

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

(The following beautiful poem is said to have been written by King James First, though it is sometimes ascribed to Bishop Andrewes.)

If any be distressed and faint would gather,
Some comfort, let him hasten unto Our Father,
For we of hope and help are quite bereft.
Unless thou answer us Who art in heaven.
Thou shewest mercy, therefore for the same.
We praise thee, singing Hallowed be thy name.
Of all our miseries cast up the sun, Show us the joy, and let Thy kingdom come.
We shall be, and after from our birth.
Thou constant art:
Thy will be done on earth, Thou madst the earth, as well as planets seven.
The name is blessed here, 'tis in heaven.
Nothing we have, or debts to pay, Except that give it us.
Give us this day Wherewithal to clothe us, wherewithal to be fed.
For without thee we want Our daily bread.
We want, but want no faults, for nay sins.
But we sin—
Forgive us our trespasses No man from sinning ever freed did live—
Forgive us, Lord our sins As we forgive.
If we repeat our faults, thou ne'er disdain us:
We pardon them That trespass against us;
Forgive us, that is past, a new path Direct us always in thy faith, And lead us.
We think own people and thy chosen nation, Into all truth, but Not into temptation:
That they of all good graces are the giver, Safer us not to wander, But deliver us from the fierce assaults of world and devil.
And dash, so shalt thou free us From all evil.
To these petitions, let both church and laity With one consent of heart and voice Amen.

The Third House.

A Detroit boy, aged twelve, whose uncle is a member of the Legislature, was permitted to make a trip to Lansing a few days ago in order to visit the State House. He came home yesterday noon chuck full of importance, and when his little brother ran to meet him at the gate, William coldly waved him back and said:

"I refer you to the Committee on Fisheries, bub, and how's my dog?"

His mother was glad to see him, and when she asked if he had enjoyed himself he replied:

"Oh, I suppose so, though I now more do sit out all after the ensuing clause."

"What sort of talk is that, Willie, dear?" she asked in great surprise.

"Never mind the talk, mother, but move the previous question and bring on the pancakes."

The hired girl came in with the dinner and wanted to know how he liked Lansing. He looked at her with great dignity and replied:

"I now move to lay your petition on the table, Hannah, for future consideration."

She got mad about it, and William slyly informed his mother that it was his opinion that Hannah's title should be made to conform to the body of the bill. He went out to see the boys after dinner, and a house painter asked where No. 757 was.

"We'll have a call of the house and see," replied the boy as he looked around.

"Whose house?" asked the painter.

"Or, you can rise to a question of privilege, continued the lad.

"I don't want no sass!" said the painter, "so the thought the boy was making fun of the red nose."

"Of course not. Let's pass the bill to a third reading, or else go into committee of the whole and debate it."

"I think you need dressing down," yelled the painter, and he banged William into a sand bank and pushed a head of gravel down behind his collar.

"Have the minority no rights?" yelled the boy as he kicked the painter in the shin.

He would have been walloped had not his mother appeared. The painter moved away at the sight of her, but called out:

"I'll see you again, boy!"

I refer the whole subject to father, with instructions to report a bill to walk you into the Police Court," replied the Representative, and he went in to tell his mother the difference between suspending the rules and a rushing bill, or referring it to the committee in Corfield's till some one came around with the cigar.—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Parlington says that just before the late war circumstances were seen around the moon night, shooting stars parambulated the earth, the disk of the sun was covered with black spots of ink, comets swept the horizon with their operatic tales. Everybody said that it prognosticated war, and sure enough war did come.

How the Rulers Dine.
Marshal McMahon is frugal, and never makes any observations on what is set before him. He is not great drinker, but very fond of fruit.

Queen Victoria is not a great eater, but she likes beef and pastry. The Emperor of Russia is fond of game. He drinks plenty of Burgundy and champagne.

The Emperor of Germany drinks anything he can get—Mareobruner, Liebmannish, and Roederer. He is a simple-hearted and merry guest. He likes beef and sweet dishes.

The Emperor of Austria is a serious eater. He prefers beef and mutton to poultry. He drinks Hungarian wine and Boudeaux.

Victor Emanuel has a strong appetite; loves small birds; does not touch the birds he kills. Burgundy is his wine.

The King of the Netherlands is a good eater. Give him anything and salmons with good old wine. His cellarars are the best in Europe.

The King of the Belgians has a stomach no bigger than a sparrow's. Cannot eat much; larks will do and old Burgundy.

The ex King of Hanover likes pheasants, grouse, and smoked hams. Rhine wine and Moselle.

The King of Portugal is a miserable guest; eats little, drinks less.

Alphonso XII has a brave stomach. Plenty of poultry, veal, dessert and claret.

President Hayes is a good eater, obliged to say he likes cold water and Hayes cake, a compound of salermers and plaster of Paris, invented in Columbus, Ohio.

A SAILOR'S X-MAS.—An exchange tells an extraordinary big "fish story." Yellow fever broke out on board a New York and Liverpool packet, the ship-carpen-
der fell a victim, and his body with due ceremony was committed to the sea, a grindstone first being attached to his feet. His little boy, aged twelve, overcome with grief at being parted from his only protector, jumped after him, and was soon beyond the reach of human aid. Next day an enormous shark was captured and a noise was heard to come from it. It was opened, and there found, to their great surprise, that it had swallowed the carpenter, grindstone and all. The former, who had only swooned, had rigg'd up the grindstone, and with his little boy's assistance, he was grinding his jack-knife to cut his way out."

It is Well to Know.—Pleasant Child (to Young man making his first call): "See here! if you're coming often, and going to make up to one of my sisters, you'd better be sharp and pop the question, 'cause I've noticed, with all the other fellows, when it goes on so long it never comes to nothing."

"Oh, I suppose so, though I now more do sit out all after the ensuing clause."

"What sort of talk is that, Willie, dear?" she asked in great surprise.

"Never mind the talk, mother, but move the previous question and bring on the pancakes."

The young man who howled over to remove her seven-year-old daughter for playing with some rude children, recurred to the old story. "Well ma, some folks don't like bad company, but I always did."

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Of Every Other Store by

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OUR GREAT CLEARING SALE

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Every one acknowledges that our stock is three times as large as any other in Guelph. It must be reduced, for our senior partner is now in the Old Country buying new goods. How is this to be done? We intend to do it by offering a few low priced meals, but by selling

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And all Summer Goods at Half Cost Price.

This will only Last for Two Weeks.

We shall then be receiving our new goods from England and the sale will close.

Now, then, for a few particulars. Read them and don't forget them.

SILKS, SILKS, SILKS, SILKS

AT 50 CENTS A YARD.

Over one hundred patterns, pure Silks, choice designs, most fashionable colors, at fifty cents a yard. There is nothing in the world of the same quality, at anything near the price.

Grenadines, Muslins, and French Lawns,

The finest materials ever worn in summer.

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These goods astonish everyone, and are being bought up a hundred yards at a time. Come in before they all go.

The choicest Kid Gloves, 50 cents a pair.

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Parasols, great bargains.

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And hundred and hundreds of Hats, trimmed and untrimmed, scores of Summer Suits, Mantles, and Jackets are going just for any thing they will bring.

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Guelph, July 18, 1877.

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