

The Poet's Corner.

Respectfully inquired to the composer of the verses "Dust, Martyr"
What queer advice to give the girls.
Tis past my comprehension
But doubtless your poetic mind
Has caused such dire dissension.

Prison Poetry.
An inspector of prisons, entering a prison cell, found the following lines written on the slate belonging to a prisoner undergoing sentence of penal servitude for the second time:
I cannot take my walks abroad—
I'm under lock and key:
And much the public I applaud
For all their care of me.

Thousands there are who scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head;
But I've a warm and well-strewn cell,
A bath, good books, good bed.

Fun and Fancy.
The distinguished French journalist, Emil de Girardin, coming out of his house the other morning saw his servant getting soap, brush and water to efface: "Emile de Girardin is a thief!"

About exhaust the panel.—Detroit Free Press.
Then perhaps you never heard that:
There was once a miser who lived by a geyser and fast rolling Isar, and married Elizer, and tried to advise her that no early riser would ever despise her, but highly would prize her, if early she hies her to kitchen and fries her old man's appetizer in the shape of a good breakfast before he gets up in the morning.

How He Wanted It.—There was a little shooting scrape at a little town in the interior of Texas not long ago, and it was not long before a Galveston News reporter was on the spot interviewing one of the principals. "So you are going to write it up," said the survivor. "Yes, I want all the facts." "I don't care a cent what you say about the shooting, but I have one little favor to ask." The reporter said he would grant it cheerfully if he could. "Well," said the shooter, "I want you to put down that my grandfather was one of Lafayette's pirates, and the worst cutthroat of the gang. The reporter stared a little, but the shooter went on to say: "Please put in that one of my uncles was hung by the vigilance committee in San Francisco, and two more are making shoes in the Illinois penitentiary; that another one of them is practicing law in New York, and my only sister ran away with the clown of a circus; that as far as you can learn there is not a member of the family that has not done something disgraceful." "Why, what do you want all that in the paper for?" "Because I am sick of reading in the papers that every fellow who has a little shooting scrape belongs to one of the most respectable families in the country. Just put it down, for once, that one of the parties of the unfortunate affair belongs to a highly disreputable family. If you don't put it that way you wish you had

Educational.

SLANG AND BAD GRAMMAR.

The number of persons who habitually use language free from slang and bad grammar is very small. And the reason of this is easy to see. Those who have never studied grammar of course make havoc of their mother-tongue continually, and very many of those who have studied it have studied it as a theory, because it's the proper thing to study grammar and not because they wished to "speak and write the English language with propriety." Many of those who understand grammar, and know theoretically how to use the moods and tenses, and verbs and adjectives, numbers and cases, are so fettered by habits of incorrect speaking and by the usage of those about them that it is next to impossible for them to root out errors from their speech. We know a teacher of considerable distinction who invariably says, "I done it," "They done it."

It is not unusual to hear people who are what are called good Greek and Latin and French and German scholars use very bad English, and use it too with a manner as though they said, "We know well enough how talk, or we might know if we took the least pains, but you see we've been busy with other studies and haven't had time to bring up our English." A silly excuse this, certainly.

Then as to slang. What a vast amount of it is in use! It is the common spice in the talk of those who decline to use profane expressions, as common as cinnamon or nutmeg in apple pie. We hear it on the street, in the drawing-room, and sometimes in the pulpit. With slang a great deal of dialect talk has become mixed in our common speech. There is no valid objection to dialect talk if we don't have too much of it. We know a teacher whose whole stock of wit was invested in the use of funny negro talk, and she carried it so far that she used it unconsciously on all occasions, and infected the family of the principal of the school in which she was teaching to such an extent that they insensibly fell into the same habit. Surely there is no beauty in this that one should desire it. But is one to indulge in pleasantries of this sort? Not to such an extent as will dull their appreciation of clear, correct, plain English. It is a reproach to us that the purest English is spoken by educated foreigners. It may be that even they speak as much slang and bad grammar in their own tongue as we do in ours, but it is pleasant to hear from their lips the unadulterated, well composed English that "sound like a book."

Many persons haven't the courage to speak correctly when those around them speak incorrectly. It seems like affectation of superiority. As well might one refuse to keep clean in the midst of dirty people, to keep pure amid vicious surroundings, to keep honest among thieves. The principle is the same. When we set out to attain excellence in any one branch we must of necessity disregard all unreasonable adverse criticism. If my friend laughs at me for being a purist in speech, he is welcome to the laugh. I have the best of it in the speech. Any one who really undertakes to weed out doubtful and bad and slang and ungrammatical expressions from his language can find help at small expense and with little trouble. All our common text books on grammar contain the ordinary solecisms in use with their corrections. A little book entitled "Practical Lessons in English," by Hill, will be found very useful in this respect. Then when one reads, careful observations of the constructions used, and the words selected to convey the writer's thought, will be found helpful. Most efficient of all aids is a kind and judicious friend to rebuke errors and aid in their correction.

Teachers by the ten thousand are now superintending the education of pupils. All that those pupils will ostensibly carry from their school will be crystallized in their speech. A good teacher is a power in the family of every child he teaches. Through the child he will, insensibly perhaps, but none the less surely, reach the parents and influence them to a greater or less degree. It seems a very hopeless and up-hill task to attempt the reform of an entire neighborhood in habits of speech, but the teacher who can establish habitually correct speech in his pupils will inaugurate such a reformation. He may be looked upon by some invidious souls as an innovator, but that should not deter him in his work. The generation to come will appreciate it and be benefited by it.

Writing compositions, writing for the press, writing letters, all these may be used as correctives of one's errors and mistakes of various kinds. What escapes the eye in manuscript is often glaringly conspicuous in print. For this reason there is no better discipline for a boy or girl than type-setting. The type-setter learns spelling, grammar, punctuation, capitalization, expression, all in one lesson, especially if an expert in these things looks over the "proof" and marks the errors.

Fine language, like fine manners, eludes to the educated and refined as closely as his skin and can no more easily be laid aside. It may be covered for a time for a purpose, but it is never laid aside.

All the fairs give the first premiums and special awards of great merit to Hop Bitters as the purest and best family medicine, and we most heartily approve of the awards for we know they deserve them. They are now on exhibition at the State Fair, and we advise all to test them. See another column.

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READ WHAT THE INVENTOR, MR. FELLOWS, HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES.

In the summer of 1864, I was suddenly effected by a copious expectoration of mucopurulent matter. I had been declining in health for some months, and, being exceedingly nervous, the symptoms caused alarm. As my business was that of a dispensing chemist, the shop was constantly visited by medical men, all of whom tendered their advice. During 1864 and 1865 my chest was examined by ten first class physicians, some of whom pronounced the case Bronchitis; some, not wishing to cause alarm, or unwilling to venture an opinion, gave no decision; some stated unequivocally that I had Tubercular Disease of the Lungs, and located the trouble where the pains were felt. By professional advice, I used, in turn, horse-back exercise, country life, eggs and ale in the morning, tonics, Bourbon whiskey, cod-liver-oil, electricity, tar, and various inhalants, but the trouble increased. Expectoration became more profuse and offensive. Night-sweats set in. Cold chills, diarrhoea, dyspepsia, cough, blood-streaked expectorations, loss of sleep, loss of appetite, loss of memory, loss of ambition, accompanied by general prostration, showed themselves. Under the microscope the blood was found to contain but a small portion of vitalized corpuscles; the heart's action was feeble; the pulse intermittent; the stomach could not digest properly, so that flatulency and acidity was the result. Finding the symptoms indicated Consumption, I determined to use every effort to stay its progress, and, if possible, to cure it. I selected the most powerful tonics and moderators, and combined them with the vital constituents of the human body. For months I endeavored to amalgamate them before my efforts were crowned with success. I cannot speak too plainly or too strongly of the effects produced, and the benefits I received from the composition.

At first my appetite increased; the expectoration became easy, digestion better; the faces became more copious and less frequent; cold chills ceased; night-sweats lessened; I gained in weight; the hacking cough left me; refreshing sleep returned; my spirits became buoyant, the mind active and vigorous. I continued taking the Syrup month after month; but owing to the damp, foggy climate of St. John, my recovery was necessarily slow, although I could observe a gradual return of strength for three years, during which time I continued taking the remedy. My present weight is one hundred and eighty-eight, being thirty-eight above my usual. I have no symptoms left denoting disease. The only notable sign during twelve months was the expectoration. Now that has stopped, and I consider myself well. The reader may ask, How do you know your difficulty to have proceeded from ulcerated tubercular lung? I answer, In the most certain of all modes for ascertaining. In March last I coughed from the right lung a piece of PHOSPHATE OF LIME, the size of a pea, which could have come from no other place, and which the highest authority in Lung Diseases (Laennec) states is the result of tubercle, which has descended. Added to this, I had the leaden-colored, purulent, blood-streaked expectoration, and the opinion of one of the best diagnosticians in the country. I believe I have experienced all the symptoms incident to the two first stages of Consumption, and have successfully combated them, so that I do not despair of any case, for there is left sufficient lung-tissue to build upon. I can only add that the more judiciously consideration of increased sales would never induce me to publish this report, but a sincere sympathy for the poor Consumptive, with whom I identify myself, is villany to trifle.

Respectfully,
JAMES H. FELLOWS,
Inventor of Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites.
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When Fellows' Compound Syrup of Hypophosphites is required, ask for "FELLOWS' COMPOUND SYRUP," and be sure no imitation is foisted or older article thrust upon you. SEND FOR A PAMPHLET. PERRY DAVIS & SON & LAWRENCE, Agents for the Dominion of Canada, MONTREAL.

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