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H. P. MOORE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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Hamilton's Marble Works. HAMILTON'S Block (formerly Hatch's Block), the gore corner of Woolwich and Norfolk streets, Guelph, Ont. JOHN H. HAMILTON, Proprietor. Wholesale and retail dealer and direct importer and manufacturer of all kinds of Granite and Marble Monuments, Tombstones, etc. Having had an extensive experience for the last 10 years, the public may rely on getting all superior articles at a cheaper rate than any other dealer in the West. N.B.—15 per cent. off on a direct order received for the next 30 days.

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The Traders' Bank OF CANADA. (Incorporated by Act of Parliament.) HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO. CAPITAL AUTHORIZED ......$1,000,000. CAPITAL PAID UP ...... 600,000. REST ...... 85,000. GUELPH BRANCH, Corner of Wyndham and Quebec Streets. Advances made to farmers on their own notes at the lowest current rate of interest. Sales' and other notes collected promptly. No charge made for collecting. Four per cent. interest paid on daily balances of sums of $1 and upwards deposited in the Savings Bank Department and compounded every six months. Special arrangements can be made for sums deposited in the Deposit Receipt Department for stated periods. Drafts issued and payable in all parts of Canada, United States and Great Britain at very low rates. A general banking business transacted. A. F. H. JONES, Manager Guelph Branch. Guelph, December, 1890.

SEASON 1891. Binder Twine. BEST BRANDS. "Silver Composite," "Crown," "Red Cap," "Blue Ribbon," BOTTOM WHOLESALE PRICES ON APPLICATION. JOHN M. BOND & CO. GUELPH.

GRINDELL'S MACHINE & REPAIR SHOP. In addition to machinery repairing I am now prepared to do HORSE SHOEING & General Blacksmithing. In a most satisfactory manner. Woodwork repairs also made. Careful attention given to all work brought in. Any machine or implement by whomsoever manufactured will be repaired in a workmanlike manner. Plow and machinery repairs constantly on hand. HENRY GRINDELL.

- - SEASON—1891 - - WHILE returning thanks to our many patrons for their liberal support in the past, we wish to inform you that we have entered into an arrangement with R. Stewart, Guelph, to keep constantly on hand a full stock of the ordinary sizes of Sash, Doors, Etc. and will also supply any special sizes on short notice at Guelph prices. Frames of All Kinds made to order. We also keep in stock a line of Base, Window and Door Casing, Corner Blocks, &c. Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait. Price—$1 50 per M. PUMPS. Being better able than heretofore we will supply either wood or iron pumps promptly. All work guaranteed satisfactory. Please call and inspect before purchasing elsewhere. THOS. EBBAGE, Manager.

IRELAND'S Desiccated Wheat For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion. TRY IT. THE IRELAND NATIONAL FOOD CO., (Ltd.) TORONTO.

THIRD YEAR IN CANADA FOR Cline's Portable Foot Heater. Over 500,000 in use in Canada and the United States. Ten Hours Solid Comfort for 2c. Invaluable for use in all sorts of vehicles, in the household, and in stores and offices. Now is the time to send in your orders. Write for samples and prices to The Cline Manufacturing Co 28 FRONT ST. WEST TORONTO. AGENTS WANTED.

J. C. NELSON WANTS TO SEE YOU For he has what will suit you —IN— DRY GOODS, BOOTS & SHOES, AND GROCERIES. A TRIAL SOLICITED.

Poetry.

SPRING.

(BY REQUEST.)

Earth's in transport, spring has triumphed,
Ice and frost have lost their sway,
God's all-conquering streams of fire
From the sun, have won the day.

Bright and balmy spring is with us,
Light and heat are kings to-day;
Soils and rains and numerous gases
Serve these kings, and deem it play.

All the earth is in commotion,
Busy lives are everywhere
Weaving wondrous incarnations
Of themselves, divinely fair.

Plows and harrows, disks and shovels,
Nimbly turn the pliant soil;
Mettled teams and hopeful farmers,
Hardly think of this as toil.

Emerald robes with brilliant trimmings,
God is putting on the hills,
And the valleys all are vocal,
With the songs of birds and rills.

Trees and vines, and flowers and grasses
All unite in happy cheers,
Lands, and seas, and streams rejoice, and
Clouds are shaking off their tears.

In pasture, colts are playing,
Lambs are romping on the hills,
In the marshes ducks are nestling,
Boys are fishing by the mills.

Countless roguish little squirrels,
From their holes within the trees,
Join the chipmunks and the gophers,
Helping farmers raise their peas.

While the acorns change to oaklets,
Eggs are feathering into songs,
And a million little fishes
Slip away from spawny thongs.

All the orchards are in blossom,
From Niagara to the Rhine,
And the chestnut waves her tassels,
To the courtly answering pine.

All the air is sweetly loaded
With the odor of the flowers,
And I cannot keep from thinking,
What a glorious God is ours.

Joys are running like proud rivers,
Through the channels of all things,
And I bless the God of nature,
For the anti-type of Springs.

And I hope when life is over,
With its transports and its pains,
All united we may gather,
Where eternal Spring-time reigns.

Reigns where mind is always bearing
Sweetest fragrance—richest thought;
Where all acts and words and feelings,
With the highest good are fraught:

—*Rev. Francis W. Ware.*

Select Family Reading.

Jack's Venture.

"I'll go and try my fortune with Uncle Robert," said Jack. "Bess and Maria failed because he could not stand girls with such fine ideas; but I won't trouble him that way. The old fellow is all right if one only stirs him up in the right way."

"My child," said the gentle Mrs. Raymond, "I do not like to hear you speak in that boyish, rude manner. I fear your uncle would have less patience with you than with your sisters. No, he does not intend to forgive me, and we will make no further advances."

"O, yes, we will, dearie!" and Jack's curly head buried itself in the mother's shoulder, coaxingly. "Do, do let me try to win the obstinate old—well! there, then—to win our honored relative to a proper sense of his obligations towards his only sister and her interesting family. How will that do, eh? Now, marmie, don't shake your head so; it's no use. Why did you give me a boy's name and bring me up on tops and marbles if you wanted me to be a real girl?"

"It was your father's wish, you know, dear. He was so grievously disappointed that he had no son. But Jacqueline is not a boy's name," and Mrs. Raymond shook her head smilingly at her wayward daughter. "No, but Jack is; and I'm never called anything else," that young lady replied, triumphantly, with an obstinate little shake of the jetty curls that gave such piquancy to her bright face. "If father were only here he would let me try anything that would take the burden from off your shoulders; and now that he is dead, uncle must surely forgive you for marrying against his wishes. What right had he to have wishes anyhow?"

"He was my only living relative and guardian," answered Mrs. Raymond, who was always ready to excuse her brother's harsh treatment. "Well, mother, do let me 'go beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his ha,'" sang Jack, gayly. "You know we must do something, for we can get no work of any kind in this place, though we've tried so faithfully."

"Well, go, my dear, and I shall pray for your success," said the gentle mother.

Mr. Robert Doran sat cowering beside a dull, spiritless fire one bright spring morning. His room was dusty and disordered, though its furnishing was good, and even luxurious. He looked moody and discontented, as if the wealth that showed itself in the handsome surroundings brought no pleasure to its owner. Perhaps he was thinking of the fair young sister who had once made sunshine in the now gloomy home, and wishing that his pride would let him beg her to come back, and care for him in his lonely, dreary old age.

A tap at the door aroused him.

"Who is it?" he demanded in surprise; for his servants never came unsummoned.

The door opened slowly, and a bright face peeped in.

"It's Jack Raymond, at your service, uncle," and in the venturesome girl walked, and stood before him. She wore a long ulster, closely buttoned to the throat, where a standing collar and neat black tie showed themselves, while on the short, glossy curls was a jaunty "Derby," guiltless of any trimming save the simple masculine band.

"Why, I didn't know my sister had a son!" exclaimed the old gentleman, his wrinkled face showing something very like satisfaction as he looked at the newcomer.

"She hasn't," said Jack, with dancing eyes; "but it isn't my fault. I do my best. I'm awfully sorry I'm not a boy, uncle, if it would please you; but just let me stay awhile, and you'll see what a first-class substitute I am," removing her hat, and bowing with easy grace. "But, dear me! How dull it is in here. Your fire wants a good stirring up!" and seizing the poker she attacked the coals in the grate with an energy that seemed to imply she would like to treat him in the same fashion.

A bright blaze followed her vigorous action, dancing on the walls, and showing the bright hues of pictures and furniture, despite the dust that covered them; bringing a cheery look, too, even to Mr. Doran's grim face.

"There!" said Jack, giving a last approving poke; "that's better. Now, if I just open this window and let in the sunshine—so (suiting the action to the word), you'll feel as bright as a spring morning."

The girl was like a May-day herself, fluttering around the room as if wafted by invisible breezes; her bright face the embodiment of sunshine; and as the lonely old man watched her light fingers bringing order out of the confusion that had reigned so long, a quizzical smile dawned on his face.

"For a would-be boy, you seem to know a good deal about such things," he remarked, dryly.

"That's the mother-part of me," said Jack, as she "settled" the chairs and furniture with a touch that only a woman has.

Then she came and sat down on a footstool beside him, and clasping her knee with both hands, looked up with smilingly audacity, saying:

"You'd better let me stay a while, uncle; you'd be a great deal more comfortable."

There was deep anxiety beneath the merry exterior, for she knew well how vital her uncle's favor was. Her mother was too delicate, her sisters too fine ladies to work; and the child (she was not much more, in spite of her seventeen years) felt as though the burden of the family rested on her shoulders.

Her uncle was very wealthy, and if he only could be brought to forgive her mother, what happy days they would see. He had sent once for her two sisters to spend a week at Glenside, a step toward reconciliation which her mother had hailed with thankful joy; but before the week was out he sent them both home, saying he couldn't stand their fine airs; that, since his sister had chosen to bring up her family to such idle habits, he would have nothing more to do with them. The one longing of the old man's heart had been for a son to bear his name. That hope disappointed in the early death of his wife, he had gradually grown into the selfish, gloomy man Jack found him this fair spring morning.

There was something in her bright, boyish face that fascinated him; and now, with a warmth that surprised himself, he said:

"Stay if you like, my child. It's a dull place within doors; but there are flowers and sunshine outside."

It was so much kinder than Jack had dared hope that she could have cried for joy.

"Oh, you dear uncle," she said; and kissed his wrinkled old face with an honest heartiness that he was quick to feel.

"There, there," he said, impatiently, as if ashamed of the unwonted softness he had shown; "go and tell cook that you're going to stay, and that she must give you a room and see to your meals. Do not be afraid if she's cross," he added, somewhat anxiously. "She does not like trouble or work."

"I won't," said Jack, as she ran off.

Half an hour later she looked in the door again, saying:—

"Come to lunch, Uncle Robert. Yes (as he stared at her in amazement), I know cook always brought you just what she liked up here, because she did not want you down stairs. There has been a skirmish, but it's all right now. Come for my sake, please."

Mr. Doran drew his dressing-gown more closely around him and followed Jack down into the small breakfast-room, which she had chosen because it was so much pleasanter than the great oak-wainscoted dining-room.

A most tempting lunch was spread upon the round table, and flowers were intermingled with the dishes in profusion. It was pretty to see the air with which she led her uncle to his place, then took her own opposite him, almost forgetting—in her eagerness to serve him—to satisfy the demands of her own healthy young appetite.

"Did cook do all this?" Mr. Doran asked, with some curiosity.

"No," replied Jack, blushing. "She wanted to take you up some smoky soup, and because I said no she wouldn't do anything else, so I did it myself. Don't you like it all?" and she looked anxiously at him.

"You are not like your sisters," he said, not replying to her question.

"O, no!" and Jack shook her head somewhat dejectedly. "They are very accomplished—real young ladies, you know. But, then, I can cook, and sweep, and do things that they can't."

"But I do not want a cook and a housemaid," said Mr. Doran.

"I think you do," laughed Jack. "If you had only tasted the soup!"

"Child!" cried Mr. Doran, suddenly catching at her hand, "I'm a disappointed, heart-broken old man. If you could only love me a little—"

"I do, Uncle Robert; I do truly!" said Jack. And she meant it; for her warm heart had gone out at once to the lonely old man, so unhappy in the midst of his wealth; and she comforted him now, in the best way she knew, with loving words that, skeptic as he was, he felt were honest and true.

"I fear master be a goin' to die; he wor never so gentle afore," said cook, a week later, who, under Jack's skillful handling, was herself so gentle as to warrant forebodings of sudden demise.

That very night Mr. Doran was taken suddenly and violently ill. Jack heard his groans, and hastening to his assistance, found him suffering intensely.

"You must go for the doctor, cook; there's no one else to go," said Jack.

"'Deed I'll not," replied cook, decisively; "he's been none so good a master to me that I should risk myself in the dark for him."

"Then watch him while I go," implored Jack. "Do not leave him, or he'll die."

She had been down to the village once, on an errand for her uncle, and knew she could find her way; but it was so different now, at night. Brave Jack for going! But how her heart fluttered, and her limbs quivered with fear as she hastened on through the starlight. The way seemed interminable, but at last a few lights which yet burned in the village shone out close at hand, and one part of her journey was over.

Chesney was one of those unfortunate villages with houses so painfully similar that a stranger might well wonder how each inhabitant knew his own home. Little wonder, then, that Jack, after much uncertain pausing before various doors, should at last decide upon the wrong one.

She tapped gently, then listened. A footfall sounded on the pavement, a hand was on the gate, and—yes—the steps were coming toward her, swiftly, certainly. She drew herself close to the side of the porch, almost fainting with terror, when a hand outstretched touched her arm and a voice exclaimed:

"Who are you? Speak! Who comes so late to my door?"

Gathering her courage with one last effort Jack faintly replied:

"I want Dr. Robbins. My Uncle Doran is very ill, at Glenside."

"And have you come alone from Glenside, poor child?"

"Yes, sir," she said, impatiently. "But are you the doctor? Will you hurry? Uncle may be dying now, I have been so long in coming."

The poor girl had hurried till she was almost exhausted, and stood, leaning, breathless and panting, against the door.

"The doctor lives two doors beyond. Shall I go with you and call him?"

But there was no response, for poor Jack who had never in her life done anything so womanish, had fainted quietly away.

She was only dimly conscious of being lifted in strong arms, that held her close, and being rapidly driven over a rough road, and at last finding herself lying on her own bed at Glenside, with a gray-haired gentleman bending over her. She started up, pale and anxious.

"How is uncle?" she cried. "I must go to him."

"No, no, child; lie still; he is better," the doctor said.

"Well, then, tell me all about it. Who was it? and how did I get home?"

The doctor knew what she meant.

"You were at the minister's door, and he coming home from visiting a sick parishioner, carried you, when you fainted, to my house; and I drove you both over here. Now drink this; then, if you feel able, you may go to your uncle; he wishes to see you."

Jack obediently swallowed the strengthening potion; then smoothed out the tangled curls with her hands, and, without stopping to look in her mirror, hastened to her uncle's room. He was not alone, for by his bedside sat a grave, pleasant-faced young gentleman, who looked at her with kindly, smiling eyes. She gave him but a hasty glance, for her uncle's hand was outstretched to her and she ran to take it.

"And this is the brave girl who went two miles through the dark night to bring help to her cross old uncle!" he said. "I know all about it dear. I would have died if the doctor had not come soon. You saved me. What reward can I give you, dear child?"

"Forgive my mother," whispered Jack softly.

Mr. Doran's face brightened.

"I was sure you would say that!" he cried. "Jack, dear, I have forgiven her already, and as soon as it is morning the minister here is going for her. Do you think she will forgive me, and come? She must come, and stay; for I can never let you go, Jack—dear, brave Jack! You have taught me a lesson." And he drew the blushing, happy face down, and kissed it with all a father's tenderness.

There were tears in the bright eyes when she looked up. For the second time within a few hours Jack forgot her manliness, and was crying. But the tears and the blushes gave a softness and charm to her face that made it wonderfully attractive to Malcolm Boyd, the young minister; and she looked so sweet and lovable and womanly that he felt an almost irresistible inclination to take her to his heart.

"She will be a woman worth the having," he thought; and then and there resolved to win her for his own.

Jack had meant to make some pretty speech to the minister, to thank him for helping her; but she only remembered now how she had felt his arms around her in the starlight; and blushing, she hung her head in silence.

That was two months ago. She smiles now when she thinks of it; for she is no longer shy with the minister. Can you guess why?

Mr. Doran is building a beautiful little parsonage close by the village church, and Rumor says that, when it is completed, Jack will go there as the minister's bride. Perhaps it is so; for she is growing so quiet and womanly that her happy mother (who is renewing her youth in beautiful Glenside) says that God has doubly blessed Jack's venture.

THE FATE OF GENIUS.

In the sixteenth century, Wales had three eminent physicians, who were noted as men of rare scientific attainments, and profound thinkers and writers. Perhaps the foremost of the three—they were contemporaries—was Robert Recorde.

He was educated at Oxford, and in 1531 was elected a Fellow of All-Souls College. In 1545, he was created, at Cambridge, Doctor of Medicine; after which, for a time, he taught the higher branches of mathematics at Oxford; and he had the reputation of excelling all who had preceded him in rendering this branch of knowledge clear and familiar to students. At the same time he was accounted as fully qualified to teach Rhetoric, Astronomy, Geometry, Music and Mineralogy. He was entirely familiar with the Saxon language, and made large collections of historical, and other ancient and valuable mss. To these various studies he joined that of Divinity, being attached to the principles and tenets of the Reformers.

So much is known of Robert Recorde at the age of three-score, when he was acknowledged by all who know him as a prodigy of learning, and with not a trait of character that could detract from sterling manhood. Yet he sank into neglect; his merits all overlooked; and, at last, in 1558 at the age of sixty-seven, he died in the Kings'-Bench Prison, where he was confined for debt.

Something Easy.

Mathematics and imagination are not commonly supposed to have any relation to each other, but there are occasions when a teacher of mathematics, like any other teacher, needs to be able to put himself in his pupil's place. Here, for instance, is a case reported in the Philadelphia *Times*: A learned professor was examining a graduate in the presence of a board of judges. "What do you know of differential calculus?" he asked. Deep silence ensued. Well, then, tell us something about the binomial theorem." Another term of silence deeper if possible, than before. "Perhaps you had better begin with some easier question, professor," kindly suggested one of the judges. "Very good," said the professor. "Well, sir," turning to the shivering candidate, "you will please state to us the distinction between the differential calculus and the binomial theorem."

In selecting a wife eschew the foreign-finished article. Choose the home maid.

THE INVENTOR—A WOMAN'S VIEW.

"As a general thing, when you wonder who invented anything, and look in the Cyclopedia to solve your doubts, you only get the name of some one who stole the invention," says a recent writer. And it is widely believed that the actual inventor or discoverer of anything that has proved of great importance to the world has never been the person to reap fame and fortune from it. To show how untrue this opinion is, one only has to recall the case of Watt the inventor of the steam-engine; Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive; Fulton the inventor of the steamboat; Morse, the inventor of the electric telegraph; and Goodyear, the inventor of vulcanized india rubber, not to mention hundreds of others.

It is true that, in some great discoveries, the real discoverer being poor, and very much in earnest, explains his discovery to some shrewd man, who ultimately, makes it his own, places it before the world in good shape, reaps the honors, gathers in money, and seldom remembers the man but for whom the great invention might have been unknown for centuries.

In matters of less importance the original inventor has often had no idea of what his invention might amount to. A young workman sees that this is so, or that is so. He is glad to ease his labor by arranging something very simple; his employer sees it, recognizes it as a great improvement, and perhaps makes the workman a present. The latter enjoys a little local reputation for smartness, spends his money, and does not discover, until his employer is making a fortune on his patent that he has thrown away a chance of being a rich man himself. Then it is too late to do anything but talk about it, and be discontented for ever after.

There was once a poor drunkard who could never come to any good, who possessed a very valuable receipt. A man of some means who knew this fact bought the receipt for five dollars, with which the poor creature drank himself insensible at once. The purchaser made a great fortune, and was known as a most benevolent man. There seemed a certain degree of injustice in the fact that the man of whom it was bought died in the gutter; but he would never have done anything with the receipt to make money nor have used the fortune wisely if he had possessed it. Assuredly he would never have done the things the philanthropist did with it. Still, there seems to be some injustice in such things, although it is difficult to tell just what it is. The second party, who brings an invention into practical use, is, of course, entitled to some benefit, and to a considerable share of honor. And it is a pity that he is seldom content with that but takes all without remorse leaving the inventor without even the comfort of having his name associated with the great work of his life.

SOME "HAVE-YOUS" FOR THE SEASON.

Have you tested your cows this season to know which are paying for their keeping and a profit on labor and capital?

Have you got a good clean place, with pure water for them to drink?

Have you got plenty of feed in the pasture or have you too many cows for the feed?

Have you plenty of shade for them to lie in?

Have you seen to it that there are no carcases left unburied about the pasture?

Have you kept your milking place clean and tidy, so you would not be ashamed to have the persons who eat your butter come in at milking time?

Have you held your temper in training the heifers to milk, and have no kickers among them?

Have they found out that you are their best friend?

Have you been regular in your hours of milking?

Have you kept salt where the cows could have some each day?

Have you put a little sulphur on their backs occasionally, to save them from becoming full of grubs in the spring?

Have you used only the best of packages to put the butter in.

Have you been "beat" by some agent and bought a churn or butter-worker you don't want?

Have you used plenty of plaster in your horse stalls so as to keep them odorless?

Have you got a small bottle of creosote in the stable to rub some on their jaws and throat to keep the bot flies from stinging them while on the machine and hay wagon?

Have you groomed them well these hot days so that they are not crusted over with filth from sweating?

Have you marked the lambs that you want to sell, so you can tell at once when the buyer comes what you have to sell?

Have you destroyed the ticks on the lambs since shearing?

Have you got a patch of carrots growing to feed the weaned colt with this winter, to keep him thriving?

Have you made your wife happy by having a good garden?

Have you invited her to the farmer's pic-nic, to be after harvest?

If you haven't done these things, the season is fast growing and you will soon have made another year of mistakes.—H.S.H.

THE BLARNEY STONE.

The village of Blarney is in the north of Ireland, about four miles from Cork. Blarney Castle was built by Cormack McCarthy, "the strong" forth lord of Muskerry, about the middle of the fifteenth century. The ruins of the famous old fortress are visited by thousands of tourists every year. This is largely on account of a tradition which has been attached for some centuries to one of the stones used in building the castle. This stone is said to communicate to the tongue that touches it the gift of gentle, insinuating speech, and that has given rise to the accusation when any one is of particularly sweet accent that he or she has "kissed the Blarney stone." A song, written by Richard Alfred Millikin in 1798, refers to the local tradition in these stanzas:—

"There is a stone there,
That whosoever kisses,
Oh, he never misses,
To grow eloquent.
'Tis he may clamber,
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of Parliament.

"A clever spouter
He'll turn out or
An out-and-outer
To be let alone;
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he's a pilgrim
From the Blarney stone."

THE GIRLS OF NINETY-ONE.

They tell me 'twas the fashion,
Oh, long and long ago,
For girls to look like lilies white,
And sit at home and sew.
Forth strode their sturdy brothers,
On many a gallant quest;
But the maids behind the lattice
Their weary souls possessed.

To-day the times have altered,
And pretty Kate and Nell
Are playing merry tennis—
In sooth, they do it well.
They ride across the country,
They climb the mountain-side,
And with oars that feather lightly,
Along the rivers glide.

If they've not yet been to college,
They are going by-and-by,
To shake the tree of knowledge,
Though its branches touch the sky,
For all their Greek and Latin,
And poring over books,
With faces smooth as satin,
They'll keep their dainty looks.

Do you want a happy comrade,
In study or in fun?
Be sure you'll find her quickly
'Mid the girls of Ninety-one.
She'll keep that bright head steady,
Unharmed in any whirl,
And not a lad will love her less
Because she is a girl.

—*Harper's Bazar.*

A WORD TO YOUNG MEN.

Speak to him. Speak to the young man entering that saloon! Tell him no possible good can come to him there, nothing that he can buy, nor any associations he may make there will ever benefit him. That it is not there the mind is stored with useful knowledge, the heart refined, or a pure ambition gratified. The noble, the virtuous and the good get none of their valuable traits there. Far from it. That is the road to other qualities. That is where all that is truly valuable and fits a man for usefulness here and happiness hereafter, is destroyed.

There is not a quality of the human heart that any sane man ever desired to possess that does not find its most implacable enemy there. The place is charged with a moral and physical poison which spares nothing in the heart that raises man above the brute, nor anything in the human mind that can add to its usefulness or suitable its aspirations. He will find nothing elevating there—but everything tending down. If he wishes to lose all this he now values—the early instructions of a mother, the sweet affection of a sister, the admonitions of a father, and all the cherished memories of a childhood and youth—he is on the the high road to that result, but do not, as you value his dearest interests, do not let him go unwarned.

Point him to the thousands of human wrecks which seem almost to block up the way he treads. Show him the haggard, tottering form just emerging from the place he seeks. Tell him that but for a few short years since, that pitiable being, a young man, as noble, vigorous and promising as he now is, was entering, as he now enters, the broad way to ruin. As confident as he now is that no such fate would be his. Tell him that neither intellect, education or wealth can shield him from the gulf that yawns to receive him. Point him to earth's mightiest men, who have fallen in the toils of the insatiable monster, Rum. Tell him there is but one possible way in which he can retain the respect and confidence of present friends, or gain the lasting esteem of others, and that is to taste not, handle not, the unclean thing. No other course offers security.

LORD, OPEN THEIR EYES.

"If there was just one thing that I might ask for," said the pastor at the monthly concert of his church, "it would not be for money, but I would pray, Lord, open their eyes." If the average membership of the churches could only appreciate their privileges of opportunity and responsibility in advancing the kingdom of Christ along the lines which in every direction are so rapidly and gloriously opening, there would be no stint in the offerings. Men do not hesitate to make sacrifices in order to invest their money where property is sure to advance in value. They will wear their old clothes a little longer, and tread the old carpets, and use the old furniture, and put all they can raise into real estate. But if eyes were opened, a better opportunity for speculation is offered in that city beautiful for situation. Glorious things are spoken of thee, thou city of God. What an opportunity for investment! The books are open for subscription. Who is willing to consecrate his service unto the Lord? It will pay a hundredfold in this present life and when the fashion of this world shall have passed away, its glory and power and wealth and pleasures vanish into nothingness, what will it be to have investment in that city which hath foundations whose builder and maker is God. Lord, open their eyes. But the eyes of the church are not fully open. Said a church member to the pastor, in arranging the annual report "I think that does pretty well." And this, gratulatory remark was called forth by the fact that in a congregation, where the people were living in the enjoyment of God's lavish bounty, dispensing abundant hospitality among themselves, experiencing the goodness of divine grace in their own church life and relations, a sum averaging less than fifty cents per individual was given to fulfil the Redeemer's command, and diffuse the blessings of the gospel over all the earth.

AN AGREEABLE EMPRESS.

The celebrated Dr. Metzger, of Amsterdam, who last year successfully treated the Empress of Austria, has only one sitting-room for all his patients, whatever their rank and condition. Each has to wait his turn. Some time ago a poor woman who happened to be there turned to her neighbor, a lady of distinguished appearance, notwithstanding the simplicity of her attire and said:

"How long we have to wait, to be sure! I dare say you have got a little child at home, too?"

"No."

"But when you get back you will have to sweep out the rooms?"

"No, I have folks who do that for me."

"Indeed! But you'll want to get the dinner ready?"

"Not even that, for I dine at the hotel."

"Very well, as you have nothing particular to do, you might let me have your turn?"

"Very willingly," replied the lady, who was the Empress of Austria.—*La Bon Menage.*

Merit wins, as the marvellous success of Hood's Sarsaparilla shows. It possesses true medical merit. Sold by all druggists.

When a woman wants anything she often boohoos she "shoes" it. A man usually boots it.