

A LUCID EXPLANATION.

Mr. and Mrs. Thimbleberry had just returned from the seaside, and were in their own home enjoying a cup of good tea. The table was laden with fruits in season, and other delicacies such as tarts, cakes, etc., in fact everything that would tend to tempt the appetite of the most fastidious. The tea also, which was of a new brand, was sampled and pronounced to be of excellent flavor, when suddenly Mrs. T. startled her husband (who was in the act of taking another sip of tea) by asking the following question:—

My dear—I was just thinking of a word that has puzzled me for some days, and which I met with in an article I was reading while at the seaside. The word is "PER-I-PHRASIS." What- ever in the world is the meaning of it? Mr. T. was certainly considered a great book-worm, and could elucidate or decipher almost anything, but this word periphrasis was a stunner. He rubbed his forehead a few times as if perplexed, and sipped at his cup of tea as if to enable or assist him in explain- ing the meaning of this odd word. Another sip of tea, and another, when he suddenly jumped to his feet exclaim- ing, "Ah! happy thought, I have it. A 'periphrasis' is a circumlocutory cycle of oratorical sonorosity, circum- scribing an atom of ideality, lost in verbal profundity."

Mrs. T. evidently was as wise as ever, and felt perfectly satisfied with the able scholarship of her dear husband, but in conversation with a neighbour of hers the next day, to whom she was telling the incident, she admitted that if it had not been for that cup of pure tea from Stroud Bros. store, which en- abled him to collect his thoughts to- gether, he might still have been think- ing—and in vain. Therefore, if you want the purest, the best, and at the same time the cheapest teas, go to Stroud Bros., the greatest and leading tea merchants in America. Stores in Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Belleville and Toronto.

A GREAT MEETING.

GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF THE AFFAIR BY THE WITNESS AND STAR.

The Montreal Witness and Star of 26th ult., both issued special double numbers giving reports of the mass meeting on the Jesuit question. The Star says: "A hall crowded from floor to ceiling, stirring sentences and burning words, ringing cheers again and again repeated, such were the sights and sounds witnessed in the Queen's Hall at the mass meeting called by the Protestant Ministerial Association of this city, to protest against the Jesuits' Estates Act and other acts which are claimed to be unjust to the Protestant minority of this province. The inclem- ency of the weather outside in no wise cast its depressing influence on the audience."

The Witness describes the meeting as follows: The mass meeting last night to protest against the Jesuits' Estates Act, and the many other aggressions upon the equal rights of the Protestant minority in this province, was a monster one. The committee which undertook to invite citizens to express their united opinion on these matters was rewarded by a gathering which, for weight of representativeness, for intelligent unanimity, and for enthusiasm of the most determined and promising sort, has rarely been equalled in the greatest crises of our nation's history, and could not possibly have been exceeded.

The keynote of the meeting was struck by the representative of the country parts of the province of Quebec (Mr. Sellar), when he declared that it signalled a revolt against machine politics—against "that Colbyism which has been the curse of the Eastern Townships."

The points at which the cheers were loudest and most irrepressible were most significant. "Who shall rule this country? asked one of the speakers. "The Queen!" shouted a hundred lusty voices. The speaker meant "the people," but in this crisis the terms are inter- changeable. "The Queen" means not only the sovereign whose sway we all love to acknowledge, but the impersona- tion of the British constitution, and all the fair play and freedom which that constitution guarantees. When Mr. Howland, in one of the most rousing speeches ever delivered in Montreal, re- marked that the time might come for the Anglo-Saxons to take their line, the cheer thickened the atmosphere.

When Mr. Charlton was introduced as a man condemned by the Parliament to which he belonged but appealing from that Parliament to his fellow citi- zens, the audience rose to receive him and cheered him to the echo. During his speech he roused the enthusiasm to white heat. This was notable when in a most impressive passage he declared "a hopeless dream" the idea that a

French nationality could be built up on this continent—"that was settled on the Plains of Abraham." But even the cheer which confirmed that sentence was surpassed by the tremendous shout that rose again and again when the speaker quoted Cromwell's famous des- patch to the Pope while the Waldensi- ans were being persecuted to the death—"Unless favor is shown to the people of God the thunder of England's guns will be heard in the Castle of St. Angelo"—and declared "The spirit of Cromwell is not dead."

Col. O'Brien, who was afterwards in- troduced by Mr. Dougall as the champ- ion of this cause and leader of the gal- lant thirteen, was greeted with a tremen- dous burst of cheering.

The Witness concludes that the Pro- testants of Montreal give an answer to their miserable slanderers at Ottawa which will ring through the Dominion.

ONLY A CABIN BOY.

A TRUE STORY.

(By Helen Harcourt.)

"Let him go with me," said Captain Marshall. "I will care for him as if he were my own son, and I will leave my own little boy here with you, as a pledge. Hit mother died several years ago, the aunt who has since taken care of him is just dead too, and I shall feel thankful to leave him in such good hands as yours, if you will have him. You will? Ah! that is a relief to me, and then you will not be so lonely while Charlie is away. I shall have to take him on this first voyage as my own cabin-boy, for he is not old enough to go before the mast yet, but I will teach him navigation, and fit him to be an officer."

So at last Mrs. Wager's consent was won through the influence of Charlie's grateful friend, and a few weeks later found him sailing over the beautiful ocean, far away from the English shores.

There was war between England and France, and so merchantmen did not venture to go to sea alone, but when several were ready to depart for the far same quarter of the globe, the government used to send a war-vessel with them, to protect them from the enemy.

Captain Marshall's ship, therefore, sailed in company with several others, having a sloop-of-war as leader and gun-boat, and they all kept as close to each other as was safe or possible, keep- ing a sharp look out.

One morning the signal was given that all was in sight, then another and these ships all proved to be French men-of-war, in chase of the convey. At that the English sloop-of-war signalled to the merchantmen to keep together, but later on, seeing that the French ships were gaining on them, the English gave to scatter, so that by sailing in different directions, the enemy's ships would be forced to separate and give chase each to a single vessel.

Consequently, an hour later the five merchantmen forming the English con- vey were all sailing away from each other, and very soon the Frenchmen pre- sented the ruse of their enemy, and the best of it, each singled out the largest merchant vessels, and gave chase to two smaller ones to sail away as they chose.

And how about the English war- sloop, you ask? Well, she was only watching her opportunity, and directly it came, she beat down toward the nearest merchantman that was being chased by one of the French ships, and as soon as she got close enough to the latter, opened a sharp fire on her.

Of course the Frenchman replied, and then commenced a fierce battle, which lasted until the merchantman had sailed far out of sight; but it ended in the valiant little sloop having to haul down her colors to her larger enemy.

By this time the vessel on which was our friend Charlie had left the rest far behind, far she was a swift sailer, but being one of those selected for pursuit she was hard pressed by her enemy, and as the sun sank low in the horizon a shot whistled across the deck of Cap- tain Marshall's ship.

All day long he had been hoping against hope, that something would happen to enable him to shake off his foe, but now he knew that escape was impossible, he saw that the heavy balls which now came hissing around them were purposely aimed so as not to strike the ship, because being sure of her capture, the Frenchmen did not wish to injure their prize, so he deter- mined to lead them as long a chase as possible, and not reef a single sail till his enemy should actually come along- side and grapple the vessel.

"We will hold our ship as long as we can," he said sadly, but that was not very long; before the sun had disap- peared below the horizon the French

ship was alongside, and secured by grappling-irons to her prize, their sides touching.

In those days discipline in the French navy was very lax, and in their elation at securing so splendid a capture as an India-bound merchant-man, nearly the whole crew of the man-of-war leaped over upon her deck.

The English sailors made no resist- ance, for they were not armed, but, con- trary to what one would suppose, they seemed more excited and expectant than depressed as their captors sprang over the rails into their midst. And so they were in reality, and this was the reason:

Their officers had retired below to avoid the humiliation of a formal sur- render, just as the Frenchmen drew alongside, and as they left the deck, sud- denly Charlie Wager's eyes brightened, and his slight form straightened up proudly. A brilliant idea had come to him like a lightning-flash, and the next moment he hurriedly called the crew around him, and in low eager tones communicated it to them.

It was all they could do to restrain a cheer, so startled and delighted were they at its purport.

"Charlie is our king!" quoted the boatswain; "the honour is his, boys, if we succeed? We're all agreed on that?"

"Ay, ay!" the men exclaimed, and then they told Charlie that they would watch for his signal—his cap thrown in the air—and then put his plan into execution quietly and quickly.

So this is why they were excited in- stead of depressed, as they beheld the Frenchmen swarming over upon their decks and down into the cabins below.

Charlie's cheeks were flushed and his eyes flashed, as suddenly he tossed his cap high up above his head. There was no stir, or rush, but in a moment every English sailor stood on the man-of-war's deck; and while some of them snatch- ed up the arms that were strewn over it, knocking down and binding securely the few Frenchmen left on board others sprang to the side and cast loose the grappling-irons, and Charlie seized the helm, and, aided by stronger and more experienced hands than his own, gave the ship a sudden sheer off that effect- ually prevented any hope of boarding her on the part of her amazed crew!

Then, as they stood staring aghast on the deck of the merchantman, the Eng- lish sailors sprang to the guns, and Charlie, with a triumphant ring in his young voice, ordered the Frenchmen to throw overboard every weapon they had about them, and then to go below and consider themselves as prisoners, on pain of being blown out of the water.

None knew better than the bewilder- ed Frenchmen how easy of execution this threat would be, for they had themselves heavily loaded every gun during the chase, so they saw nothing for it but to obey the commands of their young captor. Overboard went guns, swords, knives, and pistols, and then, as a boat-load of well armed English sailors returned to their own ship, the Frenchmen went quietly below and were locked up; while Captain Marshall and his officers, for the first time ap- prised of Charlie's master-stroke, joy- fully resumed possession of their own vessel.

As the crew of the latter was too small to handle two ships, a few of the French sailors were ordered on deck to assist in carrying the vessels back to England. And so the novel spectacle was soon after seen in Plymouth harbor of a merchant vessel coming into port with a man-of-war as her prize, a complete reversal of the usual order of things.

This was why, as we said at the be- ginning of this true history, all Eng- land was ringing with the praises of a boy who was "only a cabin-boy." Every body called him the "boy-hero," and so he was; but we know, you and I, that he had been a nobler kind of hero before, in silence and in secret, save to Him who "knoweth all things."

But Charlie was to be a cabin-boy no longer. The Board of Admiralty took charge of him, and made him a mid- shipman, and his proud mother felt fully compensated for having yielded her consent to his following his bent, when, as years rolled on, he mounted step by step in his profession, until at last the king knighted him, and made him Admiral Sir Charles Wager; and it is thus his name may be found now in the long list of England's honored admirals who years ago passed away to their rest.—Ill. Christian Weekly.

IMPERIAL FEDERATION is as yet merely a vision—one doubtless capable of realisation, but at the same time one which must be taken from ideologists and placed in the hands of practical men, whose work may perhaps, fall short of the poet's vision, but which will at least rescue from the sphere of shadows a scheme which has too long occupied that misty dwelling-place.—Belfast Weekly Telegraph.

WHERE SHOULD THE CONSUMER BUY?

In the ordinary course of trade the consumer buys his tea from the retailer, the retailer from the jobber, the jobber from the importer, the importer from the producer: This is commonly known as the regular channel of trade. This is necessary in most cases as many merchants, both whole- sale and retail, have not sufficient trade to purchase from the place of growth.

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