

## The Home Circle.

## WHAT IS TRUTH?

Truth is the source from whence doth spring  
All attributes benign;  
From this both love and friendship rise:  
These hallow Heaven's shrine.

Truth, when unfolding, brings to view  
Earth's joys to gild our way;  
Emerging from a field so vast,  
It gilds where'er we stray.

Structure for friendship, cold the name  
Which blesses most the earth;  
Unlimited its broad extent,  
Unspeakable its worth.

It lives not with the ebb and flow  
Of passions as they roll,  
But fixed and firm as polar star,  
Beams brightly from the soul.

Truth, the foundation for all good,  
Wherever man is found,  
In this both Love and Friendship live,  
It gives life's pulse its bound.

## THE SORROWS OF CHILDHOOD.

People are always telling about the pleasures of childhood. Folks thump away at pianos and screech "I would I were a boy again," and a hundred other stupid songs, all endeavoring to show the advantages of childhood. "Children from four to sixteen years of age are the happiest creatures in the world," said a friend to me, very seriously. I didn't tell the gentleman he told an untruth; I only said I thought he was mistaken, which amounts to the same and sounds better.

But I tell you it's no such thing! Childhood was the most miserable period of my existence and the only thing that tended to make it endurable was the hope that some day I should get grown up and be able to "order about" other luckless children the same way that grown-up people then ordered me.

Who ever imagines babies have a happy time? If they are happy, what are they always crying for? Then, don't the nurses always pin on babies' clothes? and you know pins are forever pricking into the soft flesh; this makes babies cry more; so nurse doses them with soothing syrup, paregoric, laudanum, or some other liquid poison, until they get all manner of brain diseases, and some die; their fathers say they were too clever to live—mildly hinting that the survivors are but slightly removed from idiocy.

When they get a little better of their diseases, the cholera infantum sets in, succeeded by whooping cough, measles, &c. If they are so unfortunate as to survive, they finally begin to creep, and at length walk—then new troubles begin.

I daresay you can remember your first attempt at walking, even now. Your mother stood about two yards off, holding a great lump of sugar in her fingers, and coaxing you to make the attempt. You stood up, clinging to a chair, and feeling decidedly weak in the knees, but the sugar looked so nice you finally decided to venture; one step was made, then another—knees grew more limber every minute, and at the third step down you came, with a force that fairly shook the house, striking your head against the stove-hearth and making a bunch on it—on your head, not the hearth—the size of a small hen's egg. Oh! how it hurt, and you didn't get the sugar, after all.

Your mother then grabbed you, and emptied a bottle of liniment on your head, about half of it running down your back and the rest into your eyes. Eyes smarted worse than the bump, and you yelled till folks got out of patience and said you weren't hurt—'twas all temper.

When children becomes a little older, and commence to take some comfort in their peculiar way—the boys, by tying tin kettles to the tails of unfortunate cats, stealing their father's winter apples, and tumbling into the mill-pond, and the girls with playing with dolls and hooking sugar out of the sugar-basin—they are bundled off to a day-school.

Weren't you happy then, my dear friend? From four to sixteen is the happiest period of your life, eh? You were happy, weren't you, the time you got fourteen thrashings in one week—five from the schoolmaster, five from your father after you reached home, and four from the school-boys on your way home?

Girls, too, have their peculiar troubles as well as boys. Their big brothers tell them the wildest ghost stories, until they get so nervous and fidgetty they can't sleep a wink for fear of giants, ghosts and dragons that fly about the country for the express purpose of carrying off bad children.

Think I want to be a child again, do you? Not if I know myself! It is bad enough to have been a child once; but to want to be a boy or girl again is ridiculous nonsense; and the expression of such a wish on the part of any grown-up person ought to be considered sufficient evidence of a deranged mind, and their friends ought to be justified in placing them in lunatic asylums for the term of their natural lives.

A witness in a court of justice being asked what kind of "ear marks" the hog in question had, replied "he had no particular ear marks, except a very short tail."

## STREET SCIENCE.

The scientific explanations once heard on the streets are sometimes worthy of being recorded—not for their scientific value, but for their originality. Chancing to be in the Walworth road a few evenings ago, I noticed an itinerant professor of electricity, who had evidently got hold of a tough customer. The latter was a stout looking individual, who grasped the handles of the machine with the determination to have, as he expressed it, his "full ha'porth." Whether there was a "screw loose" in the apparatus, or whether the man possessed nerves of more than ordinary power I know not; but somehow or other the electricity had no effect on him. The professor kept on piling up the agony, but with no effect. "Don't you feel it yet?" said he, when nearly the full power had been put on. "No, I don't feel nothing," was the placid response. Another turn—"Now, don't you feel it?" "No," was still the reply.

The professor looked bewildered. He had put on all the power the machine was capable of, and with no result. Such a thing had never happened before. What was to be done? He had stood at the corner of the street for two years, and his credit was at stake. At last his countenance brightened—a happy thought. "Let's look at your feet," said he. The patient complied, by holding up one foot. "Ah, I thought so!" said the professor, triumphantly. "You might stand there till you were blue in the face, and not feel nothing. Leather's a non-conductor, don't you know; but you have got such a great hole in your shoe that as fast as the electricity comes in at your hands it goes out at your feet. You go and get your shoes mended, and come again."—"Lounger" from the London Press.

## CHILDHOOD.

Let man enjoy what he will in after life, if his childhood have been blessed with the care and kindness of a judicious mother, there will come moments when the cup of pleasure will be dashed from his lips as tasteless, in comparison with those hours of sweet and social intercourse, when he first learned to look for a pervading spirit in the realms of nature. To welcome all the animated and joyous creatures of earth as members of his own wide brotherhood, and to hail the beams of morning as pledges of the inexhaustible beneficence which created both life and light, and ordained them as blessings to mankind.

## THE REAL GENTLEMAN.

Not he who displays the latest fashion, dresses in extravagance with gold rings and chains to display. Not he who talks the loudest, and makes constant use of profane language and vulgar words. Not he who is proud and overbearing—who oppresses the poor, and looks with contempt on honest industry. Not he who cannot control his passions and humble himself as a child. No; none of these are real gentlemen. It is he who is kind and obliging, who is ready to do you a favor with no hope of reward; who visits the door, and assists those who are in need; who is more careful of his heart than the dress of his person; who is humble and sociable—not intransigent and revengeful; who always speaks the truth without resorting to profane or immoral words. Such a man is a real gentleman, wherever he may be found. Rich or poor, high or low, he is entitled to the appellation.

## Sawdust and Chips.

Waste of wealth is sometimes retrieved; waste of health, seldom; but waste of time, never.

A wit once asked a peasant what part he performed in the great drama of life. "I mind my own business," was the reply.

Two fatigued travellers, having to travel ten miles farther, comforted themselves by the calculation that it was only five miles each.

A young lady's first love kiss has the same effect on her as being electrified. It's a shock but soon over.

Mrs. Shoddy puckered up her mouth and told a gentleman friend that one of her lovely daughters was a "bluenet," and the other was a "bronze."

Philanthropist: "Now, my little man, do you really think you could eat a tart?" Object of benevolence, contemptuously: "Eat a tart! Sh'd think I could—forty dozen on 'em."

Native of the Emerald Isle—"Is it my bare feet that's troublin' yer? Bless yer honor, an, an't I sportin' a pair of Cork soles!"

"I'm not in mourning," said a young lady frankly to a lady querist, "but as the widows are getting all the offers now-a-days, we poor girls have to resort to artifice."

While you are living, be very kind, generous, and do as much good as you can to your relations; but leave them nothing when you die, and you will be sure to be missed by them.

Let us take care how we speak of those who have fallen on life's field. Help them up—not heap scorn upon them. We did not see the conflict. We do not know the scars.

An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon his having descended from an illustrious man who lived sev-

eral generations ago. "So much the worse for you," replied the farmer, "for we invariably find the older the seed, the poorer the crop."

"Arthur," said a good-natured father to his "young hopeful," "I did not know till to-day that you had been whipped last week." "Did you not, pa?" replied hopeful; "why, I knew it at the time."

"That's a very stupid brute of yours, John," said a Scotch minister to his parishioner, the peat-dealer, who drove his merchandise from door to door in a small cart drawn by a donkey. "I never see you but the creature is braying." "Ah, Sir," said the peat-dealer, "ye ken the heart's warm when friends meet."

Irate Parrot: "Oh! yer don't want to go into business, don't yer! Why, all yer want to be a Clerk in the Post-Office, do yer! Post-Office, indeed! Why, all yer're fit for to Stand outside with your Tongue out, for People to wet their Stamps against!"

Charles Lamb gives some advice about making speeches, which might be applicable with advantage to other occasions. He says a speaker should not attempt to express too much, but should leave something to the imagination of his audience; and he tells how being called on to return thanks for a toast to his health, he rose, bowed to his audience, said, "Gentlemen," and then sat down, leaving it to their imagination to supply the rest.

At the recent preliminary examination, held in the high schools and academies of New York, under the direction of the Regents of the University, one of the questions was, "What is the grammatical gender of nightingale, and why?" One gentleman of the class answered, "Femine; because the nightingale is the queen of song-birds, and queens are always feminine." A lady member of the class wrote, "Feminine; because, in speaking of the nightingale, we refer to Jenny Lind."

A very earnest little lady who has a particularly difficult class of girls in a city mission Sunday School, and whose chief trouble is to gain their attention, a few Sundays since she went prepared with some ingenious methods for the accomplishment of the purpose. Putting them in practice, she was rewarded by the earnest gaze of a pupil whose attention was a perfectly rapt one now, but just as the teacher began to feel assured of her success, the little Arab called out, in a voice audible throughout the room:—"I say, miss, is them your own back-hair?"

A Scotch nurse was out with a baby in the master's garden, and the gardener inquired: "Is't a laddie or a lassie?" "A laddie," said the maid. "Weel," said he, "I'm glad of that, for there's ower money women in the world." "Hech, mon," says Jess, "did ye no ken there's ay maist sown o' the best crap?"

In one of Lover's Irish stories, the narrator, describing the feats of a very knowing fox, tells how master Reynard entered a cottage, sat down by the fire, and took up a Roscommon journal. "Oh,aisy!" cried a listener,—"a fox read the paper! I'm not going to believe that." "To be sure," replied the other—"If a fox don't read the newspapers, how is he to know where the hounds meet?"

A man thus relates his experience in a financial way on the occasion of the failure of a local bank:—"As soon as I heard of it my heart jumped right up into my mouth. 'Now,' thinks I, 'sposin' I've got any bill on that bank! I'm gone if I hev—that's a fact!' So I put on my coat and 'put' for home just as fast as my legs would carry me; fact is, I ran all the way: and when I got there I looked keefer, and found that I hadn't any bill on that bank—nor any other! Then I felt easier."

There was one pun of Sydney Smith's that Charles Lever nevertired of telling. Mrs. Grote, wife of the distinguished historian, appeared once at a soiree with a queer sort of turban on her accomplished head. "Look at that," said Sydney, "that's the origin of the word grotesque."

A good joke is told of a little four-year old fellow who, having disobeyed his father, was about to incur the penalty of a switching. The father deliberately prepared a rod, while his son stood a sad and silent spectator. As the parent approached to the unpleasant duty, the boy started at a brisk run towards a neighboring hill. The father pursued, and for a time the youngster increased the distance between them; but gradually his strength began to fail, and when he reached the hill and began to ascend, he soon lost his vantage ground. Nearer and nearer the irate father approached, and just as the top of the hill was reached, and he came within arm's length of the little fugitive, who was ready to fall from exhaustion, the boy quickly faced about, and dropped upon the ground, and, with an indescribable cast of countenance, exclaimed, "Papa, that—makes a fellow—blow—don't it?" This "changing the subject" was so extremely ludicrous that the father laughed heartily over the strategy which his hopeful son exhibited, and the rod was not used.

There are manufactured in the United States over 2,250,000 packages of pins per annum. Each one of the packages should contain 2,300 pins, giving the enormous amount of 5,175,000,000 pins made annually. One factory alone in Boston, turns out eight tons of pins per week. There is a good deal of pin money in the business.

## WAS IT CHANCE?

I was in the habit of visiting a decent widow, as paralysis made it impossible for her to attend church. She was tended by a very dutiful daughter, who, working at a flax mill in the neighborhood, toiled hard, and contented herself with plain dress and simple fare that she might help to maintain her mother. Before leaving the cottage for her work, she was in the habit of heaping up the refuse of the mill in the grate and kindling it. She placed her helpless mother in a chair right before the fire, and as this fuel burned slowly away, the old woman was kept comfortable till her return.

It happened one day that I left my manse, and skirting the walls of the old churchyard, and passing the corn mill, with its busy sound and flashing wheel, I took my way down the winding dell to the cottage of the old woman, which stood in its garden embowered among trees. But, having met a parishioner with whom I had some subject of interest to talk about, I called a halt, and sitting down on a bank of thyme we entered into conversation. Ere the subject was half exhausted, the widow rose to my recollection. I felt, somehow, that I must cut it short, and hasten away on my visit. But the idea was dismissed, and the conversation went on. However, it occurred again and again, till, with a feeling that I was neglecting a call of duty, as by an uncontrollable impulse I rose to my feet and made haste to the cottage. Opening the door, a sight met my eye that for a moment nailed me to the spot!

The erection of mill refuse which had been built from the hearth some feet up the open, wide chimneys, having its foundations eaten away, had fallen, and precipitating itself forward, surrounded the helpless paralytic within a circle of fire. The accident took place some minutes before I entered. She had cried out; but no ear was there to hear, nor hand to help. Catching the loose refuse about her, on and on, nearer and nearer the flames crept." It was a terrible sight for the two Wigtown women—martyrs staked far out on the sands of Solway Frith—to mark the sea-foam crawl nearer and nearer them; it was more terrible still for this lone woman, in her lone cottage, without any great cause to die for, to sit there and see the fire creeping closer, drawing nearer and nearer to her feet. By the time I had entered, it had almost reached her, where she sat motionless, speechless, pale as death, looking down on the fire as it was about to seize her clothes and burn her to a cinder. Ere it caught, I had no more time, and to make one bound from the door to the hearthstone, and seizing her, chair and all, in my arms, to pluck her from the jaws of a cruel, fiery death.

By what law of nature, when I lingered on the road, was I moved, without the remotest idea of her danger, to cut short, against all my inclinations, an interesting conversation and hurry on to the house, which I reached just in the nick of time—one or two minutes later the flames had caught her clothes, and I had found her in a blaze of fire. Be it mine to live and die in the belief of a present and presiding, as well as a personal God; in the faith which inspired my aged friend to thank Him for her wonderful deliverance, and the boy to explain his calm courage on the roaring deep, in these simple but grand words: "My father's at the helm."—Dr. Guthrie.

## YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

Are requested for

**WILLIAM HAMILTON, JR.,**

AS

**ALDERMAN,**

FOR THE WARD OF ST. LAWRENCE

FOR 1873.

32

**St. Andrew's Ward!**

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST

IS RESPECTFULLY REQUESTED FOR

**WILLIAM THOMAS,**

As Alderman for 1873.

32-a

TO THE ELECTORS OF  
**ST. PATRICKS WARD.**

GENTLEMEN—

For several years past I have been solicited by many prominent electors of the Ward and other citizens, to become a candidate for civic honors. I was, under the requirements of my business, obliged in the past to decline the honor so kindly proffered me. The request having been this year again renewed and urged, I have yielded to the desire of my fellow-citizens, and now declare myself in obedience to their wishes a candidate for their suffrages for the office of Alderman at the approaching Municipal Elections for the city. I have a considerable stake in the Ward, and feel a deep interest in everything calculated to advance the prosperity of the city of Toronto, in which for the last twenty-five years, from boyhood, I have lived. Loathing professions I make none. I will merely say, that if elected, I shall exert myself to discharge the duties of the office efficiently—at all events, honestly; and that I hope, at the end of my year of office, to be enabled to exhibit a stainless record, one on which to base my claims to a continuance of your support and confidence. I am, Gentlemen,  
Your obedient servant,  
**JOHN MALLON.**

31-d

**JOHN MALLON.**

## IMPORTANT NOTICE.

**JANES & NEWCOMBE**

Being determined to keep pace with the times, and to maintain their reputation for selling the

Cheapest First-Class Goods in Town.

WILL CONTINUE ALL THIS WEEK

A GRAND CLEARING SALE

OF THE WHOLE OF THEIR

Stock of Magnificent Goods

Consisting of Silks, Velvets, Ribbons, Trimmings, Dress Goods, Black Goods, Cottons, Linens, Flannels, Blankets, Hosiery, Gloves, Gents' Furnishings, Millinery, Mantles and Shawls, at such reduced prices as will effect a speedy clearance.

HAVING RECENTLY MADE SOME

EXTENSIVE PURCHASES

At about HALF PRICE, their Stock will now be found one of the Largest, Finest, and Cheapest in the Dominion.

Particular attention is drawn to the following lines as samples of the general stock:

Heavy Ottoman Silk Reqs, in all the new colors, at 95c, worth \$1 50.

All-wool French Reqs, the best quality, made, at 65c, worth 90c.

Handsome Figured Reqs, at 45c, worth 70c.

All-wool French Satceens at 60c, worth 80c.

Handsome Figured Satceens at 30c, worth 50c.

A line of French Merinos at 60c, worth 75c

Beautiful Colored Glace Silks, all shades, at 90c, worth \$1 25.

Very Heavy Colored Gros Grains at \$1 40, worth \$2

The balance of those Black Glace Silks at 70c, 87½c, and \$1, worth from \$1 to \$1 50.

Black Gros Grain Silks, at \$1 12½, \$1 25, \$1 45, and \$1 65 worth from \$1 05 to \$2 50.

Best Black Gros Grain Silks, including Bonnet's and other popular makes, from \$1 05 to \$4, worth from \$2 50 to \$5.

The Largest and Cheapest assortment of Laces in town! Maltese, Honiton, Brussels, Point, and Thread.

A very special lot of Heavy White Sheetings at less than the wholesale prices—72-inch at 30c, worth 45c; 80-inch at 40c, worth 60c—other lines equally cheap.

The Finest Styles of Millinery in town at greatly reduced prices.

A Job Line of Mantles at from \$2 to \$10, worth from \$4 to \$15.

As these Goods were imported especially for the best Canadian Trade, and are marked down to such exceedingly low prices, they cannot fail to please everyone. No lady should make her purchases before examining our magnificent stock. An inspection is respectfully solicited.

**JANES & NEWCOMBE,**

RECENT HOUSE,

51 KING STREET EAST,

32-h



CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT,

Ottawa, November, 1872.

AUTHORIZED DISCOUNT ON AMERICAN INVOICES until further notice, 12 per cent.

R. S. M. BOUCHETTE,  
Commissioner.

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