

upon a high license as the first step toward prohibition. It is time that we gave every man to understand that when he impoverishes body and soul he is a criminal. I have seen whole families raked with this infernal chain shot of alcohol, and I have learned to hate it. It is good sometimes to hate things and let the indignation out."

A WOMAN'S SUNNY TEMPER.—What a blessing to a household is a merry cheerful woman—one whose spirits are not affected by wet days, or little disappointments, or whose milk of human kindness does not sour in the sunshine of prosperity! Such a woman in the darkest hour brightens the house like a little piece of sunshiny weather. The magnetism of her smiles, the electrical brightness of her looks and movements affect every one. The children go to school with a sense of something great to be achieved and her husband goes into the world in a conqueror's spirit. No matter how people worry him, far off her presence shines, and he whispers to himself, "At home I shall find rest."

DIAMONDS.

"Don't you think Parson Brown is a man of considerable ardor?" inquired a friend of Mr. Jollie. "No," was the reply; "on the contrary, I inferred from the exhibit made at dinner the last time he invited me to dine with him that he was a man of very little larder."

I find, Dick, that you are in the habit of taking my best jokes, and passing them off as your own. Do you call that gentlemanly conduct?" "To be sure I do, Tom. A true gentleman always takes a joke from a friend."

A country merchant visited the city a few days ago, and purchased from a dollar store a table caster, and after putting a tag on it marked \$14, made a present of it to a Methodist preacher, whose church his family attended. The reverend gentleman took the package home, opened it and examined its contents. The next day he took the caster (with the tag attached) back to the grocery man and said to him: "I am too poor to afford to display so valuable a caster on my table, and if you have no objection, I should like to return it and take \$14 worth of groceries in its stead." The merchant could no nothing but acquiesce, but fancy his feelings.—*Cincinnati Gazette*.

A WITHERING REBUKE.—Rev. Mr. Ellis, a Methodist minister, who some years ago preached for a short time in Minnesota, was not just like anyone else. Among other peculiarities was a decided aptness for story telling. Most of the incidents related happened down in Indiana. While traveling the Beaver circuit, in Winona county, there was some complaint that he drove rather too fine a rig for a poor Methodist itinerant. It came to his ears. One Sabbath morning he opened the service by saying: Some of the people in a certain church down in Indiana complained that their pastor drove too fine a rig. One Sabbath he found upon the pulpit a notice something like this: 'The prayers of the church are requested that our pastor may be kept from worldliness, and that he may remember how Christ rode into Jerusalem.' He read the note aloud, and said, 'If the brother who wrote that will present himself at the door of the church at the close of the service saddled and bridled, I'll try to ride him home. It need hardly be added that Mr. Ellis was henceforth permitted to drive his flyers in peace.—*Christian Friend*.

SCOTCH PEBBLES.

A little boy, amusing himself one day, was astonished in seeing a railway train for the first time passing down the Glasgow line. Running to his father he exclaimed in an excited manner, "Eh! feyther, cum awa' an' see this—there's a smiddy rin aff an' a raw o' hooses wi't!"

"Ye're unco short the day, Saunders, surely," said an undersized student to an Edinburgh bookseller, one day, when the latter was in an irritable mood. "Od, man," was the retort, "ye may haud yer tongue, ye're no sac lang yersel."

Lord Braxfield once said to an eloquent culprit in the dock, "You're a verra clever chiel, mon, but I'm thinking ye wad be nane the waur o' a hangin'."

SANDY.—I'm sair fashed wi' a ringing in ma head, John.

JOHN.—Eh mon, an' do ye nae ken the reason o' that? Its because its empty.

SANDY.—Aye mon, that's queer; an' are ye ne'er fashed wi' a ringin' in yer ain heid?

JOHN.—Na, na, I ne'er foun' myself wi' siccan a thing.

SANDY.—An' do ye ken the reason o' that? Its because its crackit.

BITS OF TINSEL.

The hired girl with the dust rag is the chair-rub of the family.

Why are seven days like a spell of sickness?—Because they make one week.

A smart young man picked up a flower in a ball-room after all the girls had gone, and sang pathetically, "'Tis the last rose of some her."

A six-year-old Trojan has advanced ideas. He has a doll which he calls his wife. Recently he was telling his "wife" his future plans and remarked: "By and by I shall become a Mason and then you won't see me until 12 o'clock at night."

"Where are your kids?" a society man asked, looking at the bare hands of a poor but deserving merchant at a fashionable party. "At home in bed," was the indignant reply; 'do you suppose I'd bring my children to a party like this.'

An Arkansaw boy, writing from college in reply to his father's letter, said: "So you think that I am wasting my time in writing little stories for the local papers, and cite Johnston's saying that the man who writes except for money is a fool. I shall act upon Dr. Johnston's suggestion and write for money. Send me \$50.—*Arkansaw Traveller*.

A comical correspondent constructs this curious contribution:—Character, capacity, capital, chances, connecting circumstances, concomitant considerations collectively considered, clearly constitute commercial credit claims.

We answer.—CANADA CITIZEN carefully criticising, completely concurs.

WHAT IS CATARRH?

From the Mail (Canada), Dec. 15th, 1881.

Catarrh is a muco-purulent discharge caused by the presence and development of the vegetable parasite amoeba in the internal lining membrane of the nose. This parasite is only developed under favourable circumstances, and these are: Morbid state of the blood, as the blighted corpuscle of tubercle, the germ poison of syphilis, mercury, toxæmia, from the retention of the effete matter of the skin, suppressed perspiration, badly ventilated sleeping apartments, and other poisons that are germinated in the blood. These poisons keep the internal lining membrane of the nose in a constant state of irritation, ever ready for the deposit of the seeds of these germs, which spread up the nostrils and down the fauces or back of the throat, causing ulceration of the throat; up the eustachian tubes, causing deafness; burrowing in the vocal cords, causing hoarseness; usurping the proper structure of the bronchial tubes, ending in pulmonary consumption and death.

Many attempts have been made to discover a cure for this distressing disease by the use of inhalants and other ingenious devices, but none of these treatments can do a particle of good until the amoeba are either destroyed or removed from the mucous tissue.

Some time since a well-known physician of forty years' standing, after much experimenting, succeeded in discovering the necessary combination of ingredients, which never fails in absolutely and permanently eradicating this horrible disease whether standing for one year or forty years. Those who may be suffering from the above disease should, without delay, communicate with the business manager Mr. A. H. DIXON, 307 King Street West, Toronto, and get full particulars and treatise free by enclosing stamp.

What the Rev. E. B. Stevenson, B.A., a Clergyman of the London Conference of the Methodist Church of Canada, has to say in regard to A. H. Dixon & Son's New Treatment of Catarrh.

OAKLANDS, ONT., CANADA, March 17, 1883.

MESSRS. A. H. DIXON & SON,

DEAR SIRS,—Yours of the 13th instant to hand. It seems almost too good to be true that I am cured of Catarrh, but I know that I am. I have had no return of the disease and never felt better in my life. I have tried so many things for catarrh, suffered so much and for so many years, that it is hard for me to realize that I am really better.

"I consider that mine was a very bad case; it was aggravated and chronic, involving the throat as well as the nasal passages and I thought I would require the three treatments but feel fully cured by the two sent me, and I am thankful that I was ever induced to send to you."

"You are at liberty to use this letter stating that I have been cured at two treatments, and I shall gladly recommend your remedy to some of my friends who are sufferers."

Yours with many thanks,

(Rev.) E. B. STEVENSON.

Jabesh Snow, Gunning Cove, N. S., writes: "I was completely prostrated with the asthma, but hearing of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, I procured a bottle and it done me so much good that I got another, and before it was used I was well. My son was cured of a bad cold by the use of half a bottle. It goes like wild fire, and makes cures wherever it is used."

Mr. Henry Marshall, Reeve of Dunn, writes: "Some time ago I got a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery from Mr. Harriston, and I consider it the very best medicine extant for Dyspepsia." This medicine is making marvellous cures in Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, etc., in purifying the blood and restoring manhood to full vigor.