The Blue-Looking Bird.

A tired, worn-out mother, who had gon to the country with her little girl, sat under a tree. Soft air came down across a clovered slope, and silken grass hung over and flut tered on the dimpled surface of a rivulet. The yellow poplars were in bloom, and the humming bird, with her Easter dress still new, twittered in eestatic vanity at a wood-pecker that sought to woo her. A handful of violets, held by the little girl, were yel-lowed by a dandelion. She was a pale child, with, it seemed, a premature plenitude of brown hair. She had never seen the country until that very day, and she could scarcely believe that she was permitted to gather the flowers.

"Won't the policeman come and take them away from me?" she asked, looking about timidly and sitting down beside her mother. "No, dear, there are no policemen in the

country. "Then why don't everybody live in the

country ?' "If everybody did then there would be

Reed of policemen." "But we could live here, couldn't we ?"

"No, for there would be no work for me to do. "But you wouldn't have to do any work if

you lived here." "Oh, yes, dear, I should have to work no matter where I might be."

"Why ?"

"Because I am poor,"

"Who made you poor ?" "On, don't ask such questions, Mary." "You never did anybody any harm did you ?" "Never in this world."

"And have rich people done harm ?" "Some of them have.

"I am too tired to gather flowers. Will I catch cold if I lie down here?" "No," the mother answered, making a

pillow of a shawl, "lie down and go to sleep." "And if that big blue-looking bird comes back will you wake me up so I can see him ?

"Yes" She was soon fast asleep. The tired woman bent over her. Cattle came down and drank at the brook. A farmer boy breaking up the corn land in an adjoining field, cast glances at the sun, as though longing for the noon hour, and a foot-sore man, with a rusty bag thrown across his shoulder, trudged wearily down the road. A woman in a far away door-yard stood with a bread-tray resting on a low gate post, and cheerily called the chickens. The little girl awoke. "Where are my

flowers !" she asked. "Here they are, dear, just where you left them

"I dreamed that the policeman came and took them. Did the blue bird come back ? "No, but he may be back after awhile Do you feel rested ?"

Almost. I wish you would sing to me. "Oh, I can't sing now, Mary, I declare I can't. It is almost as much as I can do to talk."

"Please sing just a little bit of a bit." "Precious, I really can not. Don't you know that I have not been able to sing any since I had that awful cold in the winter Come, let us go up to the house." They went to a farm house not far away

A brusque woman was sweeping the yard. A lazy dog with one eye shut, lay on the porch

"I reckon you find it mighty lonesome out here," said the farmer's wife. "Oh, no," the city woman replied. "This

is the only resting place I have found for many a day

"Well, I guess it does keep a body on the move in the city, havin' to go to so many balls and parties.

"I do not go to any. I work in a shirt factory

"Why, I didn't 'low that city folks had to work at all. I always thought that the folks in the country had to keep them up in their idleness." "And my little girl expressed the opinion

just now that the people in the country did not have to work any. Her idea of work is that the laborer must be shut up in a house."

"Ho, that ain't no work at all," spoke up a slouching boy that had left his plow and came to the well to get a drink of water. "If I didn't have nothin' to do but stay in the house I wouldn't care whuther Sunday came or not. It's bein' out in the br'illan'

sun that makes a feller hump." "Mamma," said the little girl, "I want to he down. 1 am tired." "I am afeerd," said the farmer's wife," "that you brought her here too late, and I don't know but you came too late yourself.'

Farming in the States.

The proposition assumed by Mr. C. Wood Davis in his interesting article in the April Forum, viz., that the farmers of the United States are not prosperous, is confirmed by some startling figures collated by Hon. J. M. Fippen, of Tipton county, in the state of Indiana. "The county of Tipton," says Mr. Fippen "has a rich soil of black sandy Indiana, or even in the broad Mississipp Valley. It has been in a high state of cultivation for the past twenty years, yielding annually during all this time, in amount, than double its consumption. Its more people are industrious, prudent, economical and intelligent to a degree unsurpassed in any county in the State. But they are not contented, and they are not prosperous. Year by year they have been 'running behind' as their phrase is—that is, their debts have been increasing faster than their in-come or the value of their property."

To assure himself of the correctness of this complaint, Mr. Fippen consulted the county records to ascertain just how much this indebtedness had been at the close of each ten years, beginning with 1850. To his surprise he learned that while the amount of real estate mortgages in the county amounted in January 50 to \$156,129 in Jan. '90 it had swelled to \$2,287,435; the value of real estate meanwhile increasing from \$408,310 to \$2,399,685; that is to say, while the value of real estate in the county increased not quite sixfold in the forty years, the amount of mortgages increased almost fifteen-fold. Nor is this the only discouraging circumstance, for the further fact must be added that according to the estimate of Mr. Fippen the earnings of all capital in farming are not over 4 per cent., while the current rate of interest is ! per cent. Clearly, a farmer who pays 8 per cent. on half his capital and makes but 4 per cent. on the whole cannot get ahead. Considering the many advantages and few drawbacks which characterize the country in question, the view presented of the con dition of the agricultural population of the country is far from hopeful or satisfactory.

A Wonderful Japanese Family.

"A thousand years in one household" (*ikka* sen-nen) is an old Japanese saying, employed with reference to an event which, in respect of extreme rarity, may be classed with the sight of a dead donkey or a tinker's funeral. The Hochi Shimbun says that an instance may at present be found in the household of a merchant called Mizuma Gensuke, who resides in Kanazawa, in the Saitama district of Sado. The family consists of the following members : Great-great great-grandpapa Gengo (aged 130), great great-great-grandmamma Tomi (aged 132) great-great-grandpapa Gembei (aged 101) great-great-grandpapa Gembel (aged 101), great-great-grand-annt Noshi (aged 99), great-great-grand-aunt Yoshi (aged 105), great-grandpapa Gensuke (aged 81), great-grandmamma Kimi (aged 79), grandpapa Gempachi (aged 61), grundmanma Toyo (aged 60); papa Genkichi (aged 40), mamma Tomo (aged 38), uncle Genroku (aged 35), son Genshichi (aged 14), daughter Toki (aged 5). 5). The united ages of the fourteen amount-ed, at the close of last year, to 980, and con-sequently became 994 on the first day of this year, according to the Japanese method of calculation. Next New Year's Day, sup-posing that death had not intervened meanwhile, the aggregate ages would be 1,008, and as 994 is nearer 1,000 than 1,008, the family have resolved to celebrate their ikka cen-nen this spring by a visit to the shrine of Ise, and afterwards to Kioto, where the vhole fourteen, from the little tot of 5 to the grayhead--if he still has any hair-of

Saying Grace.

"Farmton" says, in the Advance : "Frequently am I invited to tea at the house of some parishioner. A blessing is always asked at the table. As I sit down it is easy for me to detect whether the blessing repre-sents a custom. The behavior of the child-ren, as well as the behavior of the maid, is a clear indication of whether the paterfamilias is accustomed to say grace. I am frequently asked to say grace, but I rejoice in the growth of that custom by which the visiting minister is not asked. It is, I think, becoming more usual for the head of the family as we call by courtesy. Do matter becoming more usual for the head of the family, as we call by courtesy, no matter how it may really be, the husband and father, to say grace hinself. It is, I think, a right which belongs specially to him; a right, of course which he may delegate, if he pleases, but a right which I am always cled for him to keen and to even is. glad for him to keep and to exercise. There is a special fitness in him who represents the household asking God's blessing upon the household as it gathers about the table. The same principle applies to the pronouncing the benediction in the public meetings of the church. It was formerly the rule for the most distinguished or oldest of those ministers present to pronounce the benedic-tion. But now the custom is obtaining for the pastor himself, whoever may be present to pronounce these words of valedictory blessing. It is fitting ; this privilege and this duty belong to him, as the father, the minister of his church."

Charles Saunders, the professional champion court tennis player of England, signed articles for a professional court tennis match for the championship of the world, of which Thomas Pettit, of the Boston Athletic Club, is the present holder. On Saturday next Pettit will sail for England to prepare for the contest.

Miss Emily Harper, of Alexander, Gene-see county, New York, is a female Her-cules. She didn't discover her strength until the other day. Having broken a lamp, her mother childed her. In reply the girl gave her mother an affectionate hug. The woman dropped to the floor insensible with two ribs broken.

It Depends on the Liver.

"Is life worth living"? somebody asked, and the facetious reply was, "That depends on the *liver*," Health and happiness are twined together. If a man's liver is out of order, his whole system is deranged. He suffers from top to toe. This is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. These efficacious little globules are as much in ad vance of the old-fashioned, griping, drastic pills as electric lights are ahead of a wick stuck in whale oil.

It is quite natural that a weeping washerwoman should attempt to dry her eyes by wringing her hands.

The youth whose attentions were ignored by the young woman said that his trouble was slight.

It is an excellent thing to chew Tutti Frutti Gum after the meal and induce the secretion of more saliva. Sold by all Druggists and Confectioners, 5 cents.

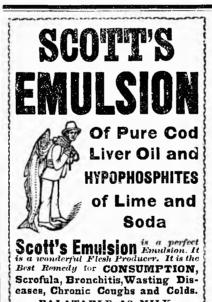
Horseflesh is said to be the worst thing in the world to give people the nightmare.

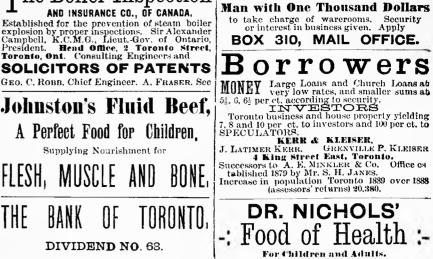
All Men,

young, old, or middle-aged, who find them selves nervous, weak an exhausted, who are broken down from excess or overwork, resulting in many of the following symp-toms: Mental depression, premature old age, loss of vitality, loss of memory, bad dreams, dimness of sight, palpitation of the heart, emissions, lack of energy, pain in the kidneys, headache, pimples on the face or body, itching or peculiar sensation about the scrotum, wasting of the organs, dizzness, specks before the eyes, twitching of the muscles, eye lids and elsewhere, bashfulness, deposits in the urine, loss of will power tenderness of the scalp and spine, weak and flabby muscles, desire to sleep, failure to be rested by sleep, constipation, dullness of hearing, loss of voice, desire for solitude, excitability of temper, sunkeneyes surrounded with LEADEN CIRCLE, oily looking skin, ctc., are all symptoms of nervous debility that lead to isanity and death unless cured. The spring or vital force having lost its tension very function wanes in consequence. Those who through abuse committed in ignorance may be permanently cured. Send your address for book on all diseases peculiar to man. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Fiont St. E., Toronto, Ont. Books sent free scaled. Heart disease, the symptoms of which are faint spells, purple lips, numbness, palpita-tion, skip beats, hot flushes, rush of blood to the head, dull pain in the neart with beats strong, rep.d and irregular, the second heart beat quicker than the first, pain about the breast bone, etc., can positively be cured. No cure, no pay. Send for book. Address M. V. LUBON, 50 Front Street East, Tor-

It is the man who peddles a biography of himself whotakes his Life in his own hands.

The next morning after an Austin min-ister had preached against the National sin there was a universal exchange of umbrellas. A. P. 500.





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Notice is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF FIVE PER CENT. for the current balf year, being at the rate of TEN PER CENT. PER ANNUM upon the paid up capital of the Bank has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branchers on and after MONDAY, THE SECOND DAY OF JUNE NEXT. THE TRANSFER BOOKS will be closed from the seventeenth to the thirty-first day of May both days included. THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF STOCKHOLDERS will be hold at the Banking house of the institution, on WEDNESDAY, the Eighteenth day of June next. The chair to be taken at noon.

The Boiler Inspection

taken at noon." By order of the Board. (Signed), D. COULSON, Cashier, The Bank of Toronto, Toronto, April 23, 1890.



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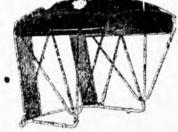
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130, will do their sight-seeing in company.

A little white face in a beautiful tangling of brown hair. A high, old-fashioned bed, --white plaster kittens on each corner of the mantel-piece and a clock ticking mid-way between them. It was late at night, and the tired boy snored in the "ratter" room just above. The mother and the farmer's wife sat beside the bed. The child had been sleeping. Suddenly she awoke. "Won't you sing to me?" she asked.

The mother tried to sing, and then sobbed on the pillow.

"You can't sing, for you have such a cold," said the child. "Did the blue-look-ing bird come back mamma ?" "No. angel."

'No, angel."

*

The tired boy snored in the "rafter" just above. The child was asleep—asleep for evermore. A handful of flowers lay on the bed beside her. The policeman did not come and get them-Opie P. Read.

The United States Alien Labor Law.

The citizens of the United States have made the startling discovery that what they had been considering an imprognable defense is really a wall so weak and insufficient that "a coach and four" can be driven through it. Their Alien Labor Law, thanks to the hair splitting abilities of some of their legal lights, has been weighed in the balances and found wanting. And this is the way interested parties propose to evale the provisions of the law. Instead of importing contracted labor, which is prohibited, the "bosses" pro-pose to delay the matter of settling the quetion of wages until after the arrival of the workman who thus enters the country under the head of a still laborer, upon whom the obnoxious law lays no restrictions. Accord-ingly the New England contractors, hampered by a strike among the freestone cutters, have advertised in all the leading papers in England for freestone cutters, telling them where to apply upon arrival and what the pay was. A large force is said to be coming The Government is at its wit's end to pre-vent it, and the local labour unions are furious, though to stop these men coming would be to stop all immigration.

Shall Women Be Allowed to Vote?

The question of female suffrage has agi tated the tongues and pens of reformers for many years and good arguments have been adduced for and against it. Many of the softer sex could vote intelligently, and many would vote as their husbands did, and give no thought to the merits of a political issue. They would all vote for Dr. Dierce's Favorite Prescription, for they know it is a boon to their sex. It is unequaled for the cure of leucorrhea, abaormal discharges, morning sickness, and the countless ills to which women are subject. It is the only remedy for woman's peculiar weaknesses and ailments, sold by druggists, under a positive guarante from the manufacturers, that it will give satisfaction in every case, or money will be refunded. See guarantee on wrapper around bottle.

You may not have noticed it, but you will find that the man who shakes hands the hardest is the hardest to shake.

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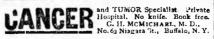
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