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Say
"Times are hard."
We
Are
Making
"Hard Pan Prices"
To suit
The times
We
Think hard-ware
People should do this.
Big snaps in many
Lines at
BOND'S
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It will pay you to go to Guelph to attend the Clearing Sale of Winter
Shoes
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and
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AT
The Leading Shoe
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FLEURY'S IMPLEMENTS AND REPAIRS
GOWDY'S CELEBRATED LAWN MOWER, high wheel, high speed
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Respectfully solicits the patronage of the public and informs them that
Well Equipped and Stylish Rigs can always be Secured
Attention.—A comfortable bus meets all trains between 7 a. m. and 8 p. m.
Careful attention given to every order
The wants of Commercial Travellers fully met
JOHN WILLIAMS

The Wholesome Educator of Millions.
1894
Semi-Centennial Volume
The
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For fifty years the leading Illustrated National Family Weekly Paper of America
Contributors to the "Ledger"
The following gives only a partial list of the distinguished writers who will contribute to the Ledger during 1894.
Edward Everett Hale, Mrs. Burlington Booth, George Kennan, Mary Lowe Dickinson, "Josiah Allen's Wife," Charles F. Holder, Hjalmar H. Boyesen, Helen Campbell, John Habberton, S. P. Cadman, Mrs. H. A. Kidder, Ellen E. Rexford, Elizabeth Olmis, E. A. Robinson, Ron. James Bryce, Oliver Bell Bunce, Mary Ayte Dallas, Mrs. N. S. Stowell, Amelia E. Barr, Anna Katharine Green, Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. S. D. E. N. Southworth, Washington Gladden, D. D., Jno. Thomas Dunn English, E. Werner, Helen V. Greyson, Dr. Charles C. Abbott, Prof. Felix L. Oswald
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Some of the features which will make the "Ledger" interesting to young and old are here enumerated:
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Poetry.

WHEN THE BAIRNIES A'ARE WEE.

There's pleasure in the palace' there's gladness in the ha'
But the love licht o' the cottage is dearer than them a'.
The' the siller is but scant, an' plain the fare may be,
'Tis the happiest spot on earth when the bairnies a' are wee.

What though we aye maun toil, frae dawn to gloamin grey,
There's pleasure still in honest wark, whatever men may say;
We carena though we're lowly, sae lang as we are free
To enjoy the sweets o' hame, when the bairnies a' are wee.

Yon idle, lazy, pampered loon that in his carriage rides,
He ne'er can find the secret where truest joy abides
Though his wealth and lands be boundless, they ne'er can pleasure gie
Like the happiness that reigns when the bairnies a' are wee.

The bairnies are like sunbeams that keep the house aye bricht,
An' oh, 'tis sweet to hear them sing their wee bit sangs at nicht;
Sae innocent an' cheery, dull care awa' maun flee,
For the heart is ayh kept licht when the bairnies a' are wee.

Oh, dull and cheerless is the house where bairnies ne'er are seen,
Where nae wee voices mingle in the fireside crack at e'en.
'Tis like the withered trunk o' a bare an' leafless tree
Sae different frae the hame when the bairnies a' are wee.

An' when the bairnies are sleepin' sound, an' a the house is still,
We offer up a heartfelt prayer Oh God! if in Thy will,
Watch ower them when they sail across life's dark and troubled sea,
An' keep them aye as happy as when they were bairnies wee

ANONIMATOUS STAMP

Select Family Reading.

Sunny Slope.

BY ANNA SHIELDS

"I wonder what that means now?"

There had been some little excitement in the bank of Hilmanton during the half hour preceding this remark, and now the two men who controled its affairs Messrs. Jenks and Barton were in their private counting house, looking rather blankly into each other's faces

Mr. Jenks, who made the first remark, was moved thereto by the fact that old Josiah Hilman, who was the richest man in the county, and had heretofore kept with Jenks & Barton the largest sum of money of any of those who put their funds into the bank, had driven up and presented a check for the exact amount. It was so large a sum that it had made some little stir before it was handed through the little window

"I wonder what that means, now?" Mr Jenks said with a long face.

"I think," said Mr. Barton, who always spoke very slowly, as if weighing each word, "that Josiah Hilman is a little off his head. He's sold his interest in the factories."

"And did not deposit one farthing of the purchase money here I thought that was odd."

"He is turning everything into money gold He gets gold for every dollar I believe he means to go abroad and take his fortune with him in gold."

"Is Sunny Slope for sale?" asked Mr Jenks, quickly

"Not that I have heard Want to buy?"

"Yes. It is the prettiest place about here. By the way, have you had any news about Craige?"

Mr Barton frowned ominously

"Why should I have any news about him?"

"I thought perhaps Hattie Young folks will be young folks, you know"

"I know now the frown deepened "that my daughter Harriet has been forbidden to correspond with Craige Hilman, and that the childish engagement between them no longer exists."

"Then he has lost everything love and all" said Mr Jenks, hastily "Poor boy! poor, ill-treated boy!"

"Why does he oppose his father?" asked Mr Barton, somhotly and hastily that Mr Jenks looked at him in utter amazement Never had he heard words come from his partner's mouth with such rapidity. "Why cannot he humor the old man's whims for a few more years? To throw away half a million of money for I don't believe one cent less would cover Josiah Hilman's fortune for a chimera"

"Stop!" said Mr Jenks, suddenly Do not call Craige Hilman's resolve by such a name. He feels that he is called to the ministry by gifts God given Fortunately his mother's fortune, small as it is, will enable him to live in simple comfort, and study for the ministry"

"Well, I must be off," said Mr Barton, uneasily; "We cannot agree upon this subject, so we will not discuss it Hattie sees what is best"

Did she? Mr Barton made it his boast that in his own family his word was law A tyrant in a household is a power to be dreaded, and there was not one of Mr Barton's family who did not shiver at the sound of his slow, ponderous step and measured voice When the son and heir of the richest man in Hilmanton wooed pretty Hattie, Mr Barton's oldest daughter for his wife, no one smiled more genially upon the young couple than the old banker But when Craige utterly refused to take his father's business, and devoted his life to the open service of his Creador, Mr Hilman's wrath was not greater than that of Mr Barton's Hattie was forbidden even to think of her lover again

She was a little blue eyed mite, with soft, golden curls, a slight, graceful figure, below the medium height, and a shy timid manner A girl to be easily cowed and kept in subjection, everyone thought. Yet her farewell note to Craige contained these words, amidst a framework of loving expressions

"You, who are sacrificing everything for duty, will not ask me to disobey my father while he has the right to control my actions. In two years I shall be twenty one. If you still love me, come for me then, and I will be your wife. I shall never cease to love you and pray for you"

It was pretty to see how her character developed after sending the letter She made no attempt at clandestine correspondence, asked no questions about Craige, was quietly helpful as she had always been in her home But she was more self-reliant, less timid and shy, eager to learn all household mysteries, and learned to sew on her own dresses and bonnets.

"I may be a poor man's wife," she said once, teased about her new fancies, "and if so, I must be a milliner and dressmaker.

For three months after Craige Hilman left his home, his father spent all his time in gathering together all his wealth in gold. It began to be the subject of much comment, and many shook their heads wisely.

"He'll be murdered in his bed some night," they said, and were elated with their spirit of prophecy when one morning the entire household force of Sunny Slope rushed into Hilmanton to tell the awful midnight tragedy.

Josiah Hilman had been murdered in his bed! It was a hideous, brutal murder, every sign of robbery and cruelty being left in the room.

Craige was summoned from the Theological Academy, and found himself heir to Sunny Slope only. Every vestige of the gold was gone. In vain the house was searched; no will was there, and not one of the thousands of gold coins the old man had gathered together.

Jenks & Barton knew of three hundred thousand dollars in various bonds that had not yet been sold, but they were as good as money in the hands of the thief; and they, too, were gone.

Craige shut the house up after the funeral, put the matter in the hands of the police and returned to the Academy. He studied hard and conscientously, but with a pure heart, noble intellect, and a firm resolution to keep his self imposing vows, he was but human, and he grieved for his lost love, and for the wealth that would have given him the power to do so much good

He had seen Hattie but once in his brief visit to Hilmanton, and they had not exchanged word or hand clasp But she had looked straight into his eyes as she had never looked in the sweet days of happy wooing and smiled a sad, sweet smile, but one that told him there was no change in her love How he lived upon that smile!

The two years had passed which finished Craige Hilman's course of study, and he entered the ministry. He saw Mr. Barton, and one more received a stern refusal to his suit.

"Your private fortune will barely feed and clothe you," said the old banker, "and you may not have a salary for years."

"I shall sell Sunny Slope, and it ought to bring a good price"

"It may and it may not! But I will not have Hattie disturbed She has forgotten all the past folly!"

But when Craige returned home, to the garden of Sunny Slope, a little figure waited for him.

"You love me still, Craige?" she said, in answer to his rapturous greeting

"I have never ceased to love you for an hour"

"Then I will be your wife whenever you will. I am of age now, and I have a right to decide my own life, Craige," she said, earnestly, "I would not say this if father had any reason to forbid me to love you"

He told her his plans, to sell his old home and try to get a parish in some Western city, and they parted with loving vows of constancy

Perhaps Mr Barton may have felt before in his life the sensation of utter amazement, but certainly it was never stronger than when Hattie two months later, told him that Craige had sold Sunny Slope to Mr Jenks, and accepted a parish in Wis consin, adding simply

"I shall marry Craige to morrow, father, and we start for his new home the next day"

The banker's rage was past description, but his little blue eyed daughter, fearless and resolute, only repeated her rebellious words.

"Craige has done nothing to forfeit the consent you once gave him to marry me," she said, quietly "He is the same man, nobler, truer, more worthy of respect and love I know my life will have its privations, but I do not fear them"

"Will you brave your father's curse" sputtered the old man

"I do not think you will curse one," she said, gently I have obeyed you always, but I am of an age now to decide for myself"

And he did not curse her Finding her resolute, he gave a grudging consent and "to save appearances" the family appeared at the church when the quiet wedding took place Old Mr Jenks pressed a check into the bride's hand at parting

"I'm a miserable old bachelor" he said shaking Craige's hand warmly, "but I can sympathize with young people Years ago, if one heart had been as true to me as Hattie's has been to you my old age would not be so lonely"

The parish in Wisconsin proved no sinecure It was in a comparatively new settlement, and Hattie's housewifely accomplishments were called into fully activity, not only for her own home, but to help many an overworked wife and mother who had to learn that emigration meant the facing of new and hard labors

To help Craige in his work was Hattie's highest ambition, and the parsonage a poor place enough was, nevertheless, the centre for deeds of charity, acts of self denial and loving kindness without number They were tireless workers for the Master, often reaching the heart by ministering to the body, but never sparing themselves any duty performed in his name whose work they undertook

They were very poor, the salary being small, and the price of Sunny Slope being put in the Hilmanton Bank for a rainy day Their charities were self denials always, and the good they did rested but little on the length of their purse But after three years Craige received a letter from Mr Jenks, the owner of Sunny Slope. He wrote

"In making an alteration in my house, Craige, I tore down a portion of the chimney wall of your father's room. In a cavity, plastered over, and papered so as to defy detection, I found what we had supposed lost forever, your father's fortune. Whatever he intended to disclose concerning this hiding place was prevented by his sudden death Need I say that Sunny Slope is again for sale, if you and Hattie return to it."

"Oh, Craige!" Hattie cried, "how can we leave our work here?"

"You shall decide," he said Remember it will be a life of perfect ease and luxury at Sunny Slope."

"But here we have one of usefulness. Oh, Craige," as possibilities began to unfold themselves, "we might build a church. Think of a real church instead of benches in a barn!"

"And a school-house," said Craige, "where little Miss West need not live all winter in terror of draughts and neuralgia."

My story is written Long ago Mr. Jenks passed away, leaving Sunny Slope to Hattie. The Barton's live there and Hattie makes flying visits, and sends her children to be petted by their grandparents aunts and uncles; but when the year's work is done then is little left of the year's income, though there are few people in his parish who live more simply or work more faithfully that Craige Hilman and his wife

CHARLIE'S REASONING.

BY REV. JOHN HALL, D. D., N. Y.

"Well, the idea! It's perfectly ridiculous that people should take stuff like that for a divine book, and bow down to it like slaves! It's horrible!"

"What's the matter, Charlie? Who is horrifying your gentle nature?" The questioner was a girl, not above eighteen, engaged busily over a writing desk, and only looking up from obvious interest in her impetuous brother. There was enough of the humorous in her look to invite frank communication.

"Oh! nothing, it's only Tom and his old story about obeying the Bible, and I was pointing out its absurdities."

"And Tom did not care them, eh?"

"He is as blind as a bat and swallows all they tell him down at the Tabernacle."

"And did you show him many absurdities, Charlie?"

"Yes, there are lots of them"

"Tell me some, Charlie" And the pen was laid down, and the quiet face lifted with an honest look of inquiry

"Well, now, there's the rule, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth." Say that God ordered that? No, I should think it came from another quarter." And the look of conscious mastery of the subject lit up Charlie's handsome face.

The girl's tone now grew grave as she said: "Charlie, you are studying law. Tell me, do the judges fix the sentences on the people out of their own heads?"

"Their own heads, you little goose! Why, no. They go according to statutes. For particular crimes the law says the sentence shall be fines, or imprisonment, say, for not less than two and not more than ten years."

"And who makes the laws, Charlie?"

"Why the Legislature, don't you know? And the judges read up the law and pass sentence on scamps who are silly enough to get caught;" and Charlie was preparing to leave with the air of a man who has proved his case.

"Well, Charlie, tell me, is it wrong to make those dreadful laws that put people in jail and sometimes hang them?"

"Why, no, Lucy. What's the matter? Are the police after you? What have you been doing?"

Lucy's face did certainly show some agitation and an earnestness that compelled attention.

"Nothing, Charlie, but I was thinking that 'an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth' as a statute in the old laws of the Jews, when they had not Law Colleges as they have now, might be a very good rule for the judges to go upon."

"Oh! that's it, is it? You had better tell Tom that He'll laugh you sound as a bell, Lucy, hollo, mind, not hollow. Tom doesn't go in for belles of that sort."

There seemed no particular reason for Lucy's blush, but under cover of this brilliant joke Charlie took himself off to his office.

Now let us, in the exercise of an author's privilege, look into his mind and watch its movements. He had heard a smart address a week before, showing up the follies of Christians. Its jokes had been talked and laughed over in the office, and this was one of its points that especially took the mind of "the fellows." He had tried it on several of his lady friends, and perhaps expected a little admiration They had nothing to say Now his own mind began to work If that "eye for an eye" was a direction to simple Jewish judges, and intended to check private and savage revenge, such as men seek when taking the law in their own hands, it was not so absurd after all He made up his mind to look into it

So when a little lull came, the letters Mr Marston dictated having been written Charlie broke out

I say fellows, where's this that thing is in the Bible "an eye for an eye"? Nobody could tell, and unfortunately there was no bible in the office The small book tied with a string in the front office for the use of the Notary Publi. they did not identify by that venerable name Simpson, the boy who lived near and still went to Sunday School, promised to bring his on return from dinner and he did, showing his smartness by finding the place "There it is sir" he said to Mr Lyell, who had finished his time and was on salary Matthew, five, thirty eight Ye have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you that ye resist not evil, but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek turn to him the other also" Simpson gave it as if he had been superintendent "But" said Charlie "that's not the way the fellow put it the other night He made it out a rule for everybody and left out all about the smiting rather cheeky that, wasn't it?" Charlie loved a pun, and various other fellows owned that it looked like garbling Mr Lyell saw that it referred to something else, but there was no Concordance, and they could not find it

Lucy's word, however and this discovery, worked on Charlie's mind, and the first thing he did on his return was to hunt it up in the Concordance and Bible a little to the surprise of his mother Three times he found the very words, but in each case in the civil law of the Pentateuch and in each case in connection with the judges and the administration of justice He had law enough to be amazed at the clear statements made, and candor enough to own that his examination put the whole thing in a new light. He saw that what the Great Teacher said was, "There was a principle laid down for judges, among your fathers, and you are inclined to take justice into your own hands on the head of it; but I say do not indulge in revenge." But to work, his mind went further. "How did those old Hebrews get so much sense as to stop the savage private revenge which is counted noble in so many nations! How did they get so much sensible law before the days of Greece and Rome?" Charlie was too honest to hold his tongue where he had been in the wrong. Tom had a way of dropping in in the evenings, and a quiet talk with Lucy was abruptly broken in upon, with "I say, Tom, I looked up that thing about an eye for an eye, and I see it's all right. It's no worse than Judge Jones sending a rough to jail for assault and battery, and it means that I am not to pull out my pistol and do the punishing myself."

This was the beginning of many a talk with Tom, for Charlie, having found his philosophy a fraud in one thing, doubted him in all, and began to think that the Book could not be so silly and get the reverence of the best legal authorities he knew.

We do not mean to say that it was merely to follow up this train of thought that Tom got into the way of spending all his evenings at Charlie's, but, as Charlie often said, he certainly found Lucy "sound as a bell," and one day Charlie acted as best man" and carried carefully a golden ring to give at the right moment to Tom; and the minister whom they all three liked and listened to weekly, made them brothers-in-law, Charlie finding several opportunities to say that Tom always wanted to "ring that bell."

A FEW OF HISTORY'S FIBS.

There was probably no such a man as Romulus.

Wellington at Waterloo did not say: "Up guards and at 'em!"

Alfred the Great did not visit the Danish camp disguised as a minstrel.

There never was such a person as Pope Joan, the so called female Pontiff.

The existence of the Colossus of Rhodes is considered by some historians extremely doubtful.

There is no historical authority for the statement that little George Washington cut down the cherry tree.

Cromwell and Hampden did not attempt to sail to America just before the outbreak of the English revolution.

Seneca was not a half Christian philosopher, but a grasping money lender and usurer, who died worth over £3,000,000.

Cæsar did not say: "Et tu, Brute" Eye witness to the assassination deposed that "he died fighting, but silent, like a wolf."

Richard III. was not a hunchback, but a soldier of fine form, some pretensions to good looks and great personal strength and courage.

Philip III of Spain was not roasted to death by a roaring fire, because court etiquette forbade any one to come to his assistance. He died a natural death.

Pocahontas did not save the life of John Smith. It has been ascertained that this worthy man was the most able-bodied prevaricator of his century

General Cambronne did not say: "The guard dies, but does not surrender" The words were the invention of a Paris journalist and attributed to him"

HOW THEY KNEW DINAH.

Lilian, Gertrude, Harold and Stuart had a sweet little kitty named Dinah. She was very black and very cunning.

One day, just before supper, a strange black kitten walked into the house, and they all agreed that she must go away, as some other children might be waiting for her to come home, so they put her out of doors, and drove her off While they were eating supper a little scratching was heard and the children, looking around, saw a black kitten on the window sill, trying to get in

"It's Dinah!"

"It's the strange kitten!"

"It is Dinah!"

"Well, children," said papa, "now let each one tell why he thinks it is or is not, Dinah"

"I think it is Dinah because it is black, and just her size," said Lilian.

Gertrude looked carefully, and exclaimed

"I don't think it is Dinah, because her eyes are larger and wider"

"Do you see the white spot on her throat?" asked Harold "It is smaller than Dinah's"

"Now, Stewart" said papa turning to the youngest, "is it Dinah or not?"

"It is not"

"Sure?"

"Yes"

"Why?"

"Dinah is under the table Sunday School Times.

EVERY TRADE HAS ITS SECRETS

He was standing on 42nd street near the park On his breast a placard hung, announcing the details of a sad accident so many years, so many months ago (place not named) whereby the bearer had been made stone blind for life depriving him of his means of livelihood Would a generous public be so kind as to repay him for his songs by leaving pennies in his tin box as they passed? There was a piteous appeal in his countenance, sufficiently piteous to have drawn money from the vaults of a deposit company But there was no money in his receptacle His lips were moving as if he were singing, but no sound was audible in the rustle of the passing crowd A kindly man who had plenty of time to make his train, dropped a quarter into the box commiseratingly and added this word of advice

"Speak louder You will do more business."

"Come off Don't you suppose I know my own profession? That's a part of the gag and it works, too," the singer said, thrusting the quarter into his pocket and still keeping the piteous look on his face

THE CHINESE JINRIKSHA

The Chinese jinriksha is just like the Japanese Japan stole her religion, art and literature from China, and China has stole the jinriksha, or baby carriage from Japan. A horse is a rare animal in Shanghai. Men haul both people and merchandise.

The jinriksha men are wild with delight when they can make forty cents a day drawing us around Shanghai. They seem to know intuitively where we want to ride to, and always start off on a jaunty run. The hardest thing is to get them to turn around and return. They know if they get on a good way from the hotel that they will have to bring us back The other day they seemed bent on running clear through Shanghai into the open country and before we knew it we were riding over broken levees, past grave mounds, and in among the farmhouses. When we would say "John, go back," the jinriksha man would look up pleadingly and answer,

"Littee more. No muchee far. Jos a littee more far."

The declining powers of old age may be wonderfully recuperated and sustained by the daily use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE RUNAWAY BOY.

Wunst I passed my Pa, an' he
Won't stand that an' punished me
Sez when he was gone that day,
I slipped out an' runned away

I took all my copper cents,
An' climbed over the back fence
In the prison woods "a' growed
Ever where all down the road

Sez I got out there, an' sez
I runned some an' stopped again,
When I met a dog at bed
A big cow 'at shook her head.

I went down a long, long lane
Where was little pigs a playin',
An' a great big pig went "Boo!"
An' jumped up an' skeered me, too,

Sez I scampered past, an' they
Was somebody hollered "Hey!"
An' Ist looked over 'shere
An' they was nobody there

I stut to, but I'm 'fraid to try
Dogs bark An' so an' by
Somepin' hurts my throat mostid
An' I want my ma an cried

Sez a great big girl came through
Where was a gate, an' told me who
Am I? an' I tell where
My home's at she'll show me there.

But I couldn't let but tell
What's my name, an' so says I Well,
An' Ist look my up an' says
"She know who I live, she guess

An' she tolled me big quite close
Round her neck an' off she goes
Skippin up the street! An' sez
Purty soon I'm home again.

An' my ma when she kissed me
Kissed the big girl, too, an' she
Kissed me if I promise shore
I won't run away no more!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

SMALL CHANGE.

Small change is indispensible in going about a city To have only a five dollar bill in one's purse when riding in an omnibus or car is almost as bad as to have no money One requires small change, and the thoughtful husband supplies his wife with bright ten cent pieces and shining quarters just as regularly as with fresh greenbacks A woman prefers new and fresh money to that which is greasy and soiled, if she can have her choice, and a certain good man, known and loved in a large circle, always makes a point of bringing home to his family the wherewithal for domestic expenses in a very dainty shape. He is deservedly a favorite.

Small change is as valuable in the commerce of life in other departments as in that of the exchequer There are people who can talk extremely well on learned and serious subjects, but they have no small change. The quick jest and easy repartee of the drawing room are not for them Helplessly and hopelessly, with gloom settling over their faces, and despair in their souls, they sit by while less gifted people chat and laugh and have good times. The trouble is they are destitute of small change.

This puts them at a disadvantage in society where there is not time for homilies and treatises, but where everything is froth and foam. The airy butterfly flight of their neighbors, confuses and disturbs them. Their forces must, so to speak, be drawn up in order, and prepared to charge on the enemy, horse, foot, and dragoons. All this takes time and thought, and the enemy is up and away, skirmishing triumphantly elsewhere, before the unlucky opponent has arranged his line for battle. By all means let those who would succeed in society carry about the small change of witty conversation

THE CIGARETTE VICE

The use of cigarettes is not merely the use of tobacco, it is a vice by itself. In reformatories where the cure of the opium, alcohol, and cigarette habits is a business, cigarette patients are not restricted from smoking cigars or pipes, which are regarded as comparatively harmless. The cigarette works a special evil of its own which tobacco in other forms does not effect This evil result may be due to drugs, or to the paper wrappers, or to the fact that the smoke of cigarettes is almost always inhaled into the lungs, while cigar smoke is not As to that, let the experts decide, about the fact of the effect there is no doubt, and no dearth of evidence No other form of tobacco runs into the will as cigarettes do The adult man can carry off a good deal of poison of one kind or another without disaster, and his duties being fixed and his will formed he is usually able to make his moments over subservient to his more important obligations And so it happens that it is a matter of constant observation in clubs and wherever there are intelligent men who allow themselves all the creature indulgences that they dare that these experienced persons are constantly "swearing off cigarettes for longer or shorter periods and smoking cigars instead The cigarette fetter begins to gall, and they fling it off But young boys do not do that They have not discretion enough, for one thing and for another, cigars cost too much for them and cannot be smoked surreptitiously in a spare moment It is the infernal cheapness of the cigarette and its adaptability for concealment that tempts the school boy's collow intelligence

DECLINE IN THE CONSUMPTION OF LIQUOR.

Statistics are presented in Dr Cogglin's report showing that since 1874, when the retail trade was accorded to the Gothenburg Brandy Company, the consumption of liquor has steadily declined in its district In 1875 the consumption per inhabitant at bar trade places was 11 3 10 quarts per annum In 1892 it was 5 1 10 quarts In like manner the brandy bought at retail places fell from 15 3 10 quarts in 1875 to 8 4 10 quarts in 1892 The higher grade spirits also show a diminution In 1875 the consumption was 2 3 4 quarts, in 1892, 1 1 10. The quarts per inhabitant was 29 in 1875, seventeen years later it reached low water mark at 11 3 10 quarts During that period the prices of liquor advanced from 14 cents for a glass of brandy containing 47 per cent., alcohol to 2½ cents for a glass containing 41 per cent. alcohol. These statistics do not include the amount disposed of by sub-licensees.—From the "Gothenburg System of Liquor Traffic," *Review of Reviews*.

Wit and humor have each their definition. Mr. Whipple defines them as follows "Wit exists by antipathy, humor by sympathy. Wit laughs at things; humor laughs with them. Wit lashes external appearances, or cunningly exaggerates single foibles into character, humor glides into the heart of its object, looks lovingly on the infirmities it detects, and represents the whole man.

We seldom look money for our whims, but we dispute the prices of necessities.