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We have unsurpassed facilities for transmitting money to all parts of the country.

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Bring Your Fathers and Mothers to

Sprague's Furniture Store,

GUELPH,

and get a beauty of a

CARRIAGE,

New ones just in Very Cheap.

30 Solid Oak Rockers,

Upholstered in Plush and Tapestries, coming. Look out for them in about ten days.

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You get a better selection with us than anywhere else in the city. We study to please the public and buy only the very best.

It does not pay to buy any Shoe because its cheap. Get the BEST QUALITY at the

Leading Boot and Shoe Store

Mail Orders Attended To Promptly.

W. McLAREN & CO.

Guelph, Ont.

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Upper - Wyndham - Street.

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Fine Scotch Suitings,

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Remember our Famous $4 Pants to Order.

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- - SEASON---1891 - -

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Your Lumber Dressed While You Wait. Price—$1.50 per M.

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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

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

Poetry.

DAR'S A GOOD TIME A-COMIN.

We's a-waitin, white folks, waitin
Fur de captar ob ole satan,
Gat no time fur 'cristinatin,
So we'll take de gospel kyar,
Fur we hear dem angels singin
An de golden bells a-ringin—
Joyful tidins day is bringin from afar.

Dar's a good time a-comin, Georgiana,
Fur de prophets tole erbout it long ago;
Dar's a whisper in de breezes, Georgiana,
Whar de cotton an de sugar cane grow.

Git a-prayin, darkies, prayin,
Fur dar'll be no mo' delayin,
Doan' yo' hear de music playin?
'Tis de resurrection ban,
An de tramp'll soon be blowin
Whar de Jordan am a-flowin—,
In de gospel kyar we's goin to dat lan.

Git down chillum all togedder, Georgiana,
Doan' furgit to fetch de chicken an de jam,
Fur we'll all git a-hungry, Georgiana,
On dat long an weary journey to de Lam'.

Ef yo' cotch de debble, kill 'im,
He's a mos' umbrageous villain;
An he's watchin fur de chillum,
Hidin by de ribber side;
Git a-singin, darkies, singin,
Jine yo' hans an git a-swingin,
Fur de gospel bells am ringin fur de bride.

Fris yo' ha'r in de mornin, Georgiana,
Wash yo' robes from de blemish an de sin,
An we'll cross ober Jordan, Georgiana,
An ole Peter'll swing de gate an let us in.

—*Emile Pickhardt.*

Select Family Reading.

Chloe Ann's 'Riginal Egg.

Aunt Deb sat near the front window of her little house, darning a great hole in the heel of Chloe Ann's stocking, and wondering "w'at fer dat chile so late!"

"Dar she come now!" she exclaimed, glancing up the road, "an' runnin' like a wil' turkey!"

A moment later the door flew open, and Chloe Ann rushed into the room.

"Aunt Deb," she gasped, "dem gals up ter de schoolhouse—"

"Look yer! I wants ter know w'at you mean, bustin' inter de house dis way. You'se lackin' in repose ob manners, you is, Chloe Ann! Reckon I done year old mis' tellin' Miss Rosa dat a tousan' times, an' you'se des like her. Shet dat do'! Bless gracious! 'Pears like dat Ma'ch win' tryin' ter blow all outdo's inter dis room. Now you des set down in dat ar cheer, an' don' lemme year 'nudder wud fum you until you ketch yo' breff."

Chloe Ann, puffing like a small steam-tug, rolled up her eyes despairingly and tumbled into a chair.

"Co'se I'd oughter knowed you'd 'spise fer ter year 'bout dem Easter doin's," said she, slyly, as soon as she was seated, "but dey's gwine ter be mighty cur'us."

"W'at dey gwine fer ter do up dar?," inquired Aunt Deb, eagerly.

Chloe grinned. "Dem gals," she said, "dey gwine ter git up a show in de schoolhouse, an' dey gwine ter have aigs an'—"

"Aigs!" exclaimed Aunt Deb.

"Aigs," repeated Chloe Ann, impressively. "An' mo'n dat, dey aint gwine ter have nothin' 'cep' aigs. Dey kin make 'em as small as sparrers' aigs, or dey kin make 'em des as big as day kin tote. Dey kin 'stuff 'em, or dey kin leave 'em holler; but ev'y gal's 'bleeged ter invent de aig by her own-alone self. An' Mis' Dodd she done tole us dat de gal w'at make de 'riginal aig sho' ter git a prize ob ten dollars."

Here Chloe Ann paused an instant to give Aunt Deb time to take in the full import of this announcement. Then she proceeded with her tale.

"Dat gal wid de long yaller curls,' she say ter me, 'Nobody aint 'spectin' you'll make nothin', Chloe Ann.' An' I say, 'Den I 'bleeged to 'sprise 'em.' After dat she axed me ef I reckon I kin make dat prize aig. An' I 'lowed I boun' ter try, an' dat I aint nebber lef' behime! Den she laugh mighty scornful an' toss up her head. I aint say nothin' mo', but I des stan' roun' dem gals an' watches out, an' years der talk. I knows fer sho' now des how I gwine ter wuk."

"Aint I allers done tole de folks you was clar grit, honey?" cried Aunt Deb. "But I dunno 'zackly w'at you mean w'en you talk 'bout de 'riginal aig."

"Ho!" ejaculated Chloe Ann. "'Riginal's de mos' diffunfest from all de res', an' I'se boun' ter make dat aig. I gwine make de bigges' aig in all creation!"

"Chloe Ann!" shouted Aunt Deb, switching her niece sharply with the stocking which she had just mended. "You oncompunctious chile! Don' you lemme year no mo' dat kind o' talk! You gwine be took at your wud some day, an' struck dead wid a clap o' tunder des like Anerias an' S'fira was done struck w'en dey wasn't mindin' w'at dey say. Go 'long an' fetch in a armful o' light 'ood, an' shet de chick'n-house do' an' look ter Black Jane. I done sot dat ar hen dis mornin'."

Not in the least abashed, Chloe Ann bounced out of her chair and clapped her hands, declaring that she knew "'zackly w'at ter put in de inside o' dat aig, an' she shouldn't ax' nobody, kas dey was all b'longin' fer her."

"You'se boun' ter speckerlate fudder'n dat, chile," said Aunt Deb. "Dat aig's 'bleeged ter have mo'n insides. Go 'long an' do some o' yo' flourishin' roun' de wood-pile. After tea we'll set roun' de stove an' projec' 'bout dat 'riginal aig."

It was after ten o'clock when Aunt Deb and her niece rose from their seats before the fire.

"An' atter all dis 'spectin' an' contendin'," said Aunt Deb, despondently, "we aint make out ter kiver dat aig! I kin ax Miss Cole fer de ole boxes,—you'll git yo' pas'boa'd outen dem,—an' like 'nough she'll gimme de strong w'ite muslin. But I dunno w'at you gwine ter do for de outside."

"Don' you be troubled in yo' min' 'bout dat, Aunt Deb. Law! I'se boun' ter fin' kiverin' fer dat aig. 'Taint gwine out in de world naked, cert'n sho'. I aint nebber got lef' behime yit, Aunt Deb!"

With this cheering assurance Chloe Ann jumped into bed, and was soon fast asleep.

Aunt Deb spoke truly when she said that the girl was "clar grit." Until the last eighteen months of her life she had always been ill-fed and overworked. When she was eleven years old her sickly mother became a helpless invalid, and upon Chloe Ann were laid burdens far too heavy for one so young.

Many a time she lay awake all night with hunger that the mother might not suffer. Many a time she stood between her drunken father and her mother's bedside, warding off the blows intended for the sick woman, and receiving them at last upon her own shoulders.

When the mother died, two years later, and her father declined to support her, Chloe Ann begged and worked her way from Georgia to a small town in Pennsylvania where Aunt Deb lived. Her aunt had sent money to pay the cost of the journey, but the father had discovered it and gained possession of it.

The poor child could neither read nor write when she entered the village school; but being "clar grit," she ignored the ridicule of the little children with whom she was obliged to recite, and worked with all her might to make up for lost time.

Mrs. Dodd, a wealthy and benevolent woman, was at this time greatly interested in raising funds for the Orphan Asylum which she had been the means of starting in the village. She conceived the idea of interesting the school girls in the enterprise, and proposed that they should have an exhibition of Easter eggs of their own invention.

She would give a prize of ten dollars for the most singular and unusual production. Ten cents admission fee should be asked at the door. The ladies should provide refreshments, and after the committee had decided on the "most original egg," there should be a grand sale of the eggs for the benefit of the asylum.

The teacher permitted the girls to interest themselves in so deserving a cause, and presently the whole village became very much interested in the "exhibition."

No one was more thoroughly excited than Chloe Ann. She talked about eggs—she dreamed eggs. Her hope and courage never failed, not even when it lacked only four days of the appointed time, and her egg was still without an outside.

Aunt Deb was not so sanguine, and expressed her surprise at Chloe Ann's cheerfulness.

"Law, Aunt Deb! Aint I brung up 'long o' triberlations? Aint I allers made out to fetch up at de head? I'se gwine out dis minute ter 'vestergate de store winders. 'Spec' I'll 'skiver sump'n 'fo' I comes home."

So saying, Chloe Ann put on her hat and shawl and started off, singing in a high key:

Hump yo'se'f ter de foad an' fergit de distress,
An' dem w'at stan's by ter scoff:
Fer de harder de pullin' de longer de res',
An' de bigger de feed in de trough!

In less than half an hour she was back again. There was a package in her arms, and a look of solemn joy on her face.

"Come in de udder room," she said in a hoarse whisper, and Aunt Deb went into the other room without a moment's delay.

When the two emerged from the little bedroom, they quivered with the awfulness of the secret in their possession.

"'Spec' you got to sew de fus' lot ter de clof," said Aunt Deb. "Atter dat dey'll stick fas' 'nough."

"You'se sho' you kin make dat ar?" inquired the girl, rather anxiously.

"Aint I use ter make dem balls fer Marse Ellis's chillun, long 'fo' you was borned? Does you 'magine dat dem days an' dem doin's done drap outen my min'? Bless gracious! I kin tell dem d'rections wud fer wud, an' I kin spangle um, too. But you'se got to do some 'sper'mentin', Chloe Ann, kase you aint had no 'sper'unce wid sech doin's. I'se mighty glad dere aint no school dis week."

Chloe Ann's delight knew no bounds. She danced and capered about the room until Aunt Deb was thoroughly out of patience.

The eventful day dawned at last, but it seemed to Chloe Ann the longest day of her life. She was dressed for the evening long before the time, and as soon as the clock struck seven she ran to the schoolhouse.

When she opened the door she was dazzled with the sight. The boys had trimmed the large room most tastefully with evergreens, and had arranged flags and other draperies with charming effect.

The Easter eggs were displayed on tables near the wall. There were emerys, almost "as small as sparrers' aigs," with a rosette and loop of very narrow ribbon at each large end; eggs of dainty satin, filled with tempting candies; eggs covered with swan's-down, containing bottles of perfumery, or waiting to receive a lady's jewels; and eggs resplendent in blue and red velvet or plush, large enough to hold comfortably the elegant dolls that lay within.

Chloe Ann drew a long breath.

"Lan' o' glory!" she exclaimed at last. "Dey's han'some! Co'se 'twas all mighty foolish ter make calc'lations on dat ar ten dollar. But sakes 'live! I aint gwine ter bodder 'bout dat. Somebody'll buy my aig, cert'n sho'."

Chloe Ann smiled cheerfully upon the rival eggs and went her way, ostentatiously tossing over her shoulder the long scarlet ribbons that depended from a tight braid which stood out at right angles to her head, and was exactly three inches long.

An hour later she met Florence Evans, whom she had described as "dat gal wid de long yaller curls."

"Where's your egg?" inquired Florence.

"Reckon hit's at home," was the cool response.

"Reckon you're ashamed to show it," said the girl, mockingly.

"Like 'nough," replied Chloe Ann, with apparent indifference.

"Why, Chloe Ann! Isn't your egg here yet?" exclaimed Mrs. Dodd. "All the eggs were to be here at five o'clock."

"Dat's a fack," said Chloe Ann very gravely. "But Aunt Deb's mighty special wid dat aig. She's gwine ter fetch it herse'f."

"But it ought to be here now," urged Mrs. Dodd. "Something must have detained her. Run and bring it yourself, that's a good girl."

"Law, Mis' Dodd! You cudn't 'pen' on me, nohow, fer ter git dat aig fum de house ter de school safe an' soun'. 'Spec' hit's kase I'se 'lackin' in repose ob manners,'" she added, with a chuckle.

"Well, it's very strange if a girl fourteen years old can't be trusted to carry a parcel!" said Mrs. Dodd, impatiently.

Just as the committee who were to award the prize were about to withdraw for their conference, Chloe Ann opened the outside door, and thrust a very anxious face out into the darkness.

"Here I is!" panted Aunt Deb. "An' you kin praise yo' sta's dat I'se come. I aint never on'ertuk no sech skittish job as dis afo'. An' you aint never year no sech racket as come fum de inside o' dish yer aig! I clar ter goodness! 'Twas wuss'n totin' a clock! An' I'se mos' feared some er dem kunnels dun drap off in de road."

"Here, Judge Carleton!" said Mrs. Dodd, taking the huge bundle from Aunt Deb's reluctant arms, and giving it to a gentleman standing near her. "It is so late that you will have to exhibit this egg from the platform."

Judge Carleton proceeded to the platform, closely pursued by Aunt Deb, who removed the wrapping of tissue-paper as he mounted the steps.

"Hullo!" shouted a small boy. "A pop-corn egg!"

A pop-corn egg sure enough, and shining and sparkling as if Jack Frost had breathed upon it! A murmur of surprise and admiration ran through the room.

"Look out dar, Marse Carleton!" cried Aunt Deb, excitedly. "You'se gwine ter keel hit over. Keep hit de little end up, sho'!"

Mrs. Dodd stepped upon the platform, and assisted Judge Carleton to raise the upper half of the great egg.

When Black Jane, Aunt Deb's favorite hen, was disclosed, sitting on a nest of white cotton-batting, everybody began to clap. Then a dozen fluffy little black heads thrust themselves out from under the wings of the old hen, and the applause became deafening. At this all the little black heads disappeared, and everybody laughed.

Of course Chloe Ann's egg took the prize. The committee were not absent from the room more than five minutes; and as soon as the sale began, Mrs. Dodd was sorely perplexed, for it seemed as if every one wanted to buy Chloe Ann's egg. What a jolly time they all had! How the people laughed and cheered when excited individuals bid against themselves!

At last "dat 'riginal aig" was knocked off at fifteen dollars to old Mr. Clapham, who had been very much opposed to the asylum.

"Chloe Ann, how did you ever happen to think of putting that brood of chickens into your egg?" inquired one of the ladies.

"Law!" said Chloe, "I allers 'bserved dat chick'ns was a natchal ting to be inside o' aigs!"

There was a great shout then. Chloe Ann laughed louder than any one else. Judge Carleton patted the woolly head approvingly.

"Chloe Ann," said Aunt Deb, as they were walking rapturously home in the moonlight, "you'se de outdoin'est gal in dat ar schoolhouse! I'se proud on you, honey, I cert'nly is."

"Law!" exclaimed Chloe Ann with a little tremble in her voice. "Aint I done tole you I'se never lef' behimo?"

—*Youth's Companion.*

Advice to the Engaged.

TO THE MAN.

If you think that a woman is any weaker-minded than a man, stop where you are.

If you have chosen a pretty woman without regard to her qualities, halt, you are on the wrong road.

If you think that a house should have only one head and that head be yours, postpone your wedding indefinitely.

If you have an idea that you are too good for a picked-up dinner remain a bachelor.

If you are of the opinion that marriage makes man and wife one and that you are to be that one, send in your regrets at once.

If you intend to treat yourself any better than you treat your wife, don't take one.

If you have found it a hard task to be happy yourself, don't try to make any one else happy.

If you suppose that running the house consists in paying the bills, don't undertake it.

If you are one of those men who think ten per cent. of their income belongs to the tap-room, in Heaven's name let marriage alone.

If you incline to the opinion that any manners are good enough for home manners, don't try to have a home.

If you intend to encourage your wife by telling her that her cake, puddings, and pies are not so good as those your mother used to make, don't go any farther; break the engagement.

If you are marrying her for her figure, it would be wise on your part to watch her diet very closely.

TO THE WOMAN.

If you are marrying for money only, you must only expect to get what money can buy.

If you only contemplate taking a husband in order to gain greater freedom, don't be surprised if he should profit by your example.

If you are merely marrying to spite your family, bear in mind that your husband doesn't belong to your family.

If you are going into the thing blindly, don't hold up your hands in holy horror when you get your eyes opened.

If you are marrying a man to reform him, it behooves you to exercise all the zeal and patience of the reformer.

If you have an idea that a cook-book and an allowance can make a happy home, you should get yourself to a nunnery with all convenient speed.

If you are extremely fond of dancing you would do well to marry a dancing master.

If you expect that God will bless your home, because you put that sentiment in yellow worsted and an oak frame, you are doomed to disappointment.

If you are fond of dress and show and empty parade and take pleasure in the frivolities of life, don't marry a man at all, merely marry something that will pass for a man.

If you have an idea that married life is any easier than it was in your mother's time, because you can live in a boarding house and put your washing out, don't try it.

If you hold the opinion that husbands are alike unto anything you have read of in novels, you would do well to enquire into the married lives of those who wrote the books.

If you are merely getting married to work out some theories of your own, you would do well to discuss them first with the man whom you intend to make the experiments.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

The Delineator for April 1892, will be replete with Novelties in every Department of Fashion, and illustrated by from two to three hundred carefully executed engravings. While supplying also the usual articles on dainty Fancy-work, such as Drawn-Work, Knitting, Lace-Making and Poker-Work, it will continue the series on "Physical Culture," and "Child Life," each of them illustrated as required by the text. Articles of the various series now current in the magazine will be found in their regular places, besides these one on Crocheting, and one on Tatting. Don't fail to secure a copy of the April Number, it will please you. The subscription price of the magazine is $1.00 a year. Single copy 15 cents. Send orders direct to *The Delineator* Publishing Company of Toronto, Limited, 33 Richmond street west, Toronto.

Pearls of Truth.

Virtue's guard is labor; ease, her sleep.

The truly great are those who conquer themselves.

Do be natural. A poor diamond is better than a good imitation.

Genius begins great works; labor alone finishes them.

They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts.

Weigh your words, and do not throw in too many for good measure.

Rule yourself; love your neighbor; do the duty that lies nearest to you.

Learn to read slowly; all other graces will follow in their proper places.

Indolence is a stream which undermines the foundation of every virtue.

Virtue and laziness may live together but they are not usually on good terms.

The man who does his best in the place he has now, is on his way to a better place.

Nothing is denied to well-directed labor, nothing is ever to be obtained without it.

Faithfulness and truth are the most sacred excellencies and endowments of the mind.

The light of friendship is like the light of phosphorous seen plainest when all around is dark.

There is no teacher like Experience, no scourge of faults comparable to the last Time placed in the hands of Repentance.

Some people's religion is just like a wooden leg. There is neither warmth nor life in it, and although it helps them to hobble along it never becomes a part of them, but has to be strapped on every morning.

Talk of the intense watchfulness of love for the interest of its object, commend me to the vigilance of hate. There is no sharpening of the perception like that produced by an intense, insatiable, unappeasable desire to wound.

Infectious Diseases.

Many people are extremely careless with regard to the milder kinds of this class of diseases. They often deliberately expose their children to the risk of taking measles for instance, under the impression that they must have it sometime, and it is best while they are young; but though this disease is not usually fatal in itself, it is frequently followed by very serious effects; and there is no more wisdom in purposely incurring this danger than there would be in needlessly exposing a child to damp or cold. Parents are not only careless about their own children, but they are frequently thoughtless enough to send their little ones who are, perhaps, just recovering from measles or whooping cough to places where they must mingle with other children, thus spreading the disease from house the house. In the case of the more ignorant class of society, this very blamable carelessness extends also to such diseases as scarlet fever and diphtheria. It is certain that if greater pains were taken in the matters of disinfection of houses and the isolation of patients and their attendants, the ravages of many of these diseases would be appreciably lessened. I should be sorry to advocate a cowardly fear of infection. I honor the self-devotion of the brave men and women who dare, for the sake of charity and duty, to face death by the bedside of the plague-stricken and neglected; but this is a very different matter from the recklessness of those who will scatter disease wholesale because they are too idle or too selfish to take the proper precautions for preventing it.

Two Flower Beds.

Are there some among our younger readers who, while fond of flowers and desirous of having a garden, are yet restricted by lack of time or room; and so seeing themselves unable to achieve anything in the way of a garden which would compare favorably with their idea of one, they become discouraged and do nothing?

Let such, if such there be, make the effort to get at least two packages of flower seed—one of pansy seed, the other of chrysanthemums, of mixed sorts. The pansy bed will be in bloom almost incessantly throughout the season, and will need little more attention than that required to keep the weeds and grass out, and to cut all the blossoms once a week, if you would have choice flowers.

I well remember how the most beautiful pansies I ever had grew in the northwest angle of a stone wall (being thus shaded from the midday heat), in an excavation made out of a "hopeless" ground of broken stone and mortar filled in (somewhat laboriously in this case, I admit) with dirt carried from another quarter, and made as rich as I could get it.

The variety and richness of coloring afforded by the chrysanthemum bed in the latter part of the season is simply beautiful and the grace and beauty imparted through the house during the summer by the freshly-cut flowers (especially when their loveliness is enhanced by the sight of the stems afloat in the clear water when placed in some of the delicately tinted transparencies now to be had in the way of flower bowls, epergnes, and almost prettiest of all the slender crystal vases), will richly repay you for your effort.

Eggs at Easter.

The use of eggs for Easter can be traced, says Count de Gebelin, in his Religious History of the Calendar, to the theology and philosophy of the Egyptians, Persians, Gauls, Greeks, and Romans, among all of whom an egg was a symbol of the universe, the work of the supreme divinity. The Persians gave presents of eggs at the feast of the New Year—i.e., the feast of the vernal equinox—in honor of the renewal of all things. "The Egyptians held the egg as a sacred emblem of the renovation of mankind after the deluge. The Jews adopted it to suit the circumstances of their history, as a type of their departure from Egypt, and it was used in the feast of the Passover as part of the furniture of the table with the Paschal lamb." The early Druids used the egg in their ceremonies.

In Russia one man greets another on Easter with "Jesus Christ is risen." "Yes He is risen," reply is made; and then an egg is given. In Moscow no meeting takes place without this salutation and exchange. "The meanest pauper in the street presenting an egg and repeating the words 'Christos, Voscrees' may demand a salute even of the Empress." In some countries of Italy eggs are carried to the church to be blessed, and then taken home and set out with flowers on the table. Every visitor during Easter week is invited to eat an Easter egg, an invitation which must not be refused. Eggs in all countries are sent as tokens at this time, and enter into the sentiments and pastimes of old and young alike.

JUST BE GLAD.

O heart of mine, we shouldn't
Worry so!
What we've missed of calm we couldn't
Have, you know!
What we've met of stormy pain,
And of sorrow's driving rain,
We can better meet again,
If it blow.

We have erred in that dark hour,
We have known,
When the tears fell with the shower,
All alone—
Were not shine and shower blent
As the gracious Master meant?
Let us temper our content
With his own.

For, we know, not every morrow
Can be sad;
So, forgetting all the sorrow
We have had,
Let us fold away our fears,
And put by our foolish tears,
And through all the coming years
Just be glad.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Old Birds.

Among birds the swan lives to be the oldest, in extreme cases reaching 300 years; the falcon has been known to live 162 years. An eagle died in 1819 which had been caught 104 years before, and was then quite old. A white-headed vulture, which was caught in 1706, died in the aviary at Schonbrun, near Vienna, in 1824. Parrots live more than a century. Water birds have a long life, exceeding that of several generations of men. Ravens also live over a hundred years. In captivity magpies live from 20 to 25 years, and still longer in freedom. The common hen attains the age of from 15 to 20 years. Doves live 10 years, and the little singing birds from 8 to 17 years. The nightingale's life is the shortest, 10 years being the longest, and next comes the blackbird, which never lives longer than 15 years.

Some Uses of Borax.

Dissolve a small quantity of borax in warm water, and you will find it equally good for washing your hair and your hair-brushes. Some people clean their teeth with borax; and it will often relieve a sore mouth. Used as a gargle, it will check a tickling cough if it proceeds from the presence of phlegm in the throat. If you wish to clean a copper kettle, wet a coarse cloth with hot water, soap it well, and sprinkle powdered borax on it; then rub the kettle briskly, and rinse it out with hot water. If you use cold starch for your collars and cuffs, a little borax dissolved in the water before adding the starch will make them look better and iron more easily. Lastly, it is said that two ounces of borax and two of alum put into a twenty-barrel cistern of soft water that looks black or oily will cause the sediment to fall to the bottom, and so cleanse the water that in a few hours it can be used for washing.

Pictures.

A room with pictures in it and a room without pictures differ by nearly as much as a room with windows and a room without windows. Nothing, we think, is more melancholy, particularly to a person who has to pass much time in his room, than blank walls and nothing on them; for pictures are loopes of escape to the soul, leading it to other scenes and other spheres. It is such an inexpressible relief to a person engaged in writing or even reading, on looking up, not to have his line of vision chopped square off by an odious white wall but to find his soul escaping, as it were, through the frame of an exquisite picture, to other beautiful and, perhaps, idyllic scenes, where the fancy for a moment may revel, refreshed and delighted. Is it winter in your world? Perhaps it is summer in the picture. What a charming momentary change and contrast! And thus pictures are consolers of loneliness; they are a sweet flattery to the soul; they are a relief to the jaded mind; they are windows to the imprisoned thought; they are books; they are histories and sermons—which we can read without the trouble of turning over the leaves.

A Prize Puzzle.

If a frog is at the bottom of a well, ten feet deep, how many days will it take him to get to the top if he climbs up one foot each day, and slides back six inches each night.

One Hundred Dollars in cash will be paid to the person who sends the first correct answer to the above prize puzzle, an elegant pair of Diamond ear-rings in solid gold settings given to the one sending second correct answer. A complete education at business college, given for fourth correct answer. An imported Music Box (playing six pieces) given for fifth correct answer. A silk dress pattern for each of the next five correct answers. A handsome parlor lamp to each of the next ten. AND A SOLID GOLD WATCH FOR THE FIRST CORRECT ANSWER FROM EACH PROVINCE. Every person answering must enclose four three three cent stamps for two sample copies of the finest illustrated publication on this continent. We give these prizes simply to introduce it. Address, *Ladies' Pictorial Weekly* (23) Toronto, Can.

Appropriate Dances.—For jockeys, a galop; for duellists, the sword-dance; for Celtic wrestlers, the Highland fling; for smokers, a horn-pipe; for tipplers, a reel; for prisoners, a quad-rille.

There's a good deal of guarantee business in the store keeping of to-day. It's too excessive. Or too reluctant. Half the time it means nothing. Words—*only words*.

This offer to refund the money, or to pay a reward, is made under the hope that you won't want your money back, and that you won't claim the reward. Of course.

So, whoever is honest in making it, and works—not on his own reputation alone, but through the local dealer, whom you know, must have something he has faith in back of the guarantee. The business would not run a year without it.

What is lacking is confidence. Back of that what is lacking is that clear honesty which is above the "average practice."

Dr. Pierce's medicines are *guaranteed* to accomplish what they are intended to do, and their makers give the money back if the result isn't apparent.

Doesn't it strike you that a medicine, which the makers have so much confidence in, is the medicine for you?

If you are going to marry a man for his looks, you mustn't be surprised when he gives you black ones.

Did it ever occur to you to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best spring medicine? Try a bottle this season. It will do you good.