

Work and win.
TO THE W. C. T. U., BY ELLEN E. SHARPE.
Toil ye on, ye noble workers, toiling 'neath
the lurid sun,
For your days will grandly brighten, when
the temperance battle's won.

She who saves her child from ruin, from
the wiles of Satan's craft,
Saves him from the threatening danger, of
the luring, tempting draught.

Till she sees in him what's noble, Godly,
sober, honest, true,
She shall win a brighter laurel than was
won on Waterloo.

Ear hath heard the bitter wailings of a
mother for her son,
Who begins his journey downward, simply
taking wine in fun.

When the last sad play was acted—when
the fatal bolt was drawn,
As she wildly shrieked in anguish, Oh,
my son! my son is gone.

Eye hath seen the blighted orphan tossed
by tribulation's wave,
While his father lay unhonored in the
drunkard's lonely grave.

Wearily are the lonely vigils of the one
that's doomed for life,
As she trembling waits the coming of the
wretch who calls her wife.

Or, when she mild and hunger, lulls
her sick babe on her breast,
While she tells it cold and hunger, enter
not the land of rest.

Who hath heard the Saviour's mandate
"Love thy neighbor as thyself,"
Let her not be ruled by leasure, petty
pomp, or pride, or self.

Let us all be up and doing, with our hearts
well filled with love,
Being wise as e'er the serpent, harmless
as the gentle dove.

Enter in yon dingy hovel, see the proof of
sorrows told;
See the drunkard's little children, hungry,
destitute and cold.

See the haggard, careworn mother watch-
ing o'er each tender child;
See the wretched, drunken father, roaring
in the tremens wild.

All around that gloomy dwelling every
phase of progress fags,
Everything within is broken, every inmate
clad in rags.

Some will say 'tis but delusion, that the
colors are too deep,
Will they solve this simple problem,
"Why do wives and mother's weep?"

Why, oh why is woe prevailing? Why
has man no higher aim?
Than to sink beneath the level of the
brute in vice and shame.

'Tis because our country license man to
ruin fellow man,
'Tis because the liquor traffic, frustrates
every noble plan.

Women, wave the temperance banner till
it floats from sea to sea,
Then we'll write in golden letters "Rum
is captive man is free."

Then we'll have true British freedom—
man a man and not a slave,
There'll be no more pauper children, no
more drunkards for the grave.

Toil ye on, ye noble workers, toil ye till
the battle's won,
And your days will grandly brighten when
your toiling here is done.

LINDSAY, Sept. 2nd, 1889.

A New Version of Paul and Virginia.

Concluded from last week.

Now the trees threw away their red and yellow leaves, and the days grew very short. Miss Rachel was reading a letter which made her cheeks redder like Virginia's, fresh from a frolic in the wind. The same news gave unutterable joy to two of the party, ill-concealed discomfort to the third, for Paul, that dear, that dreaded being, was coming home. What made Virginia pause before her mirror longer than usual that night, querying how she would strike a stranger? What made her hasten with her autumn sewing and try on her last winter's dresses to see which was most becoming? Miss Rachel commenced a vigorous putting of the house in order, and Virginia thought more of herself, and less of her woods and outdoor amusements.

The day was lovely, with a fascinating haziness in the atmosphere inducing a subtle languor, a dreamy mood; Virginia yielded to it, and, arrayed in a half-worn dress and gipsy hat, devoted herself to the enjoyment of one more ramble in the grove bordering the lawn. At last she spied a seat high up in the branches of a huge tree, accessible by a ladder which she coaxed the gardiner to bring. This she reached with scratched hands and torn dress, and soon in her brown seat became ingrossed with a story-book found in the drawing-room and a pocketful of apples gathered on the way. We all know the pleasures of fruit and a good story; imagine them in a tree on a warm, entrancing day. When Virginia at length looked up, she saw, carved on a branch at her side, the name of Paul. Vexed at this discovery, she uttered a contemptuous exclamation; and, drawing from her pocket a dull penknife, began to inscribe underneath, in larger characters, the word Virginia, as if to assert her superior right to the tree. Most intent was she on her occupation; she had

reached the last *i*, and had broken off the point of the blade in making the dot, when she heard some one ascending her ladder, and, looking up, with perfect consternation, beheld at the topmost round the familiar, yet strange, the ugly, yet undeniably handsome face of the veritable Paul! Nor was her confusion lessened when she felt that his eyes were resting on the freshly cut letters in his own favorite branch and tree. "Allow me to make the *a*," he said, gravely; "I have a better knife." So she sat with a deeper color than ever flushed her face before while he, with a few sharp strokes, completed the pretentious Virginia.

The descent by a ladder from a tree is by no means a graceful proceeding. Virginia felt very unlike a heroine, very unlike the dignified ward advancing to meet her guardian, which scene she had often depicted in her fancy, when she gave him her cold scratched hand that he might help her down. Rushing into the hall precipitately, to gain her room as soon as possible, she encountered Miss Rachel, dressed in a grand silk and new headdress, with beautiful lace about her neck and wrists. Virginia was filled with fresh confusion, in her shabby calico and forlorn hat. Turning around to apologize humbly, she saw her guardian's amused look, and darted, without a word, up the staircase. Of what use would it be now to array herself in the crimson frock? Nevertheless, when the tea-bell rang, Virginia was quite presentable; nothing but the rich color reminded one of the tree-nymph; and very demurely she went through the introduction: "Miss Ravenel—my brother, Mr. McAlpine."

In the evening Paul sat close by his mother's chair, and gave an outline of his wanderings, a description of the voyage; Miss Rachel asked many questions, and made many comments; Virginia heard everything in silence, and was apparently overlooked as she quietly bent over her sewing near the shaded lamp. Occasionally she thought how miserable it is to stay in a family where you have no claim or how much he talks of himself! Once in a while she was really diverted, and laughed with the rest. Of every other object in the room the traveller seemed very mindful; he examined the plants on the flower-stand, and played all evening with a geranium leaf; he spoke of the minutest changes in the room, and smiled at the locked bookcase. "My books will be glad to see me, I think; no one else seems to care for them," Virginia involuntarily looked up, appropriating the accusation, and gave her guardian one of the glances she had frequently bestowed on the portrait in his absence. Then followed personal inquiries about friends; there were many bits of news to tell. Virginia was not interested; she folded her work, and placed her thimble in its ivory box, the scissors in their sheath.

Her guardian said in a half-questioning, half-commanding tone: "You will stay; I was about to read a Psalm." He rose as he spoke, placed a Psalter on a carved reading-stand, and read in a melodious way, a few verses; they seemed few, because the tone was musical and the meaning well rendered. When Virginia heard the door of the long-closed room unlocked, a very small hour of the night had struck, yet all the time she had been thinking of the returned traveller, and if she ever could like him. By each plate at the breakfast-table was a tiny bouquet, fresh from the conservatory; and in passing through the hall Virginia had seen two horses, saddled, at the door; her heart beat quicker when she noticed that one was prepared for a lady.

"You are not afraid of a cold ride, I trust, Miss Ravenel?" asked the horses' owner. And Virginia's eyes danced with joy, in spite of Miss Rachel's remonstrances about the frothy morning and gay steed. Quickly equipped in the pretty riding-habit and jaunty hat, Virginia fearlessly jumped on the saddle, and took her first ride on the coveted horse. The exhilaration of the ride did not leave her during the day; even when she heard them unpacking Paul's boxes in the mother's room, she was quite satisfied to be amusing herself. Very soon she was called to see the pretty souvenirs, and was allowed, at Paul's suggestion, to take the wrappings from some bronzes, and arrange the engravings in portfolios. Mrs. McAlpine held in her lap a pile of glossy satin, which she stroked fondly, and begged Virginia to admire, telling her that she should save it to wear at Paul's wedding. Virginia wondered if the bride was already chosen. She glanced a little curiously at her guardian, and met a roughish smile, too indefinite to be interpreted. Amongst the beautiful and costly gems of art that strewed the floor, Virginia perhaps paused to examine most frequently a pair of mosaic bracelets, set elaborately in Etruscan gold, and representing many scenes in Italy—in fact, being a miniature picture-gallery of Rome. However, she only stopped to look at them when her guardian was very close by; for worlds she would

not have seemed to envy one trifle brought over the water. Miss Rachel employed her in dusting knickknacks and filling baskets with refuse paper and straw; she had long ago found out that Virginia could be trusted. Paul evidently planned the disposition of all the bijoux, and after dinner hung the new pictures, while Virginia was permitted to hold the brass knobs, and make suggestions about the light. Several times her choice governed the arrangement, although Paul had the air of a connoisseur. Before sunset, this avalanche of pretty things had melted away into the house; only one trunk of less valued relics remained to be stored away.

Miss Rachel carried many presents to her own room; the library was a little crowded; Mrs. McAlpine rejoiced over laces and shawls; the servants exulted in their remembrances; Virginia saw the gardiner working in a new Scotch cap; she stood by the window looking at the dry leaves, and pretended she was very glad to be forgotten. The door of the library was now wide open; nothing would tempt her to enter; she heard the rustling of a newspaper, and caught a glimpse of a bright fire in the grate. Paul was again at home in his old places. Through the dining-room door she saw Miss Rachel, with keys in her hand, taking out sweetmeats for tea, busy and pleased. She seemed out of place as she walked up and down the long hall, wondering what she was made for, and if she should ever have a home to make happy. Music was always her resource in the twilight; she had played an hour old snatches of songs, sad airs full of pathos, and then tinkling melodies like the dripping of a brook through the ravine; she suited her varied moods as thoughts rose and died within her; she played idly, and yet revealed her character. The tea-bell drew her from the piano and a dark figure from the sofa in the adjoining drawing-room; it preceded her through the hall. She felt that kind of indignation that takes possession of one when a stranger is found peeping into a letter or listening at the door.

Paul had letters to write; why need he bring his portfolio into the parlor, and usurp the table while she, having no reasonable excuse to offer, was obliged to read aloud the evening papers, being assured that nothing disturbed the penman? Of course she imagined that he heard every word; what she read sounded silly or dull; in rather an unamiable mood she entered her room, and going to the dressing-table to brush out her long hair found thereon a morocco casket containing on its satin lining those beautiful bracelets, in memory of the land where her father had died.

Virginia pushed them away contemptuously, then sat down and cried; she did not like presents given from duty, it was not necessary to include her in his charities, and these bracelets she certainly liked least; if he must give anything, why should he select these ornaments? The difficulty of thanking the giver then occupied all her thoughts; should she write a note, or stammer forth her gratitude? At all events, she would wait until she saw him alone; she would never wear them, on that she was resolved; jewels were worthless unless given by one you loved. In Paul's presence, Virginia seemed shy and silent, perhaps his perfect breeding and self-possession made her so; she certainly was apt to say the wrong thing, and blushed miserably at her frequent mistakes. Day by day her ignorance appeared to her more palpable; she asked ridiculous questions, and was snapped up by Miss Rachel when she did attempt to talk. If she could bring herself to enter the library, and ask permission to borrow books, how hard she would study to find out something of the subjects about which they talked; for Miss Rachel was clever and understood her brother readily.

Winter settled down on the house; within it was warm and bright. What wonders this new member of the household wrought! Every room seemed to recognize his presence, it prevailed and bettered the entire household. This strong, manly son and brother, how he helped on the snowy, dull days!

Soon after his return, Mr. McAlpine became very busy, and continued so, finding time, however, to bestow on the household a thousand little attentions. With the greatest deference he waited on his mother, and filled Miss Rachel's life with constant pleasures. She must have forgotten that she was growing old and plain when he was devoting himself to her. Virginia has quick powers of perception; she observed carefully, and her knowledge often made her sad. Mr. McAlpine treated his ward with perfect politeness, nay, even with a gallantry habitual to him; but Virginia confessed that they did not understand each other, and withdrew into herself. In the depth of winter the house was decorated for a party; the handsome rooms gave the impression of summer, owing to their warmth and flower fragrance. Mrs. McAlpine wore her thickest silk, her softest illusion lace, and looked very stately by the draw-

ing room fire. Miss Rachel rustled in a steel-gray silk, with a lace barbe on her hair, and made an admirable hostess. Virginia came down last; the three were already stationed in their places, and she completed the group. They reminded you of the seasons as they stood there: the mother in her beautiful age, the sister in her autumnal gravity, the brother in his full manhood, the young girl in the loveliness of her springtime. She was dressed in white; the texture fell in soft, creamy folds; she had camellias in her hair sent from a neighboring town, not begged from Paul's conservatory. On her bare arms glittered the bracelets set in Etruscan gold. Mrs. McAlpine noticed the crepe dress, Miss Rachel the bought flowers, while Paul saw most distinctly the jewel-clasped arms.

In the course of the evening, Virginia found herself drawn by the surging of the crowd into the library; the air was fresher there. Almost before she was aware, she was facing one of the bookcases reading the titles of the unknown volumes.

"Have you read them all?" asked a familiar voice. Virginia turned, and saw her guardian evidently in earnest. "You shun my library," he said, "are you afraid of knowledge or of me? We are not dangerous." He gave her one of his most fascinating smiles and passed on.

The party over, Virginia was sleepless. Yes, she was afraid; he was dangerous, and hearing the fast beating of her heart, feeling the agony which the thought of the separation caused, she resolved to leave the old house, the pictures, the library, the flowers, the mother, Miss Rachel, her guardian; to leave them all, and in a new life forget the old. It was the only thing to do. In the morning Virginia knocked at the library door, and asked her guardian abruptly, "if she might go away."

"Where?" he asked, in astonishment. "I wish to go back to school, to Mrs. Cameron," she said.

"Are you not happy here? do we not take good care of you?" He looked at her with a most penetrating glance.

"Yes," she said, with drooping eyes, "but I prefer to go away."

"Your father asked me as a dying favor to take care of you," he said; "I hoped to keep you here. Am I so disagreeable that you cannot stay?"

"Yes," she answered as before, "I would rather go away." Raising her eyes she saw him calm as ever, writing carelessly on a strip of paper.

"Then it is your deliberate choice," he urged; "you prefer Mrs. Cameron's guardianship to mine."

Women must sometimes conceal with lightning speed, their true thoughts; Virginia completely deceived her guardian when she still said—

"She has been a good friend; I am safe with her; let me go to her at once."

A few days sufficed for the taking away from the house all reminders of youth and maidenhood. The stag's horns lost the garden hat, the little work-table missed the small gold thimble, the trunks were again packed, and Virginia went forth with only one new possession, an oppressive burden at the heart. Mrs. Cameron received her pupil in a little cottage, her home during the holidays. There they read and talked together, there Virginia grew outwardly happy, and never once did Mrs. Cameron look aright into the depths of her companion's eyes.

Miss Rachel found the bracelets tossed with some rubbish in a bureau drawer, and asked Paul if they did not belong to him. As he took them, Virginia had her wish, she did make his heart ache.

March came, dreary and desolate. There were three people in the world conscious of a want; it could only be supplied by spring.

A beggar stood in the rain before Mrs. Cameron's door; he asked admittance, and when it was granted, a great gift. This it happened that spring came earlier than usual that year, that the old house was again full of sunshine, that the old lady had her wedding-gown ready for Paul's wedding-day, that the bracelets found their way back to Virginia's arms.

Miss Rachel proved most unselfish, and resigned her brother willingly. Mrs. Stuart declared that she had always known how it would end; and so at last another Paul found the right Virginia.

How to Cook a Steak.

Now if you only know how to cook a steak to make it good that would do, but it always makes me sick to see a woman cook a steak. She invariably puts her frying-pan on the stove, and puts in a chunk of grease about as big as my fist, and when it is hot enough to begin to crackle she puts in her beef, and never thinks of covering it. The smoke and steam from it goes to the very ceiling. After she cooks it this way until it begins to look like an old rubber shoe sole she calls it done. When you go to eat it there is no more taste in it than a chip. Now, if you want a good bit of steak have a clear, hot fire, set your clean, empty pan on a spot, cover it up, then pound your steak, and when your pan is very hot lay in your steak, and cover quickly. As soon as it has crisped enough to let go its hold on the pan, turn over and cover quickly; turn again as at first, and continue to do so about every two minutes until you have turned it about six or eight times. Have a hot buttered dish ready for it and lay it in; add a sprinkling of pepper, salt and sugar, and cover tightly. Now, if you wish a gravy, put a bit of butter in your pan. When hot, rub in a pinch of flour, add a small teacupful of boiling water, let it boil a few minutes, then put in a gravy boat instead of putting it over your beef to draw out the juice. Now try this plan just once, and you will see you women know nothing about cooking a good steak.—An Old Butcher.

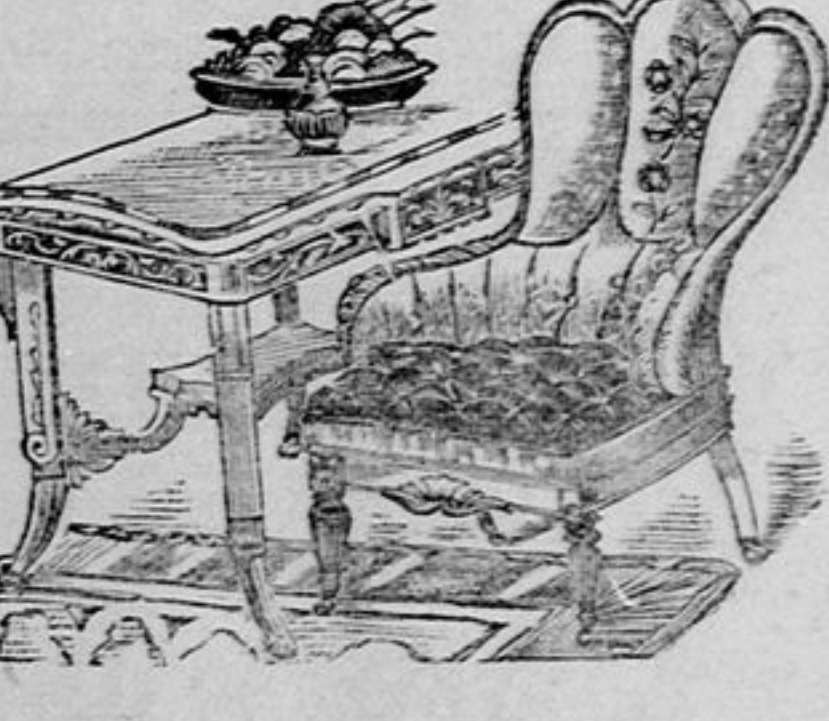
CASH SALE.
Come and see our great Bargains in
FURNITURE.

We will sell for the next 30 DAYS our well known and well selected stock at prices that will astonish every one.
Our \$35 Bed-room set for \$25.
Our \$30 one for \$23.
Our \$20 one for \$15.

Everything in proportion for the next 30 days.
Come along and you will get a Bargain.
ANDERSON, NUGENT & CO.
Kent St., Lindsay.

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 advertisements all over a popular newspaper; but when the buyers visit their places they find that 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,"

said 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 bid of mine you haven't objected to." Carrie had evidently not been purchasing her

Household Furniture

from OWEN MCGARVEY & SON, Nos. 1849, 1851 & 1853 Notre Dame Street, or there would have been no objection to the bills sent. Owen McGarvey & Son carry a most complete stock of parlor, dining-room, library and fancy articles, such as the most beautiful odd-piece suites, in plushes of all the newest shades, with ladies' desks, easels, statette tables, gilt chairs, ottomans and piano stools, with the newest and largest assortment of rattan gockers, easy chairs, reclining chairs, swing cots, cribs, and a full line of the very much admired best furniture from Vienna, Austria, and their prices are acknowledged the cheapest—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 McGarvey & Son's oldest and largest 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 exist on 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 made 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 diploma for exquisite workmanship. The prizes were awarded by the Paris, Belgium and Indian Colonial Exhibitions. Mr. McGarvey, who by the way is a most affable, well-mean, took me through every one of his six flats, where I had the pleasure of inspecting some of the finest furniture 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 affairs. The pieces of furniture that took the prizes, a set 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 brocade. The real merit and beauty of these articles is beyond my power of description. In order that the real beauty of the elegant furniture may be seen to advantage, Mr. McGarvey 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, dining-room, bed-room and even the hall-way are so luxuriously arranged as to suggest the rich blessings of a home made beautiful by the exquisite touch of the experienced housewife. These 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 in the handsome elevator to the first floor, where the pleasant recollection of childhood days came up before me like a dream, when I beheld the perfect gems of baby carriages displayed to public view.

I wished a wish—but then there 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, and this is not saying a great deal.

J. A. ARNEAUX

OWEN MCGARVEY & SON,
1849, 1851 and 1853 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.