YOUNG FOLKS.

A Little Back-Woods Heroine.

In the north-western part of Ontario there are still immense forests of pine trees, and many wood-cutters have their homes there, sometimes far out in the wildest regions. Occasionally one hut stands alone, though they are usually in groups, for the greater protection of their inmates against the invasions of wild beasts, which sometimes approach too closely to these human habitations.)

Some years ago, a Swede, named Olafsen, with his wife and six children, all of whom were girls, lived in one of these lonely huts. He was a wood-chopper, and deemed it "hard luck" that he had no boys to help in his work, with stout arms and willing hearts. He was a strong, fair-haired, blue-eyed fellow, with the indomitable perseverance, and willingness to work, and, indeed, he was obliged to toil hard to keep bread in the mouths of his wife and his six little ones.

Eda, the eldest, was about fourteen years old, and her father often remarked that she was "almost as good as a boy" to help him, and the mother said she was "better than two boys about the housework."

"Why, see, Eric," she said, "how the child can cook; how neat she makes all things; how she can sew, and braid, and what fine wheat cakes she bakes. Oh, if Eda were a boy, my task would be a great deal heavier. She is a good, faithful daughter!"

Every morning the father went to "the clearing," and every day, at noon, Eda carried him a tin pail containing his frugal dinner of bread and molasses, and sometimes a piece of meat if they had been fortunate enough to trap, or shoot, any game. Occasionally, a raw onion, or a piece of cheese found its way into the dinner-pail; and that was fine.

I must try to describe their quaint little home to you. A low, brown log hut, one story, with small, square windows, closed with wooden shutters, which were fastened at night, with a heavy wooden bar inside, and, during the day, swung open upon leather hinges; two long, low rooms. The first of these was the kitchen and living room, in which was a huge fire-place, with the old fashioned crane hanging in it, and where great logs blazed the whole winter long, for it is very cold in those north-western countries. That is where the "cold waves" and the "blizzards," come from, of which "Old Probabilities" so often warns us. The second room was the sleeping apartment for the whole family, where, not neat little white beds like you children all have, but slept upon straw mattresses, and huddled together more like the lambs you see in the fold.

Yet everything was clean, and wholesome, and sweet. Mrs. Olafsen aired those straw beds and cover-lids most thoroughly every morning, and little Berta, her second daughter, and Eda, too, were of the same mind, and shook and beat them with all their strength, until they were sure every thing was arranged in proper style, according to their primitive notions.

The living room was not furnished, as we would call furnishing. There was no carpet on the plank floor, but two or three braided rugs lay there, one under the wooden rocking-chair, which Mrs. Olafsen looked upon as one of her proudest possessions. It was painted bright green, with a bunch of delicate pink roses on the back, (la Frances, no doubt,) and had been given her by one of the women at the "settlement" two miles away, who was going back East, having become homesick amid the dreariness of this wild Ontario forest. There was a clumsy table, and benches for chairs, a small eight-by-ten looking glass hanging by a woollen string to a nail driven into one of the logs, a gay present of a Swedish wedding, which the children had framed in large pine cones, the spinning wheel, which Mrs. Olafsen used constantly in the evening, and various cooking utensils, bright as scouring with energetic hands could make them.

Tables, benches, and floor were exquisitely clean, and a broken pitcher, filled with wild flowers, stood directly under the picture of the wedding, on a queer little three-cornered stand, which surely had come from Sweden, also. And on this table, too, was laid the Bible, carefully covered, though it was used every night, for Eric Olafsen and his wife were God-fearing people, and tried to bring up their children in the right way, and to trust in their Heavenly Father.

In summer time it was rarely that any of the children remained in the house for any length of time, except the rain poured in torrents. The little brook babbling past the house, afforded endless amusement, and excitement, and the mother only stipulated that no one should venture beyond a tree, which stood at a short distance from the door. And, as it was, she was constantly watching her little flock, for fear some harm should come to them. It was all very pleasant during the summer, but, none of you can even imagine its desolation in winter when the forest were filled with snow, and it was almost impossible, sometimes, to get to the settlement for supplies.

Then Mr. Olafsen piled huge logs upon the fire, and the children played around all day with their rude toys, manufactured, generally, by their father, and the mother at her wheel, told stories of the home-land, how fair and noble and brave were Swedish maidens, and how courageous were Swedish men, until blue eyes grew bright with excitement, and Eda and Berta hoped they might grow up into brave women, and longed for an opportunity to show their courage.

But I am going to tell you what happened one mid-summer day—something that brought much praise to Eda, though she little dreamed of such a thing.

One morning, Mr. Olafsen shouldered his trusty axe, and, as he started to the clearing, he said:

"Mother, let Eda bring my dinner earlier to-day. I would like to go to the settlement before dark."

"She shall do so," answered his wife, "for we need oil for our lamp, and flour for bread, to-morrow."

So about eleven o'clock, Eda took the pail, and went, gaily skipping and singing down the pathway, through the wood. She had not gone far when she heard her mother's voice, calling her, and beckoning her to come back.

She hastily retraced her steps, and called:

"Well, mother, what have I forgotten?"

"Take the rifle, Eda," said her mother, "for I have a fear upon me lest you come to harm."

Eda laughed merrily, and said, "But how can I carry that heavy thing, mother, dear? No harm will come to me—the good God watches over us all."

But Mrs. Olafsen insisted, so the girl put it over her shoulder and marched away. She heard her father's axe sounding in the distance, and hurried forward to a spot where she could see him; when, to her horror, the tree that her father was felling, came down with a crash, and with a scream of pain, she saw him prostrated by a blow from one of the heavy limbs. She ran forward as fast as she could—fear lent wings to her feet—and found the poor man insensible, and the blood pouring from a wound in his head. She emptied the contents of the pail on a log, and sprang to the stream for water, with which she bathed his head. Unfortunately, she had spilled much of it in her haste, so she ran back for more. Her father had fallen close beside a large tree which had been cut down some days before; and when she returned from her second expedition for water, she saw what made her heart almost stand still, and her hair rise on her head with horror. An immense bear, attracted by the smell of the food on the log, was busily eating it with his fore paws resting on the trunk of the tree, at the other side of which her father was lying. Poor Eda! she could not leave him to the jaws of the savage beast while she would call for help. Indeed, there was no help near. So, though she was almost paralyzed with terror, she breathed a prayer to God, and, seizing the rifle, thrust it almost into the bear's eyes, and fired. He fell, pierced through the brain, and she heard her father speak, faintly:

"What is it, Eda? What has happened?"

"O, father, you are not dead," she sobbed, "thank God! thank God!"

Mrs. Olafsen, hearing the report of the gun, came running along the pathway. She had locked the children in the house, and came to see what was the matter. She and Eda carried the father home, and attended to his wound, and then returned for the bear, which they dragged to the house.

In a few days Mr. Olafsen was able to go to the settlement, and he took the skin of the bear with him, and told the story of his accident, and how his daughter, a girl only fourteen years old, had killed it alone and unaided, while he lay unconscious.

Many of the sturdy wood-choppers came out to see Eda, and congratulated her, and praised her for her bravery, and many others sent her presents as a substantial recognition of her presence of mind and courage. She received them all very graciously, and said, simply:

"There was nothing else to do but to shoot him. It was God who gave me strength to do it, and you know he helps all who put their trust in him."

Seeking an Emblem.

The French Republic is in search of an emblem. The various monarchies which have ruled in that country have possessed their armorial bearings. The Bourbon kings had for their emblem the *fleur-de-lis*, or iris—which, by the way, is said by certain heraldists to have been nothing more nor less at a start than two frogs which, in the course of a good many generations of conventionalized representations, became transmuted into a flower. The empire of Napoleon I. adopted the eagle as its symbol, and so did that of Napoleon III.

The First French Republic used as a symbol the fasces of the Roman lictors, with the head of an axe projecting from the ends of the rods. This symbol, after the terrible shedding of blood which grew out of the revolution, became an unpleasant one to all humane Frenchmen, and the fasces and their terrible axe were not taken up by the Third Republic.

Thus far the republic has, in the many cases—on coins, stamps and elsewhere—where some sort of symbol was necessary, made use simply of its initials, "R. F."

Although this is eminently democratic, reminding one of the custom of persons who have no coat-of-arms and use their initials instead, there is a strong sentiment among French Republicans of the present day in favor of adopting a more formal and pictorial symbol.

A French authority on emblems, M. Maury, has published a paper on this subject which has made a very favorable impression. He proposes for the symbol of the republic the ancient Gallic cock.

As long ago as the tribes of Gaul made their heroic resistance to the Roman legions, they carried the cock upon their standards. It is an emblem which is to be found upon thousands of ancient French helmets, sabres, coins and medals.

It has always been regarded as the typical bird of France. As late as the seventeenth century it was used on the "counters," or substitutes for coins. It has, however, never been associated with royalty, but has been regarded as a sort of representative of the nation itself.

Mr. Maury thinks, moreover, that the cock is a good representative of the French national character. The Frenchman, like the rooster, is proud, good-looking, gallant, talkative, and ready to fight to the death on occasion.

It is recalled, in connection with this advocacy of the cock as a national emblem, that Benjamin Frankland, the wisest of Americans, tried hard to cause the turkey, instead of the eagle, to be adopted as the emblem of the United States. He pointed out that the eagle was the bird of murder and rapine, whereas the wild turkey, though not a bird of prey, and capable of minding his own business, was a gallant fighter in his own defense, as well as a bird of remarkable beauty.

Like a Fairy Princess.

One of the most charming women at the Spanish Court, says a Spanish exchange, is Mme. Varconcellos, a lady of Sandoval, who is a belle Espagnole of the most ravishing type. She is tall, slender, dark-eyed, with raven tresses and ineffable grace of movement. When she was single she had so many suitors that she resembled the princess of a fairy-tale. Four of these young men, all of good family and fortune, in despair of her coldness, bound themselves by a vow more worthy of the Middle Ages than modern Iberia, never to marry any other woman and to seek death for four years, at the end of which time the survivor should return and renew his suit. One of them went to America, where he was shot in a street brawl. Another joined the French army in Tonquin and was killed in a foray with the Black Flags. The third fell a victim to African suns and privations. The fourth, having passed successfully through a series of South American revolutions and wars, returned to Spain, only to be drowned in harbour by an extraordinary accident.

A Steering Balloon.

The problem of steering balloons is said to have been solved by a German gardener. The object of his balloon, which is shaped, like a torpedo, is to overcome with the greatest ease the resistance of the air. It differs from the ordinary balloon in dispensing with the net as an envelope, and has its folds sewed into the case, so that if a rupture occurs at any point the rent does not extend beyond one fold, and the gas escapes quite gradually. The car is as long as the balloon itself, and has a winged screw in front and a rudder behind. It hangs by ropes fastened by loops to the lower folds of the case. The screw is driven by a petroleum motor of aluminum weighing only 120 kilogrammes and making 1000 revolutions in a minute. This drives the balloon forward, and the rise and fall is regulated by a sliding weight and by the manipulation of a ring which varies the air pressure on the surface by changing the position of the balloon to horizontal or oblique. It is estimated that a large balloon on this model will cost about $3000.

A $15 000 GOLD BRICK.

A Nice New Year's Gift for the Directors the Truro Gold Mining Company.

A Truro, N.S., dispatch says:—On 22 September last this mine produced a gold bar weighing 105 ounces from 25 tons of quartz; on the 12th November 272.132 ounces of gold were cleaned up and smelted from 22 tons of quartz; on the 18th of the same month mining operations were shut down for the purpose of putting a new machinery; on the 16th December the mine was re-opened, and in the meantime new 40 horse power boilers and engine, manufactured by the Truro Foundry and Machine Company, has been set up and put in operation. The manager's house had been built, hoisting gear and culleries re-arranged, first-class copper plates and amalgamating room added to the mill near the shaft house, and a smithy built in substantial and modern form. The mine was again unwatered by new and improved pumps, and the whole put in good running order.

On Friday last, T. G. McMullen and a number of invited guests, among whom were Martin Dickie, of the Merchants Bank; Dr. D. H. Muir, and other prominent citizens of Truro, visited the mine for the purpose of seeing the manager, George W. Stuart, conduct the final operation of reporting and smelting the gold from 30 tons of quartz, mined in 26 days by 14 men all told. The operation was most interesting and novel to the gentlemen present, who were all, with the exception of the manager, utterly astonished at the enormous brick produced. Fifty-one and a half pounds avoirdupois, equal to 750 ounces, were turned out of the crucible and ran into one magnificent glittering gold bar worth $15,000, giving a net profit over all working expenses of nearly $14,000. Naturally there is her excitement among mining men, and the impetus which will be given to the gold mining industry of this province will no doubt be very great. The principal gold strike in the lead is estimated to be worth 125 ounces to the ton.

Unmistakable Evidence.

Some time ago a steamboat called the *Old Kentuck* blew up near Trinity, at the mouth of the Ohio, by which accident a lady named Mrs. Jones lost her husband and her trunk, for both of which an action was brought.

There was great difficulty in proving that Mr. Jones was in the boat at the time of the collapse, that worthy having been notoriously drunk on the wharf just as the boat left Trinity.

Many witnesses were examined to prove the fact, until finally Mr. Deitzmar, a German, was put into the box.

The attorney for the shipping company at once got to work, and elicited from Mr. Deitzmar the following testimony.

"Mr. Deitzmar, did you know the *Old Kentuck*?"

"Yah, I was blown up mit her."

"Were you on board when she collapsed her flue?"

"When she bust her biler I was dare."

"Did you know Mr. Jones?"

"To be sure—Mr. Jones and I took passenger together."

"You did? When did you last see Mr. Jones on board the boat?"

"Well, I didn't see Mr. Jones *aboard* de last time."

The attorney here fancied his case safe, and with a most triumphant glance at the jury said:

"You did not? Well, Mr. Deitzmar, when last *did* you see Mr. Jones?"

"Well, when de schmoke pipe and me was going up we met Mr. Jones coming own."

HOUSEHOLD.

Broken Measures.

Life is full of broken measures,
Objects unattained;
Sorrows intertwined with pleasures,
Losses of our costliest treasures,
Ere the heights be gained.

Every soul has aspirations
Still unsatisfied.
Memories that wake vibrations
Of the heart in quick pulsations,
At the gifts denied.

We are better for the longing,
Stronger for the pain;
Souls at ease are nature wronging—
Through the harrowed soil come thronging
Seeds, in sun and rain!

Broken measures find completeness
In the perfect whole;
Life is but a day in fleetness—
Riche in all strength and sweetness
Grows the striving soul.

Baby's Diary for One Day.

Waked up as usual at 3 o'clock in the morning, and cried until everybody else in the house was awakened. Then I went to sleep again.

Was aroused once more at 6 o'clock by a fly dancing on my face. I tried to hit him, and only succeeded in slapping myself so hard that I had to scream. I screamed until every body decided to dress, and when they were ready for breakfast half an hour before breakfast was ready for them, I fell asleep.

My breakfast was served at 8 o'clock. I don't think the cook can be much good, for I never had anything but milk for breakfast, dinner or any other meal since I can remember. After breakfast I saw my big brother playing with a jumping-jack. As I wanted it myself, I cried until nurse made brother give it up. Then brother began to cry, and because I was sorry for him I cried too.

Had lunch at 10 o'clock (same as breakfast). Went out riding afterwards in my carriage, and cried all the way home because nurse wouldn't let me have a nice big black doggie to carry. He was a lovely doggie, and when I screamed he barked, so I screamed real hard lots of times. It was great fun.

Got so tired screaming that I went to sleep. At 12 o'clock waked and had dinner (same as breakfast and lunch).

Mamma played on the piano and sang to me. When I tried to sing she laughed, and as I don't like to be laughed at, I cried. Nurse said I was a naughty baby, and I cried all the time at everything, but I don't agree with her. I never cry now at meal-times, because I tried it once and found I couldn't eat and cry at the same time, so gave it up. I have all night to cry in if I want to, and I can't then.

Had lots of fun. Pulled nurse's hair, then pulled mamma's hair. It wasn't so much fun when I tried to pull brother's hair, for he slapped my hands. I didn't like that, so I cried. Then brother laughed, and I cried harder, and then brother was sent away. I cried harder than ever at this, for I wanted to play with brother.

Had supper at three o'clock (same a breakfast, lunch and dinner). Got mad and dropped the bottle, and cried because I couldn't have any more supper as the bottle was broken. I have discovered that bottles break. Hooray! Tried to tell nurse about my discovery, and nurse said, "Poor 'ittle sing." I wasn't a "sing." I'm not "ittle," because there's no such word, and I'll never be "poor," so I cried.

From 4 until 5 I made a new record. I generally cry at half past 4 every day, but to-day I didn't. I was asleep.

At half past 5 I had the last meal of the day, a new bottle having been procured. I don't know the name of this meal, but it doesn't make any difference, for it was the same as breakfast, lunch, dinner and supper.

I went to bed at 6 o'clock.

At 9 o'clock I waked up, and hearing company downstairs cried for some company myself. Mamma came up to me. Went to sleep.

Didn't wake up any more that night after I went to sleep the last time until the next morning.—[Harper's Young People.

The Charm of Pleasantness.

Every woman has an inherent longing to be attractive, and if she has not, she should have. For what would this chaos, doubt and strife of our daily warfare become, were it not that sweet woman interfuses into it her calming, cheering influences?

And the natural tribute men pay to woman's attractive qualities is admiration. If a woman is incapable of appreciating the homage of man, and treats man's highest gift as though it were vanity, she makes a serious mistake.

But how can a girl best gain the love and respect of others? This is an all-important query, and it is best answered by a correct illustration drawn from real life. Miss A is beautiful. Her statuesque form and magnificent face are always the same, with a cold, distant respect which even her undoubted beauty does not redeem from reproach. Miss B is neither so talented nor lovely, but she meets one heart to heart, and her continued pleasantness has a charm which draws around her a devoted circle of appreciative friends. She is her father's confidante, her mother's joy, the recipient of her brother's love-trouble and sister Nellie's struggles with French.

Ah, girls! The snowiest skin will soon day be sallow; the flush of youth will disappear; the bright eye grow dim, and the nervy limb be uncertain and feeble. But this inward loveliness, this beauty of spirit, is born of Heaven, and knows no death. The tender ministries of Miss B will creep into many true heart sooner than Miss A's icy beauty. Such a woman in any home is a glimpse of God's sunshine. Beauty and genius are the gifts of Providence, but a good heart all can cultivate.

Manners For Children.

There are few portions of household training that are more neglected than the education of children in the habits of eating. In the family it is the easiest thing in the world to grow careless or indulge in various practices not permissable in polite society, but, all the same, these habits are formed, and the children, as a natural consequence, grow up in such ways. It is small wonder that when they find it necessary to go out into the world they are obliged to have a thorough course of training to unlearn the habits of early life.

The only excuse for this is when the parents are themselves totally ignorant of the proprieties of life. It is a poor comment on bad manners when the young person in response to reproof says: "We always did so at home." And no parent should permit it to be possible for the child to cast any such reflection on the guardian of its tender years. It is comparatively easy, once the habit of discipline is established, to compel the observance of the rules that govern good society. If parents do not know them, they should realize the necessity of learning them before they attempt the training of little children.

It must be a very unhappy reflection to father and mother when they come to comprehend the fact that their children are in disgrace because of lack of correct teaching. But this is often the case, and, though children rarely accuse the parents of being the cause of such unpleasant consequences, there are many instances where young people feel it keenly.

It is unquestionably the fact that a good deal of what is complained of by parents as neglect on the part of children comes from the feeling that they have been allowed to grow up in ignorance of many things which they should have known, and have experienced so much annoyance and discomfort on this account that they feel sensitive and sore of spirit in consequence.

It is natural enough to feel a certain degree of resentment toward those who are the cause of serious unhappiness or social disgrace, or whether it is the parent or some one else seems to make no difference; indeed, the responsibility which attaches to that relationship but increases the discomfiture.

Social etiquette classes for the mothers of families might be a departure, but they certainly would be a lasting benefit to the rising generation.

House Linen.

The present styles in bed-linen are specially favorable, to fine material and dainty stitches, for the ruffles and laces and embroideries which bedecked our beds a few years ago have been to a great extent superseded by delicate hemstitching, with sometimes a dainty bit of embroidery above it. Shams are not so much used as they have been, but they are so convenient that it is not easy to discard them altogether; and there is a noticeable disposition to regard them more favorably within the last few months than was shown when they first began to fall out of favour more than a year ago. When they are used they are made somewhat more elaborate than pillow-cases, though they most frequently consist of a square of linen, hemstitched, and with as much drawn-work as the time and taste of the user will permit.

THE FIT OF A PILLOW-SHAM

is greatly improved by putting a triangular piece on the under side of each corner. The corners of the pillows are thrust into these, causing the sham to fit down closely over the pillow, and more nearly resemble a real pillow-case, than when it is simply laid over the pillow, or held by some of the patent devices.

Oblong pillows are now more used than square ones, and pillow-cases are made without the old-fashioned tuck along the sides. The open end hangs beyond the pillow about eight inches, and all the trimming is around this end. Even for square pillows the case is made with the long overhanging end, thus giving an oblong effect. The best style is to make the cases of fine linen, with simply a hem-stitched hem; but it is quite admissible to use drawn-work, embroidery, or even ruffles, across the end.

However fine the linen or dainty the stitching, much of the joy in a well-filled linen-closet is dependent upon the laundress. Though there be never a ruffle nor a bit of embroidery among them, no proper housewife can look upon her piles of snowy, shining linen, without a thrill of satisfaction at their beauty, and the thriftiness implied by them. Starch should never be used in bed-linen. If it is ironed white quite damp and with a very hot iron, it will have a handsomer gloss than any starch can give it, and enough stiffness to make it lie smoothly, which is all that is desirable. Do not mar its beauty by many folds. Once crease down the centre of a pillow-case is sufficient.

If possible, one closet or set of drawers should be set apart exclusively for bed-linen and towels; and when this can be done it may be made deliciously fragrant by scattering among the linen

SACHES OF LAVENDER

flowers tied up in little bags of Swiss or tarlatan. Bunches of sweet clover, or the leaves of the lemon verbena may also be used in this way; but no heavy perfumes or sachet powders should be substituted, as the object is to give only a sweet, grassy fragrance, suggestive of cleanliness and sunlight and pure air.

But for table-linen, even this much of a suggestion of perfume should be avoided. In delicate cookery a savory dish may be ruined by too great a preponderance of any one flavor; and to a sensitive taste a dinner may be spoiled by an incongruous perfume, though it be one that under other circumstances would please the most fastidious. Hence, whatever part of the closet be reserved for table-linen, it should be apart from the rest, and free from any odor.

For tablecloths, drawers are much better than shelves, because one necessarily has a few finer and longer clothes than the ordinary ones, which are but seldom called into use and in a drawer they can be kept protected from the inevitable dust which yellows them, than they can be on open shelves. But, on whatever place they are kept, the space should be a little longer than half the width of the cloth; for a hand-comely laundered tablecloth should have but one crease in it, and that straight down the center. Before ironing it should be folded once lengthwise, and then ironed until it is perfectly dry and glossy on both sides; after this it may be lightly folded crosswise until it is a convenient size for the closet. If it is properly ironed at first these cross-folds will not become firmly set and when the cloth is laid they can be easily smoothed out with the hand so that no fold is conspicuous except the one down the center. Any fancy foldings of either tablecloths or napkins are

SUGGESTIVE OF RESTAURANTS

and public eating-houses, and should always be avoided on the home table.

As to bed-linen, so in table linen; there is no more satisfactory way of keeping the closet well stocked than to add a little each year. One or two nice tablecloths and a dozen napkins once a year require a comparatively small outlay of money; yet unless the family is an unusually large one or the linen is not properly taken care of, this a little enough to keep on hand a fair supply of fresh table linen.

There is no economy in buying a poor quality of linen for the table. The cheaper qualities become rough after the first laundering and soon fail into holes, while good linen improves in appearance after it has been washed a few times, is very durable, and retains its beauty and smoothness until it is worn very thin.

It is better to buy tablecloths by the yard and hem them than to get the set made to order, according to the uses for which they are intended and are frequently hemstitched, sometimes a narrow line of embroidery above the hem and sometimes with an embroidered monogram in the corner.

Dinner in Norway.

Men who write books of travel commonly have more than enough to say about bad food and bad cooking—which means often nothing worse than food and cookery to which they are not accustomed. It is doubly pleasant, therefore, to find a *woman*—who may be presumed to know whereof she speaks—praising meals prepared after foreign fashions, and eaten in strange surroundings. Mrs. Jackson, when in Norway, found many things to delight her. Doubtless, being a reasonable woman, she went prepared to find them. One thing, which marked a "memorable day," was "a true Norwegian dinner in a simple Bergen home."

"The carriage will come for you at six," the hostess had said. Punctual to the hour it came. On the threshold we were met by the host and hostess, both saying "Welcome." As soon as we took our seats at table a toast was offered: "Welcome to the table."

The meal was, as we had requested, a simple Norwegian dinner. First a soup, with balls made of chicken; the meat scraped fine while it is raw; then pounded to a paste with cream in a marble mortar, the cream added drop by drop, as oil is added to salad dressing; this, delicately seasoned, made into small, round balls and cooked in the boiling soup, had a delicious flavor, and a consistency which baffled all conjecture.

Next came salmon, garnished with shreds of cucumber, and with clear melted butter for sauce. Next, chickens stuffed with green parsley and boiled; with these were brought vegetables, raspberry jam and stewed plums, all delicious.

Next, a light omelet, baked in a low, oval tin pan, in which it was brought to the table, the pan concealed in a frame of stiff, white dimity, with a broad frill embroidered in red. Cheese and many other dishes are served this way in Norway; adorned with petticoats or frills of embroidered white stuffs.

With the omelet were eaten cherry sweetmeats, with which had been cooked all the kernels from the cracked stones, giving a rare flavor and richness to the syrup. After this nuts, coffee and cordials.

When the dinner was over the host and the hostess stood in the doorway, one on either hand; as we passed between them they bowed to each one, saying, "God be with you!" It is the custom for each guest to say, "Thanks for the meal."

After dinner our hostess played for us Norwegian airs, wild and tender, and at ten o'clock came Nile and the ponies to take us home.

WITHOUT AN EQUAL.
ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
CURES RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Swellings.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER COMPANY, Baltimore, Md.
Canadian Depot: TORONTO, ONT.

A WALDEMAR MIRACLE.

A C. P. R. Man Relates His Wonderful Escape.

Helpless With Rheumatism and Sciatica—Relief Comes After Doctors Had Failed—The Story Corroborated by Reliable Witnesses.

From Grand Valley Star.

There are few people in this vicinity who do not know Mr. Thos. Moss, of Waldemar. He has been for years the trustworthy section foreman of the C. P. R. in the division in which he resides and his exemplary life he always led has given him a respectable status in the community. He is a gentleman who is thoroughly reliable, and when "Tom" Moss tells you anything you can depend upon it every time. This by way of prelude to an interesting story the Star has to tell. For some time past a great deal of novel and entertaining literature has appeared in the columns of the press throughout the country, giving the particulars of cures bordering on the miraculous, in various parts of the country. Those who have read these narratives must have put them down either as clever and daring romances, or come to the conclusion that truth is indeed stranger than fiction. The Star must confess that it did not pay much attention to the reported miraculous cures until about a month ago, when it was told that a cure quite as notable as many of those published had been wrought within a few miles of Grand Valley. The fact is that great cures, or accidents, or tragedies when they occur hundreds of miles away—no matter how exciting or how thrilling—do not usually arouse more than a passing interest where the actors or the central figures are entirely unknown. But let something occur in one's own neighborhood or analogous to that reported from a distance, and with what different feelings is the news received. We had read of miracles wrought at Trenton, London, Hamilton and other places, through the use of Dr. Williams' famous Pink Pills for Pale People. But we were not acquainted with the parties restored to health; we were in the enjoyment of good health ourselves; and the memory of the great things done in other sections passed from our mind. When we were told that there was a man only 16 drive down to the pretty village of Waldemar to get full particulars of a miracle as striking as many that had been reported in the newspapers, we were at once interested. We were further told that Mr. Thos. Moss was the man who owed his restoration to health to the use of Dr. Williams' famed Pink Pills. Remembering that Mr. Moss had been laid up with rheumatism at intervals for years, and that there was a time last spring and summer when his familiar face was entirely missing from the railroad, the Star determined to see him and get a confirmation of the story alleged as to the cure by the use of Pink Pills. On seeing Mr. Moss and getting the facts from him, we found that his story was even more surprising than the one which had been going the local rounds. Mr. Moss had not only been troubled with rheumatism, but sciatica of a most painful type, and had also been afflicted with bronchitis which he had come to regard as chronic.

THE PATIENT'S STORY.

"What you have heard is quite true," said Mr. Moss in reply to our query, "I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with wonderful results. For years I had been subject from rheumatism and bronchitis and had come to look upon both as chronic. Last spring I met with further misfortune to be afflicted with a severe attack of sciatica. So bad that I was laid up, and weeks was unable even to move. The men on the line can tell you of the condition I was in. There was an accident on the road and I had to be carried to a hand car that I might be brought to the scene of the occurrence, in order that a proper report might be made to the railway authorities. I believe I would still have been helpless in my house, or perhaps with the silent majority, if a friend had not told me of the great merits of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and urged me to try them. All other remedies had failed, physicians were entirely unable to cure me, and I had given them up in despair. You can imagine the despondent condition I was in when Mr. Ramey, of Grand Valley, mentioned Pink Pills to me. I had little hope that they would benefit me, but drowning men clutch at straws, and that was my frame of mind when I purchased the first supply of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had not used the Pink Pills long when I began to find relief and this natural ly made me hopeful, and I persevered in their use until the cure was complete. The change wrought in me by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is as delightful as it is marvellous, and for the first time in years I find myself free from pain. I was weak, helpless and hopeless—doctor and other remedies had done me no good, but Pink Pills have restored me to health and strength. The sciatica disappeared, the rheumatism went with it, but stranger still, I am cured of the bronchitis I had come to regard as incurable. I say stranger still, because I notice that in the list of ailments for which Dr. Williams claims his remedy beneficial, bronchitis is not mentioned, and this forces me to the conclusion that Pink Pills have even more marvellous properties than they have been credited with. My case seems almost incredible but there are so many here who are witnesses of my cure that even the most sceptical must be convinced, and I firmly believe Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will cure any trouble with which man is afflicted. This may seem to be enthusiasm, but I have the right to be enthusiastic after what they have done for me, and I earnestly urge those afflicted with sickness of any kind to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—the greatest of modern medicines."

Mr. Moss' narrative was certainly of absorbing interest, particularly as the reporter knew he was not a man who would exaggerate facts.

The story of the case was corroborated by many neighbors, among them Mr. Wm. Lomas who had assisted in carrying Mr. Moss to the hand-car when taken to the scene of accident above mentioned and also Mr. Buchanan, the popular C. P. R. agent. The reporter returned to Grand Valley fully satisfied as to the great curative properties of Dr. Williams' wonderful discovery.

The Star interviewed the druggists of Grand Valley, and had the same answer from all, Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular remedy in their stores, and the sales are constantly increasing. Mr. Erskine, of Dr. Hopkins' drug store, and Mr. Stuckey, of Mr. Beith's establishment told the Star they were amazed at the great and growing demand for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. If the remedy is as popular in other parts as it is in and around Grand Valley great indeed must be the good accomplished by this famous cure.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are not a patent medicine in the sense in which that term is usually understood, but a scientific preparation. They contain in condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions and the tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark on the wrapper, at 50 cts. a box or six boxes for $2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes is trying to defraud you and should be avoided. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Influence is the exhalation of character.

There are now 7,000 loan associations in this country, with a membership of 2,000,000 persons.

Mrs. John McLean writes, from Barrie Island, Ont., March 4, 1889, as follows: "I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia for the last nine years, but, being advised, to try St. Jacobs Oil, can now heartily endorse it as being a most excellent remedy for this complaint, as I have been greatly benefited by its use."

ONLY ONE OF MANY.

Glimpses of Life Down on the Old Farm Village.

The Boy Comes Home Again—A Mother's Fears are Realized—The Secret of Her Child's Sin is Out.

"Fears to me I can't never git these chores done an' git ready to go down to the boat when she comes in, an' Tom sure to be on it, too."

Farmer Taylor hurried into the barn, and after forking down some hay for the horses ran hastily to the house and seized the milk pail, returning to the barn where Rosie, the red and white cow, stood placidly chewing her cud and ruminating on her chances for an extra mess.

Though advanced in years Mr. Taylor was as spry as a young man, the seasons of bone-breaking toil having left little impress on his sinewy frame. Gray whiskers covered the full lower half of his face and a little inclination to curl gave them a tousled appearance. Thin locks of straight hair dropped to the soiled collar of his old coat, the ends sticking out in a well-defined edge, like bristles on the side of a nail brush. His blue eyes had a mild expression utterly incompatible with the fierce shagginess of the brows, which met over them.

As the milk spurted into the pail under the pressure of his brown and horny hands, his thoughts went back to the childhood of the son, now grown to man's estate, and whose arrival on a visit home, the first in several years, he so eagerly awaited.

Tom had been the brightest of all their six babies, and was the only one who lived to an adult age except Mary, the crippled daughter who had been a constant care since birth. His tiny feet had proved equal to the task of walking before he was 1 year old. He learned to talk at a correspondingly early age, and showed other signs of mental precocity. As the farm adjoined the little lake-port village Tom entered school when but 5 years old, and thereafter his progress was rapid.

"Begats all how that little feller used to learn," broke out the farmer as he busily pulled at old Rosie's pendulous udder. He had acquired the habit, so common to lonely lives, of talking to himself, and as the foamy milk rose higher in the shining tin pail he continued:

"That boy's the smartest un every found in these parts an' I don't care who hears me say it. He jest a 'Rithmetic an' geography was nuthin to him an' he read the hull town libry throw before he was thirteen years old then ast the clerk if he couldn't buy t'em. So I boss, so; stand still you contrary critter." Rosie lifted a foot, threatening but subsided after a sharp slap on the thigh. Then he resumed his meditations silently and when the pail was full, he let the cow out into the pasture and went to the house where breakfast was waiting. During the meal he made frequent trips to the door, scanning the road for first sign of the girl, alternating with his wife, who was also impatient for the steamer's arrival.

Just before noon, when their vigilance had been somewhat relaxed, a heavy whistle announced the steamer's approach. Fifteen minutes later, father and son met upon the dock and together hastened to the old home.

"Ma'll be wonderful glad to see you, my boy, an' so'll Mary. Sence you've got to be city editor of that big paper Mary was scared you'd feel above your old pa an' ma, but, gracious sakes, I can't see no difference 'cepting you're older an' older lookin. The hull town knows what a big man you air, an' ma, an' Mary, an' mo's the proudest folks in the village."

And so he rattled on, Tom asking an occasional question about the home, the farm, and his old associates.

On the broad piazza, under the shade of blossoming roses, waited the mother patiently, as was her wont. During the years of her son's absence her heart was the only one which had been depressed at times with the fear that all was not as well with Tom as it might have been. To her city life seemed full of indefinable terrors. She had been afraid of she knew not what. She knew only that she had feared and prayed, and prayers had not brought perfect peace. With her toil-hardened hands clasped tightly over the faded calico bodice, beneath which her heart beat in suffocating throbs, she stood until husband and son were before her. "Mother!" he had cried. Of that meeting let the roses and sheltering vines keep secret their happiness from a critical world. Who can describe their joy? Even the garrulous old man became silent, and all the years which fell were not feminine tears. The sun's rays were softened by a passing filmy cloud and the poppies in the old-fashioned garden waved their silken petals gently as if respecting the sacred commingling of joy and tears in the household.

Dinner time passed quickly. Tom praised the inimable meal of bacon, boiled potatoes, and milk gravy. He told stories and anecdotes of city life as viewed from the vantage ground of a newspaper man. He talked of members of Parliament and Senators, actors and actresses. He had even helped the Mayor of Toronto into office, and had performed a like service for many of the aldermen.

The family was entranced. Even crippled Mary, repressed by years of physical pain and infirmity, became almost merry.

When the table was cleared away Tom insisted on wiping the dishes for his mother, and the meek little woman felt greatly flattered by her son's attention.

But after a time Tom grew restless. He walked nervously about the house and yard, asking questions, then paying no heed to the answers. Finally he went down town to see some of his old playmates, he said, but he promised not to be gone long.

The shadows lengthened on the grass and the flush of sunset spread over the broad lake. Time passed and he did not return. The supper hour arrived and still Tom was absent. The biscuits grew cold and the egg omelette, of which he was so fond, was spoiled. Mother Taylor fidgeted about till finally the old man slipped out of the door saying as he did so:

"I'll just step down to the company's store an' git the post-office. Probly Tom's tellin' 'bout the city mayor an' some of them big guns. Good-sakes me! Them boys ud like to listen all night 'them ever thinkin' of supper. Don't know I blame them much either."

He paused a moment at the gate. The early twilight had come and darkness hovered over the town. All along the shore the beach sand gleamed white in