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25	**	**	50	1,250 00
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500	••	**	10	
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190	**	46	25	2,500 00
100	4.6	44	15	1,500 00
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203	4.6	**	5	4.995 00
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S. E. LEFEBVRE, Maniger, 81 St. James St., Montreal Conadu.

WHAT OF THAT!

Tired Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life was spent on beds of ease,
Fluttering the rose leaves scattered by the breeze,
Come, rouse thee! work while it is called to-day
Coward, arise! go forth upon thy way!

Lonely! And what of that? Some must be lonely! 'tis not given to all To feel a heart responsive rise and fall, To blend another life into its own. Work may be done in loneliness. Work on.

Dark! Well, and what of that! Dark! Well, and what of that!
Didst fondly dreum the sun would never set?
Dost fear to lose thy way? Take courage yet!
Learn then to walk by faith and not by sight;
Thy stops will guided be, and guided right

Hard! Well, what of that?
Didst fancy life one summer holiday,
With lessons none to learn, and naught but play?
Go, get thee to thy task! Conquer or die!
It must be learned! Learn it, then, patiently.

WASTED LOVES.

WASTED LOVES.

What does God with all the wasted loves
He sees thrown down? The friendships strangely changed.
(How, none know wholly,) answering eyes estranged,
And grasping hands transformed to empty gloves!
—The pleading words which cannot win reply,
Save scoff or silence, and the kindly deeds
Which fall on stony ground or shoke in weeds!
The withered hopes of which strong hearts may dieHow can God suffer these? With gentle might
He claims these wasted loves as his by right,
And some day we shall find them in his care,
When stunted shoots to stately blooms have grown.
—Nor shall their beauty be for us alone.
The hands which threw them down shall have their share!

—6

-Good Words

BOOK GOSSIP.

"Mr. Perkins, of Nova Scotia, or the European Adventures of a wouldbe Aristocrat," is the title of a short story by Miss Carrie J. Harris, of Wolfville. It has been for some weeks on our table, over-topped by many others claiming prior distinction, but at last we have given it a thorough reading, and are ready to pronounce upon its qualities. The authoress shows considerable talent, which, if cultivated and directed in suitable channels, may result in works of more value than this, her first effort. While the book as a whole will not bear criticism, we cannot but commend the excellent taste and feeling displayed by the authoress in showing off the ridiculous nature of the upishness of the newly wealthy Perkinses. The European adventures of the sciou of the family should prove a warning to all who are too much exalted by the sudden accession of wea'th-of which

all who are too much exalted by the sudden accession of wea'th—of which we trust there are few Nova Scotians to match the here of the story. Published by J. J. Anelow, Windsor, N. S.; price 30 cents.

"The Maid of Honer," by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, is a clever historical novel, the scene of which is laid in the dark days of France. It opens "on the Volcano, 1789," a chapter in which the hapless Marie Antoinette figures, and the state of the court of that fair and foolish queen is disclosed. The story deals chiefly with the life of the neautiful maid of honor, Gabrille, Merquise de Gange, who endured from her loveless husband honor, Gabrille, Merquise de Gange, who endured from her loveless husband and his heartless and scheming brother Pharimond an overplus of persecution on account of her wealth and beauty. The final thwarting of the base designs of Pharimond is a real gratification to the reader, whose sympathy is enlisted from the first for the frail woman who seems so completely at the mercy of the conspirators. The plot is well worked out, and the interest sustained from first to last. It is one of the best novels brought out this spring. D. Appleton & Co., New York; Town and County Library; 50 cents.

"Consequences," by Egerton Castle, is another number of the above library, and is well worth a reading. The author is new to us, but we shall be glad to welcome other works if they equal this. The main idea of the book has been utilized by other writers, but so well are the details of the second life of the hero, first George Kerr, and then David Fargus, worked out that the lack of freshness in the scheme may be overlooked. The story is of thrilling interest throughout, and only in the finale do we find ourselves somewhat disappointed. There is a slight lack of attention to detail there that makes it appear ridiculously as if Lawis Kerr had not stopped to dress, but had gone forth in his night-cioches to follow his father. The story concludes in this wise: "The gathering sunlight had grown upon the dull day and driven the mists aside, and turned the drenching wet of leaf and grass blade to a tangle of diamond and gold. Shoulder to shoulder, under the promise of a glorious noon, went father and son together across the moorland, on their way out into the world." Of course it must be left to the imagination to fill in the toilette, otherwise the situation is ridiculous.

The August Popular Science Monthly deserves especial notice. It opens with one of Dr. Andrew D. White's able Chapters in the Warfare of Science, entitled "From Fetich to Hygiene," which gives a terrible picture of the ravages of epidemics when prayers and saintly relics were relied upon to check them. Another illustrated series, which promises to be very popular, is begun in this number by Prof. Frederick Starr. It is on "Dress and Adornment," and the first paper, dealing with "Deformations," describes various modes of cutting the flesh, tattooing and printing the skin, filing the teeth and flattening the skull. Somewhat similar is Dr. R. W. Shufeldt's paper on "Head-flattening Among the Navajo Indians," also well illustrated. Two further instalments of the discussion about the devils and the herd of swine are printed; one by Mr. Gladetone, entitled "Prof. Huxley and the Swine-Miracle," the other being "Illustrations of Mr.

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