

POETRY.

THE DYING MOTHER.

BY MRS. ROBERT HYDE.

The snow was falling softly
From the cold, gray sky above,
As a gentle soul was wafted
To a home of peace and love.

O, mother, do not leave me,
Cried a little, fair-haired child;
Do not leave me, dearest mother,
In this world so bleak and wild.

Hush, my daughter, cease your sobbing,
Raise my head upon your breast;
I am growing very weary,
And I long to be at rest.

You must learn to love the Saviour,
And to say, "Thy will be done."
Then, but here the words grew fainter,
Darling, I am almost home.

Then they bore the angel mother,
To the dark and silent tomb,
And the orphan followed after,
Wrapt in sorrow and in gloom.

Thus the child was left an orphan—
Left to roam the world alone,
Till the holy angels called her
To that bright and better home.

LITERATURE.

A FATAL KISS.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY JOHN E. BARRETT.

YOU could not find a cozier nook
in summer than Allen Craig's
home.

It stood on a slight elevation a short
distance from the sea, and overlooked
the little bay in which the fishermen's
boats were constantly going and coming
in calm weather.

A rugged coast line on either side
added to the picturesque view, but occa-
sionally the crags and cliffs were lashed
by fierce storms, and furious waves
came rolling in the sometimes tranquil
bay, flinging fragments of lost ships
and seamen on the shore.

The villagers managed to make a
livelihood between tilling the sterile
patches of land around their cottages,
and fishing, occasionally encountering
great perils in their sea-faring expedi-
tions.

Allen Craig was the skipper of a
hardy crew as ever rode the angry
billows. He was as stormy in anger
as the sea, and could be just as calm.
He was born on the coast, and having
spent his boyhood days on the shore, he
received his first and most lasting im-
pressions from the changeful ocean,
which sometimes came roaring almost
to the door of his cottage.

A neat and well kept garden sur-
rounded his unpretentious home.

In summer-time it was radiant with
tufts of flowers and mosses, surrounded
with quaint and curious sea-shells, but
these did not own their existence to the
hard-handed skipper, although it
gladdened his heart to see them.

He would say to his visitors, "The
cabbages are my planting, the bits of
flowers are Annie's."

Annie was his only daughter and
sole companion. Her mother died
when the child was ten, now she was
eighteen, and the sweetest girl on all
the coast.

She was the picture of her mother,
small of stature, brown-haired, and
hazel-eyed, with cheeks glowing with
health, and a voice of music.

Everybody liked her, but the young
men of the village adored her. This
often made Allen Craig's heart sore, for
he feared to think that she would one
day leave him and make somebody else
happy.

Many a time when mending his nets
at the door, Annie would find a tear
in his eye when she came to kiss him,
and then she would wonder what trou-
bled him, and feel sick at heart all night
long to think he had a sorrow she could
not share.

In the long winter evenings the
young people would come to the old
skipper's house and make it ring with
song and laughter, while the moments
flew merrily by, and everybody felt
sorry when it was time to go home.

During these visits Allen's keen eyes
were on the watch, and he noticed with
pain that one of the young men, named
Edward Clifton, paid special attention
to Annie.

This grieved him very much, and all
the more because his attentions ap-
peared to be encouraged.

Ned Clifton was regarded as the
village idler. He had been to school
in some distant town, but owing to the

poverty of his parents was compelled
to come home before half his studies
were completed, and the general im-
pression was that he was spoiled for
hard work, and not sufficiently polished
for any of the professions.

A poor prospect he has of ever being
able to support a wife, thought Allen
Craig to himself, as he mused over the
situation one night, while smoking his
pipe before the fire, after the young
folks had gone away, and Annie, after
giving him her good-night kiss, had re-
tired to her peaceful rest with a happy
heart—made still happier by thoughts
of Ned Clifton.

That night Ned had been unusually
marked in his attentions, and on one
occasion, Allen Craig saw him whisper
something in Annie's ear that appeared
to kindle a new pleasure in her eye.

It shall not be, said Craig to himself,
as he laid down his pipe. My Annie
must never marry that village idler.
He can neither handle an oar or a
spade, and she'd starve on his hands.
I'll forbid him the house, and shame
him the next time before his compan-
ions.

Christmas was coming, and there was
a song in every heart.

No home, even in that fishing village
where fate frequently dealt hard with
the people, was too poor to do honor
to the happy, sacred season, and glimps-
es of preparation were already mani-
fested in every cottage.

The kissing bush of mistletoe or hol-
ly hung just inside the door of many a
hut, telling that the day of days was
close at hand.

It was, in fact, the night before
Christmas Eve, when Allen Craig had
an opportunity of carrying out his
threat, and doing more.

The young people were gathering as
usual at his home. There was a bright
fire on the hearth, and Annie had a
smile for every one.

Ned Clifton was a little late in com-
ing. The snow was deep, and his
house was a good distance off, but he
came at last, and Annie opened the
door for him.

His quick eye caught a glimpse of
the tempting mistletoe bush above her
head as he entered. Her lips were
tempting, too, and no more delightful
opportunity had ever before been af-
forded Ned Clifton for honoring a gen-
tle custom.

Accordingly, he forced her very
quietly, and apparently against her in-
clination, under the mistletoe, and after
a little struggle that thrilled him with
delight, kissed her on the cheek.

The merry laughter by which her
young companions greeted this bit of
gallantry was suddenly hushed.

Ned Clifton had no sooner released
Annie Craig from his arms than he was
felled to the floor by a stunning blow
from her angry father, who with a pas-
sionate oath exclaimed:

"You vagabond of the village, how
dare you insult my daughter! Take
that, and never darken my door again.
Annie was horrified.

"Oh, father, she cried, that's cruel!
Is it he said, in a rage. If you
think it is, you may go, too.

She made no reply, but burst into
tears, and Ned Clifton, conscious of her
distress, and wondering what great
crime he had committed, withdrew
without a word, although he was stung
to the heart by the withering insult
which he would have quickly resented
were it anybody else but Annie's
father.

The young people left the house
quickly, and in a short time Allen
Craig and his daughter were alone.
He did not say much. It made his
heart ache to see her crushed, but he
felt that he had merely done his duty,
and that his daughter was done forever
with Ned Clifton's attentions.

The day following was the 24th of
December. A stiff breeze was blowing
but the bay was comparatively calm,
and Allen Craig and his crew were out
at an early hour for a day's fishing.

On going to the beach they found that
a heavy sea was running, and that the
bay was full of white capped breakers.
Some of the men hesitated to go. But
Craig, still smarting from the incident
of the night previous, would not listen
to excuses.

The day is fine, he said. We will
be back early Christmas Eve, after a
good day's fishing. Come, boys, the
man who does not go with me to-day,
can never go again.

This made the wavering ones decide
at once, and promptly the boat was
launched—thrust into the mouth of
the snarling sea.

The men leaped lightly to their
places, and were soon pulling against
fearful odds.

Two or three other crews, who in-
tended to go out, retired on seeing the
danger, and beached their boats.

Presently a wild cry ran along the
shore. It swept like a wail of distress
on the clear frosty air, and chilled the
hearts of the villagers, who came run-
ning to the sea, with white and terror-
stricken faces to ascertain if any ap-
palling calamity had befallen their
relatives.

Annie Craig was among the first to
hear the cry. The thought of her father
made her heart beat wildly, and,
with flying hair and frightened look,
she ran to the beach. It took but a
minute. The sight she saw made her
brain reel.

There in the seething waters, just
beyond the rocks where the foam was
lapping, she saw her father's boat cap-
sized. It was tossed about, keel, up-
ward, like a toy, and the crew was no-
where to be seen.

"Oh, father, father, come back to me!
she cried, in despair, plunging into the
foam as if she would pluck him from
the waves.

Annie be calm, said a musical voice
in her ear, as a strong hand grasped
her arm and held her back.

She looked in the face of the man be-
side her. It was that of Ned Clifton.
His cheeks were wet with tears.

A group of men went by, carrying a
limp and lifeless form. It was one of
the crew, who had been cast upon the
rocks by a wave.

"Oh, father, father!" cried Annie,
moaning piteously.

Ned Clifton keenly felt her distress,
and sought in vain to soothe her.

At last she said in a voice of an-
guish:

"Oh, Ned, if you love me, save him!
A craggy piece of rock jutted into
the sea from where the lovers stood.
It served in calm weather as a pier,
but now the waves were dashing over
it.

Just as she spoke a man's head was
seen at the extreme end, and a hand
was thrust up out of the sea as if try-
ing to catch something. Then the ap-
pearance disappeared.

Quick as a flash Ned Clifton darted
along the rocky pier, and it made the
frightened spectators hold their breath
with awe as they saw him plunge into
the waves and dive beneath the water.

A minute later he reappeared with a
human form. Then there was a cry of
encouragement and a general rush for
the pier.

It was a hard struggle with the an-
gry sea. The form in Ned Clifton's
grasp was that of Allen Craig. He
held the unconscious body bravely up,
for Ned was a stout swimmer, and by
his heroic effort those on the rock were
enabled to lift the half-drowned man
ashore.

But what of Ned Clifton? Just as
the crowd caught up Allen Craig, a
terrible wave came dashing on the rock
and made the frightened people run
far up the beach carrying Craig with
them. The same wave overwhelmed
Ned Clifton, and the brave fellow was
submerged and smothered in the fear-
ful rush of waters.

Proper restoratives soon brought Al-
len Craig to consciousness, but the hero
who had given his life to save him was
never seen alive again. Poor Annie!
She had gained her father and lost her
lover—the only man she ever loved.

For an hour the people stood on the
beach watching the white-lipped waves
in wild-eyed wonder, and sobbing in
concert with the cruel sea. At last a
dark object was hurled upon the rocks.
The fishermen ran and caught it. The
form was that of Ned Clifton. There
was a grand smile a resignation and of
triumph on his face, and his left hand
held tightly clasped between the fin-
gers a bunch of seaweed. It was his
last gift to Annie Craig, who still treas-
ures the withered fragment better than
the smiles of men.

A Smart Clerk.

A King-st. dry goods firm advertised
for a smart boy, and they got him.
They put the smart boy behind the coun-
ter. The following is the conversation
that passed between him and his first
customer.

Customer (picking up a pair of gloves)
—What are these?

Smart boy—Gloves.

Customer—Yes, but how much do
you ask for them?

Smart boy—We don't ask for 'em at
all; customers do that.

Customer—You don't understand
me. How do they come?

Smart boy—Why they come in pairs,
of course.

Customer—No, no; how high do they
come?

Smart boy—Just above the wrist, I
believe.

Customer—But what do you get for
them?

Smart boy—Me! I don't get nothing
for 'em. Boss pockets all the money.

Customer (losing patience)—What
is the price of these gloves per pair?

Smart boy—Oh, that's yer lay, is it?
Why didn't you say so afore! One dol-
lar.

Reasons for Dressing Plainly on the Sabbath.

1. It would lessen the burden of man-
ny who find it hard to maintain their
places in society.

2. It would lessen the force of the
temptations which often lead men to
barter honor and honesty for display.

3. If there were less style in dress at
church, people in moderate circumstan-
ces would be more inclined to attend.

4. Universal moderation in dress at
church would improve the worship by
the removal of many wandering
thoughts.

5. It would enable all classes of peo-
ple to attend church better in unfavor-
able weather.

6. It would lessen on the part of the
rich the temptation to vanity.

7. It would lessen on the part of the
poor the temptation to be envious and
malicious.

8. It would save valuable time on the
Lord's day.

9. It would relieve our means of a
serious pressure, and thus enable us to
do more for good enterprises.

BULL DOG COURAGE.

Our English brothers are said never
to know when they are beaten. This
trait has caused them to be associated
in the minds of foreigners with their
own bull-dogs. Perhaps the following
anecdote will show the reasonableness
of the association:

An English bull-dog, who had never
been accustomed to the trains until
lately, has taken a great aversion to
them, and has made a point of chasing
them whenever he has had an opportu-
nity of doing so, but, of course, without
being enabled to catch them.

One morning, being out with his
owner's brother, the early train from
Bath was heard to be rapidly ap-
proaching. The dog, as usual, was off
directly.

The gentleman, knowing they were in
advance of the train, and fearing the dog
would be killed, called loudly to him to
come back; but quite in vain.

He then ran to see what would be
the consequence of the brute's folly,
and was just in time to see the dog
boldly charge the cow-lifter of the en-
gine, and disappear.

The gentleman then closed his eyes
for one moment, not wishing to see the
dog's remains torn to pieces, and on op-
ening them the next moment, much to
his surprise, he distinctly saw the dog
under the rapidly passing carriages,
evidently awaiting an opportunity to
make a dash between the wheels, but
their, to him, unusual velocity rather
bothered him.

He therefore remained until the
last carriage had passed over him, and
then emerged, wagging his tail as though
he had done something to be talked
about, and having only sustained a few
cuts about the head, and losing all the
hair on one side of his tail.

When the dressmaker sends out her
bills look out for a dress pay raid.

Why is Bridget like the letter E?
Because she makes a pet of Pat.

Oh, let women vote if they want to.
Any woman who supports a husband
and family of children is capable of
supporting the constitution.

We have just read a haodkerchief
flirtation code, and advise all you desir-
ing to avoid breach of promise suits, to
wipe their mouths with their coat-
tails.

Why is the money you are in the ha-
bit of giving to the poor like a new-born
babe? Because it's precious little.

Professor of Rhetoric—What impor-
tant change came over Burns in the
latter part of his life? Senior—He
died.

You can tell dogwood by its bark.

Prairie chickens are game to the last.

A boarding-house keeper's tree—ash.
High pitch—That on the California big
trees.

Every harness-maker leaves traces of his
work behind.

How to restore oil paintings—Carry them
back to the owner.

The mean temperature is what disgusts a
man with every climate.

What kind of robbery is not dangerous?
A "safe" robbery, of course.

One is a beer mug, the other a mere
mug. The conundrum is of no importance.

A Massachusetts mule is sixty years old.
It has kicked everything but the bucket.

Ambitious man—Is there any fixed rule
for writing poetry? There is! Don't?

If a man's biography is called herstory, why
should not a woman's be called herstory?

A Nevada school-teacher died the other
day, and the local papers announced it under
the head, "Loss of a Whaler."

Says Josh Billings: "I have finally com-
e to the conclusion that the best epitaph any
man can have, for all practical purposes, is a
good bank account."

PAY UP.—All parties indebted to
designated, are requested to pay up on the
last day of December, by cash, and all
remaining accounts will be in arrears for
collection, as my present ledger is closed
on that date.—A. McDONALD.

Table with columns for months and years, likely a calendar or record for the County of Lambton for 1881.

THIS WAY

ONTARIO
FLOURING

J. McInnes, Prop.

Having purchased this Popular
preparing to do First Class

Gristing and Flouring

FLOUR

of the best quality kept constantly on hand
also Bran, Shorts, Chopped Feed, etc.,
Lowest Prices. Give us a call.

W. & T. J. HOWDEN
BUILDERS and
CONTRACTORS

Bag to inform the inhabitants of Watf
and vicinity, that they are now prepared
receive orders for Buildings of all kin
which they will be able to execute in
best workmanship, "second to none,"
in the shortest notice.

JOB WORK and Repairing
Speciality,
ALL ORDERS left at the shop will
promptly filled.
W. & T. J. HOWDEN
Watford, March 10th, 1881.

MISCELLANEOUS

The School Children

School's out! School's out! You
see,
By the little ones running about
Merry and blithe they seem to be
As they frolic, play and shout.

There's Eddie Brown and Charlie
And George and Robbie James,
Playing "shindy" with a hickory
And their fathers' crooked cane.

And there's the boy who stuck the
In little Jimmy Bunce;
I'm very sure that he will win
The title of a dunce.

For tricks and capers played in school
You surely make the boys a fool;
And the time he should to his book
Will be wasted to his sorrow;
As when he grows to be a man,
He'll find that study while you
Is by far the better plan
Than postponing until to-morrow.

Here come the girls walking together
Talking of neither the wind nor the
But of the queer looking hat that
wore,
And Katy Brown's green pinafore

Also of Sally Robert's curls;
Do you know, her brother tells
It takes all the papers he can scribble
To enable her to put them in circulation.

Oh girls! Just wait until you see
How perfectly charming my suit
To be sure it's only calico,
But that's very fashionable now,

Stop that, you boys!
You do nothing but tease!
I wish to goodness I could you see
And teach you better manners.

So; the boys are full of fun,
And mischief, sport and play;
While the girls have already begun
That little gossiping way,
Which proves, though boys are
Boys always will be boys,
But girls are really little women
Before they've left their toys.

Decidedly Cool.

It is told of a Texas couple who
to be married that when the clergy
the handle of a pistol protruding
bridgroom's pocket, and suggest
be for the moment laid aside, the
murely drew a bowie-knife from
of her robe, and tossed it beside
weapon.

This is What Happened

Young woman: How would you
live in Tibet, where the ladies
faces a sort of maroon color in
their beauty? Wouldn't like it?
Then why do you hide—sneak
that you have by rouge and hair
enamel and all that sort of non-
doesn't improve your looks a bit,
off on to the shoulders of Herbert
he calls to see you. It's a regula-
on you and him, too.

The Coldest Place in the World

The coldest place on the earth
has hitherto been believed by me
Yakutsk, in Siberia, but Verkhoy,
same region, lying in 67 1/2 de-
grees, on the River Yana. Its
winter temperature is 48.6 de-
grees zero centigrade. This is the coldest
earth in Asia, the corresponding
area being to the northwest of
Islands, and the line joining these
does not pass through the north
which is thus, in all probability,
line of the greatest cold. It is
that in the tropics, on the other
greatest heat is not at the equator
distance north and south of it.

Old-Time Travel.

In the biography of the late An-
one learns the man whose name
have taken place in American lit-
present century. The length of
tically more than doubled by the
facilities for travel and work,
from Boston to Kentucky in 18
journey, including twelve or so
spent in cities along the route,
nearly two months. The same
now be made in little more than
He was four days in going from
New York, which now can be ac-
in seven hours; two days from N
Philadelphia, now gone over in
and a half; seven days from Phil
Washington, now occupying only
It cost nine days of hard trav
Pittsburgh from Washington, a d
ily traversed to-day in nine hour
was commenced in horse-back
Pittsburgh to Lexington, Ken
only conveyance then available,
ling by steam had not been in
our country, it would have tal
part of the year for the far. We
groomen to pass and repass Le
houses and Washington.

Too Deep for Him

Lord Macdonald, examining a
was a witness in the Court of Kl
asked him what he knew of the
Oh, my lord, I knew aim!
him!
Up to him! says his lordship
you mean by being up to him!