

Jamie to a foolish thing. He does not like to have anyone say his prayers, or to do right in any way: so he put it into Jamie's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to be creating such a disturbance in the ship when it could be easily avoided, if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody would observe it. He gained nothing by this cowardly proceeding. The moment the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into his hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, he said: "Kneel down at once, sir. Do you think I am going to fight for you, and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?"

During the whole of the voyage back to London, this reckless, profane sailor, watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and studied his book. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and when he became old enough, about taking latitude. Several years ago the largest steamer ever built called the "Great Eastern," was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable and experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking, and who should it be but little Jamie, of whom I have been telling you. "When the "Great Eastern" returned to England, after her successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed on him the honor of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.

#### THE EGYPTIAN SPHYNX.

Near the pyramids, more wondrous and more awful than all else in the land of Egypt, there sits the lonely Sphynx. Comely the creature is, but the comeliness is not of this world; the once worshipped beast is a deformity and a monster to this generation, and yet you can see that those lips, so thick and heavy, were fashioned according to some ancient mould of beauty—some mould of beauty now forgotten—forgotten because that Greece drew forth Cytherea from the flashing foam of the Ægean, and in her image created new forms of beauty, and made it a law among men that the short and proudly wreathed lip should stand for the sign and the main condition of loveliness through all generations to come. Yet still there lives on the race of those who were beautiful in the fashion of the elder world, and Christian girls of Coptic blood will look on you with sad, serious gaze, and kiss your charitable hand with the big pouting lips of the very Sphynx.

Laugh and mock if you will at the worship of stone idols; but mark ye this, ye breakers of images, that in one

# NEW STORE.

## S. H. GLASSFORD

HAS OPENED OUT IN LAIDLAW'S BLOCK, CANNINGTON, A LARGE STOCK OF

**Dry Goods, Groceries,  
Boots & Shoes, Hats & Caps,  
and Crockery.**

*Which he will sell 15 to 20 per cent. below regular prices.*

See his Black and Colored Cashmeres,  
See his Black and Colored Lustres,  
See his special line of New Striped Cashmeres in all the new  
shades, only 25c. per yard, very cheap.

FULL LINES OF

**SCOTCH AND CANADIAN TWEEDS,**

FROM 60 Cts. UPWARDS.

**GREY COTTON BY THE PIECE, VERY LOW.**

TRY HIS 50CT. T. A. EQ AL TO ANY AT 60CTS.

*Boots & Shoes. Hats & Caps, Crockery and Glassware at bottom prices*

**A GOOD TWEED SUIT FOR SEVEN DOLLARS,  
S. H. GLASSFORD,  
CANNINGTON.**

HIGHEST PRICE PAID FOR FARM PRODUCE.

## STOVES.

**CASH FOR HIDES**

**SHEEPSKINS**

—AND—

entered into the service of Parach and married his daughter, Sobta; that to escape the impending plagues, Gathelus, by the advice of Moses, sailed from the Nile, with his wife and the stone, and landed in Spain; that Gathelus built the stone with his son when he invaded Ireland; that the kings of Ireland were crowned on it for many ages on the Hill of Tara; that Fergus the son of Eric, who led the Dalriadic Scots to the Shores of Argyllshire, brought it with him for his coronation to Dunstaffnage, where it remained till 834; and that Kenneth MacAlpine conveyed it thence to Seon, where the Scottish kings were crowned on it till Edward I of England carried it, in 1296, to Westminster Abbey, where it is still preserved, and supports the coronation chair of the British Sovereigns.

#### THE CZARS.

It is a noteworthy fact that the Czars whose lives have been oftentimes attempted are those who have least appeared to deserve it. Ivan the Terrible and Nicholas I., unquestionably the two greatest tyrants of Russian history, were never assailed in this way at all, while the present Czar has been aimed at five times, and his liberal and popular uncle, Alexander II., is still believed to have died by poison. Even Peter the Great, the "Father of Russia," had no fewer than three escapes from assassination, one of which occurred when he was quite a child. His sister Sophia, wishing to secure the crown herself, sent two of her servants to kill him; but his foster-mother, seizing him in her arms, fled into an adjoining church, and seating him on the altar between the sacred images, bade the murderers beware of profaning the holy place. The superstitious Russians, although rife for murder, shrank from the thought of sacrilege; they slunk away in terror, and Peter's life was saved.

The Russian peasants generally believe in imaginary beings called "Roussalki"—beautiful maidens, who charm the unlucky mortal by their songs and allure him into the river. These Russian Lorels are supposed to be the souls of unbaptized children, and of girls who commit suicide; they are the goddesses of the clouds, and appear in the form of a butterfly or a puff of smoke.

The exploit of Phineas Fogg, in making the tour of the world in 80 days, is soon to be beaten by the regular lines. With new lines of steamers, soon to be put on their stations, the calculation is that the trip from Liverpool to New York will occupy 8 days, New York to San Francisco 6 days, San Francisco to Hong Kong 24 days, and thence to London 38 days, making in all 74 days.

Cases of insanity caused by religious excitement are often reported. Here is quite a different case. A young man whose mind had become diseased, and who was fast sinking into absolute lunacy, attended a Moody and Sankey meeting in Chicago. He became greatly agitated under one of Moody's exhortations, and from that moment his intellect was as clear as ever. He thinks it was a miracle. Physicians say that the cure was effected by the mental activity caused by excitement.

Speaking of the bores and impositions inflicted upon the literary community, an incident in Longfellow's experience is related which is not generally known. He once received a letter requesting him to compose an acrostic, the first letters of which should spell "My sweet girl." The applicant added, "Write as if it were some beautiful girl with whom you were in love—just as if it were for yourself." At the foot of the letter were these words, "Send bill." How gratified the poet must have been with such a testimony of his talent from an utter stranger.

**A STAIRWAY TO THE CLOUDS.**—John Anderson, the first man to make the ascent of the great South dome in the Yosemite Valley, is a quiet young Scotchman, who lives, hermit-like, in a small house near the saddle of the dome. Here he dreams and experiments, coming occasionally down into the valley, where he is the object of eager curiosity to travelers, who whisper one to another, "There's Anderson. There's the sailor who climbed the Dome." But few travelers have ever ascended to his workshop in the mountains, and few people know that he is now busily constructing a staircase of one thousand steps, which he intends shall form an easy path way to the clouds. The steps are wood, riveted together by iron, and will be fastened by bolts in the rock. Next year,