

Two ladies of a high d... Of haughty, proud no... Disputed, which posse... And, after differing a... They sought with ma... smile, A knightly verdict fr... rand.

Stating in courteous... Each with a gay, coqu... Exhibited the member of... Most beautiful dan... The prettier and mo... to my thought, the m... most."

Wise were they... France! To-day as true as wh... of earnestness, upon a... Scanned keenly thro... madd, To know which ha... hand, Well didst thou say, "... gives the most."

"Mites" may be mo... gold, Or silver of a hundre... I drink in crystal draugh... Here's to that lady's... In this or any other's... That gives us Christ's... the most.

SOME HINTS ON... All books need not be... indeed, it is often a... longer long over a volu... thought is not essential... It is an art, acquired... gleaned wisely and rap... what barren yet occas... book. Many, probably... demand time and care... second reading of a go... of great value. The th... from the first reading... impressed on the mind... simulated with one's r... while others of value th... before were gathered in...

If there is no time for... ing, it would be an... read with a close atten... mark those passages on... like to bestow further... eyes of some people, u... an unparadise sin. I... has many advantages... marked books is great... only to the owner, w... these readily called to p... interest and importan... borrower, who is ab... reader's thought, and is... and lastly, the object... business, or a student... clean and fresh than f... tings, has no weight. U... shelf full of books, th... rigidly free from com... ments, and look as if... the publisher, except... his price is when, or... our cherished possessio... dealer in second han... A judiciously mark... of delight to the mark... and becomes to read... thought than it is un... unnecessary to say t... should be done by n... and common sense w... penel for the purpose...

The advice generally... no returned, as a man... in one's apparent w... The reader who takes... first time, and whose... been a liberal one, w... freshness of the thoug... breathes forth, and f... stands out in front of... history. The habit o... rupting the author's... dictionary or cyclope... tiously if one is atten... the author's genius... mark, or a list of re... for future referen... the reader's conscien... diminish his interest... other times the close... and illustration pos... vestigation from some... Head with friendl... certainly aloud or t... thoughts of two frien... the same course of... day, its subjects are... pressed, and its sub... I acquired an assist... an allusion to the bo... sage recalls the thoug... both profitably and p... sion always emphasize... fates comprehension... Harper's Bazar.

HINTS FOR THE... DEVONSHIRE CREAM... sends the following... ald: Strain into a ric... or five quarts of ric... it away in your dair... the cream will rise... or whenever it is w... pan as carefully an... into the kitchen an... the stove or rang... place. Let the milk... a scald, but on no ac... to boil. It will take... quarters if the bot... when done the sur... wrinkled, and the s... size of the bottom... means that about an... of the pan, all arou... break away as it co... Now, lift your pan a... and steadiness, bac... cellar, and leave it... more. Then skim c... should be in a thick... you could almost r... a very wide-mouth... little silver or chin... little to pour), and... it with. On fresh str... it is most delicio... even on all the prep... or anywhere that c... trouble of preparin... and of course the s... for a very long th... weather this is one...

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WESTERN COUNTIES RAILWAY. WINTER ARRANGEMENT. ON AND AFTER MONDAY, 24th NOVEMBER 1890, Trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows: -

LEAVE Yarmouth at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. LEAVE Digby at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. LEAVE Antigonish at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. LEAVE New Glasgow at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. LEAVE St. John's at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. LEAVE St. John's at 7.15 a.m. and 2.30 p.m.

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MESSANGER AND VISITOR.

filled with this cheering thought, the weary, benumbed little one, with tear-frozen cheeks, climbed the steep chairs. "Mamma, mamma!" "Mamma!" Silence and darkness in the cheerless room. "I am so tired," shivered the child, creeping into bed beside the motionless figure upon it, "so tired and cold and hungry."

"Well, close up, Jacob," said the pawkbroker earlier than usual that night, "I don't feel well, and—" he broke off with a sigh, as he restlessly paced the floor. "And what?" sneered his son. "I am to hear Esther's voice to-night, calling me to help her and her child; to come to her and—" "And to throw more money away on her husband and her brat, eh?" angrily interrupted Jacob.

"I must go out and try to find her, Jacob, I must; but where, oh, where, thou fool of Israel?" he cried, suddenly, raising his eyes and hands toward heaven. "He must be here, my last daughter, who may be perishing this bitter night. Help, oh, help!" Jacob trembled. "It's that beggar brat who has put such ideas into your head," he said, awkwardly, his face losing its sneer. "Come don't be a child, fat."

The old man stood wrapped in thought. "She looked as did Esther, Jacob, when her old father was all the world to her. How proud she was, Jacob, that little girl named Esther, who said, 'Oh, I stand here, when I may be already too late!' and with frantic haste he opened the door and proceeded to put up the shutters. "Something in a crevice glittered and shone, as the light from the open door fell upon it. The old man stooped quickly. It was a locket!

From his lips broke a cry, so full of anguish that his son stood rooted to the spot. "See, 'tis your mother's face, boy; your mother's face which Esther always wore for her breast. And we have turned her child away, and they have neither food nor fire. But for you I would know where to find them—but for you. And she said 'God helped us because we were good. Oh, the irony of it, Jacob, the irony of it. May He help me now!' donning hat and great coat. 'I will search Houston street, through and through, and when I find them I'll—' But Jacob heard no more, for the old man's voice was lost in the howling of the wind which jeered and mocked at the dazed son as he gazed after the vanishing figure of his father.

"I deemed a hopeless task upon which Mr. Solomon went, and the first stroke of midnight boomed from neighboring steeples, he turned, weary and despairing towards home. At that moment from Old Trinity rang out the glad chiming. "Peace on earth, good will to men," was the burden of voices from a mission near. Loud tongues from other steeples took up the story, and Christ's day had dawned upon the world again. "Born in a stable," murmured Mr. Solomon, repeating the child's words, and then, from the arches of memory, sprang forth another sentence, "a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief."

From the depths of his suffering heart went up a cry which the bending angels heard—and heeded. "A little girl named Louise, and a woman called Esther Moore?" repeated a bear-eyed miserable creature, as she stood upon the steps of an old Houston street rookery. "Yes, sir, they lives here, way up at the top of the house."

"They be my neighbors," she went on, leading the way up the rickety stairs, "and I had heard nothing from them since Louise come home a little while ago. That's the room, sir, that little room in the rear. I hopes you'll find nothin' wrong sir," she added, faltering, "but, somehow, I have the creeps all over me."

With trembling hands the pawkbroker turned the knob and entered the room. By the dim radiance of the stars, two forms were outlined upon the bed. "A light," he cried hoarsely to the old woman. A long shudder passed over them both as its rays fell upon the peaceful features of a woman, whose stiffened form was encircled by the little arms of the sleeping Louise.

"My Esther, my Esther," moaned the old man, "it broke through." "She—" whispered the awakened and much bewildered child, "she—God has been here."

"The woman dropped upon her knees and sobbed aloud. "Did the old man see the locket, sir?" she went on in a low voice, "and when I got home and called to mamma she didn't answer, and then I put my face against hers, and got up close to keep warm and told her I had brought no money home for supper or for fire."

"The pawkbroker groaned and bowed his aged head upon the cold brow of the dead Esther. "After a while," pursued the child, "mamma moved and said faint like, 'Did the old man see the locket, Louise?' and when I told her I had lost it, she threw up her hands and cried: 'my last hope for you is gone, my last hope!' We lay real quiet after that, and then I whispered, 'has nobody been here mamma, while Louise was out?' She didn't answer at first, then after awhile she said, 'yes, Louise, some one has been here, some one.' "Who mamma, I whispered, feeling frightened, who?"

"An angel of the Lord," said mamma—and then, sobbed the old woman, as the child purred, "and then, dearie?" "And then," smiled the little one, "Louise went to sleep."

"Mr. Nathan Solomons still keeps a loan office at the old stand, but Jacob Solomon, his son, has no interest in the business. That worthy for some years has flourished under the sign of the three golden balls a block further down the street, and appears none the happier thereby. "Why?" is his constant complaint to the loan fraternity, "father keeps a loan office for no other reason than to help

the poor. Instead of taking from them, he gives, gives, gives! I nearly sent my crazy, old father to the poor-house grandchild, Louise," he adds with a heavy frown, "she does nothing but run around looking up cases of folks who perch up in the top of old rookeries, or who whine and cry at parting with some worthless trinket or other. Father is just good enough to call her an angel, this angel Louise—faugh, it makes me sick, and she, taking his old gray head between her hands, looks down into his eyes, and with a shake of her head, says 'not an angel, grandpa, not an angel, but only a little messenger chosen to carry your daily good will and cheer into the homes of poverty and want.'"—New York Observer.

About Tapers. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. That verse is true, say they. If I had not been so proud that day, I do not think it would have happened. In history I was marked higher even than Charlie Westfield, and that is something wonderful. Then in grammar I analyzed a sentence on which Kate Holman had failed. I don't wonder that I was proud. "I was walking home from school with my head pretty high, when little Lillian Brooks ran up to me and said: 'O Zeph! you'll please tell me what a taper is?' It is not reading lesson, and Miss Morrison will ask questions about it, and none of the girls know." "A taper," I said, "why, it is a little bit of light like those wax candles which you have in your candlesticks for your doll house."

Lillian looked bewildered and shook her head. "Oh, no, Zeph!" she said, "it can't be, it is some kind of an animal, because it says, 'The taper eats fruit.'" "Lillian said off this sentence as though she had a book open before her, and was reading it. I could not imagine what she meant. 'Have you learned to spell it?' I asked. "Yes! it is spelled 't-a-p-i-r.'" "Oh!" I said looking wise, "that is not the way you spell a little light; that is spelled 'taper.'" This answer, however, does mean an animal—a kind of snake, like a rattlesnake, you know. It is a very long and slippery looking, and ugly."

"Now the simple truth was, that I did not know how to spell it. It seemed to me that I had heard something about a long black snake with a name like that, so I thought I would venture; but I did not know that the boys were hearing just when I said 'taper' and four others. Such a shout as they set up when they heard what I told Lillian! Burt Holland just bent himself double laughing and said, 'Oh, oh, boys, carry me home. I never can walk there in the world. That taper has been too much for me!'"

Then I knew I had made a dreadful mistake. I was just as angry as I could be, for they kept on laughing and making funny speeches right before Lillian. At last I turned around and said, "Yes, it is a snake, but I have not doubt and know all about tapers and everything else; and as for politeness, anybody can see you are perfect gentlemen; your mothers must be proud of you." Then I turned the corner, and ran home as fast as I could, but I could hear them shouting, "Look out for tapers!" and then laughing just as hard as they could. The next day was horrid. All my school-books had little notes slipped into them from the boys like this: "What a fine fellow you are! You have the honor to inform you that taper is a genus of the Perissodactyle division of the Ungulata. Knowing your interest in natural history, I make bold to give you this bit of information." "I don't care," Zeph said, "I am interested you to know that in different species of the 'Alcathurion' tapers have been discovered."

THERE'S A BOY IN THE HOUSE.

A gun in the parlor, a kite in the hall, In the kitchen a book, and a bat, and a ball. On the dashboard a ship, on the book-case a flute, And a hat for whose ownership none could dispute; And out on the porch, gallantly prancing nowhere.

A spirited hobby horse paw at the air; And a well polished pie-plate out there on the shelf. Near the tall jelly jar which a mischiefous elf Emptied as slyly and slick as a mouse, Make it easy to see there's a Boy in the House.

A racket, a rattle, a rollicking shout, Above and below and around and about; A whistling, a pounding, a hammering of nails. The building of houses, the shaping of sails; Entrances for paper for scissors for a string, For every undoubtable, bothersome thing; A bang of the door, and a dash up the stairs; In the interest of burdensome business affairs; And an elephant hunt for a bit of a mouse, Make it easy to see there's a Boy in the House.

But oh, if the toys were not scattered about, And the house never echoed to racket and rout; If forever the rooms were all tidy and neat, And one need not wipe after wee muddy feet; If no one laughed out if the morning was red, And with kisses went tumbling all tired to bed— What a wearisome work-a-day world, don't you see, For all who love little wild-ladies 'round be; And I'm happy to think, though I shrink like a mouse From disorder and din, There's a Boy in the House!

—Exchange. The Lost Token. BY MISS NORA MARBLE. "A bitter night," Jacob said Mr. Solomons to his fashionably attired son; "a bitter night. The wind howls like a pack of hungry wolves."

"Yes," with a yawn, twirling a huge diamond upon his chubby finger, "too bitter, it seems, for even the most destitute to venture out for a loan. Not even a bed-quilt has been offered. The poor wretches," with a laugh, "need every rag they can muster such a night, I suppose."

The old man made no reply as he employed himself in ticketing sundry goods which lay upon the counter. "We should be doing a rushing business on the eve of Christmas," continued Jacob, "for even the poor on that day long for good cheer, you know. Do you recollect," after a pause, "do you recollect that woman a year ago to-night who pledged her wedding ring that her children might have a merry Christmas, and when she had the money clutched in her trembling hand, begged you to let her kiss the ring once more?"

"Yes," replied the old man, "I remember distinctly the groan she gave when I put it out of sight. What of her?" "Nothing, only I met her yesterday with a little shivering tot of a girl leading her along. She is blind, stone blind. The woman sewed day and night, it seems, and has lost her eyesight in consequence. Women are such fools. I gave the child a penny," the magnanimous Jacob added, "though it is strictly against my principles. People who can't help themselves have no right to live and bother others. Those are my sentiments, and the sentiments of all clear-headed people."

His father made no reply, but absently rubbed the side of his nose. "When?" cried Jacob, "how the wind tore at the latch that time. Your wolves want to come in, father, and make the acquaintance of their friends in sheep's clothing," at which speech the facetious young gentleman chuckled and twirled the diamond upon his finger so vigorously, that it sparkled and laughed, and seemed to wink at the old man's pensive face with malicious glee.

Then for a space, silence reigned in the lean office. Mr. Solomons, however, broomed at last by the old man, who muttered, "Christmas, another Christmas day."

"There, there," retorted the son, angrily, "don't go off on that track again. There's no possible use in bringing up things to make yourself uncomfortable. You did right, and if she went to destruction, it ain't your fault."

"Yes, I did right," sighed the old man, "but, Jacob, she was my own flesh and blood, and sometimes I shiver and feel numbed with cold as I think that—that—"

"Oh, there!" roughly, said Jacob, "I've had enough. You think more of that ungrateful creature to-day than you do of me, though I have worked and stuck to the business from the time I could count the pennies in a dollar."

"It takes nothing from you, Jacob, that I think sometimes of her, does it?" "Well, don't bother me with your shivering and turning numb with the cold. It ain't pleasant for one thing, and you're rich, and comfortable for another." "Rich!" added his hopeful son, "and don't you forget that I've helped to make you so."

"Hush," abruptly implored the old man, "let anybody hear the wind say we're rich. We have a hard struggle to get along, Jacob, a hard struggle, or we wouldn't exact the last farthing from the poor as we do," he whined, a crafty, greedy look replacing the sadness of the moment before, while the wind gibed and shrieked and wailed about the windows, seeking with ghostly fingers to grasp the jewels and ornaments therein, and reminders of happier days and one-time happy homes.

Father and son moved toward the glowing stove, Jacob rubbing his hand with satisfaction at its kindly warmth. "Hark," said the old man, after a long silence, "some one seems to be fumbling at the latch."

"Oh, I can't get in," cried a childish voice, "I'm too little. Please someone, let me in, please!" Jacob, with a frown on his face strode to the door. "Children seldom fetch anything of value to please," he grumbled. "I hate 'em, anyway."

One of some five summers looked timidly into his frowning face, then with a bad snarl of the head, said gently, "I guess I am gone wrong. Mamma said a good old man with white hair would give me some money for her locket, and then we'd get some supper and a fire, and—oh, I am so hungry and cold, and I am gone wrong."

She wrung her tiny blue hands in misery, but her eyes seemed dry and hot. "Only a sob told of her sufferings." "Shut the door, Jacob," said the old man from behind the counter. "O, that's the good old gentleman," cried the child, as she caught sight of him, "the good old gentleman with white hair."

No nonsense, mind," snarled Jacob to his father. "Give her what the trinket is worth, and no more. You don't look up to business to-night, for some reason or other. Here, where's the locket?" The crumpled fingers essayed to find it. "I'm so cold," she shivered, "I'm almost frozen."

"Here, sit down on this stool by the stove," kindly interrupted the old man, "and get warm. Then you can give me the locket."

"Yes," she assented, stretching her little palms outward, "how lovely!" Then gazing from the glowing fire to the old man's face, she said reflectively, "God loves you, don't He?" "Why?" queried he, in some embarrassment. "Cause He gives you such a nice, big fire," earnestly.

Jacob turned and absently drummed on the glass as he looked into the street. Mr. Solomons coughed, but made no reply. "We ain't had nothing to eat since yesterday," went on the child, "and mamma took in her sewing and the man told her to come again for the money, and we ain't no fire, for nothing. God don't love mamma, I guess, 'cause He don't never come when she kneels down and cries for Him to come and help her. God loves you, though," with a sad nod of the head, "because you're good, I expect. Mamma said you was good."

The pawkbroker very nervously toyed with his watch chain, finding no words with which to reply to the child. "Every day," she went on, "mamma prays for the Lord to forgive her, and asks Him not to punish his little innocent Louise, that in the morn'g she explained naively, "because she thinks I'm too little to go cold and hungry."

"Have you no father?" chokingly asked the old man. "Oh, yes!" gravely, "but he went to heaven long ago." Jacob lit drummed upon the glass. "Where do you live?" inquired the old man, after a pause. "Way up in the top of a big house, an ugly old house," she answered, wearily and half-drowsily, "on Houston street."

"And the number?" "See here," interposed Jacob, angrily, "tend to business, and stop the child's chatter. She's got a cunning mother, I warrant, who has put her up to this dodge; so let's have done with it. I'll be bound the father who went to heaven long ago, is lying in the bed stupid with drink this minute, and the mother tipsy beside him."

The child shrank at the cruel words said to her. "Mother is in bed," she said, simply, "but she ain't tipsy, sir. She's only weak from coughin'. She coughs all the time, now, and wants to die and be put 'longside of papa out in the churchyard,' and for the first time great tears welled into her eyes and trickled down her cheeks.

"Come, come," replied Jacob, gruffly, "let's see the locket. Maybe it's jewelled," with a jeering smile at his father. The little one put her hand in her pocket, then withdrew it with a frightened, wondering expression. "It's gone," she cried, in the tones of a despairing woman, "it's gone—see!" turning the poor, thin, little, pocket inside out, "it broke through."

"Oh, of course," sneered Jacob, "a piece with the rest of your story. Get out, you little story-teller and beggar, get out."

"She—" cried she, warningly, "she—God will hear you, and He knows I have no story to tell and no beggar. Mamma says God was poor Hisself once, 'cause He was born in a stable, and people gave Him bread when He was hungry. Oh, my locket, my locket," she moaned, her loss recurring to her as she said, "mamma and Louise will have no supper and no fire, and God never comes when mamma calls."

"There, there," snapped Jacob, "you're warm now and must get out of here, come!" and he opened the door. Mr. Solomons slipped a silver piece into the child's hand. She grasped it eagerly, but with a flushed face immediately returned it. "No," resolutely, "I said Louise was no beggar, and if I take it, he's nodding toward Jacob, 'I will call me that other name again.'"

"All right," sneered Jacob, "you can't be very hungry if you refuse money, so get out of here without any more palaver—git."

"And then," sobbed the old woman, as the child purred, "and then, dearie?" "And then," smiled the little one, "Louise went to sleep."

"Mr. Nathan Solomons still keeps a loan office at the old stand, but Jacob Solomon, his son, has no interest in the business. That worthy for some years has flourished under the sign of the three golden balls a block further down the street, and appears none the happier thereby.

"Why?" is his constant complaint to the loan fraternity, "father keeps a loan office for no other reason than to help

the poor. Instead of taking from them, he gives, gives, gives! I nearly sent my crazy, old father to the poor-house grandchild, Louise," he adds with a heavy frown, "she does nothing but run around looking up cases of folks who perch up in the top of old rookeries, or who whine and cry at parting with some worthless trinket or other. Father is just good enough to call her an angel, this angel Louise—faugh, it makes me sick, and she, taking his old gray head between her hands, looks down into his eyes, and with a shake of her head, says 'not an angel, grandpa, not an angel, but only a little messenger chosen to carry your daily good will and cheer into the homes of poverty and want.'"—New York Observer.

About Tapers. Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall. That verse is true, say they. If I had not been so proud that day, I do not think it would have happened. In history I was marked higher even than Charlie Westfield, and that is something wonderful. Then in grammar I analyzed a sentence on which Kate Holman had failed. I don't wonder that I was proud. "I was walking home from school with my head pretty high, when little Lillian Brooks ran up to me and said: 'O Zeph! you'll please tell me what a taper is?' It is not reading lesson, and Miss Morrison will ask questions about it, and none of the girls know."

"A taper," I said, "why, it is a little bit of light like those wax candles which you have in your candlesticks for your doll house."

Lillian looked bewildered and shook her head. "Oh, no, Zeph!" she said, "it can't be, it is some kind of an animal, because it says, 'The taper eats fruit.'" "Lillian said off this sentence as though she had a book open before her, and was reading it. I could not imagine what she meant. 'Have you learned to spell it?' I asked. "Yes! it is spelled 't-a-p-i-r.'" "Oh!" I said looking wise, "that is not the way you spell a little light; that is spelled 'taper.'" This answer, however, does mean an animal—a kind of snake, like a rattlesnake, you know. It is a very long and slippery looking, and ugly."

"Now the simple truth was, that I did not know how to spell it. It seemed to me that I had heard something about a long black snake with a name like that, so I thought I would venture; but I did not know that the boys were hearing just when I said 'taper' and four others. Such a shout as they set up when they heard what I told Lillian! Burt Holland just bent himself double laughing and said, 'Oh, oh, boys, carry me home. I never can walk there in the world. That taper has been too much for me!'"

Then I knew I had made a dreadful mistake. I was just as angry as I could be, for they kept on laughing and making funny speeches right before Lillian. At last I turned around and said, "Yes, it is a snake, but I have not doubt and know all about tapers and everything else; and as for politeness, anybody can see you are perfect gentlemen; your mothers must be proud of you." Then I turned the corner, and ran home as fast as I could, but I could hear them shouting,