

**A Fantastic.**

What was it that woke me at dead of night  
Out of my slumber and and a sweet,  
And caused me to shudder and shake with fright,  
Till I felt my cheeks grow pale and white,  
And find my head beneath the sheet?

Was it the sound of the murmuring river  
Rushing to join the billowy ocean?  
Ah! beautiful sea where the sunbeams quiver,  
And the song of thy waves goes on forever,  
As thy breast is heaved with a gentle motion.

Nay, it was not that; what might it be  
That caused my heart to assume the form  
Of a hedgehog's spine, or the twisted tree  
Dancing in wild and ecstatic glee,  
Impelled by the power of Wiggins's storm.

Was it the song of the midnight breeze  
In low and wailing tones singing;  
As it tells its mystic tale to the trees,  
As it sings of the wonderful things it sees,  
In a voice like far-off vesper singing?

Or was it, ah! could I have possibly seen  
An angel sweeping the strings of his harp,  
A glorious being in silvery sheen,  
With a wonderful song that was something be-  
tween  
A Hielan' pibroch and an Irish keen,  
And sung in the key of w. snarp?

It was none of these; nor was it the cry  
Of the mournful owl that at midnight boots;  
'Twas my neighbor's pigs who had burst their  
sides,  
And were holding nocturnal revelry  
As they gubbed around in my yard for roots!  
Black, a-well-a-day!

-SWIZ.

**A New Magdalen.**

Among the guests at one of the leading hotels a few weeks ago, says the Indianapolis News, were a lady and gentleman from New York, who, for the purposes of this narrative, may be vaguely designated as Mr. and Mrs. B. He was a man of excellent social and business standing, and she a lady who was especially noted for her charity and benevolence. They stopped in the city for several days, and while here were entertained by Vice-President and Mrs. Hendricks, for the two ladies had an acquaintance of several years' standing which was begun under very remarkable circumstances, and which eventually developed into a firm friendship. Mrs. B. was not altogether a stranger to Indianapolis, for she had lived here before, and she had come back on an unpleasant but dutiful errand. Her early days had been days of darkness, and she had returned to clear up the mystery of her parentage, and do what she might to repay the kindness of those who had befriended her when she most needed friends. Her life had not always been a pleasant or an upright one, but of late years she had done, and is still doing, everything in her power to atone for her early waywardness, and to keep the feet of other young girls from straying into the path which hers had trodden. Doubtless many people who read this will remember her when a girl, and the troubles which resulted in her exile from her home and friends.

About ten years ago she came to this city from Lafayette, and lived here with friends. No matter now what her name was, she was but 14 years old—a beautiful young girl, gay and thoughtless. Like Mary Brandon, "she had no mother to teach her," and her downfall was at the time attributed, whether truthfully or not, to one to whom, above all others, she had reason to look for protection and support. For a few weeks the papers were filled with accounts of her doings, and eventually she was sent to the female reformatory. It was here that Mrs. Hendricks, who was then one of the board of managers of the institution, and other kind-hearted ladies, became interested in her, and tried to reclaim her, but it was a difficult task, for she had become embittered against all the world. One day an elderly lady, who was stopping in the city, visited the reformatory, and spent several hours among the inmates. She became particularly interested in Miss B. and finally agreed to adopt her and take her to her home in Canada, which she did. She lived there quietly and peaceably for many months, and then disappeared. Every effort was made to find her, detectives were employed and sent to the larger cities in the country, and advertisements were inserted in all the papers, but all with no effect. Nearly a year afterward a letter from New York came to her benefactress from her, and it told a pitiful story. She had fallen and reformed, and fallen again, and she wrote: "I am determined to do right. If I find I cannot, I will kill myself, for I have had enough of misery and shame." The lady went to her, found menial employment for her in a large dry-goods establishment, and she worked faithfully and lived honorably, encouraged by the motherly care and teaching of her newly found friend. The junior partner in the store was attracted by her pretty face and lady-like ways, and advanced her to a more lucrative position, and eventually began paying her marked attention. He asked her to marry him, and she refused time and time again. He became importunate to know the reason, and finally she told him the whole story of her life—her sin and suffering—holding nothing back. Most men whose creed of morality is never self-applicable would have avoided her after that, but he did not. He took her out of the store, had her privately instructed in useful and ornamental knowledge, and at the end of a year's probation married her. Since then her life has been pure and noble, and in spite of the fact that she has a good social position and everything that culture and refinement can suggest, the greater part of her time is spent in helping the poor and trying to save the erring. She is the New Magdalen, in fact and not in fiction.

When Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks were in New York, Mrs. B. called, made herself known and invited them to her house. There a reception was given in their honor, and it was attended by many leading people of the metropolis, while the papers gave lengthy accounts of it but neither the guests nor reporters suspected for an instant how the hostess and her distinguished guests had become acquainted. A return visit was promised, and when Mr. and Mrs. B. came to Indianapolis none was more greatly pleased to see them than Mr. and Mrs.

Hendricks. Mrs. B. left her without ascertaining what she desired concerning her parentage, but before she went she visited the reformatory, her former habitation, and arranged to find good homes for those unfortunate women who desired to reform but had not the opportunity.

**Held the Fort.**

An adventure with hostile Indians, seldom surpassed in critical peril and exciting situation, was that of a French Canadian some years ago, at Fort Pierre au Calumet, on Lake Athabasca. One day, when the chief trader was absent on a visit to York Factory, and the other men employed in the station were playing lacrosse upon the ice, this man, with an Irishman named McTaggart, were the only persons left in the fort.

Just then forty Chippewa "braves" who had pretended to have furs to sell, but who had really been watching an opportunity to plunder, came up to the fort and poured inside the stockade. Pierre, the Frenchman, had barely time to bar the main door when they rushed against it, showing plainly their unfriendly purpose. A parley with the chief, through a small side-trap, resulted in the withdrawal of the Indians outside the stockade, and an agreement to admit the chief alone, with the furs. Pierre thus relates what followed:

I instructed my man, McTaggart, to watch when the Indians were well out of the yard, and when the chief came in to make a dash and fasten the outer gate. I then opened the door. McTaggart slipped out, but had not made one step when the chief struck him with his tomahawk, killing him instantly. The savage then darted through the half-open door, and parrying a blow I aimed at him, he seized the bar which fastened the door and threw it outside.

I had by this time got hold of one of my pistols, and pulled it at him as he came towards me, flourishing his bloody tomahawk. The bullet took effect, for the savage with a frightful yell staggered through the doorway, where his cries soon gathered his band about him.

Before I could fasten the door, the whole gang had burst into the fort. I sprang behind some casks and hid myself there, feeling, however, sure that they would find and kill me. There can be no doubt about my fate, if the savages had not been more eager for plunder and whiskey, than they were for vengeance.

As it was, one of them at once rushed to a cask of whiskey, the head of which he drove in with his hatchet, and with the greatest eagerness the whole crowd began to help themselves to the contents.

That they would drink themselves drunk was now my only hope and opportunity, and I quietly kept out of sight behind the empty barrels, to await events. The idiotic abandon and general "cutting up" of the savages, as they came under the influence of the whiskey, were very ludicrous; but you may be sure I kept my laughter to myself. In an hour all were helplessly intoxicated except one big fellow who seemed to have a stronger head than the rest.

I now felt that with my pistol in my hand, I could fight at least on equal terms, if a fight was necessary; but the rascal precipitated matters by turning over the cask of whiskey while climbing to reach some plunder that he wanted on an upper shelf. In doing this a live coal was jerked out of the stove into the liquor on the floor, and the room was immediately in flames. The Indian who had caused the catastrophe sprang towards the door, but my pistol ended his career.

The whiskey was soon consumed, as there was but little left, and the fire was put out without doing large damage, but many of the drunken savages on the floor were fatally burned. When the men came back from the lake and found so many dead Indians, and saw the general ruin, they were amazed, and supposed I deserved all the credit of the capture of the assailants, etc., when it was merely an accident that had accomplished it.

The effect on the surviving Chippewas was most wholesome, for the survivors of the fort adventure told their tribe a terrible story of the Pale-faces' "big medicine," and the sort of punishment they wreaked upon Indians who robbed them.

**The Mahdi's Military Resources.** The mahdi's military resources include 15,500 Egyptian regulars, who were originally taken prisoners or deserted to the mahdi's camp. It is not known, even at English headquarters in the Sudan, how many native warriors had joined Mohammed Achmed, but he possesses armament for an almost unlimited number.

Besides the arms and equipments of Hicks and Baker Pasha's forces, which fell into the hands of the enemy, the latter has an enormous quantity of provisions and ammunition, which the Egyptian government had stored in Sennar, Kordofan and Fachoda. As far back as two years ago the Egyptian authorities at Cairo admitted that the mahdi had captured 90 field guns, 15,000 Remington rifles and 3,000,000 cartridges. Since then the garrisons of Berber, Shendi and Khartoum have capitulated. At Khartoum, also, the mahdi found a vast quantity of ammunition and 4000 to 6000 negro troops well armed. The rebel army is also copiously supplied with siege artillery. Both Sir Charles Wilson and Lord Charles Bessborough's steamers were fired upon by heavy reverberating batteries. There are a large number of Turkish and Arab officers with the mahdi. The black recruits are drilled by fugitives from Arabi's army, and the mahdi's artillery is worked by Turkish topstiks, who are held to be the best marksmen in the world.

Solder for German silver: German silver five parts, tin four parts.

**The Image Vendor.**

Some years ago when I first saw him he had a number of small plaster busts of a smiling child's face. The workmanship was much better than the ordinary character of such articles, and the face was repeated with sufficient faithfulness on half a dozen busts to show that they were all copies of the same model.

"Are these likenesses of any child, or mere fancy heads?" was asked of the image vendor.

"Eet ees my little girl Tita," said he, and he laughed and showed a set of wonderfully white and perfect teeth.

"Does it look like her?"

"Oh, yes," he exclaimed, with an earnest protest in his tone against the imputation that his art was faulty.

A few days ago I saw the same man with a basketful of small casts on his arm. Stopping him from idle curiosity, one of the busts was taken from the basket and examined. It was Tita again, just as she had been years ago—the same smiling, happy child-like face.

"You still copy your daughter's face as it used to be?" said the writer.

The man looked surprised, and then his face clouded.

"You told me once long ago that this was your little girl Tita, whose face you modeled. Has she not changed, and does she not look older?"

He took off his tattered hat, and his voice trembled as he answered: "Tita ees dead, but I see ze face in ze clouds, signor. She ees dead, and no change."

**I Had a Dreadful Cough.**

and raised a considerable amount of blood and matter; besides, I was very thin, and so weak I could scarcely go about the house. This was the case of a man with consumption arising from liver complaint. He recovered his health completely by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Thousands of others bear similar testimony.

Why should temperance men be so down on saloon keepers. They always give their customers as much water in their whiskey as it will stand.

**For the Ladies.**

Laughter is the poor man's plaster. Making every burden light; Turning sadness into gladness. Darkest hour to May dawn bright.

'Tis the deapest and the cheapest Care for ills of this description, But for those that woman's heir to Use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription." Cures all weaknesses and irregularities, "bearing down" sensations, "internal fever," bloating, displacements, inflammation, morning sickness and tendency to cancerous disease. Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.

One swallow does not make a Summer, but it may make one Fall if the liquor be strong enough.

Delicate diseases affecting male or female, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Illustrated book three letter stamps. Consultation free. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

There will be three Quakers in the next Congress; undoubtedly they will be great Friends.

**The Opinion of All**

Who have tried Polson's NERVILINE, the great pain remedy is that it is never-failing in pain of every description. Neuralgia, toothache, cramps, pain in the stomach, and kindred complaints are banished as if by magic. Rapid and certain in operation, pleasant to take, Nerville stands at the very front rank of remedies of this class. A trial bottle may be purchased for 10 cents, a very small amount in any case; but the best expenditure you can make, if a sufferer from any kind of pain, is a 10 or 25 cent bottle of Nerville at druggists and country dealers.

Does G. O. P. signify: Gone Out Permanently, or Get Office Presently.

**Imitators vs. Substitutes.**

Good points are worth remembering, for the reason that they assist us in avoiding many discomforts, and protect us against the cupidity of overreaching people. When you learn from friends that PUTNAM'S CORN EXTRACTOR is safe, prompt and effectual, don't allow druggists to palm off a worthless and perhaps poisonous substitute. His object is quite patent. He wishes to make a few cents difference between a good article and a cheap imitation or substitute. Putnam's Corn Extractor. Sold everywhere. Beware of dangerous imitations. Polson & Co., proprietors, Kingston.

The Sultan of Morocco has a thousand wives. Poor, poor man.

It is with the utmost confidence in the result that the manufacturers of the "Myrtle Navy" tobacco ask all who have not tried it to do so. The thousands who have already done so are living witnesses of its excellence, and are unanimous in the verdict which they give in its favor.

Bakers are generous. They never keep all the bread they knead.

**Young Men! Read This.** The Voltaic Belt Co., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belt and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and manhood, and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

How to cut a swell—Snub a dude or lance a boil.

**Important.** When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot. 600 elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, \$1 and upwards per day. European plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages and elevated railroads to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

**Catarra—A New Treatment.** Perhaps the most extraordinary success that has been achieved in modern science has been attained by the Dixon Treatment of Catarra. Out of 2,000 patients treated during the past six months, fully ninety per cent. have been cured of this stubborn malady. This is none the less startling when it is remembered that not five per cent. of the patients presenting themselves to the regular practitioner are benefited, while the patient medicines and other advertised cures never record a cure at all. Starting with the claim now generally believed by the most scientific men, that the disease is due to the presence of living parasites in the tissues, Mr. Dixon at once adapted his cure to their extermination; this accomplished the catarra is practically cured, and the permanency is unquestioned, as cures effected by him four years ago are cures still. No one else has ever attempted to cure catarra in this manner, and no other treatment has ever cured catarra. The application of the remedy is simple and can be done at home, and the present season of the year is the most favorable for a speedy and permanent cure, the majority of cases being cured at one treatment. Sufferers should correspond with Messrs. A. H. DIXON & SON, 302 King-street West, Toronto, Canada, and enclose stamp for their treatise on catarra—*Montreal*.

Johnny came home from school one day very much excited.—"What do you think, pa! Joe Stewart, one of the big boys, had an argument with the teacher about grammar!"—"What position did Joe take?"—"His last position was across a desk, pa, face down."

A. P. 223

**THEOS. GALLOWAY & Co.** Cotton, Woolen, Silk, Out and Waxed Blanket Makers, Dundas, Ont.

**PAINLESS CHILD-BIRTH—HOW IT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED.** See the particulars. See CATALOGUE FOR CO., Canadian Dispensary, Toronto, Canada.

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**CONSUMPTION.** Druggists and Chemists.

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**FOR PLEASANT SEWING** USE ONLY

**Clapperton's Spool Cotton** Warranted FULL Length, and to run smooth on any sewing machine. See that Clapperton's name is on the label. For sale by all Good Dealers.

**THE BLIND SEE.**—Those afflicted are requested to get Williams' Eye Water, it cures all diseases of the Eye that are cured by Colic. Blindness, ask your druggists for it. Wholesale by Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal. Send for circular to see the marvelous cures effected in Montreal to GEO. WILLIAMS, 709 St. Lawrence street, or at GARDNER'S Drug Store, corner McGill and Notre Dame streets.

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For freight, passage, or other information apply to A. Schumacher & Co., Baltimore; S. Cunard & Co., Halifax; Shea & Co. St. John's, N. F.; Wm. Thomson & Co., St. John's, B. Allan & Co., Chicago; J. Fore & Alden, New York; H. Bellier, Toronto; Allan, Rae & Co., Quebec; Wm. Brockie, Philadelphia; H. A. Allan, Portland, Boston, Montreal.

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Our new machine is now ready, and is as good as any sold by Agents at \$25.00. SEE TESTIMONIAL! LOWERTVILLE, Dec. 17th, 1884.

Machine arrived all right, and it is certainly well worth the money you ask for it with its present improvements. I prefer it to the Singer, "Wanter," or any other make at \$30 each. Yours truly, AARON HAWKINS.

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