

LOOKING FORWARD.

The miller dreams not at what cost  
The quivering millstones hum and whirl,  
Nor how for every turn are lost  
Armfuls of diamond and of pearl.

But Summer cleared my happier eyes  
With drops of some celestial juice,  
To see how beauty underlies  
Forever more each form of use.

And more: methought I saw that flood,  
Which now so dull and darkling steals,  
Thick, here and there, with human blood,  
To turn the world's laborious wheels.

No more than doth the miller there  
Shut in our several cells, do we  
Know with what waste of beauty rare  
Moves every day's machinery.

Surely the wiser time shall come  
When this fine overplus of might,  
No longer sullen, slow and dumb,  
Shall leap to music and to light.

In that new childhood of the earth,  
Life of itself shall dance and play;  
Fresh blood in Time's shrunk veins make  
mirth,  
And labor meet delight half way.

—James Russell Lowell.

PHUNNY ECHOES.

Teacher—What was there remarkable about Washington? Dick Hicks—He got to be president without telling a lie.

Civil Service Examiner—You have passed a splendid examination, Mr. Complex; might I ask how you prepared yourself? Mr. Complex—I make it a point to look up and answer the questions asked me by my ten year old boy.

Mr. Jammi—Can't you play something besides plunkety-plunk? Mrs. Jammi—Yes, I can play Comrades and Annie Rooney. Mr. Jammi—Keep on with plunkety-plunk.

Sawyer—The proof of the pudding is in the eating. De Sped—No, it isn't. It is in the digesting.

Penelope (sighing)—Ah! the men are not what they used to be. Tom—I'd like to know why not? Penelope—They used to be boys, you know.

Don't think the world will grow smaller because a great man has just died; before the earth is piled over his coffin there will be a greater man to take his place.

Overseer—Well, Pat, how are you progressing; have you done much this morning? Pat—Shure, sir, perhaps it's not much I'm after doing. But what's done's well done. Faith, that hole I'm after finishing is as well drilled as the West Point cadets, so it is.

Mr. Skinfint (manufacturer)—Well, what's the matter now? Workingman (spokesman of the delegation)—We want to be paid every week instead of every month. Hugh! You get all that's due you, don't you? Yes, sir. Then why do you want to be paid weekly instead of monthly? Please, sir, it's so we won't be getting the lumbago carrying home our wages.

"Oh, papa," said little Nellie,  
And a new thought to her springs,  
"What ailed the fallen angels;  
Couldn't they work their wings?"

Uncle Mose—Jedge, yohah honah, I falls back on mah previous good rep'tation. Hab yo' ebber seed me up befo' de coht befo'? Judge Clover—Never, Mose. No, sah, nebber. I taks pains to keep 'way from such disarep'table places, sah. An' yet, sah, heah yo's gwine to take agin me de word of a shif'less lawyer who's been hauntin' de cohts all bees life.

There is a young widow in South Minneapolis who has a little girl. The child has just begun to learn her alphabet. A gentleman called upon the widow the other evening. Of course the fond mother wanted to show off her child. Taking up her newspaper and pointing to the big letters in an advertisement, the mother said: "What letter is that? A, responded the child. What comes after A? B. And what comes next? C, lisped the little one. The inquiry was pursued still further; but along toward the end of the alphabet the little girl lost her bearings and never answered a question. Finally, the gentleman thought he would put a few questions. He began with this one: "What comes after T? The child looked him straight in the eyes as she answered: "A man to see mamma."

The fla is constantly looking for a mansion in the Skye.

A western man says that this is a tough world, and it is his opinion that very few who are in it now will ever get out alive.

Conversation between a traveler and a lad of six or seven—Your grandfather there seems to be very old. Do you know what his age is? No, sir, I couldn't exactly say, sir. I'm sure he can't be very young. He's always been about the house as long as I can remember.

Editor of Organ—Course and abusive remarks! That's a good phrase. By the way,

Mr. Blower is on the other side, isn't he? City Editor—Oh, no, he's one of our speakers. Editor—So? Let me see. I think you'd better change that to keen and inci sive.

I took her hand.  
She did not blush nor hang her head,  
But looked right up at me instead;  
'Twas in a little euchre game,  
She didn't understand the name  
Of any card, and went astray,  
And just to show her how to play—  
I took her hand.

Young Lady (to instructor in German)—  
When is your birthday to be, herr professor? Herr Professor—I have been already born, my fraulein.

Going to the donkey party, to-night? No. Well, then, they'll have to postpone the party.

Recently Henry George wrote to a foreign firm requesting a reply by cable; and so reduce the cost of the message he gave his cable signature as Occiput. When the message came is was addressed to "Henry George, Occiput, New York."

A Small Man.  
Six-year-old Harry, who lives on Fourth avenue, has a grandfather who has attained the unusual age of 96 years, and who weighs scarcely more than 16 ounces for each year of his life. He called at the house the other day after a lengthy absence from the city and took a great interest in Harry, asked him questions, told him stories, complimented him on becoming a "big boy for his age," and gave him a nickel. After the old gentleman had taken his departure Harry sat very still for a long time, and finally his mother, noticing the unusual quiet, asked what he was thinking about. In reply, he asked:  
How old did you say grandpa was?  
He is 96, Harry.  
Say, mamma, said the little chap with a puzzled air, isn't he awful small for his age?

Cautious.  
Many years ago, when printed music was dearer than it is now, a plain, quiet old man, evidently from the country, went into a music store and asked to see a certain book of tunes. The clerk laid before him an oblong volume, with two tunes on a page, a book familiar to old time choir singers.

The old man drew out of his coat tail pocket an ancient yellow life, and opening the book at the first page began to play softly, turning the leaf with careful fingers as each page was finished.

The clerks, very much amused at first, grew weary of the droning noise after a time, and one of them waiting till a tune was ended, ventured to say, politely:  
Do you think you will take the book, sir?  
Does it seem to suit you?  
The fife was lowered, and the player, looking over it at the youth in mild surprise, said gently:  
"I cannot tell. I have played only half the tunes, and he placidly turned another leaf.

Probably a Bunko Steerer.  
A red faced man rushes up to a quiet old gentleman in City Hall park and said:  
How do you do, Mr. Jones?  
Excuse me, but you have the advantage of me.  
Are you not Mr. Jones?  
No, sir; you are mistaken; my name is Smith.  
Are you sure?  
Of course I am. You are mistaken.  
Are you quite certain, Mr. Smith; that it is not you who are mistaken? May you not be Mr. Jones after all, Mr. Smith?

Ably Seconded.  
There was only one piece of pie left on the plate, and Willie's mother pressed the visitor to take it. He declined but she insisted. Willie had had no pie, and this was more than he could stand. In a voice of bitter sarcasm he howled out:  
Keep on worryin him, maw! Keep on worryin him! He'll take it after a while!

She Was Too Brief.  
Do you understand how to fix up my hair? asked a lady to her newly hired colored servant.  
Yes, ma'am; I kin fix it up in ten minutes.  
You will never do for me. What would I do with myself all the rest of the day?

One That Bilkins Practices.  
Wilkins—Before you strike a man see that he deserves it.  
Bilkins—Pooh! I have a better rule than that.  
Wilkins—What is it, pray?  
Bilkins—See that he is smaller than you.

A Natural Inference.  
Willie—Do you like milk, Mr. Staylate?  
Staylate—Not particularly, my little man. Why do you ask?  
Willie—Sister says you never leave until the cows come home.

INFANTS' AND CHILDREN'S Boots and Shoes in Leather and Dongola Kid for wearing under rubbers at S. Carsley's.

Preparing for the Contest!

SCORES OF APPLICATIONS COMING IN!  
Only the Ladies of Canada Can Compete!

A SPECIAL FEATURE OF THE COMPETITION!

Our Canadian ladies are already preparing for the great Diamond Dye Competition; they are going into this work with a vim and earnestness that is truly surprising; and it is a well known fact, that whenever the ladies enter upon any work in this way, it is always well done. Of course the great novelty of the work, and the wide field of operation opened up by this unique competition, will be the means of drawing in hundreds of ardent workers, who, under ordinary circumstances, would hesitate before committing themselves to trouble and unremunerative work.

In this liberal and highly commendable contest, inaugurated by the proprietors of Diamond Dyes, the ladies have an agent to work with, which develops immense possibilities, and produces results which are pleasing to the eye. The great variety of work in the various classes open for competition does not by any means take in all that can be accomplished by the celebrated Diamond Dyes. It is, however, in the well regulated, economical and happy home that Diamond Dyes are justly appreciated, and considered to be indispensable helps and aids. As season succeeds season, the wise wife and mother thinks of the wearing apparel belonging to herself, husband and children, and realizes the important fact that it can be fitted for wear once more through the use of Diamond Dyes. The materials still good, but perhaps too light in color, and, it may be faded with wear and exposure to sun, can all be re-dyed in some fashionable dark color, or made a lovely shade of jet or blue-black. It just amounts to this, as a lady remarked, "for a trifling outlay you can have the summer wardrobe of man, woman or child transformed into new and stylish articles for autumn and winter wear."

Already scores of wives and mothers have sent in the necessary application form, intimating their intention of competing in the great "Diamond Dye Competition" scheme. They know exactly the particular line of work they can excel in, and feel that the proposed competition scheme embraces in its ample scope just such work as they can best accomplish.

Within the past three weeks ladies in the United States have written to us, asking if they will be allowed to compete. We wish it distinctly understood that this "Diamond Dye Competition" is open only to the ladies of Canada. However, we devoutly trust that our fair American cousins will, in due time, have a competition of the same kind presented to them.

A very special feature of this "Diamond Dye Competition" is the fact of its being FREE to all competitors. Notwithstanding the great cost of its inauguration, and employment of extra help for the proper conducting of the scheme, no fees are exacted from the ladies for the privilege of competing, and all goods sent in for exhibition remain the property of the makers, and are to be returned free of charge to them. It will thus be seen that every possible aid is extended to the ladies to enable them to take large cash prizes without incurring any expense.

The retail druggists of the Dominion, from ocean to ocean, highly commend the scheme, and predict an interesting and profitable time for the ladies. Hundreds of letters received from these druggists are full of assurances of kind support; and each druggist has determined to do what he can to encourage the wives, mothers and daughters of his town to take as many prizes as possible.

All who are not already supplied with "Competition Books," explaining the scheme, should apply for them at once to the Wells & Richardson Co., Montreal; they will be sent post free to any address.

Traitors.  
One of the greatest evils to contend with in organized labor is the necessity of taking into membership those who are known to be traitors at heart, and who join the organization, not because they have only love for their principles, or any desire to help to elevate their fellowmen above the standard of slaves, but simply because of their selfishness. If they can secure better wages and shorter hours without having to sacrifice a little time and work, by simply paying 50 a month for dues, well and good! There are too many of this class, who rarely, if ever, attend the meetings of their organizations, and when honors come from a victory won, you will hear them at the corner saloon telling how "we did it."—Sunday Truth.

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