

With the Poets.

Oh, Sweet Content.
Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
Oh, sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
Oh, punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed?
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
Oh, sweet content! Oh, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace!
Honest labor bears a lovely face:
Then hey money, money, hey money, money.

Canst drink the waters of the crisp spring?
Oh, sweet content!
Swimmet thou in wealth, yet sinkest in thine own tears?
Oh, punishment!
Then he that patiently wants his burden bears, but is a king, a king!
Oh, sweet content! Oh, sweet content!

Work apace, apace, apace, apace!
Honest labor bears a lovely face:
Then hey money, money, hey money, money.

—Thomas Sekker.

When All the World Is Young, Lad.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among;
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

—Charles Kingsley.

The Wheel and the Wind.

O, the mountaineer to the summit clear,
The sailor-soul to the sea,
And the captain to his team, and the dreamer to his dream;
But the white high-road for me,
For the sun is awake, and in wood and brake
The birds make glad appeal:
"Come out! Come out! There is sport about!"
Then come, my trusty wheel.

Then come with a hum, with a stir,
With a whirr, with a rush, with a free;
Through the air with a rush, with a free;
Let the world be a-bed: I have heard;
I have sped;
And the white high-road for me.

O, the hum of the wheel, my steed of steel,
And the rush of the welcome wind;
I'm a cavalier of old, and my spirit waxeth bold,
For my lady fair is kind,
While her sire's asleep from her pane she'll peep,
She'll flutter down to my side;
Come forth! Come forth: for the wind blows north!

To the saddle, my own, fair bride!
Then, off; we can scoff at the rest;
We are blest;
For the wheel runs free, runs true;
What matter the odds? We are kings;
We are gods;
And the road's for me and you.

See, the hamlets wake, and the windows shake
As the good dame smiles at the sun;
And the herd is at the gate, and the milk-pans clank and grate,
And the life of the farm's begun,
Oh, the hill climbs white, but the crest's in sight;
Push on to the lonely tree,
Then—the river's streak, and the morning reek,
And the valley for you and me.

Men, oh! for below, in the light, left and right,
The fields of our country shine;
Let the prophets pray: it is ours for today,
This England of yours and mine!

Dear England, bright in the morning light,
Fair gem in the ocean set;
You have borne us, you have bred us;
You have taught us, you have led us.

Not ours to forego, to forget!
And our morning song, as we speed along,
Is sweet to the listening sea;
We can guard her still from harm and ill.

And hold her for ages to be!
Whirl, wheel, soul of steel; from heart, bear a part;
As the wind of the world we are free;
We have heard the cry: be it live, be it die.

Her road is for you and for me!
—Arthur Waugh, in New Age.

Many people, when a little constipated, make the mistake of using saline or other drastic purgatives. All that is needed is a mild dose of Ayer's Pills to restore the regular movement of the bowels, and nature will do the rest. They keep the system in perfect order.

conditions

In some conditions the gain from the use of Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil is rapid. For this reason we put up a 50c. size, which is enough for an ordinary cough or cold or useful as a trial for babies and children.

In other conditions gain must be slow, sometimes almost imperceptible, health can't be built up in a day. For this Scott's Emulsion must be taken as nourishment, food rather than medicine, food prepared for tired and weak digestions.

Berry & Brown, Chemists, 177, 179, 181, 183, 185, 187, 189, 191, 193, 195, 197, 199, 201, 203, 205, 207, 209, 211, 213, 215, 217, 219, 221, 223, 225, 227, 229, 231, 233, 235, 237, 239, 241, 243, 245, 247, 249, 251, 253, 255, 257, 259, 261, 263, 265, 267, 269, 271, 273, 275, 277, 279, 281, 283, 285, 287, 289, 291, 293, 295, 297, 299, 301, 303, 305, 307, 309, 311, 313, 315, 317, 319, 321, 323, 325, 327, 329, 331, 333, 335, 337, 339, 341, 343, 345, 347, 349, 351, 353, 355, 357, 359, 361, 363, 365, 367, 369, 371, 373, 375, 377, 379, 381, 383, 385, 387, 389, 391, 393, 395, 397, 399, 401, 403, 405, 407, 409, 411, 413, 415, 417, 419, 421, 423, 425, 427, 429, 431, 433, 435, 437, 439, 441, 443, 445, 447, 449, 451, 453, 455, 457, 459, 461, 463, 465, 467, 469, 471, 473, 475, 477, 479, 481, 483, 485, 487, 489, 491, 493, 495, 497, 499, 501, 503, 505, 507, 509, 511, 513, 515, 517, 519, 521, 523, 525, 527, 529, 531, 533, 535, 537, 539, 541, 543, 545, 547, 549, 551, 553, 555, 557, 559, 561, 563, 565, 567, 569, 571, 573, 575, 577, 579, 581, 583, 585, 587, 589, 591, 593, 595, 597, 599, 601, 603, 605, 607, 609, 611, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621, 623, 625, 627, 629, 631, 633, 635, 637, 639, 641, 643, 645, 647, 649, 651, 653, 655, 657, 659, 661, 663, 665, 667, 669, 671, 673, 675, 677, 679, 681, 683, 685, 687, 689, 691, 693, 695, 697, 699, 701, 703, 705, 707, 709, 711, 713, 715, 717, 719, 721, 723, 725, 727, 729, 731, 733, 735, 737, 739, 741, 743, 745, 747, 749, 751, 753, 755, 757, 759, 761, 763, 765, 767, 769, 771, 773, 775, 777, 779, 781, 783, 785, 787, 789, 791, 793, 795, 797, 799, 801, 803, 805, 807, 809, 811, 813, 815, 817, 819, 821, 823, 825, 827, 829, 831, 833, 835, 837, 839, 841, 843, 845, 847, 849, 851, 853, 855, 857, 859, 861, 863, 865, 867, 869, 871, 873, 875, 877, 879, 881, 883, 885, 887, 889, 891, 893, 895, 897, 899, 901, 903, 905, 907, 909, 911, 913, 915, 917, 919, 921, 923, 925, 927, 929, 931, 933, 935, 937, 939, 941, 943, 945, 947, 949, 951, 953, 955, 957, 959, 961, 963, 965, 967, 969, 971, 973, 975, 977, 979, 981, 983, 985, 987, 989, 991, 993, 995, 997, 999.

GIRLS TOUCHING LETTER.

Affecting Story From the Incidents of the Wreck of the Drummond Castle.

English hearts in all quarters of the world will ever respect and admire the kindly conduct of the French nasher-folk concerning their fellow-passengers who perished last summer with the ill-fated Drummond Castle, and the personal sacrifices made by many in providing Christian burial for the remains. Among others of the passengers so swiftly overtaken of death, was a young child, Alice Reid, whose sadly beautiful funeral has been duly recorded, the description of how a mother carried the coffin, her young daughter following with a wreath to lay on the grave, touching the hearts of many, among them the Bible class at St. Luke's Church, Montreal, who forwarded to the little girl a small gift as an appreciation of sympathy. They have lately received the following reply, accompanied by the portrait of the two little dames:

Ouessant Island, France, Sept. 29, 1896.

To the members of the Bible class of St. Luke's Church, Montreal:

Your heart was touched at the sight of the picture of the funeral of the little Alice Reid, and you saw fit to send to the Ouessant little girl who carried the wreath the nice sum of 25 francs, as a token of your sincere affection and of your gratitude.

I am that Ouessant little girl and I send you my photograph as a mark of my gratitude. As you see, I am not tall, but nevertheless I am 8 years old. My name is Marie Françoise Breton. My next younger sister is on my right, and her name is Marie Jeanne. She will be six years old on Feb. 26. I have two other little sisters.

I have someone writing all this for me, for, unfortunately, I cannot yet write. Being the eldest of four children, my mother wanted me to read, and my little sisters, I am now going to school, and good Sister Desirée is our teacher. We are nearly ninety in the class. We first learn to read and then to write. The good sister also teaches us our prayers. I know before going to school, thanks to my mother, whose name is Marie Nicole Berthele, daughter of Joseph Berthele, who resided Mr. Marquand, the only surviving passenger on the Drummond Castle.

I shall pray for my benefactors of Montreal, that God may preserve them from all sin and receive them hereafter in His holy paradise.

The body of little Alice Reid had been recovered by the same Joseph Berthele.

Then come the following lines in the mother's own handwriting: "I, Marie Nicole Berthele, mother of Marie Françoise Breton, thank with all my heart the people of Montreal who have given my daughter so generous and so spontaneous a gift."

(Signed) "MARIE NICOLE BERTHELE."

"I thought you never going to speak to Harold again as long as you lived," said one girl.

"I know I did say so," replied the other; "it was not my fault I broke the resolution."

"How did it happen?"

"He called me up over the telephone."

A good cricket story is told of the late Bishop of Rochester. He was batting in a local cricket match when the bowler sent a ball very wide of the wicket.

"Keep the ball in the parish!" cried the frantically bishop.

The next ball miserably hit his lordship's middle stump out. The yokel shouted: "I think that's somewhere about the diocese, my lord."

An old minister in Ohio was rigorously opposed to an educated ministry. "Why, my preaching," said he, "every young man who is going to preach thinks he must be off to some college and study a year or two in Latin. All nonsense! All wrong! What did Peter and Paul know about Greek? Why, not a word, my brethren. Not Peter and Paul preached in the plain old English, and so will I."

It seems impossible to suppress rivalries between pulpits which are neighbors. We read of a case lately. A pastor in a large town started a series of sermons to young men. The sermons drew large audiences, when a pastor not far off started a series to young women. Very soon it was found that the young men were going where the girls were, and the first series was speedily brought to a close.

A good story is told of a self-respecting carpenter who was sent to make some repairs in a private house. As he entered the room in which the work was to be done, accompanied by his apprentice, the lady of the house called out, "Mary, see that my jewel case is locked." The carpenter, who stood, and as he was an honest man, he was indignant. He had his opportunity, however, to remove his watch and chain from his waistcoat with a significant air, and gave them to his apprentice.

"John," he said, "take these back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."

Elder Baker, who flourished in a rural district of New England a good many years ago, was a strictly honest but painfully frank old man. One day he was approached by old Zeke Bill, a man of doubtful reputation, who said:

"Lookee, here, elder, I want to make a request of you, and it is this: I want you to preach a funeral sermon, if you outlive me."

"Why, certainly, Zeke, certainly."

"An' I want you to preach it from the text, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

"I'll do it, Zeke, and I'll add that I'm sorry there's such a poor specimen in the coffin."

OCEAN DERELICTS.

Dangers Arising From Floating Wrecks on the Atlantic Ocean.

Mr. J. Cumming Macdonald, M.P., writes to the London Times as follows:

"On Thursday last the British steamer Storm King arrived at Antwerp and reported having sighted, in latitude 40° 55' north and longitude 50° 50' west, an immense derelict, a steamer of 4,000 tons, floating level upwards. Can any statement be more startling, or one that can convey greater terror than this unvarnished, simple story from the sea? For consider what it means. That a derelict of 4,000 tons floating about right in the track of our ocean-going steamers, with no light to show its whereabouts at night, or sound or voice to indicate its presence, lies there, a solid water-sodden bulk, a veritable death-trap of the deep, ready to engulf the sailors and passengers on the first sailing or steam ship that strikes it."

"About the same time reaches us news of the inter-ocean race between the Cunard liner Lucania from Liverpool, and the American liner St. Louis, from Southampton. Can any one doubt for a single moment that either of these flying monsters of the deep, plowing the ocean at from 18 to 20 miles an hour, ran upon this derelict in the night, and in the twinkling of an eye, be shattered to pieces and sink to the bottom, carrying with it and anchoring into eternity many thousands of souls? Is it not a crime for any Government whose interest it is to guard and protect the lives of its people to neglect taking proper precaution to avoid the possibility of so fearful a catastrophe?"

"Why, my brethren," said he, "every young man who is going to preach thinks he must be off to some college and study a year or two in Latin. All nonsense! All wrong! What did Peter and Paul know about Greek? Why, not a word, my brethren. Not Peter and Paul preached in the plain old English, and so will I."

It seems impossible to suppress rivalries between pulpits which are neighbors. We read of a case lately. A pastor in a large town started a series of sermons to young men. The sermons drew large audiences, when a pastor not far off started a series to young women. Very soon it was found that the young men were going where the girls were, and the first series was speedily brought to a close.

A good story is told of a self-respecting carpenter who was sent to make some repairs in a private house. As he entered the room in which the work was to be done, accompanied by his apprentice, the lady of the house called out, "Mary, see that my jewel case is locked." The carpenter, who stood, and as he was an honest man, he was indignant. He had his opportunity, however, to remove his watch and chain from his waistcoat with a significant air, and gave them to his apprentice.

"John," he said, "take these back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."

Elder Baker, who flourished in a rural district of New England a good many years ago, was a strictly honest but painfully frank old man. One day he was approached by old Zeke Bill, a man of doubtful reputation, who said:

"Lookee, here, elder, I want to make a request of you, and it is this: I want you to preach a funeral sermon, if you outlive me."

"Why, certainly, Zeke, certainly."

"An' I want you to preach it from the text, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

"I'll do it, Zeke, and I'll add that I'm sorry there's such a poor specimen in the coffin."

A DEER AT A DANCE.

Unexpected Appearance of a Buck While Merry-making Was Going On.

"Deer are so thick in Maine that they may be found everywhere," the sportsman's papers say. A local paper up in the State, while printing the following story sent in by a correspondent at one of the neighboring settlements:

"Mr. John Sturgess gave a party at his place last Tuesday night. About twenty couples were present, and all appeared to enjoy themselves, especially the newly-engaged couple from Leven's Bridge. They had a dance in the kitchen, and it was so warm that both sides doors were open. Abe Lensen played the fiddle, while his brother Sam did most of the calling off."

"About 1 o'clock the shepherd dog belonging to Robert Simmons, a neighbor of Mr. Sturgess, was heard barking, but no attention was paid to it, till all of a sudden Miss Alice, the daughter of Sturgess, who was standing in the doorway cooling off after a set, squealed and dodged back so quickly that she sat down in Abe Lensen's lap. The next moment a great big buck deer plunged through the door, across the room and out of the opposite door, with the Simmons dog close to its heels. One of the deer's horns hit the side of the door and made a dent half an inch wide and a quarter of an inch deep. The deer's hoofs struck the floor twice, and in each place the dent they made was plainly seen in the wood. No one here ever heard the like of that before."

Windsor Salt

Purest and Best for Table and Dairy No adulteration. Never cakes.

A Laugh--A Smile.

"I'm going to quit drinking the water from that iron spring."
"Why so?"
"My nails are getting so tough I can hardly trim them any more."

"That is the third bicyclist who has barked himself against me this morning," mused the wayside tree, without hurting me a bit. Take it all in all, I am more skinned against than skinning."

Harry—I cannot offer you wealth, Marie; my brains are all the fortune I possess.
Marie—Oh, Harry, if you are so badly off as that I am afraid papa will never give his consent.

Mr. Wiggins (on the lounge)—Edward, I wish you wouldn't make so much noise. I want to take a nap.
Edward (resentfully)—Well, so did I this morning, pa, when you were trying to get me out of bed.

A gentleman in jumping off a street car the other day fell and rolled into the gutter. While brushing the dirt from his clothes, a little girl ran up and said: "Mister, please do it again; mamma didn't see you that time."

An Irishman meeting another asked what had become of their old acquaintance, Patrick Murphy. "Arrah, now, dear honey," answered the other, "poor Pat was condemned to be hung, but he saved his life by dying in prison."

Jim Webster—Has ye heard dat my son 'Rastus' tuck a premium at de school 'examination?'
Sam Johnson—Jess quit braggin' about your son 'Rastus' takin' premiums. Didn't my pig get de blue ribbon at de county fair?

"Does Mr. Hicks take any interest in politics?"
"Yes, Great."

"Which side?"
"The wrong side."

"And which is that?"
"I don't know—but I know Hicks."

"I thought you never going to speak to Harold again as long as you lived," said one girl.

"I know I did say so," replied the other; "it was not my fault I broke the resolution."

"How did it happen?"

"He called me up over the telephone."

A good cricket story is told of the late Bishop of Rochester. He was batting in a local cricket match when the bowler sent a ball very wide of the wicket.

"Keep the ball in the parish!" cried the frantically bishop.

The next ball miserably hit his lordship's middle stump out. The yokel shouted: "I think that's somewhere about the diocese, my lord."

An old minister in Ohio was rigorously opposed to an educated ministry. "Why, my preaching," said he, "every young man who is going to preach thinks he must be off to some college and study a year or two in Latin. All nonsense! All wrong! What did Peter and Paul know about Greek? Why, not a word, my brethren. Not Peter and Paul preached in the plain old English, and so will I."

It seems impossible to suppress rivalries between pulpits which are neighbors. We read of a case lately. A pastor in a large town started a series of sermons to young men. The sermons drew large audiences, when a pastor not far off started a series to young women. Very soon it was found that the young men were going where the girls were, and the first series was speedily brought to a close.

A good story is told of a self-respecting carpenter who was sent to make some repairs in a private house. As he entered the room in which the work was to be done, accompanied by his apprentice, the lady of the house called out, "Mary, see that my jewel case is locked." The carpenter, who stood, and as he was an honest man, he was indignant. He had his opportunity, however, to remove his watch and chain from his waistcoat with a significant air, and gave them to his apprentice.

"John," he said, "take these back to the shop. It seems that this house isn't safe."

Elder Baker, who flourished in a rural district of New England a good many years ago, was a strictly honest but painfully frank old man. One day he was approached by old Zeke Bill, a man of doubtful reputation, who said:

"Lookee, here, elder, I want to make a request of you, and it is this: I want you to preach a funeral sermon, if you outlive me."

"Why, certainly, Zeke, certainly."

"An' I want you to preach it from the text, 'An honest man is the noblest work of God.'"

"I'll do it, Zeke, and I'll add that I'm sorry there's such a poor specimen in the coffin."

Medical Inhalation Co.

NO. 2 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

Over 40,000 CONSUMPTIVES HAVE USED DR. SLOCUM'S .PSYCHINE..

FOR CONSUMPTION, and it is now recommended by the best Physicians. It gives Appetite, digestion, and strength to the feeble and emaciated. Warranted to perform all that is claimed. The best remedy known to ripen and expel all impure matter from the lungs. Surpasses all other medicines for curing a Cough or any Pulmonary Disorders.

Price \$1.50 and \$3.00 per Bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.

The T. A. SLOCUM CHEMICAL CO., LTD. Mfrs. and Proprietors. TORONTO, ONT.

Word Commercial Agency

MERCANTILE REPORTS. COLLECTIONS. Personal attention given to slow pay accounts.

162 St. James Street, Montreal.

26 Front Street West, Toronto.

NO WIGS NECESSARY

if you have your scalp treated by us. Our treatment never fails.

MADAME IRELAND

211 Dundas Street, W. 71

A QUEBEC CITY WONDER!

Mr. Hamilton is Completely Cured by PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND.



Mr. Hamilton, 10 Ursule St., Quebec, P.Q., writes as follows: "Having been a sufferer for over ten years from nervous debility, as well as a wreck physically, I have now the pleasure to say that I have been restored to health by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. "For years I had tried almost all other medicines for my troubles, but they all failed to meet my desperate ailments. Life to me was a burden and not worth living. My pastor recommended me to try Paine's Celery Compound, and I am now a well and healthy man. "Before using the Compound I had no appetite; now I cannot get enough to eat. "I find that Paine's Celery Compound calms and soothes the nerves, induces refreshing sleep, and strengthens the digestive organs. In my estimation it is nature's food for the brain. I might also add that the Compound is a perfect purifier of the blood, as I have found after testing and proving it. "I would heartily recommend Paine's Celery Compound to all who are suffering from complaints that made my life miserable in the past."

SILVERWARE

OF THE HIGHEST GRADE. THE QUESTION "WILL IT WEAR?" NEED NEVER BE ASKED IF YOUR GOODS BEAR THE TRADE MARK OF 1847 ROGERS BROS.

AS THIS IN ITSELF GUARANTEES THE QUALITY. BE SURE THE PREFIX 1847 IS STAMPED ON EVERY ARTICLE. THESE GOODS HAVE STOOD THE TEST HALF A CENTURY. SOLD BY FIRST CLASS DEALERS.

Reid's Hardware

FOR Family Meat Cutters. Oilcloth Binding. Weather Strips. Coal Scoops.

SEE THE Ideal Ash Sifter. 118 (north side) Dundas Street.

Western Advertiser

For 1896-7. BALANCE OF 1896 FREE.

Free to You?

HAVE YOU CATARRH? If you send your name and address and we will forward you by return mail three trial bottles of our celebrated Catarrh Remedy FREE OF ALL CHARGE. Do not delay. Write at once, enclosing fee in stamps for a post age. We want this remedy introduced into every Canadian home.

Medical Inhalation Co.

NO. 2 COLLEGE ST., TORONTO, ONT.

Over 40,000 CONSUMPTIVES HAVE USED DR. SLOCUM'S .PSYCHINE..

FOR CONSUMPTION, and it is now recommended by the best Physicians. It gives Appetite, digestion, and strength to the feeble and emaciated. Warranted to perform all that is claimed. The best remedy known to ripen and expel all impure matter from the lungs. Surpasses all other medicines for curing a Cough or any Pulmonary Disorders.

Price \$1.50 and \$3.00 per Bottle. For Sale by all Druggists.