THE
LISTOWEL STANDARD
—is published—
EVERY FRIDAY MORNING,
In time for the early mails, at the office,
MARTIN'S BLOCK, MAIN ST., LISTOWEL,
—by—
A. ST. GEORGE HAWKINS.

TERMS:
If paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per annum; otherwise, $1.50.

ADVERTISING RATES.
First insertion, per line ..... 8c.
Each subsequent insertion ..... 3c.
Contract advertisements inserted at the following rates:

	1 year.	6 months.	3 months.
One column,	$60 00	$35 00	$20 00
Half "	35 00	20 00	12 00
Quarter "	20 00	12 00	7 00
Eighth "	12 00	7 00	4 00

Business cards, not exceeding 8 lines, $4 per annum; over 8 and under 12 lines, $5.
Advertisements of farms for sale, cattle estray, and other small advertisements, $1 for first month, and 50c. per month thereafter.
Special notices, 10c. per line each insertion. Any special notice, the object of which is to promote the pecuniary benefit of any individual, company or society, to be considered an advertisement, and charged accordingly.
All advertisements measured by a scale of Nonpareil—12 lines to the inch. Advertisements without specified directions will be inserted till forbid. Instructions to change or discontinue an advertisement must be left at the office by noon on Monday, and the copy for changes must be handed in not later than 10 a.m. on Wednesday.

JOB PRINTING.
We have a first-class jobbing department in connection—Wharfedale and Gordon presses, and the latest designs in printing material—enabling us to execute all descriptions of job printing on shortest notice, and in style second to no city office.
Our terms for job work, casual advertisements and special notices are cash. Contract advertisements payable quarterly.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

CHRIST CHURCH (ANGLICAN)—Main St., Rev. G. B. Taylor, Incumbent. Morning Service at 11; Evening Service at 7.00 o'clock. Sunday school at 2.30 p. m.

KNOX CHURCH.—Inkerman St., Rev. J. W. Bell, M. A., Pastor. Services at 11 a. m. and 6.30 p.m. Sabbath school at 2.30 p.m. Congregational prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30. Bible class Thursday evening at 7.30.

CANADA METHODIST CHURCH.—Elma St., Rev. J. W. Holmes, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a.m., and 6.30 p. m. Sunday school at 2.30 p.m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7.30.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.—Inkerman St., Rev. A. Cooper, Pastor. Services at 10.30 a. m. and 6.30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m.

PRIMITIVE METHODIST CHURCH.—William St., Rev. J. A. Trollope Pastor. Services at 10.30 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2.30 p. m. Prayer meeting Tuesday evening at 7.30.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.—Raglan St., Rev. W. P. Clarke, Pastor. Services at 11 a. m., and 6.30 p. m. Bible class at 3 p. m. Weekly prayer meeting Wednesday evening p. m.

GERMAN LUTHERAN CHURCH.—Services held in the Town Hall every other Sunday, at 10.30 a. m. Rev. Dr. Alt, Sommer, Pastor. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 p. m.

GERMAN EVANGELICAL CHURCH—St., Rev. G. M. Grafl, Pastor. Service every other Sunday at 10 a.m. Sunday school every Sunday at 2 p. m.

MONTHLY CATTLE FAIRS.

LISTOWEL.—First Friday in each month.
GUELPH.—First Wednesday in each month.
CLIFFORD.—Thursday before the Guelph fair.
TEVIOTDALE.—Friday before the Guelph fair.
HARRISTON.—Friday before the Guelph fair.
DRAYTON.—Saturday before Guelph.
MOOREFIELD.—Monday before Guelph.
ELORA.—Tuesday before Guelph.
NEW HAMBURG.—First Tuesday in each month.
BERLIN.—First Thursday in each month.
ELMIRA.—Second Monday in each month.
WATERLOO.—Second Tuesday in each month.
MOUNT FOREST.—Third Wednesday in each month.
GALT.—Wednesday after the second Tuesday.

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.
(SOUTHERN EXTENSION OF W. G. & B. RY.)
Trains leave Listowel station daily as under:
For Kincardine and intermediate points—Mixed, 8.10 a.m.; Express 12.55 p.m.; Express 8.38 p.m.
For Palmerston—Express at 6.50 a. m.; Express 1.33 p.m.; Mixed, 10.00 p.m
GEORGIAN BAY AND LAKE ERIE DIVISION.
Trains leave Listowel station daily as under:
GOING SOUTH.
Express, 8.00 a. m.; Express, 2.50 p. m.; Mixed, 3.55 p. m.
GOING NORTH.
Mixed, 9.35 a.m.; Express, 11.40 p.m; Express, 7.30 p.m.

J. R. HAMILTON, M. D., C. M., Graduate of McGill University, Montreal, and member of the College of Physicians and Surgeons. ATWOOD Out.

DARLING & MAREE, BARRISTERS, Solicitors, Conveyancers, &c. Offices, over Scott's Banking House, Listowel.
J. L. DARLING. J. P. MAREE.

FENNELL & GEARING, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Solicitors in the High Court. Solicitors for Bank of Hamilton. Offices—over Roy & McDonald's store, Main Street Listowel.

W. J. FERGUSON, B.A., ATTORNEY at Law, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, &c. Office—Campbell's Block Main street Listowel. ☞ Money to lend on farm security at low rates.

J. H. MICHENER, M. D., PHYSICIAN Surgeon and Accoucheur. Office at drug store, next door to Thompson Bros., Main street. Residence, opp. old Post Office Main st.

DR. A. M. SLOAN, GRADUATE OF Trinity University, Licentate of Royal College Physicians, Edinburgh, Office, over J. P. Newman's shoe store, third door west of Post office. Night calls—at Grand Central Hotel.

WM. BRUCE, SURGEON DENTIST, late of Toronto, Graduate of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons. Office—Over Dr. Michener's store, Main street, Listowel. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of nitrous oxide gas.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, MAIN ST., Listowel. The undersigned, having leased this Hotel for a term of years, invites the patronage of the public. The bar will be constantly supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Excellent accommodation for guests. Special attention will be given to farmers' trade. Good stabling and driving sheds, and an attentive hostler can always be relied upon. Charges very moderate.
18 JAS. STEWART.

AMERICAN HOTEL, WALLACE ST., Listowel, J. W. KREUGER, Proprietor. Under the new management this house will be kept in first-class style throughout. Excellent accommodation for guests. Bar supplied with the best liquors and cigars. Good stabling, etc Prime lager a specialty.

EXCHANGE HOTEL, WINGHAM, ONT.
CHAS. SCHMIDT, PROPRIETOR.
First-class accommodation for the travelling public. Bar supplied with choice liquors and cigars. Charges moderate. 26

D. P. CAMPBELL, LICENSED AUCTIONEER for the County of Perth. Sales of all kinds conducted on reasonable terms. Orders left at the STANDARD office will receive prompt attention.

THOMAS E. HAY, AUCTIONEER for County of Perth, also the Townships of Grey and Howick, in the County of Huron. Sales attended on reasonable terms. Orders left at the STANDARD office, promptly attended to. Money to loan

THOMAS FULLARTON, NEWRY Ont., Issuer of Marriage Licenses, Commissioner in B. R. Deeds, mortgages, leases and all conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Money to lend.

COUNTY OF PERTH.—THE WARDEN will be in attendance at the Clerk's Office on the first and third Tuesday in each month, from 10 to 3 o'clock. The Clerk will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday and Wednesday of each week, from 1 to 3 o'clock. The Treasurer will be in attendance at his office on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday of each week, during same hours.
WM. DAVIDSON, County Clerk.
County Clerk's office, Stratford.

S. R. HUFFMAN,
Piano Tuner and Repairer,
will visit Listowel quarterly in August, November, February and May, for the purpose of tuning and repairing Pianos and Organs. Satisfaction given. Prices low. Communications addressed to Belleville P. O. will receive due attention.

MARBLE WORKS!
MITCHELL & KEMP,
Dealer in American and Foreign Marble.
Granite Monuments, English & American Grave Stones.
Table tops Mantelpieces, Fire Grates, window and door sills, etc.
STAND—Opposite Commercial hotel, Main street, Listowel.
W. MITCHELL. R. T. KEMP.

Listowel Standard.

VOL. V.—NO. 49. LISTOWEL, ONTARIO, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1882. A. ST. GEO. HAWKINS, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

J. W. SCOTT, Banker,
LISTOWEL, ONTARIO.
ESTABLISHED 1873
Does a General Banking Business.
Special attention given to collections at a moderate charge. Interest allowed on deposit at the rate of
FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM
can be drawn at any time.
Money advanced in small or large amount at all times, on good endorsed notes on collateral security.
J. W. SCOTT,
Manager and Proprietor

BANKING HOUSE
—OF—
A. McDONALD & CO.,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL, ONT.
MONEY TO LOAN
on approved notes, short or long dates. Sale notes bought on reasonable terms.
SAVINGS DEPARTMENT.
Money received on deposit in large or small sums; interest allowed at the rate of
FIVE PER CENT. PER ANNUM.
Money remitted by draft to any part of Canada or the United States.
Collections attended to promptly; terms reasonable.
REFERENCE—Merchants Bank of Canada.
Office Hours from 9 a. m., to 4 p. m.
A. McDONALD & D. ROY,
9. Proprietors.

MONEY TO LOAN.
A LARGE AMOUNT OF
PRIVATE FUNDS TO LOAN.
—AT—
LOWEST RATES OF INEEREST.
The best privileges given for paying offloans.
DARLING & MAREE,
11 Over Scott's Banking House, Listowe'.

MONEY TO LOAN
AT 6 to 7 PER CENT.
Persons wanting money on Mortgage can have the same at 6½ per cent., interest to be paid at the end of each year, with the best privileges of paying a part or the whole loan on a month's notice.
Apply to
R. MARTIN.
Listowel P. O.

MONEY TO LOAN.
AT 6 PER CENT.
—o—
Farm & Town Property.
THE BEST OF
FIRE, LIFE, ACCIDENT
AND GUARANTEE COMPANIES REPRESENTED.
Office—Montreal Telegraph Office, Main St. Listowel.
S. M. SMITH.

GOLD. Great chance to make money. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money that are offered, generally become wealthy, while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. Any one can do the work properly from the first start. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. Expensive outfit furnished free. No one who engages fails to make money rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

IN NEW PREMISES!
WM. McKEEVER,
Has pleasure in announcing that he has fitted up a
First-Class Butcher Stall
in his new Brick Block on west side of Wallace street, opposite the old stand, where the
Choicest Meats of the Season
can be had at all times, and at moderate rates.
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS!
to Hotels and Boarding Houses.
Will not be Undersold.
WM. McKEEVER.
Listowel, 1881 46.

THE BEST VALUE IN
STAPLE GROCERIES!
—AT—
JAS. ARMSTRONG'S
next to McDonald's Bank, Main St.
SPECIAL VALUE IN TEAS.
Large stock of
CROCKERY, CUTLERY & GLASSWARE
will be sold very cheap for one month.
Flour, Oatmeal, Cornmeal, Buckwheat flour, &c., constantly on hand.
Farmers, bring your Butter and Eggs, and dried meat this way. Highest market price allowed in exchange for goods. 3.

$500 REWARD!
We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar coated, containing thirty Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all Druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 81 and 83 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. Free trial package sent by mail prepaid on receipt of a 3 cent stamp.

$1000 FORFEIT!
Having the utmost confidence in its superiority over all others, and after thousands of tests of the most complicated and severest cases we could find, we feel justified in offering to forfeit One Thousand Dollars for any case of coughs, colds, sore throat, influenza, hoarseness, bronchitis, consumption in its early stages, whooping cough, or all diseases of the throat and lungs, except Asthma, for which we only claim relief, that we can cure with West's Cough Syrup, when taken according to directions. Sample bottle 25 and 50 cents large bottles one dollar. Genuine wrappers only in blue. Sold by all druggists, or sent by express on receipt of price. JOHN C. WEST & CO., 81 & 83 King St. East, Toronto, Ont. For sale at Livingstone's Drug Store.

MUSIC & FURNITURE DEPOT.
STEWART PATERSON
Takes pleasure in informing the public that he keeps in stock a full assortment of
FURNITURE,
which he will sell at lowest prices. Also
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
DULCIMERS,
ACCORDEONS,
CONCERTINAS,
VIOLINS,
VIOLIN STRINGS,
FITTINGS,
MUSIC, &c.
PICTURE FRAMING
a specialty. Large stock of mouldings kept in stock.
SHOW ROOM—Under the Osborn Hall, Elma St. 15

IN OUR NEW STAND!
KARGES BROS.
Have removed to McKeever's Block, West side of Wallace Street, directly opposite their old stand, where they have opened out a new stock of
BOOTS & SHOES!
and where they purpose keeping a much larger assortment than heretofore, in
Men's, Boys', Ladies', Misses and, Children's Wear.
IN ORDERED WORK!
None can surpass us, as we employ only first-class workmen and use the very best material.
In SEWED WORK we defy competition. Our prices are as low as the lowest. Give us a call.
14 KARGES BROS.

SEWING MACHINES.
A. MORROW
IS SELLING THE
Best Singer Sewing Machine
IN THE MARKET.
AND ALSO ANOTHER MACHINE THAT IS AHEAD OF ALL MACHINES.
He would advise the public to call and examine it, or see it work, before purchasing elsewhere.
TEA TEA TEA!
I am giving great bargains in Tea, Wholesale or Retail. A trial solicited.
A. MORROW,
Main Street West.

W. E. BINNING,
BUILDER & CONTRACTOR,
LISTOWEL.
Contracts taken for all classes of buildings. Plan and specifications prepared, and estimate furnished.
SHOP—Part of Milne's Factory. 14.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want a business at which you can make great pay all the time you work, write for particulars to H. HALLET & Co., Portland, Me

READ! READ!
E. GABEL,
LATE CUTTER FOR MR. JOHN RIGGS.
Takes pleasure in intimating to the citizens of Listowel and neighborhood that he has commenced business for himself, and has opened a
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT
OVER J. C. BURT'S STORE,
MAIN STREET, LISTOWEL,
and all who wish to
SAVE MONEY,
at the same time get their clothes made in
FIRST-CLASS STYLE.
and guaranteed to fit, are invited to leave their orders with him.
Special attention given to cutting suits. A call is respectfully solicited.
For stylish fit and low prices we will be found to be second to none
16 E. GABEL.

NOTHING LIKE LEATHER
when well put together, by
J. P. NEWMAN.
To be convinced of that, call and see J. P. Newman's
SPLENDID STOCK
—of—
BOOTS & SHOES,
Part of which has just arrived, and more coming.
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
He would direct special attention to his
CUSTOM WORK.
SEWED WORK A SPECIALTY.
Having just received sets of latest styles of American Lasts, he can guarantee a new Boot as easy as an old Shoe, and fit like an old stocking.
REPAIRING Promptly attended to. Liberal discount for Cash.
J. P. NEWMAN.

SALESMEN WANTED.
To begin work at once on Sales for Fall of 1882, for the
FONTHILL NURSERIES.
THE LARGEST IN CANADA.
Head Office—Toronto, Ontario.
Branch Offices—Montreal, P. Q. & St. Paul, Minn.
NURSERIES—FONTHILL, ONTARIO.
We can start in addition to our already large force,
100 Additional Canvassers,
and want men who can give full time to the business. Steady employment and good salaries to successful men. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work your success is almost certain. The best of references required.
Apply to STONE & WELLINGTON,
Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont.

HOUSES AND BUILDING LOTS
FOR SALE!
ON
MILL AND WELLINGTON STREETS
Terms to suit buyers.
GEORGE DRAPER.

"Justum ac Tenacem Proposite Virum."

(Day after the Transit of Dec. 6, 1882.)

Help, O God: Thy help is needed;
Biting blasts of bitterness prevail.
Help, O God, our Saviour greatest,
When the greater storms our souls assail.

Soul and spirit, heart and hear-throb,
Know thy wonderous Aid: O God, draw near;
Storm spots thicken, darkness deepens,
Heaven breathes another atmosphere.

Soul, bethink thee; life, arouse thee:
Blessings all begained are here too calm;
Wake to strength of thought, and struggle;
Fortitude inherits hard and psalm.

J. H. S.

Wallace.

A STRANGE QUARREL.

A Christmas Story for the Children.

It is Christmas eve in the olden time, and in a rustic cottage some good and happy children have already gone to sleep. Two are in a trundle-bed, and two older ones in a larger bed under which the small one will be rolled out of sight in the morning. A clean rag carpet is on the floor, split-bottomed chairs against the wall, and a tall-clock with great moony eyes peeping out above the face, stands slowly swinging its long pendulum in a corner—the same corner where the children's grandfather had placed it long years ago. He was a German, and had taught his family to expect something that should make them glad and happy on Christ's anniversary birthday. The gift might be simple, because he was a poor man, but it had to be something that they did not get on other days. He had remembered that Christ was poor in this world's goods also, and therefore was not ashamed of his poverty.

So this was how it came about that these children had gone to bed to-night taking about Kris Kringle and wondering what sort of presents he would bring them. This was before their more wealthy neighbors—descendants of puritans—had yet learned that the surest way to impress an idea on the minds of children is to connect it with personal pleasure or benefits.

At last the youngsters are settled in their beds, and having discussed all day long their ideas, hopes and wishes regarding their Christmas gifts, they can think of no new thing to say on the subject, and, so, for a few moments are silent, though too excited to sleep, and lie staring at the face of the old clock. Presently the oldest boy exclaims: "Who can tell this riddle? 'What is it that has a face and no head; has hands and no arms; and runs without legs?"

There is a brief silence and then two voices shout: "Clock! Clock!" which is followed by the baby-sister piping out: "Course it's clock: me was jess a doin to fink of dot."

This raises a laugh, which reminds the mother that she has left a burning candle in their room, and she immediately brings it out, telling her children that they had better go to sleep if they want to waken early. So they roll over into restful positions and shut their eyes very tight, each boy declaring that he shall be up first in the morning, while little sister sleepily echoes: "Me be up first too;" and then the drowsy tick, tack, tick, tack, of the old clock soon sends them off to slumber.

II.

Now it is eleven o'clock, and all the house is silent. In the large living-room of the family is an old-fashioned fire-place, in which lies smouldering a log from a woody mountain slope just behind the house. In a corner of the hearth a merry cricket is gaily chirping out its notes. Though the half-burnt log has been partly covered with ashes for the night, it still throws up leaping tongues of flame, which constantly make weird dancing shadows about the room, and exposes to view a row of children's stockings hanging from the edge of the mantle-piece. What a queer place for stockings! Perhaps, though, they are hung there to dry after the wash. But there are no two of a size! How odd! But the stockings being old, how could it be otherwise? It can't be there are a lot of one-legged children in this house—that would be oddest of all, and very dreadful. What does it mean?

Now the old log snaps and crackles, and a brighter flash than before shows that each stocking is stuffed full as a pudding bag—yes, fuller; for the tops gape wide open, revealing hints of trumpets and dolls, painted tin-roosters, dogs and horses, while below are mysterious lumps of something that might mean little packages of almost anything nice. So, after all, these are Christmas stockings, are they? Well, well! Wont the neighbors' children, whose grandfathers did not come from Germany, wish that they had, if they should happen in on the morrow?

But what else does the flashing fire reveal? A little mouse has crept out of the hole by a jamb, and stands with his nose up in the air, kinking his smellers and twitching his whiskers about at a great rate. Having made up his mind what he will do he calls to the cricket:

"Do shut up your clack, or you'll waken the house;
And remember the saying, 'Be still as a mouse';
You keep such a noise when I want to be still
That one would imagine you wish me some ill."

"O, yes," cried the cricket, "I know what you mean,
You're up to some trick, and don't want to be seen;
If nightly I did all the mischief you do,
I'd feel very guilty and keep silent too."

"It's not that at all," sir mousie replied,
"For at night I must work and at daylight hide;
In the toes of those stockings I smell figs and candy;
My teeth are for use, and those dainties are handy."

This hint of what the mouse intends to do, so enraged the cricket that he came right out of his corner and speaks his mind very plainly: says he:

"That which you call work is but stealing outright;
Thieves always are silent and work, too, at night;
I'm glad what you covet is under those toys,
And that you can't get it without a great noise."

"Not so fast;" said the mouse, "you little know the cunning and adroitness of our race. I'm two sharp to try to cut my way through tin-triumpets and horses. I know how to manage; and now

To gnaw thro' those feet I shall climb to the shelf,
Then creep down a stocking, and so help myself;
We mice possess smellers that serve us in need,
And when we are foraging never mislead."

"Foraging, indeed!" exclaimed the cricket, "very choice names you have for your stealing. And there you go up to the shelf, and down you come and stick your teeth right into the toe of that precious little stocking. Those belong to the children, and I like them, and they like me, and if you don't quit this minute

I'll scratch till I waken up one of the sleepers,
So loudly I'll screech that he can't shut his peepers;
I'll screech till I hear him bound out on the floor
And savagely rush through that wide-open door,

and then I'll hide and you'll get caught."

"O, see here now," said the mouse, "you just keep quiet, and I'll drop you down a piece of fig directly. Beside, how silly of you to scream yourself hoarse and get sore throat so that you can never chirp again. I like to hear you sing, myself, sometimes."

Then the cricket rejoined with great scorn: "It seems that I know more of your race than you do of mine, and that besides being a thief you are a dunce.

I'm too angry to laugh, or my sides I should crack,
To think I could screech myself hoarse in the back,
When everyone knows that each cricket that sings,
Makes his chirp with the valves at the top of his wings!

And now it is Christmas, for that clock is striking for midnight, and this one on the mantle is commencing. You'd better scamper home in a hurry, for when they stop I shall begin."

As the old clock repeats its twelve slow strokes, and the small one clatters off its short, brisk ones, the father partly rouses, and then, thinking he hears a faint rattle of paper, turns a listening ear, but "that cricket," he says to himself, "keeps such a shrieking that I'm sure of nothing." So up he gets, and stepping softly toward the fire-place, thinks he sees something running along the mantle and then disappear, but is not sure. The cricket hops to a hiding place and chuckles as he thinks of the frightened mouse, and says to himself, "I told him so."

Presently all is still again, and until the early morning, when the roosters begin to crow for daylight to hurry up. Then the father goes out and builds up a big fire for the children to dress by, and goes back to bed again. And now the children waken up and tumble out of bed pell-mell, and rush to look at their stockings, but not to touch them (the mother had said) until all are dressed, washed and combed.

And now directly they are ready, and O, such a time! It is no use trying to describe it. Every body now-a-days knows what it is like; but they don't know how a little boy wonders all day long what made the big hole in the foot of his stocking. His brothers say that it was there before; but he and the cricket know better.—"PROXY," in *Vick's Magazine.*

An $30,000 Church Built with $4.21.

The dedication Sunday morning of the Memorial Presbyterian Church, on the southwest corner of Montgomery avenue and Bouvier street, Philadelphia, was an event of more than usual interest, for it recalled to mind the touching origin of the structure. Some years ago, when its pastor, the Rev. S. A. Mutchmore, D. D., was laboring at the Cohocksink Presbyterian Church, a little girl presented herself, accompanied by her mother, and asked to be received as a member. She was but 7 years of age, and the session hesitating to receive so youthful a member, replied: "Don't you think you had better wait awhile?" To this the child answered: "The pastor said last Sabbath the Lord's Supper was for those who love and obey Him, and I am trying to obey." Being asked if she had been attending church regularly, she replied: "Mamma and I come at night. We are poor, and our clothes are not good enough to come in daytime." The session received the little applicant. She was a delicate child, and in September of the same year the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore was summoned to her bedside. She was dying. He talked and prayed with her, and at the parting she handed the pastor all the savings of her brief life, amounting to $4.21. The money in various denominations she placed in a box that had contained one of the prescriptions she had been taking. "I want you," said the dying child in feeble tones, "to build a church for poor people like us." Under the circumstances such a request admitted of no denial. The little sufferer died shortly afterward. That was 10 years ago. The child's legacy was divided into pieces, comprising every piece of money from a penny up to a dollar note. With the $4.21 the Rev. Dr. Mutchmore began to carry out the little girl's dying wish. His efforts ended on Sunday in the dedication, clear of all indebtedness, of a magnificent edifice valued at $80,000. Starting therefore with the little girl's legacies, the 102 pieces each brought in $572.75, or a total of $58,482.50—the total cost of the building, exclusive of the ground, organ and furniture.

Nibbling Her Back Hairs.

"Good day, gentlemen."

A very nice looking young man stood in the doorway of the editor's room, and gazed in a benign way at the occupants of the appartment.

"Would it be possible for me to sell you a story?" he continued. "What kind of tale have you ground out?" asked the horse reporter. "The story," said the visitor, "is one in which the triumph of love is depicted, but if you like I can read a portion of it."

"All right."

"Where shall I begin?"

"Anywhere," replied the reporter. "Suppose you give us the last sentence of it."

"I should hardly think——"

"Oh, never mind about that. We do all the thinking for young authors that come up here."

The visitor seated himself, and read as follows:—

For answer Glady's beautiful eyes dropped, but she gave him both her hands; and there, under the heavy-fruited trees, the golden bees flying all about them, and the air filled with their dreamy monotone, he drew her upon his breast, and raising her long ringlets to his lips, kissed them reverently.

"That's the last sentence, is it?" asked the reporter.

"Yes, sir."

"I should hope it was. It makes me tired to read about such ducks."

"Why I don't see——" began the author.

"Of course you don't. Probably you were the hero of the novel. Did you ever hear of Thompson's colt?"

The visitor admitted his ignorance concerning that historical animal.

"Well, Thompson's colt, continued the horse reporter, "was such an eternal idiot that he swam across the river to get a drink. Now that fellow in your story is a dead match for him."

"I don't understand—"

"Probably not. It is not expected of literary people. But I will tell you. This young fellow in your story is out under an apple tree holding a girl's hands, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And, according to the story, he raised her long ringlets to his lips, and kissed them reverently. That right?"

"Certainly."

"Now, what do you think of a young man that would go nibblin around a girl's back hair when she had her face with her? Such stories do not possess the fidelity to nature that should ever characterize the work of genius. No, my genial imbecile, you cannot get the weight of this powerful journal on the side of any such a young man as your story depicts. We were once young, and up to the apple tree racket ourselves."

"Good day," said the author, starting for the door.

"So long," was the response. "Make George act like a white man in your story, and come around again."

How Times Have Changed.

"Changed!" exclaimed Deacon Green to the dear little school-ma'am a year ago come Christmas. "I should think they had changed. Why, many's the time I've heard my dear old father tell how, years ago, when he and Aunt Mary were children living on their father's farm in old England, the least little present used to delight them.

"They were well-to-do people, too, the Greens were; but to find one book or a ball or a shepherd's pipe in his Christmas stocking would make father perfectly happy when he was a boy: and his sister thought a box of sugar plums, or a new doll, or any one pretty gimcrack, was a joy indeed. Changed!—well, I'd like to know! Why, I'm told that a boy of this day, a real boy of the period, would consider himself a much abused fellow if he didn't find on his Christmas-tree a ball, a six-bladed knife, a scientific top, a box of carpenter's tools, a printing-press, a jigsaw, a sled, a bicycle, ice-skates, rollerskates, a Punch-and-Judy show, a telephone, a steam-engine; a microscope, a steamboat, a working train of cars, a box of parlor magic, a pistol, a performing acrobat, a real watch, a gold scarf-pin, gold cuff buttons, a bound volume of St. Nicholas, and 20 or 30 other books, more or less, besides a pocket-book with gold money in it, and a pair of kid gloves.

"I may have forgotten something," added the Deacon, wiping his brow, "but so far as I can make out, that's the proper thing for an average boy's Christmas, nowadays.

"As for the girl," the good man went on, raising his voice, "as for the girls—as for—"

How she did it, I do not know; but that wonderful little school-ma'am actually stopped the proceedings then and there. So, to this day, your Jack does not know what an average girl of the present day does, might, could, would, or should find on a Christmas tree.—[From "Jack-in-the Pulpit," in the Christmas St. Nicholas.

Wicked Jakie Reads a Recipe Upside Down.

Old Mrs. Jones borrowed Mrs. Brown's recipe for making watermelon pickle the other day, and being hard of hearing, as she couldn't see to read very well, she got her grandson, Jakie, to read it for her. Jakie took the paper like a dutiful child, and holding it upside down, commenced:

'Take a green watermelon—'

'Why, Jakie, ain't you mistaken? I thought the melon must be ripe.'

'Oh, what's the matter wid yew! Gew ever see a watermelon that wasn't green?'

'Cut the watermelon in four halves—'

'But there ain't only two halves to anything. I don't believe you are reading that, Jakie.'

'Well, I don't have to; anyhow that's what the recipe says. Then soak it in a pint cup—'

'Oh, dear me! How in the world can you put a watermelon in a pint cup?'

'Well, I ain't here to tell the whereaes and the howfores. I'm just reading the facts and you can put in the filosofee to suit your taste. After soakin' the melon put in a skillet and fry it for five days.'

'I wonder if Mrs. Brown sent me such a recipe as that?' said the old lady; but Jakie kept on:

'Then put the watermelon in a quart bowl and pour over it a gallon of vinegar, taking care not to spill the vinegar—'

'I'd just like to know how you can pour a gallon into a quart bowl without spilling any of it;' but Jakie continued:

'Then sift a peck of red pepper through a milk-strainer over the melon, and to one cup of butter add the white and yolks and shells of three eggs, and throw in the old hen that laid them, and four sticks of cinnamon drops and two tablespoonfuls of quinine, and run it through a coffee-mill and let it stand until it ferments, and then put in a tin-can and tie the can to a dog's tail—this will stir it up to the right consistency—and then you can turn it off in crocks and have it ready for use. Serve it cold and spread it on mince pie and it makes a capital desert,' and Jakie slid out of doors and left the old lady looking like a wrinkle on a monument.

Perils of the Deep.

Special to the Chicago (Ill.) *Inter-Ocean*: The wolrd renowned swimmer, Captain Paul Boyton, in an interview with a newspaper correspondent at the seashore, recitated the following incidents of his experience:

Reporter—"Captain Boyton, you must have seen a large part of the world?"

Captain Boyton:—"Yes sir, by the aid of my Rubber-Life-Saving Dress, I have travelled over 10,000 miles on the Rivers of America and Europe; have also been presented to the crowned heads of England, France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Spain and Portugal and have in my possession forty-two medals and decorations; I have three times received the order of Knighthood, and been elected honorary member of Committees, clubs, orders and societies—"

Reporter:—"Were any of your trips accompanied by much danger?"

Captain Boyton:—"That depends upon what you may call dangerous. During my trip down the river Tagus, in Spain, I had to "shoot" one hundred and two water-falls, the highest being about eighty-five feet, and innumerable rapids. Crossing the Straits of Messina, I had three ribs broken in a fight with sharks; and coming down the Somane, a river in France, I received a charge of shot from an excited and startled huntsman. Although all this was not very pleasant, and might be termed dangerous, I fear nothing more on my trip than intense cold; for as long as my limbs are free and easy, and not cramped or benumbed, I am all right. Of late I carry a stock of St Jacobs Oil in my boat,—(the Captain calls it "Baby Mine," and has stored therein signal rockets, thermometer, compass, provisions, etc.) and I have had little trouble. Before starting out I rub myself thoroughly with the article, and its action on the muscles is wonderful. From constant exposure I am somewhat subject to rheumatic pains, and nothing would ever benefit me, until I got hold of the Great Remedy. Why, on my travels I have met people who had been suffering with Rheumatism for years; by my advice they tried the Oil, and it cured them. I would sooner do without food for days than be without this remedy for one hour. In fact I would not attempt a trip without it."

Movement in real estate—Earthquakes.

A Western Paper informs its readers that "dead and wounded men are coming daily from the Michigan lodging camps." Corpses in that country must be exceedingly lively.

A Sure Thing.
In the treatment of Chronic Disease with that great system renovator and restorative, Burdock Blood Bitters, there is no uncertainty as to its action, its curative powers are speedily manifest by its marked effect upon the Liver, the Bowels and the Kidneys, every dose performing its work in a preceptable manner.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

Debate on the Address.

TORONTO, Thursday, Dec. 14.

Mr. BALFOUR, in moving the address in reply to the Speech from the Throne, referred at the outset to the bye-elections, which, he declared, had proved beyond a shadow of doubt the popularity of the Mowat Government. Adverting to the boundary question, he charged the Dominion Government with having robbed this province of valuable rights, notwithstanding the previous action of the Opposition in supporting the Local Government. He next charged the Dominion Government with having interfered at the local elections, in his own constituency, especially, by promising public works. Referring to the Rivers and Streams bill, the speaker hoped the Mowat Government would re-enact the measure, and at the same time affirmed that the Supreme Court of the Dominion, which was created to maintain the rights of the provinces, had not acted in the manner expected of it. If Ontario was to be deprived of rights guaranteed to it by the Confederation Act, Ontario had better return to its position before Confederation or support a project for legislative union. (Ministerial cheers.) The Mowat Government had been attacked for pursuing a centralising policy; but only the licensing power had been taken from municipalities. After commending the references in the speech to the good harvest, which proved as large a cereal yield per acre in Ontario as in the best States of the Union, and to the educational position of the province, the speaker strongly urged the Government to introduce a bill to gerrymander the constituencies, and concluded by declaring that he was not a slavish follower of the Government.

Mr. DRURY, in seconding the address said the contest in his riding (East Simcoe) was conducted in such a way as to lead only to one conclusion. Whatever the people may think about the N. P. in Dominion politics they were satisfied with the Government of this province. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) It was right and proper that the leading paragraph in the speech referred to agriculture. As years roll by, no one could doubt that the future of the province would depend on agriculture. It is the great mainstay of the province to-day, and will be so in years to come. Speaking as a farmer, with some knowledge of his community, no one could conduct the business of his office better than the present Commissioner of Agriculture, whose retirement was matter of public regret. A few figures respecting the increased cereal yield of the province might be of interest. In 1870 the production of wheat was 13,000,000 bushels; in 1882, 40,000,000 bushels—increase, 27,000,000 bushels. Of barley, 1870, 9,461,000 bushels; 1882, 23,000,000 bushels—increase, 14,000,000 bushels. Of oats, 1870, 22,000,000 bushels; 1882, 50,000,000 bushels—increase, 28,000,000 bushels. Of peas, 1870, 7,500,000 bushel; 1882, 11,000,000 bushels—increase, 3,400,000 bushels. The increase of acreage improved had been 1,328,000. The farming industry was in a most prosperous condition, and it was gratifying to find so many agricultural representatives in the House. There might have been a time when the farmers of the province were not exactly fitted for the position, but under the noble Public School system this could no the said. The figures given in the census of 1871 with regard to the average yield per acre had been used by our neighbors across the line to the detriment of the province. But what were the facts now? The average production of wheat per acre was 26 bushels and three-tenths, showing an excess of six and a half bushels over the best wheat-growing State. (Hear, hear.) He thought credit was due to the Mowat Government for extending the industry, and he promised them his support.

FRIDAY.

The House resumed at 3 o'clock.

Mr. MEREDITH, who was loudly cheered, said that the measures proposed for legislation were of a minor character. The consolidation of the Municipal law was necessary, but as the general opinion prevailed that changes were required in respect to local improvements and incidents of taxation, the consolidation should be postponed. The measure regarding private asylums was one which deserved serious consideration. Measures regarding the inspection of boilers and improvements in the system of conveyancing left over last session were brought forward, but the latter might be fully postponed. The bill of fare was such as not to justify the statement they were asked to embody in the address—that this, in a legislative sense, would be one of the most important sessions since Confederation. With respect to the increased revenue from Crown Lands, while it was a matter for congratulation, it was already evident that measures must be at once adopted to protect the timber supply, or the whole free grant district would be stripped of timber. Reference had been made by the mover of the address to the position of the Conservative party on the licensing question, but the Attorney-General had got his facts from campaign documents. That hon. gentleman had garbled an article in the mail respecting the Crooks Act. Mr. Meredith read an extract showing that that journal had not approved of the Crooks Act. It was probably by such misstatements that the member for South Essex had gained his seat. The people should understand that the Conservative party were not in favor of weakening the restriction on the liquor traffic, but they objected to the Local Government making that or any other trade an instrument for advancing their political designs. An attack had been made