

THEY'RE APT TO TALK THIS WAY.

"That's only blood off my second littlest toe."

"And that?"

"Zis' where I staid off'n the barn."

"And this?"

"Dirt."

He is four years old. His mother was getting him ready for bed. He had blue and black and brown bruises all over him. She bathed him and put on his nightgown. He said his prayers. Then he clambered into the chair opposite her. His expression was one of angustio pensiveness.

"Mamma."

"Yes."

"Will you give me a pencil and paper?"

"What do you want them for?"

This was a leading question. He evaded it.

"How," he asked, "do you spell Omaha?" She told him.

"How do you spell policeman?" She told him that, too.

"How do you spell Ora Green and Elihu Green?" He was answered.

"Can you spell Tommy Benjamin?" She could and did.

He was silent. He propped his pink chin in his pink palm and thought the matter over. Finally he drew a long breath and straightened up.

"I thought if I had a piece of paper an' a pencil, and I knowed how to spell every word, I would write to Omaha for a policeman and 'rest Ora Green and Elihu Green, an' Tommy Benjamin for frowin' stones at me an' sayin' :—

"Gee whizz! Stiggery bat,
Cilas cro-s, caraway rat."

The patient mother insisted on an adjournment. When he was in bed, and his small sister in her cot on the other side of the room, he said :—

"Mamma, are we all made out of dirt?"

"Adam was," she hedged.

"Oh," cried the wee girl, excited, "Jay says God made 'tittle dirls out of dirt an' den he 'pit on dem! Did he," in righteous wrath, "'pit on dem, mamma?"

Evidently the latter possible fact was more galling than that of construction from clay.

"No one knows exactly how God makes anything."

"Can he see in here?" queried Jim.

"Yes."

"If 'twas an iron house, could he?"

"Yes."

"If it was an iron house without any windows?"

"Yes. Now go to sleep."

Piped the little maid: "Does God make cows?"

"Yes. Now hush!"

"How does he make cows, mamma?"

This the mother was deliberating when Jim spoke.

"Cows!" scornfully. "Cows! God don't make cows. God makes calves and they grow into cows! Don't they, mamma?"

"Yes. Do shut your eyes both of you, and go to sleep."

Fifteen minutes past. Surely she was safe. Surely she might steal downstairs. She rose noiselessly and sneaked to the door.

"Mamma," murmured a drowsy voice.

"Well?"

"How—does—he make—the calves?"—*Chicago Tribune.*

BOOK GOSSIP.

A small book published not long since, entitled "Not on Calvary" has been attracting much attention in religious circles. The author makes a strong and forcible plea for a new view of the Redemption, and the book is written especially for those who are in doubt and cannot find a way out. The author's beliefs are that Satan "has the power to enter into the bodies and physical surroundings of men, and that Satan alone is responsible for physical suffering and the pain that results from material disorder; responsible too, for death." He does not believe that pain and sorrow come from God, or that He allows sin to exist "for some wise but obscure purposes." He believes that Satan accomplished the Crucifixion, "which was only the wreaking of vengeance, the last spiteful injury, in the agony of thwarted temptation." How these conclusions are arrived at the curious must find out for themselves. The *New York Evangelist*, in speaking of this work, says:—"It is a treatment of the subject so reverent, so full of love to God, so profoundly impressed with the solemn importance of the question, that it deserves a careful reading."

The *Season* for August is out in new cover and as usual contains invaluable information for the fair ones. The colored plates are illustrative of new and becomingly fashioned summer dresses. The novelty department gives many timely hints as to the formation of the thousand and one "trifles" that are necessary to the wardrobe of a well dressed woman. An article on summer fancy work is interesting, and the suggestions as to dressing the little folks timely. In short the August number of the *Season* fully sustains the reputation it has gained of being one of the best fashion magazines published, never failing to give its readers satisfactory information and new ideas. The price is only 30 cents per number, and may be obtained from the publishers, 83 and 85 Duane Street, New York, or from the Toronto News Co., Toronto, Ont.

Worthington & Co., 747 Broadway, New York, announces for immediate publication as No. 28 in their International Library, "The Hircas," by Henri Greville, translated by Emma C. Hewitt and Julien Colmar, illustrated with photogravures, 1 vol., 12 mo., paper 75 cents, 1/2 Rox, \$1.25.

Unquestionably one of the liveliest of recent French novels from the pen of Henri Greville, one of the foremost writers of the century. The book possesses the remarkable qualities of purity, originality, imagination and knowledge of mankind, and while it is a delightful bit of fiction, it charms also by its style, for it is written with that surprising facility and freshness of expression which has made Greville's name a household word among cultivated readers. The character of the heroine, Marceline Lemaire, the daughter of a naval officer, is particularly attractive. They will also publish as No. 2 in their Fair Library, "The Island of Destiny," by Ossip Schubin, translated by Mary A. Robinson. 1 vol., 12 mo., paper. A really captivating novel, light and dainty in touch, told with the same quaint humor, tenderness and skill that has made her "Abein" and other stories so universally popular. It is a keen and truthful analysis of modern Roman society, and abounds in brilliant scenes in which breadth and vigor of treatment are harmoniously blended with exquisite delicacy of detail.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES.

THE D. W. KARN PIANO AND ORGAN FACTORY.—Any notice of Woodstock, Ontario, that omitted this big establishment would be fatally incomplete, for it is doubtful if any Canadian industry has done more to disseminate a knowledge of our capabilities than this. The organ factory was established in 1865. It has a frontage of 400 feet and a depth of forty, four storeys high, and its equipment is simply perfect to the minutest detail. The piano factory is 165 x 60 feet, five storeys in height. It was gutted by fire on the 29th of March last, but already it has been rebuilt, and every department is in full blast. The former has a capacity of 25 organs per day, or nearly 7 500 per year, and the piano department five a day. There are branch warehouses and warehouses in London, Eng., and warehouses in Liverpool for distributing in the United Kingdom. These are controlled directly by the company and 400 music dealers are among their customers. Branch warehouses and warehouses at Hamburg serve the continent and large agencies at St. Petersburg and Odessa, Milan and Zurich go to show how worldwide is the reputation of the Karn instruments. To confirm this it may be added that Dr. Staner, in his report on the Colonial and Indian Exhibition, says: "I consider that Karn organ highly meritorious; the tone refined and delicate and the mechanism uniformly good." And when Dr. Emil Bohn, Paul Homeyer, Dr. Paul Simon, Prof. Tottmann, Max Oesten and other giants of the musical world endorse these sentiments (and they have voluntarily) nothing that we could add would strengthen the verdict of approval. Some conception of the magnitude of the operations centred in Woodstock can be obtained by the simple fact that fully 700 mouths are fed in the old country and 600 more in Canada by reason of the employment given. The trade in Canada demands a special paragraph. During the two years the piano factory has been in operation not a single instrument has been returned. Fully 150 have gone into the best families of Toronto. In Montreal the company occupy palatial warehouses under a long lease, and the demand is equally great in the Maritime Provinces. At the recent Jamaica Exhibition a gold medal was awarded the Karn Company but lack of space forbids further remarks in this direction.—*Toronto Globe.*

There are some patent medicines that are more marvellous than a dozen doctors' prescriptions, but they're not those that profess to cure everything.

Everybody, now and then, feels "run down," "played out." They've the will, but no power to generate vitality. They're not sick enough to call a doctor, but just too sick to be well. That's where the right kind of a patent medicine comes in, and does for a dollar what the doctor wouldn't do for less than five or ten. We put in our claim for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

We claim it to be an unequalled remedy to purify the blood and invigorate the liver. We claim it to be lasting in its effects, creating an appetite, purifying the blood, and preventing Bilious, Typhoid and Malarial fevers if taken in time. The time to take it is when you first feel the signs of a *run-down* and *weakness*. The time to take it, on general principles, is NOW.



Mr. Joseph Hemmerich

An old soldier, came out of the War greatly emaciated by Typhoid Fever, and after being in various hospitals the doctors discharged him as incurable with Consumption. He has been in poor health since, until he began to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Immediately his cough grew looser, night sweats ceased, and he regained good general health. He cordially recommends Hood's Sarsaparilla, especially to comrades in the G. A. R.

Hood's PILLS cure habitual Constipation by restoring peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

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