THE ANT MOUNTAIN

STORY FOR CHALDREN FROM THE GERMAN

There was once a most beautiful maiden named Viorica. Her hair was ot a golden hue, her eyes were buse as the heavens, her cheeks like milk, her lips red as cherries, and her slight, graceful form was supple as a reed. All mankind rejoiced when they beheld the beauteous maiden, but not so much on account of her surpassing lovelmess as because of her great industry, and her exceeding skill in weaving and in all kinds of embroidery.

All her linen, her dresses, and even her Sunday stockings she had embroidered with flowers. Her little hands could not rest for a single moment; she worked while walking met he fields and meadows, as well as in the house. All the young men were in love with the beautiful Viorica. She, however, paid no heed to thom: she did not wish to hear of love or marriage; she had no time for that, she said, she must look after her mother.

But the hour at length arrived when her mother.

love or marriage; she had not time for that, sho said, she must look after her mother.

But the hour at length arrived when her mother fell ill, and all Viorica's love was unable to chain her to the earth. The beautiful maiden had to close the beloved eyes, and was left all alone in the little house now so desolate. For the first time in her life, Viorica's little hands lay idle in her lap. How could sho work? She had no longer anyone to work for.

One day, shortly after her sad loss she was sitting on the doorstop looking sorrowfully out into the distance, when her attention was attracted by something long and black that moved rapidly over the ground towards her. She looked with curiosity at the moving mass, and saw it was an end less procession of ants. From whence they came she could not discover, the wandoring host stretched so far. At a short distance from the cottage they halted, and formed an immense circle round about the astonished maiden, Several of them, apparently the leaders of the host, then stepped forward, and said:—

"We know you well, Viorica, and have often marvelled at your industry, which closely resembles our own, a thing we very rarely find among mortals.

"We know also that you are alone

mortals.

"We know also that you are alone in the world, and therefore beg you to come with us and be our queen. We will build you a palace that shall be larger and more beautiful than any house you have ever seen, only first you must promise to remain with us all your life long, and never again return to dwell among men."

"I will will not wearing with you."

return to dwell among men."

"I will willingly remain with you," replied Viorica: "I have nothing to keep me here except my mother's grave; that I must visit from time to time to plant it with fresh flowers."

"You shall certainly visit your mother's grave, but you must speak to no one on your way, otherwise you will be untrue to us, and our vengeance will be terrible."

80 Viries wont away and all the property of the work of the work

So Viorica went away with the ants. They journeyed on for a long time, until at length they reached a place where it seemed suitable to build her a palace. Then she saw how much less skilful she was than the ants. She could never have erected such a building in so short a time. There were galleries one above the other leading to the spacious rooms, s.: ever higher and higher: at the summit of the building were the rooms for the larve, who had to be carried out into the sunshine, and brought in again swiftly should raindrops threaten. The bed chambers were adorned in the most costly manner with the leaves of flowers, which were nailed to the walls with the needle-like leaves of the fit tree; and Vlorica learned to spin cobwebs; these formed the carpets and the coverings for the beds. But though all the rooms in the palace were beautiful, their beauty was as nothing when compared with the apartment destined for Viorica. Many passages lead thither, thus in a few seconds she could receive news from overy part of her kingdom, and these passages the industrious little anta daily strewed with the leaves of the orimsom poppy to form a rich carpet for the feet of their beloved queen. The doors were rose leaves fastened together by a silken thread, so that they might open and shut without noise. The floor of Viorica's chamber was covered with a soft. thick carpet of forget-me nots, into which her rosy feet sank, for she did not need shoes here: they would have spoilt the beautiful carpet. The walls were covered with carnations, inney suckle, and forget-me nots, into which for rosy feet sank, for she did not need shoes here: they would have spoilt the beautiful carpet. The walls were covered with carnations, inney suckle, and forget-me nots, into which her rosy feet sank for she did not need shoes here: they would have spoilt the beautiful carpet. The walls were covered with carnations, inney suckle, and forget-me nots, into the first she former the and the stars would have fallen from Heaven could they have see her. But

In the ante' little kingdom every thing was most perfectly arranged. Each ant strove to do more work than the others, and to be the one who should best please the industrious queen. Her orders were carried out with the rapidity of lightning, for she never required too much at a time or ordered impossible things, while her commands were issued in such soft, tones that they sounded more like suggestions or kindly advice, and one sumny glance from her bright eyes was deemed by all a more than sufficient reward for any amount of toil.

The ants often said they had the The ants often said they had the sunshine continually in their house, and exulted much in their good fortune. To show their gratitude to Viorica they built her a platform, where she could enjoy the fresh air and sunshine should her room feel too small and close. From thence she could see the height of the palace, which already resombled a mighty mountain.

which already resembled a mighty mountain.

One day as she sat in her chamber embroidering the wings of butterflies on her dress, with the silken thread of a caterpillar that the ants had brought her, she heard a noise about her mountain. It sounded like the noise of voices, and the next moment all her subjects were crowding around her alarmed and breathless.

"Our house is being destroyed!" they cried. "Wicked men are knocking it down. Two, three gallerier are already destroyed, and the next is threatened. What shall we do; oh, what shall we do?"

"What nothing more than this?' said Vioriea. "I will stop this immediately, and in two days the galleries will-all be rebuilt."

Saying this, she hastened through the labyrinth of passages and suddenly appeared on her platform. Then she beiled a landsome youth, who, having dismounted from his lores, was busily ergayed destroying the ant mountain, his attendants assisting him with swords and lances. On seeing her they at once stopped their work, while the landsome youth, half blinded by her beauty, shaded his eyes with his hand and gazed in admiration at the slim figure in shimmering garments that stood before him. Viorica's golden hair fell in thick masses around her feet; a soft flush overspread her features, and her eyes gleamed like the stars. She lowered them for a few seconds before the youth's admiring gaze, but at length, raising her lids, she opened her rosy mouth and said, in a musical voice:—

"Yho is it dates lay insolent hands on my kingdom?"

"Pardon, gracious maiden!" cried the astonished youth; "I am a knight and a king's son, but henceforth I will be your most zealous defender! How could I guees that a goddess, a fairy, ruled this kingdom?"

"I thank yon," replied Viorica.
"I require nother service than that of my faithful subjects, and only desire that no human foot should enter my kingdom."

kingdom."

With these words she disappeared suddenly, as though the mount had swallowed her up; those outside did not see how all the ants came crowding round to kies her feet, and then led her back in trumph to her chamber, where she resumed her work as quietly as though nothing had happened. The king's son remained tan ling before the mountain like one lost in a dream; for a whole hour he did not stir nor even think of remounting his horse. He still hoped that the gracious queen would resppear, even were it with reproving look and word, so that he might once more behold her. But he waited in vain. Auts came in endless crowds, all eagerly striving to make good the damage that he in his youthful gaity had caused. These he would willingly had caused. These he would willingly have trodden under foot in his anger and impatience, for although he questioned them it seemed they either did not hear or did not understand his words, but continued their work and ran guite boldly about his feet, as if certain of their safety. At length, in despair, the prince mounted his horse and plunged into the forest, where he rode about all night trying to devise a schueme by which he might win this most beautiful madden for his wife.

Viorica always lay down to rest later than her subjects; she used to look after the larve herself every night, and feel if their little beds wore soft enough; and so, holding a glow-worm on the tip of her finger, she raised one flower curtain after another, and looked tenderly on the young brood. Then, returning to her chamber, she dismissed all the glow-worms and fire-flies which for many hours had lighted her at her work. Only one little glow-worm remained with her whilst she undressed. Usually it was only a moment before she was sum in deep sleep; to night she tossed restleesly from side to sicu, twisted her hair round her finger, as tup and already, pressed by her subjects, been obliged to pass many a hard sentence, and to banish ants from the community on account of forbidden wanderings he hadeven

bleeding heart whilst they were piti-lessly stung to death by the others.

The next morning she was up before any of the ants, and astonished them by building up one of the galleries alone. That she had at the same time looked out into the forest, and also listened a little, she did not oven know herself She had scarcely returned to her chamber, when some

roturned to her chamber, when some ante same running in my great consternation: "The wicked man of yeste day is here again, and as riding round our mountain."

"Leave him alone!" said Viorica, the queen, quite calmly. But the heart of Viorica the gentle maiden beat so loudly she was obliged to draw a deep breath.

After this a noticeable unrest took possession of her; she wandered about much more than formerly, complauned that the larve were too little in the sun, and carried them out herself, but only to bring them in again just as quickly; moreover, sho often contradicted herself when giving her orders. The anta could not tell what had happened to her, and exercted themselves doubly to make everything good and heautiful; they also surprised her with a now and magnificent ourtain, but for many days Viorica did not show herself.

The tramp of horses feet could be heard daily round the mountain, but for many days Viorica did not show herself.

She was now seized with a longing for the society of markind such as she had never before experienced. She thought of her village, her little home, her mother, and her mother's grave that she had never visited.

A few days later she told her subjects that she intended visiting her mother's grave, whereupon the ants, terrified, asked if she were no longor happy with them that she remembered her home.

"Oh, no," said Viorica, "I shall only be away for a few hours. I will be with you again before nightfall." She forbade any of them to accompany her, but a few auts followed her at a distance without her noticing them. Arrived at the village, she found every place so altered that she knew that she must have been away a long time. She began to reckon how long it would have taken the ants to build the great mountain in which she dwot, and she told there if that it must have taken years. Her mother's grave was no longer to be found, it was so overgrown with grass, and Viorica wandered about the church-yard weeping bitterly because this also had goined be a subject to her and she k

"Do you then no longer obey me?"

she asked.

"Ob yes, in all things except this one. You may tread us under your feet as punishment; we are ready and willing to die for the welfare of the community. The honor of or be loved queen must be preserved at all



the stern little creatures silently, and with one accord, departed, and she was left alone in the awest scented chamber. Oh, how poor Viorica wept and lamented, and tore her beautiful hair; then she began with her delicate fingers to tear her way out, but, alsa! all that she tore away was as swiftly rebuilt, and, at length she threw herself on the ground baffled and exhausted. The ants then returned, bringing her the sweetest flowers, nectar, and dewdrops to quench her thirst, but of her complaints they took no notice. Fearing that her lamentations might be heard by the king's son, the ants built the palace ever higher and higher, until at length it became a mountain that towered far above all the mountains around, and it received the name of the Aut Mountain, which name it still retains.

The king's son has long since ceased to wander round the mountain, but the unfortunate maiden has never ceased to weep, and when the stillness of night reigns over the forest, the sound of Viorica's weeping may be heard to this day.

Card of Thanks.

Card of Thanks.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in charge of the House of Providence desire to express their sentiments of gratitude and obligation to all who concurred to make their recent picnic a success. Special thanks are due to the ladies, who by their untiring efforts procured refreehments, and the gentlemen, who by their untiggging ardor so ably worked up the amusements. Appended are the receipts from the different parishes:

The second secon		
Our Lady of Lourdes\$	221	81
Ov. Dasp S	220	00
St. Helen's	90	78
St. Joseph's	80	88
St. Mary's	321	00
St. Michael's	807	40
St. Patrick's	809	81
St. Paul's	444	68
St. Peter's	38	40
Admission and other sources	956	38
Total\$2	.089	99
Expenses	910	ea

Not.....\$2,679 88

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitoment. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necossitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmeleo's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Do not look forward to what may happen to morrow; the same Everlasting Father who cares for you to-day will care for you to-morrow and every day. Either He will shield you from suffering or He will give you unfailing strength to bear it.—St. Francis de Sales.

Steamer Greyhound.

The attention of our readers is drawn to the change of time table of the steamer Greyhound, running to Oakville the "Strawberry Town." A trip in addition to the 10 a.m. is now being made, leaving Youge street wharf, east side, every day at 2.16 p.m.; returning will leave Oakville at 6.15 p.m., arriving in Toronto about 8 o'clock. Ladies and those wishing to avoid the crush on the Saturday atternoon trip should avail themselves of this change in the time table.

A Mean Statement.—She: "How do you think I will look when I am really old?" He: "Much the same as you do now." At first she was pleased; then she got mad, and finally she didn't know exactly how to feel about it."

one. You may tread us under your feet as punishment; we are ready and willing to die for the welfare of the community. The honor of our be loved queen must be preserved at all cost."

Vlorica bent her head, and tears streamed from her eyes. She implored the ants to give her her liberty;

THAT STOUT GERMAN.

[FROM THE STRAND , AGAZINE]

In the City of Brussels a great deal of very pretty lace is exposed for sale. Englishwomen admire this lace and buy it. If they go straight from Belgium to England they can take it home without having to pay any duty; but if they pass through France on the home without having to pay any duty; but if they pass through France on their way from Belgium to England, because they prefer the short passage from Jalais to Dover to the longer one from Ostend.

The Misses Wyle were charming, middle aged ladies, fond of travel, fond of dress, fond of lace, and very bad sailors. They had been excursioning in Germany, had come down the Rhine, and had spent a week in Brussels. More attractive than the Field of Waterloe, and more fascinating than the Musee Wiertz, was the Galerie St. Hubert. Miss Meliesa Wyle could not resist the white Brussels lace; Miss Annora Wylie could not resist the black. Each of the ladies bought lace; led on by the tempter, in the shape of a seductive shopwoman, the Misses Wyle bought lace fichus, lace collarettes, lace by the metre. Day by day they added to their stock.

At length it was necessary to make for England, and to pass through that dreadful France with its protective duties. Then they realized their position; how about the lace.

"We cannot conscientiously say." remarked Miss Meliesa, "that we have rien a declarer, because this lace is dutable."

"And we dare not risk packing it," returned Miss Annora, "because they might take it into their heads to ex-

is dutable."

"And we dare not risk packing it,"

"Evanua on boxes."

"How can we get it through?"

mused the clder sister.

Pecsently Annora exclaimed, "I have it! We will wear it! No duty is paid on what one is wearing."

"Yes, yes," said Melssa, "but how can we wear it? The white will get soiled and the black torn in travelling. Besides, if it looks unnatural, as it would on our dresses and mantles, the officials will be sure to notice it."

"It would not look unnatural on our bonnets," said Annora.

They set to work to decorate their bonnets with the lace. They mingled white and black, fichu and flounce, in the most skilful manner, and though the bonnets looked somewhat over-done, yet they carried the lace, and it was probable that the male eyes of the Gustom House officials would not notice anything abnormal.

The Misses Wyle rejoiced in their cleverness. They sait in the train on their way to France with clear con selences and light hearts. They had rien a declarer, nothing dutiable. In the compartment with them was only one other passenger, a stout man of good-humored aspect; evidently, from his extreme good humor, a middle class German. Now, Germans who under stand English are very sociable with their English fellow-travellers. As this German did not address the Misses Wylie, they felt sure that he did not understand English, and they talked freely to each other.

"I suppose," said Melissa, "that my bonnet looks all right? It does not strike the eyes as being too much trimmed, ch, Annora?"

"Well," said Annora, laughing, "it is too much trimmed for good taste, but then on this occasion you have bad taste. What about mine?"

"Oh, quite artistic; 'a study in black and white,' as the artists say."

The ladies laughed together, full of glee at their coming friumph over the Oustom House officers. The German wore the fatuous grin affected by people who listen to a language which they do not understand.

Volture, sir vosa percental to happy.

But at that moment the official to whom the German had been speaking came up to them and said, in very fair English, "The ladies are fond of

lace?"
Their hearts sank within them.
"Rather," they conceded.
"And to carry it on the bonnet is a very convenient manner of avoiding the duty."

the duty."

They were undone!

"But we are wearing it!" screeched Annora: Melissa panted.

"Mesdames, I admire your ingenuity, but such an amount of new lace cannot be passed, even on your bonsels. Two, three, five metres," he went on, measuring the unlucky lace with his eye, "fichut, flounce, and so forth; so many france, or I confiscate it."

"En voiture, s'il vous plait!" was

The sum demanded by the offleer, added to what they had paid in purchase, world have made the lace the dearest that over was bought. They tore off their bounds, pulled out innumerable pins, set free the fichus, flounces, etc., put them into the offleer's hands, and ran to their seats. Out of breath and out of perket, have were most unhappy. Successful cheating is one thing; but ununcessheating is one thing; but ununcessheating is another, and causes sharp pangs of conscience.

"Too had!" cried Melissa, as the train moved on; "we were entitled to what we wore."

"It was that German," said Annora. "He understood English; heard what we said; he told the official. Oh, a man may grin, and grin, and be a villain!"

They groaned over their misfortune.

official. Oh, a man may gcin, and grin, and be a villain!"

They groaned over their misfortune. The first time the train stopped the villain entered their compartment, still grinning. They glared at him, but he still grinned. They took refuge in silence; he began to speak.

"Ladies," he said, in Londonese English, "I was very sorry to have to incur your displeasure, but I felt that it was my duty to report you at the douane. You had innocently told me all about the lace on your bonness, and for the oredit of our country, for the sake of English honesty, I was constrained to point out your bonnest to that official. Can you forgive me?"

"No," said Annora.

But Melissa thought that, notwithstanding his wicked cruelty, there was something very pleasant in his smile.

"I entreat your forgiveness, ladies;

"I entreat your forgiveness, ladies; more, I humbly ask a favour."

"Sir I" exclaimed Annora.

"Miss Wylie, Miss Annora Wylie"—the presuming wretch had seen their names on their luggage, oven their Ohristian names—"you will confer a favor on me if you will tell me your address."

Aunora reddened, Melissa blushed. Perhaps he was ashamed of the cruel part he had played and and was about to offer an apology; perhaps their brave and gentle endurance of misfortune had touched him; perhaps their charms had so won upon him that he wiew to—their suppositions broke off abruptly.

wished to see more of them, with a view to—their suppositions broke off abrughty.

Annora looked at Melissa, and Melissa looked at Annora. Then the elder sister spoke. "We live at 118, Angelina Gardens, Edwin Square, South Kensington, S. W."

The stranger made a note of the address. Melissa was on the point of asking his narie, when he said, abruptly, "You shall hear from me." Then he discoursed on the country through which they were passing; after which he buried himself in a Figaro and talked no more. At the next stoppaga he said a brusque "Good morning, ladies," and left the compartment, and they saw no more of him.

There was a considerable flutter in

There was a considerable flutter in the breast of Melissa, who was of a romanic turn of mind, and could only imagine one reason why this stranger should want her address. She still believed that he was a German who spoke English remarkably well, and she had seen that he was not a gentleman; she therefore made up her mind to refuse the offer of marriage which, no doubt, he would shortly make.

make.

Arrived at Agelina Gardens, the Misses Wylie were occupied in arranging the household, and a couple of busy days were spent by them. On the third day after their home coming they received, by the same post, a parcel and a letter. Annora opened the carefully-tied and sealed parcel, while Melissa read the letter. Having read it once to herself, she next read it aloud to her sister:

it aloud to her sister:

"MENDAMES—I felt myself under a very great obligation to you the other day at Blandain. I am avery thin man, but I was awathed round with hundreds of y rds fine Brussels lace, and I thought t at the beat way of drawing the attention of the Custom House officers from myself was to draw it to you. It was purely in self defence that I directed the raid on your bonnets. Having been the cause of the loss of your lace, I wish to make you due commensation, and I beg leave to send you some finer lace than that which you draw.

Your Stour Fallow Travaller."

Melisse took mossession of a black

Melissa took possession of a black lace flounce, and Aunors of a dozen yards of white lace and a lace-edged handkerchief, and they quite forgave the stout German for his cruelty and for his stoutness.

LOOK OUT FOR THEM.

Through pedlacs and other itineant dealers, Causda is a present being flooded with bogus "gold-filed" watches. You will be wise, gold-filed" watches. You will be wise, gold-filed "watches. You will be wise, gold-filed" watches. You will be wise, gold-filed "watches. You will be wise, gold-filed watch maker in your for wicinity, gold-filed watch watch case companies in America, have given notice that all "gold-filled" watch cases of their manufacture bear their registered trade-mark for such goods, a winged wheel (thus "Portune," according to style and quality. In addition to one of the following names—"fracture," "Cashier," or "Fortune," according to style and quality. In addition to these stamps, every case is warranted by printed certificate bearing the name of the Company. When you purchase a "gold-filled" watch, be sure and look for "winged wheel," as this reliable Company absolutely refuses to accept responsibility for any gold-filled case not so stamped.