

Flum Pudding in Verse.
If you wish to make the pudding in which
every one delights,
Of six new-laid eggs you must take the yolks
And whisk them well together in a basin
Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly
combine,
And be sure you chop the nut up particularly
fine.
Then take a pound of well-stoned raisins and a
pound of currants dried,
A pound of pounded sugar and some candied
peel besides;
Rub them all up well together with a pound of
whiston flour
And let them stand to settle for a quarter of an
hour.
Then tie the mixture in a cloth and put it in the
pot.
Some people like the water cold and some prefer
it hot.
And though I don't know which of these two
plans I ought to praise,
I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound
it weighs.
O, if I were Queen of England, or what's better,
Pope of Rome,
I would have Christmas pudding every day I
dined at home.
All the world should have a piece, and if any
did remain
Next morning my breakfast I would have it
fried again.

HOW HE GOT OUT OF IT.

The Story of a Match-Making Mother and a Smart Young Man.

"By Jove, Stair's a lucky chap!"
"Why, old man? Going to be married, eh—is he?"
"No—by all that's lucky—he has got out of it."

Such was the prologue. This was the piece. He had drifted into it. She was very pretty, and undeniably well dressed, danced to perfection, and possessed that perfect ease and grace of movement which marks the highest London fashion and gives it the stamp peculiarly its own.

So they met, night after night, dancing loose after valse together. They sat in flowery loaves and on twilight staircases, and talked in a manner befitting the occasion; soft murmurs, half sentences, whispers very close to the shell like ear.

Beyond taking her at the end of dances to her mother, he had made no particular acquaintance with Lady Vi (as her friends called her—a mode which we will also adopt). But one evening she said: "Will you take my mother down to supper to-night? Her usual cavalier has deserted early and gone home."

Of course, he offered his arm directly with the utmost courtesy, though it must be said his mind rather misgave him, and, indeed, the end of half an hour's study of this lady's fascinations left him a much wiser if rather a sadder man.

But we must introduce her ladyship with due honors, as indeed, she deserves. Lady Vi was, in the order of events, somewhat older than her daughter. But if this was inevitably so, as we fear it was, she was not the one to admit so damaging a confession. The one invariable compliment she expected was "Truly! Impossible! This young lady your daughter? I must be allowed to contradict you."

In truth she was surprisingly young looking for a lady certainly twenty years older. At a little distance you might conceivably mistake one for the other, especially against the light.

Beneath that delightful and artistic exterior a keen and subtle intellect was constantly at work. Nor was she wont to waste its refinement on trashy books or the like. Her studies were the world in which she lived. The men, the women, who inhabit our sphere supplied her with those objects of scientific investigation and interest which other people are said to find in the follies of the microscope and other toys.

So he found himself, as it were, impaled beneath a lens of searching and pitiless strength. His writhings and contortions and awkward attempts at extrication only amused his professor and served no purpose whatever. To turn him inside out was his tormentor's evident intention; and the victim, driven to extremity, was forced to summon all his resources in self-defence, and this is what he did.

He plied her on that evening with every attention he could devise. After supper was over he never left her side or danced again. He attended her to her carriage, showed her with the utmost solicitude, paid no heed to Mabel's reproachful looks nor found a word to say to her. In short, he transferred himself bodily to Lady Vi, and became from that evening her devoted and abject slave.

Now, Lady Vi had a husband! A husband is a fact which cannot be wholly ignored or entirely left out of the calculation by the female portion of mankind. And facts are stubborn things, and Sir Hercules was more than a common stubborn thing.

Our hero had always behaved as if he were entirely unaware of this particular fact. It is true he had never seen Sir Hercules in outward and visible shape, for that warrior did not in general accompany his daughter and wife, spending his time chiefly at his club in more congenial society.

He might be seen looking out of the bow window in St. James' any day between 12 and 7, attired in a blue frock, a very stiff cravat and buff waistcoat.

sipped their tea—Lady Vi slowly, as he thought, and with cruel deliberation. Presently the enemy moved, as he well knew, open fire. His courage began to rise, as a brave man's will, with the sense of danger. He resolved to be no craven, and to fight it out with all the desperate valor of despair.

"My dear child has not been looking very well of late—do you think?" began the attacking force in a gentle, murmurous voice, like a dove on an elm tree.

"Indeed, Lady Vi! In my poor opinion your daughter never looked more brilliant!"

"No, indeed," interrupted the fair speaker with much vivacity. "These constant headaches from which the poor child suffers are becoming, I assure you, a serious cause of anxiety. I think of consulting Sir Agnew Darke about her. But medical treatment is too often powerless in such cases. But what is a mother to do?" And Lady Vi heaved a deep sigh.

"Advice, I know, is often useless," said this artless young man, "in cases of organic disease; but you cannot possibly feel any such apprehension with regard to your daughter's health."

Lady Vi's heavier guns now advanced and began to open on the position. "I see I must speak plainly, my dear friend. Young ladies must be silent, but mothers must act freely on their behalf. Your attentions have been so marked that I fear my darling child's happiness is in danger of being compromised. She is suffering in silence, and without a word from you either to explain or to justify your heartless—yes, and I will say it—your unprincipled conduct."

Here a laze pocket-handkerchief came out and was used with effect. "Speak you must, indeed," murmured her ladyship, softly, but with great decision, from behind it, "or I must see my beloved Mabel the premature victim of her unhappy and misplaced affection for a heartless man. Tears choked her utterance; she sobbed, his pretty hands which held the handkerchief, now being used as a flag of distress unutterable.

Even our young man was, for one brief moment, disconcerted. But he felt it was now or never, and with bold determination dropped on his knees. He seized the disengaged hand and kissed it fervently.

"Now I will speak indeed!" he cried. "Lady Vi, you behold in this attitude (and he glanced at his knees) 'the most devoted of your slaves. It is quite impossible you can for one moment have mistaken my attentions. It is you whom I have ventured to approach through your daughter. Speak, dear lady, and make me the happiest, as I am I feel the most audacious of men."

"Good heavens!" screamed her ladyship. "Do you know what you are saying. A declaration to me! What will Sir Hercules say?"

"Sir Hercules!" said the ardent swain in a modest voice. "May I ask who is Sir Hercules, and what has he or any man to do with my affairs, I should like to know?"

"Simply this," returned her ladyship, wringing her hands, "that he is my husband—my dear, dear old man—and that you, sir, are wilfully insulting me. Get up from the carpet this instant, and never let me see you again!"

"Married!" he murmured in the faintest accents. "Good gracious! Lady Vi, I thought you were a widow, and free, I needn't say, to receive my addresses, or I should never—never have presumed. What a cruel mistake for a man to make! Forgive me, if you can, Lady Vi. It is I who have to suffer."

He hid his face in his hands, this hypocritical young man, wringing his hands, "that he is my husband—my dear, dear old man—and that you, sir, are wilfully insulting me. Get up from the carpet this instant, and never let me see you again!"

Lady Vi rose majestically. "This interview, sir, has been already too prolonged. Begone!"—with a startling vivacity—"and never let me see you in this house again."

A SCOT REMAINS A SCOT.

The Earl of Aberdeen cannot deny his nationality. The Earl and Lady Aberdeen and party arrived in the city about 10 o'clock this morning, and were driven directly to the Auditorium Hotel. A Press reporter sent up a card shortly after, and was shown into the presence of one of the staff, the Earl himself having retired. The reporter was informed that the party had reached here in excellent health and were pleased with their trip. "America," said the gentleman, "is always a source of pleasure to the British traveller."

But the Earl himself could not be seen. A waiter, who had conveyed something good for the inner man to the noble guest, returned bearing the card which the reporter had sent up. On one side was the reporter's name—the quaint old Scottish name of Jean—on the other side were a few words scribbled by the Earl: "Will see you at— Your name came up like a sprig of heather."

After all a "Scot is a Scot the world over." For the uninitiated be it added that Jean means sprig of heather. —Monday's Chicago Press.

"Who hath not own'd with rapture-smitten frame The power of grace, the magic of a name?" Asks Campbell, the poet, in his "Pleasures of Hope." Pleasures of Hope, forsooth. Many and many a woman knows them no longer. They are in despair about their health. They are run-down, debilitated, suffering from what they know not. It may be dyspepsia, heart disease, liver or kidney disease; any or all of them. The sicknesses of women are cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That's where the magic of a name comes in. This improves digestion, invigorates the system, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, produces refreshing sleep, dispels nervousness and melancholy, and builds up both the flesh and strength to those reduced below a healthy standard. It is a legitimate medicine, not a beverage. Contains no alcohol to inebriate; no sugar or syrup to sour in the stomach and cause distress. It is as peculiar in its composition as it is marvellous in its remedial results.

The Increase of Crime.

Detroit News: The growth of the criminal class, so-called, is a question that has engaged the attention of the professional reformers for some years back, almost to the exclusion of the other subjects of kindred interest. The prison reform congresses that are held every year under the presidency of Mr. R. B. Hayes, of Fremont, O., and in the presence of Mr. Levi L. Barbour, of this city, are annually forced to bewail the way the world is going to the bad. Every year the people who will do bad things get ahead of the reformers by so many and so many hundredths per cent. They may measure them up by the Bertillon system, classify and codify and differentiate them, put them in jail under indeterminate sentences, and do what they will, but the professional reformers find the crime wave rolling up in size and violence, now here, now there, now everywhere, to their confusion.

Don't Monkey With the Snake!

It is stated that a rattle-snake cannot bite if held up by the tail. Would you like to put the statement to a practical test? Probably not; but how often do you take far greater risks? A snake-bite is not the only means of introducing poison into the system. If your liver is sluggish, it fails to remove the impurities from the blood which passes through it, and deadly poisons are thus thrown into the circulation, all the more dangerous because they are insidious. If your blood is impure, if your liver is out of order, if you have blotches, pimples, boils or eruptions, "don't monkey with the snake." Take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the only specific against all blood-poisons, no matter of what name or nature. It is sold under a positive guarantee that it will benefit or cure, or your money will be refunded.

An Editorial Pet.

Swichman's Journal: There is a man in our town and he is wondrous wise; whenever he writes the printer man, he dotheth all his i's. And when he dotheth all of them, with great sangroid ease, he punctuates each paragraph, and crosses all his t's. Upon one side alone he writes, and never rolls his leaves; and from the man of ink a smile, and mark "insert" receives. And when a question he doth ask (taught wisely had he been), he doth the good penny stamp, for postage back, put in.

The Fastest Short Run on Earth.

It is disputed that the fastest train in Great Britain is the Scotch Express. The New York Sun says in answer to a correspondent: "For a short distance four English trains beat ours, and the fastest train in the world is on the Great Northern of England, between Grantham and King's Cross Station, London; the distance is only 105 1/2 miles, but the schedule speed is 54 miles an hour. The schedule speed on the Central's new express is 52 1/2 miles an hour, and the Baltimore & Ohio's 51 1/2 miles an hour."

Wanted a Chance.

Long Term William—What did you want to tell that kind lady you were in for a double murder, you petty larceny thief? A. Jay Hallack—I'm sick of tracts and kill-me-quick cigs; what I want is sweet smelling posies.

Practical Jokes.

The joke that's called "the practical" is born of mullah wit And to some sad and cruel end Come them who practice it.

Emperor William is fond of shooting, but because of his withered arm he is not an accurate marksman. It is with the greatest difficulty that he can shoulder a rifle. The latest survey of Mount St. Elias, in Alaska, places the height of that famous mountain at about 19,000 feet. Your friends may not know much, but they know what they would do if they were in your place. But over and above all this the girl baby is a mark of intellect. The greatest men have no male descendants. George Washington left none. Thomas Jefferson had only girls. Andrew Jackson never risked a son. The greatest Democrats of the country have steadily pursued this safe and conservative policy, the great advantages of which are illustrated by the contrast presented in other parties. The opponents of Democracy have been obliged to elect two presidents as sons of their fathers or grandsons of their grandfathers—a misfortune which could not have happened had the Democratic precedent been followed.—Elmira Telegram.

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TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

OH, WHAT A FALL! He held her hand as he tried on a glove, In the mammoth dry goods store; And he thought of the nights he had held that hand As they strolled by the sea-beachshore.

He looked at her face, he smiled and bowed; She gave him a vacant stare, And said, in a voice as cold as ice, "I'll take this four-button pair."

It takes two years to make a bottle of champagne. —Mr. Spurgeon signed the abstinence pledge in 1866. —When a man realizes that he cannot be famous there is some hope that he will settle down and be useful. —If you have nothing else to be thankful for, be thankful that you can't always read your best friends' thoughts.

CONSENT TO THE END. Young Goitfast was wont to say— So while I stay upon the earth I'll live exceedingly high. So well did he this theory Of living high expound, That when he died his feet were all Of six feet from the ground. "That's what you might call 'cutting a swell,'" said the surgeon as he lanced a big boil.

A piano is a moral thing, For it is whatever light, For if you find it is not square, It's sure to be upright. —Jimmy—Pa, I wish I could be a pirate and sail the Spanish main and scuttle ships. Mr. Scripp—Well, you just take this scuttle and sail down cellar and pirate some coal from Smith's bin. —A tiger in Belgrade tore his keeper to pieces. The last words of the poor man were: "It's tough on me, but it'll be the making of the show."

Competition. In order to ascertain the views of chemists throughout Great Britain as to which of the remedies for outward application had the largest sale and greatest popularity, The Chemist and Druggist instituted a post card competition, each dealer to name on a post card the preparation which had the largest sale and was the most popular with customers, and the publisher received 635 of these cards, with the following results:

St. Jacobs Oil	384
Elliman's Embrocation	172
Holloway's Ointment	32
Alcock's Plasters	19
Bow's Liniment	7
Pain Killer	7
Vaseline	4
Catena	2
Scattering	8
Total	635

The Block Pavement Unhealthy.

Ottawa Free Press: Western physicians have come to the conclusion that cedar block pavements are prejudicial to public health in those cities where they are in use, as they harbor the germs of typhoid and other diseases. There is talk of tearing up the cedar pavements which have been put down at great expense in Toronto. All over the country the cedar block pavement is being condemned, and the general consensus of opinion is that in those cities which cannot afford granite or solid asphalt good brick is about the best material for paving streets. Brick pavements last well, are easily repaired, and no objection can be urged to them on sanitary grounds.

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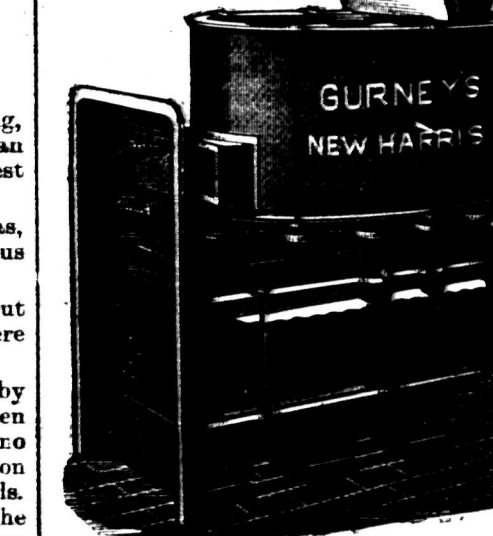
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