ll prone to seek far out
we dwell—namely, Hap-

do not speak of Joy. Joy
here that surrounds life's
ramental moments. It is
the mount of God. But
more familiar and inti-
It can enfold the very
e. It may wrap a man
benediction what time he
ask.
ny are looking for it in
ds of the earth!
n search of heart's-ease
blessing of happiness is
since it is to be had
at hand.
lieve, like the child in
the house with the gol-
lies on the other side of
m your own, but if you
here you would find, as
is your own home whose
ablaze with the light of
sun Yours, my broth-
me that has the golden

• • •

all, we need not seek in
es to find God. Jesus
r eyes to the truth that
it, not confined in any
with hands, but to be
d communed with any-
rywhere by all who de-
His Presence.
e of Jesus has its own
lesson of them all tak-
that God is not afar off,
t:
med with heaven,
ommon bush afire with

• • •

ppiness we need for nor-
God has set them, not
f the earth, but very
But since there is an-
sinful men greater than
y man open the door,"
e Saviour, "I will come

ar as that.

m Powders are not sur-
other preparation as a
orm destroyer. Indeed,
preparations that have
it has to recommend it
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orms in their children,
t has a perfectly trust-
ne that will give im-
sting relief.

ET REPORTS

O MARKETS.

ket	0 25	0 50
	1 50	2 25
	0 25	0 35
	0 25	0 30
	0 20	0 30
	1 10	1 25
kt	1 00	1 25
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ag	2 00	2 25
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	0 05	0 10
	0 15	0 25
	0 35	0 60
ch	0 05	0 10

WHOLESALE

s	16 00	17 00
rs	24 00	25 00
	20 00	22 00
	18 00	20 00
wl	13 00	15 00
	16 50	18 00
	18 50	19 00
	19 00	21 00
	26 50	28 00
	26 00	27 00
	20 00	25 00
	27 02	28 00
	0 27	0 28

R—MARKET

tions to the retail trade
hed, Toronto delivery:
d, nominal 100 lbs. $9 79
nulated 100 lbs. 9 29
nulated 100 lbs. 9 29
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d 100 lbs. 9 59
llows, No. 1 yel., differ-
nulated, 30c; No. 2 yel-
3 yellow, 50c.
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yellow, 50c; No. 3 yel-

No. 1 yellow differ-
yellow, 50c; No. 3 yel-

s, No. 1 yellow, differ-
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MARKETS.

RAIN EXCHANGE.

the Winnipeg Grain
ay were as follows—

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close
8⅝	0 84	0 85⅝		0 84
c.	0 84½	0 86¼		0 84½
	4 11	3 93½		4 11
	3 94	3 94		3 91
5⅝	3 90	3 92⅝		3 90

RLIS GRAINS.

our exchanged Bran
t No. 1 Northern, cid
3 yellow, $1.62 to $1.68.
3 09 to 70c. Flax, $1.37.

H LINSEED

$4.36 to $4.40; to arrive,
$4.37 bid; October, $4.29
.29 bid; December, $4.25

E MARKET

e.—At to-day's meeting
rd 687 boxes of cheese
f all sold to Ayer of
166. Seventy packages
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of Falling Stone.

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STOLEN JEWELS

CHAPTER I.

A wet Sunday—dreary, dismal and infinitely sloppy. Even the bells ringing the people into evening service seemed to feel the depressing influence of the weather, and their brazen voices sounded hoarse and grumbling, as if they rang under protest. Cold, too!—not a brisk, sharp frost—for here in Melbourne frost and snow are unknown; but a persevering, insinuating, gnawing cold, just disagreeable enough to make one shiver and shake with anxiety to get home to a bright fire and dry clothes. Overhead a leaden-colored sky, with great masses of black clouds, from out whose sombre bosoms poured the steady rain, splashing noisily on the shining roofs, and swelling the gutters in the streets to miniature torrents.

And then the wind—a gusty, chilly wind—that came along unexpectedly, and drove the unwilling rain against the umbrellas of struggling pedestrians, or else took a mean advantage of its power, and turned their umbrellas inside out, with a shrill whistle of triumph. The steady light streamed out from the painted church windows, and the dull, blurred glare of the street lamps was reflected in the wet pavements. Ugh! a night not fit for a dog to be out in, and yet there were a good many people hurrying along to the church, in answer to the clamorous voices of the bells.

Some folk, however—wise in their generation—preferred staying at home to sitting in church with damp boots and a general sense of stickiness about their clothes, and though possibly their souls suffered from such an omission, their bodies were certainly more comfortable. Among these godless people, who thus preferred comfort to religion were two young men occupying a room on a first floor, the windows of which looked across to the church, now full of damp and steaming worshippers.

A room in a boarding-house—especially one where boarders only pay twenty-five shillings a week—is not generally a very luxurious apartment, and this special room was certainly no exception to the rule. It was square, with a fairly lofty ceiling, and the walls were covered with a dull red paper, which, being mellowed by time, had assumed a somewhat rusty hue.

It was rapidly growing dark outside, and there was no light in the room, save that which came from a roaring coal fire blazing brightly up the chimney, and illuminating the apartment in a curiously fantastic manner. It sent out red shafts of light into dark corners, as if to find out what was hidden there, and, then, being disappointed, would sink back into a dull, sulky glow, only to fall into a chaotic mass, and blaze merrily up once more.

The apartment wherein the fire played these elfish tricks was furnished comfortably, but the furniture had a somewhat dingy look. The carpet was threadbare, except under the table, where there could be traced some vestiges of its original pattern. A cottage piano was pushed into a corner slantingways, and beside it was a great untidy pile of music. At one end of the room, a desk covered with papers, and immediately above it a shelf containing a small array of well-worn books. Near the desk stood an aggravatingly bright sideboard, whereon were some glasses, a jug of water, and a half-empty bottle of whiskey. Four or five lounging chairs of wicker-work were scattered about, covered with rugs of wallaby fur, whilst the walls and mantelpiece were almost covered with photographs, mostly of women, but here and there a male face, showing the well-known features of Beethoven, Chopin and other famous musicians.

This somewhat incongruous apartment was a private sitting-room in an East Melbourne boarding-house, and was at present in the occupation of Ezra Lazarus, journalist. Ezra Lazarus was seated at the piano playing snatches of music, while on the hearthrug, smoking a pipe, lay a man propped up on his elbow, with his head resting on his hand, staring into the burning coals, and listening to his friend playing.

Ezra Lazarus was a young man of medium height, with a slender figure, a pale face, rather dreamy, dark eyes, and black hair and beard carefully trimmed. He dressed neatly and, in contrast to most of his race, wore no jewelry. Why he had become a journalist no one knew—himself least of all—as his tastes did not lie in the direction of newspaper work, for having all the Hebraic love of music, he was an accomplished pianist. As for the rest—staid in his demeanor, soft-spoken in his language, and much given to solitary wanderings. Yet he was no misanthrope, and those who knew him intimately found him a most charming companion, full of quaint ideas and bookish lore, but he was essentially a man of ideality, and shrank from contact with the work-a-day world. For such a nature as this a journalistic sphere was most unsuitable, and he felt it to be so, but having drifted into such a position, he lacked the energy to extricate himself from his uncongenial employment, and accepted his fate with oriental apathy, recompensing himself in some measure by giving every spare moment to the study of music.

The man lying before the fire was the direct opposite of Ezra, both in appearance and temperament. A tall, sinewy-figured young fellow of six-and-twenty, with restless keen grey eyes, under strongly-marked eyebrows, and a sensitive mouth, almost hidden by a small fair moustache. His nose was thin and straight, with delicately-cut nostrils, and his head was well set on his broad shoulders, albeit he had a trick of throwing it back which gave him a somewhat haughty carriage. He had a fair complexion, with that reddish-brown hue which comes from constantly living in the open air, and altogether looked like a man addicted to sport rather than to study.

This was Keith Stewart, who, having passed most of his life in Gippsland, and in wandering about Australia generally, had a year previously come down to Melbourne with the laudable intention of devoting himself to literature. That he was poor might be surmised from his shabby, well-brushed clothes, and his face constantly wore that expression of watchfulness habitual to those who have to fight the world in their youth and be on their guard against everyone.

That two such dissimilar natures as these could find any reciprocity appears strange, but curiously enough some undercurrent of sympathy had drawn them together from the first time they met. Jew and Gentile, musician and student, different nationalities, different trains of thought, yet the mere fact that they could both live in an ideal world of their own creation, heedless of the restless life which seethed around, seemed to form a bond of concord between them, and their mutual isolation drew them almost imperceptibly together.

Keith had only been boarding in the house a week, consequently Ezra knew nothing about his friend's life, beyond the fact that he was poor and ambitious. As Stewart never volunteered any information about himself, Ezra, with the delicacy of a sensitive nature, shrank from forcing himself on his confidence. The inexhaustible subjects of books and music, a walk by the banks of the Yarra, or an occasional visit to the theatre, had been, so far, the limit of their social companionship. Their inner selves were still unknown to each other. To all, however, there comes a moment when the desire to unburden the mind to a sympathetic nature is strong, and it was in such a moment that Ezra Lazarus first learned the past life of Stewart.

On this dreary Sunday night Ezra let his fingers wander over the piano, vaguely following his thoughts, and the result was a queer mingling of melodies—now a bizarre polonaise of Chopin, with its fantastic blending of patriotic joy and despairing pain, then a rush of stormy chords, preluding a Spanish dance, instinct with the amorous langour and fierce passion of the south. Outside, the shrill wind could be heard sweeping past, a sheet of rain would lash wildly against the windows, and at intervals the musical thunder of the organ sounded from the adjacent church.

Keith smoked away steadily and listened drowsily to the pleasant mingling of sounds, until Ezra began to play the Traviata music, with its feverish brilliancy and undercurrent of sadness. Then he suddenly started, clenched his hand, and taking his pipe from his mouth, heaved an impatient sigh, upon hearing which, Lazarus stopped playing, and turned slowly round.

"A link of memory?" he said, in his soft voice, referring to the music.

Stewart replaced his pipe, blew a thick wreath of smoke, and sighed again.

"Yes," he replied, after a pause; "it recalls to me—a woman."

Ezra laughed half sadly, half mockingly.

"Always the Eternal feminine of George Sand."

Keith sat up cross-legged in front of the fire and shrugged his shoulders.

"Don't be cynical old chap," he said, glancing round; "I'm sick of hearing the incessant railing against women—good heavens! are we men so pure ourselves, that we can afford to cast stones against the sex to which our mothers and sisters belong."

"I did not mean to be cynical," replied Ezra, clasping his hands round one of his knees, "I only quoted Sand, because when a man is thinking, it is generally—a woman.

"Or a debt—or a crime—or a sorrow," interposed the other quickly; "we can ring the changes on all of them."

"Who is cynical now?" asked the Jew, with a smile.

"Not I," denied Keith, emphatically, drawing hard at his pipe; "or if I am, it is only that thin veneer of cynicism, under which we hide our natural feelings now-a-days; but the music took me back to the time when Plancus was consul—exactly twelve months ago.

"Bah! Plancus is consul still; don't be down hearted, my friend; you are still in the pleasant city of Prague."

"Pleasant? that is as it may be. I think it a very disagreeable city without money. Bohemianism is charming in novels, but in real life it is generally a hunt after what Mauger calls that voracious animal, the half-crown."

"And after women!"

"Ah, bah! Lais and Phryne, both charming, but slightly improper, not to say expensive."

"Take the other side of the shield," said the Jew gently.

"Lucretia, and—and—by Jove, I can't recollect the name of the other virtuous woman."

"Who is the lady of the music?"

"My affianced wife," retorted Stewart curtly.

"Ah!" said Ezra thoughtfully, "then we have a feeling in common, I am also engaged."

Stewart laughed gaily.

"And we both think our lady-loves perfect," he said lightly. "'Dulcinea is the fairest woman in the world'—poor Don Quixote."

"Mine is to me," said Ezra emphatically.

"Of course," answered Stewart, with a smile. "I can picture her, tall, dark, and stately, an imperial daughter of Judah, with the beauty of Bathsheba and the majesty of Esther."

"Entirely wrong," replied Lazarus dryly, "she is neither tall, dark, nor stately, but—"

"The exact opposite—I take your meaning," said Keith composedly; "well, my Dulcinea is like the sketch I have given—beautiful, clever, poor and—a governess."

"And you haven't seen her for a year?"

"No—a whole twelvemonth—she is up Sandhurst way trying to hammer dates and the rule of three into the thick heads of five small brats, and I—well I'm an unsuccessful literary man, doing what is vulgarly known as 'a perish'."

"What made you take up writing?" asked Lazarus.

"What made me take up writing?" repeated Stewart, staring vaguely into the fire. "Lord knows—destiny, I suppose—I've had a queer sort of life altogether. I was born of poor, but honest parents, quite the orthodox style of thing, isn't it?"

"Are your parents alive?"

"Dead!" laconically.

There was a pause of a few moments, during which time Keith was evidently deep in thought.

"According to Sir Walter Scott," he observed at length, "every Scotchman has a pedigree. I've got one as long as the tail of a kite, only not so useful. I'd sell all my ancestors, as readily as Charles Surface did his, for a few pounds. My people claim to be connected with the royal Stewarts."

"Your name is spelt differently."

"It's spelt correctly," retorted Keith coolly, "in the good old Scottish fashion; as for the other, it's the French method acclimatised by Mary Stuart when she married the Dauphin of France."

"Well, now I know your pedigree, what is the story of your life?"

"My life?—oh I'm like Canning's knife-grinder. 'Story, I've got none to tell.' My father and mother found royal descent was not bread and butter, so they sold the paternal acres and came to Australia, where I was born. The gold fever was raging then, but I suppose they inherited the bad luck of the Stewarts, for they did not make a penny: then they started a farm in Gippsland and ruined themselves. My father died of a broken heart, and my mother soon followed, so I was left an orphan with next to nothing. I wandered all over Australia, and did anything that turned up. Suppressing the family pride, I took a situation in a Sandhurst store, kept by a man called Proggins, and there I met Eugenie Rainford, who, as I told you, taught the juvenile Proggins-es. I had a desultory sort of education from my father, and having read a good deal, I determined to take to literature, inspired, I suppose, by the poetic melancholy of the Australian bush. I wrote poetry with the usual success; I then went on the stage, and found I wasn't a heavy-born genius by any means, so I became a member of the staff of a small country paper, wrote brilliant articles about the weather and crops, varied by paste-and-scissors' work. Burned the midnight oil, and wrote some articles, which were accepted in Melbourne, so, with the usual prudence of genius, I threw up my billet and came down here to set the Thames, or rather the Yarra, on fire. Needless to remark, I didn't succeed or I shouldn't be here, so there is my history in a nutshell."

"And Miss Rainford?"

"Oh, I engaged myself to her before I left Sandhurst," said Keith, his face growing tender, "bless her—the letters she has written me have been my bulwark against despair—ah! what a poor devil a man is in this world without a good woman's love to comfort him."

"Are you doing anything now?" said Ezra thoughtfully.

"Nothing. I'm leading a hand-to-mouth, here-to-day-gone-to-morrow existence. I'm a vagabond on the face of the earth, a modern Cain, Bonnie Prince Charlie in exile—the infernal luck of my royal ancestors still sticks to me, but, ah, bah!" shrugging his shoulders, "don't let talk any more, old chap, we can resume the subject to-morrow, meanwhile play me something. I'm in a poetic mood, and would like to build castles in the air."

Ezra laughed, and turning to the piano, began to play one of Henselt's morceaux, a pathetic, dreamy melody, which came stealing softly through the room, and filled the soul of the young man with vague yearnings.

Staring idly into the heart of the burning coals, he saw amid the bluish flames and red glimmer of the fire a vision of the dear dead days of long ago—shadows appeared, the shadows of last year.

A glowing sunset, bathing a wide plan in delicate crimson hues; a white gate leading to a garden bright with flowers, and over the gate the shadow of a beautiful woman stood talking to the shadow of a man—himself. Mnenosyne—saddest of leities—waved her hand, and the shadows talked.

"And when will you come back, Keith?" asked the girl shadow.

"When I am a great man," replied the other shadow proudly. "I am riding forth like Poe's knight in search of El Dorado."

"El Dorado is far away," returned the sweet voice of the girl; "it is the Holy Grail of wealth, and can never be discovered."

"I will find it," replied the man shadow hopefully. "Meanwhile, you will wait and hope."

"I will wait and hope," replied the girl, smiling sadly; and the shadows parted.

The rain beat steadily against the panes, the soft music stole through the room, and Stewart, with idle gaze, stared into the burning heart of the fire, as if he expected to find there the El Dorado of his dreams.

(To be continued.)

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Why will women drag along from day to day, year in and year out, suffering such misery as did Mrs. Courtney, when such letters as this are continually being published. Every woman who suffers from displacements, irregularities, inflammation, ulceration, backache, nervousness, or who is passing through the Change of Life should give this famous root and herb remedy, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, a trial. For special advice write Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass. The result of its long experience is at your service.

CAPTIVE OF U-BOAT TELLS EXPERIENCE

A thrilling story of fifteen days spent in a German submarine, during which time the U-boat attacked several allied vessels and was in turn attacked by allied destroyers, which dropped depth charges threatening her destruction, was told by the captain of a British merchant vessel who has just been released from a German prison camp.

His narrative confirms the reports of the terror which the depth charges inspire in the crews of submarines and gives an idea of the perils to which the new methods of hunting subject the undersea boats. This captain was taken prisoner when his second ship was torpedoed. He said:

"My second ship was torpedoed without warning. The force of the explosion was so great that the bridge was wrecked and when I recovered from the shock I found the ship was sinking. None of the crew were injured; we were all able to get away in the boats. As we were in British waters and it was broad daylight, I did not fear but that we would soon reach land, but hardly had we pulled clear of the sinking ship than the U-boat emerged.

"The commander summoned us to his vessel and ordered me to go on board. After asking for details of my ship and cargo he told me to consider myself a prisoner and sent the boats away. I was at once taken below and the vessel dived. From what some English speaking members of the crew told me, the submarine had been away from her base for some days. She was a fairly large craft, of recent numbering, having three torpedo tubes, two in the bows and one aft, and carrying ten torpedoes. She was also armed with a four-inch gun, just forward of the conning tower.

'I had arrived just in time for the midday meal—stew with stringy meat, which was probably horseflesh, supplemented by small portions of sausage, with black bread. This bread, as the voyage progressed, became mildewed and unpalatable, and then some bread of lighter color, which had been kept in hermetically sealed receptacles, was served out, but was even more unpalatable than the black bread.

"The other meals were breakfast and supper, at which coffee, made of burned barley and acorns, was served. The commander and officers of the U-boat fared the same as the lower ratings, but were able to supplement their allowances with tinned ham, &c.

"Life on board the submarine was by no means pleasant. Forced as we were to keep below the surface to avoid the British war vessels, the boat sweatted and all spare clothing became saturated with moisture, while the atmosphere often became very foul and breathing difficult. While we were below the surface the crew would switch on a talking machine. It was the hand which played triumphantly when the U-boat got a victim. The sinking of an innocent merchantman gave that crew as much joy as if they had sunk a war vessel.

"While I was on board we had 'victory music' on seven occasions, for six steamers were torpedoed and one sailing vessel sunk by gunfire, thirty-nine shells being necessary to do this. The U-boat also attacked several other steamers by gun fire during the voyage, but had to submerge owing to the intervention of British war vessels.

"On the third day, just after the mid-day meal, I gathered that the U-boat was about to carry out an attack on a convoy which had been sighted. The boat approached under water for some distance and torpedoed a large steamer. Our whereabouts were evidently detected (I was told, by a light cruiser), for we dived rapidly to a great depth. Hardly had the boat got on an even keel when we heard a tremendous explosion, which made the submarine vibrate from stem to stern. It was a depth charge from the cruiser.

"The effect on the crew was evident. All stood trembling, with faces blanched with fear, not attempting to speak a word, expecting a second charge, the result of which might be the destruction of the boat without the slightest chance of escape. There is no doubt as to the state of that crew, for it was not their first experience of a depth charge, and they had learned from others in the service what awful weapons they were in the hands of skilled seamen. For some minutes we waited; engines were stopped and all measures were taken to prevent giving away our position.

"Minutes seem like hours in such a situation. I must admit that I was turning over in my mind whether I should ever see my family again. No futher explosions, however, took place, and after lying some eighteen fathoms deep for a long time we continued on our voyage.

"We had another experience of depth charges, or wasserbomben, as the German sailors called them. The sailing ship referred to above had just been sunk by shell fire when two destroyers were sighted on the horizon and down we went. By the microphones the propellers could be heard, and as the vessels came nearer we in the submarine could hear the thudding quite distinctly. To and fro the destroyers went searching carefully for us. Apparently they picked up a clue, for there were two loud explosions ahead, not so near as that from the cruiser, but quite near enough to cause the submarine first to tremble and then to roll about as though in a heavy sea.

"Late the following night there was considerable rejoicing in the submarine and the talking machine's liveliest tunes were played. The Germans had torpedoed an oil tanker, which, according to the commander, had sunk in thirty seconds. I could not help wondering at the makeup of men who could rejoice as such a thing, knowing that without giving them the slightest chance of defending themselves or escaping they had sent the sailors to their death. The next day we seemed to have got out of the track of steamships, and I went into the conning tower and saw the officers amusing themselves by shooting at gulls or at empty bottles.

"Eventually the submarine arrived at Heligoland and I was taken ashore and handed over to a military guard, mostly composed of Alsatians. My only food was a crust of bread and a piece of cheese and some verey weak soup composed mainly of vegetables. After remaining there a day and a half I was taken to Wilhelmshaven, where again there seemed to be a shortage of food, and afterward to Brandenburg, a workingmen's camp, including all nationalities.

"On Boxing Day I was transferred to Switzerland, and eventually was released and enabled to reach England.

"At Brandenburg, although we were merchant ship captains, we were made to suffer various indignities, and to harness ourselves to carts, which we had to draw through the streets to the station or post office, as the case might be, in order to fetch parcels or any commodities to camp. It was at this camp also that I saw 300 Russian soldiers working, apparently in the last stages of consumption.

"The poor fellows could not get of finding particles of food. I have enough to eat, and they would eagerly scrape discarded tins in the hope even seen German soldiers do the same thing."

CONSTIPATED CHILDREN

Childhood constipation can be quickly banished through the use of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets are a mild but thorough laxative which never fail to regulate the bowels, sweeten the stomach and in this way relieve all the minor ills of little ones. Concerning them Mrs. Eugene Couture, Knox Bridge, Que., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets have been marvellous in the case of my baby. She was constipated and feverish but the Tablets soon regulated her bowels and made her well." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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New Arctic Fishes.

Arctic fishes are so few in number that almost all of them are known to science. Yet rarely are any brought back in a sufficiently good state of preservation to be studied to advantage. A small collection obtained by the Crocker Land Expedition is therefore of considerable interest. The trout, or more properly speaking, charrs, from this collection (the only fish which were found in fresh water) are now being examined by Dr. William C. Kendall of the United States Bureau of Fisheries, who has for many years made a special study of the species and distribution of trout. The marine fishes with the exception of the interesting smeltlike capelin are mostly allied to the cods and the sculpins, in fact, are almost identical with cold-water species of these groups which abound off rocky New England coasts. A particularly fine series of Greenland sculpins, — large-mouthed, thorny-headed fishes whose mottled colors blend with the bottom on which they lie, will furnish exhibition material to illustrate sexual dimorphism. The males have more contrasted colors and the first or spiny back fin, comparatively high and broad. Stomach examination shows that the Greenland sculpin had been feeding on small crustaceans (resembling our shrimp and sand hoppers) which abound in polar seas. They doubtless will eat almost any creature that comes within reach of the cavernous maws.—American Museum Journal."

Ruskin On Hun Traits.

Ruskin in measuring the Germans in peace and war times, gives the following in "Fors Clavigera":

"Blessing is only for the weak and merciful, and a German cannot be either; he does not understand even the meaning of the words. In that is the intense, irreconceivable difference between the French and German natures. A Frenchman is selfish only when he is vile and lustful; but a German, selfish in the purest states of virtue and morality. A Frenchman is arrogant only in ignorance; but no quantity of learning ever makes a German modest.

"Accordingly, when the Germans get command of Lombardy they bombard Venice, steal their pictures (which they can't understand a single touch of) and entirely ruin the country, morally and physically, leaving behind them misery, vice and intense hatred of themselves wherever their accursed feet have trodden."

Numbers Not Vital.

The great odds in numbers which the British army has had to face on the western front is no rare experience in its annals. Wellington has borne witness to that fact in his remark that Talavera was the only battle in which he had a numerical superiority, owing to the presence of the Spaniards, who, while showing much personal gallantry, were badly led. At all his other battles he had fewer men than the enemy. "At Salamanca I had 40,000 men, and the French perhaps 45,000. At Victoria I had 60,000 men against 70,000. At Waterloo the proportion was still more against me. I had 56,000 to 68,000; Napoleon had nearly 80,000. The whole army in the south of France under my command was considerably larger than the force of Soult at the battle of Toulous, but in numbers actually employed in that battle I had less than he." All of which goes to show that strength and success do not necessarily lie with mere weight of numbers. There are other factors vastly more essential.—"Christian Science Monitor."

Revelation.

Till poverty knocked at the door,
He never knew how bare
The uneventful days of those
Who have but want and care.

Till sorrow lingered at his hearth,
He never knew the night
Through which all troubled souls must fare
To gain the morning light.

Till suffering had sought his house,
He never knew what dread
May wrestle with, nor what grim fears
Of agony are bred.

And yet, till these unbidden guests
Had taught him, to possess
A clearer sight, he never knew
The heights of happiness.

A Huge Shadow.

Shadows, naturally enough are of various sizes, and one can imagine that mountains throw very large shadows indeed. It is said that the peak of Teneriffe, on the largest of the Canary islands, throws such a huge shadow that it stretches as far as 50 miles across the water, partly overlapping some of the other islands.—Christian Science Monitor.