

The Home Circle.

INSTABILITY OF LIFE.

How fleeting is the rose's bloom,
How transient is the spring's perfume,
How frail is all mortality.

Noon and ev'n in turn succeed,
And at the approach of night recede,
Thou wing their flight to eternity.

ATTRACTIVE HOMES.

On these bright autumn days, leaves and
mosses should be gathered for winter.
Children enjoy going for them, and always
come home laden, but they need co-operation
of mother and sister in the care of them.

After cold weather comes, and all the
flowers and leaves are gone, we may give quite
a summer-like aspect to our rooms even with-
out a house-plant. The children will delight
in helping us to arrange the brilliant bouquets
made from the r collection, and fastening clusters
of eaves over the doors, and under pictures
and rackets. We must gather sumac
and maple leaves in abundance for their brilli-
ancy. But our bouquets will be sadly want-
ing unless we have delicate, graceful ferns and
locust leaves to mix with them. The locust is
particularly desirable, and it retains its bright
shade of green more perfectly than any leaf
we know.

Some persons believe that the color of leaves
is better preserved by pressing them with a
warm iron, while others prefer placing them
under heavy weights. Either way will prove
satisfactory. The leaves look well with a
glossy coat of varnish, and the color and
shape of the leaf is retained longer by this
process. Still to us they look prettier, be-
cause more natural, as they are taken from
the book or portfolio, or perhaps with a little
oil rubbed over them. To be sure the leaves
will curl in a few weeks unless varnished, but
we can burn them, and resort for more to the
older leaf in which we keep our store.

The mosses we can use in various ways. We
should always keep some kinds damp in a
pretty dish, to which we can add a fresh
flower occasionally. One of the most tasteful
rustic arrangements we ever saw comes within
the reach of all. It was made in this way.
A pan about two feet and a half long and
two broad, was filled and piled up with leaf-
mold and rocks. This pan was placed on a
small table, under a window. The surface
formed a miniature mountain. On this was
arranged a variety of mosses, with ferns of all
stages of growth, and here and there a smilax
and ivy, together with a few scarlet berries.
There was no glass over this, and yet every-
thing flourished.

We should encourage the boys, too, in mak-
ing brackets, crosses and wreaths, to be cov-
ered with the dry mosses. These should be
fastened on with glue. Arrange them as we
may, the effect will delight us. The bright
autumn berries we must not overlook. We
need them to mix with our evergreens in mak-
ing wreaths for winter, as well as in our other
trimmings. The scarlet, crimson, and orange
berries are almost indispensable for Christmas
decorations. The Chematis, with its beautiful
feathery seed-flower, if picked before it is too
ripe, is lovely to estoon around pictures.

We should encourage by every means in
our power everything to make attractive
homes. Money is a great aid we admit. Still
some of the most tasteful, comfortable homes
like-like homes we have ever seen, have been
those where very little money has been used.
The lack of elegant furniture, curtains and
mirrors was made up in neatness, simplicity,
flowers and sunshine. We may not be able to
purchase brackets elaborately carved, but we
may make them of stiff pasteboard or thin
wood, covering them with feathery, fern-like
mosses, and scarlet, and the numerous sombre
shades of lichens.

IS TEA A POISON?

Dr. Arlidge, one of the pottery inspectors in
Staffordshire, has put forth a very sensible pro-
test, says the Lancet, against a very pernicious
custom which rarely receives sufficient atten-
tion, either from the medical profession or the
public. He says that the women of the work-
ing class make tea a principle article of diet
instead of an occasional beverage; they drink
it several times a day, and the result is a lament-
able amount of sickness. This is no doubt the
case, and, as Dr. Arlidge remarks, a portion
of the reforming zeal which keeps up fierce
agitation against intoxicating drinks might
advantageously be diverted to the repression
of this very serious evil of tea tipping among
the poorer classes. Tea, in anything beyond
moderate quantities, is as distinctly a narcotic
poison as is opium or alcohol. It is capable
of ruining the digestion, of enfeebling and dis-
ordering the heart's action, and of generally
shattering the nervous system. And it must be remem-
bered that not only is it a question of narcotic

excess, but the enormous quantity of hot
water which tea bibbers necessarily take is
exceedingly prejudicial both to digestion and
nutrition.

FAILURES IN SOCIETY.

Society is full of failures that need never
have been made; full of men who have never
succeeded; full of women who in the first
half of their days did nothing but eat and
sleep and simmer, and in the last half have
done nothing but perpetuate their follies and
weaknesses. The world is full, I say, of such
people; full of men, in every trade and pro-
fession, who do not amount to anything; and
I do not speak irreverently, and I trust not
without due charity, without making due
allowance for the inevitable in life, when I say
that God and thoughtful men are weary of
their presence. Every boy ought to improve
on his father; every girl grow into a nobler,
more self-denying womanhood than the
mother. No reproduction of former types
will give the world the perfect type. I know
not where the Millennium is, as measured by
distance of time; but I do know, and so do
you, that it is a great way off as measured by
human growth and expansion. We have no
such men and women yet, no age has ever had
any, as shall stand on the earth in that age
of peace that will not come until men are
worthy of it.

SEEING THE POINT.

A boy returned from school one day with a
report that his scholarship had fallen below
the usual average.

"Well," said his father, "you've fallen be-
hind this month, have you?"

"Yes, sir."

"How did that happen?"

"Don't know, sir."

The father knew, if his son did not. He had
observed a number of cheap novels scattered
about the house; but he had not thought it
worth his while to say anything until a fitting
opportunity should offer itself. A basket of
apples stood upon the floor, and he said:

"Empty those apples and take the basket
and bring it to me half full of chips."

"Suspecting nothing, the son obeyed."

"And now," he continued, "put those ap-
ples back into the basket."

When half the apples were replaced, the boy
said:

"Father, they roll off. I can't put in any
more."

"Put them in, I tell you."

"But they roll! No, of course you can't
put them in. Do you expect to fill a basket
with fruit and then fill it with apples?"

You said you didn't know why you fell behind
at school, and I will tell you. Your mind is
like that basket. It will not hold more than
so much. And here you have been the past
month, filling it up with CHEAP BOOKS—cheap
novels!"

The boy turned on his heel, and whistled,
and said, "Whew! I see the point."

"Not a cheap novel has been seen in the
house from that day to this."

HAVE YOU ENEMIES?

Go straight and don't mind them. If they
get in your way, walk around them regardless
of their spite. A man who has no enemies is
seldom good for anything; he is made of that
kind of material which is so easily worked that
every one has a hand in it. A sterling charac-
ter is one who thinks for himself, and speaks
what he thinks; he is always sure to have
enemies. They are as necessary to him as
fresh air—they keep him alive and active. A
celebrated character who was surrounded by
enemies used to remark: "They are sparks,
which if you do not blow will go out them-
selves." "Live down prejudice," was one of
the Iron Duke's mottoes.

Let this be your feeling while endeavoring
to live down the scandal of those who are bit-
ter against you. If you stop to dispute, you
do as they desire, and open the way for more
abuse.

Let the poor fellow talk—there will be a
reaction if you but perform your duty, and
hundreds who were once alienated from you
will flock to you and acknowledge their error.

WHERE THE WINTERY WINDS ORIGI-
NATE.

The researches of the Signal Office at Wash-
ington have just been rewarded by a beautiful
and highly important meteorological discov-
ery. On the coast of England, from time
immemorial, the phenomenon of the great
November atmospheric wave has been the
speculation of scientists and seamen, but Sir
John Herschel and others have supposed it
was peculiar, and confined to England and
Western Europe, which it reaches from the
South Atlantic, and over which it rolls in
long, continued undulations from October to
January, constituting an important element in
the phenomenal character of an European
winter. On the 12th of November a similar
atmospheric wave began to break over the
shores of Oregon and British Columbia, as
shown by weather telegrams. By the even-
ing of the 13th it had spread over nearly all
the Pacific States and Territories, Utah and
Nevada; and so midnight was pouring through
the passes of the Rocky Mountains. On
Thursday, the 14th, it descended upon Colo-
rado, Nebraska, Kansas, and the Indian
Territory.

On Friday morning it extended in unbroken
magnitude and magnificence from Oregon and
Washington Territory eastward through the
great trough or depression of the Rocky Moun-
tains, back to Idaho and Montana, and stretch-
ed thence to the lower Missouri and lower
Mississippi Valleys, and over the west-rn
shores of the Mexican Gulf. This discovery
will enable meteorologists to anticipate by
many days the approach of winter. As it ad-
vances from the Pacific coast eastward in a
great current of westerly winds, it serves to
clear up the old mystery of American winter
storms, showing that they originate in the
Rocky Mountains, upon whose cold and high-
est summits in Nevada, Utah, Colorado and
Southern Wyoming, the vapor-laden air of this
wave, coming from over the warm Pacific, is
now seen to be condensed in the overwhelming
snows of the 41st parallel. As this vast
atmospheric wave is probably, like the English wave,
continued in successive undulations for two or
three months, it may assist in explaining the
comparatively higher temperature and light
precipitation in winter along Puget Sound and
eastward.

"A DOLLAR OR TWO."

With careful steps as we tread on our way
through

This intricate world as other folks do,
May we still on our journey be able to view
The benevolent face of "a dollar or two."

For a very good thing is "a dollar or two."
No friend is so true as "a dollar or two."

Through country or town as you pass up or
down,
No passport so good as "a dollar or two."

Would you rid yourself out of the bachelor crew,
And the hand of a gentle divinity sue,
You must always be ready the handsome to do,
Although it may cost you "a dollar or two."

Love's arrows are tipped with "a dollar or two."
And the parson's due is "a dollar or two."
The best aid you can meet in advancing your
suit

Is the eloquent chink of "a dollar or two!"

Would you wish your existence with faith to
imbué,

Enroll in the ranks of sanctified few,
Enjoy a good name and a well cushioned pew,
You must freely come down with "a dollar or
two."

The gospel is preached for "a dollar or two,"
And salvation is reached by "a dollar or
two."

You may sin at some times, but the worst of
all crimes

Is to find yourself short of "A DOLLAR OR TWO!"

WORK AND PLAY.

Men differ in their opinion in regard to what
is work and what is play. He who throng-
the long summer day swings a sledge, pushes a
plane, or follows a plow, naturally enough im-
agines that having nothing to do is a blissful
condition of affairs, and that play is a state of
rest or idleness; on the other hand, an able-
bodied man, possessed of an active brain, finds
doing nothing the hardest kind of work.

In these later years, no small amount of at-
tention is paid to muscle. Brain feels the need
of brain. Vigorous physical exercise, even
though it be for the time fatiguing, is not ne-
cessarily an unpleasant excitement, and the re-
ward it brings, in red blood, digestion, and
sleep, is well worth having. A great deal of
our play is of the roughest kind. This is true of
rowing, swimming, ball playing, and a hundred
other delightful exercises. He who follows a
trout stream all day may call the sport what
ever name he chooses, but it is work neverthe-
less.

Of all work, brain labor is the most fatig-
ing. One can drop the implements of his trade,
and the day's work is ended; but the cares of
the office and the business across the threshold
of home, mar the peace of the dinner hour,
and frighten away sleep, or at least haunt one's
dreams.

Work is agreeable and enjoyable very much
in proportion as the subject sought is desirable
and attainable. It is not very much to be
wondered at that men work with increasing
earnestness as they achieve notable successes
in life for man is so constituted that he loves
power, and money gives him this. The more
money, the more power.

Habits of economy are very important in the
relation they bear to the happiness of the in-
dividual. He who gains and holds has encour-
agement to go on gaining, whereas if one's
gains slip through his fingers, so that he finds
himself as poor at the end of the year as when
he began, he naturally grows discouraged, and
work become irksome.

The love of money may be, and without a
question is, the root of much evil, but it is also
the germ of much good. Wherever it exists,
there are cities, commerce, manufactures, agri-
culture, education, art; and where it does not
exist, there is barbarism. The right thing for
every man to do is to try to get on in life. Con-
sidered by itself, a cottage and a narrow lot of
land is a small thing to have in possession. But
the man who earns a home by day's work,
finds toil sweetened by the prospect of posses-
sion, and coming to it at length, even though
it be humble, he is prepared to go on and ac-
complish better things in the future.—Ameri-
can Builder.

An Irishman who was found guilty of steal-
ing a lot of coffee, was asked by a magistrate

what he did with it. "Mado tay wid it,"
was his reply."

A NEW DISCOVERY.

The World has settled the question as to
the utility of expeditions to the North Pole.
It assures us that if the explorers should ever
be so fortunate as to get to that locality, they
could not by any possibility return. They
would stick there as hopelessly as so many
flies embedded in molasses. Says the World:

Every boy, when first told how rapidly the
world spins round, has probably asked what
keeps the inhabitants from flying off at a tan-
gent, and has been informed in reply that the
attraction of gravitation (which he, of course,
recalls was suggested to Sir Isaac Newton
by the fall of an apple) suffices to more than
counterbalance the centrifugal force occasioned
by the rotatory motion of our planet. But
obviously this centrifugal impetus diminishes
as we approach the centre of rotation, and the
gravity which gives a man firm foothold at the
equator, where he is whirled round at the end
of a radius 4,000 miles long, would at the
quiescent pole make him so heavy that no
effort of human muscle could raise his heel
from the ground; for be it remembered that
if he stood erect upon earth's summit the only
motion impressed upon him would be that of
turning slowly round once in twenty-four
hours.

It is a pity that this had not been known
to the heroic explorers who have perilled so
much to get to a place where they would have
been the resistless victims of too much gravi-
tation. If the Pole was only a little more ac-
cessible, what a capital place it would be to
deport State criminals! Once landed there,
their escape would be an impossibility. Nei-
ther stone walls nor fetters could compare
with the invisible chains that would tie them
to the earth's surface.

GOOD OLD AGE.

There was once a Frenchman who was very
fond of telling his friends where he had been
and what he had done. One day an old gen-
tleman of systematic and careful methods of
thought and speech, determined if he could
con-verse into a plain and succinct statement,
the florid narrations of the traveled hero.

"How old do you say you were before you
left France?" he asked.

"Oh! I was forty years old, and then I vent
to Berlin."

"And how long did you stay there?"

"I was there seven year. Ven I made two
three hundred thousand francs, I vent to
Vienna. Darc I stay twelve year. Beautiful
city."

"And from there where did you go?"

"Oh! den I was made de consul-in-general
to Venice—lovely Venice! Dero I stay ten
year. And ven the Eemperur he say, go to
Copenhagen, I go. I was dere eight year, and
I set up de great cattle-yard in Peru."

"And how long wher you there?"

"Oh! I stay dere a long time. I was dere
sixteen year. I staid there until I vent to
Texas to buy up de land for my grand steam-
railroad."

"An' how long were you in Texas?"

"Well I was dere ten year. And then I
sail d for the Havana. There I set up ze
great depot. I made all ze money there."

"And how long where you in Cuba?"

"Well was there twelve year, and then I
sold out, and vent to England."

"And how long did you stay there?"

"Five year I live in London, and then I
came to this country—"

"Where have you lived, how long?"

"It is ten year now, since I arrived here."

"Well, sir," remarked the old gentleman
looking at the bit of paper on which he had
made note of the length of time spent by the
Frenchman at these various locations, "I see
by this memorandum, that by your own count
and statement, you must have lived in France
and the other places you have mentioned at
least one hundred and thirty years."

The Frenchman took the memorandum,
read it carefully, and added up its figures.

"Sa re bleu!" said he, with a gravity and
earnestness worthy of Jefferson in "Rip Van
Winkle." "Am I then von hundred and thirty
years old!"

Gleanings.

A gentlemen did not always agree with his
wife, or she with him. On one occasion she
summoned a physician, declaring that her
husband had poisoned her. The husband
loudly protested his innocence, and offered as
a clincher this test: "Doctor, open her right
here on the spot; I'm willing."

My friend," said an American hotel keeper
to an over-avaricious boarder, "you eat too
much, I shall have to charge you an extra
half-dollar." "Another half-dollar!" ex-
claimed his boarder with his countenance the
very picture of pain. "For goodness sake
don't do that! I'm most dead now, eating
three dollars' worth, and if you put on another
half-dollar I shall burst—I shall!"

A rural sport who tried to eat his pie with
a fork because a city girl was sitting opposite,
had the misfortune to harpoon his tongue at
the second mouthful, and in his effort to pull
out the fork upset a dish of cranberry sauce
in the lady's lap. He says he "don't go a
cent on style hereafter, and will shovel in his
food in the old manner if Queen Victoria sits
next to him."

A drunken Dutchman by the name of Cain,
staggering through the streets one day, was
asked if he was the man that slow his brother.
"No," said he, "I was the one that got
slowed."

A curate in the diocese of St. Petersburg
—the Rev. Peter Robson—varied the service
a few sundays ago by challenging an agricul-
tural laborer to fight. After a good deal of
provocation, the latter accepted, and several
rounds were executed in the presence of the
congregation, who could not get into church.
The curate has been reported by the Bench to
his Bishop.

"Are those bells ringing for fire?" inquired
Simon of Tiberius. "No, indeed," answered
Tibe, "they hab got plenty of fire, and de
bells are ringing for water."

A gentleman travelling in Ireland said to a
very importunate beggar, "You have lost all
your teeth." The beggar quietly answered,
"An it's time I parted with um, when I'd
nothing for um to do."

A Dutchman, getting excited over an ac-
count of an elopement of a married woman,
gave his opinion thus: "If my wife runs
away mit anoder man's wife, I shake him out
of his proeces, if she wos mine fadder, mine
Got!"

An Irish soldier once returning from a bat-
tle in the night, marching a little way behind
his companion, called out to him, "Hullo,
Pat, I have taken a prisoner!" "Bring him
along them; bring him along." "He won't
come." "Well, then, come yourself." "He
won't let me."

THE GREAT
Dominion Clothing House!

G. BAWDEN & Co.
Beg leave to announce to the Workmen of Toronto
and vicinity that they will on

FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 15,
Open out with one of the largest and best selected
stocks of goods suitable for the Tailoring Department; also,
a very extensive stock of

READY-MADE CLOTHING!
AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS.

Having engaged the services of Mr. WM. HARWOOD,
who has been long and favorably known as a first-class
Cutter, we have no hesitation in saying that we will get
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ORDERED CLOTHING
Second to none in the Dominion.

REMEMBER THE ADDRESS—
95 YONGE STREET,
2nd door north of Gurney's Foundry.

31-k

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S. C. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER,
75 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

This is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures.
All work done in the best style of the art.
31-ch

182.
PROCLAMATION.

By Order of the Board of Trade.

Blankets at last year's prices, ranging from \$2, \$2 50,

\$2 75, \$3, \$3 50, \$3 75, \$4, \$4 50, being from \$1 to \$2

per pair less than present market value.

Grey Blankets from \$1 1/2 per pair.

Colored Counterpanes equally low.

Scarlet, White, Grey and Fancy Fannels at old prices.

27-inch Repps, beautiful goods, all shades, for 25c, worth

45c.

Figured Poplins, 27c, worth 40c.

Royal Heather Tweeds, 20c.

Wool Sateen Cloths.

French Embroideries, all shades, from 50c., the cheapest

goods in the city.

Black Alpaca, best value in the Dominion, 17c, 25c,

30c, 37c, 40c, 45c, and 50c.

1,000 yards beautiful wide and bright Black Silk for \$1,

worth \$1 40.

Green Cambric, \$1 25, \$1 37 1/2, and \$1 50.

Good Grey Cottons, 7c, 8c, and 10c.

Wide White Cotton, free from dressing, 10c.

All-wool Shawls from \$1 50.

Paisley shawls from \$5 50.

Winceys, extra value, 10c, 11c, 15c, 20c, and 25c.

Pure Genoa Mantle Velvets, \$3 50.

Velvetines and Waterproofs, all prices.

N.B.—We buy entirely for cash, and therefore cannot
be undersold.

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358 YONGE STREET,
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GOODS FOR ORDERED WORK.
A Cheap Stock of Ready-Made Clothing on hand.
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N.B.—Copies made from Photographs, Ambrotypes, &c.
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TO THE MECHANICS OF TORONTO.
The Queen City Grocery and Provision
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The Subscriber respectfully informs his many friends,
and the public generally, that he has commenced busi-
ness in the store lately occupied by Mr. Wm. Mars, and
known as the "People's Grocery," No. 320 Queen
Street West, where he hopes, by fair dealing and strict
attention to business, to secure a liberal share of your
patronage. The stock consists of GROCERIES, WINES
AND LIQUORS, all bought in the cheapest market for
cash, and will be sold at a slight advance upon the cost.
Goods sent to any part of the city.
Don't forget the place—32 Queen Street West.
27-2c W. F. ROBERTSON