

LIME JUICE

Lime Juice is one of the most wholesome and refreshing summer beverages. We have just opened a cask of very fine

West

India

Lime

Juice

Which we can recommend as strictly first-class. We offer it for sale at the rate of

15 cents a pint or
20 cents a bottle

We have also the Montserrat Lime Juice in
pint bottles

BEER & GOFF

Queen St.,

Ch'town

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd

boats floating on the top of a stagnant pool of water; the life within the eggs is not destroyed even if the water freezes.

If the weather is warm, the eggs hatch in three or four days, and each one sends a wiggler down into the water through a hole in the bottom. The little mite or larvae swims about and ever and anon hangs himself by his tail to the surface, leaving the tip out of the water. The reason it does this is, the tube through which it breathes is not in its head, but at the tip of its tail; this ends in a few hairs, which spread out in a star-like form and are oiled to repel the water.

The larvae mosquito soon changes into the pupa form. It now breathes through its ears, or rather tubes that look like ears, which are thrust a little out of the water; its tail resembles that of a fish, and by it it can move at will through the water. In this stage of its existence it remains about fifteen days, and then another change takes place. The pupa rises to the surface and thrusts out its head and shoulders, and then bursts its skin. The filmy wings now appear, but the insect instinctively remains quiet until they and its slender legs are dry. When they are ready for use it leaps into the air, a singing, full-fledged insect.

Punished and Pardoned

Last night I sent my little son

Unkissed to bed, with angry eyes

And lips that pouted wilful-wise;

This was his mother's punishment—

A gentler woman doth not live,

But yet she tarried to forgive.

The childish fault, the passionate deed,

They must be checked; so in the gloom

He stumbled to his little room;

He was too proud to weep or plead,

I saw his mother's eyes grow dim,

In tender yearning following him.

But in the silence when he slept,

Undried the tears lay on his cheek,

The little face seemed very meek.

How piteously, perchance, he wept

Before he took to slumberland

The grief he could not understand!

Then tenderly his mother smoothed

The fair-tossed hair back from his brow,

And kissed the lips so passive now,

But woke him not, since he was soothed,

And there beside the little bed,

She knelt and prayed a while instead.

Ah! so, dear God, when at the last

We lie with closed and tear-stained eyes,

And lips too dumb for prayers or sighs,

Sorry and punished for the past,

Surely Thou wilt forgive and bless,

Being pitiful for our distress.

—Boston Gazette.