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NO. 46.

Before the Rain. We knew it would rain, for all the morn A spirit on slender robes of mist Was lowering its golden wickets down Into vapory amethyst.

The Welcome Rain. Out in Dakota the farmers this spring have suffered from a multiplicity of ills. First came the Colorado beetle, then the army worm and then a drought which threatened to destroy, not only all the growing crops that had been spared by the beetles and worms, but to imperil kinds of animal life.

Starving Explorers Eaten to Death by Insects. A story of the suffering and death in Alaska of explorers has just reached Victoria, British Columbia. The exploring party consisted of James Ingram, C. F. Young, J. W. Sperry and F. C. Rose and others.

The Mystery of the Ear. "The human ear," said a scientist to a Washington Star reporter, "is an organ, the true inwardness of which the physicians have never been able to get at. They can examine the interior of the eye with ease by throwing into its dark chamber a ray of light reflected from a little mirror, and of late they have found it possible to even see the grey matter of the brain by looking through the little canal by which the optic nerve enters. The cavity behind the nose they inspect with the aid of a light placed far back in the mouth."

Humiliating a Bully. There was a scene in a car on the Great Northern Short Line train between St. Paul and Minneapolis, Monday afternoon, that made the trip between the two cities considerably shorter by reason of the interest created, says the St Paul Railroad News.

Phonograph and Dog. Speaking of dogs reminds me of a certain Newfoundland puppy that belongs to a young man who has recently gone to work at the Edison phonograph agency in New York city. He left his pet here in Washington with his family, whom he writes to dutifully every day by talking machine, as it were—that is to say, he talks off a few filial or brotherly remarks,

Rural hospitality—"Do take some more vegetables, Mr. Jones, they go to the pigs anyhow."

Dried Buffalo Tripe. The other day a gentleman from Cold-neck district was promenading down Whitehall street, when he spied a string of sponges hanging up in front of a big grocery store.

The Impulse of Imitation. Before Luther Laffin Mills, the famous Chicago attorney who was connected for a time with the Millington poisoning case in Denver, left that city to return to Chicago, he made a prediction. He said: "Mark my word, you will have an epidemic of arsenical poisoning cases in Denver before this trial is finished."

A Childless Home. Smith and his wife have every luxury that money can buy, but there is one thing lacking to their happiness. Both are fond of children, but no little voices prattle, no little feet patter in their beautiful home.

Begging Some One to Kl. k Him. A German cobbler, who was reputed to be one of the laziest and most worthless men in Leadville, dug a hole in his yard and salted it with ore, and showing the pit to the representatives of a company he was able to sell out for \$2,500.

The International Tunnel. The first sod for the new tunnel to be constructed under the Detroit river connecting Canada, at Windsor, Ont., and the United States, at Detroit, Mich., was turned April 30th.

Saved from a Python. A story of unusual veracity and daring on the part of a python has reached us from Muka. At Judan, a village six miles from Muka, a man and his son, aged from 10 to 12 years, were sleeping in their house, inside a mosquito curtain. They were on the floor near the wall. In the middle of the night the father was awakened by his son calling out. The lamp was out and the father passed his hand over his son, but found nothing amiss, so he turned over and went to sleep again, thinking the boy was dreaming.

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as the case may be, into the trumpet shaped mouthpiece of the phonograph, then mails the cylinder to his home, where another phonograph is in operation. The cylinder is put into the home machine and the message ground out in the dear boy's own familiar accents.

However hostile the point of view from which Sir John A. Macdonald's public services are regarded, it cannot be denied that he possessed a positive genius for the conduct of government, that he was a creative statesman, that he accomplished policies and enacted measures of vast public utility, and that the country whose interests he devoted practically the whole of an unusually long life has sustained by his death a greater loss than would be felt in any other community by the removal of any other individual.

There are certain things which we are continually talking about, but which we never see. Who has ever beheld the taps on which all kinds of objects are so frequently said to be? Whereabouts are the "public grounds" which magistrates are so fond of mentioning when a naughty little boy is sent to prison for stealing a sprig of rosemary from a garden?

MRS. ROBINSON, Hopewell Corner writes: Dear Sir, I have used your British Liniment for one year, and must say it surpasses all the Liniments I have ever used for Sore Throat, Lame Back, Pains in the Side, and all complaints for which a Liniment is needed.

Women vote in Kansas. At the recent election in that State a woman in Wichita having safely deposited her ticket in her shopping bag went to the polls with the best intent. But being unable to find her ticket, she kept the judges waiting ten minutes and at last voted a receipt for making pickles.

New York is to have a Home for Stray Cats. It would be unfeline to ridicule this charity.

Always remember no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice—these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicious manifold, they may make your feelings the target of their wit or cruelty—never be alarmed, never swerve an inch from the line your judgment and conscience have marked out for you.

Why is the vowel "o" the only one ever sounded?—Because all the others are inaudible. Learning a foreign language by means of a "self-teacher" is like shaping out an axe handle with the blade that needs the handle.

A five-cent cigar, with a good draught and an enterprising youth attached to the tail end of it, will load the immediate atmosphere with a fragrance that discounts a bone-yard or a boot-factory that brims its own scraps.

This is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization," a tramp despondently observed when he discovered that the ham that he had taken from the front of a shop was a wooden one.

A bald-headed professor, reproving a youth for the exercise of his fists, said very severely, "We fight with our heads at this college." The young man reflected for a moment, and then replied calmly, "Ah, I see; and you have butted all your hair off."

Nellie (sympathetically): "You poor dear! What a narrow escape! And what started the horse?" Clara (indignantly): "Well, you know, Will was just helping me out of the dog-cart, and—the stupid horse could not tell the difference between a good-night kiss and a signal to start. And he just started. Some horses have so very little sense."

A man from Columbus, O., visited New York, went to church, and seated himself without hesitation in the nearest pew. Soon the owner came in, eyed the stranger critically, and then, writing "My pew" on the fly-leaf of a Prayer-book, handed the book to the intruder. The Ohio man read the message, smiled a beautiful smile, and wrote underneath, "Nice pew. What did you pay for it?"

All real progress is slow. Sudden jerks give a backward impetus and but little eventual gain. The lessons learned in youth and seemingly forgotten bear fruit in maturity. The struggles to do right that seem so hard and so often ineffective are steadily leading to the state where right-doing is a pleasure.

The commander of the St. Petersburg police has issued an order that all Jewish stores and business houses should have signs with the names, patronymics, and families of the proprietors written in large, showy letters. The cause of this new order, which is the nearest approach to medieval regulation by which the Jews were compelled to wear yellow patches on their garments, is that merchants of the Hebrew faith do not write their names plainly on their signs, in order to avoid the too frequent intrusion of official extortionists and the prejudice of the unreasonable masses.

At this time when race courses are crowded and horse talk vies with base ball as a topic of public interest, one is sometimes startled to hear of \$20,000 or \$30,000 bets being made by turfmen. And yet such bets are mere trifles compared to those which have been recorded on English races. Henry Chaplin, M. P., a member of Her Majesty's ministry, and a leading Conservative politician, won \$150,000 on his horse Hermit, when, in a blinding snow storm, it galloped in the winner of the English Derby.

Con.—Which are the happiest of the vowels—"i," because it is in bliss; and "e" and "a" because they are in heaven. And where are all the rest?—Why, in purgatory, without a doubt.

"Habit" is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit." If you take off another you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another the whole "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. Ail of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a "habit" you must throw it off altogether.

ALL SORTS.

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They cannot, by all their efforts, take away your knowledge of yourself, the purity of your motives, the integrity of your character and the generosity of your nature. While these are left, you are, from a point of fact, unharmed.

THE WORLD OVER.

Mrs. J. Robert Rankin, of Chipman, Queens County, was killed by lightning in the storm of Tuesday night.

Charles Armstrong, a native of St. John and brother of Major Armstrong, was killed in Boston recently in a railroad yard.

Miss Kate Vaughan, of St. John, is suing the city of Boston for \$10,000 damages for a sprained ankle obtained by tripping over a paving block on a Boston street.

The population of Greater London in 1881 was 4,766,661, in 1891 it was 5,623,332, so that the increase in ten years was 866,671 or about 18 per cent.

The Canadian Pacific royal mail s. s. Empress of China is due to leave London on the 15th July next, being the third vessel of this line conveying around the world passengers.

Wm. Spencer, a seaman, fell down the hold of the schooner Bessie at St. John, Thursday morning, sustaining injuries from which he died Friday.

A small iron safe containing about \$10,000 worth of diamonds and other precious stones was lately dredged up from the bottom of the harbor at San Francisco. The setting of the stones are in the sixteenth century style.

The Princess of Wales having ordered her photographer to place likenesses of the royal family on a set of her daintiest china, the idea has been caught up by the public, and all England is engaged in embellishing choice crockery with family likenesses. New York, too, is following suit.

The city of Toronto, after a long struggle with its street car corporations, has purchased the entire plant and will now undertake to operate the lines. This is a grave experiment. It is state socialism on a plane that will be watched from every part of the northern half of the continent.

Sir John Macdonald's will was admitted to probate yesterday in Ottawa. Earncliffe is left to Lady Macdonald for life. The estate without Earncliffe is valued at \$85,000. His personal estate is divided between Lady Macdonald and Hugh John Macdonald.

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