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POOR DOCUMENT

The Queen's National History Competition.

To encourage a taste for the study of Canadian History, and to interest every intelligent girl and boy in the "Young Peoples" Department of our popular family magazine, the Publishers of THE QUEEN, offer valuable rewards to those making the best average each quarter in THE QUEEN'S National History School.

THE REWARDS.—The one making the best average in answering the following questions in Canadian History will be given one of THE QUEEN'S handsome ponies, (Sir John) value $125.00. The one making the second best average will be rewarded with a first-class Safety Bicycle or Tricycle, value $75.00. The one making the third best average, will be rewarded with their choice of either a fine breech-loading English Shot Gun, or Elegant Silk Dress Pattern, value $40.00. The one making the fourth best average, will be rewarded with a first-class Kodak, Photographic Camera, value $20.00. Each of the next five making the best averages, will be rewarded with a Coin Silver watch of elegant design, and first-class time-keeper, value $10.00. Each of the next fifty making the best averages, will be rewarded with either a girls or boys, A 1 Pocket Knife, containing four blades of the best Sheffield steel, value $1.00 each. If more than one correct answer is received, the one bearing the earliest postmark will be awarded the leading prize, the others following in order of merit.

THE QUESTIONS.—The beautiful month of September. A deep, wide, rapid flowing river, whose bank on the North is high, steep, and rocky. Perched upon a point of this high bank, is a city surrounded by walls, and defended by a brave army under a brave general. Fleets of war-ships have for months held the river below and vainly sought to force the surrender of the city. One dark night soldiers from the ships scale the steep bank, and with their General, gain the plain above. The morning light reveals to the garrison of the city, its enemy ready for attack. A fierce battle ensues. The generals of both armies die from wounds received. The city is captured. 1. Give the names of the *river, city* and *generals*. 2. What nations were represented by the two armies? 3. Which army formed the garrison of the city? 4. By what name is the fierce battle known? 5. In what year did these things happen? 6. What was the result of the capture of the city?

The answers to the above questions must be accompanied by $1.00 for a year's subscription to THE QUEEN. The Young People's Department of THE QUEEN, is devoted to highly entertaining and instructing the youth of Canada. The popularity of "Uncle Joe," who has charge of this Department, is demonstrated by the fact that he receives daily, from sixty to one hundred letters and puzzles for publication from young people residing in all parts of the globe.

SPECIAL DAILY PRIZE.—Each day during this Competition, either a First-class Stem Winding Nickel Watch, a good time keeper, or an Elegant Silver Desert Set, (Cream and Sugar) value $8.00, will be awarded to the person from whom the first correct answers to above questions are received at THE QUEEN office, and opened, for that day.

The history of our Country should interest every loyal Canadian. If you are a little rusty on this subject, take down your old school history, study up and join THE QUEEN'S "National History School."

The distribution of rewards will be in the hands of disinterested persons, and decisions will be based on the correctness of the answers. Competitors must use their own language in wording their answers.

Answers may be sent in any time before April 20th, but as postmarks may count in awarding the leading prizes, it is better to send as early as possible. No correction can be made after your answers are mailed.

Every one answering the entire six question correctly, will receive a present.

N.B.—If you have never seen a copy of THE QUEEN, send four 3c. stamps for a late number containing full particulars of all THE QUEEN'S Competitions, and letters from persons who have received PRIZES to the value of $25,000 during the past year. We intend distributing prizes to the value of $25,000 DURING 1891.

Our National History Competition is entirely separate and distinct from any other Contest offered by THE QUEEN, and all communications connected therewith, must be addressed

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Continued.

The first of May had come. The lovely suburbs of a bustling city were shrouded in the richest, freshest green. The sweet breath of the early summer, laden with perfume of lilac and honeysuckle and of myriad blossoms, was alighting through the foliage of a park of grand old trees and rippling the surface of a grassy lawn. Robin and bludbird, oriole and crested woodpecker, flashed and flitted through the sunshine, now splashing in the basin of the fountain, now chasing each other in chattering glee through the slanting light and shadow. The drone of beetle and hum of dragon-fly fell soothingly on the drowsy ear. The little knot of Jerseys browsing in the paddock down the eastward slope huddled together sleepily in a shaded corner. The tennis-court was deserted, the mallets lay sprawled about the croquet-ground, and a pair of Maltese kittens that had been scampering about, playing hide-and-seek among the currant-bushes, seemed at last overcome by the languor-spell in which all nature was hushed, and with the confidence of kittenhood proceeded to clamber into the slowly-swinging hammock, hung well back in the shade, wherein was reclining the one human being visible in the entire picture,—a tall girl with big dark eyes and a wealth of somber braids of hair,—a girl whose soft cheeks were almost as thin and pale as the slender white hands loosely clasping an open letter that lay in her lap. And it was this that the foremost pussy, after clambering by swift springs up the pathway afforded by the trailing white skirts, now impatiently pawed to one side and curled herself up in its place; there she was promptly joined by her playmate. Slowly the thin white hand was lifted and gently stroked the fur of the pretty, graceful creature.

"It is a holiday for us, isn't it, Fluffykin?" murmured the girl. "The children and doggie both gone, and it's almost time for us to be thinking of tea,—tea all alone. There's the whistle of the sunset train now."

For a moment the wooded slopes on both sides of the valley echoed to the rattle of the incoming cars, the sharp hiss of steam, the distant sound of voices at the little station down the winding village street, arched over with rustling foliage. Then the clang of the bell, and the hurrying engine again pushed northward, impatient of delay. A few light carriages and pony-phaetons came driving swiftly by; a few of the occupants waved hand or handkerchief to the reclining figure in the hammock, but far more passed by on the other side without a sign or token, and presently silence and solitude again settled down upon the shaded lawn, and the last rays of the westering sun kissed the tree-tops good-night and slowly died away.

"Surely there should be another letter from Mabel to-night: this one is a week old now," said Portia. But, old as it was, there seemed one page which deserved re-reading, and the white hands sought and found the letter and lifted it before her eyes:

"Mr. Hearn has been gone a week now, and we miss him sadly. He had almost made his home here with us during the winter, and rarely spent an evening anywhere else. His father's death seems to have been very sudden, and it was a great shock. He has a month's leave, with permission to apply for an extension. Georgia,—Portia,—I could say so much, so very much, if you would only listen. If you would only release me from that promise! I was thinking but yesterday how I blessed the day that my pride broke down and gave me Fred and happiness. Sometimes I cannot but think that only pride,—foolish, unwarrantable pride—stands between you and life as blessed as my own.

Impatiently the letter was hurled upon the grass, and, half turning, Georgia buried her wan face on her arm. Of what was she thinking? Surely those were hot tears trickling through the white fingers; surely there was little evidence of stubborn pride in the abandonment of that silent, lonely sorrow. All day she had been at leisure, the family and children away in town, and, though neither her duties had been very onerous nor the trials of her new position very great, she had drooped all winter long. This was the first real day of rest; yet, with all its sweetness and sunshine, had it not been full of tears?—full of vague unrest and longing? and now even the sunshine was going, and the gloaming was slowly settling down upon the valley. Far over the eastern heights the silvery shield of the soft May moon was peeping into view; but the fairy shafts of her gentle light could not yet penetrate the gathering gloom here in the grove where swung the hammock. Still the hot tears came trickling between the white fingers, and, yielding at last to the mournful influence of the dying day, Georgia Marshall wept unrestrainedly,—wept while great sobs shook her frame; and while one fluffy kitten, disturbed in her intended nap, stretched forth a furry paw and lifted up a querulous note of remonstrance, her companion, suddenly dislodged from her cosey nest in Georgia's lap, clawed vigorously back upon the heavy folds of the summer fabric, glared around in excited search for the possible cause of such seismatic disturbance, and instantly set back a pair of tiny ears, arched a furry back, bristled her stiffening tail and gave vent to spiteful challenge at the fell disturber of her peace. There stood a man.

A tall young fellow, erect and powerful in build, clad in civilian garb, but striding across the lawn with the swing of a trooper, halted suddenly not ten feet away and lifted from his shapely head a hat banded heavily with crape. The next instant he had hurled this aside, stepped quickly forward, utterly ignoring pussy's hostile guies, had thrown himself on one knee beside the hammock, and the drooping mustache almost swept the soft, white hands as he impetuously seized them.

"Georgia," he whispered.

Heavens! what a start! In her wild consternation she recoiled from his touch striving at the same instant to sit erect. Hammocks are not made for combinations so eccentric. The next instant the flimsy thing had slipped from under her, and she felt herself going. Drowning men catch at straws; drowning women seize the hand they would have shunned. But for his sudden spring, but for prompt clasping arms, she would have gone heaping to the ground on the opposite side. For a minute she was held in close embrace, a confused mingling of dusky braids, of throbbing femininity, of hotly-blushing, tear-wet face, of cool linen lawn and clinging hammock-netting. Then her hands regained their cunning, and found his broad shoulders, and she pushed herself free, and then hysterical laughter came to her aid, and the shaded grove rang to a peal that, if not merry, was at least irresistable, and at last, as she sat there, restored to equilibrium and striving to regain her whirling senses, as he stood patiently bending over her, half praying that the inspired hammock might yet attempt some new freak, she glanced up at him through smiles and tears and disordered bangs, only to say,—

"How utterly absurd!"

To which philosophical remark he vouchsafed no reply whatever.

It is a full minute before she recovers, even partially, either breath or self-possession. Then she holds forth her hand, and he assists her to rise.

"This is not the welcome I should give you. Shall we go to the house?"

But even as she asks and her eyes glance nervously, shyly, up into his face, she knows he will accept no invitation that will peril this tete-a-tete. She sees how the lines have deepened in his frank, soldierly face, and that a sadness not all of his recent bereavement has left its traces there. She would lead him from the shaded grove to the parlor, where the lamps are already beginning to twinkle, but he will not budge one step. He stands confronting her.

"No! I have come solely to see you. Is there any reason why we cannot stay here a moment?" And she can think of none. Oh, what infamous fate that he should have found her weeping,—bathed in tears!

"I hardly thought to see you at all, especially after—the great—sorrow of your father's death," she falters, her heart leaping and bounding, despite her effort to be calm.

"I am taking mother North," he answers, simply. "It was a cruel blow to her and a hard one to me. It was all over before I could get home. Mother will spend the summer with her sister on the St. Lawrence, but she has to rest in Cincinnati until to-morrow night. I left her with old friends this afternoon and came out here to find you. I must go back this evening. And, now, have you no word of welcome for me? Did you not know that I would come, loving you as I do?"

What answer can she make? Her head is drooping low; her hands are clasped together, her bosom heaving, her breath fluttering away; and yet how wild a joy, how exquisite a hope, is throbbing in her heart of hearts!

"Georgia," he speaks impulsively, his deep voice trembling, "you made me accept your answer then and bear my bitter disappointment without a word; but I have borne it too long now. Had you been at liberty to love me I must have followed you, for the longing to see your dear face, to hear your voice, to look into your glorious eyes, has overmastered me time and again. I had to come, and now I will hear what it is that stands between us. God knows my love and honor have been yours a long, long year. God knows there can be no content or joy for me if your answer be final. You have bound my life to yours. You won my whole heart, my deepest gratitude. No, you cannot check me by impatient gesture now: you must hear. You told me there was no other man. Is that true?"

"Perfectly," she answers, proudly.

"And yet you would not listen to me. You would not be my wife."

"You forgot, it was just after the trial. You seemed to think you owed me such a world of gratitude; and—do not men sometimes mistake gratitude for love?"

"Oh, heaven!" he interrupts her impetuously, his hands outstretched. "You do not mean you doubted me, Georgia? If that was your reason, is it not banished now? Look—look up into my eyes, my darling, and tell me, if you dare, that it is gratitude, not deep and fervent love, I offer you. Nay, you shall see." And, before she can retreat, his strong, trembling hands have drawn her drooping head and between them her face, with its dark, lustrous, swimming eyes, with cheeks still tear-wet, yet turning with blushes chasing each other to her very brow, and her soft red lips quivering and trembling at the dimpled corners,—all—all now lifted to his worshipping gaze; and she can repel no longer. One swift glance, and, if ever vestiges of doubt remained, it vanished then and there. No woman on earth could have looked into his eyes and denied the love that burned within them,—all her own, all her own.

"Speak to me, Georgia. Do you believe me know ?"

"Yes," she whispers, and her face would have hidden itself but for those strong arms again.

"And you have no love to give in return ?"

A little beam is peeping through the foliage now. The kittens, forgotten, are rolling over each other in mad frolic at their very feet. The last chirp of drowsing bird has died away. The silence of the sweet summer night has fallen on all surrounding nature, yet he can hardly hear her whisper,—

"You never asked it—until now."

"But it is mine, really? Georgia, tell me," he implores.

"It has been—all yours ever since the night I heard your letter,—ever since you wrote that you would follow the old flag to the end."

THE END.

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"Red Mountain Farm."

BY JUDITH TEMPEST.

What a fertile, prosperous place it always looked! The first farm on the Upper Mills road to gather in its abundant hay crop—its potatoes outrivalled all others in the county, and in early autumn its fields of golden corn were a sight to behold, with pretty silken tassels dancing in the breeze. Behind the corn fields were the red mountains, from which the farm took its name. But, ah! those red mountains! How the owner of the place hated and detested their very sight; grand and majestic though they looked with their moss-capped heads ever raised proudly above the lowlands. What cared he for their noble grandeur? He had no sense of the beauiful in nature. To him they were so much useless land. He could not cultivate them—the small trees that grew upon their base were valueless for they could not be made to bring—none of gold that he loved—the gold for the sake of which he would sacrifice everything. His nearest and dearest were as nothing to him compared with his precious beloved gold.

His name was John Craft. His family consisted of his sister Hannah Craft, who was housekeeper for himself and took a mother's place to his daughter Hannah, was a neat, comely woman of about forty-five years of age, and was as kind and free handed as her brother was hard-hearted, avaricious and stingy. She devotedly loved her motherless neice—her brother's only child—by whom she was warmly loved in return.

Dollie was of a cheerful disposition and was content when some other girls would have murmured and fretted continually. Just when my story opens, she had found a lover—as what sweet girl does not?— and she was blissfully happy.

He was a young man, Frederic Graham by name, who had come on a vacation from the city. He fell in love with Dollie at sight and, as he boarded at the farm, he had every opportunity to press his suit. Aunt Hannah looked smilingly on as she saw a prospect of happiness for her darling, a happiness which she knew the poor girl would never possess while she lived under her father's iron rule, bound down to the toil and drudgery of the farm.

Supper was over, the milking done and the cows turned into the home pasture for the night. The work of the day was ended and, in company with the boarder, the farmer sat enjoying his evening pipe, near the wide open door. The silence was broken by the younger man who said,

"Farmer, I have a favor to ask of you."

"Have, eh! What is't?"

"Well—ah—I'm not a poor man Mr. Craft."

"A'nt eh? Good thing for you."

"No. In fact I'm rather well off, quite well able to give a wife every comfort and many luxuries."

"Goin t'get married, eh?"

"Yes. I would like to with your consent."

"Eh! my consent!" he repeated loudly.

"Yes, your consent," returned the young man; "I love your daughter and want your consent to our marriage."

"Can't have it—want the girl home."

"Now, John Craft, what do you want her here for?" said Aunt Hannah, coming on the scene in time to hear this reply, "t'an't you let them be happy? I'wont cost you nothing," she added.

"It'll cost me the deal, an' she's more use to me here. You're gettin' old an' ye want a young one here to save ye steps, now that you're bothered wi' rheumatiz."

"Never you think of me, John, but just say 'yes' and let the children be happy."

"Well, I won't say 'yes.' I want Dollie here, an' here I'll keep her."

"But Mr. Craft, won't you think it over? and after a little while—I would not take her from you at once—but do, I beg, give your consent to our marriage at some future day?"

"Young man," said the farmer, rising to his feet, "do you see yon red mountains?"

"Yes, I see them," was the reply.

"Well," continued the farmer, "the day that sees them mountains turned into gold, I'll give my consent."

"Are ye gone clean daft after gold, John, that ye talk so?" asked Hannah.

"I've said my say," was his answer to this question, "see that ye bide by it," he continued as he passed through the door.

"Well! well!" said Aunt Hannah, as her brother proceeded beyond hearing "John was always a hard fellow, but he grows worse every day. Whatever are you to do now? Dollie will just fret her life away, as she'll never marry without her father's consent!"

"Well, Aunt Hannah," said Frederic, "we'll get that sooner than either you or he think for, as those mountains are not the valueless mass of stone than he considers them. They are worth thousands upon thousands of dollars."

"Well! Well! Deary me! You don't mean it?" said poor aunt Hannah considerably startled and bewildered, at the thought of being seated in close proximity to such great wealth.

"Yes, I do mean it. I have explored them thoroughly, and, as I am something of a geologist, I know what the stone is, and that it is almost as valuable as the gold he covets."

"Do tell! Call him back. John—John Craft!" called the excited old lady "j-o-h-n!"

"Don't be in such a hurry Aunt Hannah. Let it rest until tomorrow."

"No! no. We'll have it out tonight, and if he refuses his consent to you after you tell him the value of that stone—Well! I've got something to say that will, maybe soften him up a bit. Now! Here he comes" she continued as the farmer approached the doorway, "Now, we'll see, we'll see."

"Well, what do you want o' me Hannah?" asked her brother, "You called for me as though I was wanted."

"So you are" she answered, "Just set down and listen to what he's got to tell you, that's all. Now!" she continued turning to the younger man "just tell it right out at once. Ye needn't be afraid of makin' him nervous."

Nothing loth Frederic did as she told him. The farmer listened in silence, and only when the young man tried to give him some idea of the great value of the red mountains, did he show his intense and absorbing interest, by breathing several great breaths, and turning to gaze at the hills with eager sparkling eyes.

After Frederic finished his story, silence reigned for a few moments. It was broken at length by the farmer who spoke as thinkking aloud,

"Thousands and thousands lay in' there all these years an' I never knowed it." "Thousands! thousands!" then he asked.

"What do yel calls this sun ye say is worth so much?"

"Granite. Red granite."

"Red granite! Never heard tell on it."

"Well! that's not surprising, Mr. Craft, as you have lived here all your life with the exception of only occasional trips to the neighboring counties."

"An' mighty few of them," interposed Aunt Hannah.

"And," continued Grahame, "until recently Aberdeen in Scotland has been supposed to be the only place in the world where red granite could be had. Mr. Craft, let me congratulate you. You have unlimited wealth at your command. The capitalist will be only too eager to invest his money. I may say that I think you can command your own price."

"Yes," said Aunt Hannah, "you can turn the red mountains into golden ones and be happy. So keep your word, man, and give your consent."

"No," said the farmer, "Talk is one thing, money another. It's all talk I've heard. I see no gold there an' till I do ye get no consent frae me."

"But it cannot come all at once, farmer. The place must be seen, must be examined and arrangements made to form a company to work it. All of that business will take time."

"Time, yes time!" said the farmer musingly, "an' thousands upon thousands there."

"Well, do you give your consent, farmer?" asked Frederick.

"No, I tell ye, no. Leave me in peace."

"But, Mr. Craft"——began the young fellow.

"Just leave him to me," interposed Aunt Hannah, "John Craft" she continued loudly, as she turned to her brother, "listen to me." You are growing old and so am I, and when we go that child will be left alone. Give her to the lad and we'll know she is safe and well cared for. Don't be hard, John, don't be hard."

"I gave one answer an' ye'll bide by it."

"John" she continued, unheeding his words. "The name of Craft has always been an honest one and I don't want to be the one to tell the world that the last son of our dead father is a thief and a liar."

He turned his back upon her as he muttered:

"An' ye can't do it. I never wronged a man o' a d. liar."

"No; no stranger was wronged, but me, your own sister, an, here's the proof of it. as she spoke she drew from her pocket a folded paper and going to his side held it before his eyes.

"Man: man:" she continued. "yer guilty, yer face tells it. You know this writin' here gives me Red Mountain farm and all its belongings. You had plenty without it but ye werent satisfied, so ye stole this paper from among yer dead father's papers an' ye stole the place from me."

"Ye always had yer livin' off o' it."

"Yes, and I paid well for it in my work an' toil for you."

"What's the use o' talkin' now," he muttered.

"Oh! there's great use in it as you'll see. Give your consent and I'll say nothing," said Aunt Hannah.

"I'll give it then."

"If ye don't I'll not rest this night till I place this paper in the Squire's hands, an' I'll tell him I want my rights to the last dollar. Does that touch your heart John Craft?" she asked, as he sank back dismayed at the thought of parting with so much of his idol.

"Hannah, you were never a hard woman," he said, "don,t be so hard now."

"Ye have it in your power to soften me, John. Give your consent, and keep yer gold, I care little for it."

"An the deed Hannah? Ye'll give me that?—Or I'll not consent" he added quickly as she hesitated an instant.

She turned and extended the paper to Frederic, as he sat with a pale face watching the scene and asked "Ye have plenty without it?

He answered "Plenty, plenty"

"Give ye consent an its yours" she said to her brother.

"I consent" he said hoarsely, reaching an eager hand for the folded paper which Hannah at once gave him.

"Dollie" he quickly entered the room and her aunt said,

"Your father has just given his consent, child."

And she child turned and throwing eager loving arms around her father said,

"Oh, father! dear father!"

But the father's eyes were fixed upon the distant mountains as he muttered, "Thousands upon thousands there."

"Thus were the Red Granite mountains once the price paid by a generous loving woman to purchase the happiness of a beloved child.

The quarries were never worked in the time of the Crafts, as the country was not then advanced enough, or railways numerous as they are now. But in this generation all is changed. The Short Line railway runs through the Red Mountain farm, and the mountains themselves are gradually growing less, hewn down by the hand of enterprising man.

Scattered abroad over many different countries are many thousand of tons of New Brunswick red granite. It is used alike in the construction of princely homes and public buildings. Churches are enriched with it and in the noiseless cities of the dead it is seen in many instances, fashioned into monuments to mark the spot hallowed to the memory of the loved and cherished ones who sleep beneath.

CAUSE FOR ALARM.

The great frequency with which pale, sallow and enfeebled girls are met nowadays is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present generation are not the healthy, robust, rosy lassies their mothers and grandmothers were before them. Their complexion is pale and sallow or waxy in appearance, and they are the victims of heart palpitation, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting spells, racking headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and other distressing symptoms. All these betoken chlorisis or anæmia—or in other words a watery or impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform its normal functions, and unless speedily enriched with those natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood corpuscles, organic disease and an early grave is the inevitable result. Is not this prospect sufficient to cause the gravest alarm? Mothers are your daughters suffering from any of the symptoms indicated above, or are they showing irregularities incident to a critical period in their lives? If they are, as you value their lives do not delay in procuring a remedy that will save them. Delays in such cases are not only dangerous, but positively criminal. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People is a remedy compounded expressly to meet such cases. These pills are not a patent medicine, but a remedy prepared with the greatest care from the formula of an experienced physician, who has used it for years in his daily practice with unvarying success. These pills are especially rich in those constituents which stimulate the blood into life and give it the red color necessary to preserve health and life. They are in all cases, a never-failing blood-builder and nerve tonic, acting upon the system in a natural manner and restoring health and strength to all who suffer from a watery or depraved condition of the blood or from any of those weaknesses peculiar to females. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box) by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Not to be Bulldozed.

Tangle (to importunate tramp)—Get out of here! You're a loafer and a sort to boot!

Ugly Rags—Well, I'd just like to see you try to boot me, mister.

Let every enfeebled woman know it! There's a medicine that'll cure her, and the proof's positive!

Here's the proof—if it doesn't do you good within reasonable time, report the fact to its makers and get your money back without a word—but you won't do it!

The remedy is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—and it has proved itself the right remedy in nearly every case of female weakness. It is not a miracle, it won't cure everything—but it has done more to build-up tired, enfeebled and broken-down women, than any other medicine known.

When a sick woman who's not ready for it? All that we've to do is to get the news to her. The medicine will do the rest.

Wanted—Women. First to know it. Second to use it. Third to be cured by it. The one comes of the other.

The seat of sick headache is not in the brain. Regulate the stomach and you cure it. Dr. Pierce's Pellets are the Little Regulators. Only 25 cents a vial.

Up in Fractions.

Employer (to the new boy)—"Have you any brothers?"

New Boy—"Yessir; one."

Employer—"One?"

New Boy—"That is, two half-brothers."

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY.—A marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker mouth, and Headache. With each bottle there is an ingenious nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50c. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

Between Old Friends.

Jawkins—Excure me, Tom, but I can't see why you live in such a cheap lodging; surely you can afford better?

Hogg—Because, my boy, the landlady here is too poor to think of buying a piano.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure.

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10c., 50c. and $1. If your lungs are sore, chest, or back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by Parker Bros, Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Watters, West End.

To Cure DYSPEPSIA And INDIGESTION or Money Refunded.

K. D. C. is Guaranteed

AMERICAN DYE WORKS CO.
LACE CURTAINS CLEANED AND DYED ALL SHADES.
Office, King Square—Works, Black Spring Road, North End, St. John, N B.

Shortest Time.

Tom—What is the shortest time in which a half-mile has been run?

Jack—I don't know exactly, but I am certain it was made by myself when I chased Smith, who had gone off with my new umbrella.

—GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.—

"A Free Tour Around the World."

The absorbing topic of the day is the Home Fascinator Pub. Co.'s grand offer of a Free Tour Around the World to the person sending them the largest number of English words of not less than four letters constructed from letters contained in the sentence "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN," and found in either Webster's or Worcester's Dictionary in bold-faced type. The publishers have made arrangements with the C. P. R. General Pass. Agent, Mr. D. McNicoll, whereby the trip may be made on their new palatial steamer, leaving on its famous globe-circling excursion about March 15th next. Also, in order of merit, the following additional prizes are offered:—A Free Trip to Florida, a Silver Tea Set, $50, a Domestic Sewing Machine, $50; Lady's or Gent's 14k. Gold Watch, $50. Every one whose list contains not less than twenty-five words will receive a prize. Enclose them 50 cents to pay for a grand Premium Catalogue and a six months' trial subscription to their beautifully illustrated family story paper, *The Home Fascinator*. As the person scoring the largest list of correct words may not be in a position, or care to make the extensive trip offered, the publishers will also guarantee to give a free trip or $1,000 in cash. Contest closes Feb. 10th, 1891, and is open to all residents of Canada or the United States. In case of ties, priority will be given to list reaching their office first, distance, etc., considered. Address The Home Fascinator, Montreal, Que.

The Woman Did It.

"We hear so much about Christmas Eve, but never about Christmas Adam. I wonder why?"

"Oh, be laid it off on her, as usual."

A Royal Quilt.

A prize competition of especial interest to every lady who does fancy work, is just announced by THE CANADIAN QUEEN. The lady making by hand (not machine) the handsomest block one foot square, to be of silk, either in one piece or patchwork, and embroidered or hand painted according to the taste of the maker) for the Royal Quilt, will be rewarded with a pony, cart and harness, value $350.00. The royal Quilt will contain forty-eight blocks, and to each of the next forty-seven ladies sending the handsomest block will be presented with either a solid gold watch or an elegant silver tea service, value $40.00. Send four 3c. stamps for the last number of THE QUEEN, containing full instructions for the competition, and particulars as to what will be done with the Royal Quilt. Address, THE CANADIAN QUEEN, "Royal Quilt, Competition" Toronto, Canada.

A Conundrum.

"What strikes a man's eye first when he meets a lady on a rainy day?"

"Her umbrella, of course."

Answer This Question.

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the Food, Yellow Skin, when for 75c we will sell them Shiloh's Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by Parker Bros., Market Square, G. W. Hoben, North End, S. Waters, West End.

The Dear Girls.

Ethel—Don't you like those sofas that have just room enough for two?

Maud—Yes, but I like those that have had hardly room for two far better.

Whooping cough, croup, sore throat, sudden colds, and the lung troubles peculiar to children, are easily controlled by promptly administering Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. This remedy is safe to take, certain in its action, and adapted to all constitutions.

Apples and Pears.

"Apples are very scarce this year," remarked Mrs. Squildig.

"Yes," replied her husband, "but the list of marriages and deaths published every day indicates that the pair crop is a large one."

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

Behind the Scenes at "Nero."

"Have you noticed how very fond the lion-tamer is of the fierce old beast with the black mane?"

"Yes; that's the animal that swallowed the tamer's mother-in-law.

As you like it. Gray and faded whiskers may be changed to their natural color—brown or black—by using Buckingham's Dye. Try it.

A Mean Advantage.

Jack—I'll never smoke in the presence of a lady again.

Tom—Why not, if she don't object?

Jack—I was once smoking while with a lady and began blowing rings. She ran her finger through one and considered herself engaged.

To purify your blood,
Restore your str ngth,
Cure scrofula, salt rheum,
Dyspepsia, sick headache,
Catarrh, rheumatism or malaria—
Take Hood's Sarsaparil