

"Eh, doctor, you are joking now; it is long since I have had any hair."

"O Duncan! Duncan! are you going into the house of the Lord with a lie upon your head?"

This, says the story, settled the question; and the doctor heard no more of the lie on the face of the clock.

Believed his Wife.

A certain queer old character, when asked what was his opinion on any subject, would never answer till he asked his wife about it. The Dutchman here seems to have flourished in very much the same sort of second-hand wisdom.

During the trial of a case in Louisville, last week, a witness persisted in testifying to what his wife told him. To this of course the attorney objected, and it was ruled out by the judge. He would proceed again to tell "shust how it was," when the attorney would sing out,—

"How do you know that?"

"My wife told me," was the answer.

This was repeated several times. Presently the judge became unable to contain himself longer:

"Suppose your wife were to tell you the heavens had fallen, what would you think?"

"Vell, den I dinks dey vos down."

Rome Wasn't Built in a Day.

The boy who does a stroke, and stops—

Will ne'er a great man be;

'Tis the aggregate of single drops

That makes the sea the sea.

Not all at once the morning streams
Its gold above the gray,
It takes a thousand little beams
To make the day the day.

Upon the orchard rain must fall,
And soak from branch to root,
And buds must bloom and fade withal,
Before the fruit is fruit.

The farmer needs must sow and till
And wait the wheaten head,
Then cradle, thresh, and go to mill,
Before his bread is bread.

Swift heels may get the early shout,
But, spite of all the din,
It is the patient holding out
That makes the winner win.

ALICE CARY.

Did you think, asks a Paris paper, how many male and female ancestors were required to bring you into the world? First, it was necessary that you should have a father and a mother—that makes two human beings. Each of them also had a father and mother—that makes four human beings. Each of these four must have had a father and mother—that makes eight human beings. And so we must go back forty-six generations, which brings us only to the time of Christ. The calculation thus resulting shows that 139,245,017,489,534,976 births must have taken place in order to bring you into the world—you who read these lines. But remember we are only taking the case of yourself—one human being—and there are a billion of human beings in the world with the same history, and we have only carried back the calculation to the time of Christ. How monstrous the calculation becomes if we carry it back six thousand years! How ghastly it becomes if we push it back two hundred and fifty thousand years, which De Mortillet and others give as the age of the human race! Just count three generations to a century, or thirty to every thousand years, and reckon up the history of one individual. Imagine the number of births necessary to bring into existence one member of the seven thousand, five hundredth generation!

Little Ones' Column.

Going Away for the Summer.

Good-morning, Mrs. Silvertip; pray find a seat, my dear,
And take a fan, and 'scuse me, please, because I'm lying here;
I really can't hold up my head, my brain it feels so dizzy;

I've had such heaps of things to do—I never was so busy.
You see Sophia's grown so fat, the doctor said that she

Must give up books and go to play—advice that suited me;
But then her clothes were all worn out; she'd nothing fit to show

At Newport, or Mount Washington, or Thousand Isles, you know.
I've bought her lots of dresses and little hats, my dear;

There will not be a prettier child at any place this year;
But then, you see, it's worn me out; I've been so awful cross,

I've even shook Sophia, dear, and made a face at Floss.
At Floss! my own dear darling dog; he thought it only fun.

But, Sophie! Mrs. Silvertip, I blushed at what I'd done;
To lose one's temper is so bad; my tears fell down in streams.

And then to make it up, I bought a pound of chocolate creams.
Of course, I ate the most myself; oh, won't you have some, dear?

No, thank you, not a cream for me; my head is worse, I fear;
How Floss does bark! and Sophie looks so stupid, dull and brown;

The trouble is with my poor nerves, I'm really all run down.
And there's mamma! I'm 'fraid she's brought some rhubarb in that spoon;

Good-by, dear Mrs. Silvertip; why must you go so soon?
Yes, yes! I'll write, when I'm myself, and not so warm and dizzy;

This getting fixed to go away has kept me much too busy.

Wait for Me.

Seaward runs the little stream
Where the wagoner cools his team,
Where, between the banks of moss,
Stand the stepping-stones to cross.
O'er them comes a little maid,
Laughing, not a bit afraid:
Mother, there upon the shore,
Crossed them safely just before.
'Tis the little lassie's plea—
Wait for me, wait for me!

Ah, so swift the waters run—
One false step 'twas all undone;
Little heart begins to beat
Fearing for the little feet.
Soon her fear will all be lost,
When the stepping stones are crossed,
Three more yet on which to stand—
Two more—one more—then on land!
'Tis the little lassie's plea—
Wait for me, wait for me!

Ah, for you, my laughing lass,
When the years have come to pass,
May One still be near to guide,
While you cross Life's river wide,
When no helping hand is near,
None, if you should call, to hear—
Think, however far away,
Mother still knows all you say;
E'en in heaven heeds your plea—
Wait for me, wait for me!

Mother's Girl.

Sleeves to the dimpled elbow,
Fun in the sweet blue eyes,
To and fro upon errands
The little maiden flies.
Now she is washing dishes,
Now she is feeding the chicks,
Now she is playing with pussy,
Or teaching Rover tricks.

Wrapped in a big white apron,
Pinned in a checkered shawl,
Hanging clothes in the garden,
Oh, were she only tall!
Hushing the fretful baby,
Coaxing his hair to curl;
Stepping around so briskly
Because she is mother's girl.

Hunting for eggs in the hay-mow,
Petting old Brindle's calf,
Riding Don to the pasture
With many a ringing laugh.
Coming whenever you call her,
Running whenever sent,
Mother's girl is a blessing,
And mother is well content.

Commercial.

PRICES AT FARMERS' WAGONS, TORONTO.

	May 28, 1886.
Wheat, fall, per bushel.....	\$0 73 0 73
Wheat, spring, do.....	0 73 0 73
Wheat, goose, do.....	0 68 0 68
Barley, do.....	0 60 0 90
Oats, do.....	0 35 0 36
Peas, do.....	0 58 0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs.....	6 50 6 75
Beef, forequarters.....	4 50 6 00
Beef, hindquarters.....	3 50 10 00
Mutton, carcass.....	8 00 9 50
Hay, timothy.....	12 00 13 25
Hay, clover.....	9 00 11 00

PRICES AT ST. LAWRENCE MARKET, TORONTO.

	May 28, 1886.
Chickens, per pair.....	\$0 65 0 85
Ducks do.....	0 65 0 90
Butter, pound rolls.....	14 16
Butter, large rolls.....	12 13
Butter, inferior.....	10 11
Lard.....	10 00
Bacon.....	7 11
Turkeys.....	75 1 50
Geese.....	70 85
Cheese.....	9 11
Eggs, fresh, per dozen.....	12 13
Potatoes, per bag (new).....	50 65
Apples, per bbl.....	1 00 1 75
Cabbage, per doz.....	80 1 00
Turnips, per bag.....	30 40
Carrots, per bag.....	40 45
Beets, per peck.....	15 00
Parsnips, per peck.....	15 20
Onions, per bag.....	1 00 1 25

LIVE STOCK MARKETS.

Buffalo, May 25th, 1886.

Receipts 6,562, against 5,776 the previous week. The cattle market opened up active on Monday with 81 loads on sale. There was a good demand from the local trade and shippers. The best steers sold at \$5 50@5 90, down to \$5@5 25. Good to choice mixed butchers' stock brought \$4 50@4 90, and common \$3 25@3 75. Michigan stockers and feeders were quoted at \$3 25@4 15. There were only three loads of cattle received on Tuesday and Wednesday and the market ruled steady and firm. The following were the closing

QUOTATIONS:

Extra Beeves—Graded steers weighing 1,450 lbs and upwards.....	\$5 50 @5 90
Choice Beeves—Fine, fat, well-formed steers, weighing 1,300 to 1,400 lbs.....	5 25 @5 50
Good Beeves—Well-fattened steers weighing 1,200 to 1,350 lbs.....	5 00 @5 35
Medium Grades—Steers in fine flesh, weighing 1,050 to 1,250 lbs.....	4 75 @5 35
Light Butchers—Steers averaging 850 to 1,100 lbs, of fair to good quality.....	4 25 @4 75
Butchers' Stock—Inferior to common steers and heifers, for city slaughter, weighing 900 to 1,100 lbs.....	3 25 @3 75
Michigan stock cattle, common to choice.....	3 25 @3 75
Michigan feeders, fair to choice.....	4 00 @4 15
Fat bulls, fair to extra.....	3 25 @3 60

SHEEP.

Receipts, 23,200, against 21,000 the previous week. There were 44 loads of sheep on sale Monday. The demand was active at prices 5@10 cents higher than those of Saturday. Only one load was offered on Tuesday. There were 29 loads on sale Wednesday. The market ruled dull and prices declined fully 25 cents from the opening rates of Monday. Common to fair sheep sold at \$4 25@4 75; fair to choice, \$4 75 @5; common to fair yearlings, \$5 50@6; good to choice, \$6@6 50.

HOGS.

Receipts, 46,601, against 57,008 the previous week. The market opened up active on Monday with 45 loads on sale, prices ranging about the same as those of Saturday. The market closed with all sold. The receipts were light on Tuesday, and prices advanced \$5@10 cents. On Wednesday there were 15 loads on sale, and the market ruled steady at the advance of Tuesday. Pigs brought \$4 25@4 35; good strong selected medium Yorkers and weights were sold within the range of \$4 55@4 60; bulk of sales at \$4 00; no light mixed here; coarse mixed heavy ends, \$3 50@3 90.

We desire to call the attention of our readers to the Fanning Mill of Mr. Manson Campbell, of Chatham. We do so with every confidence, believing it to be one of the best manufactured, and from our personal knowledge of Mr. Campbell, we cheerfully recommend him to intending purchasers as a reliable and a conscientious man of business.