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Through the window, however, there was generally picture enough to satisfy the mind. In the lengthening days of May even that northern landscape had charms of its own; and now through the narrow panes appeared jutting headlands, one after the other ranged in degrees of distinctness, till the last was a faint blue outline, and the nearest was a bald mass of treeless rock, scarred and rifted and still ribbed with the snow and ice which made the cliff on which they lay seem almost black by contrast. Then there was the ocean, visible from our little island in every mood, and painted by every hue the morning or the evening brought. At present it was dark and forbidding in the dim light of night-fall.

I lit the cheap kerosene lamp of glass, rang the tinkling little bell, and prepared to read a chapter from the Scriptures. Mrs. Hedderson and Pete came in and sat down by the stove quietly, devoutly. They both fixed their eyes almost reverently upon the sick minister. He lay upon a lounge on the other side of the stove. A clerical suit of velvetreen fitted closely to his thin form and a Scotch bonnet of the same material allowed only a few gray locks to appear above a face of deep pallor, upon which was stamped a blended expression of melancholy and resolution. His lean, nervous hands clasped a book.

I had finished the evening exercises of devotion, and Mrs. Hedderson had made her last inquiries for the night, first as to the minister's health, and secondly as to what he would have for breakfast. Pete had brought in two armfuls of wood and deposited them with a clatter at the side of the coffin-like stove. The blinds were let down, the curtains drawn, and I was preparing myself for another night of it.

I had spent many nights of watching and this was to be another.

"Have you seen that letter I received the other day, Donald?"

He spoke in a hesitating yet querulous tone, and looked across the stove at me with an intent and anxious eye. Heaven save us! we had not received a letter nor seen a sail since October of the previous year, and would not receive news from the outside world again until the end of June.

"No, sir. I have seen no letter of yours. When did you receive it, and where did you put it?"

"It came a sennight ago by the 'Hearts of Oak,' and I put it in the top drawer of the chest in my room. You are an honest lad, Donald, and I should be slow to mistrust ye. But the letter must be found; it must be found."

He raised his voice with something like anger at the last words. I kept silent. But I thought he glared at me with a dark look almost of malignity. Poor Mr. Blake! and he the mildest and most godly man that ever stood up in kirk.

"You are to be a preacher yourself, Donald, some day," he continued, in a gentler tone, "and I took you from your mother's hands that you might learn to endure hardness. You could not deceive me." He was silent for a moment.

"Do you mind the shores of Cumberland from which we baith came, and Solway Frith, and the lakes inland, and Saddleback, and the loom of Skiddaw, and all the glens and streams of the old country? The letter came to me from one who lives there still. I seemed while reading it as if I had my plaid about me in the winds that blew across from Kircudbright, and I saw the sun still glancing on the yellow quicksands, while the tide crept, with an edging of silver foam, nearer and nearer onward, till it came up to the grassy bank that bordered the winding road from Maryport to Allonby."

I was accustomed to hear the minister talk in this way, and I made no reply.

"Grass and heather, sand and sea—I think of them all when that letter comes to mind; and the dim, smoky coast of Scotland, and the fishermen's boats at sea, and the flocks of sheep travelling along the white road on the shore, and cliffs and thickets with trees bent toward the land by the stormy winds. Ah! it's a sore place for me, a sore place for me."

"Donald," he whispered after a pause, "read

me from the Scriptures. You know the passage that I crave, the fourth of Genesis.

"That is an awful chapter, Donald," he remarked, as I finished. "How can you have the heart to read it to me, of all men? But why it was written for me and such as me. Ah, she that wrote me that letter knows the passage too, and it was she who, in the bitterness of her heart, bade me read it and repent. Ah, but she sends a cruel message to one that loved her so well."

His face was buried in his hands. "From the sand, thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the sand," that was what she said, the quicksand where the wild sea foam still beats and fills the cold air with spray and mist; and the gull cries out against the storm-cloud overhead, and no voice of human agony, no cry for help is heard from the struggling horseman, save by me—for I heard it and laughed at it. Did I know that she could still prove stubborn and scornful, and that all his lands had been squandered away by the father of us both, and that the voice of God would haunt me to the last?"

His sobs ended in a cry of agony: "My punishment is greater than I can bear."

The wind had risen and the snow was pattering and rustling against the window panes. Either there was a change of wind which had disturbed the snow as it lay from the last storm, or there was a fresh snowfall. I drew the curtains and lifted the blinds. The sky was clear with star-light and along the horizon there was a white jagged line that showed me that ice was coming in under a northeast wind.

I scarcely ventured to say anything in answer to the strange and mournful words of Mr. Blake. Yet it made my young blood run cold to hear his wanderings, for I believed that he spoke of real incidents in his life. What words of consolation could be fitly uttered by a boy to a mature and tested saint of God such as conversion had made my dear and honoured master?

Besides, these confidences and confessions were the more sacred in that they were mingled with the helpless ravings of delirium. I accordingly returned to my chair with the remark, "We shall have the ice back again to-morrow."

(To be Continued.)

FAVORITE.

Fame is a word ambition loves,
And art has ne'er its portrait painted,
Virtue the heart of avarice moves,
Oblivious to the "shekels" sainted;
Rarer than even these, by far,
Is health, defying poet's diction.
Then with it trifle not, nor mar—
End ills that female pleasures bar

by taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a remedy so satisfactory for all those weaknesses and diseases peculiar to women, that they need no longer suffer from them if they will but use this world-famed remedy.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

MUCH of the oatmeal sold in the market is old and sour. To be good, the meal should be freshly ground, and it should be free from an ancient and mouse-like odor.

NEVER place fresh eggs near lard, fruit, cheese, fish, or other articles from which any odor arises. The eggs are extremely active in absorbing odors, and in a very short time they are contaminated by the particles of objects in their neighborhood, and the peculiar and exquisite taste of a new-laid egg is destroyed.

A GOOD DISINFECTANT.—Dissolve half a drachm of nitrate of lead in a pint of boiling water, then dissolve two drams of common salt in eight quarts of water. Pour the two mixtures, together. After the sediment has settled, the liquid is a saturated solution of chloride of lead. A cloth dipped in it and hung up in a room will purify a fetid atmosphere. It may also be used to pour down a sink, drain, or water-closet. This is very cheap, as a pound of nitrate of lead will make several barrels full of the disinfectant.

DISINFECTATION OF DWELLINGS.—After testing various disinfectants by Koch's method on threads impregnated with spores, Guttman and Merke came to the conclusion that a 1-1000 sublimate solution is the best antiseptic medium. Their method is as follows: After thoroughly soaking the floor with the above solution, the roof is sprayed with the same solution till drops appear; the walls are also treated in like manner. To remove the sublimate the parts are then sprayed with a one-per-cent solution of soda, which converts the bi-chloride of mercury into the insoluble sub-chloride, the crystals of the latter being removed from the walls by means of a brush when they are dry.—*Virchow's Archive.*

CANNED GOODS.—The fact that canned goods are cooked goods cannot be too widely known or carefully remembered by users. They are not put up in vessels from which they are to be eaten when convenient to consumers, but are only packed in tins in order to preserve them. No canned goods are guaranteed to keep fresh and remain sound for any number of days after being opened. When opened, the contents of the tin should be immediately turned out and eaten as soon as possible. If the food must be kept at all, turn it out of the original tin into a dish, cover it up and keep it in a cool place. The liquor around lobsters, salmon, and all vegetables excepting tomatoes, it is desirable to strain off and throw away. Lobsters and prawns are improved by being turned into a sieve and rinsed with clean, cold water. Never on any account add vinegar, sauce, or any kind of condiment, to tinned foods while they are in the tins, and never leave such mixtures to remain an hour or two, if from forgetfulness it is done. All tinned goods are put up as fresh as it is possible to be, but unless corned or salted, will not keep after opening as freshly cooked goods will, and certainly not longer, as many thoughtlessly suppose or expect they will. Sardines, if preserved in good oil, and if of good quality, will be an exception; as long as the oil is good the fish can be kept in the tins, but two or three days is long enough to trust these before eating. Consumers should not buy larger packages of canned goods than they can consume quickly; if they should, most of the fish and meats could be potted after re-cooking, sauces and seasoning being used. If the nose and eyes are properly used, it is as impossible to partake of an unsound tin of canned food of any kind as to partake of bad meat, fish, or vegetables from a shop.

TIME-TRIED, TRULY TESTED.

Tried for years; severely tested, and still growing in popular favor and use, is the record enjoyed by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—the little sugar-coated laxative granules, sold by druggists, anti-bilious and cathartic.

A STORY IN A WORD.—Sincerity is one of the most beautiful words in the English language; and, like many other words, it has a history. It comes from two Latin words, *sine* and *cera*, without cement; and its origin was in this wise: In the golden days of Roman prosperity, when her merchants were very affluent, and dwelt in marble palaces on the banks of the river Tiber, there was a very natural sort of emulation in the grandeur and artistic adornments of their dwellings. Their successful wars had made many of the gems of Grecian art the possessions of the Roman people. A taste for sculpture had been awakened, and the sons of Rome set to work themselves in the school of design. Good sculptures were quickly drawn up. But dodges sometimes took place then as now. For instance, if the sculptor came upon a flaw in the marble or if his chisel missed its aim, he had a carefully constructed cement with which he filled in chink, and so cleverly fixed it as to be imperceptible. In time, however, and after the purchase had long been completed, heat, or damp, or accident, would affect the cement, and it would reveal its presence there. The consequence was that, when new contracts came to be signed for commissioned art, there was a clause put in that they were to be *sine cera*, or without cement. What a picture story in a word! What a moral meaning in it—namely, that true character should be severe or without cement.