

## Exchanges.

We are in receipt of the January number of the "Woman's Directory," devoted to Women's Mercantile Interests, edited by the Women of the Synergic Club, at 41 State street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Subscription \$1 a year. It contains a Directory of American Women Journalists, and a very interesting continued story, entitled "The Lovers of Orleans," the scene of which is laid in the Island of Orleans, near Quebec, and gives a brief historical sketch of the five parishes into which the island is divided, and the adjacent country. We cannot afford space to describe the many attractions contained in the "Directory," but whoever sends 10 cents for a sample copy will derive from it information worth a year's subscription. Lady Agents wanted for the above.

The *Monthly Gem*, is a monthly Amateur Newspaper published at Logansville, Ohio, at the very low Subscription price of 25 cents a year. We are pleased to see that in quantity and quality its reading matter is far above the average, and original at that. Such papers deserve the liberal support of every one possessed of either money or brains, both being necessary in the composition of desirable mental *paladium*.

The *Yamhill County Herald* is a weekly newspaper published by M. M. Banister at Dayton, Oregon, for \$1 a year. Those advertisers whose aspirations run high, will find in this paper a good banister to get hold of, which may literally enable them to climb the golden stairs.

The *California Cocker*, San Francisco, at \$1 a year, contains all the information necessary to poultry breeders. Clubbed with this journal for \$1.25 per annum. Try it once and you'll capon do so. Nothing has so good a hold on a poultry fancier as a well regulated hatch-way.

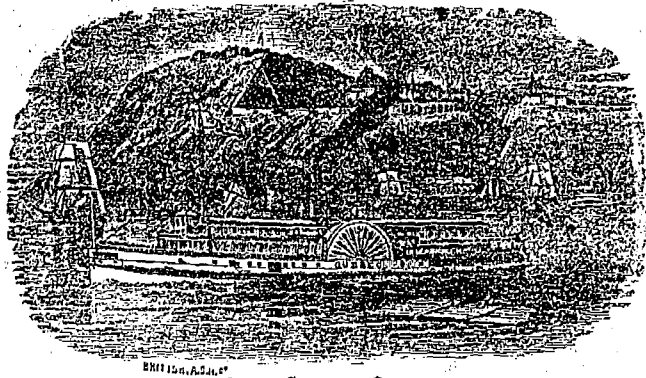
The *Vade Mecum* for January, although somewhat diminished in size to avoid being behind in time contains the usual amount of information necessary to prevent parties from striking the school of "Frauds and Humbugs." A 50 cent subscription sent to the publisher at Salina, Kansas, will be money in your pocket.

Messrs D. Thomas & Co., Sherbrooke.

Dear Sirs:—After several weeks of intense suffering from *Schistia* I have been entirely relieved from pain, by the use of *Dr. Ortuway's Improved Plasters*, obtained from you, and am again able to attend to my ordinary avocations. You are at liberty to publish this, for the benefit of other sufferers. Yours truly,

L. A. DASTOUS.

Sherbrooke Jan. 26th 1889.



RIVER STEAMER, QUEBEC.

For The Land We Live In.

### THAT EASTERN TALE.

BY RUFUS REDDY.

How few there are among us who have not, at one time or another, been deeply affected by some incident in our daily lives, or possibly by others that we may have read of, which, though small in themselves, exercise a lasting influence throughout our after lives. And thus by a beautiful Eastern tale that I once read in my youth, was my disposition ever after moulded.

It was a beautiful tale. I remember it well. A wandering Arab on the desert, when on the point of death, through thirst, discovered an oasis, one of those gurgling springs of clear, cold water, that are at times found in the midst of a burning, scorching desert. After quenching his thirst, feeling so refreshed by the water, he imagined it contained more than ordinary properties, and so filled an extra water bottle which hung at his side, with the intention of presenting it to his King and Ruler.

After many weary days of travel, he arrived at the palace gates, where he related the circumstances of his travels. The King, after hearing his tale, filled a goblet with the water, thanked him and drank it heartily, and after loading him with many costly presents, sent him on his way rejoicing.

While the Arab was present, those who were standing near, also wished to drink of the wonderful water, but the King forbade them, and after the traveller departed, explained, that during the Arab's wanderings, after filling the bottle, the water had putrified, and was very disagreeable to the taste, but not wishing to hurt the poor man's feelings, he drank it, and he feared that had any present tasted the

water, they would have likely exclaimed at its condition, and so wounded the feelings of the humble donor.

It was an affecting story, and one which I never forgot. How I have rued ever since with that King in his delicate consideration.

While dining with a dear friend, I was handed a plate of soup; its temperature registered four millions, Fahrenheit, in the shade. I filled my mouth. My first inclination was to spring to the ceiling and kick off both shoes while in mid air, but the sweet influence of that tale, here manifested itself. The soup was offered in kindness, his feelings must not be wounded, and I smilingly cooled the liquid with the recollections of that eastern tale.

I was invited by a kind neighbor to visit his apiary I felt nervous; he said they were perfectly harmless, especially when he was present; being reassured, I stepped in among the hives. I was soon an object of considerable attention.

"They won't sting while I am present," said the old man. I soon had reason to feel as if the old man had suddenly transferred himself several miles away and was irretrievably absent. I was struck on both sides of the face at the same moment and the stings got interlocked in the roof of my mouth. "You see, sir," remarked the old gentleman at that moment, "they haven't touched you, I told you so," and my reply was entirely based on the incident of the Arab and his ruler, and the old man's feelings were spared.

My sorest trial, however, I am now about to relate. While travelling once over the Orford hills, I overtook an old farmer, who was invited to a seat in the buggy. We soon entered into conversation. He enquired my name. I told him, and also where I was from. "Well, I

swow," he exclaimed, "be you old Robert Reddy's boy?" I was. "Well, I knowed yer father well. Now he were the all-firedest man on a yarn I ever see'd; now on a dicker he were straight, but on a yarn he were not quite so reliable; and be you like him, mister?"

I pleaded more or less guilty of my father's Ananian accomplishments. We soon reached the old man's door. I pleaded haste, but had to enter if only for a moment to partake of a social glass.

The old man fumbled over the bottles on the sideboard, dwelling constantly on the good old days spent with my father. Soon, a glass, filled to the brim, was handed me. It was raised to my lips; at the first swallow, I knew some terrible mistake had been made. It seemed as if sixteen fathoms of chain-lightning were whipping around the roof of my mouth. The old man stood by, glass in hand.

Again that eastern tale smoothed those revolving coils. Said I, "That good old man's feelings must not be hurt," and the glass was drained. At this moment he raised his glass, and at the first taste, leaped back and dashed the contents to the floor.



"Well, I'll be gol darned," he spluttered, "if I haven't given yer thearnica I wash my old mar's foot with!"

I felt my time had come. A thousand incidents flashed before me. Was I thus to die? I, who so often in the day dreams of youth, dwelt upon death and its victims, and like many a visionary youth, had my particular choice of how I would wish to meet the great enemy.

At the deadly breach, while gallantly leading a forlorn hope, stood for first choice. How I longed to dwell upon that fatal breach.

Another which came next in popularity, was rushing out of a burning house with an aged mother in my arms, and after laying her on the green, green grass, staggering back, before a full house, and with the word "mother!" sinking to the cold, cold earth to rise no more. But never, no, never once did I dream that I was to die from an over dose of arnica, previously used as a horse wash!

Ah! stern realization! cruel dispeller of my youthful dreams! I fell to the floor. The old man raised my head. His agonized glance was heart-rending. He meant kindly, I thought, and again that beautiful eastern tale waited its sweet influence over my departing faculties. His feelings must not be hurt.

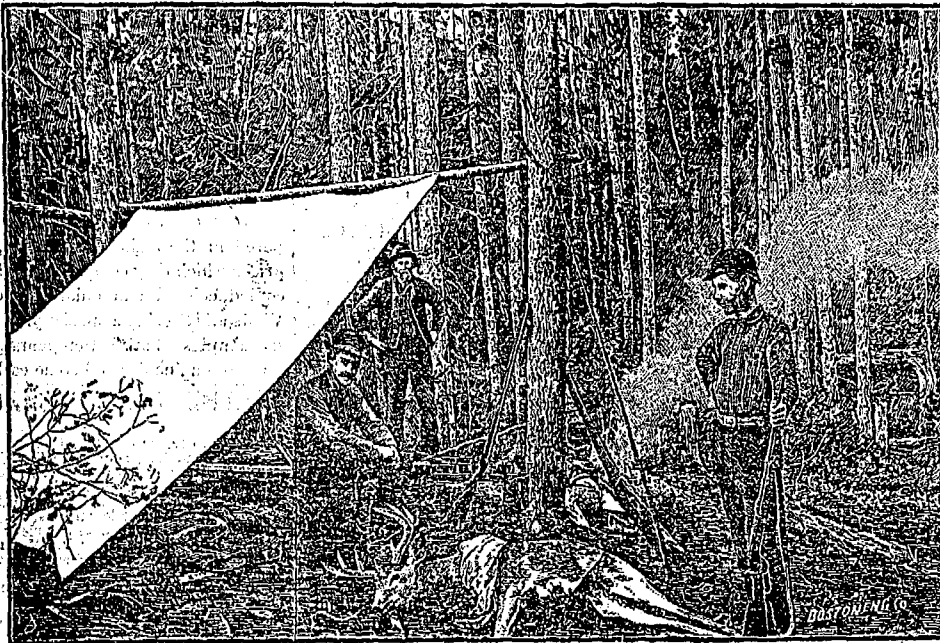
"Old man," I gasped, "never mind; it's all right, I've always hankered after arnica!" and I swooned.

With careful nursing I recovered from the effects of the arnica, and have ever since been earnestly endeavoring to recover from the influence of that Eastern Tale.

### THE STAR

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A LEAN TO AT HATHAN BOG.