

fight, and they said like enough Jimmie was wounded or may be killed! and then mother turned as white as snow, and leaned against the table, as if she was to weak to stand up, almost. Then a letter came from one of Jimmie's comrades. He wrote that Jimmie had been wounded, but was getting along finely, and the doctor said he would be able to come home soon on furlough. You'd better believe I was glad.

But the very next day we got another letter, and that said that Jimmie had been taken worse and died the next day after the first letter was written.

Mother didn't cry at all. She sat down with such a queer, white look on her face that I was almost afraid of her. She kept saying to father in a strange, sad way, "Jimmie's dead! Jimmie's dead!" Poor father! he laid his head down on the table; and when he lifted his face I saw it was white all over as if he was in pain. He took the letter from mother's hand and read it out loud. Towards the last of it, it said: "Jimmie said just before he died: 'Tell mother I longed to have her here to say good by to me and kiss me before I died, but I'll wait for her in heaven, and there we shall never have to say good by. Tell father I'd like so well to see him once more before I die, but it cannot be. Tell him I haven't forgot to pray, and that my last prayer is that we may all meet over the river, an unbroken family. Tell Willie to always remember brother Jimmie, and to be a good boy.'" You see I can say it all over, for I've heard mother read it over so many times that I know it all by heart. When father got along to that part, mother's face lost that white, cold look, and she began to cry; not as she did when Jimmie went away, but "God knows what's for the best, and we'll meet him by and by, won't we Richard?" And father said "yes." I don't know what made her so quiet and still: I suppose she would cry and moan and sob as if her heart was breaking. I asked her once, afterward, what made her act so different from what she did when Jimmie went away; and she said that it was God's will that he should die, and it was always best to accept God's will without murmuring against it. I suppose she felt as bad about Jimmie as if she had cried and sobbed ever so hard, but she knew God had taken him, and what God had done was right. So she didn't murmur. But I've seen her weep ever so many times when she looks at Jimmie's picture. Did you ever see it Billy? It looks just like him, and we wouldn't let it go for the world. Sometimes when I look at it, I think it is going to speak, it looks so natural.

Jimmie's been dead four years, I guess. Sometime when I get big, I'm going down there where he died, and I'll hunt up his grave. Mother says she wishes he was buried here at home, but father tells her that Heaven is as near to that grave as it would be to one here. And then mother says over Jimmie's words, "In Heaven we shall never have to say good bye," and I know she thinks of the time when she shall meet him there.

Children and chickens, must always be picking.
Eating and drinking, should not keep us from thinking.

Poetry.

THE GIRL FOR ME.

Just fair enough to be pretty,
Just gentle enough to be sweet,
Just saucy enough to be witty,
Just dainty enough to be neat,

Just tall enough to be graceful,
Just slight enough for a fay,
Just dress enough to be tasteful,
Just merry enough to be gay.

Just tears enough to be tender,
Just sighs enough to be sad,
Tones soft enough to remember,
Your heart through their cadence made glad.

Just meek enough for submission,
Just bold enough to be brave,
Just pride enough for ambition,
Just thoughtful enough to be grave.

A tongue that can talk without harming,
Just mischief enough to tease,
Manners pleasant enough to be charming,
That put you at once at your ease.

Disdain to put down presumption,
Sarcasm to answer a fool,
Cool contempt enough shown to assumption
Proper dignity always the rule.

Flights of fair fancy ethereal,
Devotion to science full paid,
Stuff of the sort of material,
That really good housewives are made.

Generous enough and kind hearted,
Pure as the angels above—
Oh! from her may I never be parted,
For such is the maiden I love.

—Prairie Farmer.

ANSWER TO ANAGRAM.

The memory of thy name, dear one,
Lives in my inmost heart,
Linked with a thousand hopes and fears
That shall not thence depart.

MARTHA SELLS,
Vienna, Ont.

We would thank Miss Martha Sells and all others to pay postage.

Correct answers from E. D. Humphrey, George Nixon, John Bell, KATIE MAYO, A. O. Graydon, Hannah Elizabeth Smith, William Dunlop, Catharine Ann McCormick and J. D. Smith.

ANSWER TO CHARADE.—"Crowbar."

PUZZLE.

My first is an insect; my second is an article; my third is a measure; my fourth is a plant; my fifth is a pronoun; my sixth is a girl's nickname; my seventh is an interjection; my eighth is a verb; my ninth is a vowel. My whole is the name of a city.

ANAGRAM.

Het uns nishes kirly gbt wond eht eigh.
Dan hte digniw reivi melgas.
Laree sa eth yujons nogs to dibrs.
Yb dadshc stoffre tessnar.

Het repu tal feahbres no ryere fela.
Hltw tetwese ceangrar futhera.
Kell a termoh's sineslge no eht hied.
Ro a joep's stuper hottingh.

LONDON MARKETS.

LONDON, Oct. 25th, 1868.

Fall Wheat, per bushel	\$1.13	to	\$1.20
Spring Wheat do	1.10	to	1.15
Barley do	95	to	1.02
Oats do	85	to	90
Peas do	65	to	72
Corn do	75	to	85
Rye do	87 1/2	to	90
Hay, per ton	\$8.00	to	\$10.00
Butter, prime, per lb.	20	to	25
Eggs, per dozen	11	to	14
Potatoes, per bushel	50	to	90
Apples	40	to	75
Flour, per 100 lbs.	2.75	to	3.25
Clover per bush.	6.50	to	7.00
Timothy	2.25	to	3.00
Mutton, per lb., by quarter	5	to	6
Beef, per pound (on foot)	4 1/2	to	5
Horses	75.00	to	150.00
Cows	20.00	to	40.00
Wool per lb.	16	to	20

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Express for Guelph and Suspension Bridge... 3 45 p m
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Express for Detroit and Chicago 12 40 p m
Express for do do 4 40 p m
Steam Express for do 2 00 a m
Mail for Detroit and Chicago..... 5 20 a m

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