

ANNA.

The village of Offord was alive with curiosity that Sunday morning, to see the bride that Bob Trench had brought home.

"The Trenches were a large-bodied, hot-blooded race, always making a talk in the county by sudden outbreaks into wit, or into big, heroic deeds of virtue.

The quiet, slow-going, Scotch-Irish Presbyterians who made up the community of the village of Offord found the virtuous Trenches quite as discomposing and uncomfortable to live with as the wicked ones.

"Radical religion," said Deacon Vale, "is like a belkin horse. He may instead drag you up hill, but he lands you in the ditch at last. Give me an old, steady pacer on the road or in the church."

The Trenches had a front pew (for which they sometimes forgot to pay), and it was here that Bob led his wife in the morning. She was a small woman with light eyes and hair, and looked oddly white and cool and insignificant among the big-bodied, black-bordered Trenches.

When the plate was passed for the collection, honest Bob, in the terror of his soul, pulled out a hundred dollar bill; but the bride neatly intercepted it and dropped it in five instead. On the way home she gave the note back to him.

"Why did you not let me give it, Anna? My heart was so full of thanksgiving! I have you! I wanted somebody to be the better for it."

"Five dollars is quite enough to spend yearly on the conversion of Jews," she said, smiling. "We will make out a list of charities, calculate what we can afford to give to each, and divide."

"Both I like to make a sport when I feel charitable," grumbled Bob; but he suppressed his anger and looked down on her adoringly. "How just you are, Anna. 'Pon my word I believe you are perfect."

"I try to do what is right," said the little creature, walking beside him with trim, measured steps. There was not a touch of elation or Phariseism in her tone, yet Bob somehow felt bolted beside her, and shuffled in his body and his spirit like a big, guilty school boy.

Luncheon was the first meal at which the family had met since her arrival. Now Grandma Trench, who was seventy, had long ago yielded the care of the house to Kate, the eldest daughter.

"My dear!" she cried amazed. "This is not my place! Kate, or—or—you—No, no, dear! Sit still. Of course the place of precedence is yours," said Anna, gently. "That is right. I will sit by you and do the work," sliding quietly into a chair.

"Kate, in a dumb rage, found herself deposed. But what could she do? Anna was right. She was right, too, when Bob sent up for a third cup of green tea, in leaving it unblest.

"You think you want more," she said, her light, smiling eyes holding his firmly. "But you are mistaken, Robert; you do not. You only think so."

It is a fact, memorable among the Trenches, that Bob never asked for a third cup again.

"These Trenches were undisciplined in their eating, as in everything else. When grandma asked for deviled lobster, Anna, with an innocent face, gave her cold chicken.

"The child did not hear me," the old lady thought, and she quietly ate her rapid fare. But Kate was not deceived.

the young people, in all of which the vivacious old woman delighted. Anna, with her pleasant laugh, had decided dances and games to be as irreligious as cards.

"Oh, I suppose so!" broke forth Bob. "You always know the right, Anna, and it is always so unadvisedly disagreeable!"

To be just to the little woman, when she went about with her ideas of right like an iron shoe, she did not suspect that her own selfishness or ignorance had molded it. It was she sincerely believed of God's making, and it was His will that all human feet should be crushed into it and walk in it.

After this she reigned supreme. The young in order to keep up in it. This was a gay, hospitable house; every Trench loved it. She tried to do the same for Nellie's children when she brought them back to us fatherless. But it is no longer gay or hospitable, and the children are learning to hate their home."

"I understand you, Catherine," said Anna, smiling; "but dances and other silly wastes of time I regard as wicked."

"But we do not so regard them. Surely Nelly herself must judge for her children."

"There can be but one right and one wrong," said the smiling little woman. "I am right."

It was Anna who criticised poor Josey's oil paintings. Josey was a cripple, and her one amusement was to paint impossible valleys, hills and beaches. But Anna showed her how false was your coloring, and out of all rules her drawing.

"Why waste your immortal time in a pursuit for which you have absolutely no talent?"

"How could you be so cruel?" Kate cried, with angry tears, when Josey went out of the room. "She suffers constantly. She never can look forward to the life of other women. If her poor little sketches give her happiness, why should you rob her of it?"

"It is not right to even tacitly aid in deception," said Anna. "Besides, I wish Josey to be an artist. Why should she not give her time and labor to religion?"

"Josey that night, pale and red-eyed, burned all her sketches."

"Why did you not tell me they were worthless daubs?" she said to Kate, bitterly. "As for altar carpets and chandelier work, that is not religion. I will have nothing to do with them! But in a week she was at work upon the carpet."

"Anna lived but a year after him. She was calm and self-possessed to the last. Poor old Bob insisted on helping to nurse her, and strove vehemently to drag her back to life again. He hated her for giving him a headache each day with fierce writhes at his heart of love and remorse. When at last he knew that she must go he brought himself to speak, kneeling by her bed.

"We've made a mistake, Anna—somehow. God knows why! We've got far apart. Can't we come together again? Can't you forgive me, my darling?"

"Certainly. I forgive you, Robert. Her voice was weak but composed. 'I am sorry you think I was to blame in being apart from you. Of course, we are all sinners. But I tried to do right, and—there is only one right way.'

"She died that night, and was laid in her grave with a complacent smile on her little face left."

Bob Trench left Offord immediately. It was said that he went to South America in search of John. After two years they came back together and settled down on the old farm. John is a thorough Trench, big, sincere, impulsive. His fault was that he pulled him out of the slough and he never returned to it again. He married one of his cousins, and the old homestead is again the centre of warm, helpful, happy life.

Current Superstitions.

The funeral procession must not cross a river.

The last name a dying person calls is the next to follow.

A dish hung on a door knob is a sign of death in a family.

The corpse must not pass twice over any part of the same road.

To dance on the ground indicates disaster or death within the year.

Whoever works on a sick person's dress, he or she will die within a year.

Whoever counts the carriages at a passing funeral will die within a year.

If a hoe be carried through a house, some one will die before the year is out.

If thirteen sit at table, the one who rises first will not live through the year.

To break a looking glass is a sign of death in the family before the year closes.

If three persons look at the same time into a mirror one will die within the year.

The person on whom the eyes of a dying person last rest will be the first to die.

The clock should be stopped at the time of death, as its running will bring ill luck.

If one dies, and no rigor mortis ensues, it indicates a speedy second death in the family.

It is unlucky in a funeral for those present to re-pass the house where death has occurred.

If a hearse be drawn by two white horses death in the neighborhood will occur within a month.

If rain falls on a new made grave there will be another death in the family within the year.

At a funeral entering a church before the mourners means death to some of the entering party.

If the grave is left open over Sunday another death will occur before the Sunday following.

If rain falls into an open grave another burial in the same cemetery will occur within three days.

To keep the corpse in the house over Sunday will bring death in the family before the year is out.

If any one comes to a funeral after the procession starts another death will occur in the same house.

It is unlucky to pass through a funeral, either between the carriages or the files of mourners on foot.

In Switzerland, if a grave is left open over Sunday, it is said that within four weeks one of the village will die.

To put on the bonnet or hat of one in mourning is the sign that you will wear one before the year is out.

When a woman who has been sewing puts her needle on the table as she sits down to eat, it is a sign that she will be left a widow if she marries.

If, during sickness, a pair of shears be dropped in such a manner that the point sticks into the floor, it indicates the death of the sick person.

A common saying in England is 'happy is the corpse the rain falls on.' The belief exists also in the United States. Thus it is said that if rain falls at the time of the funeral it is a sign that the dead has gone to heaven.

A Pleasant Discovery.

I suffered with neuralgia and obtained no relief until advised to try Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Since then I have found it to be an admirable remedy also for burns, sore throat and rheumatism. Mrs. F. Carter, 137 Richmond St., Toronto, Ont.

Medicinal Properties of Vegetables.

The following information may be useful to some at this season of the year, if not new to many:

Spinach has a direct effect on the kidneys. The common dandelion, used as greens, is excellent for the same trouble. Asparagus purges the blood. Celery acts admirably upon the nervous system, and is a cure for rheumatism and neuralgia. Tomatoes act upon the liver. Beets and turnips are excellent appetizers. Lettuce and cucumbers are cooling in their effects upon the system. Onions, garlic, leeks, olives, and shallots, all of which are similar, possess medicinal virtues of a marked character, stimulating the circulatory system and the consequent increase of the saliva and the gastric juice promoting digestion. Red onions are an excellent diuretic, and the white ones are recommended to be eaten raw as a remedy for insomnia. They are a tonic and nutritious. A soup made from onions is regarded by the French as an excellent restorative in debility of the digestive organs.

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Count Tolstoi's Christianity is a very practical Christianity. This honest man and able writer believes in a fair apportionment of labor—the best and worst of taxes divided up so that one may not look down on his brother and call him mendicant. If his doctrine would only spread into acceptance the world over we would yet live to see the millennium.



THE LATE PROF. PHELPS.

The above is a portrait of the late Prof. Edward E. Phelps, M.D., LL.D., of Dartmouth College. He was a strong, able man, who stood high in the literary and scientific world. It is not generally known, but it is nevertheless the truth, that Prof. Phelps was the discoverer of what is known to the Medical Profession and Chemists universally as Paine's Celery Compound, unquestionably one of the most valuable discoveries of this century.

This remarkable compound is not a nerve, an essence, a sarsaparilla or any devised article, but a discovery, and it marks a distinct step in medical practice and the treatment of nervous complications. It has been freely admitted by the best medical talent in the land, and also by the leading chemists and scientists, that for nerve troubles, nervous exhaustion, insomnia, debility, semity and even the dreaded and terrible Paresis, nothing has ever been discovered which reaches the disorder and restores health equal to this discovery of Prof. Phelps.

Paine's Celery Compound is now prepared in quantities, and can be procured at any reputable druggist. An attractive bunch of celery it is to be found on every wrapper. It has become especially popular among professional men, mind workers, ladies burdened with exciting social duties and frequenters of the leading clubs.

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