

Our Young Folks.

SPELLING KITTEN.

A dear little girl,
With her brain in a whirl,
Was asked the word "kitten" to spell
"K-double i-t-
T-e-n," said she,
And thought she had done very well,
"Has kitten two i's?"
And the teacher's surprise
With mirth and patience was bent.
"My kitten has two,"
Said Majorie Lou,
And she looked as she felt—quite content.
—*Ladies' Companion.*

THE ROAD TO YESTERDAY.

Will some wise man who has journeyed
Over land and over sea,
To the countries where the rainbow
And the glorious sunsets be,
Kindly tell a little stranger,
Who has oddly lost her way,
Where's the road that she must travel
To return to Yesterday?

For, you see, she's unfamiliar
With To-day, and cannot read
What its strange, mysterious sign-posts
Tell of ways and where they lead.
And her heart upbraids her sorely,
Tho' she did not mean to stray
When she fell asleep last evening
And abandoned Yesterday.

For she left a deal neglected
That she really should have done;
And she fears she lost some favors
That she fairly might have won.
So she'd like to turn her backward
To retrieve them if she may—
Will not some one kindly tell her
Where's the road to Yesterday?
—*St. Nicholas.*

JEWELS.

"Oh, grannie, I have had such a lovely time!" said little Nettie, running into her grandmother's room to bid her good-night, after coming home from spending the day with her Cousin Ella.

"I am very glad," said grannie, drawing her into her arms. "What did you do all day?"

"Oh, we had games and races and lots of things, and, oh, grannie! just fancy, Aunt Alice took me up to her room and showed me a velvet box full of such lovely things; bracelets and brooches and necklace; she told me they were diamonds and pearls and rubies, and something else I forget, and, grannie, Aunt Alice says that they are all Ella's jewels, and some day, when she is big, she is to have them all for herself to wear."

"Dear me," said grannie, "won't Ella be grand?"

"Yes, won't she, grannie? oh, they are so lovely! you can't imagine anything like them, they are so bright; isn't it well for Ella?—how I wish they were mine."

"There are three beautiful jewels I know of," said grannie. "They are not like Ella's at all, and not what you would call real jewels. These three, beautiful, precious jewels I know of."

"Oh, grannie!" said Nettie, "what are they, might I see them?"

"You can see them whenever you like to put them on, and you can put them on as often as ever you like, but it is better still to keep them on always, and never take them off, for the more you wear them the brighter and more lovely they grow. Indeed, I often wonder you wear them so seldom, they are so very lovely, and you are so fond of jewels."

"Grannie, what do you mean? you know I have no jewels, you can't mean really, truly, jewels like Ella's."

"No, I told you I meant something quite different, not rubies or pearls or diamonds like Ella's. The names of these jewels, which you can always wear if you will, and not have to wait until you are grown up to put them on at all, are 'Love,' 'Joy' and 'Peace.' And you wear them deep down in your heart, not on your neck and wrists. And they shine right out of your heart into your face, and make it, oh, so beautiful! that every one likes to look at it. The little girl who wears these jewels feels so happy that she is always trying to

make other people happy, too; and she looks so bright all day long, while she wears her jewels; and when she takes them off she looks so dark and ugly every one turns away rather than look at her without her three lovely jewels. 'Love,' instead of hat red and envy. 'Joy,' instead of discontent and grumbling. 'Peace,' instead of angry words and sullen looks. Oh! what a difference these jewels make in my little girl when she puts them on and off, and, oh, what a pity she takes them off so often!" And then grannie kissed the little face against her arm, and said: "Will Nettie ask Jesus to help her wear her jewels always?" And Nettie put her arms around grannie's neck, and whispered, close to her ear, "I will, grannie."—*Anon.*

A BOY WHO STAMMERED.

"I can't get it, mamma, and there's no use trying," and Frank threw down his pencil, laid his head on his hands, and sobbed aloud.

Now, Frank was a brave little boy, who hardly ever cried, so his mamma said. "Why, son, what is the matter?"

"I can't get this sum, and I am tired trying."

"How many times have you tried, Frank?" asked mamma.

"Oh, ten times, I guess."

"Ten times, Frank?" asked mamma.

"Well, four or five times, then; and I'm not going to try any more."

"Put your slate and pencil away, Frank, and I will tell you a story."

"A long, long time ago, Frank, there was a little boy who lived in a beautiful country by the sea, called Greece. He was not very strong boy, and of course his voice weak, and, besides, he stammered. He heard some of the great men of his country speak, and he made up his mind that when he grew to be a man, he would be a great speaker, too. Now, in order to be a great speaker, you must have a strong voice, and speak distinctly; and you know his voice was not strong, and he stammered."

"As I told you, he lived by the sea, and every day he would go down to the shore and put a pebble under his tongue and recite aloud. In this way, it is said, he cured himself of stammering; but his voice was not strong enough—it could not be heard very far—so he used to go on stormy days and shout as loud as he could to try and hear his voice above the sound of the waves. Of course every day his voice became stronger and at last he could hear his voice above the roar of the waves. He kept on and on until in time he became one of the greatest speakers—orators we called them—the world has ever known. He never could have been that, Frank, had he given up trying."

"What was his name, mamma?" asked Frank.

"It is a long, hard name for a little boy to pronounce, Frank. It is Demosthenes."

Frank sat very still for a few minutes, then he said: "Mamma, I will get it now."

He took his slate and worked and worked. Suddenly he shouted: "I've got it, mamma!" and brought his slate to show her.—*Harper's Young People.*

AN AUSTRIAN BANKER.

An Austrian banker lately went to Vienna on business. He arrived in the evening, travelling with a large, handsome dog. The two put up at a hotel, and the next morning the gentleman went out, bidding care to be taken that his dog did not stray from the house. The chamber-maid went to make up the banker's room. Bruno was very pleased to see her, wagged his huge tail, licked her hands, and made friends thoroughly until, her business being done, she was about to leave. Not so. Bruno calmly stretched himself full length before the door. He explained as perfectly as possible that "he knew his duty." No one should leave his master's room in his absence. When the girl tried to pull the door open sufficient-

ly for her to slip out he growled, showed his teeth, and finally tried them on her legs.

The woman's screams brought another maid, and yet another, and then in succession all the waiters. Bruno was glad to let them all in, but he allowed no one out. The room became pretty well crowded, and every bell in the house meanwhile rang, while the walls echoed cries of "Waiter! waiter!" Finally the lady who kept the hotel appeared and pushed her way irately into the room, asking angrily, as she walked in, what sort of picnic they were all holding here. Bruno let her in too, but not out again—oh, no! When the lady's husband appeared she called loudly, for heaven's sake, to keep outside, to send messengers scouring the city for the banker, and meantime to endeavor to pacify the angry customers down stairs.

That Austrian banker was a welcome man when he arrived.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

"By Higher Biblical Criticism is meant a critical inquiry into the Divine authority of Sacred Scripture, which depends on its inspiration; into its ecclesiastical authority, which depends on its Canonicity; and into its human authority, which results from the Genuineness, Integrity, and Credibility of the sacred books. It is the business of the higher critic to analyze the documents with which he has to deal, to determine their value, relative age, and general credibility. If such is the meaning of the word, surely no valid objection can be made against this science itself, but only against the manner in which it is sometimes cultivated. For thus understood, the exercise of criticism is not only allowable, but even desirable. The best way to know what a thing is, is to learn how it came about, how it came into existence. There is no reason why a Christian should be afraid of the most searching inquiry into the human authorship, date of composition, and meaning of the several books of Sacred Scripture, provided, of course, that the critic is not misled by false principles in his researches."—*The Rev. Charles P. Crannan, in The American Catholic Quarterly.*

ANECDOTES OF LORD ELDON.

In a recent issue of the *Brief* there are some capital stories of Lord Chancellor Eldon. He was nothing, the writer says, if not deliberate; and by the way, it was Romilly who said of him that the tardy justice of the Chancellor was better than the swift injustice of his Deputy, Vice-Chancellor Leach. But it was Lord Eldon and another Vice-Chancellor (the first of them) Sir Thomas Plumer, who (rivals in the snail's pace) were referred to in the following epigram:

To cause delay in Lincoln's Inn,
Two different methods tend:
His Lordship's judgments ne'er begin,
His Honour's never end.

Later on Sir John Leach's swift injustice was compared with Eldon's prolixity in the following lines:

In Equity's high court there are
Two sad extremes 'tis clear:
Excessive slowness strikes us there,
Excessive quickness here.
Their source 'twixt good and evil brings
A difficulty nice,
The first from Eldon's virtue springs,
The latter from his Vice.

Those whose criticisms were expressed in prose described Lord Eldon's court as one of *oyer sans terminer* and Leach's as one of *terminer sans oyer*. But the versifier was not exhausted, and produced the following *a propos* of Leach:

A Judge sat on a judgment seat,
A goodly judge was he;
He said unto the Registrar,
"Now call a cause to me."
"There is no cause," said Registrar,
And laughed aloud with glee:
"A cunning Leach hath despatched them all:
I can call no cause to thee."

Lord Eldon, it is well known, was attacked in the House of Lords for using the Great Seal while the King was insane. Whether this attack was just or not, there

can be no doubt that on one occasion he lost the seal *pro tem.*, under ludicrous circumstances. The *Clavis Regni* had always been an anxious care with the Chancellors. To counterfeit is high treason, to lose it is a serious matter. Once upon a time it was thrown into the Thames (so that William of Orange should not get hold of it) and netted by a fisherman. Some of the keepers, it is said, used to take it to bed with them. Lord Eldon, at any rate, used to keep it in his bed-room. One morning early a fire broke out at his house at Elcombe. The Chancellor was in violent trepidation about the Great Seal. Seized with a happy thought he rushed into the garden with the majestic emblem and buried it in a flower border. But it is said that what between his alarm for the safety of the Seal, his anxiety concerning Lady Eldon and his admiration for the vestal (house) maids, who, hastily aroused, assisted in scant attire to extinguish the fire, he clean forgot where *Clavis Regni* was hidden. Everybody was set to work to dig for it, and at length the priceless treasure was discovered.—*Private Bill in the Province.*

To nursing mothers, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a priceless boon, for it not only strengthens the mother, but also promotes an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child. For those about to become mothers, it is even more valuable, for it lessens the perils and pains of childbirth and shortens labor. Of all dealers.

Ovarian, fibroid and other tumors cured without resort to surgical operation. For pamphlet, testimonials and references send 10 cents (for postage) to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

At the race for the captaincy of the Brighton Ladies' Swimming Club which took place off the Chain Pier over a course of nearly 500 yards, and in a rather heavy sea. Four members participated, Miss E. Styer (holder) and Miss Samuel making a plucky fight for the honour. The former, however, proved equal to all emergencies, and won the captaincy for the third successive year in 11 min., 2 sec.—*London Lady.*

Chicago, Sept. 20th, 1894.

Gentlemen,—I wish to certify for the benefit of rheumatic sufferers of the great relief and cure I have experienced through your wonderful remedy. Three weeks after exhausting every known remedy, and feeling completely discouraged, I commenced using your Acetocura and now I am another man and I have no pain whatever.

Very truly,
G. H. REEVES,
(Reeves & Beebe),

169 State st., Chicago.

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria st., Toronto.

The production of iron-ore in the United States in 1893 was 11,587,629 gross tons against 16,296,666 tons in 1892, a decrease of 4,709,037 tons. The shipments of iron-ore from the Lake Superior mines in 1893 amounted to 6,060,492 tons, against 9,069,556 tons in 1892, a decrease of 3,009,064 tons. Our imports of iron-ore in 1893 amounted to 526,951 gross tons, against 806,585 tons in 1892. The imports in 1893 were the smallest since 1885.

Mrs. B. M. Hall, Fernwood, Ill., U.S.A., August 15th, 1894, writes:—"I am 61 years old. For two years I have been afflicted with partial paralysis of the lower limbs rendering me unable to walk a block without complete exhaustion. After using Acetocura for five days the pain had entirely disappeared, permitting me to enjoy a good night's rest, and after ten days treatment I was able to walk two miles without fatigue."

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria st., Toronto.

Popular Astronomy for September contains a full-sized plate of the Arago Gold Medal which was conferred last December by the French Academy of Sciences upon Prof. E. E. Barnard and Prof. Asaph Hall on the former for the discovery of Jupiter's fifth satellite—the latter for that of the two moons of Mars. The medal, which was founded in 1881, has been awarded but once before—to the astronomer Leverrier for his discovery of the planet Neptune.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.