

The Devil.

REV. ALFRED J. HUGH, LUDLOW, VT.

Men don't believe in a devil now, as their fathers used to do.

They've forced the door of the broadest creed to let his majesty through.

There isn't a print of his cloven foot, or a fiery dart from his brow

To be found in earth or air to-day, for the world has voted so.

But who is mixing the fatal draught that palsies heart and brain.

And loads the tier of each passing year with ten hundred thousand slain?

Who blights the bloom of the land to-day with the fiery breath of hell,

If the devil isn't and never was? Won't somebody rise and tell?

Who dogs the steps of the toiling saint and digs the pit for his feet?

Who sows the tares in the field of time wherever God sows His wheat?

The devil is voted not to be, and, of course, the thing is true;

But who is doing the kind of work the devil alone should do?

We are told he does not go about as a roaring lion now;

But whom shall we hold responsible for the everlasting row

To be heard in home, in church and state, to the earth's remotest bound,

If the devil, by a unanimous vote, is nowhere to be found?

Won't somebody step to the front forthwith, and make their bow and show

How the frauds and the crimes of a single day spring up? We want to know.

The devil was fairly voted out, and, of course, the devil's gone;

But simple people would like to know who carries his business on?

Notes on Notables.

Mrs. Langtry has been offered the position of editor on a London weekly.

An adopted daughter of the novelist G. P. R. James is lecturing in San Francisco, after a sojourn in Australia.

The only living representative of Sir Walter Scott's family is a great granddaughter, in her 29th year, residing at Abbotsford.

The London Truth says that the Prince of Naples, Crown Prince of Italy, is so sickly and puny that it is feared he will never ascend the throne of his fathers. His father and mother were double first cousins.

Ida Lewis, the keeper of the Lime Rock Lighthouse, at Newport, has been presented with a silver teapot by the officers and soldiers at Fort Adams for saving two soldiers from drowning last winter.

Princess Stephanie will make her bridal entry into Vienna on May 9th in a splendid chariot drawn by eight horses. Her marriage to Rudolph will take place the next day.

Sornabaya, the Maharani of Cossinbazar, well known for her boundless munificence in India, has just given a handsome donation in money for the encouragement of the study of Sanskrit literature.

Rev. Richard Burgess, the archaologist, is dead. He was born in England early in the present century. He was the author of some translations from the Syriac and received a vicarage in recognition of his services to theological learning.

General John Ross, of the English army, was made a K. C. B. three or four weeks ago, and a few days later obtained a divorce from his wife on account of her desertion and misconduct while he was in Afghanistan.

It having been suggested to the Prince of Wales that if he would look in upon the studio of a certain struggling artist the news of such a favor might turn the scales for the painter, he good-naturedly drove to the atelier at once.

It is supposed that the "high-necked" edict of Mrs. Hayes is to prevail in the presidential circle at Washington, as the sleeves of the dress in which Mrs. Garfield appeared at her first reception were down to her knuckles, and the waist buttoned to her chin, so to speak.

The New Czar Alexander III. saturated his pocket handkerchief with the blood of his dying father, saying: "I will keep this as a sacred relic, so that it forever more may remind me of the oath I have sworn in the innermost of my heart in this terrible and trying hour."

Princess Stephanie is to have a dowry of \$450,000. Six Austrian and six Hungarian girls of the noblest families are to act as the princess's bridesmaids. The ladies of the aristocracy are to wear at the wedding festivities the picturesque national costumes of the different parts of the empire.

Rev. Henry Varley, who visited Hamilton some years ago, is a muscular Christian. He offered a reward of £5 the other day to any man who would help to secure the conviction of the "skulking, lazy thieves called book-makers, who by means of gambling at the meat market extracted from the poor their hard-earned money."

Prince Bismarck, it is believed, has for several years past felt some anxiety concerning a prediction made to him in his early manhood. A celebrated fortune-teller told him that he would not survive his 66th year—and the prophecy took root in a mind by no means accessible to ordinary superstitions. The Iron Prince, however, borrowed trouble unnecessarily, for he has just past his 67th birthday safely, and is unusually well.

Mr. Denis Caulfield Heron, sergeant-at-law, one of the ablest members of the Irish bar, died of apoplexy on Thursday while fishing in Galway. Mr. Heron represented Tipperary for sometime in the House of Commons. In the Fenian trials of 1865-7 he appeared with the late Mr. Butt for the principal prisoners. At the League trials last December he was retained by the Crown. Mr. Heron, who had an intensely Irish face and brogue, was a noted wit at the Irish bar, and one of the last of the old school of Irish lawyers which included Mr. Whiteside (afterwards Chief Justice), Sergeant Armstrong, Mr. Butt and the O'Loghans.

Princess Louise is described by a correspondent of the Philadelphia Press as fond of housekeeping and the kindest of friends and hostesses. There was sickness at Rideau Hall almost from the day the princess arrived there. Lady MacNamara was taken ill with scarlet fever and the princess nursed her through it; then a young mother and her baby, guests at Rideau, contracted the fever; the baby died and the mother lay very near death; the servants would not attend to the sick woman, and the princess nursed her night and day. Every meal, every cup of water or bowl of gruel the princess took to her sick guest with her own hands.

TERRORS OF THE WATERS.

Extraordinary Adventures of a Family.

A correspondent writing from Sioux City, Iowa, says: Particulars of the destruction by the floods in Dakota continue to arrive, and it is not too much to say that the people are absolutely destitute, and need immediate assistance to keep them from starving to death. A correspondent writing from Yankton says, in reference to one of the sufferers (and the case given is only a specimen of hundreds of a like nature): On the day of the break-up a Mr. Hanson got uneasy, but seems to have lost time in trying to save his stock, so that he and his hired man had to take a boat, and therein carried his wife and children to Mr. Larison's house, which stood on a little higher ground than his own. The men then returned for old Mrs. Larison, who was so feeble as to require assistance. Scarcely had they entered the house ere they felt it moving under them. Terror-stricken, they ran to the window to find themselves in the centre of a moving, crashing mass of ice and flood, steadily going down the river. Of the terrors of that dark ride, who shall speak. The reverberating detonations of the huge blocks of ice, as forced into the air, they fell again, grinding all beneath them into powder, the almost absolute certainty that in a few moments at best the house would give way and leave them struggling in the throes of the gorge, the agonizing fears the husband and father must have felt as to the fate of those left behind, whom he had no reason to suppose would escape, all made up a situation as terrible as any of Jules Verne's harrowing imagination. But the staunch logs, fastened together by large wooden pins, held firm, and seven miles below Vermilion, fifteen from the starting point, the ark of safety found an Ararat and rested, if not on dry ground, at least on some motionless foundation. Forcing open the back door, fancy Hanson's astonishment at finding quietly chewing her cud and standing securely on a huge block of ice the favorite family cow, who had shared the perils of the awful journey, and to-day alive and well in Vermilion. Hanson and his man, after a perilous journey over the newly-formed ice, succeeded in making their way to Vermilion, carrying old Mrs. Larison with them most of the way. Meanwhile, those left behind in Larison's house had really suffered more, though not in apparently so much danger, for the house stood firm. A couple of brothers named Weeks, who live about four miles north of Vermilion, volunteered to go to Larison's in a yawl, if possible, and learn the fate of those left there. After much danger and difficulty they reached the spot, finding all alive, though sadly distressed. Mrs. Hanson's feet were frozen solid. All had lived for two days on raw chickens, the fowls having been driven by fear into the house. Had not help arrived when it did death must have soon ensued. These incidents, and the particulars I have given, rest upon undoubtedly authentic reports. I could multiply similar stories infinitely. All the information I can get tends to confirm the belief that the area of greatest suffering is embraced in the bottom lands between a point a few miles this side of Vermilion, and thence northward to a few miles above Yankton. From the mouth of the Niobrara to Pierre there are accounts of heavy losses, but no actual destitution. Help is much needed by the poorer classes. One feature of the entailed losses I have not seen dwelt upon. I refer to the carrying away of the winter-out supply of wood for the use of steamboats. Well informed men say that between Fort Buford and Sioux City the loss of cord, cottonwood, and ash must be almost absolute. This lack of fuel will more or less affect river transportation, as boats will be dependent upon what their deck hands can cut from time to time when laid up at the bank for the night. At present coal will be carried in considerable quantities, thereby lessening the freight tonnage. The fuel question in this city during the snow blockade was quite a serious one, and for eight weeks corn was largely used as a combustible to supplement the scanty stock of coal and wood.

The Novel of To-day.

The novel has become, like the daily newspaper, a record of the most recent facts in human history. Whatever may be the latest mode in theology, philosophy or art, one will be very sure to find it reproduced in fiction. The novel, indeed, like the newspaper, almost anticipates facts, and eagerly gives us solutions of social and spiritual problems before the new philosophy or new religion has entirely satisfied itself with formula or creed. So susceptible is the novelist to the very breath of the time. What is whispered in the salon is proclaimed on the house-top, and human society is artistically rearranged, often with singular power and beauty, before men and women have quite readjusted themselves to the new conditions of life. Would you know the latest result of modern philosophy as applied to the conduct of life, look for them not in lecture, essay, sermon, or treatise, but in the novel. The novelist makes haste to set down what people are talking about, before the people who talk have reached the end of their conversation.—May Atlantic

A hot circus fight is going on in Philadelphia. Coup's show is followed by Forepaugh's, with Barnum's to come, making six weeks of uninterrupted tent business. Barnum's agents billed the city with the statement that Forepaugh had bought up all the "old stuffed monkeys and worthless animals" of last year's Barnum menagerie. Forepaugh's agents retailed with placards saying they were "glad to get an official acknowledgment that Barnum's attractions were stuffed monkeys and worthless animals." Then when Forepaugh's people made a grand street parade the rear was brought up by several enormous transparencies on which was painted, "Wait for Barnum."

Lord Beaconsfield is mentioned as once being present in a company where the faults of a certain nobleman were discussed. "Pardon me," said the earl, "you don't quite understand Lord —. He is a very peculiar man; he is one of those who entertain such a sacred regard for truth that he will not use it too freely."

FLORAL TOPICS.

Why Flowers should be Grown, and How to do it.

Everybody likes them. They have a cheerful, glad look. Their perfume is grateful. Bright and beautiful children of the sun, they should adorn and gladden every home. No home need be without them, for even in a window they may be a flower garden. They amply repay the care and attention they need by their beneficent influence on all beholders.

More sound, practical common-sense about flower culture is rarely seen than pervades an article in a recent number of the Congregationalist. It is written by a lady, Mrs. A. S. Downs, of Andover. It sets out by saying: "This article is not for the happy possessors of spacious, beautiful gardens, filled with rare exotics, and tended by experienced gardeners. No; this is for the people of many cares, little knowledge, limited means, and no leisure, who yet crave flowers, as the flowers themselves crave sunshine."

The practical hints given by this lady may be summarized as follows: Almost any soil will do if it be loose, with a sunny exposure. Richness is not demanded; in fact, many of the most desirable flowers thrive better in poorer quarters. It should be well spaded; but the plants essential to a desirable show of blooms will do with a meagre stirring of the soil, such as a woman can achieve. Now for the plants: First, sweet peas—They need scarce any care, will bloom early and late, even till frost comes, while their beauty, grace and odor are beyond question. White, painted lady and scarlet invincibles, are the kinds recommended, and the caution is dropped to avoid mixed packages. They should be planted the same depth as garden peas. Brush is better than string for them to twine upon. Once in blossom they will make the whole summer delightful.

Next, mignonette—Some think this capricious, not growing for everybody, and it has even been called "aristocratic." But, in truth, it deserves its French name of "poor man's darling." One great cause of failure with this and other seeds is that they are buried too deeply. It should be scattered on top of the ground and a little fine, loose earth sifted lightly over it. Thus treated the likelihood is that it will come up too thickly, and need thinning. If it does, pull out the weaker plants as soon as they can be got hold of. Mrs. Downs is enthusiastic over the mignonette. It is ever blooming and unfailling, be the season what it may. When her garden is planted she sows it in all vacant spaces, among the beets, beans and cabbages even. She keeps it in all the rooms of the house, in vases by itself, in pots with sweet peas, and wherever she can find a place for it. She thinks a desert island would seem homelike if she had the company of half a dozen mignonette plants.

Third, verbenas—A scarlet and sweet-scented white—if no more. If more, a warm pink and fragrant purple. Put the verbenas in the middle of your tiny bed, and let them alone. Remember, they like a sandy soil, and are averse to water as your favorite kitten. Let the sun shine on them; keep them clear of encroaching neighbors; cut off all the flowers, not even permitting one to go to seed; and they will be the wonder of yourself and everybody else that sees them.

Fourth, a heliotrope—A small plant that you can buy for five or ten cents will make a surprising growth before frost comes. A wee cutting, set out by Mrs. Downs, last spring, covered a circle four feet in diameter by the middle of August. Never tie up a heliotrope. Let it lie on the ground, and beware of dosing it with fertilizers. Fertilizers make strong plants, with lots of fine foliage, but the flowers do not open well, and the clusters are small.

"Now, if you can compass a pink tea-rose and a saffron one, you will have all that I should feel unhappy about if I did not have them, but I should try hard for a solid yellow, and a lustrous, purple pansy." Roses need rich soil. You can make it rich with liquid manure water. Watch the bugs, which are death on roses.

For a background, get ferns, if you can, or a plant or two of mountain fringe. Failing these, plant a little carrot seed, and you will have a rich, green background.

Of course, there are scores more of beautiful and desirable plants, but with those named you will have a flower-garden that nobody need be ashamed of. The cost and trouble will be trifling; the pleasure inexhaustible. Pluck the blooms freely, and bestow them generously on all who covet them, even the strolling beggar. "Cut, cut, cut; give, give, give; and to your wondering soul the miracle of the widow's unfailling cruse and barrel will be constantly repeated."

DAMMING THE NILE.—An English capitalist, Mr. Gaston, proposes to dam the Nile at the cataracts, and subject about 800,000 acres of land, which is now desert, to the influence of its fertilizing waters. This is a stupendous undertaking, but it is beyond a doubt that the present rapids are produced by the debris of ancient works of this description, which are now strewn on the bed of the stream, and, from an engineering point of view, the work would be perfectly feasible. The inundation would then be under complete control, while the company which should carry out the work would be reimbursed by the lands allotted to it out of nearly a million acres, which would now, for the first time, be brought under cultivation. It is said that the preliminary capital has already been raised.—London Telegraph.

Chinese immigration into Victoria and New South Wales will probably soon be discouraged by legislation. The measure proposed provides that no ship shall bring more than one Chinese passenger for every 100 tons registry, under penalty of a fine of £10 for each passenger in excess. Every Chinese immigrant must pay the sum of £10 on arrival in the colony, whether coming by ship or overland. Chinese holding certificates from any British governor or consul that they are British born are exempt. All Chinese now in the colony must obtain certificates of exemption from clerks of petty sessions or they will be liable to the £10 payment.

Lord Derby is one of the half dozen English noblemen who have most ready money. Except a villa near London he has but one place to keep up, and his income is at least a clear \$750,000 a year. He is childless and of very simple inexpensive tastes and habits.

AN ENOCH ARDEN CASE.

The Remarkable Experience of a St. Thomas Lady—Suspecting Her Husband Dead—She Marries Again—The First Husband Heard from After Ten Years.

In the business columns of a local journal there appears on Tuesday an announcement to this effect:

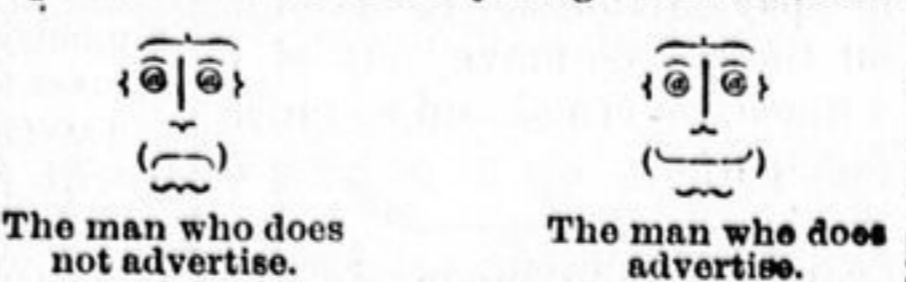
NOTICE—The undersigned when married to J. L. Patterson, heard and believed her husband dead, but has just found he is living. From this time I take back my former name, SARAH J. ABBOTT.

A Times' reporter visited the lady's residence and in the course of conversation elicited the following information:

Upwards of thirty years have elapsed since, in the state of New York, Sylvester J. Abbott linked his life in the matrimonial yoke with Sarah Jane Lobden. Subsequently the young couple located upon a farm within a few miles of the town of Sherborne, Chenango county, in that state, and peace and happiness reigned supreme in the household for many years, but at length the affinity of the pair ceased to exercise its spell, and a coolness sprang up between them. About thirteen years ago the lady paid a visit to some friends in the vicinity of Aylmer, and became so enamored of this Canada of ours that she purchased a residence in this city, and soon after removed here with her husband and family. Abbott entered into the hop-growing industry, but as domestic bliss did not appear to be congenial to his spirits he left the management of his business to a partner, who subsequently purchased the property. After remaining in this city for about a month, Abbott returned to New York state, and although occasionally visiting his wife, spent the greater part of his time on American soil. Eleven years ago, Mrs. Abbott states, he ceased to contribute anything to the family exchequer, and since that period the lady has supported herself and family. In the following year—being about ten years since—the couple separated by mutual consent, the lady taking the children, while her spouse agreed to depart. Abbott adopted Horace Greeley's advice and went west, nothing being heard of him for some time; but finally rumors became circulated that death had claimed her husband, and upon instituting diligent inquiries the wife obtained tidings, which were considered of a most reliable character, that Abbott was dead. The lady was still in the prime of life, and after a suitable period of mourning for the deceased partner of her joys and sorrows, her thoughts turned towards the desirability of replacing her lost spouse. At length she formed the acquaintance of John L. Patterson, and the chance acquaintance ripened into intimacy. Although almost absolutely certain that her former husband was no more, Mrs. Abbott says she deemed it advisable to consult a legal gentleman, who assured her that in any event after a husband had left his family and not been heard from for seven years the wife might consider herself released from the bonds of wedlock and at perfect liberty to contract another alliance. Accordingly, about two years since, she married Patterson at Buffalo, and the couple have since resided in this city.

The lady has enjoyed a fair degree of conjugal bliss, barring a shooting affray some months ago. A rumor came to her ears that her first love was not dead, as had been supposed, but that he had been seen by several parties in the western states. She determined to ascertain if the reports were authentic, being advised that under Canadian laws a lapse of seven years would not constitute separation, and although Patterson beseeched her to leave the matter unexplored, still the lady persisted in her determination to find out the facts. With this object she addressed communications to various postmasters throughout the western states, specifying the name of her first husband and asking if the postmaster knew of any such man. Reply after reply was received in the negative, and Mrs. Patterson or Abbott regained some degree of assurance, but at last all her hopes were dashed to the earth by the receipt of a letter from a small place in Kansas, stating that the long lost Abbott is living there. The perplexed lady at once despatched relatives thither to learn the truth of the matter, and will institute proceedings against Abbott for divorce in the American courts. Meanwhile, on Sunday last she separated from Patterson, resuming also her former name.—St. Thomas Times.

"Our artist" has just produced an allegorical painting, startling in its truth to nature. The time-honored truth which it brings out so forcibly, and endows with immortality, cannot be too firmly impressed upon the minds of the young—and the old:



The man who does not advertise.

The man who does advertise.

Warrants have been issued at Cincinnati for the arrest of the proprietors and actors of several places of amusement for violation of the Sunday law.

TEA TABLE GOSSIP.

—A matter of course—a horse-race.

—A grass widow is anything but green.

—Tom and Jerry is not an unmixed evil.

—It must be an extravagant woman who "beggars description."

—Purchasers of "rare old china" are often stuck up people.

—In making sponge-cake, fresh oranges are much better than lemons.

—The carpenter and the gambler are both known by their chips.

—As a general thing young lawyers don't have many trying times.

—Is it right for a temperance man to accept a "cordial" invitation?

—The crocus will soon bloom in the garden and the croakers in the marsh.

—Port Dover will soon have a summer hotel with pleasant grounds and surroundings.

—Everybody is looking around for summer quarters; even the fly has begun to put on his specks.

—Fans grow larger and larger, so that a city theatre looks like a California town—all windmills.

—When you say that a man has contracted bad habits, you really mean that he has expanded them.

—Brass work may be brightened with a little oxalic acid dissolved in water and applied with a cloth or brush.

—Mr. T. W. Handford (late rev.) is lying very ill at his residence in Yorkville. His recovery is considered doubtful.

—Major Bruce, of London, who lost 300 plum trees by the recent frost, now discovers that nearly all his peach trees have also been destroyed.

—Perpetual motion is perhaps impossible to obtain, but you can approximate it by putting a boy on a chair at a funeral and telling him to sit still.

—It is said that the act passed last session by the Ontario Legislature regarding floatable streams will be disallowed by the Dominion Government.

—The Montreal editor who recently announced that the ladies of that city had big feet, has come west to civilized parts to avoid collision with them.

—The word "spondulix" is not a slang term for money. A spondulix is a gold coin, or substitute for coin, used in Africa, and is equivalent in value to eight slaves.

—An ungentlemanly boarder: Fogg had had one small helping of the steak, and Mrs. Jones asked why he did not take a second instalment. "I was waiting to have it tendered, ma'am," said Fogg. Mrs. Jones smiled sweetly, but her face was crimson. As soon as breakfast was over and the boarders were gone, Mrs. Jones was seen poring over the dictionary for the different meaning of the verb "to tender."

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