

The Poet's Corner.

A Puzzled Vocalist.

How can a person learn to sing?
That's what I want to ask,
I started on some years ago
All for my own sake.

The teacher that I met with first
My brain with terms would cram—
"Don't use the thyroid muscle so;
Sing from the diaphragm."

He used to open wide my jaws
And in my windpipe grope
With little mirrors set on wires,
Called a laryngoscope.

My second teacher said my voice
I had been quite falsely tried,
That "registers" were simply "bosh"
And must be set aside.

A third one told me that my voice
Was built for second bass,
And if I got it "used" right
It would improve apace.

Another told me that my breath
Must near the throat be kept;
The next one said that force of tone
Within the membranes lay.

With vocal chords and diaphragm
And crico-thyroid bone
I was becoming mystified
And could not give a tone.

At last I met a teacher gruff,
Who made me sing quite patiently,
He said, "You have no voice."

His Last Breath.

Mr. Richard Rowe, of Hartley, Ont., was afflicted for four years with dyspepsia. Two experienced doctors treated him. Getting discouraged, he tried Burdock Blood Bitters. He states that two bottles cured him. He is now doing heavy work and as well as ever.

A LEGEND OF CORNWALL.

No better working man was there in Cornwall than a sturdy John Groat, who was married to a woman of the same name. His home was situated on the borders of the moor, termed the "Conse," in local parlance.

Of a race of honest hard working miners came Johnny Groat, and no "streamer" in England could put out more tin in a day.

Wife and babies three had John of the Conse, and a prosperous man he would have been but for his love for strong drink.

As sure as Saturday night came and the pyrameter was abroad, just so sure would Johnny Groat seek the "Royal Arms," as the village tap-room was called, and there squander away his hard-earned gains.

Betty his good wife, scolded and threatened and the babies howled when John of the Conse came staggering in at the midnight hour, with his senses steeped in liquor.

But it was all of no use; John would promise and swear, but when the next Saturday night came promise and oath alike would be broken, and Johnny would come staggering home as usual.

And the road, too, from the Royal Arms to the cot of John of the Conse was by no means a pleasant one to tread after the shades of night had fallen, for it led straight by the churchyard of Luxulyan. But Johnny Groat, with a gallon or two of good brown ale in his gullet, he minded that a bit. Not a whit cared he for ghost or goblin, and when the good curate of the parish remonstrated with him upon his evil ways, and told him in solemn tones that the spirit of the other world would surely stop his path some dark night, Johnny only grinned and replied that he hoped the "spirits" would be strong ones.

The curate departed in a rage, and Johnny went on as usual.

On the second Thursday before Christmas came Pierou's day, and in accordance with the common custom of the district, the miners did not work, but celebrated it to the best of their ability. Johnny Groat promised faithfully that for one he would avoid the public house. Betty, his wife, doubted, but said nothing.

In the morning the miner took the "brats" for a walk; in the afternoon he smoked his pipe and whistled, but after his humble supper was over Johnny could stand it no longer.

"Hang it!" he said. "Pierou's day comes but once a year; a man's a churl that can't keep it. I have but a shilling, and so can't get much toddy;" and started off, paying no heed to Betty's remonstrances.

The good wife stood at the door of the cot and hurled a last angry word after the obdurate John.

"May the Piskies take you, you drunken elf!" she cried. John grinned, but replied not. He merely hurried on, eager to get out of ear shot. Long experience had taught him that he was no match for his wife in scolding.

Now in Cornwall, the wish that the Piskies might get any one, was to wish them about as much bad luck as possible.

The Piskies, or little people, were a set of mischievous sprites, supposed to inhabit the waste places of the country, and who were noted for playing tricks upon any mortal unfortunate enough to fall into their power after nightfall.

But little cared the stout-hearted miner for the Piskies. Many a night had he pursued his devious way by Luxulyan churchyard and over Tregarden Down, and neither the mischievous elf nor

frightful hobgoblin had ever dared to trouble him.

So John walked sturdily on to the Royal Arms. As he had anticipated, he found a jolly company assembled there. That John of the Conse had only a single shilling mattered but little. On Pierou's night his comrades were only too glad to pay the score, and so when twelve of the night came, Johnny Groat left the "pub" well filled with nut-brown ale. He could walk, but that was about all.

As he bid the merry crew, with whom he had been carousing a last "good night," some of them, a little more thoughtful than the rest, bid him hurry home to beware of the little people.

Johnny nodded in reply, his tongue was almost too thick for speech, and started homeward.

The night was dark, the moon half hid at times under leaden clouds, and John of the Conse could not help wishing that the road was ended, and that his own door was in sight.

Past the churchyard he went, and Tregarden Down he entered upon. Then the air seemed to grow murky, and strange, shrill cries fell upon his ears.

No coward was Johnny Groat, at single stick, or with his fists, he feared not mortal man, but as he hurried on he fully understood that for once in his life he could say he had heard the cries of the fairies, playing their wild pranks upon the moor. The words of his wife came into his mind, and he mentally resolved that if he got safe home he would give her a sound drubbing as a reward for wishing him such bad luck.

And then, all of a sudden, he lost his way; he, John of the Conse, who had travelled over Tregarden Down, man and boy forty years.

Stumbling over the stones, first to the right and then to the left, Johnny Groat got sorely frightened. He thought that he knew every foot of the moor, yet the place he had gotten into seemed utterly strange to him.

"The devil must be here!" he muttered, as he turned full length over a boulder.

With wild cries and derisive laughter, the elves danced in a circle around the bewildered and now thoroughly frightened miner, and every now and then, some elf, more malicious than his fellows, administered a sly pinch at John's fat body.

A rude sort of song the elves sang, as they danced around the miner; John, listening, caught the words:

"Tinkle, pickle, seven times nine,
I and my red cap fine,
Ho! for Cornwall!"

And with the words, one of the Piskies placed a little red cap upon John's head, and in a twinkling he found himself flying through the air.

Fast over England and over the Channel the party flew like birds, and finally landed upon the French coast.

Then the elves sang again:

"Tinkle, pickle, seven times nine,
I and my red cap fine,
Ho! for Cornwall!"

As before, Johnny Groat repeated the words, and in a wink almost he found himself in an ancient French cellar, well stocked with wine.

To say that both the Piskies and John of the Conse did full justice to the wines of his Lord D'Aubing would be but to tell the truth, and Johnny became so fuddled that, when the butler disturbed the carousers, he was unable to utter the magic words, and remained behind when his comrades fled.

Caught thus in the net, scant trial they gave the unfortunate Englishman, who was unable to speak a word of French.

In the morning they built a scaffold and John of the Conse stood beneath the rope. Then a wee little woman pushed her way through the crowd and sang a short stave. Quick as thought Johnny caught the words and repeated them, placing the little red cap on his head:

"Tinkle, pickle, seven times nine,
I and my red cap fine,
Ho! for Cornwall!"

Up into the air sailed Johnny, and he alighted safe and sound not ten paces from his own door. Never again did John of the Conse touch strong drink except in moderation. His night with the Piskies cured him.

"Is it Lost Forever?"

the youthful bloom, the freshness of health, the buoyancy of spirits, and all that goes to give pleasure and contentment to a heart made benzy by health? No, not lost forever. There is hope for all. For those whose lives have been a burden, and for those who are now groveling in the very sloughs of despondency. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will cure all chronic diseases peculiar to females. It will build up the system, and restore health, strength and beauty. Try it and be convinced. Send ten cents in stamps for large illustrated Treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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the youthful bloom, the freshness of health, the buoyancy of spirits, and all that goes to give pleasure and contentment to a heart made benzy by health? No, not lost forever. There is hope for all. For those whose lives have been a burden, and for those who are now groveling in the very sloughs of despondency. Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" will cure all chronic diseases peculiar to females. It will build up the system, and restore health, strength and beauty. Try it and be convinced. Send ten cents in stamps for large illustrated Treatise on Diseases Peculiar to Women. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

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KITTY'S

"I suppose," said Kitty best and closest friend own age. "I suppose all the noble blood as I must be content that was in father's."

By a curious plot Mr. Parks could not be far from a f with all the people, a in continual misery which seemed most t about him.

When Kitty was bright-faced lad wh He would laugh in liked to see him toss so. He had fine bro were not greatly in plumpness, and Ge here among the boy fastest, run the fleet play ball the boys is pretty girls if he is not a fr good color, a bright Then, when Kitty and more restrained coming in church, t call and well-said as well; while h George Stedman, a life when it was in trade or business, a Kitty missed his opportunity, at last

"He's working was the informati One day there from Boston to vis before the visit end day spent at the too, and having a one she easily disc and terribly not well known, clad as as were his face as perceived through George Stedman, a pleasant smile wit with the look of hands, as though offering one.

By-and-by, who she demurely ask seen George Sted "Quite possible, remarkable man) tom, and today spangle in the r while he has rem The favorite dr now designed by

Not long after a dress of the ide man making, and it, and a year or made superintend inakable how m up to go thro under the charge self.

Well, of course understanding o ble, terrible shoel sense of propriel dejected it. He to rant and rave, Miss Kitty.

"Well, if it's be no one else," i cidedly unsatisfi be no one than h "What is the "

"My child, i good family, as you can tell now but of common, "And our "

"You know of of Boston, and t as the Earl of D Miss Kitty a She carried in h of money, a litt Stedman had w that she had "

When she re looked up Parks was gre sooner or later much she had b blood.

"I have had i said, produc right about the Your fifth or sixth of John, don't think yo side, I have.

He took the "It being o that John Par set up in ye st e's parishion Sheriff, John "

Mr. Parks k daughter so as she could not in extremity h "So you see earl at one ent the other, and "

Even then l a still keener "Now, fat' Williams, the was "

"Well," sh the ancestor c Stedman. S whipped you You impress blood. You family, and I that George' of the Deel grandfather "

There's a lot them of good Mr. Parks' ultimately su Kitty said: father Parks shipping hit or other son good to the v other churche It is rathe the Parks m Mrs. Stedma jured by the she vovs the dear old G enough to gi

A s An even in the lifeti and a day o portant cas counsel. H of papers or and these h On the fol where be course, ma ally I read it. Years missing in changed to and a merring at long last p The at that t the abey, ut never been

A nico "ma ach they Light canm is a F drug-