fall prey to croup, bronchitis, or colds. She knows that if colds are promptly cured there is certain protection against consumption, pneumonia and other lung troubles.

Hosts of mothers have learned to trust implicitly to Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine to promptly loosen the tight chest coughs, to clear the inflammation, to soothe the inflamed throat and thoroughly cure the cold. Their confidence in this grand prescription of Dr. Chase has never been shaken, because it has never failed to prove beneficial. It is of such unusual merit as to have attained to by far the largest sale of any similar preparation.

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Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine, Mother's favorite remedy for Croup, Bronchitis, Asthma, Coughs and Colds, 25 cents a bottle; family size containing about three times as much, 60c. At all dealers, or Edmonson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Japan tea drinkers!

SALADA

CEYLON GREEN TEA

is more healthful than Japan tea.

About the House.

TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Vinegar will "set" dubious greens and leaves in gingham.

Vinegar is an antidote for poisoning by alkali.

For a summer picnic luncheon there should be plenty of relishes and a few sweets. Many people object to meat sandwiches, and if the party is to start early in the morning the bread, biscuit or rolls are better carried, which should be wrapped in several layers of wet cloth, and this put into the centre of a much larger box and packed tightly with wads of paper, so that it will not come in direct contact with the sides of the outer box. This will prevent the heat from hands or sun reaching it. Brown bread is always especially delicious after a long walk, and it is well to have loaves of both it and white bread.

In making pickles only the best cider vinegar should be used. If a green color is wanted in sour cucumbers it can be obtained by putting them into cold vinegar in a porcelain-lined kettle and letting them steep slowly over a slow fire until they are green. Only granite or porcelain-lined kettles should be employed in making pickles. Mold can be avoided by putting nasturtiums or pieces of horseradish root into the pickle jars, which should always stand in a dry and dark place.

A cafe frappe, which is always delightful as an afternoon or evening refreshment is simply made. To one quart of strong coffee sweetened to taste add the beaten white of one egg and freeze. Serve it in glasses, with whipped cream on the top.

People who move into rented houses are likely to encounter water bugs and cockroaches, and only vigilant efforts will effectually rid the premises of the pests. Both of these varieties of bugs are especially fond of brown paper and wet cloths, and it is well to see that their tastes are not gratified. Cucumbers are a rank poison to the insects, and the parings from them, scattered about, will thin their ranks perceptibly. Borax, which is a clean powder, is also poisonous to them, and this, with a trace of sugar added to it, sprinkled in the iron closets about the range and other haunts will have a desirable effect. There is a great variety of manufactured powders, all of which are good if applied to corners and edges of floors and walls with one of the "bug-guns" that come for the purpose.

Wash black lace with rain water, to which a teaspoonful of borax and a tablespoonful of alcohol has been added to every pint. Saw cotton on a bottle smoothly and wash the lace over it. Pull out the edge and baste it down on the bottle.

Wash white lace with boiling water and add a soap, after first basting it on a bottle covered with white cotton. Let the lace dry on the bottle.

TO PRESERVE MEATS.

To meat boil the meat until nearly done, season with salt and pepper. Cut from bones in slices and put at boiling point into glass cans. Fill all spaces with the broth to the brim of the can. Screw on covers tightly as possible. Beef, mutton, veal or chicken can be successfully canned by this method. Keep in a cool, dry place. The bones may be boiled until the meat will slip from them; then can it and the broth for use in making scraps.

To sugar-cure pork, thoroughly cool, carefully trim hams and shoulders and split sides in two lengths. Sprinkle bottom of barrel with fine salt and rub each piece of meat with salt. Pack in barrel with hams on bottom, shoulders next, and sides on top. After three days cover with following brine: Water, 8 gallons; salt, 12 pounds; sugar, 3 pounds; saltpeter, 3 ounces; concentrated lye, 3 teaspoonfuls. Boil and skim, then cool and pour over meat. Brine should be strong enough to bear up an egg.

To season sausage, for 40 pounds of meat use 1 pound salt, 2 ounces sugar, 2 ounces pepper. Pack in crocks and cover with melted lard.

CLEANING OIL PAINTINGS.

Artists sometimes use a raw potato for this purpose. Cut off the end of the potato and rub the painting very gently with the cut end. As fast as the potato becomes soiled cut off a thin slice and continue to use it until the whole surface is clean. Another method is to rub the soiled surface with the finger wet in warm water. If the dirt is very hard and old use oil instead of water. Let it rest for a few hours so that the dirt may be softened, then wash off with a sponge and tepid suds.

PAINTED FURNITURE.

The painted furniture formerly described as "cottage sets" passed out of style more than a score of years ago. It was always looked upon as a rather economical and modest substitute for the black walnut carved set, or even the more costly rosewood, which was in those days the last word in modish and expensive furniture. The "cottage furniture" could be of cheaper wood, because the thick paint covered up all traces of its quality. Gloomy grays, dull greens and stately blues were the tints most admired in this old-fashioned furniture. The backgrounds were relieved by crudely painted bunches of flowers which ornamented—if anything so insignificantly hideous could be said to have that effect anywhere—the head and foot of the beds and were applied in more diminutive form to the bur-

ness and other pieces in the "set."

Cottage furniture was always sold in a set.

It was very cordially despised, after taste turned toward the antique wooden furniture, brass beds and all the similar improvements that came during the past score of years. The cottage sets were relegated to country residences, servants' rooms and other inconspicuous places.

Since that time painted furniture has not been seen until the white enamelled chests of drawers and other wooden pieces began to be seen. Now there are signs that the days of painted furniture may return, although it is not likely that the taste for it will ever be strong enough to recover the slightest favor for the cottage set.

Painted furniture of the day is very much more artistic and elaborate than its predecessor ever was. It is as expensive, too, as nearly any other kind, and would never be bought for economy. White is the most popular color for a background. It is decorated with sprays of flowers, very artistically and charmingly disposed and painted, indeed, with all the excellences that the most modern and best trained artists can give them. There is as much difference between them and the old painted pieces as there is between a crude chromo and a delicate water color.

Probably this same degree of difference exists between all articles popular for household decoration thirty years ago and to-day. The old-fashioned furniture seems to have disappeared altogether and never likely to reappear in any form. But its direct descendant, very much better and undoubtedly made much more expensive, is offered to-day by the large furniture establishments as one of their latest and smartest styles.

A PLEASANT SURPRISE.

"Seeing one's self is a great surprise," said the amateur philosopher. "You think you do that every day in your looking glass, but you don't. What you see there is a conventional image, a symbol. It stands for you just as certain arbitrary ink scratches stand for your name, and it is handy in showing you where to part your hair and how to tie your cravat; but it doesn't give you any idea of how you would look if you were to meet your self here on King street. It is only by the rarest accident, happening maybe twice or thrice in a lifetime, that one gets a glimpse of one's real self. An unsuspected mirror or a chance reflection in a window pane is usually the agency. You see somebody approaching, somebody you know perfectly well you have never seen before in life, yet who starts you by a poignant, inexplicable sense of familiarity. In half a heart beat the trick discovers itself and the illusion vanishes, but you had a glimpse of the real thing, and the experience is almost always accompanied by a sensation of pleasure. Ten to one the stranger seemed quite attractive. The first time I ever saw myself was in a large pier glass at the head of a staircase. I was bewildered, but I remembered distinctly that the gentleman who advanced on me out of space struck me as being rather a distinguished-looking person. I felt proud of him after I discovered his identity and asked him to have a drink on it."

Without exception, everybody I have ever spoken to on the subject has admitted to me that he was pleased by the appearance of his double. So there's a hard metaphysical nut to crack—why is it that we generally look better than we had supposed?"

LET DEEDS RATIFY SENTIMENT.

Ladies of Canada: The world never saw such an exhibition of patriotic sentiment as the African war called forth.

Canadians, Australians and the splendid youth of Natal fought side by side with the British tea planters of Ceylon and India.

Australian drinks the teas of Ceylon and India, while Canada already drinks their Black Tea. Drinkers of Japan tea should try their green teas. Up to date tea merchants, the Salada Company, for instance, now sell them entirely on merit. "Middle-of-the-road men" are only waiting for supplies. While "sit-on-the-fence men" are waiting to see how the cat will jump, Ladies of Canada, we pray you join the British planter.

Colonist.

Professor, to student of surgery—Please inform the class the names of bones forming the skull. Student—Ah—er—I do not at the present time remember, but I know that I have them all in my head. Uproar in class.

THE LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Through their members have testified to the great efficacy of Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. It provides no one of demeritations, securing alike the good will of the highest and the most humble, and with strict impartiality, removing with equal celerity the corns of each. Try Putnam's Corn Extractor.

Dinglebat has original ideas about family government. He says every home should be a little republic, where universal toleration prevails and everyone has a voice in the government. Yes, his family is managed on that plan; but he and Mrs. Dinglebat have the same old wrangle every day as to who shall be president.

MONTREAL HOTEL DIRECTORY.

The "Balmoral" Free Bus Arr. Plac. Ave. House McGill-Collège Avenue Daily. McGill Hotel rates \$1.50 per day.

SHE HIT IT.

"Ma'am, said the tramp, hoping to strike a sympathetic chord in the woman's breast, I was bread in old Kentucky.

Bread! snapped the busy housewife. And loafed, I presume, in a good many other states.

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, clears the bowels, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. It is sold by all druggists. Beware of cheap imitations. It is the only one that will cure the child. It is the only one that will cure the child. It is the only one that will cure the child.

IT MEANS A MOVE.

That is what I call a moving appeal. This note from my landlord telling me that I must vacate because of non-payment of rent.

AN ACCURSION.

Well, sir, said the stung man, he made me look like thirty cents. You ought not to complain about that, for it is an improvement. What do you mean? Ordinarily you look