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Boetry. THE VILLAGE BEAUTY. .

BY KATEAN D. URNER The village beauty was Barbars. With admirors by the score, But she looked on life as a holdiny, And on housework set no store; And thus admired, although unwoood, Poor Barbara long remained.

While gentler maids with but half her charms The prizes of wedlock gained, I can't understand it!" she cried one day; "All the beaux of my beauty rave. They contend to escort me everywhere,

And kept on ber wilful way.

Still letting her mother do all the work

While she had but time for may;

Till, little by little, her beauty waned.

And at last she became the wife

Who led her a doleful life.

A showy outside, was he.

No other charm could see : "

Are Harbers's worldly share,

Of a wealthy tyrant of twice her age

And, that once gone, in his fooksh wife

And what if wealth and a costly beme

When bitter neglect and an emety be

And now, the wreck of her old bright self,

While such of her friends whose nobler parts

Select Family Reading.

" Avis."

BY CHIRLOTTE M. ETIXLEY.

"But you have known me so short

false? Have I deceived myself? Or will

her great dark eyes were fixed with be

you wish -that must be thought of. Mr

than her own family circle, and higher than

to a pour dependent, however good or fair.

when she sceke a bride for her only son and

& future mistress for 'The Laurels.' Leave

us. Avis. I do not blame you, child; for-

get this folly, it had been no fault of yours.

will speak to you further presently-wait

"And so," she went ou, turning to her

son, when Avis, silently weeping, had left

them," and so this is the result of your

so generous. What would she say -"

in some confusion.

some happy day, my wife !"

Are ever her bandmalds there !

With her sceptre passed sway.

The village beauty at last finds life

Brought men of worth to their feet,

The reverse of a boliday;

And pity her when they meet

that you can love me!"

For a soulless wretch, who could but admire

And each would appear my save; But they never in downright carnest seem, is the place to bur, because Day has ten times the assortment. His papers are newer and bet-And lower each year they grow As this one or that one gots hish a wife: sell only to him and therefore he has the exclu-I can't see why it is so!" sive sale of their Goods in Guelph. Doing almost the entire Paper trade of the city and paying cash for his goods, he can buy the quantity at the lowest isside price, enabling him to undersell all competitors. Day can give you better Paper, Borders, Celling Decorations, and Lower Prices than any other store in the City. I can," said her mother, with markling eyes-"Tis because of you idio life. With beauty all men will amose themselves,

But it's more they require in a wife. Think more of duty and less of dress-Strive more for a home-like grace; If the butterfly beaux fall off, jou'll find . True lovers to take their place." See his Papers and Price before parting with But Barbara only tossed ber boad,

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harming picture one that will be one of your

RESOLUTIONS

-GOOD-

Children's Wear.

Gent's Wear.

Ladies' Wear.

artist lolly. You would paint my pretty companion's picture, forsooth, and while so doing have stolen her heart and lost your own. I might have looked for this; should have been more careful. But do you hope that I shall tolerate such folly? Figures may lie and facts distorted be, But seeing is believing, come and see. I overheard you ask the girl just now, to le your wife !"

"You did." The young than answered gently, but with a resolution that was un-The l'ede a-Boo Boot and Shoe store is just not mistakable. "I love her, and will marry howing a number of new lines of Shoes and "Without my consent! Without your

mother's blessing? Is this the affectionthe duty of my own child? My will set at Everybody can be suited, for we have all defiance-" He put his arms around her. .

"I shall never set you at defiance, mothr. and least of all for Avis's sake. She is too good, too ardently attached to you, to do aught that could wound you. But will you not have compassion for us. mother? We love. Avis his been to you as a daughter always; let it be mine to Baby's Wear make her so, indeed. Where could you ever find a child so truly yours-whose Special Lines, Good Goods, Newcet Style and Bost value for the money at mind is of your own pare training? Hove her with a love that will not change. Un-W. Williams', Acton. less you give me Avis for a vife. I shall not

ustem work and repairing given careful atten tion. Trunks and valises in variety. "Absord!" Mrs. Livingstone's eyes fisched scornfully. "When our guests arrive to day you will find many far superior to Avis. A loundling! It is not her poverty-we are rich endugh-but her

> "We know nothing of It, and I care othing. It is berself I love. "Listen, Roy." The lady's proud face softened as she laid one white band on her son's shoulder, while his arm stole around her fondly. "You are my only child; all my hopes are bound up in you. Let us not quarrel about this foolish girl. She is dear to me, also. Let us take time think. Compare the girl with others. When our guests are gone, if you are in the same mind, we will see what is best for all. Will you promise?"

"To wait for your content until our During 1890 we have resolved goests are gone? Yes, I can promise "And meantime not to sheak of this

"That's harder, mother. | But if you wil

tell her that you may consent, I will obey

"I will tell her every word that ha passed between us," said Mrs. Livingstone And she meant to keep her promise But Avis was not waiting for her, as she had expected. The girl had gone to her own room, sending to Mrs. Livingstone a piteous little message of exquse. Her head own chamber?

she whispered. "All will be well to-mor-But when to-morrow came a sad surprise came with it. Avis had disappeared.

" I will set her heart at rest to-morrow

The lady smiled.

"That I may not cause you grief or pain-you with growing fear upon the pale, averted who have been to me a true mother-I fly from a temptation that would prove too strong if I remained. When I are gone your son will soon | fallen my child? Have I found her only forcet me. I pray God that he may-for his to lose her? Avis! my daughter! Where mite. But I shall not forget, nor coase to love | is she?" you. Farewell, dearest friends. Forgive your

This was all; and she had gond-leaving no trace, making no further sign. In vain Roy sought for her, even with the help of detectives; having left home and come to the city for that purpose; while his mother, no less anxious for the safety of the los girl, made what excuse she could to her assembled guests for his absence. After a month of weary searching he returned, heartsick and discouraged.

"No news," he said, in snewer to his mother's anxious questions; "nor wi there ever be. I have lost all hope of find-

A year had passed since gentle Avis disappeared, and once more a gay party merry guests made The Laurels bright and cheerful, foremost among them Rose Brandon, the beauty and beiress and belle. A great favorite was she with stately Mrs. Livingstone, and there were not wanting those who named her as the (uture mis tress of the splendid but somewhat gloomy house which her beauty and joyous laughter made so bright. Even Roy Livingstone's brow, on which the cloud of disappointment and regret had grown habitual, cleared somewhat as his artist-eyes took in her fresh, proud loveliness; and as he listened to her animated talk, the smile, that had grown so rare, stole to his lips, and shone like a light in his eyes. His mother watching him, smiled, too, well pleased.

"Is she not beautiful !" she whispered to him. "She would make a fair and gracicus geen for The Laurels, Roy." But the gloom same back to his face as Rejoice in their homes and their husband's love he answered, sadly : "My queen went into exile, mother,

ear ago. I have a constant heart, and cannot transfer my allegiance." "Roy!" cried the clear, merry voice Rose Brandon-" Roy, have you given painting? You used to be so ambitious. Only a year ago, I remember, you were enthusiastic about some picture that was to bring you fame. What has become of it time-only six weeks-how is it possible Are you an artist no longer !"

There was silence for a few second "How is it possible? Rather ask how then Roy answered, quietly and gravely: is it possible to avoid loving you? And "I painted the picture, but never put besides, is it really so very incomprehenon exhibition. My mother has it in the sible. Avic! You have known me just the library. I have never painted since." same length of time, and yet-yet-I have A kind of chill fell on the company; inrentured to hope that you (hat you love stinctively they felt they were on dangerous me, dear. Oh! Avis, is the sweet hope

took a softer tone as she questioned,

you indeed confirm it by promising to be. gently : "May I see the picture, Roy ?" .He would have caught and clasped the He arose without a word and led the way fair girl in his arms, but she keeping him to the library, the gueste all following. I back by a gestore of her little hand, while by Rose Brandon. Last of all came Mrs. Livingstone with her old friend, Mrs. Grey, seeching extrestness upon his face, answera fair, sad woman, with silver bair. She was a creat invalid; an sunconquerable "It is not what I wish-or even what grief had preyed upon her heart for years and broken down her fragile body. She Roy, but your mother-your mother, who

has been like a mother to me also, so good, "What is this pictore !" she saked ber A soice, tremaluas yet stern, interrupted "The portrait of one whom I reared and ber-s voice that made them start and turn loved as my own child; and whom we un accountably lost, owing to an unhappy "She would say that you are right in misunderstanding. She was a lovely crea remembering her, Avis, and distabe is glad ure, and was to have been Roy's wife of this proof of your gratitude ; for the rest, Sometimes I fear he will perer marry Roy Livingstone's mother looks further

leaned heavily on Mrs. Livingstone's strong

By this time they had reached the ibrary. Of the many paintings on the ralls one only was concealed by a beav curtain: Roy drew the crimson folds saide. An exclamation from Mrs. Grey and Rose Brandon, and a murmur of admiration from all the rest, bere witness to the loveliness of the image that was disclosed. ave found me !" Mrs. Grey pressed forward eagerly, her Never to lose you again, Avis ! Never weakness seeming for the time forgotten. She leaned on Mrs. Livingstone, trembling

violently, her quivering lips were deadly pale, her eyes fixed on the picture. The portrait of a graceful girl, fair as a ily-flower; the lovely, wistful eyes, with a world of loving tenderness in their midnight depths, looked out from a face of exquisite beauty, but as ivory, clear and pals; a tender, dimpling smile upon the scarlet lips, a trailing spray of scarlet blossoms in the blue-black hair, soft and glossy as the raven's wing-a simple robe of white, and on one lovely, snowy arm a curious golden

bracelet. This was all. Mrs. Grey stood like one entranced, her agitation visible to all. Her delicate hands were tightly locked together, her breat came in quick gasps.

"How like !" she murmured, "ho strangely like! In heaven's name, who

"My adopted daughter," Mrs. Living. stone replied, for Roy had turned aside in silence, overcome by the sight of the beauty he had loved and lost. "Twelve years ago I took her-then five years old-from a poor old fisherman down on the Beach. three or four miles away. He had rescued her from the sea on the night of a great storm, two years before, and had cherished and cared for her tenderly; but finding sickness and old age fast robbing him of health and strength, he sought to find a | him openly. friend for his little girl in me .: Imagination cannot picture anything lovelier than the child was then. I brod her at first sight, and have loved her always. I adopt- I the sources of fortune. my own. I have the clothes she wore when | but in rising every time we fall. her parentage, but on her arm, clasped the whole principle of obedience. fits her slender wrist now; you see she and God will give it to you more abundantwears it in the portrait; upon it is a single | ly. word-the old fisherman took it to be ber it. 'Avis' was the word, and 'Avis' she | things.

A cry from Mrs. Grey interrupted ber; like hammers which are always repulsed she sank upon her knees before the picture | by the anvils. with outstretched arms. "Avis!" she cried. "My child-it is

my child! Fourteen years ago the cruel sea washed her and her father from my arms. The waves restored him dead, but she was seen no more. Where is she -oh, where is she? And the clothes she wore?" She sank back into Roy's supporting arms speechless, almost insensible. Mrs.

Livingstone bastened from the room, but

returned immediately with the little garments. Weeping with love and joy, the long bereaved mother identified them all. "Blessed be the merciful Heaven that the temper, stifles anger, extinguishes envy, sched. Might she be allowed to keep in her has kept her safely, and restored her to me subdues pride; it bridles the tongue, re- brother?" after all these years! And you, my friend," turning to Mrs. Livingstone, " how shall I tations. What is it?" she continued, wildly, gazing is not a subtraction; it is an addition.

faces of mother and son. "Has barm be-

Hose Brandon sprang to her side. "Be calm," she cried. "Avis is sale and vell. No harm has come to her. Listen me, I can tell you where to find her." "You!" It was Roy that spoke. "You

"I know her well, but I have never the crust is cut of and piled beside nearly known, until this moment of her connection with this family. Why have you kept is cleared these scraps are thrown into the your loss and grief a secret, Roy? I could slop. I once knew a lady who kept a paper have helped you had I known your troubles, sack, and all scraps of bread were put into

music governess for little Ids. Mother see crusts wasted at my table, for although contequently I received her. She was so be soggy, the crust is as palatable as the beautiful and innocent, and yet so sad and | rest. friendless, that my whole heart went out when I came away. She is there now." | cloths. Never cut bread while it is warm Roy Livingstone caught her hands in his

"God bless you, Rose !" he cried, hourse with emotion. "You have given me back bappiness and love. Mrs. Grey, I will bring your daughter to you. I go by the train that leaves in half an hour before nightfall you shall fold her in your arm. Adieu, all !" and he was gone.

and pressed them to his lips.

The ducky gray of an autumn twilight illed the lonely school-room that afternoon, but occasionally flashes of light, from small but cheerful fire, fell on the slender girlish figure that sat before it in a low arm chair, her soft, pale cheek supported by one little hand, her eyes fixed on the glowing coals. A world of longing love and fond regret was in those great dark eyes, that saw not what they gazed upon, but were looking far away into the past. Thinking of Roy-always thinking of Roy where was he ! How fared he ! Had he forgotten Avis ! Alas, poor Avis could not forget! Hark! what was that ? A footground. Even the beauty's happy voice step in the hall outside the door. Nothing in that to make the eyes so bright and the pale cheek flush to vivid crimson! Ah but it had sounded like Roy's footstep. Roy's footstep-here-what idle dreaming What strange tricks fancy played her oftentimes. She could close her eyes, and hide her face in her bande, as now-now partly for shame at her own fond follyand fancy, oh, such things! Fancy The Laurels her happy home once more, and Mrs. Livingstone her kind adopted mother Fancy Roy's tender smile and loving look;

> recall the very words he spoke-his earnest tone-his sigh-What was that? That was not fancy. urely ! She sat quite still -ber face still povered by her hands-and listened; a sigh had sounded close beside her, breathed like the very echo of ber dream ; and now : voice -oh, heaven, what voice !-whispered

Avis I look at me, Avis !" She turned-she rose-gazed for one moment in his face as if bewildered; then with a cry of love and joy unutterable ; Roy! my beloved !" sprang to the arms, on the breast of her true lover. "You have found me !" she cried. "You

And your mother !" Her great eyes searched his face timidly shall part no more. You will learn, dear, that she never meant to part us. And another waits for you. Oh, come, love, to

the arms of your own true mother!" Only one month later a brilliant bridal party aroused to joy and mirth the slumbering echoes of The Laurels.

And who so fair as Avis, the sweet bride with her troup of lovely bridesmaids, o whom Rose Brandon laughed and blushed, the merry chief? . Who so rich, so proud so happy as Avis now? Avis, the Found ling, found, indeed, at last, and by her own true mother. Avis, the Lost, restored to all who leved and mourned her. Avis, the joyful bride of the generous, noble lover. who in the days of her poverty and name lessness-in spite of time, and absence, and plence, and desertion-loved her faithfully and truly to the last.

GENS OF THOUGHT. The power of contemplation grows b

Reprove your friend in secret, and praise The true university of these days is collection of books, What appear to be calamities are often

ed, educated her, and brought her up as | Our greatest glory is not in never falling she was found, but they furnish no clew to | Every duty, even the least duty, involves firmly above the cibow, was a bracelet it Practice in life whatever you pray for

To be agreeable in society it is pecessary name, and so called her; we never changed | not to see and not to remember many Hareh counsels have no effect; they are

> Heaven leaves a touch of the angel in all little children, to reward those about them for their inevitable cares. Trouble puts up a great many packs, an you must carry some one of them. There is no randal so thick and well adjusted, but

some thorn will strike through it. Wastefulness is a sin. What we hav we have on trust; we are stewards, not owners, and it is our duty to use all with conscientions discretion as the Proprietor

Patience strengthens the spirit, sweetens

strains the hand, and tramples upon tempthank you for your love and care? Oh! Many think that eleep is lost time. But bring her to me. Let me clasp her once the style of your work will be mightily af. more in my arms. Why do you hesitate? | fected by the style of your slumber. Sound I am strong enough, joy does not kill. | Asleep is the sister of Wide Awake. Sleep

WASTETULNESS.

Not long since I made a few visits with friends and was surprised to see the extra varance of some of them. One that is always in need of money, and can see no way to get it, wastes proceries to the amount of from ten to twenty-five cents a day. I can never pity the poor when I see them throw so much away that could be made into good dishes. Then there are

every plate at the table. When the table it to wait till there were enough to make a "It is nearly a year since she came to bread pudding or stoff a chicken, and ! us, in an answer to an advertisement for a | thought if a grand plan. You will never was sick when first she called, and I bake my bread till it is done, and will not

When I mould the bread into loaves, I to her from the first. She told me the grease them all over with butter or lard simple story of her adoption here and of and then set them to rise and perhaps Roy's love and here, but without mention- butter the tops again before placing in the ing a single name, so that I never thought oven. This will make the crust a lovely of you. She had left, she said in order | brown. I always wet a cloth large enough to that he might forget her. She gave me as | wrap around the bread, just wet enough so a reference, her own former music teacher, the water does not run off, and in this the who while answering for Avis in every way. | bread goes as soon as it leaves the over and declined to tell anything that the girl had stays thege till it is cold. This bread has left concealed. So she came to us, and a soft crust that any one can eat, no matter dwelt with us ever since ; quiet and sad, how bad the teeth are, and will stay moist poor child, but safe and kindly cared for. and fresh for a week or ten days; if kept in I left ber at home with Ids and mother a tin box or stone jar, well covered with It only wastes it and it is not healthful.

I wonder how many cooks in paring potatoes, apples, etc., take a paring a quarter of an inch thick; and do not take any notice of the small ones, but throw them into the slop pail with the parings It is not very cheap pig-feed, when we think of the many poor hungry ones who would be glad to have a peck of potatoes or apples once in a while and it does not take long to throw a peck away in quarter inch parings. I try to save every scrap, and my husband enjoys hash and soop made of scraps as much as if they were all fresh.

Do you know that the bones of a turkey or chicken roast will make a splendid soup! Boil them in plenty of water till the meat falls off the bones; then pick the bones all need but nobody can endure an unout, and season the liquor with plenty of broken monotony and strain year in and pepper, salt, and chopped celery, and thicken with a little floor and water, letting it simmer till well done, and you have a eplendid soup out of almost nothing. How different the tastes of persous!

Mrs. A. has a small boy who keeps up a continual fuss, the livelong day. She can sit and seem to enjoy such music as a tinpan makes when used as a drum, but bolds her head and says" What a fearful racket!" if ber neighbor's sings more than

JUST AS IT HAPPENED.

When little Clinton was five years old, his mamma showed him a pledge roll, to | isn't actually compelled to by sickness, bewhich she had persuaded several boys and cause they know nothing about the philgirls to sign their names. He seemed very osophy of prevention; but I know nothing anxious to see his own name written there, by experience that it is the greatest relief, and after impressing upon him the solem- | and my best protection against being obnity of the act as well as the great benefit | liged to go to bed for an indefinite time, to t would be to him, mamma put his chubby | drop out of the ordinary routine for a day little fingers around the peu bandle and let the business slide, loaf and invite my

guided it for him until his name appeared | soul, as the poet says, have my meals in About a year afterward Clinton sat down to a dinner where among other desserts. mince pie was served, and as he heard those about the table tease mamma and | while I have forgotten that my business sisters about refusing it, he wanted to know what was the matter with the pic. When of eyes, ears, brain, muscles and perves; told it had liquor in it, he looked very serry for he was very fond of pie. | me from growing old, and it improves my One and another urged him to take it, disposition. Whenever my friends inquire arguing that that little -bit of liquor | how it is that I am never sick, never have would never hart him, and that if he never | any doctor's bills to pay, and manage to did worse than that he would do well. Dear little Clinton! He looked at mamma thick and thin, they are generally a little but she dropped her eyes realizing that the incredulous when I tell them that it is all moment was one in which he must decide | owing to my somewhat cranky notion of or himself; she did not forget, however, to pow and then taking a day offer up a silent prayer that he who was fife. tempted like as we are would help her boy in this first temptation. There was a

the heart that aches to welcome you-to pause-one look at the pie, and then the beequiful blue eyes changed their expression, and clearly and distinctly said the child, "Mamma, I will take some custard." God only knew the joy of that mother's heart when the decision was made, and angels seemed hovering that evening, when closeted in her own room the took Clinton

> Father's blessing and protection. During the late presidential campaign some one asked Clinton which party he average speaker perspires as if he were was going to vote with when he grew to be sawing wood. An off-hand speech of ten man and he answered, "Whichever goes sgaist-the beer saloons." God grant that not; only this little boy, but the boys all over our land, may come out fully for that party which is to remove the curse of liquor from our country !- Union Signal.

PROUD OF THE RELATIONSHIP. "Ob. Mr. Dasenberry," cried ber little brother, "I'm so glad you are going to be

kin to me. "Ah, Johnny, is that so?" he gasped ook of happiness flitting over his face. "How did you know ! Come here and sit on my lap and tell me all you have heard. "Sister's other feller came here last night," began the boy after he was safely in the arms of the young man, devooring a quarter's worth of candy, and I heard them

"What did they say !" "He was mad," replied the terror 'cause sis goes with you so much." "And what was her reply to him? continued the young man, the look of happiness spreading further across his

talking about you."

him lots of money that would go to fixin' up their house after they were married." pair, as he gasped :-"Well how is that going to make me kin ington Letter.

"Oh," went on the boy, "I'm coming to that now. She said that when you proposed to her she would be a sister you, and won't that make you my

through the front door. Occasional doses of a good cathartic lik Burdook Pills are necessary to keep the blood pure and the body healthy.

PRICE THREE CENTS

A SMILING FACE. Does any one like a drizzling rain As well as a snnny sky?

Does any one turn to a frowning face

If a pleasant one is nigh? O give to us all the look that springs From a kindly nature's grace! We do not care if he's dark or fair-The boy with a smiling face. Does any one like a lowering cloud As well as the shining light? 15 Does a pecrish word have power to pla to.

Like a laugh that is sweet and brighty O the girl that is gloomy with fretful seowls. Though she dresses in silk and lary, Hath never such art to charm the beart As the girl with smiling face.

Dear boys and girls, remember this-You are apt to meet with loss. No matter what thing you undertake, When you're sailer and sour and cross

-Golden Days

"Ob. I took a day off." "Just what does that mean, if you

"Well, it means that whenever I am celing all cris cross and averything goes contrary-like, when I get irritable over trifice and my digestion isn't first-class. . I know pretty well that unless I stop then and there something serious will be to pay later, and so I deliberately turn my lack on everybody and everything, leaf pm; cares behind me, and make a busin a of doing nothing for one whole day. Pronhave no idea the lift it gives a man, when seems as if he couldn't stand the strain any longer, to let go his hold just at it he never intended or needed to take up the barden again. The day after, to his surprise, he feels as if he could shoulder the cates of Gara easily. It's the incoment grind, the day and night adziety, the reponsibility sever dropped that kills a man or drives him hane. If he would let go now and there take off the high pressure, lessen that continuous nervous tension, hewould be all right and find his work a pleasure. Hard work is healthy, either of muscles or brain ; the conflict is what we

"But I don't see how you can afford to take the time."

"Well, I have discovered that I can afford it a great deal better than I can afford to be sick and etay away from business a month or two, besides paying a big doctor's bill into the bargain. I find that it pays to keep well, rather than to run the risk of getting well after I am sick. have tried both ways, and I assure you that it is the most economical way to provide everything for prevention, and not so

much for care."

" My neighbors can't understand why a man should give up and go to bed when he my, room-nenally fruit and buscult or something light, becades my stomach enjoys a day or too, -and the pert day I am bappy and ready for better week. Meanwas ever trying or disagreeable. It is rest it is filling up at Nature's fountain; it keeps keep fairly serene and cheerful through

HAKING A SPEECH.

It may look like a very easy thing for a

member, having his speech written, to deliver it during the course of an hour in the House, but it is not such an easy thing as it looks. The average speaker gets a deal of athletic exercise in the course of an hour's speech. There are some members in the House who can stand and read a always firm and to always dare to do right speech without lifting a hand except to and altogether they kneeled and asked the turn the pages, and almost without changing position ; and there are others who can talk all day without getting tired; but the minutes does not count, but the man who throws his arms in the air as if whirling Indian clubs, hammers his desk like a blacksmith and dances all around the place for an hour or more, is taking very voilent exercise. Experience has taught some of them that it is not safe to make such a speech without taking extra precautions against cooling off too quickly afterwards. I know several members who take extraordinary precautions. They do no speak often. They know for weeks beforehand that they are to speak, and after all preparations are made for the speech itself and the day comes for the effort, they have a servant bring a complete change of linen and underwear and a heavy overcost to the Capitol, and wait with these things at hand until the speech is ended. Then the speaker, with the perspiration pouring off him, rushes to the closk room, where the servant stands with the cloak ready, and throws it over his shoulders as soon as he comes' within reach. Next, the member with the coller of his overcost turned up high, tucks his dry underclothing under his arm and makes for the bath rooms. There be enters the waiting-room where the temperature is high and there can be There is no work for him in the House that day. When he has got his bath, he makes for his lodgings as fast as he can;

> Mr. J. R. Allen, Upholster, Toronto, sends us the following:-" For six or seven years my wife suffered with Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Inward Piles and Kidney Com. pliant. We tried two physicians and any number of medicines without getting any relief, until we got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery. This was the first relief the got, and before one bottle was used the benefit she derived from it

was beyond our expectation."

As the child picked himself off the floo he beheld the form of the young man flit

"She said," began the youth again, "that he needn't get mad 'cause you come to see | no dradght, being underground and waite her, as you was a noft snap and was saving to cool off a little preparatory to a bath. man's Iace gave way to the pallor of des- and stays there until he is thoroughly rested .- Philadelphia Telegraph's Wash-

many who bake their bread so hard that

Dear girls and boys, I would say it thrice. 'Iwill help you in every case ; If you'd win specces and the world would bless

You must wear a smitting face.

HIS DAT OFF. Where were you yesterday !"