

"OVER THE COUNTER, SPECTACLES ON NOSE, OLD RICHARD STOOD.

I. - CHRISTMAS-EVE

One snowy Christmas-eve it came to pass, In the old book-shop, casting into glocm The dusty rows on rows that lined the room, And antique folios piled on shelf and floor, And entered singly.

Short and slight the first, In short black coat with ample cape reversed | The hopes of youth, an honorable name? Above his head to shield him from the snow- Is life itself, and more than life, at stake-A quaintly improvised capote; below, A strange bright face, large-eyed, intense, [If not, let him be happy."

A man of forty years or thereabout.

book, "A fine old Burton ! I dare swear," quoth he; "There's not another such this side the sea. Since I am here to turn an honest penny, lought to laud my wares; but what can any Reasonably fair and candid villain say In praise of friends he's plotting to betray? My rare old Fobert Burton ! there he lies!

Scanning the shop-man with deep wondrous | With a strange fascination. But just then-Full of unspeakable great thoughts. "How

This leather fellow at your Midas-touch Should turn to gold; and gold I need, Heaven knows."

Over the counter, spectaeles on nose, Old Richard stooped : "Ah, surely ; so it is! I ought to find a purchaser for this:" And named a price that touched the strang-

er's pride. "What ! sell a life-long friend so cheap?" he crie+. "I'd sooner seek an air-hole in the ice

Then, with a smile so quaint it well might

Another's tears: "Who knows but this Flung the black cape once more above his head,

And went his way.

Aside, meanwhile, the second stranger No Christmas gifts for him, but he can fill A tall fair youth, but anxious-eyed and wan Brows nobly arched, but all their freshness Withered and parched by fires that raged

The hidden fires of suffe ring and of sin. Why he had entered there I scarce can tell. He neither came to purchase nor to sell; But, as a hunted wretch, in desperate stralt, Remorse and terror knocking at his gate, Seeks any corner, Maurice Allanburn,

within-

Harassed, beset, not knowing where to turn, Had paused at Richard's door. If all were In groups, or friendly couples, or alone, Perhaps he would have clutched the old | He sees them pass; and thinks what pleaman's gold. For Allanburn, a pious widow's son,

A secret course of ruinous excess, Till he was ready, in his dire distress, To fling himself on any frantic deed, To mount unbridled violence as a steed, And leap the abyss, or perish utterly.

"Dishonor I will never live to see : When all has failed, then this !" he said, and pressed

A hidden vial sewed into his vest. "The swift news of my death shall overtake The rumor of disgrace, and kindly break Their poor hearts first."

What hope is there? Suspected Already by the house he serves; detected, He fears, and tracked by spies this night ;

the end Is menacingly nigh. And now the friend, With whose forged name he has been forced

Some thousands in his absence, comes to

Gold, only gold, much gold this very night, Or Ignominious and precipitate flight-Naught else can save him; and he will not

"There's none so wretched, so insnared, as

So Maurice stood and watched, alcof in

As Richard Ray was turning down the gas | The shop-man and the stranger at their What furious need of gold to such as he? He mutters. "I could laugh at poverty, Two strangers meeting, halted at his door, And welcome toil, no matter where or what, With but a crust by honest labor got.

Has he staked all upon some reckless A mother's love, a girl's heart to break?

With the air Of one who had a common errand there. Lightly the snow-flakes from its folds he | Maurice drew rear, and cast an at sent look Over the pages of a little book And from his cloak produced a ponderous Which lay upon the counter, till by chance A single sentence riveted his glance.

> Turn back, turn back ; it is not yet too late : Turn back, Oh youth! nor seek to expiate Bad deeds by worse, and save the hand from

By plunging all thy soul into the flame. He started, read again, and still again,

"An admirable book," the old man said; Right Thinking and Right Living :'twill be And, I predict, be famous, centuries hence.

The author is a man of wit and sense-Charles Masters. Out of print, I think, Only a shilling. Thank you," with a bow,

"A merry Christmas to you, and good-And Richard Ray once more turned down

And with a quick glance up and down, to And drown myself !"he vowed-and took the If he is spled and followed, Allanburu ...

Goes forth again into the the whirling storm. The crowd sweeps by : the shop-girl's flitting

The brisk mechanic coming from his work The nucleus of a fortune? Thanks!" he said, The prosperous merchant, and the honest

The happy noor man, with his pack of toys, The Santa Claus of his own girls and boys; The fatherless apprentice lad, who stops In dark and silent mood, To feast his eyes before the glittering shops— His itrams with presents, and be happy

The sleighing parties, in their fairy shells, The muffled drivers and the jingling bells; The cherry newsboy, shouting through the

(Blowing his finger-tips to keep them warm) The last great forgery, the awiul crime.

"Whose turn," thinks Maurice, "will it be next time ?" And hears in fancy, "Shocking suicide!"-

cried. Each with a hope and purpose of his own,

sant things The season to the humblest fireside brings, Affianced, loved, even to the verge had run | Happy alike who give and who receive; And all his memories of Christmas eve-The expectant stockings by the chimney

> The sweet conspiracies of old and young ; The Christmas-tree, with its surprising Go lay thy head and weep thy tears, O youth Toys, candies, picture-books, the boy's first

> The days of innocence and hope and joy; The fond proud mother, and the proud fond | And in their frozen sources start his tears

And many a fault and many a broken vow Rush over him; and he beholds even now In their suburban home that mother wait, And listen for his footstep at the gate, While with light hand some graceful task And, owning all thy wrong, atone for all.

Preparing still for some sweet surprise. And Maurice stifled in his throat the cry, "There's none so wretched and so base as

Her image haunts him, waiting there in And conscience urges with its stinging pain;

And Maurice, entering at a well-known Thy wayward youth, whose lesson comes not

As on like errands, many a time before, Snatches his pen and sets himself to write :

So Allanburn, with soul absorbed, intent, dom shines.

Such swift convict on lightens in the lines. And all the while the holy bells are ringing, The spirits of the Christmas bells are sing-

For Love is born : let wrong and sorrow

Sorrow no more! hope evermore!" they

By night upon some trackless prairie, By wind-driven, leaping flames, while ever Sweeps the red-maned wild hurricane

With hoof of thunder and devouring breath An i all the air is lit with lurid death -Kindles before his feet the crisp dry grass, And burns the path where he will safely

But life is left, and hope; so Allanburn, By frank avowal of his guilt and stern

As 'twere before he lost them.

He meets a friend ; puts on an easy air Of galety, and sees through his despair A su iden gleam. "Ah, Murdock, you're But will and heart were strong, and ever-

Lend me a trifle-any thing you can; For Christmas gifts have ruined me, and I His savior once, and now his secret guide Have still to purchase "- forging lie on lie. And solace in the long ennobling strife, The loan obtained, they chat and clink their Incarnating its wisdom in his life,

And Maurice notes a short slight man who Advancing to the bar with eager pace, In short black mantle, and strange bright

Mother do not expect me home to night

Important business."

while

The wondrous eyes and the great sou Glow with deep fervor as he calls for gin. He lifts with nervous hand the glass and drinks,

And pays with Richard's coin. And Maurice thinks: Was this his fearful need, his mad desire, Set thou thereon thy pharos high and strong. To quench a fiery thurst with fiercer fire? No hope for him ! but I may yet restore All I have periled, by one venture more."

Straight to a gaming palace he repairs; limbs with quick step the too familiar The hot hope mounting to his head lik

Of maddening wine, he walks the gilded The scene of half his losses. Seated there, To Heaven, or Chance, or Fate, he breathes

To look with favoring eyes upon his sin The last, he vows, if he may only win. Not for his own, but for his mother's sake, For Laura's, he implores; and his last stake

Wins, loses, wins again, and loses all, And all is over. Mother's eyes no more

Shall meet him with glad welcome at the No more for him the rose of love shall

And trance the senses with its charmed per-Beauty delight, or social pleasure blow

The heart's dull embers to a heavenly glow. The world its myriad industries shall ply, And all its vast concerns full-sailed sweep And Friendship shall endure, and Hope The shops, on Christmas-eve ablaze with

Her deathless lamp, but never more for him. So Allanburn upon that Christmas eve, His rulned youth despairing to retrieve,

Locked in his melancholy lodging sits And meditates, or walks the room by fits, And writes his everlasting sad farewells To those he loves, until the Christmas bells Peel joyously upon the stormy air-Peel sweet and clear, and through the tumult bear

The golden tidings of the reign of Peace. 'For love is born : let wrong and sorrow Sorrow no more! hope evermore!" they

Hope evermore! love evermore! they He seems to see and hear and take a part To all the world; and all the world is blest : Before to his own home and little ones. To all the world but one, for whom no rest,

No respite from despair and anguish, save There waits the partner of his home and A shameful death and a dishonored grave, And after death? He will not pause to Their mother and (ecstatic thought!) his

Resolved to leap, why falter on the brink? Folded his letters, with a strangely steady, Cold hand he seals them, and now all is Watches the baby Maurice on the floor, ready. He reaches for the vial at his breast, And finds instead, forgotten in his vest,

The little book placed there some hours ago. The leaves tall open in his hand, and, lo! Before him, like a flaming sword that turns All ways, once more the fiery sentence burns.

Turn back, turn back; it is not yet too late: Turn back, O youth I nor seek to expiate Bad deeds by worse, and save the hand from

By plunging all thy soul into the flame! He started to his feet, dashed down the

And too and fro across the chamber took Quick frenzied strides; then hurriedly pre-The deadly draught, and in the mirror

At his own spectre, ghastly pale and grim, With glass uplifted, coldly mocking him.

"Tis but a shadow, and what more am I Come, Nothingness ! and, World and Life, good-bye!" He raised the glass-the shadow did the

His own dread fate by all the newsboys He closed his eyes, and suddenly, like flame, Leaped forth the warning to his inner sight,

In living letters read by their own light: Turn back, turn back ; it is not yettoo late.

Be it Charles Masters, Providence, or Fate, Something has stayed his hand. From off the floor He takes the little book and reads once

When all is lost, one rejuge yet remains, One sacred solace, after all our pains; Upon the dear maternal breast of Truth.

Still as he reads, the Christmas bells he

Dismiss the evil counsel of Deceit, Fling off the mask, and downward to thy

Let the false vesture of concealment fall, At every word he feels the searching steel

That probes the quivering heart, but probes to heal. Every false path, though fair and long i

Leads to some pit; and happy thou may'st

O fortunate, when most unfortunate!

Read on; and each prophetic word seems For his own heart; such broad bright wis-

Filling the stormy world with hymns of

Hope evermore! love evermore!" they

And deep within, sweet blessed springs awaken Of comfort and new courage, not to die This coward's death, and like a traitor fly The demons he has conjured, but to live, Strong in the strength which only truth can

II.—CHRISTMAS NIGHT. should be regarded. Any one who would And Maurice lived. And as a travelerregard beans as a beverage would be away

HOUSEHOLD.

Hints for the House.

To clean marble wipe off the dust with a piece of chamois leather, then apply with soft brush a good coat of gum arabic about the consistency of thick mucilage, and expose to the sun or wind to dry. In a short time this will peel off, and any that remains can be washed off with clean water and towel. If the first application is not satisfactory a second process will generally produce the desired result.

The usual method of freeing tissues of ink and rust spots consists in the application of an ogalid acid solution. The possibility of spotting the tissue is always present with this method. The mixture of two parts of cream of tartar and one part exalic soid is therefore recommended, the ingredients being well powdered and thoroughly mixed. A dry rag is used for rubbing this powder on the spots of the tissue, which should be wet. When the spots have dissppeared the cloth should be thoroughly

ent liquid fire. I had no fear, for he was with me, and I had no appreciation of the The best way of cleaning black cashmere terror it might have for those who dreaded is to p'ace the dress or goods in strong borax water made luke warm; let it remain in the judgment. Each day's experience taught him to construe | soak all night, then take out and hang on a Its old dry truths with meanings fresh and line to dry, and when dry press off. Do

not rinse or wring. Any gold jewelry that an immersion I water will not injure can be beautifully leaned by shaking it well in a bottle near ly full of warm soapsuds, to which a little prepared chalk has been added, and after wards rinsing it in clear, cold water and

wiplog it dry, A chronic sufferer during ten years from cracked hands, who, like the woman of old vainly tried many doctors and much mediev. and I found great relief from a few applications, and then I got honey and kept s dish of it beside my wash-basin, and every time after washing my hands, while they the towel; it will not leave any sticky sub-Of love it springeth, watered by good deeds.

mixes with the water." Put into the bottle some kernels of corn, with water, and after a vigorous shaking sion. I recollect distinctly observing the and a thorough rinsing you will find the

bottles as good as new. When there is a crack in the stove, it can When homeward through the city Maurice be mended by mixing ashes and salt with

> To make paper stick to a wall that has been whitewashed, wash the wall in vinegar and salaratus water. When clothes are scorched, remove the

sprinkle before ironing.

Choice Receipts. boiled rice, two eggs, one tablespoonful but- account tallied more nearly with mine than ter, salt to the taste, milk for a stiff batter.

Beat the yelks of the eggs till light, add the rice and butter, then the flour and salt, and next the milk, beating all the while till the sparks as from a smith's forge, heartily

L. C. Bacon, Rolled Spice Bacon, C. C. Bacon, Blassow Beef Hame, Sugar Cured Ham, Dried Beef, Breakfast Bacon, Smoked Tengues, Moss Pork, Pickled Breakfast Bacon, Smoked Tengues, Moss Pork, Pickled Breakfast Bacon, Smoked Tengues, Checke, Family of Navy Pork, Lard in Tubs and Palls. The Best Brands of Jinglish Fine smooth. Whip the whites of the eggs to a indorsed me. stiff froth, stir quickly in, and bake in well

like rice waffles.

eggs, one quart of mitk, three teaspoonfuls feast upon the finest of the flock. If very eggs, one quart of milk, three teaspoonfuls feast upon the finest of the flock. If very baking powder. Mix in the same as rice hungry he will kill one and devour nearly Clapperton's open. waffles and fry on a soapstone griddle, which the whole of it; then summon his confederand wholesome cake.

flour for a thick batter, one gill of yeast. | vigilant watch will be kept, and will turn cold stir in the eggs, flour, and yeast, set to until the previous night's raid shall be in rise and when light bake in a losf. Serve it some measure forgotten. Coyotes are conhot, and slice it at the table like cake.

a piece of crust sufficient to cover it well clothes. Keep the water constantly boiling.

To be eaten with hard and roft sauce. ONE-EGG CAKE. - Rub two large spoonfuls of butter into a heaping cup of white sugar. Mingling their curls before the mother's Add a beaten egg and a cup of white sugar. with one teaspeonful of soda disolved in it. gative Pellets," which are sugar-ocated, and Add a beaten egg and a cup of sweet milk, Lisping with dewy lips their evening prayer. Mix two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar in-

Flavor to taste. Bake in deep pans. BAKED MACARONI.-Wash the macaroni and put it in a sauce pan with sufficient dealer as he opened an apple barrel and water to cover it; boil half an hour; put al- found it only half-full. ternate in a pudding dish a layer of macaronl and grated cheese, sessoning each layer

Winter Flowers and Fruits. Among flowers this season the chrysanthe mum has easily taken the lead in popularity. Florists attribute its success to the fact that it is a "good, lively looking flower," and, In this way the groom and the girl became ty in color has recommended it to ladies for cal Discovery' has astonished the medical corsage decoration. It is seldem worn in faculty. While it cures the severest coughs,

The most popular colors are pink and yellow, and quantities of the flowers can be had for the reasonable price of 50 cents a dozen. The rarer varieties are grown in the east. They are remarkable for their delicate and variegated colors, the tips of some of the petals being of a dark red, which merges into a light blue toward the center

of the flower. December it is seen no more.

kets largely. The background of the plaque been reached. is filled in with ivy leaves surrounded by a tent to consent to seduct on at 13 years of graceful wreath of smilax, and the reses, are then arranged in an unconventional way around the dark green centre of ivy leaves. sent can be pleaded in mit gation or excuse A little maiden hair fern worked in with the

For the Babies

It is not necessary to buy corn cures. Men and women should remember that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only safe, sure and painless corn remover extant. It "According to Hoyle" is a common does its work quickly and with cer ainty. phrase, and "Hoyle's Games" are widely See that the signature N. C. Polson & Co. ap-

> A bucket-shop should be managed by a Is the vegetarian sufferer from corns

> "How do you tell a fool when you see

wife and tells her that under oath to his lodge he is forbidden to receive Christman presents may miss getting a token of his line in an exchange. That is the way beans | wife's affection, but he will save money by the loss. Anybody who calls off the thoughts of

the church from soul-saving is a mischlef-The most popular mid-Winter wrap for maker, I have heard it said of a minister, Indies bids fair to be the ulster, newmarket " He greatly influences the politics of our or ever-coat of seal or seal plush, cut to re- town." Well, it is a very doubtful good, a very doubtful good indeed.

Recollections of a Wonderful Night in 1833. I have read many descriptions of what was called the falling stars or meteoric shower of 1833, says a correspondent, and recently the account of an old man who saw the shower or meteoric rain in Alabama, an account of which was copied from the Birmingham Age by the News. I do not call myself old, yet I was five years of age when the event alluded to occurred, and witnessed it, as I remember, without fear. The impress is still fresh on my mind, though 1 have never read a description that agrees with what I saw, except when spoken of as sublimely grand ! I will try to describe it as seen by me in Beaufort district, South Carolina-150 miles up the Savannah river, and about six miles from Matthew's Bluff. At the residence of my aunt, at some hour before day (the date I do not remember), Uncle Fred came to my bed and took me in his arms to the front plazza, where he stood me on my feet to witness the rain of appar-

It was a rain of fire, not stus. The stars, or sparks, only occurred at the end of the lines of fire. Imagine a rain of molten fron striking the earth, each drop bursting luto sparks. Nothing else will compare. could not now describe it, if experience with foundries and smiths' shops had not afforded the comparison. The fire fell in streams like the heaviest fire rain I ever witnessed, and swayed to and fio just as the water is by the motion of the clouds or wind. The only stars I saw were just as one sees when molten iron is rushing into or from cine, finally adopted the following simple the ladle, or when iron with a welding heat treatment: "Some one told me to try hon is withdrawn from the forge, crauch as isseen when the liquid metal drops upon the earth, or such as 16 seen in the wake of an exploded rocket. The strangest to me was, no such sparks or stars appeared except at the end of the lire of fire rain, which stopped honey and rubbed it all over my hands. It's about five feet from the earth, as far as I only a moment of work. Rub your hands can judge. The plazza had three steps In twenty minutes, without fall. Chapman's Celequickly, as if washing them; then wipe on from the ground. I could not have been brated Neuralgia Powders. Sample mailed twenty. more than three feet high and the line of the towel; it will not leave any sticky sub-stance—your hands being wet, the honey None that I may struck the earth. SCIATICA. INFLAMMATORY RHEIMAmy eyes. None that I saw struck the earth, but after sparkling on this line disappeared, self cured by it after being three years on crutches to be succeeded by others in quick success with sciatica; abundant testimonials at to its bene-ficial effects in above-mentioned diseases; remedy

scene around the yard, and the road led directly from the gate, and wondering why TUELPH BUSINESS COLUEGE, Gaciph, Ont none of the fire or sparks reached the earth. It was not as light as day, but a lurid light how to use himself, who pessesses such practical knowledge and such manual skill as will enable him greater than I have ever seen since. Objects were perfectly discernible, though not ness of life. To impart such education, to prepare so well as by daylight. I do not recollect such men is the design and purpo e of this Instituof seeing anything above the line o: my vision-such as the tops of trees and houses. The fire rain was too tnick to see through After staying as long as was deemed pru-Bent in my night-clothes, my uncle returnthem dry after starching so you will have to ed me to bed. How long it was before dayuntil called to breakfast. I met an old gentlemen some years ago who was in camp on the Texas prairies, whe witnessed the RICE WAFFLES, -One pint flour, one pint | meteoric shower of falling stars and whose

The Herder's Wily Enemy.

The coyote is the Oregon herder's wil enemy. He is constantly on the warpath, and takes no pains to conceal the fact. If the sheep wander away from the camp at FLANNEL CAKES, -One teacupful boiled | night the coyote is apt to find it out before rice, flour to make a pancake batter, two the herder does, and at once proceeds to fun. The sheep soon scatter in frightened stantly being killed off, either by being shot or possuled. The latter mode is more offective, but is attended with serious danger to the shepherd dogs, which in spite of the utmost precaution often hunt up the

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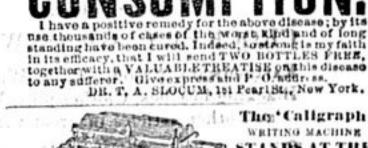
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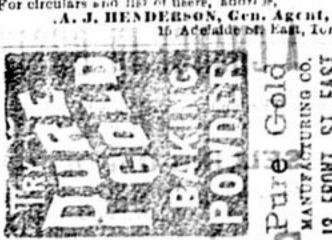
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And the flames die behind him, and the Beholds him far on blackened plains forlorn; Self-condemnation, quelled the rage of men, Forestalled his foes, and won his friends

And long the labor seemed, to re-instate Rallen fortune and lost honor to restore ;

He kept the little volume by his side-

To-lose with high endeavor is to win; And they but fail who build success on sin, Whose giledd walls of happiness shall stand As baseless palaces on sea-washed sand.

Be then thy conscience as the eternal rock, Wave-buffeted, unmoved by every shock

Thus as he played his arduous daily part, He learned its lofty precepts all by heart.

Of roaring condemnation, hate, and wrong

Let two allied and equal laws control Thy being-law for body and law for soul As the steam-chariot, with obedient wheel, Flies safely on its parallels, of steel.

Nor prudent virtues only ; rising thence,

It taught him faith and wise beneficence.

Religion is no leaf of faded green, Or flower of vanished fragrance, pressed be The pages of a Bible ; but from seeds

On the green cloth with trembling hand lets So passed the whirling years, some nine or And now the Christmas-time brings round ts innocent revels, and draws near its close,

> A wintry quiet falls on all the town, A tingling frost is in the silent air, His own breath whitens on his beard and As Allanburn, with homeward-hasting feet,

Tired Nature lets her starry eyelid down,

Awakes the echoes of the loy street.

Are closed and dark on this cold Christmas But in the homes about him Maurice knows What pleasure sparkles and what comfort

Smiles from the elders, laughter from the Enraptured childhood with its pictured The homely games, uniting youth and age-Scenes which the curtained windows scarce

And all the joys which friends and kindred

In that glad time—with sympathizing heart,

The dance, the song and story, told or sung

In all: and now his eager fancy runs

The eyer-faithful Laura. Fondly there

His own good mother from her easy-chair Upbuilding still, to see it fall once more, His toppling house of blocks; or turn to On little Laura by her side the while,

The last house falls in ruins; in the box Are packed at last the bright new Christmas The doll's asleep, the cradle put away; And so the happy children end their play And in imagination now he sees

Two cherubs in white night-gowns on their

Bending in the warm light her glowing head,

Hushing her doll and putting it to bed.

Rises to dash it; and he starts aghast, Seeing his own pale spectral image stand Within a mocking mirror, glass in hand,

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Eloping With her Father's Groom. Society ofreles in Cork are agitated over an elopement scandal which resembles the Schilling-Morosinicase. A young mannamed Hodnett was employed last summer as a groom by Mr. Long, a wealthy landowner living a few miles from Cork. One portion of Hodnett's duty was to attend Miss Marienne Long upon her daily rides through her father's estates and the surrounding country. although it has no perfume, its infinite varie- Consumption, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medivery intimate. The young man was hand-

some and the young lady was impulsive.

The result was an elopement, which occur-

red early in November, and the groom became a bridegroom in Dublin. As soon as t'e disappearance of Hodnett and the young heiress became known, the police were set upon their track and Mr. Long paid liberally for the services of special detectives. The runaways were finally ceptured in Dublin, where Hodnett had obtained employment as managing director of a jaunting car. The young lady was sent back to her father's care, and Hodnett has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. The severity of this punishment is due to the new law which was passed in con-

sequence of the exertion of Mr. Stead, the

Pall Mall Gazette editor, who is himself in jail for committing the grave error of exposing vice in high places Miss Long is only 15 years old. Under age, Hodnett would have gone free. Now the girl must be 16 years old before her conin acourt of justice. There was, however, ivy makes a pretty contrast. southful bride is still true to him, and vows that she will be his wife again as soon as ever he gets out of that horrid prison.

Who Hoyle Was.

known; but many card-players labor under pears on each bottle. Beware of poisonous the impression that Hoyle was a reformed imitations gambler, who turned his attention to book. naking as a means of keeping out of the poor-house. Edmond Hoyle was a Londoner, who died in 1769, aged 97. He was among the first who took a special interest in whist, did much to perfect the game, and toe-martyr! after it became a craze devoted several years And all the rock of self is cleft and shaken; to teaching it at a guinea a lesson. He one, Mrs. Jones!" asked a wearisome old was raid \$2,000 for his first treatise on bachelor of a lively young widow. "I whist, published in 1743, when he held a usually tell one to leave," she replied, and government office in Ireland. Towards the the bachelor didn't sak for a diagram. close of his life he revised it and included other popular games. "Beans Regarded as Food " is the head-

> semble a man's overcost. MALTAGER.

stain by placing the garment where the sun can shine on it.

buttered we ffle irons. MUSH WAFFLES .- One quart of flour, one pint of corn-meal mush, two eggs, one tablespoonful of butter, salt to the taste, and milk to make a thin batter. Mix and cock

requires no greasing and makes a very light ates, and lead them to the slaughter for Swing machine. See that Charles name is on HARRISON BREAD - U.e pint of milk, equads all over the range. The coyotes one tablespoon of lard, four eggs, well beaten, will then quit, as though aware that a more Pour the milk, bolling hot on the lard; when their attention to some neighboring herd

APPLE DUMPLING .- Make a crust as for pies. Pare and core the apples, then fill them with sugar and butter and roll each in folding it over neat y on the top. Bake in poison and eat it. a well-buttered tin half an hour in a quick oven or boil one hour tied up in separate

How sweet the picture ! Suddenly the past to two heaping cups of flour and stir in.

of macaroni with salt and pepper; have the top layer of cheese, with a teaspoonful of butter in the center; pour over it half a plnt of sweet milk ; bake half an hour.

Roses will continue in favor during the

The man who lays down the law to his

be sold cheap; also lot 25 rorth boundary Stephen. Buren County; 100 acres; will be sold chesp. Apply to T. For. Partister, Toronto. expressed to any address. S. J : Lancaster, Petrolla

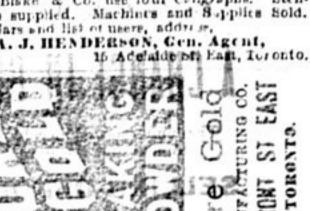
M. MACCORMICK, Principal.

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may be seen at the (flice) the Highest Awards in 1881, '83,



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