

Spirit.

In spite of all that we have learned and done For the strong hearts and minds of men, in spite Of thought and wisdom and the sharpened sight Of knowledge which has rifled earth and sun— There is a power within our lives which none Can deeply fathom nor define aright. A power distinct from sense like dark from light— A spirit which we can neither see nor slun. It is a breath of fire, a quickening thing, Hidden amid the conscious flesh and brain Like a sweet odor in a folded rose. It thrills the blood as music thrills the sprin And through the toil of living and the pain Like something that is still immortal glows.

WOMAN GOSSIP.

Walls—A Receipt for Red Noses—Long Trains, and Big Hats—How to Improve the Figure.

Walls.

How to produce a telling effect—communicate a secret to a woman.

Why are pretty girls like wild cherries? Because they make you pucker up your lips.

The difference between a blonde and a locomotive is, that one has a light head and the other a headlight.

Girls should be careful how they are vaccinated with virus taken from a lover's arm. One at Montreal has taken to swearing, sitting cross-legged, and smoking a briar-root pipe.

A Muskoka woman who was lost in the woods for three days says she didn't suffer so very much, but was greatly annoyed by her absence of mind in not bringing along a small looking-glass.

Twenty-five dollars will purchase all the materials needed for a young lady to go into plaque painting, and if she has any talent at all some of the plaques can be warranted to scare a cat to death on sight.

A Minnesota preacher fainted away after marrying a couple, and had to be worked over two hours before he was restored to consciousness. If it acts that way on the preacher, just think of the poor bridegroom!

A Toronto man contrived to teach his parrot to talk so well that he had to pay \$1,000 damages because the bird slandered the character of a lady in the neighborhood. He ought to present the bird to a sewing society.

"Yes," said the practical wife, "I'm looking for some dashing sort of a girl to coax my husband to elope. He'll probably stay away two weeks and so be out of the way until I can get at through house-cleaning."

Amelia: "You may talk about your city fellows, but give me a bean from the country." Janet: "And why do you want a country bean, I should love to hear?" Amelia: "Because, sis, he's very likely to become a husbandman."

A lady was singing last week at a charity concert, and the audience insisted upon hearing her sing a second time. Her daughter, a little child, was present, and on being asked afterward how her mamma had sung, replied: "Very badly, for they made her do it all over again."

Mrs. Hunter says in defence of the cart-wheel hat: "Why, only a brief week ago, one rainy night, I walked for two squares behind a young couple, whose best protection from the driving storm was a Gainsborough hat and their simple, loving faith in each other. It was a beautiful and affecting sight."

Fond parent, almost bursting into tears: "Angelina, my love, I have had news for you. Heaven knows my child, I would spare you the sorrow if I could, but Edwin—"

Daughter: "Speak quick! My love, my promised husband—"

Fond parent: "Is a gambler!" Daughter: "Oh, pa: is he lucky?"

Clara Louise Kellogg has postponed the date of her marriage one month on account of the remunerative character of her concert tour. Clara has something of the provident instincts of a Pennsylvania Dutchman who married a month or more in advance of his first intention, "because," as he expressed it, "the gal was such a rouser at potato-digging."

"I'm proud of this town," said a little man sitting before the stove with a pipe in his mouth. "Proud of it," repeated the stranger at the bar, who turned around when he heard the words and he looked at the speaker with a look of infinite contempt. "What are you proud of it for?" "That's an easy one," returned the little man. "There are four cemeteries here and I have a wife in every one of them."

Very few prettier girls have I ever seen than one who sat near me one evening not long ago at table d'hote at the Continental, Philadelphia. The loveliest of auburn hair, beautiful features, smallest of mouths, and prettiest of teeth—all combined to make her exceedingly attractive. Turning to a queer-looking little old lady at her side, she suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, ma, ain't them mince pies beastly?"

Worth, the dressmaker, has a receipt for ladies' red noses. It is a black and white striped silk dress, made with great simplicity, and under her chin he placed a great garnet bow and another in her hair. Her friends were gratified at her distinguished appearance, and observed with pleasure the purity of her complexion. The genius of Worth has succeeded in doing what doctors and hygiene had vainly tried.

A license is required for marriage in Illinois. A young man's wedding day drew near, and the road to Galena, the nearest licensing place, was in such a condition that a horse could not be used on it. The distance was seventeen miles. After trying to hire somebody to make the journey on foot, and failing to find a pedestrian at the price he could afford to pay, he set out himself on the morning of the appointed day. It was a hard job, and he returned covered with mud, almost exhausted, and barefooted, his boots having been mired and abandoned, but he brought the license,

and the ceremony was performed in the evening.

That Small Boy.

She was just arranging to settle down comfortably on Alphonso's shoulder and Al's eyes were contemplating her with that rapturous which is the top dressing of a loving and susceptible nature, when the parlor door opened and her younger brother, the pride and hope of the family poking his head in exclaimed: "Sallie, I've got one this time that you can't guess." His sister was an amiable girl and always humored him, so she kindly added: "Well, Poncey, let's have it." "What's the difference," he asked, "between you and a butterfly?" As neither Sallie's nor Alphonso's face betrayed much enthusiasm over the conundrum Poncey fired the answer off at once. "Cause a butterfly has powder on its wings, but you always have it on your face."

Long Trains.

What Emperor William thinks of the long trains of ladies' ball-dresses may be gleaned from a conversation he had at the recent court ball with the young and charming wife of a foreign military attache, who appeared with one of those long trains prescribed by the etiquette of her own country, and also worn at Berlin by the non-dancing ladies of riper "youth." The Emperor, noticing that the aforesaid young lady had not joined the dancers, inquired in the most affable way, the reason why, and received the frank reply: "For the simple reason, your majesty, that nobody asked me to dance." "Then let me tell you," said the Emperor, with a smiling glance at her enormous train, "that my officers are evidently afraid of playing sad havoc with your lovely dress," jestingly adding: "If I had the slightest power in matters of fashion, I should never have tolerated those cumbersome trains at balls. Unfortunately I have been utterly powerless in this respect thus far, but I sincerely rejoice in the prospect of Dame Fashion speedily and sympathetically coming round to my views once more."

Big Hats.

All his life, says an exchange, he had toiled and saved and scraped, and pulled every string that had a dollar in it. And now all his hard-earned wealth was gone, and a great, hateful, interest-eating mortgage spreads its black wings over all that he owned and loved on earth. He sank into a chair, and, folding his arms upon the table before him, bowed his gray head upon them and groaned great groans from groanville, groan county. His heart seemed breaking.

"Did you mortgage the farm?" asked his wife, anxiously, stealing softly to his side.

"Yes," he growled, "both farms, and sold the wood lot over on Big Island."

"And did you have to mortgage the town house, too?" she asked, with quivering lips and glistening eyes.

"Oh, yes," said the man in hollow tones.

"Oh, yes, and sold all my stock in the Northern, and hypotheicated what I had in the Sixth-street bridge."

"And was it enough?" she asked, trembling with eagerness. "Was it enough?"

"Not quite," he growled, and then, as he saw the ghastly pallor of deathly disappointment spread over her face, he added, "but the milliner let me have it on ninety days time for the balance at 8 per cent."

"And you've brought my new hat home, then?" she caroled joyously. "Oh, Phillip, you dear old duck!"

"Well, no; not all of it," he said. "I brought the plume and one of the bows down with me in the express, but the hat itself is coming down from Chicago on a flat-car."

Improving the Figure.

The proportion of my sex with a slight curvature of the spine, one shoulder or hip higher than the other, or some other irregularity, is so great, that any dressmaker will tell you, says a New York letter, that few dresses have two sides exactly alike in shape. On this basis of fact an enterprising woman has undertaken to build up a business—not by padding and pressing to force symmetry, but on the theory that gymnastics will remedy the fault if properly employed. She has opened a small private gymnasium, in which light Indian clubs, dumb-bells, trapezes, ladders, and other appliances for exercise are provided. The candidate for shaping is first carefully examined, in order to determine exactly her departures from true grace and accuracy. Then the kind of exercise to develop the lacking spot is prescribed. If one hip is out of plumb, swinging from the trapeze by the legs, accompanied by a swaying from side to side, is recommended. If round shoulders are the blemish, club-swinging and hanging by the hands from rings are the proper exercises. How much real improvement can be accomplished I do not know, but I have no doubt it is considerable. The exercise is good, at least; and it would be wise for every girl or woman to swing a light pair of Indian clubs in her room on getting out of bed in the morning, before putting on any clothes to interfere with the free movement of the arms and shoulders. This practice is coming into vogue a little, but nowhere near as fast as it ought to. Let any vigorous young woman try it, and find out how good it feels to get herself into a state of glow and expansion, and she will continue it if she has half an ounce of vim. After getting into a perspiration, flop into a bath-tub full of warm water rub yourself dry with a coarse towel, and there you are for a day free from headache and lassitude.

A Chaperone's Complaint.

An "Elderly Chaperone" writes to London Truth: "Will you allow me to direct the fierce light of Truth upon a subject which has much exercised my mind of late, and which I venture to think must have forced itself upon many others, who, like myself, are in dancing 'sets,' or, shall I say, waltzing circles? I write as one of that noble army of martyrs—the elderly chaperones—who, having little to do in society gatherings (the chaperone is becoming more and more a sinecure) have all the better opportunity for observation and reflection. Know, then, sir, that my side studies of men and manners—drawing-room men and society manners

—have forced upon me the conviction (with deep reluctance I confess it) that there is at the present time a lamentable dearth of truth, high, chivalrous feeling among our young dancing-men. These faultlessly got-up young exquisites, as they loll about the doors and take stock of the girls, as if they were a promising lot of 2-year-olds at Tattersall's, seem supremely conscious that they have conferred an immense favor upon their hostess by honoring her dance; and should she propose to introduce one of those carpet knights to some charming young debutante whom she may have observed sitting alone, he will probably reply as, indeed, I heard one the other night: "Ah, thanks! Ah, I'm quite full! Haven't a dance—absolutely couldn't offer her one; know so many here, don't you know." This is to the lady of the house, if you please, and I happened to know that this young spark had been brought by a friend.

"As is often the case with men who are brought, he was probably an accomplished performer of the *trois temps*, and this was his cubbish way of getting out of 'being planted on to a dufter,' as he would elegantly express it. Should he permit himself to be presented to a lady outside his special set, you may hear him say: 'I really can't offer you a waltz till No. 16 or perhaps I might give you the third extra' (with a mental reservation that he may probably be at supper) Give, indeed! Why, in my dancing days, it was always: 'May I ask the favor or the honor of the next dance?' And I can fancy what I should have said to any man who omitted this deference due, this recognition of a favor to be bestowed. But in these degenerate dancing days men are so pampered and spoiled—so thoroughly impressed with their own puny accomplishment—that they ride the high-horse on every possible occasion, and, I am sorry to say, the ladies encourage the ridiculous presumption by quietly submitting, instead of protesting and insisting. A well-known proficient in a fashionable 'swim,' I am told, will accept as many as six invitations for the same evening, and then, perhaps, when the night arrives, select, say, the two which are nearest, or dearest, to honor with his presence; never giving a thought to the other four, where at least his company has been reckoned on as a dancing 'factor.' You can understand that when a dozen or two have done this sort of thing, the poor deluded hostess finds herself in a predicament, and the success of a dance is often marred, if not spoiled, by this most inexcusable lack of politeness, or shall I say excess of puffed-upness? Yet I feel certain that any lady who is in the habit of giving dances must have frequently suffered inconvenience in this way. I assure you the evil I have pointed out is deeply-rooted, and daily growing. I know of nothing so likely to shame these knights of the *trois temps* out of their conceited and unchivalrous manners as seeing themselves shown up in 'Entre Nous.' I could give many more instances where this dearth of chivalry shows itself, but I fear my lament is already too long."

Too Much Baggage.

Erasmus T. Ruggleson, a young man of Saxon lineage, worked on a farm out here in Yellow Springs township. He was not rich, but he was industrious and just too pretty for anything. So was the daughter of the farmer for whom he worked. She was wealthier than Erasmus, but she was not proud. When the chores were done in the winter evenings, she went with him to the singing school and she walked by his side to church. She loved him; she had rather sit at her easement in the gloaming, and hear him holler "poo-oo-ey!" in long drawn, mellow cadences, at the hour of the feeding of the swine, than hear Campanini sing "Macaroni del Vermicelli" from "Handorgzhamni in Venezuela." And he— he was clean gone on her. Mashed passed past all surgery. When they foolishly let the old man in their plans for each other's happiness and half the farm, the wrathful agriculturist said if he heard one more word of such nonsense, just another word, he would lay that farm waste with physical havoc, and blight its winter wheat with the salt tears of his only child, and that was the kind of a father-in-law he was inclined to be.

Naturally, the young people determined to fly. Their plans were laid; the night was set. So was the ladder. At its foot waited the ardent Erasmus Ruggleson, gazing at the window for the appearance of his love. Presently the window opened softly, and a face he loved appeared.

"Rasmus?" "Florence?"

"Yes, dearest. Shall I drop my things right down?"

"Yes, love; I will catch them. Let the bundle fall."

The glittering starlight of the clear March night fell on Erasmus' glad and upturned face. So did a trunk, four feet high, four feet wide, and about eight feet long. It weighed about 2,700 pounds. It contained a few "things" that no woman could be expected to travel without, and Florence had spent three weeks packing that trunk for her elopement.

Erasmus Ruggleson did not scream. He did not moan. He couldn't. He had no show. Florence came down the ladder, having first, with maidenly sense of propriety, requested her lover to turn his back and look at the barn. He may have heard her, but he didn't look at the barn. He was busily engaged at looking in the bottom of that trunk, and thinking how like all creation he would yell if he ever got his mouth outdoors again.

Florence reached the foot of the ladder. "Did you get my trunk, Erasmus?" she said, looking around for him.

"Oh, yes," said a hoarse-moaning voice at her elbow. "Oh, yes, he got it. Got it bad too."

She turned, knew her papa, shrieked once, twice, again, and once more for the boys and fainted away.

"I never worried about it a minute," the heartless old man told his neighbors the next day, "though I know well enough what was going on all the time. I've been married twice, and I've married off four daughters and two sons, and I don't know what baggage a woman carries when she travels, by this time, I'm too old to learn."

And, Erasmus Ruggleson! The jury brought in a verdict that he came to his death by habitual drunkenness, and the temperance papers didn't talk about anything else for the next six weeks.

PEARLS OF TRUTH.

Let us never forget that every station in life is necessary; that each deserves our respect; that not the station itself, but the worthy fulfillment of its duties, does honor to man.

A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a head wind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

We do not go to heaven, but heaven comes to us. They whose inner eye is opened to see, and they who see it, are in it; and the air to them is thick with angels, like the background of Raphael's "Mother in Glory."

Without earnestness no man is ever great or does really great things. He may be the cleverest of men; he may be brilliant, entertaining, popular; but he will want weight. No soul-moving picture was ever painted that had not its depth of shadow.

How many take a wrong view of life, and waste their energies and destroy their nervous systems in endeavoring to accumulate wealth, without thinking of the present happiness they are throwing away! It is not wealth or high station that makes a man happy—many of the most wretched beings on earth have both—but it is a sunny spirit which knows how to bear little trials and enjoy comforts, and thus extract happiness from every incident in life.

Ignoring or quickly forgetting personal injuries is characteristic of true greatness, when meaner natures would be kept in unrest by them. The less of a man a person is, the more he makes of an injury or an insult. The more of a man he is, the less he is disturbed by what others say or do against him without cause. "The sea remembers not the vessel's rending keel, but rushes joyously the ravage to conceal." It is the tiny steamlet which is kept in a sputter by a stick thrust into its waters by a wilful boy.

Weather Wisdom.

Under the title of "Old Probabilities" one of the most useful and valuable officers of the United States Government is most widely known. But quite as well known is Prof. J. H. Tice, the meteorologist of the Mississippi Valley, whose contributions to his favorite study have given him an almost national reputation. On a recent lecture through the Northwest, the Professor had a narrow escape from the serious consequences of a sudden and very dangerous illness, the particulars of which he just refers to: "The day after concluding my course of lectures at Burlington, Iowa, on the 21st of December last, I was seized with a sudden attack of neuralgia in the chest, giving me excruciating pain and almost preventing breathing. My pulse, usually 80, fell to 35; intense nausea of the stomach succeeded and a cold, clammy sweat covered my entire body. The attending physician could do nothing to relieve me. After suffering for three hours I thought—as I had been using St. Jacobs Oil for good effect for rheumatic pains—I would try it. I saturated a piece of flannel large enough to cover my chest, with the Oil, and applied it. The relief was almost instantaneous. In one hour I was entirely free from pain, and would have taken the train to fill an appointment that night in a neighboring town had my friends not dissuaded me. As it was, I took the night train for home, in St. Louis, and have not been troubled since."—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

An "Electric Boy."

The Australian electric boy arrived at New York Tuesday from Melbourne. When 8 years old he gave evidence of wonderful electric power that has kept developing ever since. The only food for which he cares is that which contains phosphorus. When not sufficiently charged with magnetism he complains of nervousness and headache. When he goes to sleep the supply of electricity becomes slightly diminished, but is much more constant than during his walking hours. He is now 22 years old. He stands upon a matting made of cocoa-nut threads, and allows the curious to examine his clothing in order to convince them that no electrical apparatus is concealed upon his person. When he touches anyone a current of electricity goes from him into the other, producing the sensation that arises from contact with a galvanic battery. He told a reporter that he was always charged in the morning, but that during the day he gave off so much power that it left him completely exhausted in the evening.

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Acres between Winnipeg and Selkirk at Section 31, third township, range 9, near Archibald, on line of railway \$12, west half 22, township 5, range 1 west, near Morris, \$4,000; for sections of railway lands, well selected, township 13, range 22 will be sold at advance for \$4,000 cash will buy well situated block, Brandon, considered cheap; and a capital town site on C.P.R., station close to lot, 240 acres. LAKE & CLARK.

MANITOBA!

Those going to Manitoba will find it to their advantage to correspond with me. Subscribe for the *Colonist News*, a paper giving just the information you require. Sample free. Pamphlets with maps, sent free. Holbrook's Second Party, with sleeping cars attached, will leave on 24th of March and April 11th, pre-arranged quantities there are by other fast trains, arriving at Winnipeg on Friday. Please address with stamp for reply.
D. A. HOLBROOK, North-west, Emigration and Real Estate Agent 61 King-st. east, Toronto.

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Full Bines, and Hundreds to Select From.
Breech-Loading Rifles, \$5 and upwards.
Breech-Loading Ballard Rifles, \$10 and upwards.

Single Breech-Loading Hammerless Guns \$8 50
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Single Breech-Loading Climo Shot Guns 6 50
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Set of tools—25 reloading shells, box of wads, and box of primers given with each breech-loading shot gun.

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