

LOSS AND GAIN.

After all, the gains of sharp practice in business are a small percentage of the legitimate gains—as in the case of Andrew Marvel, whose story follows:

ANDREW MARVEL was a merchant to whom his neighbors applied the word 'thifty.' He had been in business for only a few years; yet, in that, he had made a good deal of money. Mainly, the thrift of Andrew Marvel was the result of great shrewdness, industry, and a knowledge of trade. It was also dependent, in part, on his habit of driving close bargains, and getting, whenever it was possible to do so, some advantage in every transaction. So that he gained, he too rarely stopped to consider who lost—that is, he did not stop to consider while in the warmth and eagerness of business. Then his love of gain ruled his actions.

But, in earlier years, Marvel had received instruction from the lips of one who taught him to repeat the Golden Rule, and thus fixed that heavenly precept in his memory. It was, therefore, impossible for him to act with dishonesty, and not, in some after moment, when his cupidities were at rest, feel a sense of disquietude therefor. He could not gain a worldly advantage of this kind, without losing some portion of self-respect, and with that peace of conscience, without which no one can be happy.

In the gains of Mr. Marvel, there was, therefore, a loss, and that a serious one—a loss of which he was too often conscious—a loss that troubled him.

Strong in the love of money, and eager for its accumulation, as a means of happiness, our merchant, in acquiring earthly treasure, was like a man who builds a house, and uses, in its erection, a portion of bad materials, thus making the whole structure defective, and destroying all his pleasure in the use of the building. He was getting rich fast. He was investing money year after year. And yet accompanying his possessions was a feeling of disquietude, a want of self-approval and self-satisfaction. And there were times, when thinking over some of his business deeds, that he felt positively unhappy.

Andrew Marvel, at the time we have introduced him to the reader, was worth over eighty thousand dollars. Forty thousand of this sum was invested in 6 per cent. paying bonds and mortgages, and the remainder was in his business. His family consisted of only himself and wife, and their whole expense of living did not exceed two thousand dollars per annum.

Now the whole amount of this property, acquired by over-reaching in business, did not exceed, if every little item of fraudulent gain had been fairly counted, ten thousand dollars. Had Marvel been strictly honest man with man, in all his business dealings, he would have been worth seventy thousand dollars. But his selfish desire to have more than his own share, led him, for an additional ten thousand, to mar all real enjoyment of the seventy thousand.

Could he have obliterated from his mind the true precepts he had learned as a child—could he have hushed the whispers of conscience, heard in the silence of his heart after he had turned away from the busy world, he might have better enjoyed his wealth. But that was impossible.

One day a gentleman called upon Mr. Marvel and said to him:

'A widow, a friend of mine, has ten shares of stock that she wishes to sell. The income from this stock is too small to be of any value to her, and she is forced to part with it, in order to meet the present and pressing wants of her family. Do you wish to buy?'

'What stock is it?' asked the merchant.

The name of the company was mentioned.

'What does she ask for it?'

'She will sell at the market price.'

'What is that?'

'I saw a broker just now, and he said it was worth eighty dollars.'

'Eighty was the quotation of the previous day. But Marvel knew that an advance had taken place, and the true value of the shares was eighty-five dollars.'

'Very well,' said he, with a pleasant feeling at the thought of making fifty dollars by the transaction in consequence of the gentleman's ignorance of the real value of the scrip, 'I'll take the scrip. When do you want the money?'

'As soon as the transfer can be made.'

'I'll give you a check at any moment,' said Marvel.

So the transfer was made without delay, and the stock became the merchant's.

'That much gained,' said he to himself, as he placed the certificate carefully in his fire-proof. 'I should like to enter a transaction like this every day. The stock is worth eighty-five. So there are fifty dollars clear. Howard was not so wide awake as usual. But the stock was none of his. It is the poor widow who has to suffer. A nice man, truly, to have the widow's interests in charge.'

There was a sudden depression in the thermometer of Andrew Marvel's feelings at this last mental exclamation. A poor widow had been wronged—in plain words, cheated—out of fifty dollars. Who had done this? Who was guilty of so mean an act of dishonesty? Why, Andrew Marvel! The transaction was a mirror, in which the merchant saw himself reflected, and, with a feeling of shame at his heart, he tried to turn his eyes away from the likeness, so little flattering to the good opinion of himself he so fondly cherished.

'It was a fair business transaction,' he said to himself, in the struggle for self-approval.

But that would not do.

'The stock was offered at eighty dollars, and I bought it. Was there any-

thing wrong in that? It was a good bargain for me, I own; but every man is entitled to the best bargain he can make.

Still, the merchant felt uncomfortable. He had wronged a widow, whose slender income was insufficient for the support of her family, out of fifty dollars. That was the plain truth; and close if over as he would, he could not make it look any better.

Thus stood the account of loss and gain in that matter.

The sleep of Andrew Marvel was not always sound. It too frequently happened that, ere his senses were locked in sweet forgetfulness, there would intrude upon his mind the thought of something that he had done through the day, while absorbed in the sphere of gain, that produced a sense of uneasiness; and, oppressed with this feeling, he would turn upon his uneasy pillow sometimes for hours.

It was so on the night that followed his purchase of the widow's stock. He had lost far more than he had gained, and the trouble of this would not let him rest. At length, after many unhappy hours, nature gave way, and he sank into a troubled slumber. But, the current of his thoughts went on, uncontrolled not by reason and the real things around him. To a certain extent he lived over very many scenes in his life and some of the actors in them were and some of them with him again. By this time he was charged with overreaching in a certain transaction; by that one convicted of falsehood in some business operation, that he might acquire an advantage; and by another pointed at as a specious villain. At length his crowd of accusers passed away, and he was left alone with his own unhappy reflections. Not long ago, however, for the door of the room in which he seemed to be sitting, opened, and a woman, in widow's weeds, came slowly in. Though he had never seen the person from whom he had bought the stock on the previous day, he knew this to be her. By the hand she held two little children, poorly clad. They were weeping. The woman approached and stood before him. For a little while, she looked at him with a fixed expression. Then she said, in a severe tone—

'There were fifty dollars gained, Mr. Marvel—fifty dollars gained from the small remnant left to the widow and orphan. But how much was lost? Have you taken that into the account? Loss of honesty; loss of self-respect; loss of peace, and, worse than all, so much lost of heaven. With whom do you expect to live hereafter, Mr. Marvel? With the loving, unselfish, true-minded angels, or with the overreaching, dishonest, cruel-hearted spirits who cannot enter heaven? It must come to this at last. There were fifty dollars gained, Mr. Marvel, but how much lost? Can you estimate that?'

The merchant heard no more in his dream. Shuddering, he awoke with beads of clammy perspiration on his forehead.

On the next day Marvel enclosed the widow fifty dollars, saying to her in the note accompanying the sum that he found, on inquiry, that her stock was worth just that much more than he paid her for it. To screen himself from being thought by her what he really was—dishonest at heart—he evaded the truth in his act of restitution. But, so far as the act went, it was good. The merchant felt better, therefore; and enjoyed the property he had purchased far more than if his right to it had been vitiated by the right of another therein.

Andrew Marvel could not forget his dream; nor help recurring now and again to the profit and loss account that was posted up in the Book of Memory. And, whenever he looked at this account, he was positively unhappy. For the future, he was wiser, and endeavored to limit his gains within the bounds of strict honesty between man and his fellow-man. But whatever is written in the Book of Memory is a permanent record. He could not forget the past nor obliterate from his mind the consciousness that a portion of the worldly wealth he possessed was at the expense of dishonesty and wrong to others. In several cases he made secret restitution, thus lightening the pressure that was on him. But a portion of the weight could not be removed; and thus the abundance of this world's good things that were gathered around him were but half enjoyed, because a portion was not justly his own.

So much for loss and gain.—Catholic Citizen.

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found a list of patents recently granted through Messrs. Marion & Marion, Solicitors of Patents and Experts, New York Life Building, Montreal:

No. 60,053—A. Luustram, Hope, B. C. car lock.

No. 60,055—Aurele Noel, Pointe au Pere, P. Q. car lock.

No. 60,067—William V. Cuiholm, Asplunde, N. S., wrench.

No. 60,070—Jos. Cudieux, Montreal, envelope.

No. 60,095—R. B. Stevenson, Victoria, B. C., swimming and life preserver.

WAS WASTING AWAY.

'I could not eat, sleep, walk or sit down for any length of time. I was all ways in pain and was wasting away. I grew very weak and had a bad cough. I tried many different remedies, but did not get relief. Since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, however, I am able to attend to my business.'—MINNIE JACQUES, Oshono, Ont.

Hood's PILLS cure all liver ills. Mailed for 25c. by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

The first baby gets its photograph taken every three months; the other babies are lucky to get theirs taken once in three years.

TOOTHACHE STOPPED IN TWO MINUTES, with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum. 10c.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS OF CANADA, 1866 Notre-Dame Street, Montreal.

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SAVE your SURPRISE SOAP Wrappers. For 25 Surprise Soap Wrappers we give FREE: 2 Green Lead Pencils, 2 of the famous Blaisdell's Lead Pencils. A choice of a great many beautiful Pictures. A fine selection of the latest novels. 2 sheets of up-to-date Music. A Cook Book. FREE for 50 Surprise Soap Wrappers: A choice of 4 kinds of Jack Knives, 4 kinds of Scissors—long kind—short kind—round point—sharp point and Button Hole Scissors. Beautiful Bound Books of Standard authors—Books of Poems—Leather Purse—Bound Cook Books. For a larger number of Wrappers: Bicycles—Sewing Machines—Book Case—Dictionary—Carpet Sweeper—Clocks—Watches—Silverware. THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N.B.

A BUDGET OF ANECDOTES. PROFESSOR HUXLEY'S BUCKWHEAT CAKE. Huxley, the famous English scientist, was as simple and unaffected in his manner as a child, and was frankly interested in America as well as in America.

When he visited this country some years ago, he was entertained at the home of his friend, John Fiske, the historian. At breakfast, when the raised biscuits were passed it was noticed that Huxley took one, eyeing it curiously, and held it carefully beside his plate for further investigation. It was evidently an unknown quantity to him. As soon as he could quietly, without being observed, gain the attention of his host, he lifted the biscuit solemnly, and, holding it out to Professor Fiske in the palm of his hand, said in a whisper: 'Is this a buckwheat cake, Fiske?'

GREATER HONORS IN NUMBERS. A very pompous young lawyer, with more title than brains, not long ago called upon Governor B. B. Taylor, of Tennessee. The Governor was much impressed, but requested his visitor to be seated, and, turning for a moment to finish a certain piece of work. This greeting was not a flattery enough for the aspiring lawyer.

Perhaps you do not know who I am, Mr. Governor," he said, in a tone which bespoke that he was vexed at his cold reception. "I am the Hon. J. Blank Brain, Colonel Much Money's son-in-law."

"Oh—ah, excuse me," gushed the Governor in his most persuasive voice: "a thousand pardons; have two seats, Mr. Blank-Brain, have two seats."

MR. BEECHER CLEARS UP A DARK POINT. Henry Ward Beecher was once approached by a young man whom wealth had made a fool and who also was conceited. He considered himself very clever, and did not hesitate to assume a patronizing air to men infinitely his superiors. It was in this sort of spirit that this young fellow met Mr. Beecher, who knew his family.

"Do you know, Mr. Beecher," said he, "I've been thinking that I would settle down, behave myself and join your church. Now, I like your preaching, but when I go to your church and see such men as old S—and others, grasping—killinits and hypocrites to the core, sitting there in full membership, why, the thing is just a little too much for me. And really," he added, "I cannot join."

"Well, you're right," said Mr. Beecher, "every church has such men, and I fancy Plymouth is not free from them. And until you spoke I have wondered why the good Lord permitted it. Now I understand."

"Ah," gurgled the young fellow, drawing himself. "I am glad I have thrown light on the question. What strikes you as the reason, Mr. Beecher?"

"Well," replied the great preacher, looking the young man straight in the eye, "it is permitted in order to keep just such tools as you out of the churches."

EVARTS' IDEA OF WOMAN'S VERSATILITY. Ex-Secretary William M. Evarts was for a long time the most skillful of all public men in polite and pointed repartee. At a reception in Washington he was once drawn into a discussion between two ladies.

Mr. Evarts' said one, 'do you not think I am right in saying that a woman is always the best judge of another woman's character?'

"Madame," replied Mr. Evarts, 'she is not only the best judge, but also the best executioner.'

PROOF THAT HE WAS NOT TWO-FACED. The Rev. Sam Jones, the Georgia evangelist, was holding a series of meetings at a church whose pastor was noted for his lack of good looks.

One evening at a revival service, as he was talking about the sin of hypocrisy and duplicity, he—in a sudden gleam of characteristic humor—turned round to the pastor, sitting in the pulpit behind him, and said, amid a whirlwind of laughter: "Well, John, your congregation can never accuse you of being a two-faced man, can they? For the Lord knows that if you had another face you'd certainly wear it, wouldn't you?"

A HOPELESS INVALID. SUCH WAS THE CONDITION OF MISS RODD, OF BROOKLYN. AN EDITOR RELATES THE STORY OF HER ILLNESS AND HOW A REMARKABLE CHANGE IN HER CONDITION WAS BROUGHT ABOUT.

[FROM THE GAZETTE, WHITBY, ONT.] For some five years the editor of this journal has made weekly visits to Brooklyn in search of news. One of his earliest recollections of the village was in noting that Miss Levina Rodd was very ill. Miss Rodd was well known, and as week after week rolled round it was natural to ask how she was getting on, and the reply always came that she was no better. Time went on and it became a settled fact that Miss Rodd was a confirmed invalid and that such she would continue until a kind Providence took mercy on her by allowing death to end her sufferings.

None of the villagers anticipated any other ending. Our astonishment can be better imagined than described, therefore, when Mrs. Bert Wells hailed us one morning with "Well, editor, we have some news for you to-day." "What is it?" "Why, Miss Rodd has gone on a visit to Columbus friends." "Why, I thought she was a confirmed invalid?" "So she was," but she has been improving so much lately that she is now able to help herself a good deal, and it was thought a change of scene would do her good."

"That is certainly news," replied the quill-pusher, "and good news too; but what cured her?" "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," replied Mrs. Wells. We then decided to ask Miss Rodd upon her return for an interview, but it was some time before it took place, owing to the limited time at our disposal between trains, and partly owing to a desire to wait and see if the improvement was likely to prove permanent. However, after many put-offs, we finally called at the home of Mrs. Doolittle, a sister of Miss Rodd's, who has carefully cared for her during the long illness. At the request of the editor Miss Rodd made the following statement:—"I am fifty years of age and have lived in Brooklyn ten years. Five years ago I was taken ill with acute rheumatism, and have not done a day's work since. The trouble began with my feet, and the swelling extended to my arms, wrists and shoulders, and finally settled in my neck. I had such pain that I was obliged to use a walking stick to ease me in moving about, and two and a half years ago the stick had to make way for a crutch. At this time I used to get up a little each day, but it was not long before I was denied even this privilege, and the next six months I could not even turn my head or put a cup of tea to my mouth. I got completely discouraged after ineffectually being treated by two physicians and trying the different medicines recommended for my ailment. While I was in this helpless condition my niece came in one day and prevailed upon me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking two boxes I felt a slight change for the better, so I continued to take them, with the effect that I continued to improve slowly ever since. I now sleep well, have a good appetite and have gained in flesh. I can stand now, walk about and even get in and out of the buggy upon the occasion of my late visit to Columbus. Since that time, too, I feel stronger, and my reason for still using a crutch is on account of my knees being weak and a desire to not overtax my strength. Jubilee Day was the first time in twenty-one months that I was able to put my foot outside the door and I am satisfied had I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in the first place instead of the other medicines used, I would have been spared much suffering. I am sure I owe my improvement to these Pills alone." Mrs. Doolittle, who, as we have previously stated, attended her sister through her trying illness, was equally strong in her recommendations as to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills having effected the radical change, and the three of us agreed that it would be only just that the notice of suffering humanity in the hope that it might prove a blessing to more than Miss Rodd, who still continues to improve and who hopes to again be able to do her full day's work at no distant date.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

TRAINING CHILDREN. A contributor to an Irish exchange, in dealing with the all-important question of training children, says: Children hunger perpetually for new ideas. They will learn with pleasure from the lips of parents what they deem drudgery to learn in books, and even if they have the misfortune of being deprived of many educational advantages, they will grow up intelligent if they enjoy in childhood the privilege of listening to the conversation of intelligent people. Let them have many opportunities of learning in this way. Be kind to them and don't think it beneath you to answer their little questions, for they proceed from an unplaced faculty, which every true man and woman should take a great delight in gratifying.

THE WEARING OF MOURNING. Here are the views of a doctor about mourning, says an exchange: "Many a woman has been laid in her coffin by the wearing of crape. It is a sin to do or wear anything that hurts the health, and therefore I think it positively sinful for women to wear mourning. Even plain black is not wholesome. It is astonishing that this custom has not been wholly abolished, for women have grown very sensible in the matter of dress. It would have been abolished long ago were it not for the fact that women care more for what other people say than she does for herself."

Women claim that mourning is a protection. If one is really grief-stricken one's own feelings are sufficient protection against society, and for my part I believe that crape and other mourning habiliments are often directly responsible for bad complexions, bad eyes, bad digestion and bad temper."

It is a truth, and a sad one, that the girl with the least money is apt to be the most extravagant. The very wealthy girl may not have to care for her own wardrobe, yet each piece belonging to it is made to do full service, and in many instances, if she has a wise mother, the girl herself must superintend the work of the maid. It is said of the daughters of Queen Victoria that each one of them was taught, not only to sew well, but to mend and darn with great neatness, and to make over those gowns which were counted worth it. The girl whose wardrobe is not large makes her first mistake in buying cheap material of a color that is the fancy of the moment. Instead, when only one new gown may be had during the season, it should be of a fabric that will stand wear, that will endure making over, and of a color of which neither the wearer nor the looker-on will soon grow weary. It is an extravagance to have a gown made in the extreme of the fashion, for the extreme soon goes out, and then you have a failure on your hands.

But God in your debt. Every stroke shall be repaid. The longer the payment is withheld, the better for you; for compound interest on compound interest is the rate and usage of the exchequer.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

If you cannot get beef, mutton will answer. You may choose between milk, water, coffee or tea. But there is no second choice for Scott's Emulsion. It is Scott's Emulsion or nothing. When you need the best cod-liver oil, the best hypophosphites, and the best glycerine, all combined in the best possible manner, you have only one choice. It brings prompt results in all cases of wasting, or loss in weight.

All druggists, 50c. and 75c. per bottle. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

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SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY. FOR THE HAIR: CASTOR FLUID. FOR THE TEETH: SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE. FOR THE SKIN: WHITE ROSE LANOLIN OIL. HENRY B. GRAY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 123 St. Lawrence Street.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTEAL, SUPERIOR COURT, No. 3064. Ulysse Girard and Gerardo D. Gerardo, both bankers of the City of Montreal, and their business as such as co-partners under the firm of Girard, Gerardo & Co., Plaintiffs vs. A. Dumbare Taylor, hereof and Gerardo D. Gerardo, Defendants, in and to the Province of Quebec, and in parts unknown, Defendants. The Defendant is ordered to appear with in one month, to wit, on the 15th day of August, 1883. AUG. BERTRAND, Deputy Prothonotary.

ST. ANN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. ESTABLISHED 1853. Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN; Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 200 Manufacturers Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every month, in St. Ann's Hall, corner Young and Ottawa streets, at 8:30 p.m. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. J. Killfeather, T. Rogers and Andrew Gullen.

ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY. ESTABLISHED 1841. The hall is open to the members and their friends every Tuesday evening. The society meets for religious instruction in St. Patrick's Church, the second Sunday of each month at 8 p.m. The regular monthly meetings are held on the second Tuesday of each month, at 8 p.m. in their hall, 23 St. Alexander Street. REV. W. A. McALLISTER, S.S., Rev. President; JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President; W. P. DOYLE, Secretary; 234 St. Martin Street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messrs. John Walsh, J. H. Feeley and William Rawley.

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