

Chat to . . Boys and Girls.

A STORY OF THE GRAND FALLS.

(Concluded.)

Since the rescue of Pierre, the good people of the Indian settlement had done little but minister to him. Then the young hunter harnessed his horse and placed a bed upon the wagon for the noble old habitant, who begged that no time be lost, till he should see his son and daughter, to rejoice in their mutual safety and deliverance.

They were not at their own farm house, but Julia stricken dumb with grief, was under the kind care of Jean's family. Alphonse, sick and sad at heart was below the falls with a score of sympathizing villagers—for what purpose I need not say.

But the villagers returned, most of them to Jean's house, poor Alphonse with them, just as Pierre raised his bruised, battered form from his stretcher, cried out in joyous voice.

"Cheer up, mes enfants, I am safe, all safe" and with bowed heads and grateful hearts they answered in reverent chorus, "Thank God, thank God."

THE END.

The Battle of Life.

Go forth to the battle of life, my boy,
Go while it is called today;
For the years go on, and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before;
You may hear the sound of their falling feet
Going down to the river where two worlds meet;
They go, to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy,
And duty too, assigned
Step into the front with a cheerful face,
Be quick, or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There is work to be done by the way, my boy,
That you never may do again—
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men,
Work for the plow, plane, spindle and pen—
Work for the hands and the brain.

The serpent will follow your steps, my boy
To lay for your feet a snare;
And pleasure sits in her fairy bowers
With garlands of poppies and lotus flowers,
In wreathing her golden hair.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy
Temptations without, and within;
And spirits of evil, with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might wear,
Will beckon you on to sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy
In the beautiful days of youth;
Put on the helmet, and breastplate, and shield,
In the cause of right and truth.

And go out to the battle of life, my boy
With the peace of the gospel shod,
And before high heaven do the best you can
For the great reward and the good of man
For the kingdom and crown of God.

It is worth while to remember, that nothing can constitute good breeding that has not good nature for its foundation. To ridicule the dress, manners, or oddities of our neighbours is wit of the cheapest and easiest kind; and we can all be satirical if we give the reins to our ill nature. The jest, so amusing to ourselves, may however, inflict a deep wound upon a sensitive nature, while it seldom fails to bring retribution upon the author. A young man in a train was making fun of a lady's hat to an elderly gentleman in the next seat to him. "Yes," said his neighbour, "that's my wife, and I told her if she wore that bonnet some fool would be sure to make fun of it."

A Little Queen.

She stood beside her cottage gate
A little queen.
Unused to folk of high estate—
Nay, never with the rich and great
So much as seen.

No ruler she by right of birth,
No princess throned
Among the mighty ones of earth;
But hearts that valued modest worth
Her empire o'ned.

The children prized her soft caress;
In homes demesne
She held her court; and when distress
Could be assuaged by helpfulness
A village maid, yet none the less
A little queen.

Professor Max Muller says that the title of queen "is the old word for Mother." He also cites a translation of the Bible made in the 4th century to prove its mean-

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ing at that early date as wife, or woman. The queen was in fact in a special sense "the woman" or "the wife" the highest of women and the highest of wives in the kingdom. To my girls I would say, that if they will strive to imitate the highest and purest type of womanhood they may all be queens in their own homes and hold the loyalty of many loving hearts.

AUNT BELL.

THE FRILLS OF FASHION.

White silk waists are the thing to wear with your blue cloth skirt and coat, and a very pretty touch is given with a narrow belt and necktie of blue mauve velvet ribbon. The collar band should be of tucked white silk, and the velvet, an inch and a half wide, is carried around the lower edge and tied in a short bow in front. A pretty model among the white waists has a yoke back and front where it points down to the belt, covered with lace and outlined with a band of white silk embroidered with blue.

Some of the newest coats are made sacque shape and so long that they reach within nine inches of the bottom of the skirt. A fichu shaped collar and cuffs of of fur are the finish. French woman are wearing pointed wraps of cloth to match their gowns. Fur and bands of velvet are the trimming.

A pretty theatre waist of pale yellow silk opens in front over a vest of black satin covered with cream lace. The edges of the silk down either side are trimmed with a braided pattern carried out in black silk cord, and the collar band is of satin covered with lace. The belt and cuffs are of black satin.

The new silks are exquisite in color and finish, having a wonderful sheen, so soft and deep that it must be a part of the entire fabric and not simply a shine on the surface. How much there is in a name remains for the purchaser to discover, but something in satin called 'Cotele d'Or' has a crosswise cord, is very heavy, and comes in beautiful light colors. Princess satin woven with a fancy surface of small squares is very elegant for coats and wraps. 'Satin Roxane,' very glossy, is another variety, and there is a new moire very attractive in the marking and softer in finish than the old silks of this kind.

Whole volumes might be written about the variety in neck gear in sight, but the latest is a small edition of the crinkled bow made of black velvet and pinned to the collar band in front. Ribbon four-in-hands are very pretty, of course, and to make variety tie the ribbon in a very short bow, leaving the ends to hang straight down to the waist. Another fad is to fasten the inside edges of the long ends together with gold studs, first making eyelets in the ribbon, of course.

If you have any old cameo pins or bracelets, have them mounted in gold clasps or buttons for a finish on your cloth gown. Fancy buttons are a great feature of fashion, and some of them are of enamel, beautifully painted; antique silver, set with rhinestones, and large buttons of velvet covered with real lace.

The newest things in the way of hair ornaments for evening wear would make a squaw open her eyes in amazement. They are marvellous to behold, even to the most civilized woman. These ornaments are high and broad, and are composed of mixtures of brocaded silk, satin, chiffon, tulle, jet, spangles, mock gems and what-not—only manufacturers can tell. One style has broad outstanding wings of some thin material, elaborately spangled or jewelled, and from its centre rises a bunch of aigrettes that would make the average Audubonite's hair stand on end, representing as it does the destruction of not one, but many herons. When a woman mounts one of these the effect is nothing short of startling. She looks for all the world as if some bird had mistaken her coiffure for a resting place. Ornaments with outstanding ears of satin, silk or a similar material are held in place by means of a handsome hairpin, and still another style is made of narrow, shirred velvet ribbon with wire woven in to make it stand up in fetching loops. Hair ornaments were never so exaggerated as they are at the moment, and unless they take a tumble before the opera season begins, more man will be inclined to legislate against them as he was inclined to do against the theatre hat.

Miss Tailor-Maid wears a string of coral beads on the outside of her severe collar. Those of pink coral are considered preferable, and if one has not been fortunate enough to inherit a strand, it is only a matter of dollars and cents to obtain a beauty from a jeweller. These beads give a needed touch of brightness to a dark severely cut costume.

Tiny flat purses, made of handsome satin in Dresden patterns, are very new. They are mounted in gold and are worn on long and decidedly heavy gold chains.

Woman wears her winter hat at one extreme or the other, either so it almost shows her back hair from the front or cuts

her forehead and eyes almost entirely from view. When a woman can wear a hat off her face at all it is very becoming, but when she can't, it is horrid, so the sex says. There is an old and very safe rule to follow in this matter of selecting hats, and it is that the chapeau should never follow the direction taken by the nose. She of a straight nose is indeed a lucky mortal, but straight noses are scarce, so most women in purchasing a hat have to study the natural bent of this feature. When a woman with a turned down nose dons a hat that rests almost on it, she may not know it, but she looks amazingly like a parrot, and the woman with a decidedly turned-up proboscis looks equally as ludicrous in a hat that flares off the face. Hats like hair, so authorities declare, should be worn in the style most becoming to the individual.

Fancy waistcoats are in vogue not only for women but for men. Woman went to keep them all to themselves, for they do not like to see men disporting themselves in brocade satin, silk and the like. These are the materials effected by very swell men. Some of their waistcoats have even a touch of color.

'Fancy vests for men may be a fad,' remarked a woman who keeps up with masculine styles as well as her own, 'but they will never become a fashion. Gents may adopt the fancy vest, but men will not. Anything conspicuous in the way of wearing apparel is considered bad form by the really swell and well-dressed man, and there isn't the slightest danger of his taking to the big-flowered waistcoat, or that of shiny satin for that matter. He certainly won't if he learns how a woman detests it, and why should not she criticise his dress if she sees fit? He certainly does not spare her feelings about her fashions.

At last military grey stationery has been supplanted by a bright blue paper, with a purplish cast in it. In dress goods the shade is known as bluet. Conservative folk will not like the new paper, for it is rather glaring in color, but is toned down by white stamping. Envelopes remain a little longer than they are broad, and lettering is a trifle larger than formerly.

PHILPOTS RELEASE.

Sciatica Rheumatism a Double Compound in the Realm of Pain Torture, but South American Rheumatic Cure Drives It Out and Never Misses.

A few weeks ago while on a business trip to North Bay I was seized with a severe attack of sciatica rheumatism. Hearing of the wonderful cures effected by South American Rheumatic Cure I procured a bottle and inside of three days all the pain had left me, and when I had taken one bottle I was completely cured. I think it the greatest of remedies, and shall be pleased to communicate with any person wishing more particulars of my case.—EDW. PHILPOTT, Cannington, Ont.

Juvenile Irresponsibility.

There is an aged man down in the southern part of the state, says a Denver paper, who has reached the ripe old age of 102. He has a son 81 years of age who stays with him and sees that he is well cared for. There are some funny stories told of the strangely mated father and son, and one of them will bear repeating. The old man likes his swig of whiskey pretty regular, and is very fond of having his visitors partake with him. On one occasion recently he sent his son down to the town about a mile away for a bottle of 'elixir,' and to the old gentleman's disgust he was away

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A STRANGE STORY.

But it is as True as it is Wonderful.

Dr. William Sharam Cured of Kidney and Urinary Disease by Dodd's Kidney Pills After Doctors and Other Remedies Had Failed.

MURRAY HARBOR SOUTH, P. E. I., Nov. 7. This town knows no happier man than Mr. William Sharam, one of our prosperous merchants.

A person who saw Mr. Sharam two years ago, would not know him, if they met today. He is a changed man. He is robust and healthy, strong and vigorous, his brain clear and active, and his body strong and sturdy enough to carry out the projects his brain devises.

Two years ago he was a weak, frail and sickly shadow of his former self. Kidney Disease and Urinary trouble had sapped his strength, undermined his constitution, and utterly worn him out, mentally and physically, and he was so weak that he could hardly help himself. The pain he endured was terrible.

First one doctor, then another, was called in, but they all failed to help him. Different remedies were used, but they also failed.

At last Mr. Sharam decided to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. For the first time in years he enjoyed sound sleep after the first few doses. Day by day he grew better till finally health and strength were fully restored.

Dodd's Kidney Pills have thousands of cases like this to their credit. They have cured whenever they have been used.

They act directly on the kidneys, which are the controlling power of the Urinary system, and which Dodd's Kidney Pills strengthen and stimulate to such a degree that they are enabled to do their work thoroughly. In a word, Dodd's Kidney Pills assist and reinforce Nature, and cause her to banish all Kidney and Urinary diseases.

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

THE ROSES WERE DRUGGED.

How Travellers on a Train Were Robbed by a Clever Scheme.

It may be all right for heroines to make their adorers tremulously happy by presenting them with roses. The novelists and dramatists must not be robbed of all their stock in trade. But it behooves the nineteenth century man to be particular about the roses he accepts, or rather about the girl who gives them. A short time ago a man and his two sisters were alone in a compartment on a German railway. At a station an elegantly dressed, thickly veiled woman entered the carriage, carrying a superb bouquet of roses. When the train started, she asked her fellow travellers if they would object to her closing the window. The man hastened to close it for her, and in moving to get out of his way, the stranger dropped her roses. He picked them up for her; and thanking him charmingly, she asked him to keep one. Then, turning to his companions, she graciously offered each of them a few of the flowers. Naturally the courtesy was accepted; and the next thing of which the travellers were conscious was that the train had arrived in Berlin, that their veiled companion had disappeared, and that all of their money and valuables had gone with her. Of course, the roses had been drugged.

The police have discovered that the criminal is a young man, and that he has conducted a number of daring robberies in similar fashion. One must admit that it is

the refinement of robbery, and, if one must be robbed at all, the rose method is preferable to sandbagging or garroting. If St. John citizens should meet young women who would insist upon showering roses upon them, they would doubtless welcome the change from cruder forms of hold-up. But, after all, one may as well fight shy of veiled women with roses.

Severe.

Roger, the celebrated French tenor, was exceedingly proud of his profession, and was apt to take offence at the least slight. On one occasion he was engaged for the sum of sixty pounds to sing at the house of a rich financier, who thought it the correct thing to have the principal singers of the day at his house-parties. Roger sang his first song magnificently, but not the slightest attention was paid to him, the guests talking their loudest. Presently the host thought it about time for another song, and sent for Roger, but he could not be found, and was seen no more. On the following day Mr. Plutus was surprised to receive from Roger notes to the amount of eighty pounds, with the following words: 'I have the honour to return the sixty pounds which I received for singing at your party, and I beg to add twenty pounds more for having so greatly disturbed the conversation of your guests.'

In Case.

One of the stories of Tennyson's peculiar abruptness and unconcern of manner, which might well have been termed rudeness if the intention to offend had existed, lately been told. The poet's elder son, now Lord Tennyson, had been born at Richmond, and the poet's friend Henry Hallam, the famous historian, came down from London to stand as his godfather. Before the service Mr. Hallam asked—
'What is to be the child's name?'
'Hallam,' answered the poet.
'Oh, I don't like surnames for christian names,' said Hallam. 'Why not call him Alfred?'
'What if I were to call him Alfred,' answered the poet, 'and he were to turn out a fool?'
He had not asked the historian what his feelings were likely to be in such a contingency, nor did he take any account of them at the time.

Six and Half a Dozen.

In districts where the only wells are artesian, the necessary depth of these sources of water-supply is often something appalling. A traveller relates that he once met a farmer driving a wagon-load of water.

'Where do you get the water?' asked the traveller.

'Up the road about seven miles,' answered the farmer.

'And you actually drag water seven miles for your family and stock?'

'Yes.'

'Why in the name of common sense don't you dig a well?'

'Why, because it happens that it's just as far one way as it is the other—that's why.'

Photographer (to captain in his new uniform)—'Look fierce please.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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