The Expositor.

VOLUME V., NO. 213. ORILLIA, ONT., CANADA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4. 1873. TERMS: $1 PER ANNUM

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N.B.—Rents and debts collected.
Orillia, June 5th, 1872. 135

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visits Orillia regularly on the 16th, 17th and 18th of each month.
Good sets of Teeth at $16.00.
Office, at Dr. Sanderson's.
N.B.—A good opening for a student.
Barrie, July 23rd, 1872. 142.

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OFFICE—Next door to the "Orillia House," formerly occupied by A. Fowlie.

All Orders by mail will receive prompt attention.—Address, Box 57, ORILLIA, P. O. 125.

W. H. LAWRENCE,
VETERINARY SURGEON,

BEGS to inform the inhabitants of Orillia and vicinity, that he has settled in Orillia, for the practice of his profession, and that he will be happy at all times to attend to any case for which his services may be required.
Orillia, Aug. 10th, 1871.

R. RAMSAY, M. D., L. M., EDIN., Lately Professor of Clinical Medicine in the University of Philadelphia.—Graduate (with honors,) of the University of Queen's College. Licentiate of Midwifery, of the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. Honorary Graduate of the University of Philadelphia, the American University of Pennsylvania, &c.

Coroner of the Counties of Simcoe, York and Peel.

DR. RAMSAY has resumed the Practice of his Profession, and will be found when not professionally engaged, at Residence, Colwater Street, Orillia, Ont. 200.

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J. L. BENSON, L. D. S.,
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OFFICE—In Booth and Corbett's Brick Block.

Teeth positively extracted without the slightest pain, by the use of
NITROUS OXIDE GAS.

Artificial Teeth inserted by the new patent. *Perfect satisfaction guaranteed.*

PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO
Extracting & Gold Fillings.

An excellent preparation for cleansing the teeth and also preserving the Teeth and Gums a healthy state—for sale.

J. COLCLOUGH MACMULLEN, Notary Public, Accountant, Conveyancer, Land, Insurance and General Agent, Orillia, Ont. Office, in Booth's Brick Block. Wild and Improved Lands in the surrounding counties; also a number of beautifully situated village lots and houses, in Orillia, for sale. Special attention paid to the collection of Promissory Notes, Accounts and Rents, and prompt remittances made. Business agencies in the principal cities in England, Ireland, Wales, Scotland and Germany. References:—Hon D. L. McPherson; Hon. Jno. Simpson, President of Ontario Bank, Bowmanville; Hon. Frank Smith; Senators. The Hon. M. C. Cameron, J. D. Edgar, Esq., M. P., Angus Morrison, M. P., F. W. Cumberland, M.P., Managing Director N. R. R., Toronto; A. Hugel, Esq., President Midland Railway, Port Hope. T. D. McConkey, M. P., Col. A. T. H. Williams, M. P. P., A. P. Cockburn, M. P., A. Oliver, Esq., M.P.P., Ingersoll; C. Fraser, M.P.P., W. Fitzsimmons, M.P.P., Brockville; W. D. Ardagh, M. P. P., Barrie; W. Beatty, Esq., Parry Sound; J. H. Perry, Esq., Whitby; Dr. Corbett, M. Millar, Esq., and Jas. Quinn, Esq., Reeve, Orillia; and the Editors of the Whitby *Chronicle*, Barrie *Examiner*, *B. A. Presbyterian*, Toronto, and Bracebridge *Northern Advocate*.

N. B.—Division Court business in the Counties of Simcoe, Ontario and the District of Muskoka attended to.
Orillia, Nov., 1873. 208-tf.

Money to Loan!
ON
GOOD ENDORSED NOTES OR MORTGAGE SECURITY.
Apply to
S. S. ROBINSON, Solicitor,
Office, over Dominion Bank.
Orillia, 24th June, 73. 190

DOMINION BANK.
Corner of Mississaga and Peter Streets.

GOLD and American Currency, drafts on New York, Bills of Exchange, and United States currency, bought and sold, Drafts issued on all points in Canada.

Interest will be allowed, at the rate of four per cent. per annum, on Special Deposits remaining three months. Special arrangements can be made for moneys remaining over that time.

A SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT
has been opened, for the accommodation of mechanics and parties wishing to deposit small amounts. Deposits taken in this Department of one dollar and upwards, upon which interest will be allowed, payable half yearly.

Office hours, 10 a.m. till 3 p.m. Saturdays, 10 a.m. till 1 p.m.
H. S. SCADDING, Agent.
161-tf.

Business Cards.

James McLeod,
BLACKSMITH!

HAS REMOVED to his New Shop on Mississaga Street, next to the Marble Works, where he will be glad to see all friends and customers. All work done promptly.

O'BRIEN & MORTEN
HOUSE AND SIGN PAINTERS,
PAPER-HANGERS AND GRAINERS.

Work done on the most advantageous terms!
SHOP—At J. Hammond's. 204-3t.

EDWARD BURKENSHAW,
CARRIAGE MAKER, ETC.,

Has removed into his new shop, on Mississaga Street, nearly opposite the "Queen's Hotel," where he is now better able to ATTEND TO ALL ORDERS, with which he may be favoured, WITH DISPATCH, and
AT MODERATE PRICES!

STEAMBOAT & STAGE HOUSE,
GRAVENHURST.
DOUGALD BROWN, - - - PROPRIETOR.

This Hotel is large, neatly furnished, and always supplied with the choicest Wines, Sample and suite rooms for Commercial Travellers and visitors.

BEAVERTON
BRICK YARD

The Subscriber is prepared to furnish any quantity of White and Red Brick at low prices.
Orders by mail promptly attended to.
GEORGE DRAKE.
Beaverton, July, 1873.

Thos. H. Portas,
AGENT FOR
SEWING MACHINES,
FANNING MILLS,
GRAVE STONES,
BELL'S MELODEONS,
CABINET ORGANS,
AND PATENT CHURNS. 193.

TORONTO
CUSTOM
Boot & Shoe Store!
PETER ST., ORILLIA.
JAS. SHANAHAN, - PROPRIETOR.

Superior workmanship done at the owest possible prices for cash.
J. SHANAHAN.

ORILLIA
Livery Stables!
MATCHEDASH STREET.
WM. JACKSON, - PROPRIETOR.
FAST HORSES
AND GOOD CONVEYANCES.
Enquire at any of the Hotels.

A. TAIT'S MILL
WILL BE
Kept Running During the Winter,
TO SUPPLY
BILL STUFF LUMBER
SHINGLES, LATH,
&c., &c.

ORILLIA TANNERY!
WEST ST., ORILLIA.
LEATHER OF ALL KINDS.
SHOEMAKERS' FINDINGS, &c.,
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Cash paid for Hides, Kip and Calf Skins, and allow.

200 Cords Hemlock Bark wanted immediately, for which the highest price in cash will be paid.
S. WAINWRIGHT,
133. *Proprietor*

By Royal Authority!

A. S. GALBRAITH,
AUCTIONEER.
OFFICE—House of all Nations. 171-1y.

ORILLIA
Gunsmith Shop:

F. J. DELANY,
GUNSMITH.

Manufacturer of the Celebrated
DELANY TROLLING BAIT!

SEWING MACHINES repaired in first-class style. Meerschaum and other Tobacco Pipes ferruled and repaired with neatness and despatch. Attention paid to light repairs of all kinds. Sewing Machines and Needles of all descriptions kept constantly in stock.

Work Shop, next door to Dodge & Co.'s office, Mississaga Street.
F. J. DELANY.
Orillia, February 4th, 1873. 170

Real Estate.

FARM FOR SALE.

BEING the South ½, Lot No. 11, in the 10th Concession of Mara, containing 100 Acres of Good Land in a thickly settled part of the Township. Apply to
J. FARQUHARSON,
Mississaga St., Orillia,
Or to C. ROBINSON, Beaverton.
Nov. 5th, 1873. 209-1m.

FOR SALE.

NORTH West half of east half of Lot No. 22, in the 12th con., Township of Oro, fifty acres, more or less. There are about 15 acres chopped and partly cleared, balance of lot timbered with hardwood. Soil, clay loam. Railway crosses corner of lot. About ¼ of a mile from Hawkstone station. For further particulars apply to
JAS. REIDE, Orillia.
Orillia, 10th Nov., 1873. 210-1m.

For Sale.

LOT 20, IN THE 2ND CON., SOUTH ORILLIA,
Containing 29 Acres!
BROKEN FRONT.
HARDWOOD TIMBER!
For particulars apply to
JOHN LEIGH,
Con. 13, Lot 16, Oro,
211-3m. East Oro, P. O.

BETTER
THAN PAYING RENT
GO TO
A. TAIT'S
AND
BUY A LOT!
ON EASY TERMS.

HOUSES
AND
VALUABLE BUILDING LOTS!
FOR SALE.

THE Subscriber now offers for sale some of the most eligible building lots in Orillia, situated on the north side of Mississaga street, close to the Market Block. These lots are all "high and dry," and beautiful in situation, and will be sold cheap,
ON EASY TERMS!

Also, TWO DWELLINGS for sale.
WM. TAIT
Orillia, Nov. 11th, 1873. 210-1m

A CHANCE.

Have a Home of Your Own!

THE FIRST TO APPLY
WILL HAVE
THE BEST CHOICE!

THE Subscriber offers an excellent chance to parties of limited means to provide themselves with
A HOMESTEAD!
having recently put in the market a large number of
Conveniently Situated Building Lots!
in the Village of Orillia,
ON EASIER TERMS!
than any other property in the place can be purchased.

The Lots are dry and every way desirable.
192. Apply to A. TAIT.

BEAVERTON
STOVE DEPOT.
JAMES CAMERON
Has now on hand a very large stock of
Cooking Stoves, Tinware!
HARDWARE, COAL OIL,
LAMP GLASSES, &c.,
Which he is selling at extremely low prices. His stoves were bought before the recent great rise in price. Parties buying within the next month may rely on getting a bargain, as he is determined to sell them at the old price.
GIVE HIM AN EARLY CALL.

COMBINED SCHOOL-DESK & SEAT,
Manufactured by
SMITH & Co.,
BEAVERTON, ONT.

Approved by Inspectors and Trustees wherever introduced. Material and workmanship first-class. All Goods warranted.
195. ROBT. ROSS, *Agent*, Orillia.

COOKE'S
Dyspepsia Remedy
Is the only article which
Gives Relief and Entirely Cures!
any who are afflicted by
LOSS OF APPETITE,
INDIGESTION,
FLATULENCY, &c.

Remember, it is Purely Vegetable!

Try It! Only 25 Cents Per Bottle!

$5 TO $20 per day. Agents wanted. All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address G. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. 201.

Rugby Mills.

WM. JOHNSTON, Proprietor.

THIS Mill has lately undergone thorough repair and received many NEW IMPROVEMENTS IN MACHINERY, and with the promptness and courteous manner of the miller, Mr. McKinnell, farmers and others requiring grists may depend on receiving them on short notice.

First-class Flour and Chop Feed of every CASH always forthcoming to pay FOR GOOD MERCHANTABLE WHEAT. 207

Just Arrived!

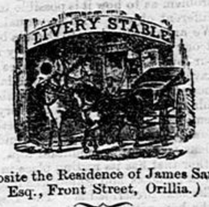
A Large Stock of
CORN, BRAN, SHORTS, PEAS,
&c., &c., &c.,
Which I will sell at prices unprecedentedly low.

Family Flour	$5 40	per barrel.
Corn	60	" bushel.
Chopped Corn	1 40	" hundred
Fine Shorts	1 00	" "
Chopped Peas	1 25	" "
Bran	70	" "

Delivered in any part of the Village.

ALSO PRIME PORK ON HAND!
POTATOES, &c., &c.
TERMS CASH!
GEORGE VICK.

TINDLE'S



(Opposite the Residence of James Sanson, Esq., Front Street, Orillia.)
GOOD HORSES!
Clean and respectable Vehicles.
HORSE BAZAAR.

THE Subscriber has opened a Bazaar for the purchase and sale of Horses, and will always have a large number to dispose of. Parties wishing to sell or purchase Horses will do well to call and leave their commissions with him. He has also commenced the training of Colts, to which he would invite the attention of stock raisers.
R. TINDLE.

HARD TIMES
ANNOUNCEMENT.
THE
'Orillia Exchange'
Is alway amongst the first to meet the requirements of the public.

In view of the unparallelled scarcity of money, I am desirous of making every man's dollar go as far as possible, and to that end have marked down my entire stock to famine prices. Just call and realise the truth of this announcement.

THE GROCERY TRADE
A SPECIALTY.
And BARGAINS (positive sacrifice) are being obtained every day by those whose good judgment directs them to do their trading at the "Exchange."
F. J. GRIBBIN.

Important.

It Doesn't Matter!

HOW the Pacific Scandal investigation ends, provided there be a full enquiry, and the popular verdict be in accordance with law and equity. But

It Does Matter

That the people who like to wear WARM, NEAT CLOTHING should know where to get the desired *good* clothes. Appreciating the importance of giving the people reliable information on this point, I herewith announce my *ability* and *willingness* to meet their wants in this matter.

My Stock of Cloths
IS
UNUSUALLY LARGE
My Facilities for
TURNING OUT
FIRST-CLASS WORK
ARE UNSURPASSED;
While my reputation for making Good Fits is so well known that I need not expatiate on this point.

My Stock of GENTS'
FURNISHING GOODS,
is large and varied, and well worthy inspection.

GENTLEMEN, *Call and Judge for yourselves.*
R. PARKHILL.

SINGLE COPIES of THE EXPOSITOR 3 cents each, at J. J. Bind's, Cooke. Bros or the Office of publication.

The Home Fireside.

NEVER AGAIN.

BY W. S. MAYO, M.D.

CHAPTER V.

Luther had now to set himself seriously to work seeking some employment,—not so pleasant a task as it had seemed when viewed at a distance. He had, however, no doubt as to its practicability, and under that delusion he wasted a week in looking about the city, and trying to make up his mind as to what situation he would be willing to take. The payment, however, of first week's board bill, and the sudden conviction that his small stock of money would not last for ever, gave a fresh impulse to his determination. He looked over the newspapers and selected the advertisements which he thought applied to a case like his own. Some he answered by letters, others required a reply in person. Dressing every morning with the utmost care in his new suit, and taking his memorandum of the address, Luther would sally forth with the firmest resolve to have an interview with the preferred advertiser, and close a bargain with him at once. But somehow, as he walked, his resolutions began to give way—a thousand doubts and objections arose in his mind. There was something in the advertisement that he did not like, or it was questionable, on second thoughts, whether he could perform the duties required of him, or there was something in the nature of the business that he had neglected to consider. The result was that his excursion generally ended in an examination of the outside of the office or warehouse, and a return to his own room, where, to his great astonishment, as well as disappointment, he never could find an answer to any of his written communications.

A second board bill gave a new fillip to his resolution, and he made up his mind to no longer delay applying for, and securing, some situation. His first application threw a flood of light upon matters, in relation to which he had hitherto been entirely in the dark. "We are in no want of any one," was the prompt and rather rude answer to his inquiry.

"I saw an advertisement in the *Herald*?"—

"True but that was two days since; we had fifty applications the first day."

Fifty applications! Astonishment held him dumb and motionless for a moment, and then a sense of shame sent the colour to his cheeks. He felt ashamed of his own dilatoriness, and ashamed, more than all, of having applied for a place already filled. He felt as guilty as if he had been caught trying to carry of some of the pales or barrels lying around, and hastly making for the door, he rushed in the street.

The ill success of his first effort deterred him from making another for several days. Visions of a seafaring life came over him. He thought of the ocean, as thousands of imaginative minds have thought, and will think of it upon finding for the first time that their lofty fabrics of fancy have no solid foundation upon the land. With this idea, he visited all the shipping in port—strolled around the wharves, and spent hours in the various ship yards. This was great waste of time, but it was certainly better than loitering in drinking-saloons, or hanging around ten-pin alleys or billiard-rooms. He also made a regular morning visit to Washington Square, and an evening seldom passed without repeating it.

Again, after a few days of mortification and despondency, did Luther summon up a resolution to answer another advertisement, but there was something in his appearance that, in the absence of any letters of recommendation, induced a prompt refusal. He was now getting somewhat accustomed to such rebuffs, and his spirit began to rise. The combative instinct so essential to success of any kind began to stir within him. He determined to obtain a situation somehow by sheer persistence and pluck. In this state of mind he felt strongly supported by a note from Captain Combings, to whom he had written an account of his failure in his first attempt.

* * * * *

"Where there's a will there's a way!" exclaimed Luther. Alas! What a pity that so many proverbs should be thorough hybrids—half truth and half falsehood. This adage, however, encouraged him, and he devoted himself in earnest to his task. Dry goods shops and groceries, wholesale and retail jobbers, shipping merchants, brokers of every class, with ship-chandlers and slop-shops—all were successively applied to, but in all cases he was either too late, or too old, or too young, or too something or-other, for the place.

He called at the post-office and found a long and affectionate letter from his mother. She had heard of the accident on the river, and of the lucky escape of the crew of the sloop. His own health was worse, and John's temper and manner more surly and disagreeable than ever, but she did not care for anything, she said, so long as her darling Luther was doing well. Captain Combings had, according to his promise, paid her a visit. His account had encouraged her hopes of her dear boy's ultimate success, and she congratulated him upon his prospects, which she had great confidence had already become realities. Luther could not answer this letter—he could not tell her of the miserable failure that had attended all his efforts. In fact, he could hardly bear to read it the second time, it sounded so much like mockery of his crude plans and foolish hopes.

His money was all gone, and there was a week's board due. No criminal condemned to the gallows ever endured a week of greater mental torture. He could not eat, not alone because he had no appetite, but because he felt that every mouthful was a theft—a fraud upon his confiding landlady. He could not sleep, or if he did, it was to dream of a terrible hob-goblin clothed in a dress of dirty bank-notes with a tail fashioned like that of kite out of a long string of unpaid bills, and shaking an empty purse as he danced upon his labouring breast. He began to fall off in flesh, the bloom of high health was beginning to fade from his cheek.

The Rev. Dr. Droney eyed him suspiciously, and finally took it upon himself to advise him not to be led into temptation, but to keep the example of that good, worthy man, Washington, ever before him. "Look at Proverbs, chap. x., verse 10, young man, and let the text sink into your heart."

Mrs. Lasher advised him to try homœopathy, especially when she found, upon inquiry, that he had not slept much for two or three nights. "Caffein is the thing—one drop in a tumbler of water, and take a teaspoonful every half hour. It works like a charm. Why, I was very wakeful the other night, and I had to take nearly a whole tumbler full, but towards morning it put me into such a sound sleep I didn't hear the breakfast bell."

"Ah, but I have the remedy," interposed Mr. Stichen

"Some nasty allopathic drug, I suppose," said Mrs. Lasher.

"No, mine is an external application," replied Mr. Stichen.

"But not being able to go to sleep is internal," retorted Mrs. Lasher.

"Just so," said Mr. Stichen, "that's my principle exactly—all internal diseases ought to be treated externally, and all external diseases internally."

"Well there is something in that," rejoined Mrs. Lasher; "it sounds reasonable, and besides, it coincides with what Dr. Quackenhummer said to me at our last biological soiree. You don't know the doctor, do you? Well, you ought to; he is so lucid, only he don't speak English very plainly. He was at first a disciple of Hahnemann, but he got way beyond his master. He said to me: 'Madame, de grand principle of dat great man, *similia similibus*, is one of de finest tings of de human mind, but I have make one discovery ten sousand times more fine, 'tis vat I call de vice-versity of nature.' Now, that agrees with what you say of the externality of internalisms, and the internalism of externalities. But what is your remedy in cases when the cerebellum evinces a decided repugnance to the somnific state?"

"Nothing more simple, madam; shirts is the thing."

"Shirts!"

"Yes, ma'am, shirts. I have a dozen shirts lying by my bedside. When I can't sleep I hop out of bed and change my shirt; and I do that every half hour, until I either fall asleep or go through the whole dozen."

"Very remarkable and original!" exclaimed Dr. Droney.

"Neither one nor the other," said Mr. Whoppers, who had just entered the room "Stichen hops out of bed and hops into a fresh shirt: now it is neither wonderful nor new that hops should produce sleep."

Despite these various prescriptions, Luther grew worse; an explanation could not be long delayed; it was a relief when it came. The actual is seldom so distressing or so difficult to bear as fancy represents it. His good-natured landlady took it much more quietly than he had expected. She had become used to such things, and this was only one week's board, besides youth and good looks counted for something on the credit side in the books of dressy, fussy, but tender-hearted Miss De Belvoir Jones.

With a promise to pay her as soon as he could get the money, he took his carpet-bag in hand and walked into the street. Penniless!—friendless!—homeless!—he knew not which way to direct his steps. Instinctively he turned up into Broadway, and stood for a while gazing on the stream of life as it rolled by. And what more striking object of contemplation than the active, bustling, hustling crowd of people thronging the great thoroughfare of a great city!—

"As with like haste to several ways they run,
Some to undo, and some to be undone."

As the crowd rolled by, many directed their eyes towards him—some with a slight expression of surprise or curiosity; but none stopped to ask him a question or to offer any assistance. All seemed to be too busy or too happy to heed him. A feeling of bitterness arose in his heart, but his better judgement checked it, though not without effort. How could they know his distress, and if they did, were they not other objects better deserving their compassion? Besides, how did he know that under the gay exterior there were not hearts aching with deeper griefs than his own?

But what to do?—which way to turn?—where to go? Alas! how many young men have been in a similar condition, and without Luther's excuses! Deluded by a false estimate of city life, allured, from perhaps pleasant homes, or from settled situations in the country by ridiculous notions of the ease and certainty with which fortune is won in town, they expect, with feeble will, small capacity for work, and no special talent, to succeed in a struggle which taxes the energies of the best endowed for merely a bare existence. And how many, too, having once made the mistake, instead of returning to the abundant work of the country, hold on to the very verge of despair, supported only by

"An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert the attest of eyes and ears,"

Corrupted and enfeebled by the baser influences of city life, they surrender energy and will to

"Hope, the frowning traitor of the mind
Which, while it cozens with a colour'd friend
Robs us of our best virtue—resolution,"

If, however, utterly dissatisfied with home, where, as Petruchio says "but small experience grows," our country youth feel "the wind that scatters young men through the world," too strongly to be resisted; better they set their sails for a far western course, and seeks for newer fields. Pabna is as old as "Verona" and as over-filled with starving people.

Luther thought of his fair acquaintance of the steamboat,—no unfrequent thought with him—and of the firm of Ledgeral, Shippen & Co. "No! never!" he exclaimed. "I have said it, and I will stick to it!" Pride, false, and foolish as it most always is, gave temporary vigour to his resolution, and he instantly closed his heart to the suggestion. With equal firmness he rejected the impulse to return to his mother. He knew that he could easily beg a passage up the river on some sloop, or if he found any difficult in doing so, that he could make the journey on foot in a couple of days. But he could not reconcile himself to the idea of returning to his brother's rule, and still less of announcing in person to his mother the failure of his plans.

Instinctively his steps turned toward's the sailor boarding-house in West Street, where, with Captain Combings, he had at first lodged. The landlord received him very graciously, and kindly insisted that he should again take up his residence with him, although Luther frankly owned that his pockets were empty, and that he knew not when they would be replenished. He gladly accepted the landlord's offer of a bed, resolving that he would pick up his meals out of the house, or go without eating, sooner than trench further upon the worthy man's hospitality.

During the night a brilliant idea occurred to him. He would canvass, personally, the whole business portion of the city. He would enquire and press his inquiries with all proper persistence, at every store, shop, and office. Something must come of it according to the doctorine of chances.

He arose with a light heart, but unluckily, with a light stomach too. The sun was shining brightly, his level rays lifting the mist-veils from the surface of the river, and packing them away with the other finery of nature in upper cloudland. The streets and bordering quays began to be alive with a bustling crowd of sailors, stevedores, riggers porters, draymen, and custom-house officers. Everything looked lively, cheerful, and inspiriting.

Luther dressed himself carefully, ate a piece of ship-biscuit for his breakfast, and began his perambulations in one of the principal business streets. He called at every door on one side of the street, but with no success. Somewhat disheartened he took the other side, and went through it in like manner. The answer was invariably a prompt negative. Faint and hungry he stepped into too or three barrooms, and, pretending to look at the papers, sidled up to the bar, and helped himself to small pieces of cracker and cheese placed there for the bibulous customers. It was not a very wicked thing to do, but it was a meanness that, a week ago, he would have scouted as impossible. Pinching poverty had begun its demoralizing work. More than a hundred places he called at that day.

(*To be continued.*)

OUR DAILY BREAD.

Contributed to THE EXPOSITOR by J. Lawson.)

DECEMBER 4.

Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust.—Psalms, CIII., 13, 14.

Who that a father's tender care hath felt,
Whose heart doth towards his child in pity melt,
With anxious, tender yearning for its good,
Can ever doubt his Heavenly Fathers' love
Toward those who fear Him, and whose hearts do move,
In love to Him who shed for them His blood?

DECEMBER 5.

O fear the Lord, ye his saints; for there is no want to them that fear Him.—Psalm, XXXIV., 9.

The Lord regards His faithful saints,
Who fear to disobey His will,
And ever doth supply their wants,
Long as their duty they fulfil.
The Lord regards with jealous eye
All who in truth on Him rely.

DECEMBER 6.

The young lions do lack and suffer hunger: but they that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.—Psalms XXXIV., 10.

How many creatures suffer need,
Desiring to be fed;
But none who really seek the Lord
Shall want their daily bread:
For nought that's good will he deny
For them who do on Him rely.

DECEMBER 7.

Despise not prophesyings.—1. Thessalonians, v., 20.

O may we not despise the word
That's spoken to us from the Lord
By those in whom His spirit dwells,
And thus His word to them reveals.

DECEMBER 8.

Prove all things: hold fast that which is good.—1. Thes., v., 21.

Submit all things to this sure test,
God's word infallible;
Hold fast the good, shun all the rest,
And thus avoid all ill.

DECEMBER 9.

Abstain from all appearance of evil.—1. Thes., v., 22.

If sinful aught appear to be
May I from it abstain;
My heart from evil thus keep free,
A conscience clear retain.

DECEMBER 10.

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.—1. Cor., XIII., 11.

So may we ever grow in grace
As children who increase in days,
Wisdom and stature too;
May childish things be put away,
And gaining wisdom every day,
May we our way pursue.

For THE EXPOSITOR.

Be in Earnest.

To some, the subject of Temperance may appear to be worn thread-bare, but to my mind it is still full of interest, and demands the attention of every lover of morals and humanity. Some say it is talked out. So it ought to be in the way they talk about it. I have no sympathy with those who see no need of making so much fuss about it, and who don't see why Temperance people get so much in earnest about the matter. Why, if the cholera or some other plague should enter our borders, would they think it fanaticism for everybody to be tremendously in earnest in trying to stop its fatal ravages, and save themselves and their fellows from its destroying effects? Certainly not. If some savage animal or mad dog were to go prowling about, biting or devouring all that came in their way, who would'n't wish with all their heart to see the infuriated brute captured and put out of existence? But can these easy going people show us anything as terrible and destructive as are intoxicating liquors, bringing misery, bloodshed and endless ruin and woe to both body and soul whenever its fatal effects are allowed to develope themselves? Now who are the most consistent? Evidently, the friends of temperance. Which of us ever suffered in the least from hydrophobia? Yet who is there of us but would do all in our power to stop its ravages, were an enraged animal, suffering under its influence, to be prowling about in our midst, and spreading the mania wherever it chanced to find a victim? See the inconsistency! None of us, probably, has ever suffered from it, yet, we would not be wanting in earnest effort to stop it. But who can say that he or she has never suffered from rum? I have never yet seen that person. Though you can say you never drank a drop in your lives—nor your family either, perhaps—still, you have either in one way or another been made to suffer under its ruinous influences. (None of us, however, has to trace our genealogy very far back to find one who has been personally and directly injured by drinking liquor.) We all suffer from it in various ways. Liquor costs time and money. Part of that money is out of our pockets. It produces crime. This costs money too; and we all have to help to pay it. Drunkards wear out clothes—lots of them; they eat and *drink*!—not a little. These things have to be earned and paid for, and those who won't support themselves, we have to support. Drunkenness is a great loss to the country, and all have to suffer by it. Evidently, then, the less drunkenness we have, the better for us.—Rum has an influence, an awful influence, and one that is felt by all.—J. LAWSON.

"I SAY, Pompey," said one freeman to another, "dis chile has tried lots ob gift fares and tings fur a prize, but nebber could draw anything at all." "Well, Jim, I'd vise you try a hand cart; de chances are a tousand to one dat you could draw dat."

A FATHER, in consoling his daughter, who had lost her husband, said: "I don't wonder you grieve for him, my child; you will never find his equal." "I don't know as I can," replied the sobbing widow, "but I'll do my best." The father went home comforted.

The wind was damp with coming wet
When James and blue-eyed Lizzie met;
He held a gingham o'er his head,
And to the maiden thus he said:
"Oh, lovely girl, my heart's afire
With love's unquenchable desire;
Say, dearest one, will thou be mine,
And join me in the grocery line?"
The maid, in accent sweet, replied:
"Jim, hold the umbrella more my side:
My bran new bonent's getting wet—
I'll marry you, you needn't fret."

Epitaphs.

The following epitaphs are taken from a very interesting collection by Mr. Fairley, F.S.S., and published by Mr. Samuel Tinsley, London:—

Of epitaphs on infants and young children Mr. Fairley gives, here and there, many examples, one or two of which strike us as exceedingly beautiful. This, from Kensal Green, exquisitely expresses a truly poetic thought:—

"The cup of life just to his lips he pressed,
Found the taste bitter and resigned the rest;
Averse then turning from the face of day,
He softly sighed his little soul away."

More simple, and rather quaint, but still beautiful in its conception, is the following, from Venice:—

"To the memory of John Maghi
An incomparable boy,
Who, through the unskillfulness of the midwife,
On the 21st day of December 1532,
Was translated from the womb to the tomb.

Of comic epitaphs of this class there are plenty. The following is said by our author to come from a Welch churchyard:—

"Two lovely babes lie buried here,
As ever blessed their parents dear;
But they were seiz'd with ague fits,
And here they lie as dead as nits."

The resolution to compel a rhyme in the next one we select is almost as droll as its sentiment:—

"This little hero that lies here
Was conquered by the diarrheer."

This, "on an infant eight months old," is emphatically philosophic:—

"Since I have been so quickly done for,
I wonder what I was begun for."

A great many epitaphs have been made the vehicles for satire by surviving husbands on their departed wives, and *vice versa*.—Of course in the vast majority of cases, inscriptions by bereaved husbands or wives, whether truthfully represented or not of their real sentiments, are vehemently laudatory; but when an epitaph is not of this kind, it is generally conspicuously vehement after the opposite fashion. Mr. Fairley supplies numerous examples, many of which, we imagine, are apocryphal.—This, our author says, comes from the Greyfriars Churchyard: he may be right, though we do not remember to have seen it there.—

"Here snug in grave my wife doth lie,
Now she's at rest, and so am I."

Closely resembling the above is one which is said to be of French origin:—

"Here lies my wife,
A fact that must tell
For her repose
And for mine as well."

The next comes from an Australian graveyard, and is truly antipodean in its frankness:—

"Here lies my wife Polly, a terrible shrew;
If I said I was sorry, I should lie too."

Better in one sense—inasmuch as its humour is more polished, while quite as intense—and worse in another, inasmuch as it makes unworthy use of a text of Scripture, is the following from Sussex churchyard:—

"Here lies the body of Sarah, wife of John
——,
Who died 24th March 1823, aged 42 yrs.
'The Lord giveth, and the Lord *taketh away*;
Blessed be the name of the Lord.'"

Of a similar kind is the next we shall quote, which, Mr. Fairley says, is copied from a country churchyard:—

"Here lies the body of James Robinson
and Ruth his wife,
'Their warfare is accomplished.'"

It would be absurd for our author to give many samples of what may be called "marital epitaphs" of the opposite complexion, seeing that they abound in every churchyard and cemetery. But there is one which is rather singular, and which, it appears, is to be in many English churchyards. To us it speaks rather of a want of invention than of any great depth of feeling in the survivor. It is as follows:—

"She was—but words are wanting to say
what!
Think what a wife should be, and she was
that."

SEND disappointment to the winds; take life as it is, and with a strong will make it as near what it should be as possible.

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IN the commission of evil fear no man so much as thine ownself. Another is but one witness against thee; thou art a thousand. Another thou mayst avoid, but thyself thou canst not. Wickedness is its own punishment.

THE December number of *Wood's Household Magazine* is replete with good reading—entertaining sketches, stories, poems, &c., &c. The engraving for this month is entitled "Old Folks." Only one dollar per year—or with chromo Yosemite one dollar and a half. Address, *Wood's Household Magazine*, Newburgh, N. Y.

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ON CONNUBIAL LOVE.—"Many women suppose that they love their husbands, when unfortunately they have not an idea what love is. Let me explain to you my dear young lady. Loving to be admired by a man, loving to be caressed by him, loving to be praised by him, is not loving him. All these may be when a woman has no power of love. They may all be simply because she loves herself and loves to be flattered, praised, caressed, coaxed, as a cat likes to be coaxed and stroked, and fed with cream, and have a warm corner. But all this is not love. It may exist to be sure, where there is not love. Love, my dear ladies, is self-sacrifice; it is life out of self and in another. Its very essence is the preferring of the comfort, the ease, the wishes, of another to one's own for the love we bear them. Love is giving, not receiving. Love is not a sheet of blotting paper or a sponge, sucking in everything to itself. Love's motto has been dropped in this world as a gem of great price, by the loveliest, the fairest, the purest, the strongest of loves that ever trod this mortal earth, of whom it is recorded that He said, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." No; in love there are ten receivers to one giver."—*Mrs. H. B. Stowe.*

WHICH is the oldest, Miss Antiquity, old Aunty Diluvian, Miss Ann Terior, Miss Ancestor, Miss Ann T. Mundane or Miss Ann T. Cedent?

MARRY.—Jeremy Taylor says "if you seek pleasure, marry; if you prize health, marry; and, even if money be your object, marry. A good wife is heaven's best gift to man, his angel and minister of graces innumerable, his gems of many virtues, his casket of jewels. Her voice the sweatest music, her smiles brightest day; her kiss, the guardian of his safety, the balsam of his life; her industry; the surest wealth, her economy; his safest steward; her lips, his softest pillow of his cares; and her prayers, the ablest advocates of heaven's blessing on his head."