### The Baby's Prayer.

She knelt with her sweet hands folded;
Her fair little head bowed low;
While dead vines tapped at the window,
And the air was thick with snow.
Without, earth dumb with winter;
Within, hearts dumb with care;
And up through the leaden silence
Rose softly the baby's prayer.

"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,
And help me be good," she said.
Then, stirred by a sudden fancy,
She lifted the shining head.
Did she catch on the frozen maple
Some hint of the April green,
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms,
The drifts of the snow between?

"The beautiful trees," she whispered,
"Where the orioles used to sing;
They are tired of the cold, white winter,
Oh, help them to grow in spring;
And the flowers that I loved to gather,
Lord, bring them again in May;
The dear little violets, sleeping
Down deep in the ground to-day."

Ah, earth may be chill with snowflakes,
And hearts may be cold with care
But wastes of a frozen silence
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;
And the lips that were dumb with sorrow
In jubilant hope may sing;
For when earth is wrapped in winter,
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring.

# A MAIDEN FAIR

## A Scottish Love Story.

BY CHARLES GIBSON.

She put her letter in her pocket. There was a new light on her face, making it look gentler and happier than it had ever done before. Ay, she did believe him—she had believed all along that he had been betrayed in some way, although she could not guess how. But Dick Baxter was a clever man and he would find it out.

When Dick reappeared from Cargill's cabin there was a peculiar smirk on his wizened face, and nodding to Annie complacently he muttered—

"Just as I thought, just as I thought."

"What is as you thought?" she inquired, eagerly.

"Gie me a minute or twa," he answered, seating himself before the joint of corned beef which had been placed before him. He took a dram first and then ate heartily. His reflections were much aided by this proceeding, and when he had finished he produced a large well-worn pocket-book from the midst of a curious collection of needles, hanks of thread, fishing hooks, and odd buttons and selected a scrap of paper which had been cut from some newspaper.

"I dinna want to gie you ony false hopes, missy, but if I be na far wrang, Bob Ross will soon be put right."

"You have found out how it was done?"

"I jaloused it as soon as Bob let me ken what had happened. You see what comes o' reading the papers. I would hae been like the lave o' you, maybe, if I hadna read that."

He handed her the scrap of paper. It was the report of a common enough police case: a man enticed into a house, drugged, robbed, and turned out into the street in a state of apparent drunken stupefaction.

"This is what he has done!" she cried excitedly.

"Bide a minute, missy. You hae a heap to answer for; if it hadna been for you, the gowk would never hae thought o' sic a daft-like thing. Hows'ever, we want to clear Bob. You say naething about this, no even to your father, and I'll satistee him that he was mista'en. Whan do you start?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Weel, as soon's I hae told Jeems what his mother wants, I'll gang hame again by train the day. But I would like you to tell me ane or twa things first."

The "ane or twa things" included the whole of her conversation with Cargill about Ross, and the information she had gathered from the men separately that not one had observed the slightest sign of anything being wrong with the pilot until they found him lying at the wheel.

"It's just wonderfu' how you thought about seeking out a' that," said Dick admiringly; "but you were aye a clever lass, missy. I canna understand how the captain should be sae ready to think ill o' Bob."

"Cargill made him believe that he had been drinking before."

"Aweel, that'll a' be set right afore lang. You and me maun keep a calm sough for a wee while. Just you keep on as you hae been doing—keep frien's wi' him and maybe we'll get mair out o' him."

When Cargill returned he was annoyed exceedingly to find his bugbear, Dick Baxter, waiting for him, and almost started into a rage when he heard the well-known salutation, "Weel, Jeems, how's a' wi' you the-day?"

He would have turned away at once from this pest, but he was detained by the next words.

"Your mother sent to you ance errand. She wouldna believe in the post or the telegraph; the matter was sae particular that naething would serve her but I maun come wi' her message."

"What is it she wants now!" was the surly and impatient query.

"She doesna want you to break your trip; but she *commands* you to gang straight to her the minute you land. She bade me say that you would hurt yoursel' mair than you fancy, if you didna do her bidding."

"Very well."

"You'll come the minute you land?"

"Of course, since she is so particular about it."

"I'll tell her to expect you, for I'm gaun back by train the-day."

That evening in the gloaming, work over and all quiet in the harbor, Captain Duncan was sitting on the deck smoking. Annie was walking up and down, occasionally halting beside him. During one of these halts, he said abruptly—

"Annie, I want you to be kind to Jeems Cargill."

This was the first time he had referred to the subject of the proposed union since that evening in the cottage.

"What for in especial, father?"

He turned slowly and looked over the bulwark into the clear blue water which was plashing gently against the sides of the "Mermaid." He was perplexed: what especial reason was there for asking her to be kind to Cargill? He himself had no especial regard for the man, and but for his fortune would have had little to say to him.

"It's this way, Annie; you see he's a man that has a great notion o' you; he's weell-to-do in the world; there's naebody has ony particular ill to say against him; and he asked me to put in a word for him wi' you. I said I would, and I'm doing it. You might do a hantle waur than agree to be Mistress Cargill."

She laid her hand on his shoulder: she could feel the awkwardness with which he spoke. At another time she would have relieved him by laughing at the whole affair. At present she had too many anxious thoughts weighing upon her for laughter to find vent.

"I told o my mind about this, father, when oned it before. I am of the same mind yet, and I will never change."

She felt a glow of pleasure in thus echoing her lover's words.

"Aweel, aweel, I'm no gaun to force your will. I was meaning you for another man a' the while; but I hae done what I promised and nae mair need be said. You would hae loupit blithely enough at—but that's a' by and nae mair need be said."

He got up and leaned over the bulwark now, puffing vigorously.

A vague suspicion of his meaning flashed across her mind, making the heart leap quick with surprise and joy.

"Who are you speaking about now father?" she asked, her voice low and not quite so steady as usual.

"Never heed, never heed. It's a' by noo—the big fool!"

Then there was silence. She was trembling and afraid to speak lest she should find that she misinterpreted her father's thoughts. But it must be *him* he referred to; and this was the meaning of all his curious little jokes and grins which had often puzzled her when he was speaking about her marriage. Could it be?

"I'm sair put about wi' Bob Ross," he said, by-and-by, half angrily, half regretfully. "What a hypocrite he maun hae been!—I would as soon hae thought o' doing sic a thing mysel' as him. Had it not been for that, he was the man for you and the 'Mermaid' tae."

"And will be, father," she cried gleefully.

"Na, that canna be noo—it's a' by. I'd sooner see you maerrit to Jeems Cargill.'

"Oh, father, you will find that you are mistaken about poor Bob."

"That's impossible."

In the midst of her great gladness there came that cruel thought—everything had been lost by that one blunder. She *knew* what Cargill had done; Dick Baxter knew it; but how could they prove it?

* * * * * * *

As soon as the "Mermaid" arrived at Leith, Cargill took his leave of Annie. He was disappointed: all his powers of persuasion had failed to move her. She had been civil to him—most civil—but she would not permit him to get out his proposal. When he was saying good-bye he made one more effort to win her favor.

"I suppose I may come to Anchor Cottage to-morrow?"

Then her whole manner suddenly changed, and she became cold, almost stern.

"You may come, of course, Mr. Cargill; but you will not speak to me again until Mr. Ross is put right with my father."

He was staggered, confused, muttered that he did not see what business it was of his; and with clumsy haste made his way on shore.

Thinking over those parting words of Annie's he was a little disturbed and in very ill-humor when he arrived at his mother's "beastly hut," as he called it. Entering the room he did not observe the absence of any salutation, querulous or otherwise, from his mother; but when he looked he was conscious of a change in her appearance which startled even him.

She sat bolt upright in her chair, the white mutch as carefully "piped" as ever, surrounding a face like that of a corpse. Her right hand rested on a little table at her side, the left grasped the arm of the chair, supporting her in the erect position of one who is just about to rise to her feet.

He did not note the singular calmness of her voice, and was more startled by its tenderness than by her appearance.

"I'm glad you hae come, Jeems, for I hae muckle to say to you afore I get up."

"What is it, mother?"

His own voice was somehow subdued and less self-attentive than usual.

"You ken, Jeems, that I hae mony times had rizzon to compleen o' your way o' doing; and mair than once in my passion I was actually meaning to take every bawbee awa' frae ye and gie it to some o' the hospitals?"

"Oh, yes; but that was only when you were angry," he answered uneasily.

"Ay, but my anger lasted lang enough for me to make out the will."

"What!"

"Ye needna be feared. There was a frien' o' yours wha after lang speakin gar't me put that paper in the fire."

"Who was that?" he asked, breathing freely again.

"It was nane ither than Bob Ross. Hae ye no rizzon to be grateful tae him?"

The selfish nature of the man rendered him indifferent as soon as he knew himself to be safe.

"Of course, and I'll thank him when we meet."

The woman's eyes set in that gaunt, sallow face seemed to glitter as if a flame were reflected in them; and there was a weird solemnity in her voice.

"Ye'll hae to dae a heap mair than that. Ye'll hae to put him richt wi' his folk. Ye'll hae to tell how it cam' about that he fell doon stupefied at the wheel."

There was none of Bell's customary passion in tone or in manner. She pronounced the sentence calmly, and there was a tremulous sadness somewhere which rendered her words the more impressive.

"What do I know about it?" he said sulkily after the first surprise, "except that I gave him a dram, and——"

"And you ken what was in the dram, Jeems. You ken that there was nearly the hale o' this stuff that was in this bottle in 't."

She lifted the right hand from the table, and showed him a small phial.

"Where did you get that?" he exclaimed, starting up, and then suddenly checking himself, whilst inwardly cursing his own stupidity in having laid down the phial in his berth on board the "Mermaid" and forgotten it, instead of throwing it overboard at once. He was only for a moment puzzled as to how it came into his mother's possession, for he presently remembered the visit to Peterhead of the creature he now began to look upon as his evil genius, Dick Baxter.

Bell Cargill went on.

"You bought this on pretence that you wanted a strong sleeping-drink, and you gied it to Bob Ross. Did you no ase that?"

"What is the use of asking such a foolish question?" he growled restlessly.

The old woman looked at him a long time, and that strange sadness which was lying somewhere in the background became more evident in the lines of the worn face and the darkening of the eyes. Without anger, scarcely with any change of tone, she spoke.

"I aye kenned ye were a fule, Jeems, but I never thought you were a villain. Own the truth to me, or you'll hae to own it in a court o' justice. Ye hae wranged the man that was your best frien'—when I get up I'll mak' amends tae him. You maun mak' amends tae him enoo, or never a farthing o' my siller ye shall hae. Speak—you did it."

Cargill saw how much in earnest his mother was, and after a struggle with his vanity, which was overcome by his greed, he answered with a clumsy attempt to be jocular, "Well, I did put a few drops into his dram, but it was only a joke, and meant no harm. I had no notion that he was going to wreck us."

"Hech, sirs, and that's a' your repentance. Ye ken fine that you were gaun to wreck him. Put your name to this paper."

Cargill looked at the paper which she held under her hand, and read the writing on it. It was a plain, brief statement that he had purposely given Ross a sleeping-draught. He made an attempt to snatch it away from her, but whilst she covered it with one hand she placed the other on his breast.

"Hearken, Jeems. If that paper is no put into the hands o' Dick Baxter this nicht wi' your name to it you will be ruined."

He hastily scrawled his name, thinking that he could easily tear the paper afterwards; but at that minute his evil genius hirpled in at the door, and snatched the paper almost from under his hand.

"That paper doesna matter, mistress," says Dick Baxter, "though I've got it. I was standing on the stairhead and heard every word he said tae ye."

Cargill's impulse was to seize the man and take the prize from him by force; but the attention of both were attracted to the mother.

Her eyes had become suddenly dim, and she murmured in a voice growing rapidly more and more faint—

"Tell Bob Ross I'll mak' amends tae him when I get up. I'm weary enoo."

And Bell Cargill lay back in her chair and fell asleep.

### CHAPTER XII.

"WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW."

Captain Duncan rubbed his eyes and would have grown pale had his ruddy cheeks been capable of such a sign of emotion, when Annie and Dick Baxter explained to him and proved to him how Bob Ross had been betrayed.

"Preserve us," he gasped, "and me blaming him wrangfully a' this time!—but what for did he not speak out himsel'—I would hae believed him."

"Oh, father, you would not be patient even with me, far less with him; and he was too much stupified to be able to understand things himself until he got home."

"Gang for him, Dick—fetch him here this minute," cried the captain in passionate haste.

"That'll no be ill to dae," said Dick, with one of his wise grins, "for he's just out by."

Ross halted in the doorway, pale still, but firm on his feet again. The captain opened his mouth as if to speak, but for a little, was unable to do so. Then he took out his big red and white handkerchief, wiped his face with it, and next began to tug at it and tie knots on it as if it were a rope. He found his tongue at last, and with much rough awkwardness—

"I did you wrang, Ross. I beg your pardon, and there's my hand and there's Annie and the 'Mermaid.'"

The hands of the two men clasped in a grip that meant eternal friendship.

Then the old captain without another word passing between them hurried out of the room. He sat down on the anchor in the middle of the green. There he had his pipe and a dram and a crack with old Dick Baxter, learning all the details of Cargill's treachery and how it was found out. At the end Dick was a richer man that day than he had ever been at one time in all his life.

As for Annie and Bob Ross, they were alone in the room. She was in his arms, and he could only say in a whisper—

"God bless you—my own lass."

* * * * * * *

There were few folk in the town who did not miss Bell Cargill. When it became known that she was gone there was as much of that silent sorrow about the place as if news had come of the loss of a whole fleet of smacks.

"We hae lost a good frien'," said one wife to another, and that was Bell's epitaph; but the generous hand and the sharp tongue are still missed in the place.

Outside Anchor Cottage the truth about the narrow escape of the "Mermaid" is only known to Campbell, the sailor who retained his faith in Ross in spite of appearances, and Dick Baxter. The incident is frequently spoken of amongst the men; but Ross himself when questioned only laughs and says, "Oh, I had a dram, that's all."

Cargill gave instructions to the lawyers to sell everything in the place, and has never been seen there since his mother went away.

The "Mermaid" still plods on its diligent course; but Ross is now the captain and owner, although Duncan Murray is always with him. And at times when there is a calm at sea, in the soft northern gloaming, Annie's low voice is heard crooning the old song, "Weel may the keel row."

THE END.

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Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, who has just returned from Rome, says: Leo XIII. treated the American bishops more as a father or a brother than a superior.

The University of Edinburgh, Scotland, has invited Dr. Samuel D. Gross, Emeritus Professor of Surgery in Jefferson College, Philadelphia, to accept the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws at the tercentenary of its foundation on April 17th.

### $12,500,000.

**A Fortune in Scotland in Which Several Residents of Ontario are Interested.**

Some three or four weeks ago Mr. Elisha Adams, grocer, of Glencoe, was the recipient of a letter from lawyers in the Old Country informing him that a large fortune, stated to be over twelve million and a half of dollars, awaited the heirs of Alexander Anderson, late of Aberdeenshire, Scotland. Later correspondence left no doubt that Mr. Adams was one of the heirs, of whom there are nineteen now living. It is some 30 or 40 years since Mr. Anderson died, and during all that time no trace of his heirs could be obtained, though constant search was made. Meanwhile the legacy has increased and now amounts to the sum above mentioned. The only surviving heirs are the members of the Adams and Anderson family; the members of the former being Elisha Adams, Samuel Adams, Mrs. F. Steinhoff, of Glencoe; Mrs. James Gamble, Mrs. W. Badge, of Mount Brydges; Clayton Adams, Harrison Adams, Nellie Adams and Mrs. S. Jackson, of Ventonor, Ont. The Anderson family reside in Shedden, and are the children of Mrs. John Anderson, who is over 86 years of age.

### Coughing.

It is sometimes forgotten that coughs—properly so called and in their integrity—are convulsive, expiratory efforts intended to eject from the air cells or passages of the lungs, or from the windpipe or larynx, either secretions or exudations, or occasionally foreign substances, which impede the act of respiration. Unfortunately, there is seldom any constant relation between the frequency and force of a cough and the physical need for it. This is because the act being, of course, performed by virtue of a special excitation of the nervous system, and the degree of excitability of the nerves concerned in the production of the muscular contractions producing cough determines its force and frequency, instead of their being governed, as they ought to be, solely by the exigencies of expulsion. Moreover, owing to the sympathetic connection of nerves energizing different groups of muscles, and in relation with different centres, cough may be produced by excitations which are not local to the breathing organs. Therefore, we find that cough, which ought to be a very simple process or function of a remedial, or, at least, physically helpful kind, is, in fact, itself a cause of disturbance and disease by reason of excessive and disorderly character. Very grave mistakes are made in practice by treating cough as a pulmonary affection and in itself morbid.—*London Lancet.*

### The Hollow Square.

The "hollow square" formation that won the battle of El Teb is undoubtedly a formidable one in these days of long range rifles, when the assailants can be exterminated long before they ever reach the bayonet points. But that infantry squares have been broken by cavalry on more than one occasion is now matter of history. Authorities are still divided as to whether Victor Hugo was right in affirming or Siborne in denying that the French heavy brigade drove in the face of a British square at Waterloo. But Montbrun's cuirassiers broke a Russian square at Borodino in 1812, and Col. Caulaincourt's horse, in the same battle actually charged into an intrenched redoubt. In the course of the Anglo-Arabian war that followed England's annexation of Aden, in 1839, an English square was attacked in the open plain by a mass of Abdali horsemen. The Arabs forced their way in so far as to kill several men in the third rank, and were then beaten off with bayonets and clubbed muskets, an occurrence utilized by James Grant in one of his military novels. The Irish Brigade had a similar experience at Talavera. "So, my Connaught boys," said Gen. Picton to them after the battle, "you let the Frenchmen get into your square to-day, did you?" "Well, your Honor," answered a brawny Irish grenadier, with stern significance, "the blackguards got in, sure enough, but, bedad! they never got out again."

### A New Catechism in Drayton.

Q.—What is rheumatism?

A.—Rheumatism is a humorous sensation that causes men to rub their joints with St. Jacob's Oil, play practical jokes, throw things around, wear crutches and stay indoors, swathed in red flannel.—*Drayton (C.) New Era.*

Q.—What is St. Jacob's Oil.

A.—A peculiar substance of a very penetrating nature, which causes rheumatism to leave the system astonishingly quick—insuring evenness of temper thereby, and ability to do one's work satisfactorily. It banishes crutches, retires flannels, produces happiness, and brings us down to a serene old age without martyrdom or pain. —*Exchange.*

### How to Keep Birds in Health and Song.

Mr. B. Cottam, of London, contributes the following rules regarding the care and attendance requisite for singing birds:

1. Give them a bath every morning, with a regular supply of good seed and water.

2. The best and cheapest known food for all insectiverous birds is an artificial compound known as "Mocking Bird Food."

3. A little watercress, lettuce, or sweet apple may be given occasionally.

4. Clean out their cages thoroughly and give them clean river sand twice a week, sand being necessary for digestion as well as for cleanliness.

5. Hang your birds where they will have fresh air and plenty of sunshine, but not in a draft. Drafts lead to colds, and colds to most ailments to which birds are subject. "An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure."

6. Protect your birds from sudden and extreme atmospheric changes. From 65 to 70 degrees is a proper temperature for their health.

7. In sickness or in moulting give soft food, consisting of hard boiled eggs, maw seed and soda biscuit, in equal proportions, with a sprinkling of cayenne, all mixed up finely together.

---

*A good Baptist* clergyman of Bergen, N. Y., a strong temperance man, suffered with kidney trouble, neuralgia and dizziness almost to blindness, over two years after he was told that Hop Bitters would cure him, because he was afraid of and prejudiced against "Bitters." Since his cure he says none need fear but trust in *Hop Bitters.*

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What concentrated joy or woe is blessed or blighted love!—*Tupper.*


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D. C. N. L. 13. '84.


**Vital Questions!**

Ask the most eminent physician
Of any school, what is the best thing in world for quieting and allaying all irritation the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always?
And they will tell you unhesitatingly
"Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians
"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine, and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—
"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically 'Buchu.'"
Ask the same physicians
"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague etc., and they will tell you:
Mandrake! or Dandelion!"
Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable
And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a

(Concluded next week.)

**A NOTED BUT UNTITLED WOMAN.**

[From the Boston *Globe.*]

*Messrs. Editors:—*

The above is a good likeness of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., who above all other human beings may be truthfully called the "Dear Friend of Woman," as some of her correspondents love to call her. She is zealously devoted to her work, which is the outcome of a life-study, and is obliged to keep six lady assistants, to help her answer the large correspondence which daily pours in upon her, each bearing its special burden of suffering, or joy at release from it. Her Vegetable Compound is a medicine for good and not evil purposes. I have personally investigated it and am satisfied of the truth of this.

On account of its proven merits, it is recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country. One says: "It works like a charm and saves much pain. It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life."

It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

It costs only $1. per bottle or six for $5., and is sold by druggists. Any advice required as to special cases, and the names of many who have been restored to perfect health by the use of the Vegetable Compound, can be obtained by addressing Mrs. P., with stamp for reply, at her home in Lynn, Mass.

For Kidney Complaint of *either* sex this compound is unsurpassed as abundant testimonials show.

"Mrs. Pinkham's Liver Pills," says one writer, "are *the best in the world* for the cure of Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the liver. Her Blood Purifier works wonders in its special line and bids fair to equal the Compound in its popularity.

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Philadelphia, Pa. Mrs. A. M. D.

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KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, and in short time
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But by patient and scientific chemical research we have improved in several points, and now offer this new color as *the best in the world.*
It Will Not Color the Buttermilk. It Will Not Turn Rancid. It is the Strongest, Brightest and Cheapest Color Made.
And, while prepared in oil, is so compounded that it is impossible for it to become rancid.
BEWARE of all imitations, and of all other oil colors, for they are liable to become rancid and spoil the butter.
If you cannot get the "improved" write us to know where and how to get it without extra expense. (16)
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