

**A Grand Old Poem.**

Who shall judge a man from manners?  
Who shall know him by his dress?  
Princes may be fit for princes,  
Princes fit for something less;  
Simpler shirts and dirty jackets,  
May become the golden ore  
Of the dearest thought and feeling—  
Satin vests could do no more.  
There are springs of crystal nectar  
Ever welling out of stone;  
There are purple buds and golden  
Hidden, crushed and overgrown,  
God, who counts by souls, not dresses  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
While He values thrones the highest  
But as pebbles in the sea.

Man, upraised above his fellows,  
Of his fellows then;  
Masters, rulers, lords, remember  
That your meanest hind is a man;  
Men by honor, men by feeling,  
Men by thought and men by fame,  
Claiming equal rights to sunshine,  
In a man's ennobling name.  
There are foam-capped ocean waves,  
There are little weed-cled rills;  
There are feeble inch-high saplings,  
There are cedars on the hills.  
God, who counts by souls, not stations,  
Loves and prospers you and me,  
For to him all favored distinctions  
Are as pebbles in the sea.

Toiling hands alone are bull-les  
Of a nation's wealth or fame;  
Titled laziness is poisonous,  
F-d and fatt-on to the same;  
By the sweat of others' foreheads,  
Living only to rejoice;  
While the poor man's on ragged freedom  
Valily lift up its voice.  
Truth and justice are eternal,  
Born with love's light and light;  
Secret wrongs shall never prosper  
While there is a sunny right.  
God, who sees and hears and sings  
Boundless love to you and me,  
Blinks oppression with its titles,  
As the pebbles in the sea.

**A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.**

**A Note, Brought by a Robin, From a South Carolina Girl.**

On Saturday afternoon Mr. Geo. W. Johnson, while in his garden on Augusta street, saw a bird flutter about, evidently disabled in some way. He at once proceeded to investigate, and discovered it to be a splendid specimen of the robin, the legs of which were entangled in a piece of cord, tied to one of the wings. A small eard, doubled up and sewed at the edges, was attached to one end of the string. On opening the cord Mr. Johnson read:

Beautiful robin,  
Why will you go  
To the bleak, cruel north,  
That home of snow,  
While we in the south  
Are ever warm,  
And always prepared  
To protect you from harm?

Further pencilling on the cord stated that the writer, Lilly Ranson, of Meadville, South Carolina, had the bird caged for two weeks prior to the 14th of February, but on that date she was constrained to let him free, his efforts to get away being such as touched her pity. If Lilly sees this paragraph she will be delighted to hear that her pet is being properly cared for in the "cruel north," and that until he is prepared to journey back to his Southern home he will be in every way "protected from harm."

**Late Scottish News.**

Mr. Lawrence Draw, of Merryton, the well-known breeder of Clydesdale horses, died at his residence on Friday midnight after a brief illness. Dr. Draw was in his 50th year, and was unmarried.

The Senate of Aberdeen University on Saturday conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. on Mr. Archibald Forbes, journalist and war correspondent; Mr. R. G. Hamilton, Under-Secretary for Ireland; Dr. George King, Director of the Botanical Gardens, Calcutta; Sheriff Dove Wilson, Aberdeen, and Mr. Charles L. Spworth, Professor of Geology, Birmingham.

At the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, last week, Robert Flockhart Vickers and William Innes were charged with the murder of two gamekeepers on Lord Rosebery's estate near Gorebridge on the 15th of December last. Both prisoners pleaded not guilty, and the evidence on their behalf was directed to prove an alibi in each instance. The jury by a majority returned a verdict of guilty against both prisoners, and they were sentenced to death.

**Struck It Rich.**

Some prospectors in the mountains have struck "it." At Quartz Creek, which lies about forty miles north of Kicking Horse River, in British Columbia, have been discovered placer diggings, which, it is anticipated, will pay from \$10 to \$20 a day. They at first imagined they were the first discoverers, but further observation proved that this was one of several mines which had been worked some twenty years ago, but had to be abandoned on account of the cost of transporting provisions and other necessities. The approach of the Canadian Pacific Railway will, however, put an end to this difficulty, and there is little doubt that there will be a pretty lively stampede in that direction as soon as spring opens up. The excitement among miners is intense, and all of them are longing for the disappearance of the snow, which now impedes their passage.—*Calgary, N.W.T., Herald.*

A Terre Haute, Ind., man employs his divorced wife as a servant girl, and her neighbors say she has a better wardrobe than when she was his wife.

A Parkdale teacher has been fined for whipping a child.

Irregularities are alleged in connection with the Montreal pay-lists of corporation carters and laborers.

Toronto temperance people propose to bring out candidates for both municipal and Parliamentary honors.

How contrary human nature is anyway. Last week the despatches told of four men in different parts of the country who committed suicide because they could not get married and this week several men killed themselves because they had got married.

On Friday the body of an infant was found beside a fence in the suburbs of Elora. A post mortem examination was held on Saturday, and it was found that the infant had been suffocated shortly after birth with a piece of cigar forced down its throat and into its stomach. The body was tied in an old apron with tin letters "L. P." worked by hand. No one is yet suspected.

Bridgeport, Conn., points with pride to old Joe Lander, a sailor who lives on mice. For weeks he was alone on the drifting hull of a barque, with nothing but the mice in his hold to eat.

**CABLE GOSSIP.**

**The Talk of the Great Metropolis.**

The presence of the Duke of Connaught, Prince Arthur, at an elephant fight given by the Rajah of Bhurtpore, India, will be made the subject of a question in Parliament. Elephants are made to fight by giving them opious draughts of rum. Some become so drunk that they can scarcely stand, while others are rendered furious.

The correspondents of society journals rave about Mrs. Mitford, an American belle in Paris, and Mile. Nevada's tasteless dresses are explained by the fact that she could not get any dress-maker to work in *Mi careme* season, and had to make her dresses herself, and was so engaged until half-past 7 on the night of her appearance. The worry of the dress-making had a great deal to do with the nervousness which paralyzed her in the first few moments of her appearance.

Three Lords have figured largely during the week. Lord Colin Campbell's divorce case had to be heard with closed doors, and the details cannot be even hinted. It was decided in favor of his wife, a celebrated London beauty. Lord Ailsa has returned from Asia Minor, having killed thirty bears and two panthers. Lord Soarsdale, following the example of Lord Vernon, is going to set up a large butter factory.

The grotesque items of the week are the denunciation by a clergyman of a recitation at the Young Men's Christian Association by a professional actress as a too worldly entertainment. The alleged formation in a London suburb of a boys' oat league, bound by oaths, fines and rewards, and employed in stealing and torturing cats, and the suggestion by the cremationists that they should have at the forthcoming National Health Exhibition a crematorium in full working order.

A London cablegram says: The officials of the British Association for the Advancement of Science are already making arrangements with the steamship companies for the conveyance of members to attend the meeting at Montreal in August. The Allan Line will send a special steamer from Liverpool August 6th. The lines running to New York are arranging facilities to take parties by way of the States.

In the House of Lords Friday night the Earl of Derby, Colonial Secretary of State, in assenting to the motion of the Earl of Carnarvon, calling for the production of papers upon the subject of State-aided emigration to Canada, said "in view of the present large outflow of immigrants, and the likelihood of its increase, the Government do not think it necessary to introduce a scheme to stimulate emigration."

The *Spectator* refers to Miss Anderson as an actress who draws crowds mainly by the fame of her beauty, and says the Archbishop of Canterbury is fortunately married, but for that protection he would, under the new degradation of the public mind, be given away twice a week to some American. The *Times* says: "The reports are unworthy advertising tricks. Nobody cares a cent whether Miss Anderson espouses a count or a costermonger."

**Very Hard Steel.**

A new steel is said to have been produced at Sheffield, England, which is expected to be of incalculable value to the manufacturing and railroad world. It is said to be made "by adding from 7 to 20 per cent of the ordinary ferro-manganese of commerce to iron either wholly or to a good extent decarbonized and refined and treated by any of the ordinary processes, or to steel produced by such processes." It is stated that a small test bar containing 12 per cent of manganese was bent double when cold, and was sufficiently hard to turn iron; that an axe containing the same per cent, and which had never been hardened or tempered, cut in two a bar of iron half an inch square. A correspondent of *The American Manufacturer*, giving these facts, says that the steel is capable of being hammered or rolled the same as ordinary steel, and showed no magnetic qualities. If these accounts are in any measure correct, the discovery is likely to prove of great economic importance.

**A Queer Case.**

A story of domestic trouble was told at the Woolwich Police Court yesterday which teaches a useful moral. A wife desired to have her husband bound over to keep the peace. But how had the peace been disturbed? The husband had a simple explanation to offer. His wife neglected her household duties in order to go to hear Moody and Sankey; and the admitted facts certainly indicated that they must necessarily have been neglected. For the wife went on Wednesday and on Thursday and on Friday. "Three times in three days. Be reasonable," was Mr. Balguy's sententious precept. Something, perhaps, may be added. Emotional religion seems curiously apt to unfit people for the plain duties of life. Only the other day a soldier of the Salvation Army was convicted of having paid his subscriptions out of stolen funds. And instances of the same kind are too common.—*St. James' Gazette.*

**TOO MUCH STYLE FOR HIS PURSE.**

A man wakes up in the morning and finds his trusted friend a rascal and a fugitive from justice. The trouble seems to be that too many men live in \$5,000 style on a \$1,500 salary. To do so they steal. Once stealing, they never quit until some train of circumstances expose them.—*American Journal.*

**HEADING-OFF TORNADOES.**

We are gradually learning something about tornadoes. The one which has just devastated a large part of Ohio followed the track occupied by its predecessor two years ago. If the paths of these tornadoes could be thus established, the communities affected could move out of them and devote the exposed territory to uses which violent winds would not materially interfere with; such, for instance, as potato culture.—*N. Y. Sun.*

Sportsmen who have been unfortunate in losing their right eye, and who are unable to shoot left-handed, can once more have the pleasure of going hunting. A gunsmith in North Carolina has invented a gun with the stock curved in such a manner that it can be held at the right shoulder and aimed with the left eye.

**SOCIETY GOSSIP.**

**Some Notable Happenings in the British Metropolis.**

A London letter says: Gossip is busy with the sixty lady killers who went on Tuesday to the Haymarket Theatre to meet an anonymous correspondent. Each believed himself the favored man, and one was famous enough to advertise his good fortune in the *Times*. The town is now laughing at them all.

Mr. Labouchere slaughters Miss Fortescue and Mr. Gilbert—one for showing herself as a curiosity, the other for making money out of the scandal. He thinks that the jilted lady has not lost much by a desertion which has raised her salary from £3 a week to £15 a week.

In the current number of the *Monthly Magazine*, published at Windsor, the editor concludes a panegyric of the hair apparent: "The P. saluist, with all his experience, would never have written, 'Put out your trust in princes' had he ever known the Prince of Wales."

Five o'clock tea tables in Belgravia have been thrown into consternation by the news, reported by Mr. Labouchere, that the maid of "one of our best-known peereesses," smarting from a blow and a dismissal, tied the peereess' hair to the back of a chair, slapped the peereess in the face and departed in a cab which awaited her at the door.

Truth has this note: "There is to be a lawsuit between the executors of the Dowager Duchess of Cleveland, as they cannot agree on the construction which should be placed upon one of the clauses in her will. Mr. William Lowther takes one side and the other is represented by his colleagues, Mr. Charles Fane and Mr. Cavendish Bentinck."

Another charitable entertainment was the vegions of the Italian Club, given at Freemasons' Tavern, for the benefit of the Italian poor in London. It was a very gay ball, the only discord being caused by the Italian Ambassador, who, thinking more of his dignity than of the needs of his countrymen, refused either to go or to make his excuses.

Several leaders of fashion and artists of note gave a series of tableaux vivants last night, arranged from Tenyson's "Dream of Fair Women." Much praise was awarded to Mr. Long's setting of the story of Jephtha's daughter. Lord Tenyson slept on a sack seat during the exhibition. The Court is hearing privately the suit of Lady Colin Campbell for divorce. Lord Campbell is a brother of the Marquis of Lorne.

**High Prices for Jerseys.**

T. S. Cooper, Coopersburg, Pa., sold last week to Mr. Shoemaker, of Baltimore, the Jersey bull Black Prince of Linden, of Darling's Black Prince of Hanover, out of Marjoram 2nd, full sister to Stoke Pogis 3rd, for \$15,000. Mr. Shoemaker is the owner of Princes 2nd, that recently astonished the dairy world with a yield of over 106 pounds of butter in 28 days.

The product of the sale of imported Jerseys to Mr. Cooper, numbering 84, was \$49,560. The highest price paid was for the 4-year-old cow Moth of St. Lambert. She was sold to H. L. Pierce, of Boston, for \$6,200. Next to her came Nina of St. Lambert, for which Mr. Pierce paid \$3,800. Nina Pogis, heifer calf, was sold to Charles Van Ness, of Boston, for \$1,500. The 7-year-old cow Gold Mark went to Moulton Bros., of Vermont, for \$1,150. Fantine, a 6-year-old cow sired by Brownie, went to W. H. Cunyngnam, of Wilkesborough, for \$1,100. Gold Mine cow, 7-years-old, sold for \$1,100 to H. M. Shoemaker, of Baltimore, who also paid \$1,000 for the 4-year-old cow Westphalia. The sale took place at New York on Thursday.

**"A Hass in 'Orse Box."**

There was a squire in a certain English parish where the Vicar was anxious to abolish the pew system. The whole parish was in favor of the step, with the exception of the squire, who said they might do as they liked, but he should keep his pew. The requisite alterations were made, and on the re-opening day we marched the squire into his pew and the service proceeded. The next day going down to the village, the squire met Tomkins, the butcher, and asked him how he looked in his pew, and what people said of him. After some pressing Tomkins replied "Well, sorr, they do say as how you do look loik a hass in 'orse-box." The squire felt that he was in a wrong position and went home and wrote to the Vicar to get rid of his pew, and enclosed a cheque for £500 for the restoration of the church.

**UNDER AN UMBRELLA.**

Where I gained it you may seek it,  
Where I told it you may speak it—  
Love that dars both wind and weather  
Draws the maid and man together,  
Reconciles to April showers  
Hastening May (and orange) flowers—  
Love and I and Annabella  
All were under an umbrella!

Little hands that held fast to me,  
Eyes whose glances shot straight through me,  
Lips that murmured thanks for kindness,  
Checks that mocked my faint resignation,  
Dainty feet that, when they stumbled,  
Touched my heart (which never grumbled)—  
Love and I and Annabella  
All were under an umbrella!

Walked we, talked, till Cupid, weary,  
Made her answer thus my query:  
"Why I like the rainy season?"  
"Oh, because!" She gave the reason.  
Then a blush her dimples hollowed.  
You may never know what followed—  
Love and I and Annabella  
All were under an umbrella!

—Be cheerful. You cannot always feel so, but keep up a cheerful appearance and make others about you happy. It may be hard to do it at all times, but it is the better way to cure the blues.

"I have heard a great deal of the movement cure," said a mother to a physician; "how is it applied to children?" "Oh," replied the physician, "you just tell them to sit still for five minutes."

—It may be a little late in the season, but we want to give our gardening friends a brand new and strictly reliable method of making a hot bed in a short space of time. This is the way: Apply a lighted match to the straw ticking.

—Fat men are at a discount in Philadelphia. That is, the street car companies have decided that all fat conductors must go. They take up too much room in passing through a car to collect fare. There was a time once when all men wanted to be fat, but now that is a crime thin men will be the attraction; that is on Philadelphia street cars. Here is a chance for the living skeletons to get a job when the museum business plays out.

**FASHIONS IN GLOVES.**

**The Latest Styles in Ladies' and Gentlemen's Wear.**

All the leading haberdashers have now gotten in full lines of gentlemen's furnishing goods for spring and early summer wear. There is probably no one article of wearing apparel which in its different styles goes further towards establishing the boundaries of the seasons than does the glove. For gentlemen's wear the darker terra-cotta shades prevail for the street and ordinary use. They are still made with heavy embroidered backs in fancy silken stitopes, and contain from one to three buttons. For evening and dress lighter weight and lighter shades are the rule. Lemon and vanilla shades are the most popular, with plain, unembroidered backs.

Where gentlemen's gloves are concerned the dude question has to be largely considered. The dude likes to be well gloved at all times, no matter what the weather is; but in the case of gentlemen not quite so fastidious as to dress, when the weather becomes sufficiently warm gloves are discarded except for evening and dress occasions. The styles in ladies' gloves are naturally more varied. There is, however, very little change from the favorite shapes and shades which prevailed during the winter. The many-buttoned glove is a thing of the past. It is entirely superseded by the Mousquetaire and the Camille. The former reaches nearly or quite to the elbow, but is only fastened at the wrist with four or five buttons. The Camille is laced and is several inches shorter. The favorite shades are different tints of tan and a new shade of gray, which could properly be termed mousquetaire. These two styles—Mousquetaire and Camille—in every imaginable shade, from terra-cotta through different tints of tan down to pure white, are the proper thing in gloves, and the assortment, so far as color is concerned, is varied enough to suit the requirements of the most exacting purchaser.

**An Inaccessible Editor.**

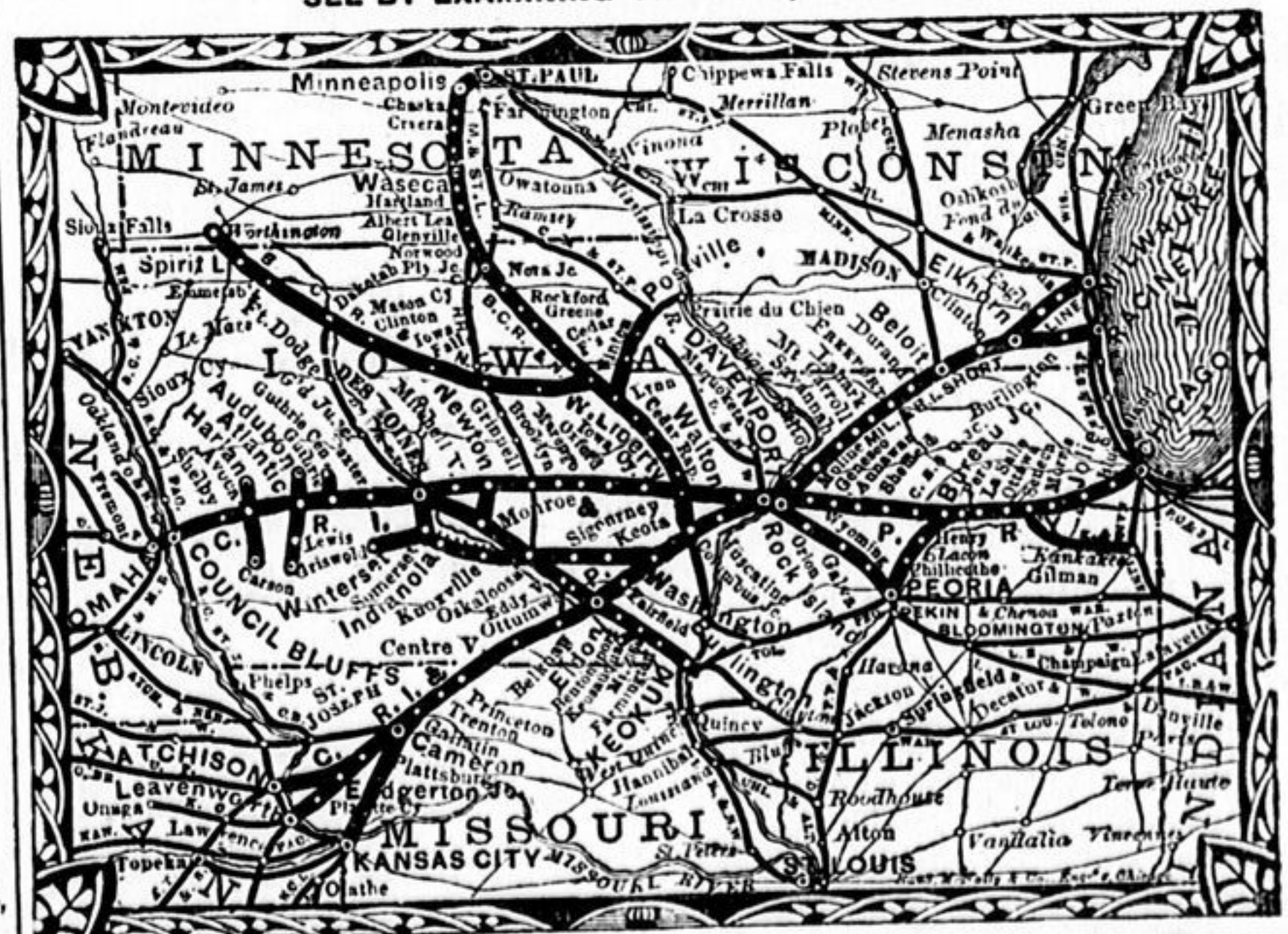
The newspapers of Scotland are far behind us in enterprise and news; their forte is heavy leaders and long speeches. The offices are conducted in a manner which is novel to an American. Having occasion to visit the office of the *Scotsman*, I was met by a female dragor, who guarded the approach to the sanctum. Her brilliancy startled me from my usual composure. I have not been accustomed to see in newspaper offices women at all, but more especially one wearing diamonds in her ears and pearls around her neck, with an eye-glass tipped gracefully on her nose, out of which—the eye-glasses, not the nose—she viewed me suspiciously. In a voice not sweet but strong she demanded my business.

"I want to see the editor," I answered.  
"The editor is never seen," was the reply.  
"Never seen!" I exclaimed.  
"Never seen except by those who know him," was the answer.  
"What's his name?" I asked.  
"His name is never given to people who don't know it," she said.  
"How can I communicate with him?"  
"By letter," replied the fair Cerberus. Such was my experience in the office of the *Edinburgh Scotsman*.—*Edinburgh Letter to the Philadelphia Press.*

"Better lay it than never," cackles the industrious hen.

**A MAN**

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