

## YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

A Girl of Seventy Years Ago.

I wonder, says a writer in Harper's Young People, what the children of the present generation would say if they could see a school room of seventy years ago, in which the souvenirs of a child life are still carefully preserved? It is in a New England town, not far from Boston, and is pathetic—and perhaps a bit painful—in the suggestions it affords of the discipline and overwork of that period. The little girl who spent so many of her childhood's days there was an old lady when I knew her, white-haired, venerable and charming, with great-grandchildren eager to hear her stories of "old times," and the articles of furniture of her school room were like pictures thrown on a screen to illustrate a lecturer's story. Did it seem possible that baby hands of five years old had worked that careful sampler which hung above the mantel? But yes, indeed, old Madame D— told how at four she began at her mother's knee to sew her "stint"—first patching and darning, and cross-stitching on canvas; then came the alphabet in colors on the sampler, and curious designs not recognizable, I must say, until deciphered by our old friend, for an object meant to be a dog resembled some of Jimmy Brown's efforts far more than a canine creature, and a peculiarly green affair was a tree worthy only of a dream; but the workmanship was admirable—indeed marvellous from tiny fingers—while the "copy" written at the same age was equally surprising. This little maiden shared none of the luxuries of life for which her father's house was noted until at 10 or 12 years of age she was considered somewhat emancipated from school room restraint.

She slept and was dressed in a fireless room. Her breakfast was never anything but bread and milk. She sat at her needlework, primer, copybook or ciphering with "some one of the globes," until noon, when her simple dinner—meat and one vegetable and a light pudding—was served, after which came "an hour of spiritual reading and instruction" at her mother's side in the "black walnut parlor," a room in which her grandchildren passed many a happy hour. Then the daily "exercise"—a prim walk—after which more needlework, more bread and milk, and a quiet half-hour of "mother's" talk. On rare occasions, such, for instance, as Thanksgiving and the Fourth of July (Christmas was rarely celebrated), little miss was allowed to participate mildly in the family festivities; but under no circumstance was her small voice to be heard unless she was spoken to. Such a thing as a child leading a conversation among her elders would not have been dreamed of, and at the bountifully spread table she took what was put before her only, not what she demanded. Sunday was a day strictly devoted to devotional exercises, or quiet sitting in the walnut parlor, either with a "good book" or listening to some pious discourse; and if at the third church service of the long day the baby head nodded, and thoughts of Monday morning ran rife in the weary little brain, who can wonder?

By and by came the period when she must be instructed in the accomplishments of a young lady of the day. She had her spinet to practise little melodies upon. Her dancing master came twice a week. She learned deportment, as the manners of polite society were called. A French teacher taught her daily, and she began to learn fine sewing and fine cookery—for the domestic arts were considered part of every girl's education. The mysteries of her mother's "still room" were unfolded. There she preserved fruit, made cordials, currant wine and blackberry brandy, and assisted in preparing and arranging all kinds of herbs, even some medical decoctions.

Still the decorum of manner was kept up, and the deference to elders, and in company a primness of deportment was preserved between the young folks who danced in the presence of their elders, and had no stronger beverage at the well-laden supper table than lemon cordial, or on cold winter nights a little hot wine and water. At 16 a girl was supposed to have become proficient in school and drawing room accomplishments; to have "made up" a quantity of house linen for her future home; to be able to conduct a conversation in company or at home, as well as to write and respond to letters from relatives and friends, the latter being, I must say, specimens of what we see in the "Complete Letter

Writer" of the day. Formal, still, perhaps, as a girl's life might have been in these days, it yet had the exquisite charm of preserving simplicity of thought, reverence, for one's parents or guardians, and a courtesy without which no life, young or old, can be gracious or self-respecting.

## Unpleasant Experience in the Jungle.

Here's the story of an adventure in the wilds of India that will specially interest the boys. It tells how a hunter found a king at home. We were breaking a camp about nine o'clock in the morning, having waited for a fog to be dispersed by the sun, when a serpent concealed in the grass struck at my horse's nose and sent him off in a great fright. I ran after him down the trail and over the nullah, or creek. On the other side of the creek the forest was thick and the ground very hard. I presently came to a spot where the trail branched. The left hand one led around a hill of considerable size, while the other continued to ascend. I could find no hoof marks to guide me, and after a moment's wait took the right hand trail.

It was fifteen minutes before I reached the crest of the hill. The trail made a sharp turn there to the left. It had to do on account of a great mass of rock blocking the way. Bushes were growing upon the rocks and shading the earth, and the instant my eyes lighted on the spot I stopped dead still. That was a capital bait for a tiger! The thought had scarcely flashed across my mind when the wind brought me a sickening odor. I had scented that odor twice before, and my heart gave a thump as if it would escape. I was there without even a knife. I had probably been standing there two minutes, seeing nothing, but stupefied, as it were, with peril, when a full-grown male tiger suddenly emerged from a den in the rocks. He was a big one and a beauty. As he reached the path he was not over eight feet from me, and fair in the light. He stood looking at me for half a minute, and then sat up like a dog.

I had made an early morning call on a king! The king was at home to receive me. I could see and hear and reason, but if I had had an offer of all the gold in the world I could not have lifted a foot off the ground. My hands were hanging down beside me, and I remember that the fingers felt as one's toes do when the foot is asleep.

Sniff! Sniff! Growl! It was not a menacing growl, but rather one of inquiry. The king was no doubt surprised, but he was not angry. He had devoured half a bullock after midnight and could not be hungry for more meat. I did not look him in the eye. To have done that would have been to provoke him. I looked aside, but could yet detect his every movement.

More sniffing, and snuffing, and then he lay down to watch me. For a long minute he sized me up and then began purring like a cat. Pretty soon he rubbed his shoulder against a rock, and it felt so good that he turned over with two or three low growls. I said to myself that it was possible he would go away, and yet there was fear that his curiosity would bring him down to me. If he came I would shut my eyes and try to remain quiet, but the thought of a tiger snuffing away at my hands and feet made me feel as cold as ice.

Sniff! Sniff! Growl! He couldn't make me out. There was no resemblance to any animal of the forest, and no man had ever walked into his presence before. He began purring and rubbing again, stretched and yawned, and finally stood in an attitude of listening and looked up the path. After an interval of fifteen seconds he turned and stared at me and pointed his ears forward. That was the critical instant. If I had been forced to sneeze or cough—if I had raised an arm or foot—he would have been upon me like a flash. I looked past him and did not even wink. He held me for ten or fifteen seconds and then walked up the path and out of sight without looking back. He was going to the nullah to slake his thirst. I counted three hundred after he was out of sight and then trotted away.

"Great heavens, what has happened?" demanded my companions, as I reached camp and dropped down in a heap.

"Nothing, except that I have been calling on a king!"

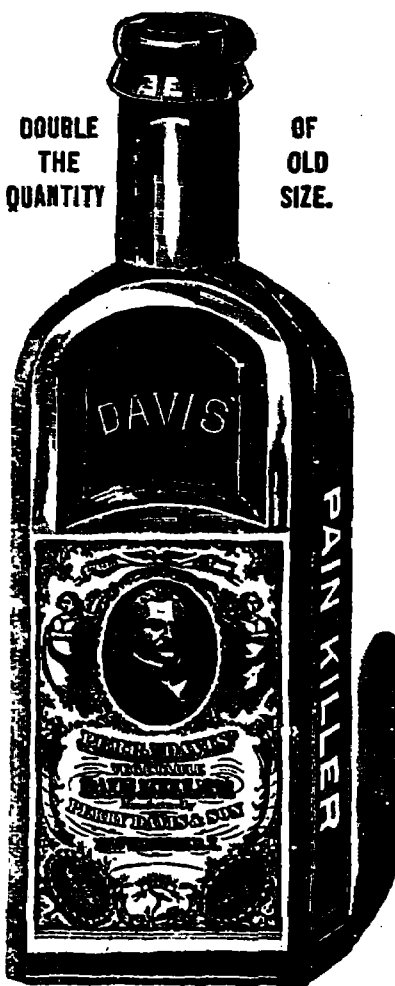
On the way to the nullah the tiger encountered my horse, and whether angry or not he killed the beast with one stroke of his terrible paw and left the body lying where it fell.

## JUST OUT!

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## DOMESTIC READING.

Be gentle and kind with everyone and severe with yourself.

No path leads a soul sooner to the summit of perfection than obedience.

Is death the last sleep? No; it is the last, final awakening.—Sir Walter Scott.

One life, one little gleam of time between two eternities, no second chance for us for evermore!

The least pain endured in purgatory surpasses all the sufferings of this life.—St. Thomas.

He who runs away from one cross will meet a bigger one on the road.—St. Philip Neri.

If we courageously face suffering, difficulties vanish and even pain becomes delightful.

God loves the poor, therefore he loves those who have an affection for the poor.—St. Vincent de Paul.

God loves those souls whom he is forced to exclude from his presence. It rests with us to shorten the period of their expatriation by our prayers.

## HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

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These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully yet soothingly on the TOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEY, and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never-failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

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Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

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and every kind of SKIN AFFECTION, it has never been known to fail.

The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 538 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all vendors of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

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Purchasers should look to the Label the Pots and Boxes. If the address is not Oxford Street, London, they are spurious.

## THE MOUNT-ROYAL LOTTERY.

Heretofore the Province of Quebec Lottery. (Authorized by the Legislature.)

BIG PRIZES PAID BY THE LOTTERY.

DATES.	NAMES.	ADDRESSES.	AMOUNTS.
1890			
18 August.....	D. A. Layton.....	Folly Village, N. B.....	\$ 5,000 00
12 September.....	John Gault.....	Montreal.....	1,250 00
8 October.....	J. Harris & Son.....	".....	250 00
12 November.....	Leon Trudeau.....	".....	250 00
10 December.....	J. P. McGill.....	Ottawa.....	250 00
13.....	Dame Leon Gareau.....	".....	1,250 00
1891			
16 January.....	E. Lusher.....	Montreal.....	500 00
14 February.....	Hon. A. Turcotte.....	".....	1,250 00
11 March.....	L. A. Claffy.....	Penetanguishene, Ont.....	250 00
13 May.....	A. D. Cameron.....	Lancaster.....	250 00
13.....	Anonymous.....	Montreal.....	5,000 00
15 July.....	Wm. Boag.....	Weedon, P. Q.....	15,000 00
5 August.....	Justilien Benoit.....	Montreal.....	250 00
19.....	Alfred Myette.....	Carleton Place, Ont.....	15,000 00
16.....	N. D. McCallum.....	Montreal.....	500 00
21.....	N. J. McCallum.....	".....	250 00
16 September.....	Bank of Montreal.....	".....	5,000 00
18.....	Simon Lesage.....	".....	500 00
25.....	Ludwig Yurs.....	Allan Park, Ont.....	500 00
7 October.....	Nicholas Kearney.....	Montreal.....	250 00
4 November.....	E. W. Hillman.....	Ottawa.....	500 00
5.....	Fake address given.....	".....	500 00
18.....	R. P. Eaton.....	Boston, Mass.....	500 00
2 December.....	Honore Brodeur.....	Montreal.....	15,000 00
2.....	L. V. Beaudry.....	Valcourt Ely, P. Q.....	250 00
1892			
3 February.....	Vital Raparie.....	Montreal.....	250 00
17.....	F. X. James.....	Trenton, Ont.....	250 00
17.....	Jno. Malcolmson.....	Toronto.....	2,500 00
2 March.....	Fourth National Bank.....	Louisville, Ky.....	500 00
18.....	Nap. Cormier.....	Contrecoeur.....	500 00
18.....	Molson's Bank.....	Ridgeway, Ont.....	2,500 00
4 May.....	Mary Donovan.....	Montreal.....	15,000 00
18.....	Anonymous.....	".....	250 00
1 June.....	Charles Cyr.....	Republic, Mich.....	250 00
1.....	Louis Roy.....	Montreal.....	125 00
15.....	Geo. Cann.....	Toronto.....	125 00
6 July.....	T. J. Winship.....	Montreal.....	250 00
8.....	Jos. Ducloux.....	".....	3,750 00
8 August.....	Nap. D'Amour.....	".....	125 00
8.....	Jno. P. Wilkes.....	Portland, Maine.....	250 00
8.....	Miss G. Lebeau.....	Montreal.....	875 00
8.....	Dr. N. C. Cattanauch.....	Dalhousie Mills, Ont.....	15,000 00
17.....	R. A. Bruce.....	Toronto.....	812 50
17.....	T. Beaugrand.....	Montreal.....	500 00
21 September.....	Alex. Newlands.....	".....	812 50
21.....	Dame Cyrille Lafortune.....	".....	500 00
5 October.....	T. Murray.....	Paris, Ont.....	825 00
19.....	J. R. Wood.....	Buckingham, P. Q.....	2,500 00
19.....	Isale Dase.....	Montreal.....	1,250 00
2 November.....	Ph. Routhier.....	Point St. Charles.....	625 00
2.....	R. J. Noller.....	Newmarket, Ont.....	125 00
18.....	T. Martel.....	Montreal.....	125 00
7 December.....	Dame V. Duguet.....	".....	250 00
7.....	Anonymous.....	".....	2,750 00
24.....	Garand, Terroux & Co.....	".....	625 00
24.....	Dan, J. McCuaig.....	Ottawa.....	3,750 00

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