## YOUNG FOLK.

"Open your mouth and shut your eyes
And I'll give you something to make you wise

If you were a little Esquimanx, Born in a land of ice and snow, You'd like the greasiest kind of fish, And think bear's meat a dainty dish. Or if you lived in a Chinese house Perhaps you'd choose a good fat mouse. Ants' eggs are a treat to the Siamese, And some folks like the livers of geese, Some, I've heard, eat snails on toast While others feast on a grasshopper roast. In Burmah, people take much pride In serving locusts stuffed and fried.

But "open your mouth and shut your eyes" For none of these dainties shall make you wise, Here's something that grows where the robins

Ripening under the skies of June— Something that's red and spicy and sweet With a dash of sour to make it complete. It sits on a mat so soft and green Tis fit for the fingers of king or queen. My mouth is watering just for a taste As I dip it in sugar—so now make haste To "open your mouth and shut your eyes And I'll give you something to make you wise."

#### WELLINGTON.

#### The Story of the Heroism of a Timid Boy.

highway, waiting. Judith was a straight he dashed down the hill straight into the and supple girl, tall for her fourteen years. burning wood. Her black hair hung in two long, thick braids over her scarlet jacket, reaching to among the dry pines on the hillside than on her waist. She had thin features and a dark | the lower ground. Already he could hear complexion, but her bright black eyes and them crackling behind him. Escape to the red lips made her face rather attractive. upland by the road would soon be cut off. There was something about Judith's move- But he had no thought of turning back. ments and outlines that suggested the In- The boy who disliked to wet his feet, the dian; and indeed her father was proud of the boy whom his schoolmates had called a fact that one of his far-away ancestors had dandy, kept on straight towards the heart been the son of an Indian chief.

Judith was waiting for Wellington Bailey, year younger than herself. He had been a ahead of the fire round the foot of the bluff city boy, but boarded at the house of a farmer cousin who lived not far from Judith's home. He had been a pale, delicate boy when he came to the farm, two years before; but country life had made him well and active, though he was hardly as strong as the other country boys, and Judith, only a year older, was fully half a head taller.

Judith and Wellington were the only aca- ing?" demy pupils who lived beyond the Lane woods. The Haskell and Bailey farms were off a sunny upland about a mile and a half from the village. Neither of the young must be almost here. We must run for the folks minded the walk in pleasant weather, gully." nor was Judith at all afraid to go through the woods alone; but for the sake of companion- view between the trees. Catching a ship she waited for Wellington, and the hand of each girl, Wellington darted with children were generally excellent friends. Presently Judith saw Wellington coming,

hurrying across the timber lot. Wellington was quite out of breath when

he came within speaking distance. "What made you so late, Wellington?" Judith asked. "I began to think you wasn't coming and I was going on alone.

"I've been chasing the cows along with Cousin David," Wellington answered. "They all broke loose this morning, and it took about an hour to get them together. We scorching air from the burning trees swept

"And got your feet wet and had to change your shoes and stockings, I suppose," said Judith, sarcastically.

"Yes," answered Wellington, stoutly, all day with wet feet. I don't like it." "The other boys wouldn't mind it much," Judith remarked.

the road is for this time of the year," Judith remarked.

says if the Fall rains don't set in pretty soon there will be danger of fires.

flower that is," cried Judith, pointing to a and faces in the brook that crept through bright red blossom springing from the side the gully. The steep wall of earth and rock of the steep bluff. "Climb down and get it was a barrier of safety, and the fire could for me, will you? I want to take it to come no further.

"It's pretty steep down there," said Wellington, doubtfully, looking over the bluff. "Oh! If you're atraid"—Judith began. "I shouldn't be afraid if there was any need of my going down," said Wellington,

"But"-Before he could finish the sentence Judith had sprung down over the edge of the cliff, and, catching hold of the bushes to steady her weight, was deftly climbing towards the flower. She picked it and climbed nimbly back to the highway, fastening the flower in her belt with a smile.

"I wonder how your folks happened to name you Wellington?" she said, a little later, as they were going through the wood. "I don't know. Probably they liked the

name. Why, what is there strange about it ?" asked Wellington.

"Oh, Wellington was a great general, you all gone. know-a very brave man," said Judith, provokingly. "Somehow the name doesn't seem to suit you very well.

Wellington flushed with resentment. "I know what you mean, Judith Haskell," said he, "and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Just because I don't wish to splash through the mud and get as dirty as a pig and won't break my neck for nothing but flowers you've no business to say I'm a cow-

"I didn't say so," retorted Judith. "Well, you came pretty near it. You might as well have said it. You're always hinting such things because I won't do foolish tricks that there's no use in. But I don't

care. "I should think you'd want to be more plucky," said Judith. "Boys ought to be brave. My brothers weren't afraid of anything when they were as old as you are, and they'd be ashamed to care for a little dirt or

hurt." "Maybe you think I want to be as rough as they are, but I don't," retorted Welling-"I'm glad I wasn't brought up that way. My father is a gentleman, and I'd steeper than the rest.

rather be a white man than an Indian." quarrel that had ever occurred between the two. Judith was provoking and both were bared root proved strong enough for him to

Judith to spend the night, and when school side. He was thirty feet above the ground be tin thousand." was out Wellington started quickly along when a branch to which he was clinging the road without waiting for the girls, as he | pulled lose and he began sliding backward. | always the good b'y you was to help your would usually have done. Judith purposely Only for a few feet, however, his foot found I poor ould mother."

kept back, and Wellington was out of sight in the woods before the two girls started on a leisurely walk from the school-house.

The sun was still warm as Wellington ran towards the woods, the Summer heat having lingered well into October, and he took of his hat to cool his head as he plunged into the shadows.

Half way through the wood Wellington sat down upon a beech log to rest. A fresh breeze struck his face as he climbed up out of the trees' shadow. It was singular that the woods, usually cool and refreshing, should be so warm and oppressive on this October day. He turned as he reached the hill summit, above the tree line, and looked around over the hill tops and across the valley. And then he saw something which startled

It was a line of fire. Beginning at the edge of a cleared spot in the midst of the Lane woods it was spreading across the strip and sweeping steadily and surely straight towards the road that led down the hill and across the hollow-the highway where Judith and Ellen were no doubt leisurely walking.

"They won't see the fire- the woods are so thick on that side-they won't know where the heat comes from till it is right upon them," thought Wellington.

He slipped his book-strap from his shoul-One October morning Judith Haskell der, pulled off his jacket and laid it carestood by the gate at the top of the lane fully with his books beside the highway. which led from her father's house to the And then, without a moment's hesitiation,

The fire was making greater headwayof the flaming woodland.

"The girls must have come so far that a neighbor boy, who always walked with her they can't get back to the village," he rethrough the Lane woods on the way to the flected as he ran. "We shall have to strike village academy. Wellington was about a off from the road and run through the woods to the ravine.'

The air was like a furnace when the chil dren met, midway of the woodland strip. Judith and Ellen were hurrying along, frightened and panting, the perspiration streaming down their flushed faces.

"Oh, Wellington!" cried Judith. "Are the woods on fire? Which way is it com-

"From the east," said Wellington. could see it from the hill. We can't get away from it by the road, either way.

While he spoke a streak of flame shot into them into the wood, and for a few minutes | To-morrow, you will wake in weariness, they left the sight and sound of the fire Shudering away in heart-sickness and fear-

the fleet-footed boy who led them could they have kept up that swift flight through | The least of loving is in having. Light the woods. Thorns tore their clothes, brush | Night with a firefly; quench the flame that scratched their faces, they stumbled over scratched their faces, they stumbled over logs and rocks, but never stopped, for soon the roaring fire was heard behind them, the scorching air from the burning trees swept had to run over the whole lot in the hol- their faces. Now a swift flame flashed past and caught at a limb overhead. Burning leaves fluttered to the ground. A shower of sparks drove through the air. Wellington | Sigismund, that instead of destroying his caught a burning fold of Ellen's dress and | conquered foes, he admitted them to favor, crushed out the fire with his hands. On though he colored a little. "I wasn't going and on they hurried. The air grew hotter and hotter, the flames drew nearer.

them a moment's relief. They stopped to so early an age and in so short a period to the last thicket, gained the bluff where attached to me." that arm of the wood ended, and, trembl-"Yes," said Wellington. "Cousin David ing with exhaustion, entered its sheltering shadow. They could hear the fire still roaring through the wood as they crouched "Oh, Wellington, see what a handsome by the rock and bathed their blistered hands

> When the cold water had a little allayed the pain of their smarting eyes and scorched hands and faces the children began to make their way slowly between the brook and the foot of the bluff on a line with the highway at the top. They could not go back through the fiery path of the wood, though after a little while a lull in the roar of the fire told that the flames had spent their fury at the ravine, having nothing more to feed upon. Yet for hours there must be dense smoke and heat along the hillside and hollow, where the woods had burned, and the ground would be a pathway of hot coals. So they crept along as best they could by the precipice which rose almost perpendicularly more than two hundred feet above them. Limping, tired and blistered, Ellen could not keep back the tears of suffering and wearimess, and Judith's usual self-possession was

"We never could have got out of the woods, Wellington, if you hadn't come back and helped us," she said tremulously.

"But how are we going to get home?" Wellington's hands were smarting, and his face was pale with pain, but he answer-

"I shall have to climb the bluff, and call the folks to help you and Ellen up." "But you can't. Wellington, can you?" returned Judith in a tone that was-for

her-strangely gentle and timid. "It is so high and steep.

and they'll be dreadfully frightened when light distresses our sensitive eyes. But for they know about the fire.

over the sloping edge at the top and picked cruelty.-Dr. Wayland. the red flower. She now looked fearfully up the steep side. "It is as good a place as any," said Wellington. "There are some bushes here that

I can catch hold of, in places, and it is no He carefully began to climb. Bits of This was the beginning of the first serious | jutting rock now and then gave him a little trust for a hold. Foot by foot, yard by

a lodging place on a bit of rock, he grasped another shrub and patiently resumed the

About half way up the bluff a ledge projected for a foot or more, and when his feet rested securely on this Wellington stopped for a few minutes to rest and gain his breath. The hardest, most dangerous part of the climbing was to come. He must cling tightly to the face of the bluff, crawl slowly, try every object most carefully before trusting that few persons could approach. It was in are always added to both these dishes. With his hold to it, and avoid looking down. The temptation to measure the distance which he had climbed with that still to be covered of the inn where he was stopping laid a water. The evening meal passes cheerily, was almost irresistible, but he knew that to keep his head steady and free from dizziness he must not glance downward for an instant. How anxiously the girls watched the climbing boy, forgetting the pain of their burns in their terrified suspense. Sometimes they covered their faces with their hands to shut out the sight as he hung by the slightest support high up on the terrible cliff; then they were watching him again with strained eyes and parted lips as he still crept safely along up and up, over the perilous steep. Now a few feet only remained between him and the top of the cliff. At last his hand grasped the railing, he drew himself carefully over the edge, waved his hand back to the girls below and disappeared.

Twilight was settling down upon the ravine when the girls finally heard voices calling to them over the precipice. All the neighbors of the upland, it seemed to them, were looking down the cliff side. They were tying and testing coils of ropes and then a structure of long line came dangling downward to the ravine. Stoutly spliced together, all the rope in the neighborhood had been long, adjusted into a sort of harness, with strong cords attached, to draw the girls the anxious and sympathizing friends.

path to school again down the blackened ing happened in his own parish no great Autumn beauty the fire had blighted. It was weeks, even, before Wellington was seen again in his seat at school. One of his blistered hands, lacerated by climbing the cliff, was carried in a sling.

brushed his hair and blackened his shoes carefully, was as averse as ever to wet feet or soiled clothes; but none of his schoalmates ever again thought or spoke of Wellington Bailey as a dandy or a coward.

### Golden Thoughts For Every Day.

Monday-The least of loving is in having, dear; Ah, woe! frem hands that now you'd kneel to Judith was tall and nimble. Ellen was You'll wake to your dream-life fulfilled, aghast, little and lithe. But only by the help of Would God, this dream, as other dreams, had

-Katherine Eleanor Conway.

Tuesday-"Bless them that curse you. Some courtiers reproached the Emperor "Do I not," replied the illustrious monarch, "effectually destroy my enemies when I Then a little patch of open ground gave | Great, being asked how he had been able, at

Wednesday-Two things love can do, Only two; Can distrust, or can believe; It can die, or it can live; There is no syncope Possible to love or me. Go your ways!

> Two things you can do. Only two: Be the thing you used to be, Or be nothing more to me. I can but joy or grieve, Can no more than die or live. Go your ways! -Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Thursday-Progress is to be measured, not so much by the space traversed in a given time, as by the amount of resistance overcome. The sailing qualities of a vessel are better tested by a stormy voyage than by a swifter sail over smooth seas. So by Divine estimate we may be making better time when we are climbing the up grade than when we are on the dead level. The dangers and difficulties, the trials and temptations we encounter on our way are but the needed discipline to test our Christian character. Friday-

If trampled grass gives perfume; if the bowl Must be well broken ere the wine can flow; From the abysses of this storm tossed soul, From this, my destiny's last, mortal blow; From sobs and sighs and agonies of tears, From tortured life and happiness foreborne, The utter ruin of my youth's lost years, And from the bitter present's strife forlorn, The future's terror and the past's dispair, And from this crushed and grief-wrung heart I

To call on thee, O, God! Let others bring Their love, obedience, faith as offering, I lay my sorrows prostrate at Thy feet, All-pitying God! to Thee crushed flowers are -Isa Blagden.

Saturday-You complain that the enterprise of the newspaper sometimes is carried to the extreme of violating the rights of "I think so," said Wellington. "Any! private life, and the sacred secrecy of the way I can try. We can't stay down here. jury room, of opening some social and relig-Besides, the folks don't know where we are, lous scandal. Sometimes the glaring sunall that it still remains that air and light They had reached the part of the bluff are the great disinfectants; it is the dark where, in the morning Judith had stepped | places that are filled with the habitations of

# A Double Event.

Mrs. Moriarity - "Sure, it's just her luck! Did you hear av that, now, Tim?"

Tim-" What is it, mother ?" Mrs. M.-" What is it? Faix, Mrs. Brannigan got five t'ousand fram the road foothold, sometimes a branch of a shrub or | for her b'y's leg. Ah, thin, it's the fine airs she'll be puttin' on now."

"Nivir mind, mother; we'll bate that, A school-girl friend was to go home with | yard, he drew himself slowly up the steep | begor. I'll get the two taken aff and that'll

Mrs. M.—" Blessin's on yez, darlint. It's

# A WAY TO SUBDUE DOGS. Rendered Harmless in the Presence of a

Pungent Odor. A gentleman who has had a good deal of parations for dinner. The kebab, which have experience in the management of dogs says already been put on the skewers, are carethat the most vicious brute can be speedily fully broiled on a clear fire, or the stew is conquered by any powerful odor, especially turned over to see if the meat is tender and a pungent odor like ammonia. He tells the gravy is reduced to its proper consistency how he once won a wager on handling a dog and quantity. A few drops of lemon juice a little town in Ontario. The conversation | the letter is generally an accompaniment of being on the subject of dogs, the proprietor rice cooked in clarified butter and boiling wager that his visitor could not put his and is taken in the lewan, or room with one hands upon a dog chained up in the back side open to the court, which is now a merry vard.

"All right said the visitor," but as a matter of precaution for the protection of my sheely carefully prepared for father and hands I will go up stairs and put on a pair mother, and a tiny finjan of coffee handed to

"I put on a pair of old buckskin gloves," says the gentleman, in telling the story, which is nothing else than the favorite stroll "and sat mated the right hand with ammonia. by the riverside. Close to Bab Tooma (Gate We then went out to the dog, and at my approach he rushed from his kennel with Soofaniyeh, and further on, about a quarter open mouth. As soon as he got within of an hour's distance, is another part called reach I thrust out my right hand. Instead the Hudaashariyeh. These are favorite of biting it he turned tail and ran back into his kennel. Then I went to the kennel, former, owing to its nearness to the city and, putting my hand inside, made him gates, is the chosen resort of those who are come out again. The secret of the matter attended by wife and children. The gathis that a dog can't bite without drawing in erings of family circles in this place are inhis breath, and, as he does so, he inhales numerable and indescribable. the ammonia, which partially suffocates him and subdues for the time being his biting propensity. Some dogs may be subdued with cologne."

#### A True-Bred Man of Sussex.

A sketch of the Sussex character could up the cliff. Judith helped adjust the lines not pretend to completeness in the smallest about Ellen's arms and waist, and watched sense if the question of humor were entirely her, partly climbing, partly drawn up the left out. The South Saxon is, as might be be seen; the men, with their long pipes in steep. Then the harness came swinging back. expected, heavy in this as in all else. There In the fast gathering darkness Judith fasten- is nothing keen or delicate about his pered the ropes upon herself and made the trip, ception of the ludicrous; nor is there, on and the girls were quickly carried home by the other hand, much that is ill-natured. Take the following illustration. It is a It was several days before Judith took the true story, told me by a clergyman as havhillside and through the woods whose while since. Obliged to be absent from the duties of his church on a certain Sabbath, he had secured the services of a very wise, grave, and reverend ecclesiastic for that day. The latter was a man of great reputation. The only doubt his friend had was The boy still went around muddy places, whether the visitor was not too learned for the country folk that he would have to preach to. Returning in the following week, the clergyman hastened to his parish clerk to inquire how the services of the preceding Sunday had passed off-in particular, how he had liked the sermon.

"Oh, sir !" said the old clerk, in an ecstasy, "it was the finest sermon that I ever heard. I wouldn't presume to say that I understood a single word of it."

Pompous old divine! Good old clerk, listening open-mouthed and with wondering eyes! Thou, old clerk, art true-bred Sus-

#### The Promptings of a Confirmed Habit.

A gentleman of excellent habits and very amiable disposition was so unfortunate as to have a wife of very different character-in short, one that would get beastly drunk. Being in company of a few intimate friends one evening, one of them remarked to him that if she was his wife-since all other things | ing. had failed-he would frighten her in some way so that she would quit, and proposed the following method: that some time, when dead drunk, she should be laid into a box shaped like a coffin, and left in that situamake them my friends?" Alexander the tion until her drunken fit should be over and consciousness restored.

A few evenings after, the lady being in a "Well, I do," said Wellington.
They had about half a mile to walk be- catch their breath, and then struggled on. Conquer such vast regions and establish so and after the box lid was properly secured and after the box lid was properly secured and after the box lid was properly secured. They must hurry through the trees beyond great a name, replied: "I used my ene- the name of fere the road dipped down into the Lane and round the bluff before the fire could dart mies so well that I compelled them to be my the party before alluded to watched, each in Agents in all Towns and Cities. around the glade. Blinded by smoke, half friends; and I treated my friends with such turn, to witness the result. About daylight "How dry the woods look and how dusty fainting with the heat, they pass through constant regard that they became unalterably next morning, the watcher, hearing a movewhen her ladyship, after bumping her head a few times, was heard to say: "Bless me! why! where am I?"

The outsider replied, in sepulchral tone: "Madam, you are dead and in the other

world." A pause ensued; the lady again inquired "Where are you?" "Oh, I'm dead, too," said he.

"Can you tell me how long I've been dead?" "About three weeks." "How long have you been dead?"

"Four months." "Well, you've been here so much longer than I have, can't you tell me where I can get a little gin?"

# He'd Had No Show.

Joe Beall 'ud set upon a keg Down to the groc'ry storean' throw One leg right over 'tother leg, An' swear he'd never had no show, "Oh, no," said Joe;

"Hain't hed no show." Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw, An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life, Didn't get no money from his dad; The washin' took in by his wife Earned all the funds he ever had. "Oh, no," said Joe; "Hain't hed no show."

An' then he'd look up at the clock, An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk. "I've waited twenty year--let's see-Yes, twenty-four, an' never struck,

Altho' I've sot roun' patiently, The fust tarnashion streak er luck. "Oh, no," said Joe; " Hain't hed no show."

Then stuck like mucilage to the spot, An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot. "I've come down regerler ever' day For twenty years to Piper's store;

I've sot here in a patient way,

Sav, hain't I, Piper ?" Piper swore, "I tell ye, Joe, Yer hain't no show ; Yer too dern patient"-ther hull raft Jestlaffed, an'laffed, an'laffed, an'laffed

#### Shrinkage Somewhere. "This isn't fifteen pounds of ice. It's only

111 77 "

"Can't help it, madam. It was fifteen pounds when it left the storehouse, and nobody's been near it since."

# All Gone.

"Mr. Foraker, I'd like one or two politics. Could you accommodate me?" "Pleased to do it if I could, sir; but the fact is I am out of politics just now.

# Home Life in Damascus.

As sunset draws near one of the da thters gets up and lays her work in its plate, and busies herself with the remainder of the prescene. Work and household cares are apparently forgotten. The meal over, the nareach of them, preparations are made for the crowning pleasure and relaxation of the day, of Thomas) is the part of the river called the spots. The latter is the prettiest; but the

I shall never forget the scene which presented itself on one of these occasions when I acceded to the wishes of some friends and accompanied them to the Soofaniyeh. Each family group sat together and apart from the rest, and yet they were so close together that it was impossible to count them or to see what they were sitting on-the women with their white eezars, or large cotton veils, which only allowed their faces and hands to their mouths, and their jubas, or long jackets, thrown carelessly on their shoulders; the sellers of roasted nuts, almonds and melon seeds calling out their wares; the vendor of coffee, who has set up his little stall and is going about with his tiny coffeepot and tinier finjan. There, at a little distance from the "hareen," or families, is a group of young men who take it upon themselves to supply the music; one draws a tambour from his pocket, another a flute, another the bod, a native instrument, and a fourth begins a well-known song. All listen eagerly and give signs that if the music has been unsolicited it is not unappreciated. Between each song the finjan of coffee goes round.

#### One Exception.

Everything seems to be depressed by the long rainy season," remarked Squildig. "Not everything," replied McSwilligen.

"What isn't, I'd like to know?" "Umbrellas go up every day or two."

### A Boy's Definition.

Teacher-"Johnny, define the word pro-

Johnny-" Probate means whiskey." Teacher-"How do you make that out?" Johnny-" Because 'pro' means 'for' and 'probate' means 'for bait,' and whisky is what pa takes for bait when he goes a-fish-

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