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44

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who came last were the first to be notified body'll be around after her pretty soon." And get your Buggies and Waggons Repaired at Lowest Rates.

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April 24th, 1894.

stairs and with her tiny hands flung it wide | cradle, and mamma'll tend to her; she's all | Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

stole out from the cottage. She could not stole out from the cottage. She could not knew the window would be empty and his name."

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he was saying in his efforts to reassure Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock, State !!

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in the box, wondering if his father had will be perfectly safe, and I'm afraid she Is still in his old stand on Lambton Street, near the Post Office, where he is ready to fill all orders for

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Durham, Jan. 26th, 1892.

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He-" She is a woman of strong mentali-She-" In what respect, pray?" He-" She thinks before she speaks."

a curb from my horse. I take pleasure in recommending the remedy, asit acts with horses of hard, soft or calloused lumps, vivor of the famous ball at Brussels on the blood spayin, splints, carbs, sweeny, stiffes night before Waterloo. She is a daughter policeman on sight, and headquarters far into a hot oven and after thirty minutes and sprains Gzonge Robb, Farmer, Mark away. He could not leave her there while let the fire cool. Roast without water, ham, Ont. Sold by McFarlane & Co.

Boiled Turkey .- A small hen turkey is him of the one so lately stilled forever. well prepared. The legs are to be cut off Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, to find out where any one is, advertise in Ah! we can always find reminders of lost at the first joint, drawn against the body Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, the Toronto Daily Mail and read the adand there secured, while the small ends of Stiffes, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, vertisements on the third page of that "Yes, I'm goin' home now, and I'll take the wings are passed under the back and Conghs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one paper. The charge is two cents a word master, your master," with a great sob you home with me for a little visit. Praps tied. The fowl is then generously sprinkled bottle. Warranted by McFarlane & each insertion, or ten cents a word for six my mother 'll make your dolly a new dress. with salt, pepper and lemon juice and is Co.

May so many, many times, and someway for roasting or not, as preferred.

ple have taken years to learn, that to help Pumpkin Pie. - For two small pies use fink of." Silence for a moment, and then cup of brown sugar and two eggs. Fill Co., Druggists. a very thoughtful little voice said, "I like the pies and bake slowly, having the

mentioned it, and he knew there could be no feast. "We can have no feast tomorrow. Mary, I am sorry for Jack, he has tried so hard to help us; and, indeed, I don't know what we should have done

Mrs. Stowe wiped her eyes with her apron as she said, "I got a little meat was'nt his fault ; and with the bone to day and I shall get a few so his wife tried to vegetables if Jack has had any kind of a day. It's snowing, true's you live," she exclaimed as she looked out at the whirling flakes between herself and the gaslight. of hope for the future "Why! you can have shoveling to-morrow." "What in the world is the matter with Jack ?" and Mrs. Stowe sprang to open the door as heavy, staggering footsteps came up the stairs, and a moment later Jack

Christmas day itself. Now he had hardly

fore had they been in such straits thatsome little celebration could not be had. Now surprised ejaculation. when their meals were made of soup bones and stale bread, it was not to be supposed away my brushes, and when I asked her shrilly. "Can ye stand there and mock they could have a goose for the holidays. where she was going she said she wasn't Misfortune had kept close to them all the goin', she'd just come, and her papa calls year. First, Mr. Smith did not need so her his Goose and her mamma calls her these years, and now, in the end, ye throw year, First, Mr. Smith did not need so Pet, and I can't find out who she is; but him o'er wi'out word or warning and send large a number of men, and, of course, those she belongs somewhere and I guess someof their dismissal. Then came illness and "Pretty baby ; she looks like-don't she Walt?" Baby May was kissed and laid away Martin?" leaving out the loved name lest

How it Brought Good Cheer.

even though

in the grave, with only the comforting "I'll put her right in the cradle, soon as thought of the many, many times they had I take off her things. How nice they are ! kissed her, and with a feeling of joy that She is somebody's darling. How I pity her from my soul I had left ye to die that wild they had loved her so well while she stayed. The baby waked when they pulled off night when I fetched ye home to my fire- Desolation in the heart, and an empty the cloak, and they plied her with quescradle in the corner, shut out the fact, for tions ; but she only knew that she was a time, that the doctor's bill was unpaid papa's Goose and mamma's Pet, and someimes the nurse called her naughty. Jack waited only to snatch a slice of Jack was ten, and his earnings kept them | bread, and then hurried back to Main street

in bread and a small, carefully economized and down to police neacquarters, and as he fire. But the winter was here, and these stepped in he inquired if any one had lost cold, blustering days, men did not care to office door. stand long enough to have a first-class polish "Here, John, chase that man who was put upon their boots. The pennies came in here a minute ago and bring him back. " Mr. Beals was here a minute ago, half distracted because his baby had climbed out aged, and wondered what was the trouble. of the carriage and wandered away. His

"Have you found my baby? Where is

"But she's all right, sir; she's all right," Jack kept repeating, hardly knowing what "Yes, yes, my boy, I know, but I have

been so anxious, and my wife is not strong. So you have a baby at your house?" "Our baby died"-a sob came to Jack's roice, and he turned away. There was intense sympathy in the oice that said, " My boy, I'm sorry. I will telephone my wife, and then you will go up home with me, and we'll come

Half an hour later a pretty, frail little woman knelt by baby's cradic and laughed and cried over the dainty face with the soft carls surrounding it. Papa's Goose seping just as peacefully in a strange radle as in her own little crib at home. "It's too bad to disturb her, said Mrs.

"Yes, it is. Jack saidit was his little sister's cradle. I am so sorry for you; how do you bear it? I have known the anguish of losing mine for a short time, "We might leave her here to-night. She

find them happy over some good news of There was a half smothered "no" on the lips of Mrs. Beals ; but she stifled it as she Close at his elbow sounded the baby | thought of the lost baby of this household, and, perhaps, of the comfort her baby Jack jumped in his surprise, and turned heart, and then she decided that she would "No!" And she went on, Hero following to see who spoke. There stood a little trust her baby with those who had found tot, dressed in a brown velvet cloak, a bon- and cared for her so well. It would be net to match, with a wee brown muff hung better so. She had taken in the poverty by a silk cord around her neck. The voice, of the room at a glance, and noted the half-

> "If you have not made any arrangement for to-morrow, I wish you would come with us and help us celebrate the return of our

What a day that was ! Jack held the " Mamma says she tan't talk till she sits | Christmas Goose in his lap, while she cud-"Mamma says she tan't talk till she sits dled down to him as if she had always down, and I don't fink I can eiver." | dled down to him as if she had always | Rept on hand.

Jack set out his blacking box for her and | known him, feeling instinctively that he loved and cared for little folks. The great she sat down on its not over-clean surface loved and cared for little folks. The great wild and cold. The winds roared, and the all her weariness were now over and she work for Mr. Stowe, the happy face for Mr. snow drifted, and the mountain lochs lay had no further care except to take the rest Stowe, all helped to make it a day to be remembered by all who partook of its good

They will never forget that Christmas, "I don't fink I tould find it now, I'se so and they will never forget that Christmas Goose, for Jack says that was the luckiest "You ran away, didn't yer. now?" goose they ever had. Jack called it good luck, but Martin Stowe says it is God's goose they ever had. Jack called it good Pat, he sat up so straight and never looked | care. "God sent the little wanderer our o see and I des he'll wonder when he finds way, and through her have come the blessings meant for us. Who counts God his friend will never lack human friends and

The Turkey.

each pound of turkey. Do not count the first half hour. Salt when nearly done. He would take her home and she might bosom told her who it was. She clasped little like May, and the voice reminded best for boiling and the carcass should be immersed in boiling water. This precau-"No, she don't need anyfing 'cept a tion of having the water at the boiling to her heart. The warmth of her tender trazy twilt like dramma's. Her lace spread point should be taken in cooking all manner of fowl, and in fact is equally important for "Come, now, or we won't get home to other meats. The turkey will require to Papa tarries me when I'se tired," was quite tender. Whatever sauce is used a the brief remark ; and Jack silently took portion should be poured over the turkey RELIEF IN SIX Hours. - Distressing Kidney

> Plum Pudding .- One pint of chopped suct, one and one-half pints of raisins and Jack made one more effort to find out her currants, one and one-half cups of molasses, MRS. WINSLOW'S Scothing Syrup has been currants, one and one-half cups of molasses, MRS. WINSLOW'S Scothing Syrup has been currents. Poor baby, tired, and away from home ! Serve with a hard sauce.

almost fell into the room and dropped the bundle he was carrying into his mother's "What in the world !" was Mrz. Stowe's "It's our Christmas Goose, Mamma, She came up behind me just as I was putting

and the daily income was smaller than ever. so slowly that he was often nearly discour-Was the difficulty in the people, in him, or | wife was almost crazy, and he has been to he weather? It seemed to him he sould every place he can think of and has offered have borne anything if only Baby would a large reward to any one who will bring come back to greet him when he turned the corner. She always stood at the window office boy, all out of breath with his haste,

er yellow head just above the sill, eagerly and rushing up to Jack he grasped his watching for the first indication of his com- hand. ing. She threw a kiss at sight of him and she? Is she hurt? Have you brought her?" then ran to the door as he came up the 'She's all right down in my little sister's open, letting out a flood of light to guide right, only p'rars taint your baby ; she's him up the last flight of stairs. He and says she is papa's Goose, his Trismas path up the stairs would no longer be the Mr. Beals was shaking Jack's hand as if

shining one it had formerly been. But he could hardly believe what he was saythen his father, was not his grief greater? ing; his face was twitching, and at last he Did not he have worries of his own? Jack dropped all semblance of control and droptried to keep cheerful, and tried to think ped into the chair some one set for him, and

"l'ant to sit down." The night before Christmas, but it was Mr. Beals. very different from last year. Then snow had freshly fallen, and the earth was all in white to celebrate the anniversary he went on eagerly. "I've hunted for you of the coming of the King. Now the wind bare and hard. The skies seemed to come so near the earth as to wrap everything on its surface in a gray pall. Then in Jack's weary and overworked, too; your cheeks heart this year there was a grave which had not been there a year ago. He didn't care. I'll do it yet. Come home with me, the wind blew! Pedestrians went hurriedly by, wrapped in their thickest clothing and

warm furs, and yet they shivered and almost ran in their haste. They never gave a look at Jack, dancing back and forth and rubbing his hands and swinging his arms in the effort to keep the blood moving fast enough to at least prevent freezing. Then he thought his day's work must be done. It had not been a very paying day's work, but it was the best he could do and he began to put his brushes been any more successful to-day than will take cold if we take her out into this "Stop one minute," he cried pursuing yesterday, and trying to hope he should storm er. "Let me tell you of your old home. Kerth cottage stands yet, and the dame

pins her flax and herds her flocks; but Walt has never returned; he never will eturn. his vessel was lost months ago. A week later, and Jeanette stood in the very tired, came from a sweet mouth, but eaten dish of mush and milk which had the lips were blue with cold, and the face | probably been used to feed the little stran-

"Let me come home and help you to looked chilled in the sharp wind. As he ger; and just before she went away she was not false to Walt; I was only silly and stared at her she repeated her first remark. Said shy; and his jealous doubt vexed me. I l'ant to sit down." loved him. I will go to my grave unwedd-"Wal, J vunny. Where you goin'?" "I isn't doin'; I'se des tum." And the desolate mother held out her "Just come? Yes, I see that; but hands. "Come home," she said, looking at the sad, changed, young face. We'll bear

down, and I don't fink I can eiver.' So Jeanette and Hero remained at the Winter came down amid the Highlands, settling herself with a contented sigh as if dinner, the beautiful house, the promis "We shall have a bitter night, and "You'll freeze if you sit here long. cheer.

Don't she need one ?"

and he learned the lesson that older peo-

to tay in the tarriage and, and I didn't."

ourselves we must help others.

" What's your name ?"

It began to be plain to Jack now. The his black steed, with his dog at his heels, wailing wind whirled it hither and thither the mother went shopping, and tired of and a bunch of red roses or white mountain in blinding drifts. Jeanette began to grow waiting, fluding the door unlatched, she "Come back Here," she called, "the man, looked straight ahead in a way that There is not the slightest doubt but the lambs must go. We can't face a storm coachmen have, she started toward home, stuffing of poultry ruins the flavor and to the ground, breaking out ever and anon when she returned. What should be do

> great black fir, barking more furiously sun, but with the stillness came the snow poultry again. After he is in good shape, Jeanette hurried to the spot, "You've the brown figure into a white one. Not a cf washed butter over his breast. Put it ound the poor lambs !" she cried. a man, his garments like iron, his face he ran to notify any one of her appearance. simply basting with the melted butter and like death. Jeanette peered down into do she solved the question for him. the still face, took the icy hands in hers, and uttered a cry that filled the stormy night with answering echoes. She could not see, but some subtle instinct in her sleep in May's cradle. She did look a

ed him, breathless and half frozen.

the frozen form close to her tender "Oh, Walter, Walter? Hero, go to old ones all around us. Jean's cottage and fetch help. Your wife. But maybe you think that was only Sitting under the storm-tossed fir. Jeanette clasped her lover closer and closer bosom, the caressing touch of her loving is altogever too fine for such wever."

lips, awoke him from his death-dream at "Where am I?" he asked in feeble accents Surely this hand must be Jeanette's." thrilled him into instantaneous consciousness. He half raised himself, clasping her the ache in his heart seemed to grow less close, "Jeanette ?"

"Am I in a dream ?" think he had changed his mind, until the "No : you're awake. You were coming young laird of Dundee had made him "Yes! Jeanette, Jeanette, what doe Her lithe arms encircled his neck, he

ips touched his cheek. "It means that love you, Walt; that I've loved you always, dear, from first to last." He had no words to answer, and silence fell between them. The next instant Hero's Suppose I refuse to tell?" she said, just a bark rang above the din of the storm. There were men following him, and they "I shall take it for granted that you like brought blankets and warm drinks. And so the two were saved. And this was "Jeanette stood silent, a mischievous Walter's second and final coming home.

newcomer, but the girl with something of That night, when the midnight moon hung above the gorse-covered hills, Jeanette She was but fourteen as yet, but already stay and hear her foster-mother's reproach- knew the window would be empty and his name." in her virgin heart had begun to stir, es. She went away in silence. "Here " she called, crossing the lawn. "Hero, I'm going away." And the dog left his kennel and followed Time drifted on. Summers came and they were getting along finely, and tried to buried his face in his handkerchief. The big went ; the verdue bloomed and faded on tell mamma how much worse off they might policeman suddenly had an errand for the the Highland peaks. One wild, wintry be, but it was hard work, though mamma office boy tode, and went out to see about it;

and hung a rose, full blown and crimson

Jeanette wore it when she went back to

resentful coquetry in her heart; but,

the cottage in the gloaming, a little feeling

ufnderlying all, her true and tender love, which made her ready and willing to accept

her hasty, passionate lover if only he would

speak again. But when she reached the

cottage Walter was not there. Night did

Jeanette drove her kids out to browse

on the moorside with a pain in her girl's

heart that pierced it like a thorn. Surely

he would come to fetch her noon meal as

low above the russet hills, and he did not

She found the cottage in confusion, the

good wife sobbing in the chimney-corner.

"What has happened?" she asked in

"Can ye ask?" cried out the mother,

me in my sorrow, and make believe ya

these years, and now, in the end, ye throw

him off over the seas, and break his poor

mither's heart. I'll ne'er forgive ye ti

t all comes o' your fair, false face. I wish

side? Go! I ne'er want to see your face

again. Get ye up to the castle you,

your fine, titled lover !"

The girl's very soul died within her.

appear. Jeanette drove her flocks hom

But noon passed, and the red sun hung

was his custom !

my dying day.

In the olden, golden glory of the days gone | ne'er to return. And 'tis all your work;

ward at an early hour.

not bring him home, nor the morrow !

Days Gone By.

Oh, the days gone by ! Oh, the days gone

The apple in the orchard and the pathway

The chirrup of the robin and the whistle

As he pipes across the meadows sweet

the blue was in the sky,

And many happy hearts brimmed over

the days gone by, when my naked feet

the honeysuckle's tangles, where

And the ripple of the river lipped the moss

Where the placid-eyed and lazy-footed

And the splashing of the swimmer in the

Oh, the days gone by ! Oh, the days gone

The music of the laughing lip, the lustre of

The childish faith in fairies and Aladin's

The simple, soul reposing, glad belief in

When life was tike a story, holding neither

She stood in the door of the little High-

land cottage, her dark hair tossed by the

evening breeze, her bare brown feet, shape-

ly as a sculptor's model, showing beneath

her scanty kirtle, a look of happiness in

her large luminous eyes, as she watched a

distant boat coming across the lake. A

sheep-dog crouching on the grass a few

yards off, watched the light skiff with

equal interest. The shadows of the far

off mountains darkened the water, and the

ming twilight threw a half melancholy

Directly the regular dip of the oars was

heard, the boat glided to the strand, and

a lad of eighteen or thereabouts, sprang on

shore. The dog darted to welcome the

the shyness of maturer years, hung back.

almost unknown to herself, that mystery

She and Walter Keith had known each her

of mysteries, human love.

families in all the kingdom. The great other from earliest childhood. They had

-James Whitcomb Rile ..

the quail,

any nightingale; When the bloom was on

the days gone by.

water-lilies dipped

cattle came to drink,

And the tilting snipe stood fearless of

truant's wayward cry,

along the brink,

days gone by.

magic ring,

everything.

sob nor sigh,

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dynasty tremble, is wedded to a Vassar

girl. The countess, who is the mistress of the

dreamland palace at Tokio, studied eight

years at the woman's college and then sail-

ed to her native land for the curious nuptial

ceremonies, which united two of the oldest

girl's accomplishments and progressiveness

her household, remembering the good

introduced into the Japanese war counsels

The people fortunate enough to know

the count have expected victories no less

men, a knight in bearing and front. He

looks a fighter, comes from a race of cam-

paigners and his bravery knows no limit.

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and in the taking he seized the key to the

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Mrs. H .- " What do you want of it?"

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warrior was quick to appreciate the dainty grown up together in his mother's cottage, and long ago he had told her, in his frank, day, the young Lord of Dundee found him- said more than once she didn't know what when he came back a few moments later he and with the usual oriental easiness, exerday, the young Lord of Dundee lound filling along the looked as if he, too, had been using a handlooked as if he, too, had been using a handof his children that he was about to take a wife" by-and-by. She had looked on him coast without the town, he met a solitary ways so cheerful. new bride. This mother quietly abdicated as a brother, however, and only laughed in figure, with a gaunt sheep-dog at its side. "Jeanette!" he cried out, "Jeanette, have I found you at last?" He came in now, flushed with exercise, The girl stood still and looked at him, the ideas of a woman, all American save her as handsome as a young Apollo, the dog with her solemn, shining eyes. "What made you run away, Jeanette?" umping about him and barking for joy. "Aren't you glad to see me, too, Jean- everywhere, and find you here. Come, had been high all day, and the street was

brilliant than he has won. He is a giant, ette ?" he said. "Surely, old Hero here is what does it mean ?" "I live here, that's all." a man of stature high above his country- not to be the only one to welcome me. "In this wretched old town? You look Don't you think you might have com down to the shore to meet me ?" are losing their fresh bloom. Silly little The girl gave one quick, half shy glance one, you might have been my pet all these up into his face, blushing to the very tips of her pretty ears. A year ago she would of her pretty ears. A year ago she would one, you might have been my pet all these want to go home and see that empty cradle. How could he look at it and then speak comfortingly to his mother? How of her pretty ears. A year ago she would have gone to meet him frankly. And a Jeanette. He caught her hand but she wrenched year ago she would not have blushed.

Will you come now, Jeanette?"

like beds of crystal.

He drew her to him, and kissed her. "Well, I forgive you for this once," he you escape me again. I've tried to forget said gaily, quite satisfied by that glance you, but it was vain. I believe you've be-"but when we are older, when we are witched me. I can't give you up. Come, married as, you know, we are to be, you I'll make you my wife." mustn't stay here, in the door, but must 'What? You refuse to be my wife come down to the water, dearie The Lady of Dundee Castle ?" The years passed on. Almost before "Yes: I refuse." She turned away either knew it Jeanette was eighteen and om him and went along the wild coast. Walter twenty-two. But now clouds



was Walter Keith, but, alas ! he was of a there's a ewe and two lambs missing," Don't you want to go home ?" jealous temperament. He did not fully said Jeanette, one bleak afternoon, when realize the torture to which he could be she was folding the lambs. "Come, Hero, Mr. H .- "I want to write to the grocer subjected till the young laird came home let's go and hunt them.' to the old Highland castle and fell desper- "You'd better come under shelter, and ately in love with her. A handsome, let the lambs go," said the dame. gallant fellow was this young laird of Dun- But Jeanette and Hero went. Across dee; a fine match, to be sure, for a girl like | the wild moor, beyond the harbor coast, Jeanette if he really meant marriage; and he down the bleak, frozen shore-line, toward seemed thoroughly in earnest. Every morn- the hills. With the close of day, the ing sawhim at the cottage gate mounted on snow came down heavily, and a keen

> "He's in dead earnest, is the fine young laird. Jeanette's a rare lass : if ve care for her, ye'd better speak out and ha' done like this." But the dog ran on, his nose, wi' it, Walt," said Walt's mother. And the young man, furious with jealousy, took the hint. He went off to Aberdeen without delay, and laid out all his surplus money for a broad band of gold that would fit Jeanette's plump, brown finger. She was at the cottage door, the sunset shining on her dark head, just as it had lone for years before, and the scene was the same-the mountains, the boat, the melan-

choly gloaming-when he returned. Gentlemen—I bought a splendid bay horse some time ago with a Spavin. I gothim for \$30. I used Kendall's Spavin Cure. The Spavin is gone now and I have been offered \$150 for the same horse. "Come with me, Jeanette ; let's walk down to the moor-tide," he said. Jeanette went readily enough, calling to Hero and singing little snatches of song. "Don't sing," almost gasped the impaient lover, catching sight of his titled ival, cantering down the castle road. Listen to what I have to say. Jeanette. you know I love you; there's no need to tell you that. I have loved you all my life. Long ago you promised to be my

> in childish sport. I am in dead earnest, however. Now," and he turned almost fiercely upon her, " which do you care for most, that proud young laird o' the castle Jeanette laughed and tossed her silken, wind-blown curls, averting her face that he might not see the sparkle in her eyes and blush on her cheeks. She loved Walt as she loved her life; but she was a woman, and a little coquetry is natural to her sex. She was vexed, too, that Welter had not lately spoken of love. She had begun to

"Why should I answer?" she said lightand evasively. "What means this sudden "Because I want to know; because I will know," cried Walter, hotly. Jeanette laughed again -a little, musical laugh, like the bubble of a mountain brook.

him best and not trouble you again." gleam in her gazelle eyes. The young man returned the broad gold ring to his vest pocket and turned on his heel. "You are silent, Jeanette; I am answered. Yonder comes the Laird o' Dun-

in Jack's neck. The Only One Known. There is a certain young widow in New Out of breath with his burden, Jack answered. Yonder comes the Laird o' Dundee. I'll not stand in his way. Good-by,
Jeanette!"

The young laird came clattering down
toward the moortide, and Walter Keith
walked rapidly away. Jeanette stood in
the waning sunset, her heart fluttering like
a bird. "Walt! Oh, Walt, come back!"
she cried.

But her voice was tremulous and hones. In sunding the dark of the process of the Waldorf.

But her voice was tremulous and hones. In sunding the dark of the walked hone with the waning sunset, her heart fluttering like
a bird. "Walt! Oh, Walt, come back!"
she cried.

But her voice was tremulous and hones. In sunding the dark of the walk of the walked hone was and processed to talk and baby soon alept on his
houlder.

"I wonder what does make Jack so late?
and there was a shad of anxiety on Mrs.
walked rapidly away. Jeanette stood in
the waning sunset, her heart fluttering like
a bird. "Walt! Oh, Walt, come back!"
she cried.

But her voice was tremulous and the
young men did not hear. In sunders she one
Joung men did not hear. In sunders she one
Joung men take their dinners at her house
was at her side. With many gallant words he put his flowers fir her hands

The poung days of the first with his burden, Jack
ceased to talk and baby soon alept on his
shoulder.

"I wonder what does make Jack so late?

"I wonder what does make Jack so late?

"I wonder what does make Jack so late?

"I wond with the strong of the feat of an divery on Mrs.

Winstow's Soothing
Syrup' for children tething it pleasant to the
beat female physicians and nurses in the
beat female physicians and nurs

thinking to be there to welcome mamma makes a good dinner hard to digest. The into sharp, frantic barks. The girl follow- with her? He could imagine the wild grief stuffing does not in the least hold the carof the mother at thought of her baby lost cass in shape. Truss the turkey and roast "What is it, Hero? Are the lambs in the city streets on a winter night like it as you would ordinarily and behold the here?" The dog paused at the root of a this. The wind had gone down with the difference in flavor. You will never stuff falling in big flakes that soon turned dust with pepper and put a good quantity While he stood wondering what he should the fat in the pan for twenty minutes to

her up in his arms, just as he had Baby when served. The fowl may be stuffed as

it best when she takes me up and hugs me oven hot at first. and talls me dood." A sob, and then, "She won't tall me dood now, tause she told me

CHARLES LEAVENS.

Domestic-" The missus was too perticu-" In what way ?" A BOON TO HORSZMEN, -One bottle of English Spavin Liniment completely removed th' foldin' bed w'en I had company." Lady Sophia Cecil, aunt of the Marquis mysterious promptness in the removal from of Exeter, who is now 94, is the last sur-

Rice paper is not made from rice, but from the membranes of the bread-fruit tree

Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and business, a machinery, lodging, if you want

Life is real, life is carnest, And the moments speed away, In a manner far too rapid When we have a note to pay.

and Bladder diseases relief in six hours the an old one before the winter is over." "Great Scuth American Kidney Cure" This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on on account of its exceeding promptness in And when you have 25 Ammonia or 10 relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back, Puritan Soap Wrappers send them to no. kin, one pint of boiled milk, one quarter male or female. It relieves retention of "What does mamma call you?"

"She talls me Pet sometimes, and sometimes Kitten, and anything else you can meg, one teaspoonful of salt, three-fourths is your remedy. Sold by McFarlane & Dicture suitable for framing. A list of this is your remedy. Sold by McFarlane & Dictures around each bar. Ammonia

> Cheap woolen stockings are adulterated ov the addition of the fiber of wood pulb. For Over Fifty Years.

one and one-half cups of milk, one tea- sued by millions of mothers for their children "What does papa call you?"

Why, I's papa's Trismas Doose. I tum two nutmegs, three eggs, one-half pound broken of your rest by a sick child suffering this hair cut."

"Is Jinks times; couldn broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth send his hair cut." Trismas, you see. He tan't cel'brate me of citron and flour enough to make it stiff- and crying with pain of Cutting Teeth sen i now, tan he?" and the baby sobbed again or than cake. Tie up in a cloth or put in at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's in Jack's neck.

Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immedia tely. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no which forms a measure for one dose, an

Too Particular. Employment Agent-" What was the matter with your last place ?"

"She wouldn't let me lock th' baby in

of the Duchess of Richmond, who gave the ball, and darced that night with the Duke of Brunswick, who was killed next day at Quatre Bras. The third page of the Toronto Daily Mail is noted for " Want" advertisement's. English Spavin Liniment removes all' If you want a situation, a mechanic, a

> insertions. Address the Mail, Toronto, A Novelty. Amateur pop-" I've got a new baby at my house.

Veteran pop-" Is that so?"

Amateur pop-" You bet it is."

Veteran pop-" Well, you'll wish it was Save Your Amonia Sonp Wrappers and a three cent stamp for postage, and Soap has no equal. We recommend it. Dinner Sets 85 pieces \$7.00 Write your name plainly and address :

W. A. BRADSHAW & Co., 48 and 50 Lombard St., Toronto. Sold by all general merchants and "Is Jinks a poet?" "No ; just har times ; couldn't raise enough money to hav

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CONS OF SCOTLAND, BEN NEVIS

of every month. Thos. Brown, Com. F DUBLIC SCHOOL. Durham School

Dr. Gon, Chairman. Thos. Allen, Principal.

Monthly Fairs

Harriston-Friday before the Guelph Fair Drayton-Saturday beto-e Guelph. Elora-The day before Guelph. Douglas-Monday before Elora Fair. Hamilton-Crystrl Palace Grounds, th Listowel -- First Friday in each month: Fergus-Thursday following Mount Fores

Crockery and grocery

Crystals &c.