The Face in the Looking-Glass. BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The little Mamie, scarcely three years old Dwelt near the prairie, where the winds blow

In a log cabin very plain and neat, With kitchen, parlor, bedroom, all complete Within one room. And o'er the mantel-shelf Hung the small looking glass.

And so it came to pass The little maid had never seen herself.

She knew not if her eyes were brown or blue, Or how her hair along her temples grew, Or if she looked like mother when she smiled, Or was, in fact, like any other child. No vanity there was about the lass;

For, oh, how could there be, I'd like to know, when she Had never gazed within a looking glass?

Her little sister Rene, just her age-As pretty as a picture, 1 il engage-Took sick one day, and could not raise her head.

And grew so white! And mamma, weeping, In words that Mamie scarce could under-

stand. That Rene'd gone away

From their rude home to play With happy angels in the summer land.

One day a visitor by love beguiled Took from her trunk a toy to please the child-A small hand mirror, that in its embrace

Would surely frame the little maiden's face; And Mamie turned the curious trinket o'er other. And laughed aloud with glee To see how merrily

The bright flecks danced on ceiling and or Then all at once she turned it so her gaze Fell on its polished surface. With amaze

She started, then a closer scrutiny gave As though one had arisen from the grave, And, "Rene! Rene!" screamed with passion ate stir.

Thinking, poor little lass, That from the sea of glass Her sister had come back to play with her

The Princess on the Glass Hill.

Once upon a time there was a King who was called to go upon a long journey. Before he went he called the Prince his son to him and said: "See, my son, here are the keys of the whole castle. You may go wherever you choose, excepting only in one room; into that you must neither step nor peep." Then the King rode away, and the Prince had the castle to himself.

For seven days he rambled up and down and hither and thither, until he had seen everything excepting what was to be found within those four walls, and he never louged for anything so much in his life as to know what it was they held that he was not to

"What harm can there be," said he, "for me to take just one little peep into the room through the crack of the door? I will let nothing either in or out, and my father will be none the wiser."

So he talked to himself, and then it was not long before he set out to do what he had been saying in his heart. Well, he opened the door the smallest crack in the world, and peeped in. There he saw a barrel, bound all round with six stout iron hoops I he'ped myself to Mr. Smif's wool." as thick as your finger and as broad as your palm; next he saw a fountain of clear water that bubbled up into a stone basin; and last of all he saw a marble table with a silver cup upon it.

and when he saw nothing more than the Must be one ob dem dar merhicles, sah." barrel, the fountain, and the silver cup, he spened the door and extered.

Then of a sudden he heard the sound of a weak voice coming from the barrel. "Dear Prince," said the voice, "will you not give a poor body a drink who has not had a taste of water for seventeen years?'

Now the Prince was a kind-hearted lad, and when he heard the voice in the barrel ask for nothing more than a drink of water, and that in such a poor weak little voice, his heart grew soft within him for pity. He took the silver cup from the marble slab and filled it at the fountain that bubbled up anto the stone basin, and poured the water into a hole in the top of the barrel.

Then he was about to leave the room again, when the voice began speaking once papa?

cried; and now it was loud and harsh, like except the final 'E' to his name." the blare of a trumpet.

"No," said the Prince, "I will give you no more. I have done what I should not have done already.'

tell your father, as soon as he comes home, how you have come here to this room wherein he forbade you to enter."

When the Prince heard these words he put on his thinking cap. "Come," said he, "I had bester give the poor soul another draught of water; it can do no harm, and it will perhaps stop his mouth." So for the second time he filled the cup and poured the water into the barrel.

The six iron hoops that bound the barrel tumbled to pieces, and out jumped a great black creature like a man, covered all over with shaggy red hair. He said not a word, your life?" but anatoning up the Prince, he jumped out of the window, and ran off faster than the wind. Across hill and valley he went, and ever stock and stone, until he came to a great gloomy cave in the very midst of a like all unfortunates of your kind, you chew and "means sure death to the whole race." dark forest; there he stopped, and set the tobacco?" Prince upon the ground. "Here is my home," said he, "and here you shall live with me and serve me.

the Prince lived with him and served filthy tobacco juice." him. Every day the black man went Boy-"Yes-m, them fellers nain't initi- funny paragraphs of a miscellaneous charac- and ate the cobs. Many fields, acres in abroad into the forest, and whilst he ated yit. When they git a little older ter of afternoons when your housework is extent, had been abandoned, the corn being was gone the Prince had to sweep the they'll eat it, like I do. There ain't much off your hands." save clean, and make the fire, and cook satisfaction in chewin' terbacker, when yer the supper against his master came home kin swaller it, an' taste it all de way down."

in the evening. So passed seven years, in which time the Prince grew a great stout fellow, such as would be hard to match betwirt the four months I have worshipped your daughter master rivers; but in all that time he had seen neither a thread nor hair of any living soul reason to suppose was reciprocated." like himself. But one day a great longing came upon him to get back into the world again, and to live among folk of his own in the depth of my dark deepair I overestikind. "Why should my master keep me mated my capacity, and this morning was here to build fires and cook food for him?" fined ten dollars." said the Prince to himself. "I will have a talk with him to-night when he tomes home, and see what he has to say for himself."

when his master came back to the cave at evening-time neither fire nor supper was ready for him, and there stood the Prince with the club in his hand.

the black man. "Because," said the Prince, "I am tired of living here in the forest alone, and mean to serve you no longer."

"Why is there no fire or supper?" said

When the Prince's master heard what the Prince said he laughed, and raising his staff he gave the lad a blow that tumbled him heels over head under the table.

But this cake was too big for him to swallow, and what he gave the Prince the Prince paid back again so soundly that his master's jacket smoked like a chimney

"Stop! stop!" bawled he at last. "And so I will," said the Rrince, "If you will let me go, and show me the way out of the forest.

So off they set together, and after a while they came to the edge of the forest where the green fields began, though it was a long journey before they came there.

"Listen!" said the great black man, before they parted company; "who gives me a sprat, I give him a herring." He plucked two hairs from his head and gave them to the Prince. "Here," said he, "whenever you wish for anything, come hither and blow one of these hairs into the air. I will not be too far away to help you." Then he put his hand into his pocket and drew out an old tow wig full of chaff and grass-seed. "Take this also," said the wild black man, "and whenever you put it on, not a soul in the world will know that you are yourself."

Thereupon the two parted company, and the one went one way, and the other the

The Prince put on the wig, and that moment his own mother would not have known him had she seen him, for he was no longer a tall noble hero, but a poor, lean, tattery, dusty, pale-faced lad, not fit

or clean enough to sit in the kitchen corner. Well, by and by, after the Prince had footed it along for a great while, he drew near to a great town, in the midst of which stood a splendid castle built all of marble. wherein the King of that country lived.

Up he went to the castle, and knocked at the door of the kitchen. And did they not want a handy lad about the place that could turn his hand to anything?-tuat was what he wanted to know. But such a poor lean, tattery creature had never come to that town before, so that the cook was for clapping the door in his face, only that he happened to remember that they wanted a boy over yonder to clean out the stables and feed the pigs.

So that was the best that the Prince could find to do. And as no one wanted to have such a looking creature about the house, he had to sleep under the kitchen steps on a litter of straw.

But early one morning, before anybody was stirring in the castle, the lad went to a cistern that stood in the court-yard back of the house, and laying aside his wig of tow, began bathing his bosom and face in the

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

It Was a Miracle.

Court-" What is the charge against this colored man?"

Officer-" Stealing a sheep." Prisoner-"I didn't steal no sheep. I'se a readin' in de papahs dat wool wuz free, so

Officer-"Your honor, the prisoner stole sheep, wool and all."

Prisoner-"No, sah; not quiety, sah, I dist took up dat free wool w'at I done been a-readin' 'bout sah, and dog my cats ef The Prince looked all about the room, I seed dat sheep crawl inter dat wool!

Her Rebuke.

They stood beside the cottage door, The youth and fair-faced miss : Twas night and dark—he asked her for A kiss.

"Tho' I must answer no," she said, "I will this statement make; No man should ask for that which he Could take."

Made That Himself.

"Where did young Browne get his money,

"From his uncle, old Sam Brown. He "Give me another drink or water!" it inherited everything he has in this world,

Life at Lake Rosseau.

He (who has just been accepted): Were "If you do not," cried the voice, "I will you ever engaged before? She: Only once this summer. He: What? and here it is the last of

August! She: But I only came last week.

A Veteran.

"Yes, boys," said old Bellows, proudly beating his breast, "I've been a soldier in my time, and, if I do say it myself, like the Crick, crack, bang! crick, crack, bang! war-horse of Scripture, I could ever scent the battle from afar."

He Didn't Chew.

Old Lady (to street gamin)-"I suppose,

Boy :- " No-m." Old Lady-"Well, that is encouraging. So different from those boys on the corner,

"Sir," he said to the old man, "for ing and passed it over to her lord and with a man's passion, which I had every

" Well ?" "Lust night she cruelly refused me, and Well ?"

circumstances, it would be no more than work. So saying, he cut a good stout club, and right for you to reimburse me the fine."

Wrens in a Coffee Pot.

A most peculiar bridal home, wherein to live for a season, and train up children, is that decribed by a correspondent of "Forest and Stream. " One day, two wrens entered his Tex in cottage, and began exploring it, evidently intending to build a nest

They peeped into every corner, and finaly went away, with the air of would-be tenants who say "they will look elsewhere;" but in half an hour they returned, and the inmate of the cottage, wishing to furnish them with a residence all their own, hung an old coffee-pot on a tree near the door, tying it securely, that the wind might not shake it.

The wrens presently discovered it, entered, and were apparently delighted. It was evidently just the sort of house for which they

had been looking. The next day, its farnishing was quite finished. They had lined it with bits of feathers, shreds of wool and downy vegetable growths, and it was soft as velvet. Then, one egg appeared, and then another, and the little dame began sitting, while her husband, perched on a branch above the coffee pot, poured forth song after song, flying away at intervals to bring her a fat

When the little ones came, both father and mother began to feed them. They usually started from the nest together, but seldom retu ned at the same time.

If the little man came first, he soon grew impatient, and after delivering his offering, would begin calling her, loudly and musically. Evidently her name was "Titty-tee," "Titty-tee? ah, Titty-tee!" repeating the

note until she arrived. Like the hero of "Never too late to mend." he could not bear to enter his lonely dwelling until his wife appeared.

His Portrait.

pencil to the portrayal of the beautiful; sometimes those potent instruments are turned into weapons which may reasonably be feared by evil-doers. A ready hand and brain are possession, likely to come into play under any circumstances; they may even cope successfully with brute force. following adventure is told by Mulready, the artist :

One bright moonlight night, in my student days, I was walking in a street on the outskirts of London, little better than a country lane. When a man came out of the shadow thrown by a large tree, and, producing a pistol, addressed me in the usual robber fashion with:

"Your watch and money, please !" "I am a poorartist," said I. "See, these are my drawings. I have no watch; I have never been able to buy one."

"Your money, then, and be quick !" All this time I was watching the fellow's face; it was very white, and I think he was more frightened than I was. I gave him all the silver I had about me ; he said "Goodnight," civilly enough, and started off towards London.

I made the best of my way home, and before I went to bed, I drew the man's face very carefully. The next morning, I went to Bow Street with my drawing, hoping it might be recognized by the officers there, but no The face, they said, was new to them.

"If you will leave the likeness here, sir,, " said the chief detective, " we may perhaps, come across the person it represents." That very soon happened, a fortnight had scarcely passed before I was called on to identify the man who had robbed me. He had been

The Adirondacks of Canada.

"The Adirondacks of Canada," is the name given by Adirondack Murray, who made the Adirondacks of New York famous, to the Lake St. John region. Lake St. John lies about one hundred and forty miles back of the city of Quebec, or about one hundred and twenty miles up the Saguenay. The region in the vicinity of the lake forms a sort of basin among the mountains which shelter it, and make it possible to grow grain and roots in its rather scanty soil with success. Perhaps no class but the frugal and industrious sticks is merged. After the washing, the French-Canadian would regard it as a desirable farming country, while millions of acres of fertile land are lying idle in the North-West. To the emigrants from the surburbs of Quebecit has furnished what seemed to them prosperous homes, enabling them to be happy and independent. Between Quebec and the lake lies a mountainous country full of lakes and rivers, where hunters and fishers and campers-out can be as happy as the day is long, if beautiful scenery, fresh cool air, healthy exercise and good sport can make a man happy. It is the region of the ouinaniceh or landlocked fresh water salmon | spacious domicile. and of the big speckled trout. Through this country the Quebec and Lake St. John Rail way has been built, and is now running At the lake are two Indian reserves, the inhabitants of which, owing to their hitherto isolated position, have escaped the diseases and vices which result from in timate relations with certain classes of white people. It is to be hoped that the Quebec Government will take steps to prevent these Indians being supplied with intoxicating "that on very many occasions that saved it will be seen, very apprehensive of evil to his charge as a result of the opening up of the region by railway, and the establishing the secondary of the structure of flour and during summer months. The steamers of the structure of flour and gow lines eail during winter to and from Hailand, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer months. The steamers of the structure of flour and structure of flour and it will be seen, very apprehensive of evil to the whole carcase of a freshly-killed sheep in one night leaving only the hare hone forther than the structure of flour and during summer months. The steamers of the structure of flour and gow lines eail during winter to and from Hailand, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer months. The steamers of the structure of flour and gow lines eail during winter to and from Hailand, Boston and Philadelphia; and during summer months. The steamers of the structure of flour and gow lines eail during winter to and from Hailand, Boston and Philadelphia; and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia and Boston weekly, and Glasgow and Philadelphia and Boston weekly. region by railway, and the establishing of the morning. At another station a man was tourists' hotels. At present they are a heal- kept whose sole duty was to keep the mice Halifax; Shea & Co., St. John's, Nfid.; Wm. Thom thy, simple, devout people, but, as Father away from the provender during the time son & Cc., St. John, N. B.; Allen & Co., Chicago Armand says, drink will undo everything the horses were eating it, and this the man Love & Alden, New York; H. Bourlier, Toronto. Armand says, drink will undo everything

Female Fun.

you call 'gumption,' but there would be no harm in trying." Seating herself she dashed off the follow-

and pictures and surmounted the whole with in which he will utilize a method of iron her husband's photo; then, sitting down building construction patented by him, and in admiration of her work, she exclaimed "Now everthing is lovely and the goose hangs high ?"

His phote hung too high to suit him.

London Society in Trade.

Ladies of the highest birth and breeding, says Clement Scott in a London letter to America, women admitted everywhere in society, are not above trading in millinery and female knick-knacks, not because they are in any necessity, but for the mere sake of doing something fast and original. Some set up bonnet shops, others start millinery establishments, old curiosity stores have attractions for others, and, under fancy names, such as Mme. Isabel or Mme. Madeleine or Mme. Rosalie, they buy and sell and tout and barter without the slightest compunction or loss of social caste. In some cases it is even worse than that. The lady of fashion opens a bonnet or millinery establishment on the first floor; her husband cccupies the ground flat as a betting place, with telephones and telegraph wires laid on to the first racing clubs; so the women come to feast on the millinery and to get into debt, and the men spend the afternoon smoking cigars, drinking brandies and sodas and gambling to their heart's Ladies of title and fashion, who have

good incomes of their own, whose daughters are well married to men of wealth and position, who have no pressing necessity to take up trade, except to provide themselves with luxuries, take to buying and selling merely 10 pass away the time. They avoid the shop difficulty by setting up their stores and exhibiting their goods in the little back drawing-room, to which they invite as customers all their friends and relatives, who look in for afternoon tea. They employ their male friends as agen's in the bonnet business, giving them an understood commission, and they do not hesitate to tout for customers at all the dinner parties, and dances and "at homes" to which they may be invited. Only the other day I was lunching with a very old friend of mine, and the servant interrupted us while chatting afterward, and announced Artists do not always devote brush and | the arrival of a pile of milliners' boxes containing samples of goods of every descrip tion. My friend had met the fashionable milliner out the evening before at a party, and weakly promised her custom, and, behold! on the next day she was asked to redeem her pledge and to give a helping hand to the tradeswoman. This is no end to the touting andbegging and cadging that

Women who do not mind boring their friends for orders for bonnets and mantles, and who, having a certain knack of their own, or a half-starved milliner up in one of British Columbia, California, Kansas, Illinois, and the back attics, charge two or three guineas for a bonnet-shape stuck over with artificial flowers and ribbon that cost them a few shillings, or make 60 or 70 per cent. profit out of a child's hat, are quickly followed by men who, over the social dinner talk, try to push cigars or wine, either on their own account or on commission for friends in the city, in fact "shop" is the order of the day and it is difficult to pass a quiet, social hour without being victimized.

Death and Burial in Chins.

When the Chinese wish to declare the extreme vexatiousness of any piece of work, they say, "It is more trouble than a funeral;" the obsequies of a parent being reckoned the most maddening affair in human experi-

Infants are buried summarily, without coffins, and the young are interred with few rites; but the funerals of the aged, of both sexes, are elaborate in proportion to the number of the descendants and to their wealth. When a childless married man arrested for murder, and was easily convicted. | dies, his widow may perform all the duties | \$120.00 Rudge Light Roadster, for \$96.00, new. of a son toward him, may remain in his \$115.00 "
house, and may adopt children in his \$90.00 " house, and may adopt children to rear as \$ 85 00 his heirs and as worshipers of his family \$ 65.00 manes. If his widow purposes marrying again, a young male relative may, with the consent of senior members of the clan, undertake the services expected from a son,

and may inherit the estate of the deceased. When one is about to die, he is removed from his couch to a bench or to a mat on the floor, because of a belief that he who dies in bed will carry the bedstead as a burden into the other world. He is washed in a new pote in warm water in which a bundle of incens, pot and the water are thrown away together. He is then arrayed in a full suit of new clothing, that he may appear in hades at his best. He breathes his last in the main room, before the largest door of the houses that the departing soul may easily find it' way out into the air. A sheet of spiritmoney, brown paper having a patch of gilding on one surface, is laid over the upturned face, because it is said that, if the eyes are MERCHANTS. left uncovered, the corpse may count the rows of tiles in the roof, and that in such case the family could never build a more

A Plague of Mice in Australia.

Australia is suffering from a plague of mice. It is said that from Coomebarabran to Coolah there is hardly a residence that is not troubled in this way. The mice come in droves, and eat everything in the place. On and Halifax every Saturday to Liverpool, and in some one station 2s. per 100 was offered for their mer from Quebec every Saturday to Liverpool, calling destruction, and during a single night 2000 at Londonderry to land mails and passengers for were killed. The price then went down to were killed. The price then went down to fax and St. John's, N. F., to Liverpool fortnightly ls. In one hotel in three nights 1000 mice during summer months. The steamers of the Old the horses were eating it, and this the man found a difficult task. The week before the phia; H. A Allen Portland Boston, Montreal races at Coolah, the vermin got into the horse boxes at the station, and actutally ate the bandages from the legifof the race-horses. The editor said to his wife : "My dear, Sleeping people are said to have been And so it was as the black man said: who have their lips all stained with the if you only had a little gumption you could attacked by them. The crops were being ait down and help me out by writing a few | destroyed. The mice climbed up the stalks, eaten completely away. Peop were at "I don't suppose I have much of what | their wit's end to devise the best means for destroying the pest. The mice burrowed in the fields, like rapbits, in miniature warrens.

A Building Twenty-eight Steries High-Mr. L. S. Buffington proposes precting in "She decorated her room with bric-a brac Minneapolis a twenty-eight story building. and which, if it prove practicable, will probably cause a revolution in the construction "Ahem, my dear," said the "boss;" "we will not weigh one half as much as an "I think, sir, that, in view of all existing that style. Better stick to your house iroumstances, it would be no more than light for you to reimburse me the fine."

Well?"

do not usually do these things up exactly in ordinary one of the same, size. I? will be the ears, pelpitation, etc. For sale by all dregate to the same, size, it would be no more than work."

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CHAPTER VII.—UNCLE JOE FAMILY.

Ay, your rogue is a laughing rogue, as less dangerous for the smile on h comes not from an honest heart, which within; and the contortion of the out the rottenness within. Uncle Joe! I see him now

with his jolly red face, twink eyes, and rubicund nose. No thi faced Yankee was he, looking as lived upon 'cute ideas and speci his life, ; yet Yankee he was by and in mind, too ; for a more kno at a bargain never crossed the lak British institutions and locate his fortably among the despised But, then, he had such a good n face, such a mischievous, mirth-le and such a merry, roguish ex those small, jet-black, glittering you suffered yourself to be taken without offering the least resist

Uncle Joe's father had been a land loyalist, and his doubtful to the British Government had by a grant of land in the H____. He was the first se township, and chose his location spot, for the sake of a beaut spring, which bubbled up in a basin in the green bank at the "Father might have had the

township," quoth Uncle Joe; ' coon preferred that sup of good site of a town. Well, I guess it trouble the spring; and when that way to water the horses, I a tarnation fool the old one wa away such a chance of making for such cold lap." "Your father was a temperat "Temperance !- He had been

of the whiskey bottle in his day up a good farm in the United then he thought he could not do turn loyal, and get one here He did not care a cent, not he, of England. He thought himsel anyhow. But he found that he to work hard here to scratch ale was mightily plagued with the and some old woman told him spring water was the best cure he chose this poor, light, stony count of the spring, and took to and drinking cold water in his

"How did the change agree t "I guess better than could h pected. He planted that fine cleared his hundred acres, and slick enough as long as the

lived."

"And what happened afte that obliged you to part with y "Bad times-bad crops," sai lifting his shoulders. "I father's view of scraping mor I made some deuced clever but they all failed. I married got a large family; and the we ran up heavy bills at the sto crops did not yield enough to and from bad we got to wor B ____ put in an execution at the whole concern. He sold it for double what it cost him; all that my father toiled for d twenty years of his life for les

cash he laid out upon clearing "And had the whiskey I with this change?" said I look face suspiciously. "Not a bit! When a n difficulties, it is the only thing from sinking outright. Wh band has had as many troub

had, he will know how to valu bottle." This conversation was inte queer-looking urchin of fiv dressed in a long tailed coat popping his black shock in at

calling out, "Uncle Joe !- You're want "Is that your nephew?" "No! I guess 'tis my w son," said Uncle Joe, rising, me Uncle Joe. Tis a spry cunning as a fox. I tell you he will make a smart ma Ammon, and tell your ma the

"I won't," said the boy; hum and tell her yourself. wood cut this hour, and you Away ran the dutiful son, he had applied his forefinge to the side of his rose, and, w wink, pointed in the direction

Uncle Joe obeyed the signal

ing that he could not save

without the old hen clucking At this period we were Old Satan's log house, and an out for the first snow to put of the good substantial log pied by Uncle Joe and his consisted of a brown brood and the highly-prized boy v the extraordinary name of A Strange names are to be free country. What thin reader, of Solomon Sly, Reynt Dolittle, and Prudence Fidge names and belonging to subs After Ammon and Ichabod, at all surprised to meet with Pilate, and Herod. And t appelations! But the subje one, and I will forbear to to have enjoyed many a hearty strange affectations which p here very handsome names. homely Jewish names, such pleased my godfather and bestow on me, to one of the christianities, the Minery Almerias of Canada. The names is here carried to a

tent. It was only yesterda through one busy village, I tonishment before a tom thus:- " Sacred to the m Sharman, beloved wife of Was the woman deaf and d friends hope by bestowing t expossible name to still the ad obeck by an admonit

active spirit that lives Truly, Asa Share all mame as well a sortunate man! to return to Uncle Tair promises of leav benght, the memen