CONVERSAZIONE.

Motto for the Week : "Being admonished, let us follow better

The Freaks of Heredity.

The Freaks of Heredity.

Perhaps a rough but sufficient classification of inmates of state prisons would be, those who violate the law occasionally, but have occupations more or less honest; and those who live on the community solely by the commission of crimes. Many of these last were born criminals, raised criminal lineage; but not all of them; some have entered this life from better conditions. For heredity has its freaks, apparently. I have known a pure and upright child spring from the basest parentage like a filly out of the mire; and I have known the most vicious and degraded offspring from a family irreproachable, so far as was known, for generations. I knew of one family of a clergyman, the ancestors on the father's and mother's side entirely respectable, which offered this anomaly; two of the children grew up with every virtue, and lived lives of the highest usefulness; to others—a boy and a girl—went to the bad utterly. The four had been brought up under precisely the same good influences—under the same moral discipline. I believe in heredity; that is, in the transmission of qualities, and traits, and tendencies. But I do not think we know enough about it to make it the basis of legislation for the extirpation of the criminal class. A good man may have a good daughter; a bad man may have a good daughter. What we call the criminal class is constantly recruited from the better elements of society, and members of the criminal class are sometimes reformed. It needs omniscience to tell who will not become a criminal, and what criminal is absolutely irreclaimable.——[Charles Dudley Warner.

A Story of Donegal.

Perhaps the finest treasure tale I have heard comes from Donegal. A friend was once at a village near Slieve League. One day he was straying about a rath called "Cashel Nore." (Raths are small fields encircled by earth fences; they were inhabited by the ancient races and are now great haunts of fairies.) A man with a haggard face and unkempt hair, and clothes falling in pieces, came into the wrath and began digging. My friend turned to a peasant who was working near, and asked who the man was.

"That is the third O'Byrne," was the answer.

A few days after he learned the story: A great quanty of treasure had been buried in the wrath in pagan times, and a number of evil fairles set to guard it; but some day it was to be tound and belong to the family of the O'Byrnes. Before that day three O'Byrnes must first find it and die. Two had already done so

had already done so.

The first had dug and dug until at last-he got a glimpse of the stone coffer that contained it, but immediately a thing like a huge hairy dog came down the mountain and tore him to pieces. The next day the treasure had again vanished deep into the earth.

treasure had again vanished deep into the earth.

The second O'Byrne came and dug and dug until he found the coffer, and lifted the lid until he saw the gold shining within. He saw some horrible sight the next moment, and went raving mad and soon died. The treasure again sank out of sight.

The third O'Byrne is now digging. He believes that he will die in some horrible way the moment he finds the treasure, but the spell will be broken, and the O'Byrne family made rich for ever and become again a great people, as they were of old.

A peasant of the neighborhood once saw the treasure. He found the shinhone of a hare lying on the grass He took it up; there was a hole in it; he looked through the hole and saw the gold heaped up under the ground. He hurried home to bring a spade, but when he got back to the wrath again he could not find the spot where he had seen it through the spell-dissolving bone.

This tale of the O'Byrnes is right full of

Some poet looking for tales in Donegal, long decades hence, may hear the story of the life and death of the third O'Byrne. Tradition is sure to make him find the treasure.—[W. B. Yeats.

Uses of Ants.

Ants are terrible fighters. They have very powerful jaws, considering the size of their bodies, and, therefore, their method of fighting is by biting. They will bite one another, and hold on with a wonderful grip another, and hold on with a wonderful grip of the jaws, even after their legs have been hitten off by the other ants. Sometimes six or eight ants will be clinging with a death grip to each other, making a peculiar spectacle, some with a leg gone, and some with half the body gone. One singular fact is that the grip of an ant's jaw is retained even after the body has been bitten off and nothing but the head remains. This knowledge is possessed by a certain tribe of Indians in Brazil, who put the ants to a very peculiar use. When an Indian gets a gash cut in his hand, instead of having his hand sewed together, as physicians do in this country, he procures five or six large black ants, and, holding their heads near the gash, they bring their jaws together the gash, they bring their jaws together in biting the flesh, and thus pull the two sides of the gash together. Then the Indian pinches off the bodies of the ants and leaves their heads elinging to the gash, which is held together until the gash is perfectly healed.

The Sepulchre of the Atlantic.

There are few spots on the ocean so dreadful to the mariner, yet so little known to the average landsman, as Sable Island, the great wrecking ground of the North Atlantic. The boisterous wind roars an almost ceaseless dirgo over the bones of hundreds, perkape thousands, of human beings rudely sepulchred in the sands of its

treacherous shores.

Could the bones lying baried beneath the
waters be re-embodied and gifted with
speech what tales of sicksping horres and
dread despair could they unfold?

A wreck chart of the island, published on

A wreck chart of the island, published en an elaborate scale by the Department of the Marine and Fisheries of the Canadian Government, shows the known places of more than 150 wrecks, and these have all taken place during the present century. No record was kept of the wrecks prior to 1801.

By far the greater number of the vessels wrecked have belonged to the United Kingdom and the United States. Five ships were lost in 1802, one of them being the large English transport Princess Amelia, which had on board a number of officers, soldiers, and their wives and servants, in all about 400 persons, every one of whom perished. At that time some practical vilulains made the island the base of operations

and were murdered by the wreckers for their property.

When the weather is bad, as it often is, a vessel may have to lie off for weeks without being able to land or embark her earge or passengers. Some years ago, Dr. Gilpin, of Halifax, visited the island to attend the wife of the superintendent, and bring an expected little stranger into the world. He was landed all right, and for days the schooner which took him hevered round, waiting for the signal flag to announce the interesting event. Then, of course, the doctor's services could be dispensed with, and he would be ready to return. But all at once a fog swept down upon the island, and the schooner had to run for shelter, leaving the hapless doctor to he doubtful uxury of an enforced solitude, and it was only after several months that he was released from his island prison and returned to his anxious friends and eivilkation.

Sympathetic.

Sympathetic.

The orator of the "common people" must not only speak their tongue, but be in sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men. The late. Henry W. Grady, of Georgia, had this gift. The deepest feeling of his nature was sympathy with children, and with suffering and defenseless people. When a 2-year-old, he was waited on by a little negro boy whom he called "Brother Isaac." If the weather was cold, little Henry would wake in the night and call out: "Dear mother, do you think the servants have enough cover? It's so cold and I want them to be warm."

While he was a prosperous journalist at Atlanta, he often illustrated his theory that the rich who become poor suffer more, and therefore need more sympathy, than those who have always been poor.

One Christmas Eve, while walking the streets of Atlanta, he saw an old, seedy-looking man, who had been one of the leading citizens of the town, but was now sunk almost to the level of the gutter.

"Yonder is the judge," said Mr. Grady to his companion, Mr. Joel C. Harris, who relates the aneedote. Let us go and see what he is going to have for Christmas."

"It isn't, too early to wish you a merry Christmas, I hope," said Mr. Grady, shaking hands with the old man.

"No, no," replied the judge, straightening himself up with dignity, "not at all. The same to you, my boy. Let me seeyou a moment."

a moment."
The two men walked to the edge of the pavement and conversed. The judge told the young editor that he had no provisions at home, and asked for a small loan to buy

Through all Night's darkest hours
The stars were speaking prophesying light;
But still the earth lies cold, and all its flowers
Cover their faces with their petals tight. And now the Night's last hour Looks to the east and sees the light new

born; And thinks how soon each lowly slumbering flower Will wake, unfold and lift its soul to Morn. The last of Night's still hours

Looks back and hears the whippoorwill's long

ery; And then among the yet unconscious flowers She lingers down the valler with a sigh: "Thou first of Morning's hours,
That sleep'st, an infant still upon my breast,
I shall not see the opening of the flowers;
But thou, my child, my child, thou shalt be

-[Arthur Hildreth. blest!" WHEN SAM'WEL LED THE SINGIN'.
Of course I love the House o' God,
But I don't feel to hum there

The way I useter do, afo New-langled ways had Row-tangled ways had done there, Though things are finer now a heap, My heart it keeps a clingin' To our big, bare old meetin'house, Where Sam'wel led the singin'.

I 'low it's sorter solemn-lik

To hear the organ pealin!

It kinder makes yer blood run cold,

An' fills ye full o' feelin'.

But, somehow, it don't tech the spot—

Now, mind ye, I ain't slingin! No slurs-ez that bass viol did When Sam'wel led the singin'.

I tell ye what, when he struck up. The tune, an' sister Hanner Put in her purty treble-ch Put in her purry trepto-cm
That's what you'd call sometimer—
Why, all the choir, with might an main,
Set to, an' scemed a-finight
Their hall souls out with over youte,

An', land alive, the way they'd race Thro' grand old "Coronation!" Each voice a-chasin' t'other round, It jes' beat all creation! I allus thought it must 'a' se

When Sam'welled the sing

The bells o' heaven a-ringin'.
To hear us "Crown Him Lord of All,"
When Sam'wel led the singin'.

Folks didn't sing for money then;
They sung because 'twas in 'em
An' must come out. I useter cel—
If Parson couldn't win 'em
With preachin' an' with prayin' an'
His everlastin' dingin'—
That choir'd fetch sinners to the folk
When Sam'yel led the singin'. When Sam'wel led the singing

FOR BOYS AND CIRLS.

PUZZLE BUREAU. Oh, the free and carcless last!
His face is ne'er o'reast
With thoughts of future cares;
But to first he's hurried off,
Perhaps with words and cuff.
Merry total! With his rents and tears.

138.—ENIGMA.
In hanner, not in nail,
In sleet, not in hall,
In almond, not in nut,
In poorhouse, not in hut,
In wining, not in moan
In skin, not in boue,
In sting, not in bee.
Whole is a city of Tennesse 139.—TRANSPOSITION
A man may have in "reality"
A fixed "determination"

140,—SQUARE WORD.

If y first full of glittering pranks, goes a lines cheeks on his second as we

141.—DELETIONS. Delete permitted and leave held for Delete the spring of a carriage and

y's garment.
Delete great felicity and leave a port,
Delete crenelated and leave to produce
Delete spottedness and leave to check
142.—WORD DISSECTIONS.

AT ANSWERS IN TWO WEEKS.

ANSWERS.

125.—Forty-one sheep.
126.—Oath. Sill-y. Cloth. Brown.
127.— GRANDDUKE GRANDDUKE INTENSE FALSE AIM

128.—Spring-haven. 129.—"Lady of the Lake."

going to send them something substantial of or Christmas."

The three men entered a grocery store, and the judge recovered his native dignity. "Now, judge," said Mr. Grady, "we must be discrete tas well as liberal. We must get what we think this suffering family most needs. You call off the articles, the clerk will set them down, and I will have them sent to the house."

"The judge leaned against the counter with a careless dignity, and, smacking his lips, said, "Well, we will put down a bottle of chow-chow pickles."

"Why, of course, it's the very thing!" exclaimed Grady.

"Let me see," said the judge, closing his eyes reflectively. "Two tumblers of strawberry jelly, three pounds of mincement, and two pounds of dates, if you have real good ones—and—yes—two pounds of devilled ham."

Ever, Lucknow, Coy, OdE, Magenta, Ealt.

"Welcome. New Year," thus:—Wren, Ever, Lucknow, Coy, OdE, Magenta, Ealt.

"Under this heading we will insert letters on any subject from boys and girls. The letters must be brief and written on one side of the must be brief and written on one side of the rough and subject. ADVENTISER Offices. London, Out."]

AMBERLEY, Dec. 8.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I thought I would write to you, as my cousins are writing, too, I am a little boy, II years old; my birthday is June 19. I go to shool and read in the senior Third Book. I have a little dog called Bounce. I thought I would write to you to get will be proken days. Mr. Grady was delighted with the humor and pathos of the scene, which recalled pages from one of Dickens novels. He often said that he envied the broken-down old man the enjoyment of the luxuries of which he had so long been deprived.

Mr. Grady's sympathy, which put him in the first Part Scoond. My the lawn is a subject of the lawn and the series of the lawn is a subject of the lawn and the series of the lawn.

Something he had been used to in his happier days. Mr. Grady was delighte

the treasure. He found the shinhone of a hare lying on the grass He took it up; there was a hole in it; he looked through the hole and saw the gold heaped up under the ground. He hurried home to bring a spade, but when he got back to the wrath again he could not find the spot where he had seen it through the spell-dissolving bone.

This tale of the O'Byrnes is right full of Celtic intensity. The third O'Byrne, at this moment in all likelihood digging, with ragged hair blown to the wind, and growing old amid his resolve, deserves some more permanent record than this ephemeral glong decades hence, may hear the story of the life and death of the third O'Byrne. Tradition is sure to make him find the treasure.—[W. B. Yeats.

WORDS THAT BURN.

THE NIGHT'S LAST HOUR.

The stars were speaking prophesying light: But still the earth lies celd, and all its flowers are permanent of the control of the stars were speaking prophesying light: But still the earth lies celd, and all its flowers are controlled in the stars were speaking prophesying light: But still the earth lies celd, and all its flowers are some more permanent record than this ephemeral prophesying light: But still the earth lies celd, and all its flowers are some more permanent record than this ephemeral control one of Dickens hovels the enjoyment of the broken-down old man the enjoyment of the broken-down old man the enjoyment of the story of the life and death to the third O'Byrne, at this specific prophesy in the place of a sufferer, also made dhimking to the crowds he addressed. They saw in this friend. His words corresponded with the expression of his features; and he moved the people because he gave them their own the control of the prophesy to the life and death to the third O'Byrne.

The stars were speaking prophesying light: But still the earth lies celd, and all its flowers in the first permanent of broken-down old man the enjoyment of the word very day. I study arithmete and learn to word any test of the life and the middle properties of the life an

ing desk or something of that sort. You deserve it, I am sure.—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

BEECHWOOD, Dec. 8.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE.

I read the stories in the ADVERTISER, so I thought I would write one, too. I often write letters to my prothers, I have seven brothers and one sustandary sister and I are twins. We were 12 years of the sister and I are twins. We were 12 years of the sister and I are twins. You were 12 years of the sister and I are twins. You were 12 years of the sister and I are twins. You were 12 years of the sister and I are twins. You were 12 years of the sister and I are twins. You were 12 years of the sister and I are twins. You were 12 years of the story and groography. I are defined in the sister and the sis

*** WATFORD, Dec. 18.

DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I am a little gif 5 years old, and I go to school in the summer time. My teacher's name is Mr. Woods. My papa has taken the ADVERTISER for tweety years, and he likes it splendid. I have a kitten for a pet, and I call it till. I have three sisters and one brother. My little brother does not know I am writing this letter, so I hope to see it in the paper. I will close my letter now, wishing you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. From your noice.

MYRTLE ROBERTSON.

[Dear little Myrtle, did you write this letter yourself or did you simply tell mother or one of your sisters what to write for you! Surely a girl of 5 years could not write so well. I was astonished at Laura Frinders, but still more at yours, for you are a year younger. I hope your papa will live to take the ADVERTISER twenty years longer. Don't you!—AUNT. PRUDENCE.]

WATFORD, Dec. 18, DEAR AUNT PRUDENCE:

I am a little girl, 8 years old, and am in the Part Second, and study reading, spelling, arithmetic and composition, and have written for the Second Book. I am glad Christmas is near, because i expect Santa Claus; he never forgets our house. I think he is a jolly old fellow. He brought me a beautiful doll last Christmas. I will close my letter now, wish-

ETHEL ROBERTSON.

[Now, Ethel, Christmas has come and gone; so you can write and let me know whether Santa Claus did remember you or not. I am going to make a guess. He left you another doll as beautiful, if not more so, than your last one. Am I right?—AUNT PRUDENCE.]

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE.

The highest discipline of life makes us suffer for our mistakes as well as for our orimes.—[Amelia E. Barr. Some people are always finding fault with nature for putting thorns on roses, but I always thank her for putting roses on

If we could read the secret history of our memies we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all astility.—[Longfellow.

Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised —[Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Mankind are always happier for having been happy, so that if you make them happy now you make them happy twenty years hence by the memory of it.—[Sydney Smith.



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stre 1, Ar 1



ABOUT HAIR

Editor of the ADVERTISER: Sir.—I have, as you know, for some time advertised in Canada and the States a preparation for the halr called "Br. Dorenwend's Hair Magic." I have received some thousands of flattering testimonials from those who have Magic." I have received some thousands or flatiering testimonials from those who have used it as to its merits as a restorative of gray or faded hair; also as a promoter of the growth and a certain cure for dandruff.

A great many of my correspondents ask the questions: "Why is my hair falling out?" Asi it is impossible for me to answer every one, I take the liberty of encroaching on your valuable space to make a general reply A great many persons do not seem to be aware that excessive washing and rubbing is injurious to the growth of the hair; such is the case, however. Constant washing and rubbing the scalp and hair causes over irritation and removes the oily substance which gives strength to the hair; under the case of the constant washing and rubbing the scalp and hair causes over irritation and removes the oily substance which gives strength to the hair; under the caused by the wearing of heavill tend to dry up the sap or life of the fact will cause dandruff, failing out of the fact will cause dandruff, failing out of the fact while causes as diseases, hereditary tendencies, etc., but the first mentioned are the main and most common.

Dr. Dorenwend, an eminent German phy-Dr. Dorenwend, an eminent German phy-

but the first mentioned are the main and most common.

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A. DORENWEND,

A. DORENWEND,

Toronto, Canada