

pity, and laid down their instruments. Finally, with a mighty effort, the ward- en yielded and said, "Retire, men, and take with you your tools, till I require you." Then turning to Arthur, he said, "Prince, thou shalt keep thy sight and thy life while I am by to protect thee." And the rough hand of the old warrior stroked the hair of the weeping boy as it might have been his own son's.

The answer that Hubert de Burgh sent back that day by the king's messenger was an earnest appeal for mercy on behalf of his young and now beloved charge.

But King John was stranger to all feelings of pity, and his vengeance was quick and dreadful. Filled of his cruel design upon the eyesight of his hapless nephew, he determined now to have his life. So he ordered him to be removed from Falaise, and the custody of the humane De Burgh, to the castle of Rouen, under whose walls flowed the waters of the River Seine. But the prince did not remain long there. One night a jailer entered his dungeon, and waking him from his sleep, ordered him to follow him. The boy obeyed, in silence, as the jailer conducted him down the winding staircase which led to the foot of the tower, beside which the Seine flowed. A boat was waiting at the bottom in which were two men. The torch of the jailer cast a sudden glare over the dark waters, and by its light Arthur recognized with horror and despair, in one of the two the cruel features of his uncle John. It was useless for him to pray and entreat; it was useless for him to struggle or cry out. They dragged him into the boat, and held him fast as she drifted under the shadow of those gloomy walls into mid-stream. What happened then no one can tell; but had any listened on that still dark night, they might have heard a boy's wild cry across the waters, and then a dull, heavy splash—and that was all.

The story is that of those two, King John with his own hand did the foul deed. However that may be, Arthur of Brittany was never even heard of more.—*Boy's Own Paper.*

TOM'S GOLD DOLLAR.

"Tom Caldwell threw a stone at Deacon Ulster's horse as the old deacon was riding by the other day. The stone struck the horse, the horse kicked, the deacon's hat and wig were knocked off into the mud, and the deacon himself came very near being thrown. Tom didn't exactly mean to do it, although he did cast the stone, and did join with the rough boys in laughing heartily at the sad plight into which the deacon was put by this recklessness.

"Good for you, Tom!" said a red-vested and red-nosed horse jockey, who stood by the livery stable door, and saw the catastrophe to Deacon Ulster. "Here's a dollar, Tom. It's worth that to see pious pride put into pickle." And the jockey reached out a gold dollar and offered it to Tom. Tom was surprised. He hesitated a moment, but could not resist the prize, and so, pocketing the dollar, joined in the jockey's jolly good laugh at the deacon's expense, and then walked on, feeling a little ashamed of himself, and yet covering his conviction with the thought of how many nice things a gold dollar would buy.

"Tom had gone but a few steps when he heard a voice on the other side of the street calling him. He raised his eyes and saw Dr. Maybin, an old Quaker, standing in his office, and beckoning to Tom to come over.

"What did the fool pay thee for thy folly, Thomas?" asked the old man.

"Tom blushed. His fingers fumbled in his pockets and the gold dollar seemed to burn them more than the hot blushes burned his cheeks and brow. He answered nothing.

"Didst thou sell thyself, Thomas?" asked the old doctor.

"Still the condemned boy was speechless.

"Thoughtlessly thou didst do a foolish thing. Mischievously thou didst laugh with fools at thine own wrong. Cowardly thou didst shrink from confessing thy wrong. Covetously thou didst accept a bit of gold for a bad deed, and dost thou now rejoice in gold ill-gotten?"

"Tom's blue eyes, brimful of tears, gazed into the white face of the indignant old man.

"I am ashamed of thee!" said the doctor.

"I am of myself, said Tom, flinging the gold piece to the pavement, and bursting into a flood of tears.

"Then pick up that gold; go to the giver; place it again in his hand, and say, 'I blush that I dared to touch it,' go then to Deacon Ulster and confess thy wrong."

"I will," said Tom, as he picked up the coin and hurriedly left the doctor's presence.

And Tom did as the doctor advised, and as he had promised. And on his way from Deacon Ulster's house to his own home, Tom said to himself, though not in these words, "The reproaches of the wise are sweeter than the reward of the wicked."

HOW THE SHIP WAS LOST.

The sailor shouts to the pirate craft, "Ship ahoy! All aboard! Let your one shot come." Now one shot will not shiver a big ship's timbers much, but suppose that this one ball were to strike the captain through the heart and the helmsman through the skull, and that there are none to fill their posts, it would be a terrible shot indeed. Moderate drinking is a charmed ball from a pirate craft. It does not lodge in the beam's ends. It cuts no masts. It shivers no plank between wind and water. It strikes no sailor or under officer, but with magic course it seeks the heart of the captain, and the arms of the helmsman, and it always hits. Their leaders dead, and none to take their place, the crew are powerless against the enemy.

Thunders another broadside from Pir-ate Alcohol, and what is the effect? Every ball is charmed; not one of the crew is killed, but every one becomes mad and raises mutiny. Commanders dead, they are free.

Thunders another broadside from the pirate, and the charmed balls complete their work. The mutinous crew rage with insanity. Captain Conscience and Steersman Reason are picked up, and, lest their corpses should offend the crazy sailors, pitched overboard. Then rages Jack Lust from one end of the ship to the other. That brave tar, Midshipman Courage, who, in his right mind, was the bravest defender of the ship, now wheels the cannon against his own friends and rakes the deck with red-hot grape until every mast totters with shot-holes. The careful stewards, seamen Friendship and Parental Love, whose exertions have always heretofore provided the crew seasonably with food and drink, now refuse to cook, furnish no meals, unheated the water-casks, waste the provisions and break the ship's crockery.

The vessel has wheeled into the trough of the sea; a black shadow approaches swiftly over the waters, and the compass and helm are deserted. That speculating mate, Love of Money, who, if sober, would see the danger and would order every rag down from jib to mainsail and make the ship scud under bare poles before the black squall, now on the contrary, orders up every sail and spreads every thread of canvas.

The rising storm whistles in the rigging, but he does not hear it. That black shadow on the water is swiftly nearing. He does not see it. In the trough of the sea the ship rocks like a cockle shell. He does not feel it. Yonder before the dense surges of the coming blow of air rises a huge wave, foaming and gnawing and groaning on high. He does not hear it. With a shock like the opening of an earthquake it strikes the broadside; with a roar it washes over the deck; three snaps like cannon, and the heavy rigged masts are gone; a lurch and sucking in of waves and the hold is full of water and the sinking ship just survives the first heavy sea.

Then comes out Mirthfulness, and sits astride the broken bowsprit, and ogles a dancing tune. The crew dance! It were possible, even yet, to so man the pumps and right the helm as to ride over the swells and drive into port, but all action for the right government of the ship is ended. Trumpeter Language mounts the shattered beams of the fore-castle and makes an oration; it is not necessary to work, he tells the crew, but to hear him sputter yarns.

It is fearful now to look upon the raging of the black sea. Every moment the storm increases in fury.

The drunken ship is fast filling with water. Not a man at the pumps, nor an arm at the helm. Having destroyed their friends, the crew fall upon each other. Close under their bow rave the breakers of a rocky shore, but they hear it not. At intervals they seem to realize their condition, and their power even yet to save themselves, but they make no effort. Gloom and storm and foam shut them up against hell with many thunders. In this terrible extremity Independence is heard to refuse help, and boasts of his strength. Friendship and Parental Love rail at thoughts of affection. Language trumpets his easy yarns and grows garrulous as the timbers crack one after another. Rage and revenge are now the true names of the storm.

And I asked the names of those rocks, and was told: God's stern and immutable Laws.

And I asked the name of that ship, and they said: Immortal Soul.

And I asked why its crew brought it there, and they said: Their Captain Conscience and Helmsman Reason were dead.

And I asked how they died, and they said: By one single shot from Pirate Alcohol: by one charmed ball of Moderate Drinking!

On this topic, over which we sleep, we shall some day cease to dream.—*Joseph Cook.*

The Woolwich Arsenal in England has been of late busy in preparing balloons for the African war. The largest is called "Saladin," and contains 38,000 cubic feet of gas. There are also the "Talisman" of 19,000 cubic feet, the "Saracen" of 15,000, the "Vidette" of 14,000, and a little balloon named the "Pilot" of 600 feet. Arrangements have been made for telegraphic communications with them, when aloft, by means of a wire running through the cable restraining them. Means have been also found for re-enforcing them with gas while in the air. This latter process is not explained.

As storm following storm, and wave succeeding wave, give additional hardness to the shell that incloses the pearl, so do the storms and waves of life add force to the character of a man.

True benevolence inspires its possessor with the love of justice, and also prompts him in whose bosom it glows, neither to oppress the weak, to impose on the ignorant, nor to over-reach the unwary; but to give every man his due, and with steady and undeviating steps to walk in the hallowed path of equity.

NATURE'S DIadem.—Is your hair falling out? Is your hair growing dry and lifeless? It wants a good healthful hair dressing to help exhausted nature to recover itself.

Try Bearine and mark the change.

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Impure blood is the cause of more misery than any other source of disease, but this fact is often overlooked. *Parson's Purgative Pills* will make new rich blood and will change the blood in the entire system in three months, taken one a night.

I deem it a duty to state that Mr. — of this county, had his right lung seriously affected with tubercular deposit accompanied with night sweats, frequent hemorrhage, copious expectoration and much emaciation: the use of Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites seems to have arrested the progress of the disease almost immediately, the hemorrhage has not returned, his appetite is excellent, and he is able to attend to his business as usual.

A. SMITH, M.D., Campbelltown, N.B.

DIPHTHERIA has for a long time been very prevalent, and very fatal. Its fatal ity seems to be greatly owing to neglecting what is supposed to be an ordinary cold or sore throat until it has progressed to its stages, and then when medical aid is procured it has too often been found to be too late. From the fatality attending this disease every family should keep a remedy on hand and use it on first appearance of sore throat. A preparation called **DIPHTHERINE** has been placed before the public. It is the discovery of an English physician, and has been regarded where it has been used, to be an infallible remedy for that disease. It is placed within the reach of all, put up in bottles with full directions, and sold by Druggists and dealers in medicines at the low price of 25 cents a bottle.

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