### Boetrn.

Get Out of the Rut.

Once a Christian was heard to remark In a somewhat self-satisfied way, "I am glad that I am what I am And where I am also to-day."

A preacher who heard the remark, And had heard it for years, we may say In experience meetings, and such, From church members, both cleric and

Felt constrained at this juncture to rise, As before he had oft felt inclined, And reply in the following strain, Which, he hoped, they would not think

"Brother, tell us where are you and what Kind of life do you live day by day? Are you living and growing and strong, If not, tell us why not I pray?

"Is your temper improving? If so, You'll have better control of your

And something fresh always to say; Now, how are you getting along?

"You have said you have your ups and

But when up, how high do you climb? And, when down, how low do you sink, leaves. And how long stay down at a time?

"We have frequently heard you confess That you do things you ought not to do, And leave things quite often undone, That you seem every Sunday to rue.

"But what are the things you have done For, open confession, they say, Does good to the soul, more than all You can say in a general way.

"Do you mean you drink whiskey, or take In a horse trade a kind neighbour in? Do you always speak kind to your wife, And fault finding hold as a sin?

"Are you worldly, and selfish, and mean, Or, kind and forgiving, and good? Are you gentle and Christlike at home, Or gruff, and repellant, and rude?

"Kindly ponder these thoughts when

And keep striving to follow the Lamb. And you'll say something more to the Next time, than, I am what I am."

O you class meeting people, who run So frequently into a rut,

Stop, think, is it truthful at all? Had I not better keep my mouth shut. Till the Lord gives me something to say

That will help some poor soul in sore And redound to the glory of God

Who would have me a Christian indeed? -Packet.

## NIXON.

After a while, from the nebulæ of men I met, two resolved into positive friends, whom it was a pleasure to that pricks one's fingers when suddenly meet. All the world professed to see my preference for George Buckingham. He was what Sallie Venarr and her set call handsome; his beauty attracted, his manner flattered me. He grew infatuated, but I only amused; either because I was sure of him, and puzzled by his friend, or from the instinct of coquetry. I always favored Mr. Nixon. About this latter personage there was. at this time, something extremely pro, voking. I, continually on the verge of an active dislike of him, was never to arrive at any positive state of mind, I thought. He touched me on my sorest points, handled my opinions roughly, but pleased me, as no one else had done, at times.

But it was from George Buckingham I gained that half-adoring admiration | self the whole of an evening." no woman can ever utterly withstand; the world, and the ways of its men, as I.

When Fanny, my only sister and dearest friend, married Professor the young man; then, "I beg your George," I began, my voice trem-Ogden, I followed her from our painful seclusion into another life. Society bewitched me. My sister let me grow of compliment, is it not?" like a fern in the hot shade, and I put out all manner of premature fronds. "Good evening, Mr. Buckingham." Holding both my hands-"I ex-She had been restricted until the very She seated herself at a table, and pected something like this, Rose," he praise and admiration for the country glance of her eye became deprecatory; began to work. We tried to talk, but interrupted, "but you gave me your she meant to give me the freedom never known by herself. So I winged my way. I allowed George Bucking- negative. There was no rising above You promised me, Rose." ham to wrest concessions from me, and it to-night. We were all glad when I bent my head. wondered why Nixon, from the most Professor Ogden and Nixon answered "You expect too much of yourself; attentive, though provoking of cavaliers, scarcely approving, yet never absent, had become the most indiffer ent of friends.

dreamy mood before the fire, was look- Fannie's eyes coursed him; something be happy with you; but you don't." ing out at the amber west, and won- did not suit her. That night she "Oh, how very young we both were! West, where there was room for a nation. dering whence came that peculiar hesitatingly prefaced, green tint seen in no other but a winter's sky. My brother-in-law came ham is here a great deal." to the door and put the dear old face inside. "is Fan asleep?" dropping his voice. There's young Buckingham then, keep him to tea, Rosey; Nixon walkings to the gate." and I will meet him there."

I rose, shaking myself as discon- him home.' tentedly as Zeph does when roused "You don't want to help it," she mistake? Should not such an error be from his nap on the Turkey rug, and said, with a sigh. "He is desperately expiated by pain. followed down the stairs. Mr. Nixon in love, and you encourage him. I "Very well George, if you are sat- were getting a better class of people who bow was the sole exchange between us; with students; if you can't give | "Satisfied! I should rather think out before were so well satisfied that the I measured my manner by his. I had him a hint, let me." thought him presumptuous on slight favor; he should never count on mine so surely. He opened the door of the her cheek as she looked up to me.

for; I found tranquil indifference, which | pletely? did not alter as he witnessed Mr. Buckingham's elastic start towards me.-his seizure of my hand.

"You don't look pleased to see me, Miss Carhampton," said George, as the door closed.

"Don't I? It's not so long a time since I've had that pleasure that I can be violently agitated on the subject. You were here this morning."

"Only to bring back Bryant; I did not stay a moment."

"I thought women only were unsound in their estimate of time. You never are correct in yours; it was fortytwo minutes, sir, you stayed, and had to run to your recitation; I saw you from the side window."

send me off."

a damask flush in the half-shut centre

his peculiar, half hesitating tone-

a lovely rose."

and, walking to the door, said:-

"I must get a vase of water for the flower; come into the other room, Mr. Buckingham, it is much pleasanter."

He came after in a very dissatisfied way, and was thrown off the track for that evening, at least.

"How is Miss Venarr?" I asked, as I filled a Pompeian vase with water. "I saw you out walking with her yesterday. Is her ankle well, or does it still need attendance.?" He hastened to explain.

"I overtook her crossing the Park; I didn't even ask. Do you know Nixon has taken her up?"

"I thought he could spare no time from his studies to attend to destitute young women; at least, he hinted as

"He can find time enough; he says he is determined to find out what is in that girl he says she flirts too much." "She will be shown new points in her philosophy if Mr. Nixon undertakes plexed George, in the midst of some her improvement."

"Do you want to know what he says of you?" asked Buckingham, with a smile in his blue eyes.

"Well, what is it?"

"I almost forget. You are a rose or wrongly touched, full of thorns, but of a most sweet savor."

"Did he say all that?" was my light rejoinder, but somehow I felt grieved. "Yes, and more; but I must not tell

you the rest, it will make you angry." of course I was doubly anxious to hear the reserve, but Buckingham kept his friend's counsel.

talking us over. Why doesn't Mr. mind at rest forever, sunk to its level. Nixon write a tract, he has become My duty lay plain; by whatever wretchsuch an ardent missionary to young ed mistaking of myself I had given an ladies? Do ask him, with my compli- unconditional promise, I was bound to given or received."

was to keep you."

Here entered Fanny, with a dignified | call it a college flirtation, and-" found it a hard matter, for Fan, when word. You know I never can release she was pleased, was the most perfect you; that bond cannot be cancelled. in some scientific subject.

"Rose, seems to me Mr. Bucking-

I drew myself up for a lecture.

"Well, Mrs. Fanny, what of it?" "Five times a week, Rose, to say

was waiting for his professor; a low hate to have your name so connected isfied-"

"Oh !" A delicate, annoyed flush faded from

"I did not."

thought it must be some haughty way of yours that had wounded him."

"Fanny, Mr. Nixon takes up young ladies to study as the Germans do bugs, who, when the examination is finished, let the unhappy being fly, or transfix Nixon it by a pin, as they choose. I suppose Mr, Nixon has closed his study of me, lost the least chance of gaining informor his interest in the problem has flagged. I can't bear him, and I do like George Buckingham."

nounced the professor, who stood with silent, slippered feet behind; "I like young Buckingham, too. Mrs. Fanny, said she. what whim have you in your head?"

Yes, I thought I loved him. As we "Come, don't be severe on a poor think of our first love I thought of fellow. If you want me to go now, him. Youth, beauty, and a host of you would not." unexplained sympathies bewitched me. "I am forbidden. Oh, Mr. Buck- It was dearly sweet to be watched over; ingham! where did you get that lovely to have every word or gesture become how the new expression suits." rose?" I exclaimed, for the first time of infinite importance; to see in softennoticing an exquisite cream-color, with ing eyes how complete was my triumph. | than I do," deprecated the young lady.

Now I have outgrown the self of that time, and wonder at my blindness. He gave it into my hand saying, in But now was not then. My sincerity was equal to my delusion. He led me "I wish the professor would give me to talk, for love made him sympathetic; I would lay my heart and mind open At this I blushed like a fool; he to the dimmest corners (and some were looked at me just long enough to make very dim indeed), hardly noticing that it worse, then gently took my hand, his answers were too often by the eyes which I quickly snatched from him, alone. There comes a time in the history of some natures-call it a kind of refined egotism-when they must speak of doubt and essay, hope and failure. One confides on paper to the public; I to the one who loved to listen, and who fully understood me, I believed. What man ever comprehends too often, to torture me and carry on the woman nearest his heart? He her pretty warfare. guesses at her, accepts, admires, but never knows "one-half the reason why she smiles or sighs."

I soon recovered from my absurd belief in George's superhuman apprehension, but not until I had promised to marry him. The tremendous question had come at last, that had been silently asked and answered every day for the last two months. I think, even then, he would never have brought the matter to the touch had it not been for Mr. Nixon. I saw some delicate finessing on that gentleman's part. He took it into his head to covet my attention again, and often interrupted and preconfidential statement. A feeling of uneasiness gave the lagging mind decision. I had promised to marry him; there was the unalterable fact. I could not avoid it, shrink as I might. Six months of delicious confusion had passed-now the turmoil was over; I resumed old employments with a zest; circumstances ceased to hinge on him. I took the dimensions of my hero. Because I could criticize, was I no longer in love? In vain I tried to swing back to the old feelings-they had died out; there was nothing but the ashes of a flimsy passion.

The suspense that had kept him a "You must have a charming time little better than himself was over; his

"Oh, you're vexed with him! I'm He came, with his shawl over his quoth he, "and about as effective. glad of it. I have felt like pitching arm, to bid me good bye. It was our There is no use now in begging an exhim out of the window many a time first separation—the beginning of a planation of some misty points on which when I've seen him keep you to him- series; for, until that fortune was made I have lost all right to ponder. Accept I was to share, we would be much me now as your friend's friend.' "Don't you get savage; he is to be apart. He looked at me from his certainly not a young girl as new to here to tea, and the professor said I height, so handsome, so miserable, so tender, that the test words I had re-"The professor is a brick," ejaculated solved to speak half died away.

> bling in spite of my care, "do you "Oh, you needn't; a brick is a term think we feel for one another as we used? Had we not better, after all,

the tea summons still out of soundings you have read too many romances; I always thought your ideas too high-Afterwards I went off to a side flown. Don't think how you ought to is past, and there is no doubt but that any light and a sofa, and George followed, feel, but just keep firm. I know you It grew towards tea-time. I, in a under pretence of holding my worsted. love me, but if you hated me I could

> "O no, no!" I hastened to answer. "Rosey, if you could change, it would be the ruin of me. My life and hopes are in your keeping." His eyes

were cloudy with tears. down stairs; you must look after him, nothing of chance encounters, and man's nature under yours so, by every thrall make him doubly your own, and any foothold. As to the Crofter immi-"I can't help it Fan; I can't send when there is no escape for him, find out for yourself that you have made a

I was. Never speak so again, Rosey, unless you want to drive me crazy."

So the bonds were clenched. parlor without a word, and, as I passed Perhaps I am foolish, dear, but I tossed my trouble, for the nonce, into mily not only expressed their willingness, in one short glance I stole at his face. wish it were otherwise with you. Why the future, and turned to the figures but were anxious to go.

I don't know what expression I looked did you rebuff Mr. Nixon so com- coming up the avenue. ? Sallie Venarr, swinging her parasol, and talking, according to custom, to Mr. Nixon. "Something has changed him; I She had just met Mr. Buckingham, with such a doleful face, and couldn't help coming to have a peep at mine. Was horror stricken at my composure.

"Miss Carhampton never looks as one may expect, I've noticed," said Mr.

"Do I?" asked Sallie, who never ation about herself.

and smiling," he explained, as he saw "There was an honest girl," pro- she did not understand his allusion. Sallie pulled on a sober mask. "I believe I am sober only in church,

> "Hardly then." "How do you know?" she retorted.

"If you were minding your prayers, "Perhaps I pray to one fair saint,

and therefore look at her. Let me see "Rose looks much more like a saint

"I think so, most emphatically, Miss Venarr; you are a very pretty sinner though," Still keeping his eyes Bargain.

I was angry for her. How could she allow any man to address her in that tone of half sarcastic compliment, and look down into her eyes till they drooped from a feminine instinct! I half envied her insouciance. Like an insect angel, she sported all day long. I never saw her hands at work, never knew her to be in a hurry; day after day she came with the same swinging walk and happy idleness of demeanor. She affected Fan, and brought Nixon

"Don't forget my party, Thursday night, Rose," was her injunction. "I'm sorry Mr. Buckingham could not be with you; you will have such a stupid

"Explain the reason," Nixon de-

"Why," she answered, with a charming moue, "because engaged girls always do have. Nobody wants to dance with them. There's no fun in

"Indeed," said Mr. Nixon, with an odd intonation in his tone.

Sallie's house was within sight, and before I left the piazza Mr. Nixon came back and talked to me till I felt like writing a poem. It was one of the old time interviews photographed. I wondered for the thousandth time what had so strangely changed him, for I chinked the current coin.

"You have concluded to forgive me, I conclude," said he in a livelier tone.

"Forgive yeu. For what?" "I thought you knew; your manner has kept me off for months. It is only. since your engagement has become a settled fact that you have dispensed havn't objected to." Carrie had evidently not been purchasing her kinder influences. I am back in your good graces, I hope, if I cannot stand where I did before you made Buckingham so happy."

I did not stop to puzzle over his

"Coldness is as subtile as the plague,"

To be concluded next week.

## Pleased With the North-West.

Mr. Thomas Skinner, of London, Eng., director of the Canadian Pacific railway, Royal Commissioner of Crofter immigration, and chairman of the Canadian North-West Land Company, has just returned from a trip with Mr. Van Horne through the Canadian North-West. He is staying at the Windsor, and has nothing but visited. "I am not an enthusiast," said, "and am usually very careful in giving my opinion, but I must acknowledge that I was astonished at what I had seen. have ever been made in England regarding it. The prospects are simply grand and the possibilities unlimited. The time of doubt about the country's future amount of capital will be invested." Referring to the annexation cry, he said that it seemed ridiculous to anyone who had seen the resources of the great Norththey would try to convince the natives! that annexiation was the thing, and the more American capital was being invested to prevent the Americans from obtaining to public view. gration, he thought thrt the scheme was found to be a success. Last year they were hampered by the delay in obtaining money allotted for that purpose, but this year everything was going smoothly. They had some money, and those who had gone and this is not saying a great deal. letters which they had sent home had almost done away with the necessity of an agent; and where last year the people had to be convinced that it would be to their Was it a sigh of relief I drew as I advantage to move, now family after fa-

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NDERSON, NUCENT & CO. Kent St., Lindsay.

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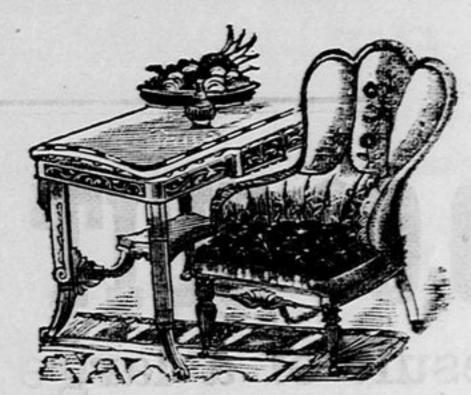
A crowd in Atlanta, in Atlanta, in Atlanta, in Ed., idat air Chatteet want dis yer one him, an' I'll he de rat.

Locor

What a Correspondent says of The House of

# OWEN McGARVEY & Son.

What the Proper Application of Printers' Ink has Produced -A model piece of Furniture that Captured Foreign Medals.



That the success of every business man depends upon his ability to advertise cannot be gainsaid. Indeed the efficacy of printers' ink lies in its proper application. The man who knows how to advertise the goods he really keeps, and not the goods he does not keep, is the man who will thrive best. Many merchants nowadays judiciously spread their advertisecould not believe the opinions I had ment all over a popular newspaper; but when the buyers visit their places they find that uttered of him, after all. Suddenly he | their best goods exist only on paper. This class of men know how to pay for an "ad." but they do not know how to advertise. It is a rare thing to find a house that comes up to its advertisement in these times, and rarer still are those that the advertisement does not come up to. During my travels in search of news I have found one of the rarer specimens, and the way I happened to find it was through the following unique advertisement:

"Carrie, dear,"

sid her father, and he said it with a good deal of satisfaction, "William asked me for your hand last night, and I consented." "Well, Pa, that's the first bill of mine you

## Household Furniture

from OWEN McGARVEY & SON, Nos. 1849, 1851 & 1855; Notre Dame Street, or there would have been no objection to the bills sent. Owen Metiorrey & Son carry a most complete stock of parlor, dining-room, library and faacy articles, such as the most beautiful "I am conscious of no grievance, odd-piece suites, in plushes of all the newest shades, with ladies' desks, cosels, statuette tables, gilt chairs, ottomans and piano stools, with the newest and largest assortment of rattan rockers, easy chairs, reclining chairs, swing cots, cribs, and a full line of the very much admired bent furniture from Vienna, Austria, and their prices are acknowledged the chearest-quality considered-in the city; and to provide for Carrie and Willie's further and future wants, we have now daily arriving, the very finest stock of

## BABY CARRIAGES AND PERAMBULATORS

ever on view in this city, varying in price from 7, 8.50, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 26, 30, 35, 40, 45, 50, 60, 75 and up to 85 dollars, the highest priced ones the finest styles and finish yet made in the United States, will be found at Owen Metiarrey & Son's oldest and argest furniture store in the city.

When I read this advertisement my curiosity was naturally aroused, and I went to McGarvey's expecting to find, as I had found elsewhere, the best of his goods to existeen paper; but I was mistaken. I found that the advertisement did not come up to the house, and that it takes six spacious flats to hold the very best of his goods which are not mentioned in the advertisement. For example, there is no mention made of the pieces of furniture that captured foreign medals at the various exhibitions. There is a mention m de of the fact that Owen McGarvey & Son can furnish a house from bottom to top, but there is no mention made of the fact that the goods are substantially the stock from which the samples are taken that brought the firm several bronze and silver medals, together with a dioloma for exquisite workmanship. The prizes were awarded by the Paris, Belgium and Indian Colonial Exhabitions. Mr. McGarvey, who by the way is a most affair and the can, took me through every one of his six flats, where I had the pleasure of inspecting some of the finest furniture and that it surpasses any statements that I have ever seen, and that's saying a good deal when the fact is considered that I have seen some of the very best New York affords. The pieces of furniture that took the prizes, a cut of which is given above, consists of a drawing room chair and a centre table.

The table is made of ebony, with sides of free ornamental scrollwork carving, the legs similarly treated, to which brass claws are attached, and the chair is of that kind known as wire backed, upholstered very richly in crimson and old gold broatelle

The real merit and beauty of these articles is beyond my power of description. In order that the rea beauty of the elegant furniture may be seen to advantage, Mr. McGarrey has a portion of his second flat divided into apartments. These are furnished with some of his best furniture in such a way as to resemble a palatial dwelling. A parlor, diningroom, bed-room and even the hall-way are so luxuriously arranged as to suggest the rich Still, the more the Americans became blessings of a home made beautiful by the exquisite touch of the experienced housewife. These aware of the riches it contained, the more apartments are models of perfection, and any housekeeper who gets a view of them will turn green with envy.

After making a tour of the various departments on the upper flats we made a descent the more successful they were in this. The | in the handsome elevator to the first floor, where the pleasant recollection of childhood days Is it not cruel treachery to bring a first remedy would be for English capital came up before me like a dream, when I beheld the perfect genes of body carriages displayed

> I wished a wish-but then 'tweere vain. To wish one's self a child again.

I must confess that never since I was an "infant terrible" was I so completely carried away with a baby carriage. I will not attempt to describe any one in particular, but will venture to say that any one of them would take a prize at an exhibition if held to-morrow

J. A. ARNEAUX

# OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,

1849, 1851, and 1853 Notre Dame Street, Montreal,