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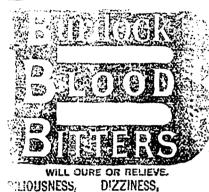
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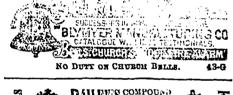
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LADY LEOLINE.

By May Agnes Fleming.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued. "No, no no!" abricked the earl, while the foam flew from his lips. "I confess! I confess!

I confess !"
"Good! And what do you confess!" said
the duke blandly, leaning forward, while the
dwarf fell back with a yell of laughter at the
success of his ruse.

"T confess all-everything-anything ! only spare my life!"

spare my life!"
"Do you confess to having told Charles,
King of Eugland, the secrets of our kingdom
and this place?" said the duke, sternly rapping
down the petition with a roll of parchment. The earl grew, if possible, a more ghastly white.

"I do-I must! but oh! for the love of-Never mind love," cut in the inexorable duke,
"it is a subject that has nothing whatever to do
with the present case, Did you or did you not
receive for the aforesaid information a large sum of money?"
"I did; but my lord, my lord, spare-

"Which sum of money you have concealed," continued the duke, with another frown and a sharp rap "Now the question is where have you concealed it?"

"I will tell you, with all my heart, only spare my life!"
"Tell us first, and we will think about your life afterward. Let me advise you as a friend, my lord, to tell at once, and truthfully.' said the duke, toying negligently with the

thumb-screws. "It is buried at the north corner of the old wall at the head of Bradshaw's grave. You shall have that and a thousandfold more if you'll

only pardon—"
"Enough!" broke in the dwarf, with a look
"Enough!" broke in the dwarf, with a look
"That is all and tone of an exultant demon. "That is all we want! My lord duke, give me the deathwarrant, and while her majesty signs it, I will pronounce his doom !"

The duke handed him a roll of parchment, which he glanced critically over and handed to the Queen for her authograph. That royal lady spread the vellum on her knee, took the pen and affixed her signature as coolly as if she were inditing a sonnet in an album. Then his highness, with a face that fairly scintillated with demoniac delight, stood up and fixed his eyes on the gastly prisoner, and spoke in a voice that reverberated like the tolling of a dead-bell through

"My Lord of Gloncester, you have been bried by a council of your fellow peers, presided over by her royal self, and found guitty of high trea-son. Your sentence is that you be taken hence, immediately, to the block, and there beheaded in punishment of your crime."

His highness wound up this somewhat solemn speech rather inconsistently, by bursting out into one of his shrillest peaks of laughter; and the miserable Earl of Gloucester, with a gasp ing, unearthly cry fell back into the arms of the attendants. Dead and oppressive silence reigned; and Sir Norman, who half believed all along the whole thing was a farce, began to feel an uncomfortable sense of fear creeping over him, and to think that, though practical jokes were excellent things in though practical lokes were excellent things in their way, there was yet a possibility of carryling them a little too far. The disagreeable silence was first broken by the dwarf, who, after gloating for a moment over his victim's convulsive spasms, sprang nimbly from his chair of dignity and held out his arm for the queen. The queen proce, which seemed to be a sign for exception cleans to do the same and all he can forming themselves in a sort of line of march
"What is to be done with this other prisoner,
your highness?" inquired the duke, making a

poke with his forefinger at Sir Norman.

Is he to stay here, or is he to accompany us?"

His highness turned round, and public his ace close up to Sir Norman's, favored him with

a malignant grin.
"You'd like to come, wouldn't you, my dear young friend?"
"Really," said Sir Norman, drawing back and returning the dwarf's stare with compound interest, "that depends altogether on the nature of the entertainment; but, at the same

going, and awaiting his sovereign pleasure, he turned.

"Let him come," he said, with his countenance still distorted by inward merriment; "it will do him good to see how we punish offenders.

here, and teach him what he is to expect himself.

here, and teach him what he is to expect himself.
Is your majesty ready?"

"My majesty has been ready and waiting for the last five minute." replied the lady, overlooking his proffered hand with grand disdain, and stepping lightly down from her throne.

Her rising was the signal for the unseen band to strike up a grand triumphaut "Io pæan," though, had the "Rogue's March" been a popular melody in those times, it would have suited the procession much more admirably. The oneen and the dwarf went first have suited the procession much more admirably. The queen and the dwarf went first and a vivid contrast they were—she so young, so beautiful, so proud, so disdainfully cold; he so ugly, so stunted, so deformed, so fiendish. After them went the band of sylphs in white, the chancellor, archiehop, and embassadors; next the whole court of ladies and gentlemen; and after them Sir Norman, in the custody of two of the soldiers. The condemed gentiemen; and arter them Sir Norman, in the custody of two of the soldiers. The condemed earl came last, or rather allowed himself to be dragged by his four gu rds; for he seemed to have become prefectly palsied and dumb with fear. Keeping time to the triumphant march, and preserving dismal silence, the procession wound its way along the room and through a greet archway heretofore hidden by the tapestry now lifted by the nymphs. A long stone passage, carpeted with crimson and gold, and brilliantly illuminated like the grand saloon they had left, was thus revealed, and three includes the contract of the con eimilar archways at the extremity, one to the right and left, and one directly before them. he procession passed through the one to the ft, and Sir Norman started in dismay to left, and Sir Norman started in dismay to find himself in the most gloomy aparament he had over beheld in his life. It was all covered with black—walls, ceiling, and the floor were draped in black, and reminded him forcibly of La Masque's chamber of horrors, only this was more repellant. It was lighted or rather the gloom was troubled, by a few spectral tapers of black wax in ebony candlesticks, that seemed absolutely to turn black, and make the horrible place more horrible. There was no furniture— neither couch, chair, nor table—nothing but a sort of stage at the upper end of the room, with something that looked like a seat upon it, and both were shrouded with the same dismal drap ery. But it was no seat; for everybody stood, arranging themselves silently and noiselessly around the walls, with the queen and the dwarf at their head, and near this elevation

stood a tall, black statue, wearing a mask, and leaning on a bright, dreadful, glithering axe. The music charged to an unearably dirge, so weird and blood-curdling, that Sir Norman could have put his bands over his eardrums to shut out the ghastly sound. The dismal room, the voiceless spectators, the black spectre with the glithering axe, the fearful music, struck a chill to his inmost heart. Could it be possible they were really going to murder the unhappy wretch? and could all those beautiful ladios—could that surpassingly

beautiful queen, stand there serenely unmoved, to witness such a crime? While he yet looked round in horror, the doomed man, already ap-

was minus that useful and ornamental append

age, a head.

It was all over so quickly that Sir Norman could scarcely believe his horrified senses, until the deed was done. The executioner threw a black cloth over the bleeding trunk, and held up the grizzly head by the hair; and Sir Norman could have sworn the features moved and man could have sworn the features moved, and

man could have sworn the features moved, and
the dead eyes rolled round the room.
"Behold!" cried the executioner, striking
the convulsed face with the palm of his open
hand, "the fate of all traitors!"
"And of all spies!" exclaimed the dwarf,
glaring with his findish eyes upon the appalled
Sir Norman, "Keep your axe sharp and bright,
Mr. Executioner, for helpre, morning dawns. there is another gentleman here to be made shorter by a head."

CHAPTER XII.

THE DOOM. "Let us go," said the queen, glanding at the revolting sight, and turning away with a shudder of repulsion. Faugh! The sight of blood has made me sick."

"And taken away my appetite for supper,"
added a youthful and elegant beauty beside
her. "My Lord Gloucester was hideous
enough when living, but, mon Dieu! he is ten
times more so when dead!"
"Your ladyship will not have the same story

to tell of yonder stranger, when he shares the same face in an hour or two!" said the dwarf, with a malicious grin; "for I heard you remarking upon his extreme beauty when he first

The lady laughed and bowed, and lurned her bright eyes upon Sir Norman.
"True! It is almost a pity to cut such a handsome head off—is it not? I wish I had a voice in your highness's council, and I know what I should do."

"What, Lady Mountjoy?" "Entreat him to swear fealty, and become

"Entreat that to one of us; and—"
"And a bridegroom for your ladyship?" sug"And a bridegroom for your ladyship?" sug"I blight gested the queen, with a curling lip. "I think if Sir Norman Kingsley knew Lady Mountjoy as well as I do, he would even prefer the block to such a fate!"

Lady Mountjoy's brilliant eyes shone like two angry meteors; but she merely bowed and laughed; and the laugh was echoed by the

dwarf in his shrillest falsebto.

"Does your highness intend remaining here all night?" demanded the queen rather fiercely.

"If not, the sconer we leave this ghastly place the better. The play is over and supper is

waiting."
With which the royal virago made an imperious motion for her attendant sprites in gossamer white to precede her, and turned with her accustomed stately step to follow. The music immediately changed from its doleful dirge to a spirited measure, and the whole company flocked after her, back to the great room of state. There they all paused, hovering in uncertainty around the room, while the queen, holding her purple the room, while the queen, holding her purple train up lightly in one hand, stood at the foot of the throne, glancing at them with her cold, haughty and beautiful eyes. In their wandering, those same darkly splendid eyes glanced and lighted on Sir Norman, who, in a state near the stupor at the horrible scene he had just witnessed, stood near the green table, and they sent a thrill through him with their wonderful resemblence to Leoline's. So vividly alike were they, that he half doubted for a moment whether she and Leoline were not really one; but no—Leoline never could have really one: but no—Lecline never could have had the cold, cruel heart to stand and witness such a horrible sight. Miranda's dark, piercing glance fell as haughtily and disdainfully on him as it had on the rest; and his heart sank as he thought that whatever sympathy she had felt for him was entirely gone. It might have been a whim, a woman's caprice, a spirit of contrada-tion, that had induced her to defend him at Whatever it was, and it mattered not first. Whatever it was, and it mattered not now, it had completly vanished. No face of marble could have been colder, or stonier, or harder, than here, as she looked at him out of the depths of her great dark eyes; and with

that look, his last lingering hope of life vanish-"And now for the next trial!" exclaimed the dwarf briskly, bresking in upon his drab-colored meditations, and bustling past. "We will get it over at once, and have done with it."

interest, "that depends attogether on the nature of the entertainment; but, at the same time, I'm much obliged to you for consulting my inclinations."

This reply nearly overset his highness's gravity once more, but he checked his mirth after the first irresitible squeal; and finding the company were all arranged in the order of the company were all arranged in the order of codness to step in and see that all is in order.

One of the kilded and decarated gentlemen of a mbasse.

This reply nearly overset his highness's will have neither trials nor anything else until after supper, which has been delayed four full minutes. My lord chamberlain, have the grootness to step in and see that all is in order."

One of the kilded and decarated gentlemen of the company were all arranged in the order of the kilded and decarated gentlemen of the company has a flutter of ner dropping eyels shes betrayed that she even heard it, but his highness laughed until he was perfectly hoarse.

"Silence!" shouted the duke, shocked and answer truthfully the questions put to you.

Your name, you eay, is Sir Norman Kingsley?" whom Sir Norman bad, miataken for ambassedors stepped off, in obedience, through another opening in the tapestry—which seemed to be as extensively undermined with such apertures as a cabman's cost with capes—and, while he was gone, the queen stood drawn up to her full height, with her scornful face looking down on the dwarf. That small man knit up his very plain face into a bristle of the sournet kinks, and growled sulky disapproval at an order which he either would not, or dared not, countermand. Probably the latter had most to do with it, as everybody looked hungry and mutinous, and a great deal more eager for their supper than the life of Sir Norman Kingsley.

"Your majesty, the royal banquet is waiting,"

insinuated the lord high chamberlain, returning, and bending over until his face and his shoe buckles almost touched.
"And what is to be done with this prisoner,

while we are eating it?" growled the dwarf looking drawn swords at his liege lady.

"He can remain here under the guards, can he nos!" she retorted sharply "Or, if you are afraid they are not equal to taking care of him,

you had better stay and watch him yourself."
With which answer, her majesty sailed majestically away, leaving the gentleman ad-dressed to follow or not as he pleased. It pleased him to do so, on the whole; and he wont after her, growling anathemas between his royal teeth, and evidently in the same state of mind that induces sentlemen in private life to take sticks to their aggravating spouses, under similar circumstances. However, in might not be just the thing, perhaps, for kings and queens to take broom-sticks to settle their little dif-ferences of opinion, like common Christians; and so the prince peaceably followed her, and entered the salle a manger with the rest, and Sir Norman and his keepers were left in the hall of state, monarche of all they surveyed. Notwithstanding he knew his hours bered, the young knight could not avoid feeling curious, and the tapestry having been drawn aside, he looked through the arch with a good

deal of interest. The appartment was smaller than the one in whichhe stood—though still very one in whichhe stood—though still very large, and instead of being allo crimson and gold, was glancing and glittering with blue and silver. These azure hanging were of satin, instead of velvet, and looked quite light and cool, compared to the hot, glowing place where he was. The ceiling was spangled over with silver stars, with the royal arms quartered in the middle, and the chairs were of white polished wood, gleaming like ivory, and cushioned with blue statin. The table was of immense length, as if it had need to be, and flashed and sparkled in the wax table was of inmense angel, as it is not need to be, and flashed and sparkled in the wax lights with heaps of gold and silver plate, cut-glass, and precious porcelain. Golden and crimson wines shone in the carved dedecanters: great silver backets of fruit were strewn about, with piles of take and confectionary—not to speak of more solid substanials, wherein the heart of every true Englishmen delighted. The queen sat in a great, raised chair at the head, and helped herself without paying much attention to anybody, and the remainder

Bigivations of the state of the

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les above him by a lingle hair, he may be par-doned for reflecting that this world is all a flect-

doned for reflecting that this world is all a fleeting show, and that he got himself into a scrape, to which the plague was trifle. And yet, with nervous impatience, he wished the dinner and the trial was over, his fate sealed, and his life ended at once, since it was to be ended soon. For the fulfillment of the first wish, he had not long to wait; the feast, though gay and grand, was of the briefest, and they could have scarcely been half an hour gone when they were all back.

Everybody seemed in better humor, too,

after the refection, but the queen and the dwarf—the former looked colder and harder and

more like a Labrador iceberg tricked cut in pur-ple velvet than ever, and his highness was grin-

ning from ear to ear-which was the very worst

possible sign. Not even her majesty could make the slightest excuse for delaying the

trial now; and, indeed, that eccentric lady seemed to have no wish to do so, had she the power, but seated herself in silent disdain of them all, and dropping her long lashes over her

dark eyes, seemed to forget there was anybody

His highness and his nobles took their stations of authority behind the green table, and summoned the guards to lead the prisoner up before

them, which was done; while the rest of the company were fluttering down into their sears,

and evidently about to pay the greatest attention. The cases in this midnight court stemed

to be conducted on a decidedly original plan, and with an easy rapidity that would have elec-

trified any other court, ancient or modern, Sir Norman took his stand, and eyed his judges

with a look half contemptuous, half defiant; and the proceedings commenced by the dwarf's

leaning forward and breaking into a roar of

laughter right in his face.

"My little friend, I warned you before not to be so facetione," said Sir Norman, regarding him quietly; "a rush of mirth to the brain will

certainly be the death of you one of these

days."

"No levity, young man!" interposed the lord chancellor, rebukingly; "remetaber you are addressing His Royal Highness Prince Caliban, Spouse and Consort of Her Most Gracious

Majesty, Miranda !"
"Indeed! Then all I have to say is, that her

majesty has very bad taste in the selection of a husband, unless, indeed, her wish was to mary

the ugliest man in the world, as she herself is the most beautiful of women!"

Her majesty took not the slightest notice of

"Yes. Has your grace any objection to it?" His grace wavel down the interruption with

dignified wave of the hand, and went on with

severe judicial dignity.

"You are the same who shot Lord Ashely between this and the city, some hours ago?"

"I had the pleasure of shooting a highwayman there, and my only regret is I did not per-

form the same good office by his companion, in the person of your noble self, before you turned

A slight titter ran round the room, and the

'These remarks are impertinent, and not t

the purpose. You are the murderer of Lord Ashley, let that suffice. Probably you were on your way hither when you did the deed?"

"He was," said the dwarf, vindictively. "I met him at the Golden Crown but a short time

after.
"Very well, that is another point settled, and

either of them is strong enough to seal his death warrant. You came here as a spy, to see and hear and report—probably you were sent by King Charles?"

"Probably - just think as you please about it!" said Sir Norman, who knew his care was as desperate as it could be, and was quite reckless

"You admit that you are a spy, then?"

"No such thing. I have owned nothing.
As I told you before, you are welcome to put what

construction you please on my actions."
"Sir Norman Kingsley, this is nonsensical equivocation! You own you came to bear and

"Well, hearing and steing constitute spying, do they not? Therefore you are a spy."
"I confess it looks like it. What next?"

spies?"
"No matter what they are in other places,

"A roum in black and a chop with an axe

the Earl of Gloucester's fate, in a word!"
"You have said it! Have you any reason
why such a sentence should not be pronounced

on you?"
"None; pronounce it as soon as you like."
"With the greatest pleasure!" said the duke,
who had been scrawling on another ominous roll
of vellum, and now passed it to the dwarf. "I

never knew any one it gave me more delight to condemn. Will your highness pass that to her

majesty for signature, and pronounce his sen-

His highness, with a grin of most exquisite delight, did as directed; and Sir Norman look

delign, did as directed; and Sir Norman look-ed steadfastly at the queen as she received it. One of the gauzy nymphs presented it to her, kneeling, and she took it with a look half bored, half impatient, and lightly scrawled her auto-graph. The long, dark lashes did not lift; no change passed over the calm, cold face, as icily placid as a frozen lake in moonlight—evidently the life or death of the attenager was less than

the life or death of the stranger was less than

nothing to her. To him she, too, was as nothing, or nearly so; but yet there was a sharp jarring pain at his heart, as he saw that fair

am protty certain what they are here !'
And that is?"

"Need you ask? What is the fate of all

what he answered.

6. Well 2"

were all back.

in existence but herself.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that recommend it as superior to any prescription sour Stomach, Diarrhosa, Eructation, mown to me."

H. A. Archer, M. D., THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MUFFRY Street, N. Y.

enthesis, as the dwarf concluded his pleasant observation by thrusting himself forward across the table, after his rather discomposing late; and so the guards very likely felt; but Sir Norman'thoughts wereof that room in black, the headsmam's axe, and Leoline. He felt he fashion, and breaking out into one of his diawould never see her again never see the sun rise that was to shine on their bridal; and he wonder-Tashion, and breaking out into one of his diabolical laughter-claps.

The queen, who had been sitting passive, and looking as if she were in spirit a thousand miles away, now started up with sharp suddenness, and favored his highness with one of her fieriest fiery glances."

"Will your highness just permit somebody also to have a voice in their matter? How ed what she would think of him, and if she was destined to fall into the hands of Lord Roches ter or Count L'Estrange, As general thing, our young friend was not given to melancholy moralizing, but in the present case, with the headsman axe poised like the sword of Damoc-

else to have a voice in that matter? How many more trials are to come on to night?"

"Only one,' replied the duke, glancing over a little roll which he held; "Lady Castlemaine's for poisoning the Duchess of Suther

land."
"And what is my Lady Castlemaine's fate to "The same as our friend's here, in all probability," nodding easily, not to say playfully, at Sir Norman.

"And how long will her trial last?"

"Half an hour, or thereabouts. There are some secrets in the matter that have to be investigated, and which will require some time"
"Then let all the trials be over first, and all
the beheadings take place together. We don't chose to take the trouble of traveling to the Black Chamber just to see his head chopped off, and then have the same journey to undergo half an hour after, for a similar pu pose. Call Lady Castlemaine, and let this prisoner be taken to one of the dungeons, and there remain until the time for execution. Guards, do you hear? Take him away!"

The dwarfs face grew black as a thunder-cloud, and he jumped to his feet, and confronted the queen with a look so intensely ugly that no other earthly face could have assumed it. But that lady merely met it with one of cold disdain and aversion, and, keeping her dark bright eyes fixed chillingly upon him, waved her white hand, in her imperious way, to the guards. Those warlike gentlemen knew better than to disobey her most gracious majesty when she happened to be, like Mrs. Joe Gargary, on the "tampage," which, if her flashing eye and a certain expression about her handsome mouth spoke the truth, must have been twenty hours out of the twenty four. As the soldiers approached to lead him away, Sir Norman tried to catch her eye; but in vain, for she kept those brilliant optics most unwinkingly fixed on the dwarf's face.

(To be centinued.)

A HINT TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Mrs. Robert Williamson, of Glenila, Parry
Sound, Ont., says, "I could not keep house without Hagyard's Yellow Oll at hand. I nave used it in my family for croup, sore throat, and a cut foot, and can highly recommend it to everyhedy.

"BEGONE, DULL CARE"

There isn't enough Christmas fun. Too much of human effort is invested in keeping one's end up, and too little is affectionate, sympathetic i liarity.

Do try to have fun. First because the capacity for having fun is itself a blessed indica-

tion that your soul is not all hucks yet second, because you cannot have it all by yourself, but must find accomplices; and thirdly, because to exercise the faculties which come into play under the pressure of innecent enjoyment, helps to keep them active and to prevent their relapse into a torpid state. "The described of our capacity for enjoyment is far from innecuous," as a high authority might put it. but "all work and no play is bad for Jack," is the common form of truism, and has the advantage that we all know what it meaus.

THE SAVIOUR'S VISIT.

BLESSINGS WHICH REST UPON THE CHRISTMAS

TREE -A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND. There is a legend that upon a certain Christmas Eve Christ came down from Heaven and walked upon the earth, and as He walked He saw strange sights. The weather was bitterly cold, yet men whistled and sung, as they passed him by, enatches of aweet home melodies and pieus anthems; while indoor lighte gleamed, and threw their radiance upon beautiful trees, standing green in the wintry atmosphere, and loaded with sparkling gifte. "What does it.mean?" at last asked the Savi-our of a passer-by. "The dear Lord help thee! where hast thou lived," replied the man, "not to know that this is Christmas Evr, and there that thou seest are Christmas trees!"

"And why is Christman Eve celebrated? and what is the meaning of the Christmas trees ?"

And for answer the man crossed him, and led the way into a small house, where the supper-table was laid, and where there were several children. "Sit down and eat," said the man, "and afterwards we will explain to Thee the mystery of the Christmas tree."

But the children clamored about the Saviour, and one touched His robe and another stroked His board, and the father would have robuked them, but the Saviour said:
"Nay, suffer little children to come unto Me," and the man said no more, but the mother looked curiously at Him and put the best dishes before Him.

So they ate their supper, and were very morry, and when the fragments were all re-moved the man led the way to an inner room, where, behind a curtain, stood a beautiful Christmas tree, lighted with candles and

hung with toys and gifts.
"Heinrich," said the man to his eldest boy, "what is Christmas Eve, and why do we plant the Christmas tree?"

"Bacause," replied the boy, "it is the eve of the birthday of Christ our Lord, and to commemorate His love and sacrifice for us we plant the Christmas tree and fill it with gifts for one another."

COUNT THE MERCIES.

The same of the sa

Count the mercies ! count the mercies ! Number all the gifts of love. Keep a daily faithful record Of the comforts from above. Look at all the lovely green spots In life's weary desert way; Think how many cooling fountains Cheer our fainting heart each day. Count the mercies ! count the mercies ! See them strewn along our way !

Count the mercies, though the trials Seem to number more each day; Count the trials, too, as mercies, Add them to the grand array. Trials are God's richest blessings, Sent to prompt our upward flight,

As the eagles' nest-all broken, Makes them fly to leftier height; Count them mercies ! count them mercies ! That brings heaven within our sight.

Let us number all our jewels, Let us estimate their worth; Let us thank the gracious Giver. Strewing blessings c'er the earth. Let our hearts o'erflow with gladness, Let us tell the wonders o'er, Till our multiplying treasures Seem a countless, boundless store, Then let praises, grateful praises, Be our language overmore.

USEFUL DOMESTIC RECEIPTS.

OTSIER OMELET, TOMATO SAUCE—Stew six oysters in their own liquor five minutes; remove the oysters and thicken the liquid with a walnut of butter rolled in flour; season with salt and cayenne, and whick this to a cream. Chop the oysters and add them to the sauce; simmer until the sauce thickens. Beat up four eggs lightly and add a teaspoouful of cream, turn out into a hot pan and fry to a bright gold color. Before folding the omelet entirely, place the oysters with part of the sauce within and turn it over on a hot dish. The remainder of the sauce should be placed around it. If small oysters are used, they need not be chopped up.

MINCED TURKEY WITH POACHED EGG.—A OYSTER OMELET, TOMATO SAUCE -Stew Six

they need not be chopped up.

MINGED TURKEY WITH POACHED EGG.—A very appetizing dish is made of cold boiled or roset turkey. Trim off all skin and most of the fat, especially that on the back; pick out the little tidbits in the recesses. Out of all that will not look neat when sliced cold Season with salt and pepper, and a teaspoonful or two of minced celery; chop up the meat, put it in a pan with a little butter or turkey fat to prevent burning and just a suspicion of onion. Moisten with a little broth made from the turkey bones. Peach one egg for each person; arrange the minced meat neatly on slices of buttered teast, place the egg on top and serve. The above mode of preparing a breakfast dish is not only economical, but produces of the most delightful dishes that can be made. Almost any kind of boiled or roset meats, poultry or gome can be boiled or roast meats, poultry or game can be utilized in this way.

RICE WAFFLES -Rub through a sive one pint RICE WAFFLES—Rub through a sive one pint of warm boiled rice, add to it a tablespoonful of dry flour, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Beat separately the yolks and whites of three eggs; add to the yolks three gills of milk, work to into the flour, then add an ounce of melted butter; beat the whites of the eggs thoroughly; mix the whole together. Heat the waffle iron and grease it evenly—a piece of gale waffle from and grease it evenly—a piece of salt pork is bost for this purpose—pour the batter into the half of the iron over the range until nearly two-thirds full, cover, allow to cook a moment, then turn and brown slightly on the other side.

MACARONI A L'ITALIENNE.—Divide two ounces of macaroni into three or four inch pieces; add two quarts of boiling water, salted; simmer twelve minutes and drain. Put the macaroni in a saucepan and add seasoned gravy or soup stock enough to prevent burning. Strew over it an ounce of grated Parmesan; when the cheese is melted, turn it out on a hot dish, add a little more cheese, and serve. Macareni, with tomate pulp is a very nice dish. Macarenia Plalianne is macareni with albarnate layers of l'Italienne is macaroni with alternate layers of grated Parmesan cheese, the whole mustened with gravy. Some inner the dish is afterward warmed in the oven.

BEYOND DISPUTE.

There is no batter, eafer or more pleasant cough remedy made than Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. It ourse Hourseness, Sore Throat, Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

FASHIONABLE FREAKS.

The open hemstitch is now utilized as a garniture for the toilet, being used to complete the finish of the modern skirt.

Fur capes continue to be extremely popular for strees wear or calling. Astrakan jackets, muffs and bands retain all their popularity.

Fashious in visiting cards prescribe a large almost square card for married ladies, and the name, address and day on which madame is at home are engraved upon the pasteboard. The card of the unmarried lady is smaller and has merely the address. The man's card is very amall.

Fur trimmings, when used upon dress skirts, are arranged in lengthwise rows upon the from and sides. When used upon coats it is restricted

to the fronts, back and collar.

Entire tailor-made costumes are now made

of velvet and bead passement ies, hands of fur and silk cord galloons are used to trim them.

The newest way of setting Rhine stones for jewellery is to sink them in designs of very darkly oxidized silver. These Rhine stones are small, bright and very well cut and give the good (ffect of diamonds. When they are always oxidized to be bether. big they are always easily seen to be pebbles, but when small the custing is frequently good enough to deceive any but connectseurs, and are as much to be desired as the old French

Handkerchlefs are being shown all of silk, with hemsti:ched border and very narrow hem. They are small and of pale shades of hem. They are small and of pale shades of gold, biue, pink, green and cream, and are popular with very young girls, who embroider an initial in outline stitch in the corner. These handkerchiefs are so soft and small that they can be tucked into the breast pocket of the jackets worn by these young girls without interfering with the smooth fit of the garment. For older women the handkerchief of pure white linen cambrio, with a deep hem, and a monogram of two or three long, slender letters, is still the most popular and approved. Sashes are the most pronounced novelty to

Sashes are the most pronounced novelty to the winter gowns. The younger women wear them in the form of moire ribbon, 15 inches wide, tied in a long looped bow, which it requires five yards to make. This is set on just below the waist in the back and takes the place of the vanished tournure. All the Directoire gowns have them in the shape of soft wrinkled folds about the waist, and a great many are seen made of the material of the dress, and either tied loosely about the hips and hanging on one side, or else consisting only of two long ends falling amid the draperies. The two long ends falling amid the draperies. The lower ends of these eashes are gathered and finished with a tassel and are tied with rib-

A SEVERE ATTACK.

bon.