

Ellen Jaynes's Resolution.

A STORY FOR WIVES.

"Why don't you ever clean your boots before you come into the house?" said Ellen Jaynes to her husband.

"And so am I discouraged and tired out with such a continual fretting every time I come into the house. Don't you ever get tired of scolding?" was the provoking response of the gentleman.

"I do get tired speaking to you about things that give me so much trouble, and yet you never seem to mind them at all."

"Speaking in the manner you do will not have that effect; of that you may be assured."

"You are just so provoking as that; you never seem to care how much I go through!" Here the tears began to flow.

"What a confounded scene about a few tracks on the carpet!" ejaculated the incorrigible Mr. Jaynes, with vigorous emphasis.

"It's not that alone. You know very well, Charles, that I wouldn't mind it for once; but it is so continually. You never seem to care how hard you make my work. It is the same in everything; and, Charles, why don't you be a little more particular? Why don't you make so much work, when I am trying so hard to keep things in good order?"

The shower was fast becoming a flood. Mrs. Jaynes produced her handkerchief, and began to weep. "Oh, dear; the trial of living with such a careless person! It would have been so much better for me if I had never met you!"

But Charles had departed, shutting the door with a tremendous bang, leaving his better-half to cry her eyes out by herself. And cry she did for a time, with all her might, fully convinced that she was the most miserable, unlucky, and unappreciated of all housekeepers; then she began to think what is the use of all this; nobody cares about my tears; I am only making myself sick for nothing. So she bathed her eyes, brushed her carpet, and resumed her sewing. But she was not in an amiable mood—not by any means repentant or forgiving, certainly not cheerful—I am sorry to say, not even peaceful; but very much inclined to let her grievances be made manifest. Accordingly they were hardly seated at the dinner-table before she commenced.

"Did you see Parker about that wardrobe this morning as I requested?"

"No, hadn't the time was the encouraging response."

"Hadn't time! you never have time to attend to my wishes. You could have found time if you had chosen. If you cared a straw for your wife, you would attend to her wishes a little. Well, did you go to the stove room to see about having that stove cleaned? It is almost impossible to bake in it, as I have often told you."

"No; I did not."

"For mercy's sake, Mr. Jaynes, when will you attend to it?"

"I can't say, anything else wanted?"

"Yes. Did you call at Lovell's to see about matching that oilcloth?"

"No."

"Yet I asked you to be sure and recollect it the last thing this morning. Was there ever such a careless man before? I never saw anything like it."

Mr. Jaynes continued his dinner in apparent unconcern, and his wife relapsed into silence. Just as he was leaving the dining room she started a new theme.

"Charles, Mrs. Dutton, has been in this morning. She says they are going to the White Mountains next week. Why cannot you take me off for a little journey? I should like the change; I think it would do me good."

"Take you a journey, after the complimentary things you have said to me this morning! I should be very likely to do so. A pleasant trip I should have!"

"That will do for an excuse; you never do take me anywhere. There's the Duttons have been away every summer; and Mrs. Dutton says her husband would not think of keeping her at home all summer. She was surprised when I told her that I had never been away from home for a week at a time since I was married."

"Very likely"—in a tone of irony, and Mr. Jaynes left the room.

Now Ellen Jaynes was not disappointed in the least at the result of her application. In fact she did not expect her husband to grant her request, and it is doubtful whether she would have gone had he given his consent, for she well knew their means would not allow such expensive indulgences, and Ellen was a prudent, economical wife. But she wanted to show her husband what other men did for their wives, and what he did not do.

Ellen Jaynes was a woman of good principles and good feelings, though she had an irritable, nervous temperament. In the good old times, such were called "cross;" now, it is genteelly "nervous." Well, Ellen Jaynes was very nervous; she had also a great regard for trifles, and very little power to adapt herself to circumstances. She had, too, a vivid imagination, and having but limited opportunity for studying her husband's character before marriage, she had invested him with all possible excel-

lence; thought she had found a man to reverence, lean upon, look up to in all things. Of course she was bitterly disappointed.

Charles Jaynes was a man of good natural abilities, and could render himself very entertaining and agreeable when he chose; but he had few of those domestic qualities which make up the model husband. He was not tidy in his habits, was often thoughtless and inconsiderate, and rather selfishly fond of his own ease. Such a character was the very antipodes of Ellen, who was possessed of much energy of character, and very industrious withal. As I have said, she was bitterly disappointed; and, though she loved Charles, lamented her mistake in marrying him, with many secret tears. She would, probably, have been quite as miserable with any other husband, unless she had governed her own temper; as it was, she endeavored to perform the duties devolving upon her faithfully; yet she was often troubled by the delinquencies of her husband. They irritated her; she would find fault and complain, which did not improve matters. Such a course never does. So the years rolled on, and things grew worse and worse. The husband's love grew cold, and he became more and more inattentive, while the cares of the wife kept increasing, and in like ratio, her fretting and fault-finding. A deplorable state of things most assuredly; yet is it very uncommon?

After the conversation we have recorded, Ellen so far freed her mind that there came a reaction, and we find her now in her own room, repentant and sorrowful.

"I am sorry I was quite so cross. I said some things I wish I could take back; but Charles does try me so. He is not what I expected; but that can't be helped now; he is my husband, and I might as well make the best of it. I am so miserable, so unhappy, and it grows worse and worse! What a life we are leading! It is all wrong—wrong. We are to live together till death; it were wiser to make the best of my lot. After all, things might be worse. Charles is temperate, and honest, and virtuous; but who knows how long he will be, if we go on in this miserable fashion? I will begin to reform; God helping my efforts, I will subdue my unhappy temper. Fretting at Charles only makes him worse. I will try what patience and cheerful endurance will accomplish." And so Ellen formed her first firm and good resolution, and what was better still, she began at once to fulfill it. Very many resolutions are made—very few are kept—but this was kept.

At the tea-table Ellen made her appearance becomingly dressed (she was a comely woman), and with a cheerful face; but Mr. Jaynes's brow was clouded, and he was not to be drawn into conversation. It required quite an effort to look and speak pleasantly in the morning, for the husband still remained moody and silent; but she remembered her good resolution, and she kept it.

In the forenoon he came into the sitting-room on an errand, again with dirty boots; but this time Ellen did not seem to notice him.

"I declare I am hungry," said he carelessly, throwing himself into a chair in a lounging attitude, which was the special detestation of his wife.

"And wet, too, I perceive," said his wife, kindly; and, rising, she went quickly from the room and returned, bearing a plate with a tempting lunch in one hand, and a brush in the other. The former she placed in her husband's hand; with the latter she brushed the drops of rain from his neck and shoulders.

"Why, Ellen, what does this all mean?" And Mr. Charles Jaynes looked up at his wife in unalloyed astonishment.

"I was afraid you would take cold," was the pleasant answer.

He took the plate in one hand, while the other drew the face of his wife down to his for a warmer kiss than she had received for five years.

"This seems like the good old times, don't it, Ellen?"

"I wish they would come back again!" was her answer, as she returned the kiss.

After he had gone, our heroine brushed up her carpet cheerfully; somehow it did not seem much of a task, although there were certainly more spots than the day before, as it had been raining ever since. The door mat was neglected again that day, and the wardrobe came home in the afternoon, likewise the desired oilcloth.

Ellen kept her resolution, though many times sorely tempted—for the habits of years are not so easily broken up, and Charles many times muddled the carpet, turned the new wardrobe inside out in search of article which was never there, and forgot many errands, important though they were. But she was determined to be patient; many a murmuring word was denied utterance by firmly closed lips. Many times did she pray for strength and self-control; but she achieved the greatest of all victories—she conquered herself.

At the end of the month, Mr. Jaynes said to his wife:

"Come, Ellen, pack your trunks, and we will pay your father and mother that long-talked of visit. I have made arrangements in my business so that we can have a nice long vacation, and we will travel care to the winds, and have a famous time of it."

"Indeed, dear Charles, I should like to go; but, after all, we don't need to go from home in search of happiness, do we?"

"Like the Duttons, for instance," said her husband, with a mischievous smile.

"Ay, the Duttons," with an answering smile.

"Nevertheless, we will have our

journey, though. You have been such a dear, darling wife, lately that my own home seems a paradise!" And the husband's face was very cheerful as he finished speaking—very near indeed.

Counting a Hundred.

A Danbury man named Reubens recently saw a statement that counting one hundred when tempted to speak any angry word would save a man a great deal of trouble. This statement sounded a little singular at first, but the more he read it over the more favorably he became impressed with it. Next door to Reubens lives a man who has made five distinct attempts in the past fortnight to secure a dinner of green peas by the 1st of July, and every time has been retarded by Reubens's hens. The next morning after Reubens made his resolution, this man found his fifth attempt to have miscarried. Then he called on Reubens. He said:

"What in thunder do you mean by letting your hens tear up my garden?"

Reubens was prompted to call him a mud-snot, a new name just coming into general use, but he remembered his resolution, put down his rage and meekly observed:

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight—"

Then the mad neighbor who had been eyeing this answer with a great deal of suspicion, broke in again.

"Why don't you answer my question, you rascal?"

But still Reubens maintained his equanimity, and went on with the text:

"Nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen—"

The mad neighbor stared harder than ever.

"Seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-one—"

"You are a mean skunk," said the mad neighbor, backing toward the fence.

Reubens's face flushed at this charge, but he only said:

"Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five, twenty-six—"

At this figure the neighbor got up on the fence in some haste, but suddenly thinking of his peas, he opened his mouth:

"You mean, low-lived rascal, for two cents I would knock your crackered head over a barn, I would—"

"Twenty-seven, twenty-eight" interrupted Reubens, "twenty-nine, thirty, thirty-one, thirty-two, thirty-three—"

Here the neighbor broke for the house, and entering it violently slammed the door behind him; but Reubens dare not let up on the enumeration, and so he stood out there alone in his own yard, and kept on counting, while his burning cheeks and flashing eyes eloquently affirmed his judgment. When he got up into the eighties his wife came to the door in some alarm.

"Why, Reubens, man, what is the matter with you?" she said. "Do come into the house."

"But he didn't let up. She came out to him, and clung trembling to him, but he only looked in her eyes and said:

"Ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred—go into the house, old woman, or I'll bust ye."

And she went.—Danbury News.

Josh Billings on Partridges.

The partridge is also a game bird. Their game is few drum on a log in the spring of the year, and keep both eyes open, watching the sportsman. Partridges are shot on the wing, and are as easy to miss as a ghost. It is funny enough to see the old bird hide her plumage when danger is near. This must be seen, it can't be described, and make every body believe. The partridge, grouse, and pheasant are cousins, and either one of them straddle a gridiron natural enough they have bin born there. Take a couple of young partridges and pot them down, and serve up with the right kind of a chorus, and they beat the ham sandwich you buy on the Cauden and Amboy Railroad 87 1/2 per cent. I have eat these lammetail Nu Jersey ham sandwich, and must say that I prefer a couple of bass wood chips, soaked in mustard water, and stak together with Spalding's glue.

The Rev. —, of Erie, Penn., is an energetic worker, but as yet he has failed to convert a certain wealthy stockholder in various mining enterprises. Talking to him the other day, he said: "Mr. —, you are getting your fortune by investing in mining stock; now I want you to take some stock in the golden streets of heaven. The reply was a continuance of the metaphor: "Well, I guess I won't invest to-day. I've lost considerable on that North shore investment; and who knows but the country you refer to may be 'salted' too?"

THE FLAG.—The story comes across the line that a young mother was in the habit of airing the baby's clothing at the window. Her husband didn't like it, and believing that if she saw her practice as others saw it, she would desist, he so directed their afternoon walk as to bring the nursery window in full view from the central part of the town. Stopping abruptly, he pointed to the offending linen flapping unconsciously in the breeze, and asked sarcastically: "My dear, what is that display in our window?" "Why," she replied, "that is the flag of our union." Conquered by this pungent retort, he saluted the flag by a swing of his hat, and pressing his wife's arm closer within his, as he walked homeward, said: "And long may it wave!"

The SHAH has gone to visit Geneva. An Atlanta editor refers feelingly to a Georgian who is "on the brink of starting a daily paper."

Little girl at the breakfast table: "Mamma, this is very old butter. I've found a gray hair in it."

A Pittsburg coroner makes no charge when he sits on a young man who parts his hair in the middle. He says that his personal satisfaction is enough without the fees.

This is the season when the good young man always offers to carry the sun umbrella of the first good-looking young lady friend whom he meets, and walks along under its shelter, gazed at enviously by all the other men whom he meets, while his fair companion trips gracefully in the outside edge of the shade, and is uncomfortable but happy.

"Refined homes," says the New York Nation, "are the end of civilization. All the work of the world—the railroad, the navigating, digging, manufacturing, inventing, teaching, writing, fighting are done, first of all, to secure each family in the possession of its own hearth; and secondly, to surround as many hearths as possible with grace and culture and beauty. The work of all races for five thousand years is represented in the difference between a wigwag and a lady's parlor."

It is very sad about Brigham Young. He has only one hundred and fifteen wives, and after spending two weeks courting another woman whom he hoped to make his hundred and sixteenth, she refused him. And now he is nearly broken-hearted. He has nobody to console him and weep with him in his misfortune but Eliza, and Harriet, and Caroline, and Amelia, and Mary Jane, and Lucy, and Maggie, and Susan, and Clara, and Sarah, and one hundred and five others. It is rough on the lonely old man—

"No one to love, none to caress."

The Queen's reply to the address of the House of Commons in favor of referring to International arbitration as a permanent substitute for war in the settlement of difficulties between nations was read to the House on Wednesday last. It says, "I have at all times desired to extend the practice of closing International controversies by their submission to impartial friends, and to encourage the establishment of rules intended for the equal benefit of all. I shall continue to pursue a similar course with due regard to time and opportunity, whenever it is likely to be attended with advantage." The House received the document with hearty cheers.

A friend of ours has a thoroughbred pointer dog, which is said to be the most efficient animal of the kind in the United States. It never lets any chance slip by it, this pointer doesn't. The other day, as it was trotting down Tenth street, its master observed that it ran up the front steps of a house and pointed dead at the door-plate. Our friend whistled and whistled, but the dog refused to budge an inch. Upon going up to see what the matter was, he found that the door-plate bore the name of "A. Partridge." It is awful hard to beat that dog at his business. He only needs a hint—just a mere suggestion. He has even been known to point at the children in the family when his master gets mad at them and makes them quit.

"THE UNIVERSAL AYER."—On my journey over the continent—through Turkey, India, China, Japan, Peru, Chili, Paraguay, Brazil and Mexico, and the United States—in them all to some extent and in some to a great extent, I have found the UNIVERSAL AYER represented by his family medicines, which are often held in fabulous esteem. Whether they win their marvelous reputation by their cures I know not, but I know they have it to such a degree that it frequently gave me a distinguished importance to have come from the same country.—Field's Letters from Abroad.

A GOOD WOMAN never grows old. Years may pass over her head, but if benevolence and virtue dwell in her heart, she is as cheerful as when the spring of life opened to her view. When we look upon a good woman, we never think of her age; she looks as charming as when the rose of youth first bloomed on her cheek. That rose has not faded yet; it will never fade. In her neighborhood she is the friend and benefactor. In the church, the devout worshipper and the exemplary Christian. Who does not respect and love the woman who has passed her days in acts of kindness and mercy—who has been the friend of man and God—whose whole life has been a scene of kindness and a devotion to truth and religion? We repeat such a woman cannot grow old. She will always be fresh and buoyant in spirits, and active in humble deeds of mercy and benevolence. If the young lady desires to retain the bloom and the beauty of youth, let her not yield to the sway of fashion and folly; and to the close of life she will retain those feelings which now make life appear a garden of sweets—ever fresh and ever new.

Children whose brain development is unusually large in comparison with the body, are most frequently singled out for a premature final resting place. Why is this? Simply because the functions of the body are to trail to supply the waste going on in the brain consequent upon active intelligence. Follows Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is so prepared that it imparts the vital principle directly to the brain while it assists in developing a vigorous and robust body.

FARM FOR SALE. ONE AND A-HALF MILES FROM Port Dover, on the Lake Shore, 143 Acres. Good Brick House; two Frame Houses and Bank Barn. 18 Acres of choice graded Apples (bearing). Apply to Box 15, Port Dover.

THE OLD ESTABLISHED Dundas Foundry & Engine Works. THOS. WILSON & CO. MANUFACTURERS OF STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS, AND ALL KINDS OF MACHINERY. DUNDAS ST. TORONTO. THOMAS WILSON, ALEX. BARRIE, WALTER BASTABLE, DUNCAN McFARLANE. July 12, 1873. 415

THE CELEBRATED LITTLE WANZER! The light-running and far-famed WANZER A! These Machines present a record of great success.



Two Gold Medals just awarded in Moscow, Vienna, and Lima, Peru.

Made by hand or foot on Patent Stand. For Agents' terms apply to R. M. WANZER & CO., 270 1/2 Hamilton, Ont.

London, Quebec and Montreal.

TEMPERLEY LINE. Composed of the following first-class Steamships: SCOTLAND, MEDWAY, THAMES, DELTA, SEVERN, NYANZA, HECTOR.

The steamers of this Line are intended to sail during the Season of Navigation of 1873, from LONDON for QUEBEC and MONTREAL, as follows:

THAMES... Saturday, 26th July. MEDWAY... Wednesday, 6th Aug. SEVERN... Saturday, 16th. SCOTLAND... Wednesday, 27th. DELTA... Saturday, 6th Sept. NYANZA... Wednesday, 17th.

And every alternate Wednesday and Saturday thereafter. And from QUEBEC for LONDON as follows:

DELTA... Saturday, 2nd Aug. SEVERN... Tuesday, 12th. THAMES... Thursday, 21st. MEDWAY... Tuesday, 2nd Sept. SEVERN... Thursday, 11th. SCOTLAND... Tuesday, 23rd.

And every alternate Tuesday and Thursday thereafter. RATES OF PASSAGE. QUEBEC TO LONDON: Cabin... \$60 00

Through tickets from all points West at reduced rates. Certificates issued to persons desirous of bringing out their friends.

Through Bills of Lading issued on the Continent and in London for all parts of Canada, and in the United States to Detroit, Milwaukee, Chicago and other points in the West.

For Freight or Passage, apply to TEMPERLEY, CARTER & BLAKE, 21 Billeter Street, London; ROSS & CO., Quebec, or to DAVID SHAW, Montreal.

April 10, 1873. 4207

DR. J. ELL SIMPSON'S Specific and Tonic Pills. THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY FOR Nervous Debility, Spasmodic, Neuralgic Emissions, Weakness of the Generative Organs, Palpitation of the Heart, Tremblings, Sleeplessness, the effect of over-indulgence in alcoholic stimulants and tobacco, &c. Dr. J. ELL SIMPSON'S PILLS are the only effectual ones for the above diseases, and are never known to fail. They have already cured hundreds in this country.

Robert Arthur, machinist, Hamilton, testifies to his recovery by their use. Safe, certain and rapid in action, a short trial will prove their efficacy. No sufferer need despair of being relieved from the frightful effects of SELF-ABUSE. The Specific Pills are sold by Druggists at \$1.00 a box, and the Tonic Pills at 50c. a box, or they will be sent by mail, postage pre-paid, and securely wrapped from observation, on receipt of \$1.06 for the Specific, and 50c. for the Tonic Pills, by J. BELL SIMPSON & Co., Drawer 91 P.O., Hamilton.

Sold by all Wholesale Druggists. Pamphlets sent post-free on application. Feb. 26, 1873. 6m

WHEELER & WILSON'S SEWING MACHINE MANUFACTORIES. FRONT 368 feet, DEPTH 307 feet. FRONT 526 feet, DEPTH 219 feet.

The Largest in the World. BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, U. S. 775,000 of THESE CELEBRATED MACHINES SOLD in all Parts of the World. An Increase of Sales Unprecedented.

THE LARGE NUMBER OF CHEAP AND POORLY MADE SEWING MACHINES THAT HAVE BEEN palmed on the public of Canada for the past number of years, under the coloring of First Prize taken, or other high sounding pretensions, are now beginning to be well understood, and by many the deception felt keenly, as having "PAID FOR DEAR POOR THE WHEELER & WILSON." To those, and all others, who would advise them to get the Improved Nossew Wheel & Wilson, and to safe. They list a lifetime. Illustrated Catalogue, giving particulars, sent post free to any address.

G. A. WALTON, GENERAL AGENT 85 King St. West, Toronto; 54 James St. Hamilton; 37, Spark St. Ottawa, Hamilton, May 6, 1872. 46

BROWN, GILLESPIE & Co. WHOLESALE GROCERS. HAMILTON DIRECT IMPORTERS OF TEAS, SUGARS, ETC., E DAVID McLELLAN & Co. 53 King Street West. HAMILTON, ONT. Manufacture, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Grocers' FURNISHINGS, GENERAL SMALL WARES, and FANCY GOODS, LADIES' CIGARETTES, HOOP SKIRTS, BONNETS, GUNGONS, SWITCHES and BRUSHES. Please call and examine our stock. Letter or orders promptly and carefully filled.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma and Consumption. The few compositions, which have won the confidence of mankind and become household words, among not only one but many nations, must have extraordinary virtues. Perhaps no one ever secured so wide a reputation, or maintained it so long, as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It has been known to the public about forty years, by a long continued series of marvellous cures, that have won for its confidence in its virtues, never equalled by any other medicine. It still ranks the most effectual cure of Croup, Croup, Whooping Cough, and all the dangerous diseases of their throats, to a great extent, and gives a feeling of immunity from their fatal effects, that is well founded, if the remedy be taken in season. Every family should have it in their closet for the ready and prompt relief of its members. Sickness, suffering, and even life is saved by this timely protection. The prudent should not neglect it, and the wise will not keep it by you for the protection it affords by its timely use in sudden attacks.

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. PRACTICAL AND ANALYTICAL CHEMISTS. Northrup & Lyman, Newcastle, General Agents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicine. April 15, 1873. 43

THE "WEBSTER" SEWING MACHINE. The General Favorite Throughout the Dominion. A Canadian Invention, and Unprecedented Success Attending it Everywhere. It is Strong and Durable, Easy and Light to Work, Has no Cogs or Gears, and will do Every Kind of Work Light or Heavy.

The most complete set of Attachments given with every Machine. See THE WEBSTER before buying any other. MANUFACTURED BY THE Canada Sewing Machine Co'y, HAMILTON, ONT. June 13, 1867. 411-3m

C. D. EDWARDS' FIRE PROOF SAFES. H. B. WARREN & CO.'S Counter and Platform Scales, The Cheapest first-class Scale in Canada. A Good Assortment in Stock. See Sent for Price Lists. E. H. MOORE, AGENT 54 Front-St. East, Toronto. May 14, 1873. 4207-6m

WILSON'S CASTOR OIL EMULSION. A Proper Substitute for Castor Oil! CAUTION! Wilson's is the only sweetened Castor Oil which contains no Chloroform or other injurious substance. See Certificate signed by 23 Prominent Medical Men on inside wrapper. Ask for Wilson's Castor Oil.

PIANOS AND ORGANS. THE OLDEST ESTABLISHED HOUSE IN CANADA. WE ARE THE SOLE AND EXCLUSIVE AGENTS for the following CELEBRATED PIANOS: Chickering & Sons, Steinway & Sons, Dunham & Sons, Haines Brothers, and for ORGANS, Mason Hamlin Organ Co., Boston, George A. France & Co., Buffalo we keep in stock A Large Assortment of Pianos BY WELL KNOWN MAKERS, Which we offer at lower rates than any other house in the Dominion. Second hand pianos from Fifty Dollars and upwards. Sent for Circular, Price List, Terms, &c., before purchasing elsewhere to A. S. NORDHEIMER, 15 King Street East, TORONTO.

By Royal Letters Patent COPLAND'S SWEET CASTOR OIL, STRENGTH UNALTERED. Produces no nausea. Children are fond of it Sold Everywhere, in bottles of 25 cents each

AMERICAN HOTEL 1 KING STREET WEST. F. W. BEARMAN PROPRIETOR. GENERAL STORE OFFICE HAMILTON, ONT.