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Money to Loan.
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Desiccated Wheat
For Dyspeptics and anyone with weak digestion.
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FULL SUPPLY
—AT—
DAY'S BOOKSTORE
Day Sells Cheap.

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REST - 6,000,000

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Has been opened in connection with this Branch.
Interest Allowed at Current Rates.
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Manager GUELPH BRANCH.

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PAPER MAKERS,
GEORGETOWN, ONT.
MAKE A SPECIALTY OF
Machine Finished Book Papers
—AND—
HIGH GRADE WEEKLY NEWS.
The paper used in this journal is from the above mills.
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8 x 10 Deep Photo Frames, complete 30c.
5 Feet Cornice Pole, Brass Fittings, 25c.

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Are said to be the best selected in the city.
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—AND—
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John Cameron, Contractor,
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DRESSING, MATCHING, and MOULDING.
—MAKE ALL STYLES OF—
Sashes, Doors and Windows and Door Frames and Dressed Lumber.
And keep a stock on hand. All orders promptly attended to.
JOHN CAMERON.

—ACTON—
LIVERY
—AND—
BUS LINE.
The undersigned respectfully solicits the patronage of the public, and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
At his stables. A comfortable bus meets all trains between 9 a. m. and 6:15 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met.
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HEAD OFFICE - GUELPH.
Insures Buildings, Merchandise, Manufactories and all other descriptions of insurable property, on the Cash and Premium Note System.
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Pianos
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THE GOLD MEDAL
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The Traders' Bank
OF CANADA.
Wishing to cultivate a connection with good, reliable farmers, and knowing how difficult it is for them to conform to fixed rules, will always extend to them greater privileges than any other class of business men.
TRADERS BANK OF CANADA.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
PAID UP CAPITAL $04,400.00
REST FUND $5,000.00
GUELPH BRANCH,
We call your attention to the conveniences offered by our Savings Bank Department. Deposits of $1 and upwards received, and interest allowed at the rate of 4 per cent. per annum from date of deposit to withdrawal, paid or compounded half-yearly, on 31st May and 30th November.
Advances made to responsible farmers.
Advances made to farmers on the security of Sales notes.
A specialty made of collecting farmers' sales notes and no charge made for collecting when payable in Guelph.
We have unsurpassed facilities for transmitting money to all parts of the country.
A general banking business transacted.
A. P. H. JONES,
Manager Guelph Branch.

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

GENTLEMEN
Order now your
Fall Suit
And Overcoat
New Goods Specially imported for my Trade.
Choice Patterns.
Fit, Style and Workmanship the Best.
Prices the Lowest.
My Specialty, Perfect-Fitting
$4 Pants to Order.
R. E. NELSON,
Fashionable Clothier,
99 Upper Wyndham St., Guelph.

Rattan Chairs
Rocking Chairs
Card Tables
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IN ABUNDANCE
AT LOWEST PRICES.
P. SPRAGGE & Co.
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GUELPH.
SPECIAL PRICES to those contemplating Housekeeping.

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 15 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.

Acton Lodge, No. 204,
I.O.O.F.
MEETS in the Oddfellows' Hall, Hill's Block, every Wednesday evening. Visiting brethren always welcome. For copy of constitution and laws apply to the undersigned or any of the members.
W. WILLIAMS, N. G. H. H. WORDEN, Secretary

FRANK BURGESS,
House Painter, Paper Hanger, Sign Writer, Etc.
Is prepared to execute orders in any of the above lines in the best manner and at reasonable terms. Every job having my personal attention I can assure customers complete satisfaction. Graining in all woods a specialty.
Orders left at my residence, Main St., Acton will receive prompt attention.

Poetry.

THE A-D-V.

There are three little letters,
That are used every day;
In every publication,
With undisputed sway.
They are so very modest
Ne'er prominent they'll be
But way down in a corner
Lurks the a-d-v.

You read about a shipwreck,
A hundred people drowned;
The wreckage of a noble ship
For miles is strewn around.
Your heart then swells up in pity,
For those upon the sea,
Until you read on further,
To the a-d-v.

Or perhaps upon the railroad,
You'll read of a big smash;
And many people injured
In the overwhelming crash.
You wonder if some relative
Upon the train could be,
Then kick yourself, because
You see the a-d-v.

And then a tale of sorrow,
Of sickness and of pain;
Of how John Smith, of Bungton,
Could not get well again.
He lost all hope of living;
At death's door then was he
Until he took a bottle of——
Oh, hang that a-d-v.

Sometimes they try to hide it,
And little stars * * they use;
While others sign "Ex." to it
To make it seem like news.
No matter what they put there,
It's plain enough to see
It is the same old chestnut
That little a-d-v.

And so you find it daily;
In everything it lurks,
'Tis seen in every paper
And no'er its duty shirks.
To tell the truth, dear reader,
And we laugh aloud with glee,
This poetry's not paid for
It's an a-d-v.

—*E. D. Gibbs.*

Select Family Reading.

Miss Violetta Grey.

"No one ever got anything by praying for it," Peter Bishop used to say. It hurt his pastor's feelings when he said that, for the old gentleman was strong on that point; but what hurt Mrs. Olcott, the pastor's wife, most was, that the old heathen was teaching this doctrine to his little Seba, a motherless child of ten, ready to be bent in any direction. But she only said mildly:

"Well, Mr. Bishop, if Seba prayed for something and was answered, she'd have a right to believe in prayer."

"So she would," said Bishop. "Well, ma'am, I'll let her pray a good one, I promise you; but she'll end by believing as I do."

Then Seba was called in.

"My girl," said old Bishop, "here's Mrs. Olcott, as is so kind to you, believes if you pray hard and pray long, you'll get what you want. And here's me, your father, believes that things go on the same whatever prayers are said. I'm a man of judgement, and Mrs. Olcott is a pious lady and a minister's wife. Now, I've promised not to stop your praying no more. You may pray two weeks hard. If you get your prayer answered, I'll never say you no again; but if you don't you'll see I'm right;

"Eh?"

The child nodded.

"No, Seba," Mrs. Olcott hurried to say, "God might not see fit to answer, or might answer in a way you could not understand—"

"The child knows what I mean," said old Bishop. "Now she's free to pray. In fact, I'll whack her if she don't pray for two weeks. That is time enough. You come here, please, at the end of that time—not before—"

"The fair will take me up," said Mrs. Olcott. "I shan't be able to come, but this is to wrong—so heathenish. It's a sin. It seems like mocking Heaven."

"It's a fair trial," said old Bishop, as he shut the door.

There was a great fair afoot, and the school children had had a private view of it. What pleased them most was a very large and splendid doll, with a dress of sky-blue satin, painted with daisies, with a parasol in its hand, and a fan hanging from its girdle, and by whose side stood a Saratoga trunk full of garments.

Seba had seen this; and, being given permission to pray, at once set to work, in all the innocence of babyhood, to pray for that doll,—the doll Violetta Grey, with a handsome wardrobe for four seasons, to be sold at auction at the close of the fair.

One day Dr. Dobbin, in speaking of the fair to Mrs. Olcott, said:

"I passed a queer little house near the blacksmith's shop to-day, heard praying inside and peeped in. There was a little girl on her knees, ma'am, and she was praying for Miss Violetta Grey, the big doll at the fair. I went on to the blacksmith's with my horse, and he talked a lot of stuff to me. I asked him who the little girl was up at the house, and he said 'mine.' A queer father, and a curious child."

"So it is the doll she wants," said Mrs. Olcott. "That doll will not auction off under twenty-five dollars." And then she told Dr. Dobbin her story. "She will never get the doll," she said, with a sigh. "That silver king from California says he'll bid it in for his daughter. At all events, I'm not rich enough to get it."

And the good woman felt a tear on her eyelash. But Dr. Dobbin's eyes twinkled; he was a rich man and a bachelor, and he was interested in little Seba.

Seba had coaxed her father to take her to the fair on the evening of the day when the auction finished up the fair.

He bought her a small joy and some ice cream. He let her stand as long as she would in front of the doll. Over its head, in golden letters, shone the name, "Miss Violetta Gray." Some of its costumes were displayed. A great stuffed chair and a pier glass were near; also a toy poodle.

"Oh papa!" cried the child.

"Yes, there sort is for the children of capital. Laboring men can't get 'em," said Bishop.

He walked away, and the child followed him. He bought her a white sugar rabbit and a bunch of paper roses. But she thought only of Miss Violetta Grey, with her clothes for four seasons; and at intervals she prayed silently. If this was wrong, she never dreamt it could be.

And now the auction began.

The auctioneer, a noted lawyer of the place, arose. Things fell beneath his hammer. The unlikeliest people bid for things. Men had their arms full of trifles; ladies had bags and laps full.

At last all was gone. Miss Violetta Grey remained alone, standing near her possessor, with her never changing her smile, fan forever poised, her parasol that moved not.

"The celebrated doll, Miss Violetta Grey," said the auctioneer, "as well provided with garments as any fashionable belle. Her chair, the trunk, all the things about her, go withher. How much do I hear for Miss Violetta Grey?"

A voice rang out clear and deep: "Twenty-five dollars!"

It was the rich Western man—the Silver King, some called him—who had made the bid.

"Thirty!" cried another voice.

That was Dr. Dobbin.

"Forty!" cried the Silver King.

"Fifty!" came from a feminine voice.

The good Mrs. Olcott had just that much in a savings bank. She ventured it.

"Fifty! Fifty!" repeated the auctioneer. "Fifty dollars bid for this exquisite doll!"

"Seventy-five!" said the Silver King.

"One hundred!" roared Dr. Dobbin.

The Silver King roared with laughter.

"Two hundred!" he said.

Dr. Dobbin added: "Two hundred and ten."

"Two hundred and fifty!" said the Silver King. Dr. Dobbin sat down. The minister's wife sat down, too.

There was laughing and talking. The Silver King took the doll in his arms.

"The more they have the more they get," said the old Bishop. "I couldn't have bought that for you, if you died cryin' fur it."

Seba was silent.

Meanwhile, the rich man had drawn the minister's wife aside.

"See here," he said. "I want you to help me. My girl has got hold of a story about a child that has been praying for this doll two weeks. She made me promise I'd buy it, and give it to the little creature. Where is she?"

"It's that child there. Bishop, the blacksmith—his little girl," said the minister's wife, "you angel of a man, Heaven bless you and your little daughter."

The yellow frame house near the smithy said the millionaire, and was off.

Seba and her father plodded homeward shortly afterward. He struck a match and lit a lantern standing outside the door before he went in.

He felt in angry mood. He was poor, hard working, ignorant, and had been amongst well-dressed fashionable folk. The millionaire paying two hundred and fifty dollars for a doll made him furious. "While we toil for a crust," he said. Then he saw a bundle tied to his door knob. It was a thing of human shape; a baby wrapped in paper, it looked.

"Who's done this?" he said, furiously, but Seba untied the cord directly, and took it in her arms.

"I think it is what I've been praying for for two weeks, papa," she said. "I guess it is Miss Violetta Grey. And here is her trunk. Papa, you see Mrs. Olcott is right, after all."

He held the lantern while she untied the parcel, and stared stupified with astonishment as she read the note—"A stranger is glad to give this doll to little Seba Bishop."

"I saw him pay the money for it," said he. "It's what I call a miracle!"

Then the watching group outside the window tiptoed away, and all were very grave and very happy.

And old Bishop never hindered his child from praying again.

"However it was answered, it was answered, anyway," he said. "I'm fair, whatever I am. You can have her all you like, and teach her what you choose. I don't set up my judgement any more. The child has a right to her own. She's answered, if I've never been. Maybe it's because she's better. Heaven knows."

Boys' Mittens.

The mother who must keep several active play-loving boy comfortably clad in mittens has no slight task to do. Boys' mittens suffer such rough usage it is almost impossible to get such as will last well. They are so short-lived it does not pay to knit them, unless extra strong, double thread is used.

For the farmer boy who does chores, hunts, and engages in rough sports, a good mitten can be made of cloth. The backs of old woollen coats and pantaloons legs can be used in this way. A pattern may be secured by laying a knit mitten flat on a paper and cutting a pattern from it, allowance being made for seams. They should be lined with soft, but quite good flannel. It takes but a short time to make a pair of these, and they are both durable and comfortable. The leather faced mittens, also those made of buckskin, would be excellent for boys' use were it not for the wetting they get when their wearers play in snow. But it takes only a few good snow-frolics and the subsequent drying, to spoil such mittens.

Boys will play snow-ball, wash each other's faces with snow, build snow houses snow men, and forts. Nor would we mothers wish to deny them such fun for the sake of keeping their mittens dry. So the best way is to provide them with mittens that will not be injured by getting wet. There is no doubt that the most comfortable best fitting mitten to the hand is the home-knit one. And their use can be greatly prolonged by covering the fronts and thumbs with water-proof cloth.

A Rare Good Wife, but a Perfect Stranger.

In the diaries of the late Mr. Cope, R.A., published by Bentley & Son, the following story is told by his sister-in-law.

"She met a farmer friend, and said to him, "I hear, John, that you are lately married; who is your wife?"

"Weel, Miss Benning, I don't quite know.

"How so? where did you meet with her?

"A weel, ye see, Miss, I went to t' market and as I was going I seed a canny lass working along t' road and I saye 'Weel ye get oop and ride?' 'Ay, saye she.

"So she got oop, and I axe her 'are you gangin' to market?' "Ay" saye she.

"What for?" saye I. 'To git a place,' saye she.

"So I set her down i' t' market and left her; and as I com' back i' t' evening there was this same lass warking t' same way oop hill. So I spake to her again, and axed her 'Ha' ye gotten yer place?' 'Nay' saye she 'I hanna.

'Will you git oop, and ride?' 'Ay' saye she.

'So she got oop, and I axed her, 'D'ye think my place would suit ye?' 'What place is that?' saye she.

'Why, to be my wife,' saye I. 'I doan't mind' saye she.

'So we got wed, and she's a rare good wife, but she's a perfect stranger to me.'—*Our Weekly.*

A Spray of Ivy.

"Over and under the breezes blow,
Over and under the streamlets flow;
The skies have not lost their glory;
And love and beauty our thoughts engage,
While yet our gardens their doom presage,
As in Nature's book we turn the page
To a more pathetic story."

A calm and peaceful evening in October. The sky was as blue as on any day in lovely June, and great bunches of late roses shed their fragrance on the air, while all along the garden wall the golden rod upheld its shining sceptres, and the orchard wafted its fragrance as the trees bent beneath their load of mellow fruit.

On the porch of Mrs. Arden's charming country home sits Paul Raymond the tutor of the only son, a fair, blue-eyed dreamy boy, who lies in a hammock not far from Paul, and who is devoted to him.

Just behind the curtain of the drawing room window sits Miss Oma Herrick—the wealthy niece of Mrs. Arden—gently swaying back and forth in a low rocker, some dainty fancy work in her hands, but the look she casts now and then upon the young tutor outside the window, shows her thoughts to be elsewhere than on the work so carelessly held in the beautiful hands.

Suddenly little Hal calls out: "Mr. Raymond tell me a story; you promised one if all my lessons were good."

"Well, Hal, and what must it be? while a smile breaks over his dark, handsome face, fairly illuminating it. "Come now, tell me what kind of a story, and I'll redeem my promise."

"Oh!" says Hall, without hesitating, and coming over to the window where sits Paul Raymond—"tell me a fairy story, and let it be a love story, too." He throws himself down, resting his head upon Paul's knee and gazes up into the dark eyes above him, while his whole attitude bespeaks expectancy.

The young girl in the window lays her work aside and folding her hands idly in her lap, draws her golden head nearer the curtain, just out of range of Paul Raymond's dark eyes, who knows nothing of the fair listener within. Mr. Raymond begins, and Oma listens with as deep interest as the dreamy ten year-old boy outside.

"Once upon a time there lived in fairy-land a beautiful golden haired princess. At her birth, all the fairies vied with each other in bestowing upon her some great charm. The flower fairies endowed her with wonderful beauty. To her eyes they gave the blue of the blue-bells, those early blossoms that come to gladden us with their hue and tell us spring is here—to her lips, the red of the rose—to her cheeks the tint of the wild rose, that grows of its own sweet will all over the land—to her hair the gold of the sun flower—to her skin the waxy tint of the magnolia. Her form had the grace of a lily. Well, then——"

"And to her breath the fragrance of the violets," says Hal.

"Indeed yes, dear boy; her breath had the fragrance of the violets," says Paul, while a deep flush glows upon his handsome face.

"Well just as this lovely young princess was eighteen years old, there came to live near her in fairyland a young prince, who had a fine palace, a beautiful garden and a gold mine. When the prince saw the princess he fell in love with her, as all others did before him."

"Did the fairies give the prince such beauty too?" says Hal straightening up and looking straight before him—"the beauty of the flowers—was his hair golden, his face fair?"

"Ah no," laughs Paul, "he was brown and dark, but for all that he loved the fair princess. No he was brown like the earth."

"Ah! but all beautiful things come from the earth, the old brown earth," cries Hal, in triumph. "And you are dark Mr. Raymond, brown eyes, brown hair, dark face, put a spell upon the gold mine, from whence he drew everything."

"And was he just as good and just the same?" cried Hal.

"Just the same."

"Then it was a shame to send him away from fairy-land," says the boy indignantly. "I thought all fairies were good. It was not the old, old fairy-land, I'm sure."

"It was not the old fairy-land" says Paul The gates of this open only to those who possess the golden key."

"Did the lovely princess frown too, like her father and all the ladies?" "Ah no; she smiled a sad, pitying smile, that cut deep into the heart of the poor prince, for he knew it meant—Good bye!"

"And so he went away and they never met again;" says Hal, while a sad look stole into the deep, dreamy eyes.

"Oh yes, two years after all his gold was swept away—they met again. She was more beautiful than ever; and was an honored guest at the house where the prince earned his daily bread."

And Hal sitting up begs for the end of the story. "Why do you stop Mr. Raymond?"

Paul looking away across to the red roses nodding in the soft air, says sadly: "The end has not come yet. The princess—God bless her!—lives in the sunshine in the same far off fairy land, while the prince will find a lonely grave in the shadow."

"Oh! Mr. Raymond, don't let the story have a sad ending," cries Hal, "Cousin Oma you finish the story," as the young girl steps from the window to the porch. "I saw you listening, you finish the story; have a wedding—not a grave."

She came in all her fresh, young beauty and standing beside the chair in which Paul Raymond sits with drooping head, and says in a low, sweet voice. "The princess cared nothing for the gold mine, nor the palace, but oh! for the prince she did care with all her heart, and had the red, red rose with its hidden charm been sent to her—this would have been her answer," and turning, she reaches out one dainty hand above her head and breaks a spray of ivy, that has found its way to the porch. Paul's face glows happiness, as he takes it from her trembling fingers and bending over her he murmurs. "I cling to thee," and turning to Hal, who is watching with glad eyes, he says, "The princess is here, Hal, ask her if the story shall end with a wedding?"

And Oma blushing and laughing, kisses the little upturned face of the boy, then she and Paul wander down the garden walk to where the roses are blooming, and standing there he plucks one and places it in her hands, not the rose with the hidden charm but one which is to her, just as sweet, for she reads within its crimson heart the magic words, "I love you." And Paul blesses the day that Hal begged for a story while lying out in the porch where grew the spray of ivy.

Salt added to cooked fruit, especially in pies, increases the flavour.

The Intellectual Development of Women.

The truth has been told so often that it hardly needs repetition. Woman has been developed intellectually, as all acknowledge later than man. The reason is simple: During the period of physical despotism this influence carried with it mental despotism as well, and the more nicely organized sex inevitably yielded to the courser. Over the greater part of the globe to the present day women cannot read and write. It was only in the time of George IV that there was abandoned, even in England, the old law of "Benefit of Clergy," which exempted from civil punishment those who could read and write—the assumption being that no woman could read or write, and therefore that no woman should have benefit of clergy. A hundred years ago, in our own country, we know by the letters of Abigail Adams that the education of women in the most favored families went little beyond reading and writing. All this is now swept away; but the tradition lay behind it. "The Shadow of the Harem," as it has been called, is not swept away, the tradition that is the duty of woman to efface herself. Mlle de Scudery wrote half the novels that bore her brother's name, and he used to lock her up in her room to keep her at it; yet he drew his sword on a friend who had doubted his claim to have written them at all. Nobody now doubts that Fanny Mendelssohn wrote many of the "Songs without words" under her brother's name, but she was suppressed by the whole family the moment she proposed to publish any music as her own. Lord Houghton learned in Germany that a great part of Neander's *Church History* was written by his sister; but the cyclopædias do not include her name. On the whole it is better to wait a few centuries before denying lyric genius to the successors of Sappho and music to sisters of Fanny Mendelssohn.

A Chapter on Housekeeping.

Housekeeping is administration on a small scale. It includes the capacity for managing children and servants, and of exercising economy if necessary.

Yet a girl is not generally given any preparation, for the life of a housekeeper, though it may be cheerfully conceded by her parents that such will probably be her destiny. The average school course contains nothing that will fit her to be the head of a household, with its complex duties and requirements. There is much of the power in a home in knowing how to cook, or to direct others how it shall be done. If the dinner is a failure the music of the piano will not bring soothing to the mind of the husband. He will find his wife's sweetest strains but discord, while the recollection of the over-done or under-done joint and heavy bread is fresh in his recollection.

Let no lady think if derogatory to master the art of cookery. She will never regret her knowledge, and will find it useful as long as life lasts. In the hands of the cook lie in the great measure the health and temper of every member of the family and she should be so thoroughly instructed as to run no risk of abusing her power. And the husbands who toil hard to procure for their households the necessities for the sustenance of life, have certainly a right to expect that the best shall be made of the material thus supplied, and their table be invariably spread with well prepared food.

Economy in cooking does not consist in the use of very little of what are called the necessaries, but rather in getting up even the simplest dishes in such a manner as not only to taste but to look well. Some housekeepers possess this faculty in a remarkable degree. Others are totally without it. And there is too often waste which might be avoided by exercising a little forethought and care.

A Mistake you Make.

Just a little one, but then it is one which may after all result very unhappily. Do not get in the habit of being familiar in manner of speech with young men. True you may say nothing which is harmful; you may say what you think, and that may be perfectly innocent. And always to say just what one thinks is wisdom, but to jest with Tom or Harry, innocent though the subject may be, is not wise.

"Shall there then be no gayety in life?" says a dear girl.

Plenty of it. But make it pure, sweet fun, entirely clear and free from the bitter waters of Marah.

Don't you think that the one man—the one to whom you give your heart—will care more for you when he knows that an idle jest, a careless word, a familiar manner have not been given by you to every friend you may have? It doesn't seem much, but, my dear girl, because you are my dear girl, just remember that while many a girl amuses the general young man it is the special young man who is worth consideration.

You do not think it quite nice to look to marriage as your future? Why not? Do you not find the companionship of a man you love more interesting than that of even your dearest woman friend? Then, you think I do not approve of woman's friendships? Indeed I do—when they are true ones. But the best friend for a woman is the man who interests her, the man she loves, and who is her sweetheart—soon to be her husband. And she makes a mistake in not trying to please him.—*Ruth Ashmore.*

Valuable Suggestion.

An oyster is the best bait for a rat-trap.

A grain of salt will often make cream whip.

Old loose kid gloves, worn when ironing will save many callous places on one's hands.

See that the lamp wicks are turned down after trimming, else the lamps will be covered with oil.

If raised dough is kept several days upon the ice, the last baking will be much better than the first.

If the water in which onions are boiled is changed once or twice the vegetable is much more healthful.

A pinch of salt added to a glass of milk makes it not only more palatable to many but more easily digested.

Circles of felting, pinked or scalloped, are invaluable to put between choice china plates when piled in the closet.

If one's hands perspire easily when doing delicate work, they should be bathed in a few drops of cologne from time to time.

Doughnuts and cookies, as well as crackers, can be freshened by heating them thoroughly in a moderate oven, after which they can be cooled in a dry place before serving.

HOME OF THY BLEST.

Tossed on the surging billows,
Wearied in the storms of life,
Harassed by the world's commotion—
Earthly struggles, earthly strife—
With throbbing hearts we turn our gaze
Toward the regions of the blest,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

Fair to the eye that angel home—
Bright and dazzling forms are there
And o'er the plains of heaven they roam,
Happy beings, free from care:
Children of the King of kings,
Of a land are they possessed,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Though we be doomed to years of toil,
And trials ever hard to bear,
Still 'tis but naught—for are there not
Angels ever pointing there?
Lifting up to us the veil
From of that land, of all lands best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling
And the weary are at rest.

A Old Teetotaler.

Senator Billa Flint, of Belleville, Ont., who was 87 years old on the 9th of February was born near Brockville, and has lived in Canada all his life. He is an opponent of the treating system, and in a letter to the *Intelligencer* tells the following story:

"I was once offered by a hotelkeeper a $50 bill if I would take a glass of wine, so that he could tell of it. No, let his money with him. There was a saloon kept years ago near where C. F. Smith's store now stands. The owner, if he saw me passing, would say: 'Come in, Flint, and take something—I know you drink.

One day I was passing, three of his customers sat outside and he stood in the door, when he put the usual question. My answer was: 'I don't care if I do,' and walked in, the three following. He asked me what I would take. I said: "Whatever you give me." He set on the bar a bottle of brandy and a cut-glass tumbler, and said: 'Help yourself.' I said: 'No; but whatever you give me I will take.' He poured out about two thirds of a tumbler of brandy and handed it to me; I stepped to the door threw the brandy into the street and put the tumbler into my pocket, when turning I said to him: 'Whenever you want me to take more I will call again.' He never troubled me after that. The tumbler I kept for years, at last it got broke. If I live till 19th June, I will be 68 years a total abstainer. I do not use it in sickness or in health, and, by divine help, never will."

To be Born Rich and Old.

We are all born young, and most of us are born poor. Youth is delightful, but we are always getting away from it. How different it would be if we were always going towards it! Poverty is unpleasant and the great struggle of life is to get rid of it; but it is the common fortune that in proportion as wealth is attained the capacity of enjoying it departs. It seems, therefore that our life is wrong end first. The remedy that the writer suggests is that men should be born rich and old. Instead of the necessity of making a fortune, which is of less and less value as death approaches, we should have only the privilege of spending it, and it would have its natural end in the cradle, in which we should be rocked into eternal sleep. Born old, one would, of course, inherit experience so that wealth could be made to contribute to happiness, and each day, instead of lessening the natural powers and increasing infirmities, would bring new vigor and capacity of enjoyment. It would be going from winter to autumn, from autumn to summer, from summer to spring. The joy of a life without care as to ways and means, and every morning refitted with the pulsations of increasing youth, it is almost impossible to imagine.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Have you Learned.

The value of sunshine?
To change a house into a home?
The great uplifting power of music?
To think and judge without prejudice?
To look up, then reach up and grasp the best.
That some uncomfortable words may be overcome?
How much environment has to do with what you are?
What a little thing will sometimes make a child happy?
That an outside door, or even the glass in it, may tell secrets?
To distribute good cheer, sweet thoughts tender remembrances?
That a clear, bright light conduces to social, friendly chat at tea time?
That there are two kinds of wealth, and that one is of the heart and the other of the mind?
That the paper and pictures on the walls the carpets and curtains may effect the mood of a sensitive person?
That a tidy is out of its place when it becomes more important than the object which it is supposed to protect?
From experience, that discouragements are to be found on all sides, but that encouragements are dealt out sparingly by prudent hands?

Take 1000 people to buy Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, at 50 cents a bottle, to make up $500. One failure to cure would take the profit from 4000 sales. Its makers profess to cure "cold in the head," and even chronic catarrh, and if they fail they pay $500 for their over-confidence.—

Not in Newspaper words but in hard cash Think of what confidence it takes to put that in the papers—and mean it.

Its makers believe in the remedy. Isn't it wor