September.

BY E. H.

The golden-rod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees in apple orchards
With fruit are bend ng down.

The gentian's blossom fringed
Are curling in the sun
In dusty pods the milkweed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.

From every lane at morning
The grape's sweet odours rise;
At noon the roads all flutter
With yellow butterflies.

By all these lovely tokens
September days are here,
With summer's best of weather,
And autumn's best of cheer.

But none of all this beauty
Which floods the earth and air,
Is half to me the secret
Which makes September fair.

'Tis a thing which I remember—
To name it thrills me yet—
One day of one September
I never can forget.

In Memoriam

The following tribute to the late Prince Imperial is from the pen of his cousin William C. Bonaparte, Esq., of Waterford, Ireland:

Though Death, black Death, has slain the mother's joy,—
Fixed is thy lance against our English tears,
Like crowned rainbow, for all coming years,
Lost hope of myriads, thou imperial boy!
Fled if that life be, virgin of alloy,
Now skyward lifted o'er man's hopes and fears,
(Music for evermore in human ears!)
No change can jingle it, no spite destroy!

Thee to thy doom, like arrow from the bow
Before two worlds agaze, God's wisdom back sped,
Marking thine early grave—front to the foe!
And thus conjoined, as on some bronze sublime,
They live with his—of thy starred house the second,
In twin profile, paired to all time!

Mysteries of the Royal Arch.

More Unveiling of the Secrets of Masonry.

(From the London Truth.)

Last week I alluded to the royal arch degree, and my correspondents now asking to unveil its mysteries. At the destruction of Jerusalem by Nebuchadnezzar, three master Masons were taken into captivity, and on their return to Jerusalem, found a tabernacle erected on the old site of the temple. They were told by "Haggai, Joshua, and Zerubbabel" to clear away the ruins of the old temple. In doing this they came on an old vault, in which certain treasures were discovered. The initiation is a representation of the return of these three master Masons. The room in which it takes place has three curtains across it, and at each curtain sits a guardian. At the end of the room sit "the captain of the host," and Haggai, Joshua, and Zerubbabel," who are respectively called "high priest," "king," and "scribe." A little in advance of these is the "altar." After some preliminaries, all kneel before the altar and hold hands. Then they say "rabboni." After which they rise and give the "grand omnific arch word," in what is termed "three times three." The word is "Jahrihlum, Jehovah, God." It is repeated by squads of three holding each other in a peculiar way. Then the candidates are introduced by the officer termed "sojourner." They are led it by a rope, and pass under an arch made by the initiated with their arms, and then over some furniture upset in order to represent a stony road. On this follows the oath, which contains the following clause:—"I furthermore promise and swear that I will assist a companion royal arch Mason when I see him engaged in any difficulty, and will expouse his cause so far as to extricate him from the same, whether he be right or wrong." And this "under no less penalty than to have my skull smote off and my brains exposed to the searching rays of the meridian sun." The next step is to represent the "burning of the bush." One of the initiated assumes the part of the Deity and shouts "Moses! Moses!" After a reply from the candidates, the words "I am that I am" are heard. The candidates are then dragged into the preparation-room, and, when brought back, are told that the pass-word is "I am that I am," and they are invited to help build the new temple. At each veil through which they are led, the guardian at its door gives them a different pass-word and sign, until at length they find themselves in the presence of the king, the priest, and the scribe. The "sojourner" hands in a triangular piece of metal with the word "Zerubbabel" inscribed on it, and the candidates are given tools to clear away the rubbish of the old temple. In a heap of rubbish to which they are now conducted, they find a key stone, then some squares, and finally, a box with an inscription on it in cipher. The box is opened; it contains a book of the law, a key to the cipher, Aaron's rod, and a pot of sugar to represent manna. The priest explains that this box is the ark of the covenant, and that the inscription on it means: "Deposited in the year 3,000 by Solomon, king of Israel, Hiram, king of Tyre, and Hiram Abiff," followed by the grand omnific arch word. This word is then given with "three times three;" the priest recounts the history of the order, and then the chapter is closed with much the same ceremonies as those with which it is opened. The moral is that the long-lost master Mason's word is the name of the Deity in Chaldee, Hebrew, and Syriac, and that this word has been discovered owing to its having been found in the ark concealed by Solomon and the two Hirams, although what harm accrued to the world by its being lost, or what benefit accrues by its being found, I should imagine that Freemasons would have some difficulty in explaining.

Who's Who.

The following marriage announcement, from the advertising columns of the official Vienna journal, illustrates somewhat comically the intensity of the title worship that obtains at the present day in central Europe: "Camille Heinrich, Realm Prince of Starhemberg, Count of Schaumburg and Warenheim, Imperial Royal Chamberlain, Colonel Hereditary Territorial Marshal in Nothern Austria, Hereditary Member of the Austrian House of Peers, Imperial Royal Lieutenant on the Retired List; and Sophie, Realm Princess of Starhemberg, born Realm-Countess of Sickengen Hohenberg, Lady of the Palace to Her Majesty the Empress Elizabeth of Austria; hereby make due announcement of the proximity wedding of their daughter, Marie, Realm-Countess of Starhemberg, with the Highly Born Realm-Count Conrad Ungnad of Weissenwolff, Baron of Smeck and Enseak, Honorary Knight of the Sovereign Order of St. John, Colonel Hereditary Territorial Court Master in Austria above the Ens, son of the Highly Born Lady Hedwig, Realm-Countess Ungnad of Weissenwolff, born Realm-Countess Krasicka, Lady of the Star-Cross Order, and of her late consort, Realm-Count Guidobald Ungnad of Weissenwolff."

A DRUNKARD is staggering along the boulevards, knocking against lamp-posts, and, with great dignity and earnestness, solving the problem how to be in two places on the sidewalk at once. The passers stare at him and laugh till he halts, and with a painful effort, collecting himself, says: "Galileo wash right—the earth doesn move!" and crumbles into a shapeless ruin upon the pavement.

KINGSTON girls, when they go on a picnic, take the young men along to protect them from the snakes. These modern Eves are so particular.

HELEN, of Troy, found Paris green. Death ensued as a matter of course.

Pirates of the Chinese Coast.

Of all the dangers that beset the mariner, whether it be from storm, fire, or the hidden reef, none have such terrors for vessels trading in the Pacific Ocean as the pirates that infest the Chinese coast. With ordinary skill and vigilance the former dangers may be guarded against, and it is seldom that some one does not survive to tell the tale, but an attack by these pirates is conducted with such cunning, treachery and skill, that if it is successful, it leaves a mystery far harder to bear than a known misfortune, for those who watch and wait for the ship that never returns to port. Every year adds to the list of stately vessels and gallant crews that leave port for ever, and are eventually placed among the "missing." How many of these are captured and destroyed on the China coast can never be known; their assailants show no mercy, and the ocean "tells no tale."

The quaint junks in the Chinese ports at night-fall are to all appearances the peaceful traders that they profess to be; but if an unprotected vessel comes in view, the scene changes as if by magic; deck loads of merchandise are thrown into the holds, and cannon take their place; the crews are marvellously re-enforced by men who have been hidden below, and the former lazy coasters glide swiftly along, propelled not only by their sails but by long and powerful oars.

The doomed vessel is quickly surrounded by the pirates, and a cannonade soon brings her masts and yards crashing to the deck. Her crew may defend themselves as well as they can, but they are out-numbered fifty to one. Nearer close the pirates, who throw rockets and "jingals" that leave an unquenchable fire and a stupefying smell wherever they fall; the defence grows more feeble, and now, running alongside, the pirates board, and slay all of the crew that may survive. By the busy hands of the plunderers the cargo is soon removed, a hole is bored under the water-line of the captured ship, and as the pirates sail away, the scuttled vessel slowly sinks from view, and after weary months of waiting her name is placed on the list of "missing."

The pirate coasters repair their damages, send the guns below, divide the booty and disperse. If the bait's has been heard by a cruiser, she hastens in its direction and meets with two or three easy-going traders who are apparently unconscious of any such thing as piracy near them. If any sign of the conflict remains about them, and an explanation is required, some plausible story is always ready in which they are represented as the real sufferers. Complaints against all robbers are intermixed with cunningly invented directions to the man-of-war, which is soon in hot chase of an imaginary foe.

If caught, these pirates meet with prompt punishment, which is always death. Knowing this they will fight fiercely, if discovered by a man-of-war while attacking a vessel, and many instances are recorded where all the members of a pirate crew have destroyed themselves in preference to an ignominious death which they knew they would meet if captured.

A voyager on the waters of the East often finds it difficult, when he sees the Chinese trading vessels sailing peacefully around him, with their gay streamers and picturesque sails, and their gongs sounding a salute as his vessel passes them, to imagine that many of them are pirates, and that if a suitable opportunity were offered them to make an attack, the vessel he is on would never see port again. But if he should happen to imagine such a thing, his fears would probably be well founded, for the records of the Chinese coast service are filled with accounts of vessels which have been attacked and destroyed by pirates that were cruising about in the guise of just such harmless-looking traders as he sees about him.

An Ancient Rose Tree.

Herr Lennie, a well known botanist of Hildesheim (Hanover), thus describes a remarkable rose tree (or rather climber, for it is supported against the wall of a church) growing in his town, and which was in existence when Christianity itself was little more than 1,000 years old; and, if tradition is to be believed, had even then been blooming nearly 900 summers. "The oldest known rose tree in the world," he says, "is now at present growing against the wall of the cathedral of this town (Hildesheim), remarkable alike for its extreme age and for the scanty nourishment with which it has supported itself for so many centuries. It varies but slightly from the common dog rose (*Rosa canina*) the leaves are rather more ovate, the pedicels and lower leaf surfaces more hairy, and the fruit smaller and more globular. The stem is two inches thick at its junction with the root, and the whole plant covers some 24 square feet of the wall. Bishop Herilo, who flourished between 1054—1079, took special interest in this rose as being a remarkable monument of the past; and when the cathedral was rebuilt, after being burnt down in 1061, he had it once more trained against the portion of the wall which had been spared by the fire. Tradition states that, in the year of grace 814, the Emperor Ludwig the Pious son of Charlemagne, was staying with his court at Elze. Being desirous of hunting in the huge forest where now stands Hildesheim, mass was said by the imperial chaplain at the place of rendezvous. By some mishap, when the service was concluded and the party dispersed, the vessel containing the sacred elements was left behind. On returning to the spot the following day, great was the surprise of the chaplain to find the holy vessel overshadowed by the tender branchlets of a lovely rose, which had sprung up in the night, and now filled the air with the perfume of its flowers. The Emperor shortly after arrived, and by his command a chapel was built, with the altar standing on the spot occupied by the roots of the rose, that very rose which is now blooming as freshly as though a single decade, and not a thousand years, had passed over its head." But, tradition aside, certain it is that the roots of the existing rose tree are buried under the altar of the cathedral, and consequently inside the building, the stem being carried through the wall to the outer air by a perforation made expressly for it.

Whistling in England.

There is much less whistling among farmers' men than forty or fifty years ago, and less singing also. When I was a boy, most of the men sang at plough and with their teams. Their voices, borne over the hills by the breeze, were one of the charms of a country ramble. They mostly sang love songs or sentimental ditties. I remember "The Mistletoe Bough" was a great favourite with one of my father's men. Some time ago I remarked to the rector of a neighbouring parish how very seldom I heard men singing at the plough compared to when I was a boy. He replied: "That is because you were bred among the hills, and now live in a flat country; men don't sing in flat countries." I felt this was correct. Milkmaids sang to their cows, without which it was believed they would not "give their milk down." If you meet a country girl nowadays, and ask her, "Where are you going too, my pretty maid?" you can never say the reply was, "A milking, sir," for maids no longer milk, but leave it to be done by men called "garthmen." At the "clippins" all the men were expected to sing, but those who could not might whistle, as I have heard them more than once. Like milkmaids, "clippins" have all vanished. Those kindly gatherings, where the master and his neighbours and his men all made merry together, have all gone, and we have steam ploughs and reaping machines and labourers' unions instead. Although there is yet more singing and whistling in hilly than in flat countries, it is certain that farmers' men neither sing nor whistle half as much as they used to do. As far back as I remember, our middle classes considered whistling vulgar, (as boys were not allowed to whistle.) It is possible that the labourers have got to think so too. Railway trips, and more ready access to towns, are bringing everything to a dead level, and gradually effacing the old-fashioned country ways.

QUEER PEOPLE AND DOINGS.

A WISCONSIN boy fired at what he thought was a scarecrow, and hit a tramp, whose ragged clothes were flapping in the wind as he crossed a field.

GEORGE HOAR gave a decision, as umpire of a Chicago game of base ball, that displeased one side's captain, who struck him a fatal blow with a bat.

MRS. KEMPT, of Bridgeton, Mich., named her boy Christ, not meaning to be sacrilegious. He grew up to be a bad man, and is now in prison for stealing.

THE last slave sold in the confederacy was in 1865, near Richmond, a negro man, who was bought for nine hundred heads of cabbage. Cabbages were worth $1 a head.

A BASHFUL South Bend girl refused to jump from the window of a burning building in her night dress, went back to her room to put on more clothes, and was burned to death.

REB WATERBURY, aged 72, fell in love with a young woman at Ellsworth, Ill., and gained her consent to marry; but his stern son interposed, and the old man committed suicide.

LAWYER DEBRITZ, of St. Louis, is invariably polite. A long and terrific roll of thunder stopped him in an address to a jury, and on resuming he said, "Gentlemen, pray excuse this interruption."

MAJOR FRED. NICHOLLS, of the Memphis *Avalanche* is the only member of the staff who has not fled from the city. He edits, sets type, and prints the paper without assistance. He alone stood to his post during last year's epidemic.

AN old Dominican monk was walking in the street at Santa Maria, Italy, when a stranger cried out, "It is time I killed somebody," and stabbed him fatally. The murder was absolutely wanton, no possible motive being discoverable.

ABOUT two years ago James Hartland was sent to goal in England, and vowed he'd murder one of the committing magistrates. On Aug. 8 he kept his word by putting three bullets into the Rev. J. Rocker, for thirty-two years vicar of Gornal.

LIZZIE ROKEY, of Louisville, married Joseph Drago, when she was only fifteen years o'd, and within three months obtained a divorce. At sixteen she was united to him again by a second ceremony, and this time six months elapsed before a separation. She is now nearly seventeen and Drago is wooing her anew.

NEW England Spiritualists are holding a camp meeting at Mount Pleasant, and Mr. Allen, a medium, is delighting them with a new phase of materialization. His seances are begun in the dark, but sparks of what he calls "spirit fire" soon rise from the cabinet, and by this fitful light what purport to be forms of the dead become visible.

THE Rev. Calvin Williams, a negro, was taken before a Justice at Stonington, Conn., for keeping an unlicensed dog. He obtained permission to open the proceedings with prayer, and used the opportunity to describe, in his lengthy petition, the manifold wickedness of the prosecutor, for whom he asked "divine forgiveness, if possible."

MISS PERKINS, of Ebondale, Iowa, used her artistic skill in drawing caricatures of gawky Mr. Filter, who had offended her at a ball. These pictures were displayed in the window of a store, to the great irritation of Mr. Filer. He was perplexed as to a means of retaliation, but finally decided to whip Miss Perkins's brother, and did it so thoroughly that the sufferer was for a week confined to bed.

MR. NICOLAS KISS, formerly a member of the Hungarian Reichstag, possesses an hotel at Paris. At the foot of the staircase he has placed an elegant cavcall, or tirelire, surmounted by a parrot. When any one comes down or goes up the staircase, the parrot screams out, "Stagedin!" The visitor looks around astonished, sees the tirelire, and puts something in it. The parrot has already collected more than 8,000 francs.

THE strenuous efforts of James Parkinson, of Bromley, England, prevented his daughter from marrying the sweetheart of her choice; but the pair were, one morning, found dead in a pond, and Parkinson received the following letter from the young man: "You have tried hard for a long time to part your daughter Catherine from me, but you have failed in turning her mind from me. Knowing that you would not give your consent to our marriage, we have determined not to part from each other."

MONSIGNOR TURINAZ announces the publication of a pamphlet in France, in which he intends to prove that Freemasonry is destructive of religion, morality, social order, liberty, equality, fraternity, and true progress; that it is the enemy of the country, and at once an insult to human dignity and simple good sense. He intends to refute all objections, and to demonstrate the truth of his assertions on the authority of the encyclical letter of Leo XIII. He means also to furnish a triumphant proof of the divinity of the Roman Catholic Church now at war with those "infernal sects."

A RUSSIAN Socialist, condemned to the mines of Siberia, desired to commit suicide, but the cell in which he was confined, at Odessa, contained nothing that could be used in any ordinary way against his life. So he tore off the top of his lamp, lighted the petroleum oil in it, and sat over it in such a way as slowly to burn to death. "Such was the man's determination," says a correspondent of the London *Times*, "that neither during the act nor at the hospital whither he was removed only to linger and die did he utter a word or give any sign indicative of suffering, and no one appears to be able to account for the strange deed."

A BELFAST (Me.) man, though strong and able-bodied, has elected to spend the remainder of his days in a chair. He is a ship carpenter by trade, and when a reduction of wages took place he refused to work longer. So he seated himself in a rocking chair by the window in his sitting-room, and there he sits, only rising to go to his meals or to go to his bed. The rockers of the chair have worn grooves in the floor, and on the window sill are the impriats of the fingers of one hand, with which he drums idly as he rocks to and fro. There are only the man and wife in the family, and they are supposed to have laid up something on which they now live.

Managing Lunatics.

Here is a hint for the superintendents of madhouses. The innovation has been introduced recently in the great Vienna establishments. A lithographed newspaper, published in the institution, is contributed to by the inmates. Those patients for which this slight mental exertion can only be beneficial send articles and essays on the questions of the day, and it is only fair to say that it would be a comfort to readers if some of the matter published in the Vienna newspapers, by people generally considered sane, were as clever and well written as some of these letters. Those who are afflicted with any monomania may ventilate their delusions and support their convictions by argument and example in the columns of this extraordinary paper. The logic employed in an article in a recent number (says a correspondent) by one gentleman to disprove the belief of another that his beard was of heather and required constant watering, was so faultless and incisive as to have done credit to a Regius professor of moral philosophy. Alas! He himself firmly believed that his nose was made of sugar, and to prevent its getting wet, and consequently melting away, always drank through a straw. Had he only been able to apply his logic to himself he would have been cured.

THE editor of the London *Truth* says he is not a Free Mason, but has often amused himself by passing for one. Yes, he would pass for one about two seconds in the company of genuine Masons. He must be a man who can be amused powerful sudden.

An Exile's Career.

Judah P. Benjamin, an English Lawyer—He Buys a $60,000 House in Paris.

(New Orleans Democrat.)

A few days ago, in an article on the Tehuantepec route, we related the incident of Butler's seizure of the band-box and appropriation thereof as constituting the whole property of the then Secretary of State of the Confederate States. The contents consisted of Tehuantepec bonds, and the Confederate Secretary, when informed of Butler's exultation over his capture, remarked, with a smile, that with the loss of these bonds he would be left without a dollar in the world. This confession was made at a dinner at which a dish of rusty bacon, cooked with cow-peas, and washed down with corn coffee, composed the whole menu. A gentleman, over fifty, who had for thirty years enjoyed an income of over $20,000 per year, was reduced to this condition by his devotion to duty, to principle, and to the demands of honour and patriotism. It was a grand sacrifice, worthy of conspicuous record among the many other similar examples of self-sacrifice and sincerity of conviction and duty on the part of those who have been so grossly maligned as interested and designing politicians in the late war.

In 1865 the impoverished Secretary of State of the late confederacy, after the downfall of the confederacy and the dispersion of its government, tramped on foot from central Georgia, and escaped in an open boat to Nassau with a single $10 gold-piece in his pocket, which he gave to the negro who rowed the small boat that so safely carried him beyond the reach of the pursuing foe. In 1879, fourteen years afterward, this fugitive becomes the recognized head of an institution of all others the most exclusive and difficult in which to attain prominence and success—the bar of England. One gratifying proof of the reality of this achievement is furnished by the fact, which we learn authentically, that J. P. Benjamin, Queen's Counsel, recently purchased a very elegant residence in Paris, giving for it 300,000 francs cash. It is added that this large sum does not exceed one-half of his yearly income from his practice in the highest courts of Great Britain. To these courts the large pressure upon his time and labour has compelled Mr. Benjamin to limit his practice. The briefs declined by him would double his income. But, always accustomed to do well and completely everything he undertook, he has been forced to reduce the amount of his labour within the compass of his wonderful capacity and industry. We doubt if these have ever been equalled by any other aspirant for distinction and success at the English or American bar. From gentlemen who have recently called on him in London we learn that his labours are incessantly prosecuted in his office for at least twelve hours out of the twenty-four, and that he still has a few hours to spare for enjoyment and recreation with his friends, to whom he is always welcome as one of the most genial and vivacious of companions. So far from being affected by this intense labour his physique exhibits a scarcely perceptible change from that which he exhibited when he was a leader at our bar, and at that or the United States Supreme Court, a Senator from Louisiana, and the most brilliant and effective orator and debater in that body thirty years ago, or when Secretary of State of the Confederate States fourteen years ago. His hair still maintains its raven hue, unfrosted by sixty-seven years of trial and labour; his flashing eyes have all their old brilliancy, needing no aid of glasses to do their work, and his handsome face wears still that winning smile, which is rarely preserved by masculine countenances, and is one of the happiest constituents of womanly beauty. The only perceptible change observable in his manner is the greater gravity and precision of his utterance, and in the restraint of a vivacity which, in his middle age, might be properly described as boyish in its freedom and gaiety.

GARDEN HINTS.

BLACKBERRIES AND RASPBERRIES are preferably planted in the fall, as they make such an early start in the spring that the shoots may get broken. Keep this year's canes cut back as directed last month.

CURRANTS AND GOOSEBERRIES.—Prune as soon as the leaves fall. Cuttings may be made at the same time, and planted at once in rows a few inches apart. A mulch may be applied with good effect.

GRAPES.—In gathering choice clusters are the scissors which hold the bunch after it is cut, thus avoiding the touching of the berries, which removes the bloom and injures their appearance. Those to be packed in boxes should be placed in trays and kept in a cool place for a few days, until the skin toughens, when they are to be packed with great care, using three or five pound boxes. Pack by removing the bottom of the box.

STRAWBERRIES.—The beds should be kept clear of weeds. New beds may be made and set this month.

BEETS.—Continue to hoe the late grown crop, until the tops are too large. Some thinning of the late sowings may be done for greens.

CELERY.—Keep clear of weeds. If some is wanted for early use, straighten up the leaves and draw the earth to them with the hands.

CABBAGES AND CAULIFLOWERS are benefited by frequent hoeing, and a dressing of guano or other concentrated manure is often applied with advantage.

CORN.—Dry a quantity for winter use—it never comes amiss. Save the best and earliest ears for seed. Cut up and cure the stalks for winter fodder as soon as the crop is off. Clean the ground.

CUCUMBERS.—Gather for pickles every second day. Let none ripen save those needed for seed, and they should be of the earliest, otherwise the vines die.

MARTYNIAS.—Gather for pickles while very tender.

MELONS should be turned occasionally, as they ripen better. Remove the very latest ones as they set.

ONIONS.—Gather and store in a dry cool place.

SWEET POTATOES.—The largest may be removed from the rows for use, and the rest left to grow. Do not allow the vines to root at the joints.

SPINACH for next spring is to be sown this month, in drills fifteen inches apart. First thoroughly manure.

TOMATOES.—Destroy the large green worms. Make into catsup when fruit is abundant. Gather green fruit for pickles before frost comes and spoils them.

TURNIPS.—Hoe and thin the larger until prevented by growth of tops. The Strap-leaf sown before the middle of the month will usually make a crop.

WEEDS.—Do not put them in the compost heap if already gone to seed. It is best to burn them.

This is the season for the fullest show of out-of-door flowers, especially those in the larger beds.

CANNAS are now beautiful, both as to rich foliage and flowers, especially when they are in a large bed.

DAHLIAS.—A large thrifty plant frequently needs several supports for its many loaded branches, or they will otherwise break down and look shabby. Remove all blooms when they are past their prime.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS deserve more general cultivation for their beauty and lateness; coming when nearly all else has gone. They can be taken up and potted before the frosts come, and kept for several weeks in full bloom in the window or greenhouse. If lice are troublesome; give a wash with tobacco water.

GERANIUMS are fine late plants, and should make a bright showing during September. Cuttings for next year's stock may be made during this month.

ORNAMENTAL TREES AND SHRUBS may be transplanted in autumn, after the leaves are ready to fall.

VIOLETS.—Provide for late winter use by means of a cold frame; cover with leaves when frost comes.

Everything should be in readiness to take in the greenhouse and window plants as soon as the cold weather comes. . . . *Soil* and *Pots* should be at hand in sufficient quantity. . . . Remove the old *Sand* from the shelves, and use new to get rid of various pests. . . . *Plants* for winter should be looked out for. Propagate geraniums and other bedding plants for a stock for next year. *Hanging Baskets* should be filled early that the plants may get well established. . . . When a slight frost is expected early in the season, provide a covering for the choicest plants in the shape of a sheet, or even newspapers will do. It is wise to bring in the plants before they have been severely chilled.

"German Syrup."

No other medicine in the world was ever given such a test of its curative qualities as BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP. In three years two millions four hundred thousand small bottles of this medicine were distributed *free of charge* by druggists in this country to those afflicted with Consumption, Asthma, Croup, severe Coughs, Pneumonia, and other diseases of the throat and lungs, giving the American people undeniable proof that GERMAN SYRUP will cure them. The result has been that druggists in every town and village in Canada and the United States are recommending it to their customers. Go to your druggist and ask what they know about it. Sample bottles 10 cents. Regular size, 75 cents. Three doses will relieve any case.

DO IT WELL.—Never slight a job because it is comparatively unimportant. Training the hand and eye to do the work well, leads individuals to form correct habits in other respects, and a good workman is in most cases a good citizen. No one need hope to rise above his present station who suffers small things to pass by unimproved, or who neglects, metaphorically speaking, to pick up a cent, because it is not a dollar. Some of the worst law-makers, the best statesmen, the most merciful judges, the most learned men, the most skillful workmen, rose from the great mass. A rival to a certain lawyer sought to humiliate him publicly by saying, "You blacked my father's boots once." "Yes," said the lawyer, unabashed, "and I did it well." And by his habit of doing even little things well, he rose to greater. It is proper attention to health that enabled us to attend to business. By the timely use of the Extract of Wild Strawberry, you may avert all dangerous summer complaints, diarrhœa, dysentery, cholera morbus, etc., nothing is so pleasant in its cure, so rapid, reliable, and effectual, as Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry. And the value of this medicine as an antidote to sour stomach, colic, cramps, sea sickness, vomiting, and other irritations of the stomach and bowels is incalculable. It is safe and sure, and should be carried in the haversack of every traveller and tourist.

"THAT beats the Dutch," as the Teutonic hotel-keeper said when one of his guests left him between two days, forgetting to pay his bill.

"COOPER'S" are showing a very handsome stock of Scarfs, Ties, Collars, Silk Handkerchiefs, Gloves, &c. Just the thing for the holiday season. Address, 109 Yonge St., Toronto.

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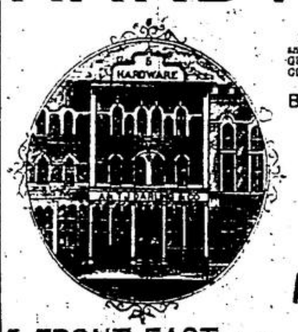

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