

ITS WORK IN STRATHROY.

It often happens that the opinion of an experienced man, an expert, if we so call him, conveys greater force than an aggregation of outside, uneducated testimony. And then, too, personal experience or observation is so much more convincing than mere assertion. Trained to habits of analysis and keenest accuracy, and from the very nature of their daily occupation, given to the most incisive criticism of anything of a proprietary nature, chemists, as a class, hesitate very long before indorsing anything of a remedial nature whose virtues have been announced through the public press. St. Jacobs Oil, however, is so universally successful and so unvaryingly accomplishes all its promises that the able chemist, W. J. Dyas, Esq., of Medical Hall, Strathroy, Ont., sends, with his friendly recommendation, the following from David Harrison, Esq., 9th Conc., Township of Caradoc:—Having suffered with inflammatory rheumatism since last July, and hearing of St. Jacobs Oil, I sent for a bottle of the article on the 15th of October. At that time I was confined to the house, and could not possibly get out of bed without assistance. After four applications of the Oil the pain ceased entirely, and I was able to go about Strathroy in less than a week. I cannot give too much praise to St. Jacobs Oil for what it has done for me, and I believe it to be a most reliable remedy in rheumatism. Its wonderful efficacy should be brought to the knowledge of everybody.

Children's Department.

BABY-LAND.

- "How many miles to baby-land?"
 "Any one can tell;
 Up one flight,
 To your right;
 Please to ring the bell."
- "What can you see in baby-land?"
 "Little folks in white—
 Downy heads,
 Cradle beds,
 Faces pure and bright."
- "What do they do in baby-land?"
 "Dream, and wake, and play;
 Laugh and crow,
 Shout and grow;
 Jolly times have they!"
- "What do they say in baby-land?"
 "Why, the oddest things!
 Might as well
 Try to tell
 What a birdie sings!"
- "Who is the queen of baby-land?"
 "Mother, kind and sweet:
 And her love,
 Born above,
 Guides the little feet."

No HESITATION.—Robert Gilmour, of Cleveland, Ohio, has used the Great German Remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, and endorses it highly. He writes about it as follows:—I am pleased to say that the use of St. Jacobs Oil has benefitted me greatly, and I have no hesitation to recommend it to all as an excellent curative.

DON'T—PRAY DON'T

Don't tell the little one, who may be slightly wilful, that "the little black man will come out of the cellar and carry it off if it does not mind." Don't create a needless fear to go with the child through all the stages of its existence.

Don't tell the little five-year-old Jimmy "the school ma'am will cut off his ears"—"pull out his teeth"—"tie him up"—or any of those horrible stories

that are commonly presented to the childish imagination. Think you the little one believe anything that you tell him, after he becomes acquainted with the gentle teacher who has not the least idea of putting those horrible threats into execution?

Don't tell the children they must not drink tea because it will make them black, while you continue the use of it daily. Your example is more to them than precept; and while your face is as fair as a June morning, they will scarcely credit the oft-told tale. Either give up the pleasant beverage, or give your children a better reason for its non-use.

Don't tell them they must not eat sugar or sweetmeats, because it will rot their teeth. Pure sugar does not cause the teeth to decay; and sugar with fruit is nutritious and healthy, notwithstanding the "old saw" to the contrary. The case of city children is often cited, the cause of their pale faces and slight constitutions being declared to be an over amount of sweetmeats with their diet, when the actual cause is want of pure air and proper exercise.

Don't tell the sick one that the medicine is not bad to take, when you can hardly keep your own stomach from turning "inside out" at the smell of it. Better by far tell him the simple truth, that it is disagreeable, but necessary for his health, and you desire him to take it at once. Ten to one he will swallow it with half the trouble of coaxing and worry of words, and love you better for your firm and decided manner.

Don't teach the children by example to tell white lies to each other and to their neighbours. Guard your lips, and bridle your tongue if you desire to have the coming generation truthful. Truthfulness is one of the foundation stones of heaven. Remember the old, old Book says "no liar" shall enter into the gates of the beautiful city. There is no distinction between white lies and those of a darker hue. A falsehood is an untruth, whether the matter be great or small.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

It is hard to see a little child in pain; it is strange to see one die. Who has not wondered that those who have never known sin should thus feel the curse of sin? Who has not asked why it can be that so many should be born as if only to pass away, and leave those who love them mourning? It is well for the lambs, we know, to be taken home thus early to the good safe fold, where no harm can come, where angels watch over them, and teach them the love of God, and tell them of those whom God taught to love them on earth, whom they may meet one day. But why, we ask, should they stay, as they often do, just long enough to grow very dear to their parents, and then be taken? There seems a plain answer. Are they not sent as messengers to fasten love on them, and then to rise to a better world, drawing hearts and thoughts after them. This seems sometimes to be the great, the only end for which they are born. They are made treasures to those whom God would wean from earth and lead towards Him. Then they are placed with God that they may be a new strong attraction; holding still, where they are, the love of hearts that God bound to them while they were here. To many a mother the thought of her child whom God has called, is a strong gentle power. She is careful to live with that home in view where she knows she may find her child. She is careful to train those who are left with her, so that the family that has been broken on earth may be united above.

FEEL, feel the pulse of your own conscience; tell me if it do not beat disorderly.

THOUGHTS come into our minds by avenues which we never left open, and thoughts go out of our minds by avenues we never voluntarily opened.

Marriage.

FENNELL-JACKSON. On the 30th of November, at the church of St. John the Evangelist, Burlington, by the Rev. J. W. Beaumont, D.D., Incumbent, the Rev. Joseph Fennell, Incumbent of Grantham, Homer, and Merriton, to Elizabeth Charlotte, youngest daughter of the late Wm. Jackson, Esq., of Stratford, and sister of Mrs. John Fennell, of Berlin, Ont.

PRODUCE MARKET.

TORONTO, December 6, 1881.

	\$ c.	\$ c.
Wheat, Fall, bush.	1 25	1 27
Do. Spring	1 30	1 34
Barley	76	88
Oats	43	45
Peas	78	83
Rye	87	88
Flour, bri.	5 50	5 60
Beef, hind quarters	5 00	6 50
Do. fore quarters	4 00	5 00
Mutton	6 00	7 50
Lamb	7 00	7 50
Venison, haunch's.	10 00	12 00
Carrots	6 00	7 50
Hogs, 100 lb.	7 50	8 00
Potatoes, new bag	80	0 90
Carrots bag	40	45
Beets bag	60	70
Turnips	35	40
Onions, bag	1 15	1 25
Cabbage doz.	60	1 00
Beans	2 25	2 50
Parsnips bag	80	90
Parsley, doz.	15	20
Cauliflower, doz.	60	1 00
Apples, barrel	1 25	2 50
Chickens, pair	40	50
Fowls, pair	40	50
Ducks, brace	45	60
Partridge brace	50	60
Geese	0 50	0 75
Turkeys	0 75	1 25
Butter, lb rolls	22	25
Do. dairy	16	18
Eggs, fresh	25	28
Wool, 1 lb	00	24
Hay, 1 ton	9 00	14 50
Straw, 1 ton	10 00	12 50

Nervous debility is a result of indiscretion in living. Heed nature's unerring laws and take Burdock Blood Bitters, the Great System Renovator and Blood, Liver, and Kidney regulator and tonic. Sample bottles 10 cents.

SUNDAY SCHOOL

LESSON

LEAFLETS.

BASED UPON THE

Church of England Sunday School Institute Lesson Notes.

PREPARED BY THE

Sunday School Committee, and sanctioned by the Synod of the Diocese of Toronto.

WILL BE PUBLISHED FOR EACH

SUNDAY IN THE YEAR, commencing with Advent; and will be mailed to subscribers (post paid) four weeks together, in advance.

Orders to be sent to

Rowsell & Hutchison,

King-street East, TORONTO.

Accompanied by remittance at the rate of

\$7.00 per 100 copies for a year.

The Scripture and Collect Lessons this year will be taken respectively from Stock's *Life of Our Lord*, and Kyle's *Notes on the Collects*. These two books may be had at ROWSELL AND HUTCHISON'S, price 53 cents each.

HOPE MUST NOT DIE.

SANG a sweet child among the flowers
 With merry voice,
 "The spring is in the sunny hours,
 Rejoice, rejoice!"
 And all the birds took up the strain,
 And the strong breeze
 Made music to the glad refrain
 Among the trees,
 And everywhere a smile flashed forth
 For life was gay
 And east and west, and north and south,
 Its holiday
 Brought pleasure unto blithe young
 hearts,
 And the light song
 Was carolled as in many parts,
 And so was long.

But every song must have an end!
 Alas! too soon
 Did that bright, sunny morning blend
 With afternoon;
 The child grew older, and less fair,
 His heart was sad,
 And bowed with sorrow and with care
 Could not be glad.
 And then the singer tried to sing
 Another song.
 "The days that darker shades must
 bring
 Will not be long,
 We bear the grief a little while,
 Trust on and wait;
 The frown will change into a smile
 Ere life be late."

At last the gloaming threw its shroud
 O'er all bright things!
 No sooner rose upward clear and loud,
 Birds spread their wings;
 A change had fallen on the earth,
 The night was cold,
 The singer had forgot the mirth,
 The child was old:
 And yet the voice was heard again
 "While hope is left
 The heart faints not in grief and pain
 Of all bereft.
 There are faint visions yet for me
 In the grey sky;
 I shall have joys I do not see—
 Hope will not die."

Fairer than earthly mornings are
 Came one to him;
 It seemed he saw a shining star
 As life grew dim;
 But 't was the herald of that light
 That fades no more:
 As one who leaves the fearful night
 Without the door,
 He rose into the radiance clear,
 And found at last
 The joy that he had longed for near,
 And sorrow past.
 But as he cast his burden down
 With restful sigh,
 Still cried he, looking for a crown,
 "Hope must not die."

IDLENESS—A more degraded sin than that of idleness cannot be imagined. And when it attacks wives and mothers, who can calculate its destructiveness? An idle woman spends money as if it were something that men went out picnicking for for pleasure, and gathered from well-laden bushes, when in reality the means for providing food and shelter for a family often demands serious privations and hardships.

"ON THE HIP."

THIS rather inelegant expression, used popularly to indicate that condition of things in which one person holds another securely by some circumstance, word or act, finds literal exemplification in the following narrative by Mr. John Rourke, of Ottawa, Canada. Mr. Rourke says: I have been subject to hip disease for 8 or 9 years, and have tried all kinds of remedies, but found nothing to give me any relief until a friend advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I tried it, and after using 1½ bottles I am entirely relieved of pain, and have not been troubled since, now nearly six months. This is what people would call getting hip disease "on the hip."