POETRY.

The Little Woman.

Don't talk to me of Olympus' maids,
" Divinely tall and fair "—
Of Cleopatra's imperial form,
Or Juno's stately air.
These mighty dames with redoubted names,
May erst have held their sway;
'Tis the little woman—bless her heart!—
Who rules the world to-day.

With her wilful, winsome ways,
Her artful, artless smiles—
Her airy grace and her fairy face—
Her wisdom, wit and wiles,
She mocks the pride and she sways the strength,
She bends the will of man,
As only such a despotic elf—
A little woman—can.

Though her pathway may lead through the darkest ways,
She always finds a light;
Though her eyes be dazzled by fortune's rays,
She's sure to see aright;
Though her wisdom be of no special school,
Her logic, "just because,"
The first has settled a kingdom's fate,
And the last has made its laws.

'Tis the little woman that goes ahead
When men would lag behind;
The little woman who sees her chance,
And always knows her mind—
Who can slyly smile as she takes the oath
To honor, love, obey,
And mentally add the saving clause
In a little woman's way!

Would the diamond seem such a perfect gem
If it measured one foot round?
Would the rose-leaf yield such a sweet perfume
If it covered yards of ground?
Would the dew-drop seem so clear and pure
If dew like rain should fall?
Or the little woman be half so great
If she were six feet tall?

'Tis the hand as soft as the nestling bird
That grips the grip of steel;
'Tis the voice as low as the summer wind
That rules without appeal;
And the warrior, scholar, the saint and sage,
May fight and plan and pray,
The world will wag to the end of time
In the little woman's way.

The Light Heart.

My siller an' gold I hae had to tine,
An' lost are the lands that ance were mine;
The stranger sits down in my father's ha'—
For when ye begin, 'tis easy to fa'.
If my heart wernа light, I think I wad dee;
But when I was poorest it aye said to me:
"There's your wark: begin it!
He's worth gold can win it;
Penny's always penny's brither;
A gude penny brings another."
Sae rather than cry, Alas an alack!
I'm doing my best to win a' things back.

Many guid friends I had ance on a day,
But they went wi' the siller an' land away.
When I needed nae help, I had plenty to proffer
When I needed help maist, I hadna an offer,
If my heart wernа light, I think I'd been dead;
But aye when I fretted it cheerily said:
"There's your wark: begin it!
Friendship!—you must win it.
If first to yoursel you'll be true,
True friends you'll find mair than enew'.
For friendship gie friendship, not siller an' gold."
An' I'm thankfu' I did just what I was told.

Sometimes the days are eerie an' dreary;
Sometimes my wark is lonesome an' weary;
I mind o' the feasting, dancing an' daffing,
The music an' love, the sunshine an' laughing;
An' I think if my heart wernа light I wad greet,
But aye it maks answer, sae couthie an' sweet:
"Say it's dark above ye,
Say there's nane to love ye;
Plenty o' folk are glad an' dear,
Plenty o' folk hae gold an' gear.
It's mean for yoursel to be always repining,
For somewhere on earth the sun is aye shining.'

Sae I winna be sorry for a' that is gane;
Murky or sunny, I'll never complain
As lang as my heart is sae canty an' light;
Nae matter what comes, a' is sure to be right.
If fashed for mysel, then for ithers I'll say,
On somebody's head there is sunshine to-day.
Busy the lee-lang day,
Singing the hours away;
Never was I sae happy before;
Never for gold or siller in store
Wad I gie up the cheerfu' leal friend at my side,
For hadna my heart been sae light I had died.

The Song of the Workers.

I sing the song of the workers, the men of the brawny arm,
Who give us our daily bread, and keep us from hunger's harm;
Who labor afar in the forest, who leaven the fields with toil,
Who take no heed of the sunshine, and mind not sweat or toil.

I sing the song of the workers, who harvest the golden grain,
And bind it, and thrash it and sift it, nor care for the sting and stain;
Who load it in creaking waggons, and stoutly their oxen drive,
And bid them good-bye as they go, like the bees flying home to the hive.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who struggle and strain,
Who give us their muscle and nerve, as they guard the loaded train;
Who give us their sinew and brain, as they watch the prisoned steam,
And run the risk of their lives, as they pass the perilous stream.

I sing the song of the workers, the men who labor and strive,
Who handle for us the honey that comes to the human hive;
The patient and tireless workers, with muscles as tough as steel,
Who carry the heaviest burdens, and lift, and trundle, and wheel.

I sing the song of the workers, demanding for every one,
His just and rightful due for all the work he has done;
For all the work of the workers, no matter whom or where,
To each from the grand result his honest, proportionate share.

An Idyl.

I saw her first a day in spring,
By the side of a stream, as I fished along,
And loitered to hear the robins sing,
And guessed at the secret they told in song.

The apple blossoms, so white and red,
Were mirrored beneath in the streamlet's flow;
And the sky was blue far overhead,
And far in the depths of the brook below.

I lay half hid by a mossy stone,
And looked in the water for flower and sky;
I heard a step—I was not alone—
And the vision of loveliness met my eye.

I saw her come to the other side,
And the apple blossoms were not more fair;
She stooped to gaze in the sunlight tide,
And her eyes met mine in the water there.

She stopped in timid and mute surprise,
And that look might have lasted till now, I ween;
But, modestly dropping her dove-like eyes,
She turned her away to the meadow green.

I stood in wonder and rapture lost
At her slender form and step so free,
At her raven locks by the breezes tossed,
As she kicked up her heels in the air for glee.

The apple blossoms are withered now,
But the sky, and the meadow, and streams are there;
And whenever I wander that way I vow
That some day I'll buy me that little black mare.

Several colleges at Oxford have suffered greatly by the agricultural depression. Wadham's revenues are diminished by about 50 per cent. Things are so bad with St. John's that the President has refused to accept his stipend for three years past, and Lincoln is also suffering severely.

TO BE CALLED A FRAUD.

Barnum's People Bleaching an Elephant.

(N. Y. Sun.)

A strong odor of ammonia permeated a little room in the northwest corner of the Madison Square Garden last evening. It was the incense from a ceremony of sanctification. Under a bright electric light stood Tip, a 4,000-pound elephant. He looked as though he had fallen into an ash-barrel; but he hadn't. Four men, with bared arms and sponges, were rubbing a water-colored liquid over his body, with the object of making him a sacred white elephant. High Priest Tody Hamilton officiated, assisted by Monsieur Paul de Spotte, inventor of the consecrating liquid, the composition of which is not explained. Tip did not seem to be aware of the change in his epidermis, or the notoriety that it promises to give him. He contentedly curled the end of his ashen trunk around wisps of hay and ate them with appreciative regularity. The four men with bared arms and sponges rubbed him energetically. At 9 o'clock High Priest Hamilton and Monsieur De Spotte ordered the rubbers to stop rubbing. While the consecrating fluid evaporated from Tip's cuticle Monsieur De Spotte said: "The elephant is not harmed by the liquid. It simply removes the coloring matter from his skin, as it would from the skin of a negro or an Indian. There is nothing to prevent all races from becoming white now." Tip was of a light drab color at 9 15 o'clock. "By Monday," said High Priest Hamilton, "he will be as white as the driven snow. When he takes part in Barnum's parade in Philadelphia he will wear this sign:

THE WHITE FRAUD,
An exact copy of the other whitewashed elephant now being imposed upon the public as a genuine one. A better job by better artists.

"On Saturday we invite Prof. Doremus and other scientific gentlemen to see Tip. We will challenge them to tell us how he was whitened." Four Irishmen with fictitious complexions, and wearing turbans and long robes, will attend the new sacred animal through the streets of Philadelphia.

Anecdote of Prince Leopold.

Perhaps because they see so much kindness around them, invalid children have generally sweet tempers, and Prince Leopold was no exception to this rule. When he was confined to his room he liked to hear music and poetry, to have dogs and birds around him, and to watch games in which he could not join. When he was able to move about his gayety was often exuberant and found vent in schoolboy pranks. The story goes that at the time of the Prince of Wales' wedding he got into sad disgrace for shearing off the tails of the military coatee worn by his little nephew, the Crown Prince of Prussia's son. That small royal highness took the joke in bad part, for it was his first uniform which he was going to sport at the wedding, but when the damage had been repaired with a needle and thread, his contrite uncle apologized with such good grace for the mischief that forgiveness was graciously extended. It was about this time that Prince Leopold, being out walking one day near Windsor, was accosted by a beggar woman. He had no money with him, and so gave her the valuable brooch which fastened his plaid. His attendants objected and wanted to ransom the brooch for half a crown, but this the Prince would not allow. "The Queen shall buy it back," he said; "she will know what ought to be given, and she will say I did rightly."—*London Times.*

A Sinful Posture 200 Years Ago.

The following law and law case are taken from the records of the New Haven colony in 1669. The statute says: "Whosoever shall inveigle or draw the affections of any maide or maide servant, either to himself or others, without first gaining the consent of her parents, shall pay to the plantation for the first offence 40 shillings; the second, £4; for the third he shall be imprisoned or corpeously punished." Under this law, at a court held in May, 1669, Jacobeth Murtine and Sarah Tuttle were prosecuted "for setting down on a chestle together, his arms around her waiste, and her arms upon his shoulder or about his neck, and continuing in that sinful posture for about half an hour, in which time he kyssed her and she kyssed him, or they kyssed one another, as ye witnesses testified."

The Foxhound's Long Journey.

Recently a foxhound was missed from H. H. Banks' Colonial market, Halifax, Va. He had only been brought from Annapolis a short time before on the train, shut in a box-car, having been there three years, all his life in fact. He did not appear to be restless while in the city, says the Halifax *Recorder*, but no trace of him could be found until recently, when word was received that he had arrived home at Brooklyn, Annapolis, 105 miles, reaching there two days after he disappeared from here. This is a most remarkable instance of the canine instinct, as the dog was brought by rail from Annapolis here, and must have retraced the distance on foot at the rate of about fifty miles a day, with probably an incidental fox hunt *en route*, as he is a fine dog for that purpose.

If you have been insulted by a man who weighs decidedly more than you do, there are two things for you to do, and two only. You can bear it with Christian fortitude, or you can hire a still heavier man to show him the error of his ways.

Father Anderledy, the proposed new General of the Jesuits, is now at Rome, lodged in the palace in Piazza Margana, which belongs to the Order. The number of living Roman Catholic Cardinals is fifty-six, so that fourteen hats are still vacant. It is said that these will also soon be supplied.

A lady asked a learned professor if he understood Chinese. He did. "Well what is 'mouth' in Chinese?" "Mouth is k'eu." A week later, the lady suddenly asked the professor: "What is 'kitchen door in Chinese?" "It is k'eu." "Very remarkable. A week ago you said 'mouth' is k'eu." "Quite so," answered the professor, "whatever opens and shuts is k'eu in Chinese."

PRESIDENTIAL FAVORITES.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning the Men who Stand Closest to the Chief Executive.

Visitors who, from curiosity or business, have called at the White House, must have been impressed by the courteous yet systematic manner with which they were received and escorted through the mansion. The gentlemen whose duty it is to receive all persons coming to the White House are Colonel E. S. Denmore, Mr. John T. Rickard and Mr. T. F. Pendel, and they have occupied their present positions through the various Administrations since and even during the war. Mr. Pendel was President Lincoln's body-guard; saw him to his carriage the fatal night on which he visited Ford's theatre, and he now has in his possession the blood-stained coat which Mr. Lincoln wore on that memorable occasion. There is not a public man in America to-day who does not know, and who is not known by, these gentlemen, and the reminiscences of public and social life which they can recount would fill a congressional volume. During the weary yet exciting years of the war; through the more peaceful times of Grant's administration; while Hayes held the reins of government, and when Garfield was shot, it was these men who stood in the executive mansion, welcoming the advent of each new administration, bowing at its departure, and receiving both martyrs through its portals.

During that long, hot and never-to-be-forgotten summer when President Garfield lay between "two worlds," the nation became aware of the deadly malarial influence which hung about the White House. But all through that period these three men never deserted their posts for a single day, although each one was suffering intensely. In conversation with the writer, Colonel Densmore said:

"It is impossible to describe the tortures I have undergone. To be compelled to smile and treat the thousands of visitors who come here daily with courtesy when one is in the greatest agony requires a tremendous effort. All that summer I had terrible headaches, heart-burn and a stifling sensation that sometimes took away my breath. My appetite was uncertain and I felt severe pains in the small of my back. I was under the doctor's care with strict instructions not to go out of the house, but I remained on duty nevertheless. You would be surprised to know the amount of quinine I took; on some days it was as much as sixteen grains."

"And was Mr. Rickard badly off, too?"

"I should think he was. Why, time and again we have picked him up and laid him on the mantel, here in the vestibule, he was so used up."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Rickard, "I was so weak I could not rise after lying down without help, and I could only walk with the aid of two canes, and then in a stooping position. Oh, we have been in a pretty bad condition here, all of us."

"And yet you are all the embodiment of health," said the writer, as he looked at the three bright and vigorous men before him.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Rickard, "we have not known what sickness was for more than a year."

"Have you some secret way of overcoming malaria and its attendant horrors?"

"I think we have a most certain way," replied Colonel Densmore, "but it is no secret. You see, about two years ago my wife began to grow blind, and I was alarmed at her condition. She finally became so she could not tell whether a person were white or black at a distance of ten feet. One of her lady friends advised her to try a certain treatment that had done wonders for her, and to make a long story short, she did so and was completely cured. This induced me to try the same means for my own restoration and as soon as I found it was doing me good I recommended it to my associates and we have all been cured right here in the stronghold of malaria and kept in perfect health ever since by means of Warner's Safe Cure. Now I am not a believer in medicines in general, but I do not hesitate to say that I am satisfied I should have died of Bright's disease of the kidneys before this had it not been for this wonderful remedy. Indeed, I use it as a household medicine and give it to my children whenever they have any ailments."

"Yes," exclaimed Mr. Pendel" "I use it in my family all the while and have found it the most efficient remedy we have ever employed. I know of very many public men who are using it to-day and they all speak well of it."

"I weigh 160 pounds to-day," said Mr. Rickard, "and when my physician told me over a year ago I could not hope to recover I weighed 122 pounds. Under such influences you cannot wonder that I consider this the best medicine before the American people."

The above statements from these gentlemen need no comments. They are voluntary and outspoken expressions from sources which are the highest in the land. Were there the slightest question regarding their authenticity they would not be made public, but as they furnish such valuable truths for all who are suffering, we unhesitatingly publish them for the good of all.

How the Money Goes.

The debt of Canada has been added to by $46,000,000 at the present session of Parliament, but it would puzzle a smarter man than they raise in these parts to discover any good it would do the country. Almost the entire amount is to be given away to speculators, monopolists and birds of prey generally.—*Waterloo Chronicle.*

The Scottish Highlanders have scored another victory. They were in the forefront at Tel-el-Kebir and at Teb, and now they have won a peaceful victory in the Motherland. It was proposed to do away with the feather bonnet, which has always been worn by the Highland regiments for upwards of a century in many a victorious campaign. The subject was discussed in the House of Commons, the other night, and when all had been said the Marquis of Hartington, as Secretary of War, declared that he had, in view of the public feeling evoked in connection with that subject, resolved upon deferring the final settlement of the question for another year.

Anger is a passion which may be read in the face.

When is butter like Irish children? When it is made into little pats

CRIMINAL CARELESSNESS.

A Smallpox Patient on the Cars.

A last (Sunday) night's London despatch says: On the arrival of the evening train on the Lake Huron & Buffalo Railway coming to London at Clinton a man was found there who said he was an emigrant. His face was wrapped up, and when asked what was the matter he said he thought he had the smallpox, and was going to London to the hospital. Conductor Bailey would not take him, however, just then, and delayed the train fifteen minutes while a doctor was summoned, who examined the man and said: "It's all right; he has no smallpox; it's chicken-pox." On reaching Exeter the conductor telegraphed to Mr. Dawson, Superintendent here, to have Dr. C. S. Moore at the depot on the arrival of the train. The doctor was there, and he made the man take the rags off his face, which was found covered with pimples filled with matter, and the doctor pronounced it a bad case of smallpox. The man was brought from Clinton, locked up in one part of the baggage-car, and on arrival here, after he had been inspected, the door was relocked and the car shunted off to the London East yard. It was at first decided to send the man, who gave his name as Little, lately out from England, back in the same car, but in the interests of humanity the city authorities ordered his removal to the smallpox hospital, where he at present remains. Little states that he had been living five miles from Goderich, had been sick twelve days, and was attended by three doctors, one of whom drove him within one hundred yards of Goderich station this morning, and, giving him a sum of money, left him to shift for himself.

The Remarkable British Winter.

Meteorological reports from the British Islands show that the comparatively frostless character of the last winter was maintained to its close. The mean temperature of the whole winter in portions of England, as given by the *Meteorological Magazine* for March, was the highest observed for several years. February was generally free from the excessive rainfalls which are so injurious to crops, and consequently in some localities vegetation was unusually forward.

Taking all the data together, they indicate that the entire winter was exceptionally mild and fine over by far the larger portion of the United Kingdom, and the winter there is an index of the season in western Europe. Reports from England as late as the third week in March show that the spring opened favorably for farmers. Notwithstanding the propitious winter, it does not follow that the British harvests of 1884 will turn out as well as they now promise. The British winter of 1881-82 was exceptionally mild, and a botanical journal printed a list of no less than one hundred and thirty plants which were seen in flower during January and February. The ensuing spring was not at all notable for its severity, but the summer of 1882 considerably blighted the previous fine crop prospects. The unpropitious summer of that year, however, was due to an unusual southward movement of Arctic ice floes. The Spitzbergen ice fields descended in immense quantities to Iceland and its adjacent seas, causing exceptionally cold weather in the British Islands, as the floating ice masses in the Atlantic in 1862, according to German records, produced "a noticeable cooling of the weather in June over Europe." This abnormal ice drift may again occur this year. But if it does not recur, and there is now no clear evidence that it will, the coming harvests in Great Britian and Western Europe will probably be above the average yield.

Plenty of money will not of itself insure culture and gentility, yet next to Christian graces and robust health nothing is so desirable as refinement, and pleasing, self-possessed manners.

Very Hard Indeed.

There are so many things that appear unnecessary, and which for the life of us we can see neither purpose nor end. It may be corns are just one of those thorns in the flesh the why and the wherefore of which we cannot see. Nevertheless they are of the kind that are easily removed. *Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor* makes short work of them. Try it and see how nicely it coaxes them out. Use none other than Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold by druggists.

Success doesn't "happen." It is organized, pre-empted, captured by "consecrated common sense."—*Frances E. Willard.*

——The woman who seeks relief from pain by the free use of alcoholic stimulants and narcotic drugs finds what she seeks only so far as sensibility is destroyed or temporarily suspended. No cure was ever wrought by such means, and the longer they are employed the more hopeless the case becomes. Leave chloral, morphia and belladonna alone, and use Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

A little girl joyfully assured her mother the other day that she had found out where they made horses—she had seen a man finishing one. "He was nailing on his last foot," she said.

With Satisfaction.

Polson's Nerviline, the new and certain pain cure, is used with satisfaction in every instance. There is abundant reason for this, for it performs all that is claimed for it. Nerviline is a never-failing cure for cramps, pains in the side or back, lumbago, sore throat, chilblains, toothache. Nerviline is in fact a sure remedy for all pains, both internal and external. Try a 10 cent sample bottle at your druggist. Large bottles only 25 cents, by all druggists.

A New York boy saw a man about to slip down on a coal hole. He yelled to the man: "Look out; you've got eggs in your coat-tail pockets!" The man didn't have time to reflect that such was not the case, and the extra efforts he made to save himself resulted in his avoiding a fall, but yet he was not grateful to the boy.

Best PLACE to secure a Business Education or Spencerian Penmanship at the SPENCERIAN BUSINESS COLLEGE Detroit Mich Circulars free

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND
IS A POSITIVE CURE

For all of those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.

It will dissolve and expel Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to Cancerous Humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It removes Faintness, Flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves Weakness of the Stomach. It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, 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 laws that govern the female system.

Its purpose is SOLELY for the legitimate healing of disease and the relief of pain, and that it does ALL it claims to do, thousands of ladies can gladly testify.

For the cure of Kidney Complaints in either sex this remedy is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. *Sold by all druggists.* Sent by mail, postage paid, in form of Pills or Lozenges on receipt of price as above. Mrs. Pinkham's "Guide to Health" will be mailed free to any Lady sending stamp. Letters confidentially answered.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

D. N. U. L. 18 84.

NEVER BE WITHOUT
DUNN'S
THE
COOK'S
BEST
FRIEND
BAKING
POWDER.
SOLD BY ALL GROCERS.

DOWNS' ELIXIR
N. H. DOWNS'
VEGETABLE BALSAMIC
ELIXIR
Has stood the test for Fifty-Three Years, and has proved itself the best remedy known for the cure of
Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough and all Lung Diseases in young or old. Sold Everywhere.
Price 25¢, and $1.00 per Bottle.
DOWNS' ELIXIR

30 DAYS' TRIAL
DR. DYE'S
(BEFORE.) (AFTER.)
Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances are sent on 30 Days' Trial to men only, young or old, who are suffering from Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, Wasting Weaknesses, and all those diseases of a Personal Nature, resulting from Abuses and Other Causes. Speedy relief and complete restoration to Health, Vigor and Manhood Guaranteed. Send at once for Illustrated Pamphlet free. Address
Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich.

EYE, EAR AND THROAT.
DR. G. S. RYERSON, L. R. C. P. & S. E., Lecturer on the Eye, Ear and Throat Trinity Medical College, Toronto. Oculist and Aurist to the Toronto General Hospital, late Clinical Assistant Royal London Ophthalmic Hospital, Moorefield's and Central London Throat and Ear Hospital. 317 Church Street Toronto.

ESTABLISHED 1869.
GIBB & GALLOW
All kinds of Hog Products handled, also Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Poultry, Tallow etc. Pat. Egg Carriers supplied. Consignments solicited. 83 Colborne street Toronto

CONSUMPTION.
I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address.
DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

LADIES OR GENTS CAN OBTAIN the names and address of two leading correspondents for 20c., scrip or silver. Mutual Agency, box 1,797, Hornellsville, N.Y., U.S

YOUNG MEN learn steam engineering and earn $100 per month. Send your name and 10c. in stamps to F. Keppy Engineer, Bridgeport, Ct.