

Only a Box.

Only a box, secure and strong,
Tough and well made with feet long,
Lying here in the drizzling rain,
Waiting to take the up-bound train.

THE DOSTERS: A Romance of Georgian Life

They had a long talk. Rather Mr. Bullington dwelt at length upon the awful consequences of bringing into that neighborhood, and into houses which he forbade him to particularize, such doctrines as sprinkling, falling from grace, and in all dreadful human probability infant baptism.

CHAPTER X.

Mr. Bullington's call was on a Wednesday. On the following Friday evening our two girls went in the Joyner carriage to spend the rest of the week at the Ingrams.

up, he did, and as he howled along with me he said, 'And here's Br'er Swinger, as good a man as they've got, and he can't deny my words.' Well, sir, you better believe it. It was a Bab'is crowd, as you know, a 'Bab'is crowd, as you know, on both sides of the Igeebchee. Yit, I thought, never do take up the old man's channele, though I weren't in what a body might call fightin' fix, a not a expectin' no such. And then it were somehow, for the first time in my life, my ideas, and my thoughts, and my arguments, and my words, and my speeches, everything I had, they all got jumbled together, and they got piled up on top o' one another that I jes had to stop, and to set down, and see if I couldn't untangle 'em and gether 'em in hand. And then, right there, at the very minute I begin to think I see daylight, 'Br'er Swinger'—you might a heere him a mile away—howled out, he did, and he hollered, and say, 'Ab, Br'er Swinger, it were John the Bab'is' 'No Meth'is', in them days, members who are concerned in such speeches; but if you wuz able to talk, and could stand up and talk all day long, I'd jes take a cheer and set down calm, and 'casionly fling in a primary remark, and ask you to pint out the chapter and the verse where she tells you the Meth'is is in the Good Book. And then he shook his big sides, and the 'others they all broke out into a general 'haw-haw. Well, sir, bless your soul! I a sudden I got so mad for jes about a second if I didn't feel like haulin' off and lettin' o' Br'er Bull'n't'n have it right in the month, for flingin' such laugh on me prepared for it as I were. But I know such as that won't begin to do, because I know Br'er Bull'n't'n have big fist as me, and it wouldn't do nohow.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Mr. Charlton called the attention of the House to the outrage which took place in the city of Hull last Tuesday. On that occasion he was an active and conspicuous evangelist to hold services, but they were interrupted and mobbed. The people might well ask if this outrage had taken place in Mexico or Spain, and they could scarcely believe that it took place in Canada.

Based on the percentage during those years, there would now be 1,017,000 native born Canadians in the United States. This was a direct loss, but there was also a corresponding gain. The children of the Canadians in the United States in 1880 numbered 930,000. Then the loss of immigrants must be taken into account. In 1871 there were 682,608 foreign-born persons in Canada. In 1881 there were 528,338 foreign-born persons in Canada, making an increase during those years of 15,720. During those years 342,000 immigrants were brought into Canada. Allowing for the death rate, at least 184,820 of these immigrants must have gone to the States. The children of these persons in ten years would aggregate 240,000. Thus from 1871-1881 we lost 53 per cent. of our immigrants. At that rate of loss from 1880 to 1890 we would lose 346,000, making in round numbers 600,000. The children of these would number 1,500,000. Thus the net gain to the Dominion would be consequential, is 8,638,000. This did not take into consideration those who left Canada prior to 1871. What was the reason of this? The Canadians were a harder race than those of the United States. Their country had unlimited resources. There was no natural reason why this exodus should exist. There must be some evil which should be remedied. To-day Canada should be a country of eight and a half or nine millions of population. It was the duty of the Government to repress any evil which might exist, and therefore he moved that a committee be appointed to consider the matter.

Washington that the modus vivendi would be continued. Mr. McCarthy moved the second reading of his Bill to amend the Northwest Territories Act. Mr. Davin—In rise for the purpose of offering an amendment to the motion. It is slightly different from the one of which I have given notice, and reads as follows: 'That this Bill be now read a second time, but that it be resolved that it is expedient that the administration of justice in the Northwest Territories be authorized to deal with the subject of this Bill by orders or enactments after the next general election for the said Territory.' My hon. friend in his Ottawa speech talks about making this a British colony? Is not this a British colony? And, sir, let us just see why it is a British colony? It is because of that very Lower Canadian French race that seems to act like a red rag on a bull on my hon. friend. For we know very well that there was a time in the history of Canada when that race had both direct and over to the British flag, when temptations were held out to them to join the thirteen colonies.

MARRIED BY JUDGE SEAVER.

A Michigan Man Advertises in the 'Evening News' and Gets a Pretty, Blushing Bride. CHAPTER I.—ADVERTISEMENT IN THE 'EVENING NEWS,' FEB. 1. WANTED.—A middle-aged man wants a wife to go on a farm; look of references given and required; good chance for the right one. Address Housekeeper, Newellville. CHAPTER II.—MARRIED YESTERDAY. County Judge Seaver yesterday united in matrimony Josiah F. May to Maria F. Wiedenpach. Josiah is a farmer from Boyne Valley, Michigan, aged 58 years, and was married before, as had the bride, who owns to 35 birthdays. She is a pretty woman and made a blushing bride. Josiah came to Buffalo from the West recently, and had been under treatment at Dr. Pierce's Hotel, and, becoming lonely, advertised in the News for a wife. The couple had a wedding dinner at the Iroquois and left for home last night.—Buffalo News. The Light of Home. A cheerful, healthy woman is the light of home, but through over-exertion in her efforts to minister to the happiness of the household, her health is often impaired, or even lost. Her mind is overworked, her nerves are overstrained, her system is overtaxed, making life miserable, and clouding an otherwise happy home with gloom. The thoughtful and tender husband, in such cases, should be intelligent enough to perceive the cause of such gloom and suffering, relieve the faithful wife from drudgery, and advise her to rest. Her friends and women, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, now recognized and used in thousands of homes as a certain cure for all those delicate afflictions peculiar to the female sex. 'Favorite Prescription' is the only medicine for women, which, when taken as directed, will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. This guarantee has been printed on the bottle-wrappers, and faithfully carried out for many years. His Honor's Comment. A judge had made a decision particularly gallant in favor of a woman, and was arguing for an hour on the wrong side. 'Your honor,' exclaimed the lawyer in his indignation, 'if that decision is law I will burn every book in my library.' 'Better read them,' was the laconic comment. The Best Snake Story of All. A man who kept a garden near the river Euphrates, had an adventure with a snake many years ago, which involved himself and family in trouble ever since. One result of this adventure was the sentence pronounced against the woman that 'in sorrow thou shalt bring forth children.' No doubt the sentence included the mother's ailments consequent on child-bearing, such as weak back, female weakness, tumors, irritations, irregularities, and the like. Divine wisdom, after this sentence, came to the rescue of woman, and provided a specific for her ailments. It is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great savior—a soothing, sovereign remedy for all such troubles. Millions are using it, and blessing its author. It is the only remedy for these ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee of giving satisfaction in every case, or money promptly refunded. Poor Little Willie. Miss Brandy (of Boston)—I want to have you send me a suit of clothes for my little brother Willie. He is 11 years of age. Salesman—Yes, madam. Should you say, that he was large or small for his age? Miss Brandy—Well, I don't know that Willie has any superfluity of adipose tissue as compared with other boys of his age, but he is usually in the habit of arriving with a certain amount of fatness, and sometimes trembles firmly placed on this mundane sphere. 'Is particularly little here below.' This is a particularity of medicine, and he really needs a very small amount, provided it be of the right kind. Dr. Pierce's Pellets fill the bill in respect of size, and are stupendous in point of effectiveness. If you depend immediate relief from headache, 'liver complaints,' indigestion, and constipation, they will not fail you. Far From It. Mr. Billus (looking over the morning paper)—Poor Gringo! His wife—Mrs. Billus (greatly moved)—John, is Mrs. Gringo—has she joined the silent majority? Mr. Billus—The silent majority—silent majority? Great Demosthenes, no! He's going to entertain the Band of Hope Sewing Circle all day to-morrow. It Strikes the Weakest Part. Jones—Have you had a grippes yet? Smith—You bet; I was laid up for two weeks. Have you had it? Jones—No. How does it affect one? Smith—Oh, if you catch it, you'll have it in the head. Jones—Why? Smith—Because it always strikes a man's weakest part. Ada Ellen Bayly ('Edna Lyall'), the English novelist, wears a large dress with plainest trimmings, and 'short brown hair, arranged with Puritanical simplicity.' In speaking her voice is low and soft. PRESUMPTION REVERSED. 'A hair, a hair, you cruel maid!' 'I'm a soldier, but a wise man, I find your heart's a better land.' The grocer's daughter scornful glanced; 'That's what a wife has made over me.' 'I've repented, and I'm a Christian, I'm infinitely small potatoes!' —George Bancroft is now 90 years old with his mind unimpaired. 'How did you like Mr. B.—'s singing at the concert last night?' asked a lady of a woman accustomed to surprising her friends by her unexpected speeches. 'Oh, I enjoyed it very much! He was the enthusiastic singer. It is really quite a prima donna isn't he?' —Short, slender girls are at home informally in white silk slips embroidered and girdled with silver. —Despite their religious differences the Pope and the King of Sweden are particularly warm friends. —'When a fellow gets 'mashed' on himself,' says a talented Roman, 'it isn't long before he cuts out everybody else.' Little Flaxen Hair—Papa, it's raining. Papa (somewhat annoyed by work in hand) 'What's the matter? Little Flaxen Hair (timidly) 'I was going to.' D. C. N. L. 9, 90.

ROBERTS' THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY. When I say Cure I do not mean a momentary stoppage of pain, but a permanent cure of the disease of Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long cure. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Beware of others who have failed it no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my Infallible Remedy, with full directions and M.O.C. Branch Office, 188 WEST ADELAIDE STREET, TORONTO.