

SMALL, SWEET COURTESIES.

"It was only a glad good-morning, as she passed along the way. But it spread the morning glory over the livelong day."

The words of the little poem came forcibly to my mind one summer day, as I stood talking to a quaint Scotch neighbor over her bit of garden. A blithe-faced young girl came tripping by, pausing to give with the morning greeting a smile as cherry as the sunshine. "Bless her bonny face," said the old Scotchwoman, looking fondly after her; "it's a gude sight for sair e'en. It aye heartens me up for the day."

We have all known people whose coming into the room was like a burst of sunlight, there was something so cheering and inspiring in their very presence; others, too, we have known, whose faces were like a thunder-cloud, full of smouldering gloom, lowering and dark with discontent and sullenness. We do not often stop to think how much of ourselves we carry in our faces and manners, or the subtle influence we exert on those around us. Even strangers, the people we pass on the street or meet in the cars, or transiently in places of business, are affected by our atmosphere as we by theirs, and "so the whole round earth is bound around by chains of sympathy"—a sympathy all the more prevailing that it is often unconscious and unexpressed. A brief glance, a smile, a gesture, will haunt the memory, and weave a subtle spell long after the one bestowing it has passed out of our sight, perhaps out of our life; and the least touch upon the electric chain, by which we are all bound together in a common humanity may have as far reaching an influence as the tiny pebble that ripples the water into ever-increasing circles.

It is not always those most free from care and trouble who wear the sunniest face; oftentimes it is the "serenity of conquered sorrow" which lights the eye and lends its sweetness to the patient mouth and the gentle speech, and it is such as these that most move our admiration and our sympathy. Our petty worries fade away under their bright smile, and we are ashamed to let discontent or ill-nature sway us.

Pruning in Winter.

The veteran horticultural editor of the Country Gentleman, Mr. John J. Thomas, says that trees of hardy kinds may be safely pruned in winter if but a moderate amount is to be cut away. Heavy pruning renders a tree tender and more liable to injury or check in growth if followed by intense cold, but it rarely happens that such severe pruning is required. If the operator always has a distinct and definite object in view he need not cut away a single shoot unless needed. A bearing tree may have too thick a head and want a slight thinning, or a small crooked branch may be in the way, requiring only clipping with a pocket-knife. There is a special advantage in doing the work now—all the branches and shape of the head may be easily seen while the leaves are off. When the owner of an orchard has to give the business a hired hand he may avoid all danger of having the work wrongly done by marking with a piece of chalk the place where he wants the pocket-knife or light saw to do the cutting. Very little cutting need thus be made and no mutilation.

A modification or improvement may be made at any time in winter if the weather happens to be too cold or hands scarce for doing the labor till spring. Take a small brush or pencil, with white paint, pass through the orchard, and wherever a branch is to be pruned mark with the brush a white line where the cut is to be made. Direct the operator to cut nowhere but on this line. The chalk would be washed off by rain; the streak of white paint will remain for months. The piece of chalk may be attached to the end of a rod or pole and be used to reach any part of the tree.

Breeding Poultry.

It may be of benefit to a good many poultry keepers to state Mr. A. G. Gilbert, poultry manager of the Ottawa experimental farms, in a bulletin recently issued, gives the following directions in regard to mating the different breeds. When mating Brahmas allow one male with seven females; a cockerel with 2-year hens if possible. Plymouth Rocks—One male nine females; a young bird with 2-year-old hens preferred. Leghorns—One cockerel with 12 or 3-year-old hens. Hoadans—One male, nine or 11 females. Black Minorcas—Same as Leghorns. Mixed fowls—One male with nine or 11 females. Wyandottes—One male with nine females. The above embraces the best known breeds. Where only one sort is kept and the fowls have unlimited run, a greater number of females may be allowed. Eggs are fertile after fowls have been mated about 10 days. For layers choose white Leghorns; for general purposes, Plymouth Rocks; for both, Wyandottes. Do not continue to in-breed, or the stock will decrease in size, stamina and value. Get rid of the 3 and 4-year-old hens; keep the pullets; eat or sell the cockerels. Give the poultry as fair a trial as would be given a new kind of seed, vegetables, breed of horses or cattle. Utilize the grain, vegetable or meat waste of the farm by converting it into poultry and eggs.

A Cheap Disinfectant.

A cheap portable disinfectant is permanganate of potash; a bottle full of these crystals, bought at the store any chemist, will last for years. It can be used when wanted by putting a pinch of the potash over night in a jug of water; in the morning it will present a reddish appearance, and can be used for drains, etc. A small quantity of this liquid kept in a basin and renewed daily keeps a room fresh and destroys disease germs. The only drawback is that, if too strong, the liquid will stain linen. At the same time it has the great advantage of being easily carried about, while it can be prepared in the smallest quantity at a moment's notice.

TWO BATTLE SCENES.

The rumors ran throughout the camp All night. We dreamed we heard the tramp The darkness had intensified Of vast grim hosts on every side. No man could say in our suspense Just who surrounded us, or whence Had come the foe whose endless ranks Of horse and foot were on our flanks. Unseen, at the first fall of night, Cannon had leaped to every height, And serpent earthworks, mound on mound, Engraved and looped and roped us 'round.

The mist was like a choking pall; The ghost of some grave's marble pall; Against our faces, and therein We were like insects clamped within Moon-colored amber. And so we Felt the wide dawn we could not see Soak through the air; the very ground Was hid, and only by the sound Could each man know his fellow's place; No one therein saw any face.

We armed and horsed us rank on rank Vague noises, and our sabres' clank Sounded a dull and weary din Where scabbard's glitter should have been, And splendors of the gathering storms Of sleek hides and bright uniforms.

Creaking and orders all then seem Like shadow sounds inside a dream, And yet beyond these sounds are heard Murmurs whereof we catch no word; And from afar large whispers spread And meet among us overhead, As if some numberless array Were rustling toward us as its prey.

It was broad day now, in so far That the fog had more light to bar. Cannon spoke loud around; but they Told only that our danger lay Unseen on every side. How great It was no guess could penetrate.

The temper and the lust of fight Grew in us with the growing light, And then the mist waxed dun with smoke, The air stirred, the haze almost broke, We caught blurred glimpses of the hills; Of men on them like the wheat that thrills Under a wind. No rider stirred, Astride we waited for the word.

And when it came our sabres flashed, Our war cry rang, the bugles crashed, Hoofs thundered as spurs tore and greded, Our colored tarent leapt and roared Whither we knew not, against whom, Nor why, nor to what goal or doom Towards the horizon least enlarged Our glad front wheeled, then we charged.

II.

Now the battle smoke was thinned By the steady evening wind, Cloud or shadow there was none, And the penetrating sun Filled up every niche and fold Of the landscape's furrowed mould With the all-pervading light.

From our naked, wall-less height We could see the throbbing heart Of the conflict, like a chart. Bared before us in detail Where we hung above the hail Of the shot whose every tread Left a footprint marked in red, We could count from breath to breath Every foe's and comrade's death. Every man of us descried Every effort of our side, Every movement of the foe In the moiling reek below.

Not a man but understood All that past and all that would Come, as clear as he whose mind Steered the squadrons deaf and blind, Through the breakers that upburst Where the cannon did their worst, We could see our time draw near; With the knowledge grew our fear, Every dying agony Each of us could plainly see— Seemed to each man's calm despair His own death prefigured there.

Through each smoke wreath's curling foam Visions rose to us of home, Memories of tender works, Perfumes, morning song birds; Faces to each man grew plain He might never see again; Voices whispered, "That most brave Hear no love-words in the grave."

There we saw from where we lay The day's crisis, like a flower, Bloom into the coming hour; Saw our foe's utmost strength Hurling on all lines at length; Saw our need and danger grow; Felt the waiting moment go While the balance wavered yet; Saw how desperately met All the lines before our bands; Knew the day was in our hands; Knew that not one chance in ten Was with any scum of men In the path that lay before.

Then, in all that trenchant roar, When no man of us could choose, Not know all he had to lose, All we might and all might not win, Mounted orders clattered in, And, with our great task plain in sight, Our foes seen in the clear light, Steady, without sound or drum, Dumb, as a machine is dumb, All our front with bayonets marged, Like an avalanche we charged.

Edward Lucas White.

It is announced from New York that all the anthracite coal producing companies have combined for the purpose of maintaining rates and restricting production.

A New York despatch intimates that the Standard Oil Trust is to be dissolved. It is said the reason is the late decision of the Ohio Supreme Court declaring the trust illegal.

John F. Winslow died at Poughkeepsie, N.Y., yesterday. He was a leading iron manufacturer and helped to build the iron-clad Monitor. Mr. Winslow was president of the Poughkeepsie Bridge Company and was noted for his benevolence.

A TERRIFIC BLIZZARD.

People Freezing to Death Out West—Children Perish—Damage to Property.

CHICAGO, March 10.—A frightful post-winter blizzard, from lake Michigan to Montana, the worst in years and unexampled at this season, raged last night. Fifty degrees fell in temperature, a whirling cyclone of destruction to property and life are the features of the extraordinary visitation.

Individual cases are given of people freezing to death. All trains are delayed says a despatch from Dubuque, the wind is blowing at a 45-mile rate, with the mercury at zero and rapidly descending. At Waterloo, Iowa, many cars along the Illinois Central railroad are reported blown from the track. The roof of the Ketcham wagon works in Marshalltown was lifted away by the gale. From nearly every place heard from come details of damage aggregating many thousands of dollars from the wreckage of fencing, mill towers, factory smokestacks, plateglass windows, trees, chimneys, signs and out-building.

From oppressive warmth Tuesday night the change in Chicago last evening was remarkable, ice and gale making havoc with street traffic and greatly embarrassing electric communication. A building in course of erection in Chicago was blown down and ten workmen were fatally injured.

ST. PETER, Minn., March 10.—Several school children who started for school yesterday morning and two teamsters who drove into the country are missing, and it is feared they are victims of the blizzard.

DULUTH, Minn., March 10.—At West Duluth yesterday the smokestack of Merrill & King's mill blew down, killing F. Cullen and injuring two others. It is feared there will be much suffering, if not loss of life, before the storm is over.

ST. PAUL, March.—After raging with terrific fury for 30 hours, the blizzard passed on to the north-east, leaving in its wake into ice cold, the mercury early this morning reaching 10 degrees below zero.

As the fuller details of the storm are received, it grows in magnitude and intensity, and fears are expressed that there may be greater loss of life. On account of the condition of the wires and drift-covered country roads, the full details of the loss of life will be slow in coming in but that there have been serious results of the storm is undoubtedly true. The damage to property from the severity of the gale is reported very great at Fargo, Crookston and other places.

NEWS ITEMS.

The Flynn nickel mine in North Hastings has been valued at \$100,000.

The commercial treaty between France and the United States has been concluded.

The Spanish senate has ratified the commercial convention with the United States.

Rev. W. J. Little, pastor of the Hamilton Road Methodist church in London, died yesterday.

The Nova Scotia Legislature has voted against extending the provincial franchise to widows and spinsters.

Mr. John Dillon, the Irish Nationalist, fell on an icy sidewalk in Dublin Thursday and fractured his shoulder.

The directors of the St. Paul road have declared a semi-annual dividend at 3 1/2 per cent. on preferred stock.

The recount in London leaves Hon. Mr. Carling's majority at 108, with judgment reserved on some ballots.

The question of the Esquimaux fortifications was again brought up in the British House of Commons yesterday.

Twenty-eight cars with 12,000 bushels of shelled corn have left Bloomington, Ill., for the relief of the starving Russians.

September 22, the anniversary of the founding of the French republic, has been declared a public holiday by the Chamber of Deputies.

Mrs. Sarah Althea Terry, of San Francisco, wife of the late Judge Terry, has been convicted to the lunatic asylum at Stockton as insane.

Prince John Kobieski, a grandson of the King of Poland, has been arrested at Mount Kisco, N.Y., charged with stealing a horse and wagon.

The Liberal candidate at Montmorency has withdrawn, and the seat from which Mr. Tarte was ousted goes to Mr. Arthur Turcotte, Conservative.

Rev. Joseph Ali, assistant priest of the Italian Catholic church in New York, has been arrested, charged with indecently assaulting a 9-year-old girl.

Wm. H. Morse, president and treasurer of the Security Association, of Worcester, Mass., bankers and brokers, has been arrested, charged with false pretences.

There is a wild rumour afloat in Manchester, N.H., that John B. Harper, a tavern-keeper of that city, and a prominent member of the Clan-na-Gael, has been ordered to England by the Imperial Government to assist the Conservatives in the coming election.

Yesterday's London Sun, as reported in a special cable, says the political situation is somewhat easier owing to Mr. Gladstone's return. The Grand Old Man, according to the Sun, does not wish to defeat the Government before July next, so he has ordered his lieutenants not to hurry on a dissolution.

Lord Salisbury's declination to renew the modus vivendi in regard to the Berhing Sea dispute has proved a veritable bombshell in Washington official circles. Some members of the House and Senate Committees of Foreign Affairs are "horribly stuffed with the epithets of war," and talk of an armed resistance to seal-catching during the coming season.

AN ELOPEMENT IN WEST YORK.

Sensation at Fairbank and Forest Hill—The Hired Man Carries Off His Employer's Daughter.

Among the most highly respected residents of the third concession in West York may be counted the family of Mr. William Clarke, ex-fourth deputy reeve of York Township. Mr. Clarke is a wealthy farmer, who has several sons and two daughters, both of whom possess property in their own right not estimated at less than \$18,000 apiece.

Notwithstanding their comfortable pecuniary circumstances, the family have been accustomed to live in a careful and prudent manner, and the young people have seen very little of what is called "society." The attraction of the young ladies' society and the report of their good domestic qualities and handsome fortunes naturally drew occasional aspirants for their hands to the parental home, but it is reported that little encouragement was afforded to suitors by the head of the household, and that consequently, one after another, they fled in discouragement.

The idyllic peace of the home was rudely broken last week by the unexpected elopement of the eldest daughter, Miss Sarah Jane Clarke, with a man about four feet high rejoicing in the name of 'Bill Stewart,' who had been working for her father for about 12 months. The couple had carried on their courtship with unusual secrecy lest, for want of due precautions, the joys of "love's young dream" might be rudely interrupted by stern parental interference.

It is reported that on one occasion, when her father during last summer was very seriously ill, Miss Clarke went to the stable in tears and exclaimed, "Darling Bill, suppose anything happens to pa, will you marry me?" To this her lover responded "By— I will, as sure as your name's Sarah Jane."

On Thursday week an occasion for evading parental restrictions unexpectedly presented itself. It was eagerly availed of by the loving couple.

The family had been invited to a party at Mr. Denby's, on the second concession, just north of where the Belt Line Railway crossed. Sarah Jane started with the rest, but, pleading that she had a severe headache, was driven home, no one for a moment suspecting any ulterior purpose. When the young people returned to Mr. Clarke's house about 3 a.m. there was no Sarah Jane, and they searched "upstairs, downstairs and in my lady's chamber" without finding a trace of her. By and by it was discovered that Bill was also missing, and then it began to be realized that his billing and cooing and wooing had been carried on with so earnest a purpose as to prove once more that, though "the course of true love never did run smooth," yet "love laughs at locksmiths."

Two days later a polite missive was received from the bride, praying her relatives not to mourn her as one lost, telling them that she was legally married to Bill, and warning them that they need not send after her.—Deer Park Recorder.

Shocking Discovery at St. Petersburg.

Little more than two years ago the British community of St. Petersburg were greatly excited about the sudden and mysterious disappearance of Miss Harper, a young English lady living in the city as a governess. She happened to have an aunt also living in St. Petersburg, and one Sunday evening left her aunt's house to go and see her sister, who was visiting Russia at one of the large hotels. This was the last seen or heard of Miss Harper, and the most stringent investigations gave not a shadow of a clue as to her disappearance. The matter ceased to be talked about, but has suddenly been revived by a clue just found by the police in searching the barracks of the Horse Guards. As is known, several murders have been brought home to this regiment, and, amongst other articles, a prayer book with Miss Harper's name has been found in the barracks. The conclusion to be drawn from this discovery is too horrible to contemplate, and arouses a feeling of intense abhorrence in every mind. There is no doubt that the nearest road from the house to the hotel is past the door of the barracks where the outrages have occurred, and the spot is a lonely and dark one.

The Churches.

METHODIST, Cambridge St.—Rev. T. M. Campbell, Pastor. Services at 11 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School and Bible Class at 2.30. Classes at 10 A.M. Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 8 P. M. Young People's Christian Endeavor Society, every Friday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST, Queen Street.—Rev. Newton Hill, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Thursday at 7.30 P. M.

BAPTIST, Cambridge Street.—Rev. W. K. Anderson, Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Sabbath morning at 10.30 A.M. Sabbath School at 2.30 P. M. Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor Monday at 7.30 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.—All seats free.

ST. ANDREW'S (Presbyterian), William Street. Rev. Robert Johnston, B.A., Pastor. Services at 11.00 A.M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 3.00 P. M. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 8.00 P. M. Young People's Christian Circle Sabbath Morning at 10.15.

ST. PAUL'S (Church of England) Russell Street.—Rev. C. H. Marsh, Rector. Services at 11.00 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 2.30. Prayer Meeting Wednesday at 7.30 P. M.

ST. MARY'S (Roman Catholic) Russell Street.—Rev. Vicar-General Laurent, Pastor, Rev. Father Nolan, Curate. Services at 8.00 and 10.30 A. M. and 7.00 P. M. Sabbath School at 3.30 P. M.

Y. M. C. A., Rooms Cor. Kent and Cambridge sts. Open daily from 9.00 A. M. to 10.00 P. M. Prayer Praise meeting Saturday at 8 P. M. Young men's meeting Sunday at 4.15 P. M. Short addresses. Good singing. Young men always welcome. Dr. W. H. Clarke, President; C. K. Calhoun Gen. Secretary.

Search the Happy Homes of the County and You will find our Furniture.

It's a well recognized fact that daily surroundings have much to do moulding of character. If the home be neatly furnished the chances are that the good man will come home early o' nights and that the children will grow up refined and gentle.

YOUR HOMES CAN BE FURNISHED CHEAP Y nowadays compared with the outlay that would have been necessary a few years ago. Well-made Furniture was never cheaper in price than it is to-day—with us, at least.

WE WILL GIVE YOU A Handsome Parlor Suite for \$30, A Bed-room Suite for \$11,

A Sideboard for \$4.50, a Bureau for \$4, a Bedstead for \$2, or a Mattress and Springs for \$5. Common Chairs, Hall Furniture, etc., very low. We are making a special drive in Mattresses.

ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO. Furniture Dealers and Manufacturers, near the Market.

THE MARCH OF IMPROVEMENT.

Art in the household and beauty in the ordinary surroundings in life was the gospel propounded by the late Professor Ruskin and other elevators of the human mind, and to realize what progress has been made in this direction it is well worth while paying a visit to the magnificent show rooms of the old established furniture house of Messrs.

OWEN McGARVEY & Son. 1849-1853 Notre Dame Street. MONTREAL.

A walk through those spacious show rooms is a revelation; in fact they really amount in themselves to a Montreal Industrial exhibition in their line. Such must necessarily be the reflections of anyone who pays a visit to this firm's prominent establishment and makes a tour of inspection through their attractive warerooms.

Everything in the furniture line is to be found there, from a twenty-five cent chair to a fifteen hundred dollar bedroom set, and prices to suit everyone.

No one need despair; the millionaire can furnish his house from top to bottom with the finest and most costly, and his junior clerk can fill his little tenement with useful and pretty articles at prices to suit his more limited means.

On entering the well-known and extensive warerooms on Notre Dame street, the visitor is struck by the excellent display of Sideboards, Dining Tables, Hall Stands, Bookcases, Wardrobes, Library Tables, Writing Desks, and Easy and Combination Chairs of all descriptions.

On reaching the second floor a beautiful assortment of PARLOR FURNITURE

meets the eye, such as 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7 piece parlor suites. Odd piece suites, gilt chairs, corner chairs, ottomans, divans, tete-a-tetes, piano and foot-stools in plushes, brocatelles and silk damasks of all the newest and latest shades; also a full line of fancy centre, card and work-tables, statuette-stands, ladies writing desks, music stands and easels.

On the third floor a fine selection of Rocking, Easy and Reclining Chairs claims particular attention. The celebrated bent wood furniture imported from Vienna, Austria, and of which the Messrs. McGarvey make a specialty, also occupies a prominent position on this floor.

On the fourth floor bedroom sets in profusion are to be found from the cheap ash wood to the elegantly carved set valued at fifteen hundred dollars. Brass and iron furniture, of which they have just received a very large consignment from Birmingham, England, is an especially noticeable feature; handsome solid brass bedsteads and pretty cots for children from \$30 up to \$125—there they are of the newest designs; neat iron bedsteads as low as \$5, and rising to much higher figures, can also be found here. A great advantage in this house is that the price of every piece of furniture and article is marked in plain figures, but owing to the widening of Notre Dame street west, which will necessitate their removal next spring, they are now offering special inducements in the way of Discounts off the marked prices. The entire establishment is a model one, neatness and order prevailing everywhere; all available space is taken up to accommodate the enormous stock which they carry, and from which purchasers can select at their liberty. Their new passenger elevator will be found not only a great convenience, but also a luxury in its way to carry their customers to any of their six flats of show rooms.

The firmly established reputation of this well-known house is sufficient guarantee that outside show is only the last thing aimed at, and that stability and good value for money are to be found in the old established firm of Messrs.

Owen McGarvey & Son. 1849 and 1853 Notre Dame Street, corner of McGill street.