

ARCHIE'S MOTHER

Archie's wife? Yes, dear, but where's Archie?
My first kiss is waiting for him.
For since his good-ye that sad morning,
Past the years my tears have made dim,
No kiss has bain over his kisses,
No love has come into my life,
But he—who has had his caresses?
I ask you this,—you, his wife.

He's not here to welcome his mother,
What's wrong? Is my dear son ill?
You come? Yes, dear, but remember,
Archie's place none other can fill.
Twas business detained him, I reckon,
Well, well, I won't let it annoy;
No doubt he's climbing the ladder
Of fame he dreamed of as a boy.

He's used to rehearse his ambition,
At my feet, with his hand on my knee.
I wish—but perhaps he is keeping
A tender welcome for me.
Prince of sons, he visits my slumbers,
And his kisses awake me at morn.
Forgive me, my dear, do I grieve you?
I loved him more before you were born.

You are a sweet girl. I don't blame you
For making a first place in his heart.
It has seemed to me—don't be offended,
I'm his mother and know every part
Of his nature, and somehow his letters
Have been rather downcast of late;
He is writing so often for money,
And hints at things sad to relate.

I thought you were childish and giddy,
Extravagant too, I confess;
But I see no reason to chide you.
For extravagance in your dress.
Your pretty print frock is quite tidy,
Your collar as white as the snow,—
But if you don't spend them for laces,
Where is it the dollars all go?

The carriage! Oh, well, never mind it,
We'll walk if it isn't far;
I'm quits numb and weary with sitting
So long in the dusty car.
Thanks, dear. Archie's arm would be
stronger.

To think that I shall see him to-day,
My tall, handsome son! How is baby?
Are his eyes blue like yours, or gray?
Not very strong? It's a mercy
I came to you now; for I know
All about the needs of a baby,
And the food that will make him grow,
My Archy was puny and sickly
For years the most of the time,
I kept the breath of life in him,
By doses of brandy and wine.

Yes, brandy and wine are great blessings
To mothers, in many a way;
Without them I couldn't have raised him
To love us and bless us to-day.

And the little rogue learned to like them;

Why, he'd take the bitterest pill
With only a swallow of porter

To wash it down.—Dear, are you ill?

You're not going to lose your baby;

Just give me plenty of time,

And he shall be strong and rosy,

I'll cure him as I cured mine!

"You'd rather he'd die!" Alice Dutton.

I'm surprised, nay, shocked, I confess.
Are you Christian or pagan, I wonder,
That you dare stand here and express
Such heathenish views? Will the Father

Work miracles, think for your son?

Will he take your sick boy and cure him?

Till your part is faithfully done?

What harm can the medicine do him?

You fear for its future? Such fears

Are food for fools and fanatics.

Those long-visaged, soothsaying seers

Who trail their prophetic horrors

Through all the bright places of life,

Who sit, like Death's head at the banquet,

To herald the oncoming strife.

"Tis a shame on your son to suggest it!

A shame on your darling and mine!

Why! six generations of Duttons

Have proved themselves stronger than

wine,

Not one disgracing their manhood.

Don't mention it, Alice, I pray;

Your boy is the last of the lineage,—

Do you think him less noble than they?

Disgrace is unknown to a Dutton

In all their ancestral line,

Do you fear that their blue blood is tar-

nished

And weakened by mixture with thine?

Nay, child, your grave apprehensions

Are shadowless as the wind;

Don't weep so, dear, Archie's mother

Never meant to be unkind.

You are like a fair, gentle daughter,

Your face is so gentle and sweet,

You are like—but where are we going?

Why turn down that terrible street?

This house? Why, child, 'tis a hovel!

See the drunken man stretched in the

way!

Don't show me rum's wretchedness, Alice,

I'm worn out with travel to-day.

You surely don't seek your companions.

Among the se-wretchedly low!

You, wife of my son, and the mother

Of my son's son! Let us go

To your home at once. Alice! Alice!

Don't touch that vile drunken man:

The loathsome being has fallen

As low as humanity can.

His very breath is pollution;

Redemption for such, there is none.

He!—O my God! It is Archie!

It is Archie, my son, my son!

Rosa HARTWICK THORPE,

Author of "Carfax shall not Ring To-night."

Dr. Laking, the celebrated London doctor, is in attendance upon the Duke of Clarence, who is laid up at Sandringham with influenza and pneumonia. The doctor reported yesterday afternoon that the Duke was much better.

The election took place on Monday in Richelieu, which was rendered vacant by the resignation of Sir Hector Langevin who decided to sit for Three Rivers. Mr. Bruneau, Liberal, was elected by a majority of 114 over Mr. Morgan, Conservative. The Government had a majority of 308 last election.

His Time Had Come.
Car poor old rooster he is dead,
He dropped his head and wing;
No more we'll hear his cheerful voice,
In the morning when he'd sing;
His feathers were as white as snow
His comb, it was his pride,
And the hens they fight among themselves
Since our old rooster died!

Sometimes he'd in the garden scratch,
And sometimes pull the corn;
He was always up to his work,
Right early in the morn;
And when we laid him on the block,
And told him he must die,
He said he was too old and tough
To make a chicken-pie.

'Twas sad to hear his pleading voice,
And see his tearful eye,
And manfully he kicked and flopped
To free himself and fly,
But 'twas no use, 'twas Christmas day,
And we were out of meat,
And the minister was at the house
For something good to eat!

Scraps of Information.

On hoofs and leather are soaked in French nut oil, and are then burnt, pulverized and mixed with sea salt and potash. The following proportions are used: Thirty per cent. of hoofs, 30 per cent. of leather, 30 per cent. of sea salt, 10 per cent. of potash. This product is said to harden iron all through.

Lemons are used for soap in many countries where they grow. When the men and women of the East Indies want to wash their hands they squeeze the juice of a lemon over them briskly in water until they are clean.

Madrid is the most elevated city in Europe. It is built on a mountain plain or plateau 2200 feet above the level of the sea. Being much exposed to extremes of heat and cold, it is very unhealthy.

The three commonest surnames in England and Wales are Smith, Jones and Williams. The number of persons owning each of these names are about:

Smith..... 254,000
Jones..... 242,000
Williams..... 160,000

The English walnut is said to be the most profitable of all nut-bearing trees. When in full bearing they will yield about 300 pounds of nuts to the tree.

Fall Gowns in the Electric Light.

"Woman," says a man, have got to devise some way to meet the searching rays of the electric light. In the theatres and hotels I am struck with its effect upon the faces of the women. It not only brings out every spot and blemish on the face, but creates, by its sharp shadows, lines and angles which do not exist, endowing fair women with unnatural, homely countenances. This is so accepted a truth that women, who make a study of accessories, surround themselves wherever possible with other than electric lights, or, if obliged to face them, see to it that their rays come through shaded globes. Nor does a woman of discrimination nowadays buy a ball or reception gown till she has tested it under electric lighting, small rooms thus illumined being provided for the purpose in all large shops. A fabric beautiful and becoming by gas, lamp or candle-light entirely loses these characteristics when subjected to the cold dazzle of electricity, and women know this.

Harriet Beecher Stowe's Last Days.

The gifted authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now 80 years of age, is said to be failing rapidly. A gentleman who recently visited her home in Hartford tells a New York correspondent that she has failed very much of late and her mind is so clouded that she cannot talk consecutively on any subject. She is not confined to her room and she does not require a physician's care, but her friends are apprehensive that the end is not far off. A great many letters still come to her, but these she does not see. She is constantly under surveillance. Her last days are made as pleasant as wealth and kind friends can make them, but she seems to know nothing of what is going on about her, and, indeed, is almost as helpless as a child. Mrs. Stowe's books still sell well.

Gruesome Discovery at the London Tower.

LONDON, Jan. 11.—The ground which the Second Battalion Grenadier Guards made use of for parade at the tower is understood to be the site of an ancient burying place. The excavations therefore which are being at present carried on for the purpose of improving the drainage are being made under the most careful supervision. The contractors are forbidden to dig up more than three feet broad at a time, though in depth they may go to some 10 feet, so as to disturb as little as possible the remains that may be beneath the surface. Whilst excavations were being made at the foot of the south wall of St. Peter's Chapel a leaden coffin was exposed to view. This on being opened was found to contain the body of a man in an excellent state of preservation. Decomposition had not set in. The features were plainly distinguishable, and the head was thickly covered with dark brown hair, which was undisheveled, and evidently in the state in which it was arranged at the time of sepulture. The remains were those of a man of over six feet in height and well proportioned. He must have been of some distinction, otherwise the body would not have been placed in a leaden coffin.

NEWS ITEMS.

A petition asking that the sentence of W. R. Moffatt, imprisoned in the penitentiary for embezzlement of funds belonging to the Ontario Bank, be reduced by six months, is in circulation in Kingston. Moffat's term will expire in September, 1892.

About fifty army officers have been arrested in Sofia charged with being implicated in a plot against the lives of Prince Ferdinand and Prime Minister Stambuloff. The cook was arrested as he was about to place strychnine in the royal food.

People who like to draw ominous parallels are calling attention to the fatality which seems to have attended the name of Clarence in the royal houses of Great Britain. A special cable points out that the only Clarence who lived out his usual term of years allotted to man was the one who reigned as William IV.

TREASURER'S SALE OF LANDS

IN THE
COUNTY OF VICTORIA,
For Arrears of Taxes, to be held in the
COURT HOUSE LINDSAY,
ON

Wednesday, 17th February, 1892, at 11 o'clock a.m.

Township of BEXLEY.

Part of Lot, or Street.	Lot	Con.	Acres.	Arrears.	Costs of Advertising and Commission.	Total, or Pat.
Island in Balsam Lake variously described as "Ant." Davin's and No. 4	12	5	200	8 69	1 12	9 81 patented
East half	12	6	100	57 58	2 34	59 92 patented
	7	7	194	22 05	1 45	23 50 patented

Village of BOBCAYGEON.

Street.	Lot	Part.	Acres.	Arrears.	Cost of Advertising and Commission.
E Bobcaygeon St	5	½	12 52	1 21	13 73 patented

Township of CARDEN.

West half	8	2	100	20 57	1 41	21 98 patented
West half	9	5	100	15 98	1 30	17 28 patented
West half	9	5	100	3 72	99	4 71 patented
East half	9	5	100	15 98	1 30	17 28 patented
	14	8	200	11 16	1 18	12 34 patented
	15	8	200	11 16	1 18	12 34 patented
	16	8	200	11 85	1 20	13 05 patented
	8	9	105	13 15	1 23	14 38 patented
West half	16	9	75	3 77	99	4 76 patented
E 75 acres of W half	20	9	100	8 22	1 11	9 33 patented
East half	21	9	147	12 50	1 21	13 71 patented
North part	23	9	93	10 95	1 17	