

Poetry.

Light.

BY W. H. FINNEY.

Light is a glorious boon, Commanded by heaven to shine, It decks the bright earth and the moon, In beauty unrivalled, divine. It hastens, at coming of dawn, To banish the hours of night; What beautiful pictures are drawn, With delicate pencils of light!

A Strike.

Once upon an evening dreary, As I pondered sad and weary, O'er the basket with the mending from the wash the day before, As I thought of countless stitches To be placed in little breeches, Rose my heart rebellious in me, as it oft had done before, At the fate that did condemn me, when my daily task was o'er To that basket evermore.

John, without a sign or motion, Sat and read the Yankee Notion, With no thought of the commotion, Which within me rankled sore. "He," thought I, "when day is ended, Has no stockings to be mended, Has no babies to be tended. He can sit and read and snore; He can sit and read and rest him; Must I work forever more? And my heart rebellious answered, "Never more, no, never more."

For though I'm but a woman, Every nerve within is human, Aching, throbbing, overworked, Mind and body sick and sore, I will strike. When day is ended, Though the stockings are not mended, Though my course can't be defended, Safe behind the closet door Goes the basket with mending, and I'll haunted be no more. In the daylight shall be crowded all the work that I will do; When the evening lamps are lighted, I will read the papers, too.

The Two Burdens.

Over the deep sea Love came flying; Over the salt sea Love flew sighing. Alas, O Love, for thy journeying wings! Through turbid light and sound of thunder, When one wave lifts and one falls under, Love flew as a bird flies, straight for warm springs.

Love reached the Northland and found his own; With budding roses and roses blown, And wonderful lilies, he wore their wreath; His voice was sweet as a tune that wells, Gathers and thunders, and throbs swells, And falls and lapses in rapturous death.

His hands divided the tangled boughs, They sat and loved in a moist-green house, With bird songs and sunbeams faltering through; One note of wind to each least tight leaf, O Love! those days they were sweet but brief— Sweet as the rose is, and fleet as the dew.

Over the deep sea Death came flying; Over the salt sea Death flew sighing. Love heard from afar the rush of his wings, Felt the blast of them over the sea, And turned his face where the shadows be, And wept for a sound of disastrous things.

Death reached the Northland and claimed his own; With pale, sweet flowers and wet winds blown, He wore for the forehead of one a wreath. His voice was sad as the wind that sighs Through cypress trees under rainy skies, When the dead leaves drift on the path beneath.

His hands divided the tangled boughs, One Love he bore to a dark, deep house, Where never a bridegroom may clasp his bride— A place of silence, of dust and sleep. What vigil there shall the loved ones keep, Or what cry of longings the lips divide? —Philip Bourke Marston.

A Grey Day in Naples.

The lazy waters of the tideless sea That murmur homage to Farthenope, Enveloped in November's cloak of brown, Ebb'd their bright azure, as the motley town Imports from Northern climes the low-toned dress Which masks awhile her laughing loveliness.

Southward the eye to-day can scarce divine The clear-cut range of Capri's mountain line. Dreaming that Autumn's spirit even thus Fell on the dark soul of Tiberius, And mourned with him the lights that disappear Out of the records of the dying year.

Yet still, when Colour fails, the grace of form Clasp the fair coast in her embraces warm, Even as to classic shapes inspired of Death, The sculptor's chisel lends a second breath, And in the courts of Naples bids again The ghosts of Caesars stand like living men.

So—when the sad but gracious veil of grey Falls so fitly, silent o'er the melting day Go teach thy thoughts in unison to turn To statued records and sepulchral urn, And feel that dullest hour can only shroud Eternal Beauty with a passing cloud.

Even as I write, against my window-pane Plash early heralds of the dewy rain, And to the sun-tired spirit sound confessed A kind of gentle parable of Rest. Aweary of the long internal strife Which surges still beneath the crust of Life,

And threatens all men in securest hour With some dread flash of the Destroyer's power. Till in a moment be to ruin hurled Their baby-hold upon their treasured world— The mind will crave, ere sultry evening From waste of fretful labour, dead repose.

So, e'er the treacherous beauty of a soil Quick with the live volcano's long turmoil, In sullen murmur hinting slow desire, And wrapping Nature in a lust of fire, Or threaten to upheave in sudden birth On ruins of herself unstable Earth, Careless of all the suffering of the few, So the great whole be to its mission true— Still ever and anon the Southern day Pales out in quiet folds of tender grey, As if, where first their angry watch they kept,

The very Titans in the prison slept. With them tired heart, sleep then, a little too, When restful cloud obscures the vaulted blue! If changeless sunshine flooded shore and sea, Where would the Spirit of the shadow be? —Herman Merivale in the Spectator.

AN ENOCH ARDEN.

The Thrilling Story of Alfred Cummings, who lost his Family.

From the Detroit Free Press.

The experience of Enoch Arden has had many repetitions, but few are more thrilling than one, some of the actors in which live in this city, and the culminating scene in which will occur to-day in a city not far from Detroit. It is simply another demonstration of the proposition that truth is stranger than fiction. The incidents in the following story are strange and thrilling enough to entitle them to a place in literature, and the fact that the actors are all flesh and blood makes it all the more interesting, with the additional attraction of a strong local flavor. The facts are as follows:—

"In June, 1862, Alfred Cummings, at that time a contractor and builder, of Chicago, and the possessor of a wife and five small children, three girls and two boys, laid aside the square and compass, donned the uniform of a union soldier, enrolled his name upon the scroll of his country's defenders, bade his wife and babies farewell and marched forth to battle for the preservation of the union. He participated in all the great battles fought by the "western division" during the summer of 1862-63. At Chattanooga he was wounded and taken prisoner, being listed as killed in the published reports of that great battle. After about eight months in the Southern hospitals and prisons he finally made his escape and succeeded in gaining the union lines. He rejoined his company before Atlanta, and was one of "Sherman's Bummers" in their memorable march to the sea. As soon as Sherman's army reached Savannah and communication was restored, he wrote to his wife in detail, giving an account of his capture and escape and the subsequent campaign, but, like many another, it was one of "the letters that never came." In the meantime his wife, believing him dead, and having a large family to support, married again, the ceremony being performed while the bullets were whistling about her husband's head at Savannah. Soon after the wedding they moved to another part of the city.

"At the close of the war Cummings returned to what was once his home. He ascended the steps and pulled the bell with anxious haste and awaited the answer to his summons. Strange faces gazed into his and an unfamiliar voice bade the stranger enter. His wife, his children were all gone no one knew whither. Heartbroken he turned away and began a weary search for his loved ones. He travelled all over the country and spent all his money trying to find a clue to their whereabouts. When his money was exhausted he went to work at his trade and earned some more. Then he started out again on his search. Not knowing that his wife had remarried, and had consequently changed her name, he worked at a great disadvantage and he finally became discouraged. He drifted to Leadville, made considerable money and spent it all as before, and returned to the west.

"One evening a short time ago he returned to the mining camp, having engaged in prospecting, and with a good deal of satisfaction, was telling the comrades that his latest claim had assayed \$500 to a ton. He was glad of this, because it would yield him all the money necessary to renew his search for his family. As he sat around the camp fire, his attention was attracted by a scrap of paper blowing along the ground. The greatest solace men who delve in lonely places is news of the outside world, and Cummings eagerly grasped the scrap and began to read it.

"It proved to be a fragment of the Detroit Free Press, and he found in it an account of the reception to be given by the Oddfellows of this city, and his heart gave a great bound as he saw among the names of those who were conducting the preparations for the reception that of John H. Cummings. This was the name of his eldest son, and he lost not a moment in starting for the City of the Straits. He arrived in the city last week. He found where John H. Cummings's place of business was and went there. It was the night of the Palmer banquet at the Russell House and John H. Cummings the inside steward of that house was hurrying around in the discharge of his duties. Suddenly he was confronted by a man who while showing the work of the hand of time was still rugged and hearty. The stranger peered eagerly into the young man's face momentarily, and then stretching out both hands cried:

"John, my boy, don't you know your father?" The mists cleared away and father and son, who had not seen each other for twenty-seven years, were clasped in each others arms. That night Alfred Cummings slept under the roof of his son at No. 14 Miller street, where he lives with his comely wife. The father related the story of his search, and finally how the Free Press had put him on the right trail. There was no happier spot in Detroit that night than the Cummings household. Now comes the denouement. A few years ago the second husband of Mrs. Cummings died and she has since lived in Toledo with her son, Chas. E. Cummings. All three daughters are married. One lives in Iowa. John H. Cummings has lived in Detroit for ten years, and for the past seven years has been inside steward of the Russell House, a position he fills with much ability. He is also a prominent Odd Fellow, being Past Grand of Sides Lodge 155. The best part of the whole

strange story now comes. While readers of the Free Press are reading these lines, a reunion is taking place in Toledo, and the husband and father, so long separated from his own, will once again take them to his heart. All the members of the family will be present, and no more happy people will be found in the Maumee city than that re-united family. Alfred Cummings is now 58 years of age, but still robust. He will return to the west and resume his mining operations, having struck a rich lead.

A Wooden Leg.

The owner of a place on Second avenue stood in his barn door on the alley the other day, when a man with a wooden leg and a crutch came along and passed the time o' day and finally said: "Say, I want you to do me a favor. I want to leave my leg with you for a few minutes." "Why?" "I want to go around on Second avenue and work a house for half a dollar in money. I've got a pointer that the folks are very sympathetic. If I go with one leg I'm sure of it." "Very well; just leave your leg here and I'll take care of it." The wooden substitute was unstrapped and handed over, and the cripple used the crutch to help himself down the alley. Five minutes later he rang the door bell of a house around the avenue, to have it opened by the man he had seen at the barn. "W—wha—what!" he gasped in astonishment. "Very sympathetic family lives here!" quickly replied the other. "You seem to have met with a sad loss, and I'm anxious to help you. Here is a wooden leg which may fit you." The leg was handed over, the man sat down on the steps and strapped in on, and as he got up and stumped through the gate, he said to himself: "I've heard of coincidences ever since I was knee-high to hop toad, but this is the first one that ever hit me with both feet at once!"

Church Weddings.

The bridal party should leave the house in the following order: In the first carriage, the bride and her father; in carriages that follow, the bridesmaids, members of the family usually precede the bridal party to the church. At the church the ushers head the bridal party to the altar; the bridesmaids usually come next, and then the maids of honor, but commonly there are not both bridesmaids and maids of honor. Then comes the bride upon the arm of her father or elder relative. The natural place of the maid or maids of honor, if there are also bridesmaids, would be after the bride, but individual tastes and preference govern these details, very few marriages being in all particulars exactly alike. The groom and best man enter from the vestry and stand at the altar, the groom in readiness to receive the bride from her father's hand. The bridesmaids take their place at the side of the bride, and the maids of honor behind her. After the ceremony the bride and groom lead the procession out.

If it is intended to exclude all but invited guests cards of admission must be issued. Print on the card the name of the church and date and hour of ceremony. For each married couple in a family one invitation may be sent. Each single adult member of the family should receive an invitation. "Mr. and Mrs. John Smith," should always be the style of address to a couple invited to be present.—Washington Star.

Our Children's Eyes.

A mother sends the following, wise words: Allow me to say a few words in regard to the children's eyes. Years ago, when the children studied their lessons from their books, we did not hear very much about their eyes giving out. Let us consult our blackboards and see what they can tell us about this world-wide subject. Dear parents and guardians all over this broad land, how many hours through the day are your little children in school staring at a blackboard, upon which are placed by the teacher most of the lessons for the day, many times the lines being so fine and pale that they could not be easily read more than one-half or two-thirds across the room, but the children are required to see them all the way across the room and from the remotest corners. Many of the children when first looking at the board do not see much of anything, but by looking very sharp for a few seconds the lines reveal themselves. This, my friend, means weakened or diseased optic nerves, possibly no eyes at all, in all depending upon the severity of the strain. Even when the work is quite distinct, for children who have naturally weak eyes the distance many times is so great that the air waves coming between the poor, tired eyes and the board cause the lines to waver and flicker, and especially is this the case when the air is poor and the ventilation bad. Anything put on the board for children to see, whether old or young, should have large proportions and broad, clear lines throughout, so no extra efforts will have to be made to discover it. There is a great difference in eyes; one child can readily see what another child cannot do without the fatal strain. I know whereof I speak, for my own eyes were nearly destroyed through the same practise, and I know others who have suffered a like fate.

NIGHT.—How absolute and omnipotent is the silence of the night! And yet the stillness seems almost audible. From all the measureless depths of air around us comes a half sound, a half-whisper, as if we could hear the crumbling and falling away of earth and all created things, in the great miracle of nature; decay and reproduction, ever beginning, never ending; the gradual lapse and running of the sand in the great hourglass of time!

"You look tired, Miss Brown. Too much dancing?" "Oh, dear me, no! But we gave what is called an 'engaged dinner' last week, where eight betrothed couples were invited, and afterward they retired to eight different corners of the two rooms and whispered all the evening, and it reminded papa and mamma so much of their own courtship that they went out and sat on the stairs and left me alone. Do you wonder I still look tired?"—Funny Folks.

"Patnt." A shoemaker on Grand River avenue painted his door the other day and hung out a sign "Paint." Pretty soon a man came along and opened the door and asked: "What sort of paint, and how do you sell it?" "It's paint on the door," was the reply. "Oh, that's it! Better change your sign, then." The shoemaker took in the sign, and hung up one reading, "Paint on the door." He had hardly done so when a second man accosted him with: "Is that all? Why didn't you paint the casings, too? Looks mighty stingy, and I'd change that sign." The shoemaker reflected for a while, and then made a new sign reading, "Look out for paint." It wasn't a quarter of an hour before a farmer came in with an old boot to mend, and as he rubbed his shoulder against the door he indignantly exclaimed: "How did I know where to look for this infernal nuisance?" The man went out and removed the sign and tore it up, and as he returned to the bench he said: "That's what a fellow gets for trying to satisfy the public. Now let the door take care of itself."—Detroit Free Press.

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