

for you; and there is such a good professor there if you want music and singing."

Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow talked it over that evening. They had been at Dieppe two years running, and were quite prepared to like the prospect of a change. They talked it over also with an old Scotch lady, a Miss Macdonald, who was present with a very delicate niece. They were all sociable people, and they made a plan to go together to St. Didier at the end of the week, to see whether they liked it.

Blanche threw herself into Madame Berthe's arms that night, and said, "I knew it would be so! I knew it! I prayed so hard at the 'Grande Messe' this morning."

"Do not hope too much," said the old woman in her grumbling voice; "remember how many people came and looked at St. Didier and went away again."

"Ah! but they will not this time," said Blanche, hopefully; "I have prayed too much."

There was something in the sweet bright faith that shone in Blanche's lovely eyes that checked Madame Berthe, and she did not give vent to the peevish doubt which arose in her mind.

The next morning they left Nantes determining to return to St. Didier in time to prepare for the appearance of their new acquaintances. There were many English at Tours, and Blanche managed to talk of St. Didier to two people: one an old gentleman who was not at all likely to want sea-bathing; the other a French lady, who drank in her description of the place eagerly, and questioned her methodically as to prices, advantages, and terms of leases, ending by promising to come and see the place by the end of the month.

The old gentleman, Dr. Price, shook his head, and laughed a little over Blanche's description of the good bathing. She had repeated her little story till she almost knew it by heart, making no secret of her own deep interest in the success of the place. She told every one that it was all new, quite new; that, in fact, that was one of its advantages. After that Blanche and Madame Berthe returned home.

Monsieur Legros heard all they had to tell with great interest; he gave Blanche carte blanche to promise all they asked for, to the expected visitors, if only they would come and take the houses.

On one fine Thursday evening they arrived, Mr. and Mrs. Brownlow and Miss Macdonald; they had left all the young people behind, being very doubtful as to St. Didier.

"It is probably a wild-goose chase," said Mr. Brownlow, as they drove up to the hotel. "But that little woman was quite irresistible."

"How wonderfully sweet and fresh the air is!" answered his wife. "I long to get down on to those beautiful sands."

The next morning was beautiful, the sky cloudless, the sea almost purple, bounded by the band of snow-white foam which outlined the grand rocks; the pink and blue and green houses looked gay and sunshiny; and Blanche, looking very dainty and pretty, did the honours of the houses one after another. They looked at so many that her large eyes began to look wistful and startled. Was it to be a failure after all?

That day passed and the night came. Nothing was said. The difficulty was Miss Macdonald, who could not make up her mind as to the exposed situation of the place being good for her invalid niece.

The omnibus that evening brought a new visitor to the hotel, Dr. Price himself. He merely ordered his portmanteau to be taken in, and immediately walked off down to the sands. The whole party met at *table d'hôte*, and Miss Macdonald was seated next to the Doctor.

In answer to her hesitating question of what he thought of the place, his answer was enthusiastic.

"Why, ma'am, it fulfils every sanitary condition! The right aspect—everything! I do not see what any one could wish for more."

After another long consultation two notes were despatched to Monsieur Legros by Mr. Brownlow and Miss Macdonald.

Blanche watched her husband as he read them, and read the answer in his face.

"We have begun at last," he said, and for a moment covered his face with his hands.

"It is all right!" she whispered, for her voice seemed to go.

"It is all right; they wish to take the blue house, and the English Miss Macdonald 'les Roisiers.'"

The next morning Dr. Price called on Monsieur Legros and engaged the little house with the arcade, not for the summer, but for a year. He then asked for the refusal of two or three other houses pending letters from England.

"I have long been looking for just such a place as this for my patients," he said, pompously.

In a few weeks St. Didier was all alive. The Scotch tradition proved true: a large family of brothers and sisters followed Miss Macdonald; they brought friends of their own; the place began to be talked about. Dr. Price proved to be the most important fish that the net of Blanche's charms had landed. He was a physician of considerable eminence, who, having made his fortune, had retired into private life, reserving to himself only a certain number of favourite patients. He seized upon St. Didier and at once made it his hobby. He recommended it, he superintended the drainage, he caused baths—douche, hot salt baths, and other invalid luxuries—to be established; he

established himself there; and before another year was over, Monsieur Legros had not a single house or apartment unlet on his hands.

Then, and not till then, did Monsieur and Madame Benoit come to St. Didier, accompanied by Jean—Jean, who had outgrown his first love, and who had now a moustache. He was prepared to ignore the sentiment which had made him persevere in his speculation in St. Didier, and was proud of boasting that he had had the foresight to see what would really come of it.

Madame Berthe continued to be very cross, but never to Blanche now.

"Of all my Camille's speculations, thou hast turned out best," she said at once to her daughter-in-law; and there was little doubt that Legros thought so also.

They stood together one day looking down on the little crowd assembled listening to a band, all gay, bright, and *riant*, and Blanche pressed her husband's hand.

"It is a great success, *mon ami*, is it not?" she said. "And for success one must thank God."

"I will; I do," he answered, earnestly.

Legros was a kinder and a better man for the success of his great speculation.

THE END.

A SIMPLE "CULLUD" MAN.

"I have come to you for some advice, Kurnel, as I don't know nuffin' about pollytics," said an old coloured man to a candidate for Congress; "we ain't fit now to mix up in pollytics."

"Why, uncle Mose, I look upon you as one of the most intelligent of your race! I can learn from you."

The old man shook his head deprecatingly, and, producing a nickel, asked,

"Kurnel, how much am a nickel wuff?"

"Ha, ha, ha—very good! I have always said there is mere genuine humour in the African race than in any other."

"But, serious, boss, how much is it wuff?"

"Five cents."

"Jes' zamine dat ar' coin, boss, and lemme know hits cash value."

The candidate took the coin, examined it, and returned it with the remark that it was not worth anything, as it was a bad nickel.

"But s'posin' I controls fifty votes ob de risin' sons ob liberty?"

"A most worthy organization."

"And s'posin' I was to tell dem voters dat a prominent candidate had cheated dis old niggah?"

"Who was it?" asked the candidate breathlessly.

"Nebber mind, boss; I's hunting for information now. S'posin' I was to tell 'em one ob de candidates had gub me dat lead nickel?"

The candidate looked worried, and again asked the name of the fiendish candidate.

"You art de man! You gub me dat ar' nickel in de change for whitewashin' yore fence. I has done work for all de odder four candidates, and you is de only one who has taken advantage ob de ignorance and simplicity ob de culled race. De secret has been confined to my own breast, but hit am strugglin' foah freedom."

Boss, how much did I hear you say dis lead nickel ham wuff in a close election like dis heah one is gwine to be?"

The Caucasian statesman rested his massive brow on his hand and thought, and thought, and thought.

"Hit's getting late, and dar am a bizness meetin' ob de risin' sons dis evening."

The statesman wrote in a bold round hand "Fifty dollars" on a blotting pad, and pushed it across the table.

The old man took the pencil and changed the fifty dollars into one hundred dollars.

"They will not support any other candidate!"

"Does I look like a deceptive unreliable niggah? Does I look like a fictitious cullud man? De risin' sons will rally 'round yer like yer was a demijohn."

The money was paid over, the candidate remarking, "This is my contribution towards establishing a school in your ward. I want to see the coloured man more intelligent, I do."

"I hope dar am no moah lead nickels in dis money."

"I hope so too."

"We needs schools powerful bad, becase we is ignorant and liable to be tuck in by designin' bad men."

"But, now, give me that nickel."

"Heah it am. I ain't got no moah use foah it. You is de las' candidate I have been to see wid dat ar' nickel. I have don clared more den three hundred dollars wid dat nickel. All de odder tree candidates has done paid up dar assessments, heah, heah!"—and the old scoundrel went off into one of his indescribable guffaws.

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

Do not take such vile trash as cheap Whiskey Bitters and stimulants that only pander to a depraved appetite. Buadock Blood Bitters is a pure vegetable medicine, not a drink. It cleanses the blood and builds up the system. Sample bottles 10 cents.

HEARTH AND HOME.

MATERIALS OF SERMONS.—Reasons are the pillars of the fabric of a sermon, but similitudes are the windows which give the best light. The faithful minister avoids such stories whose mention may suggest bad thoughts to the auditors, and will not use a light comparison to make thereof a grave application, for fear lest his poison go further than his antidote.—*Fuller*.

THE TWO WAYS.—When we pick a person to pieces, expose his follies, criticise his manners, question his motives, and condemn his actions, we are making, not the best, but the worst of him. If, on the contrary, we search for his good points and bring them to the front, if we make all allowance for his faults and errors and withdraw them as much as possible from the notice of others, we are making the best of him, both in appearance and reality. In shielding his reputation we are preserving for him the respect of others, which goes far towards promoting his own self-respect.

POPULAR PHRASES MISUNDERSTOOD.—"Honesty is the best policy" may be mentioned as a saying which is often wrongly interpreted. Of course, really honest people are not likely to put any but the true construction upon that phrase, which means, "Honesty is best, because it is right;" but is that the incentive which actuates the classes whose ideas are rather hazy on the subject of "mine and thine?" I fear not. For instance, a ragged urchin picks up a purse containing money; he knows that should he discover the owner he will most likely be rewarded, and he also knows that, in the event of his keeping the purse, he would almost certainly be detected and punished; he is aware of the penalty and prefers not to run the risk; so that the "best policy," according to his idea, is not the reward of a good conscience, but the prospect of a bit of silver as a recompense for his self-denial in not keeping what does not belong to him! It would be well if parents and teachers would inculcate the true meaning of this saying, and others of the same kind.—*Tinsleys' Magazine*.

CHANGING THEIR BASE.—The legend runs that the fine Norman Church of Godshill, in the Isle of Wight, was to have been built in the valley, but the builders every morning found the previous day's work had been destroyed during the night and the stones carried to the top of the hill. Considering this a Divine indication where the holy structure was to be built, they accordingly reared it on that prominent site, where for miles round it still forms a graceful and beautiful object. A similar legend is related with reference to the Church of Ste. Marie du Castel, in Guernsey, where it is currently reported that fairies were the agents, while others assert it was the work of angels. Indeed it would appear that in days gone by the invisible beings, of whatever nature they were, who, according to tradition, so often interfered in the building of some sacred edifice, generally selected for its site the most inconvenient spot, and not infrequently a steep hill. The Church of Breodon, in Leicestershire, for instance, stands on a high hill, with the village at its foot. Tradition, however, says that when the site of the church was first fixed upon, a central spot in the village was chosen. The foundations were not only dug, but the builders commenced the fabric. It was to no purpose; for all they built in the course of the day was carried away by doves during the night-time, and skilfully built exactly in the same manner on the hill where the church stands. Both founder and workmen, awed and terrified by this extraordinary procedure, were afraid to build the church on its original site, and agreed to finish the one begun by the doves.—*Chamber's Journal*.

VARIETIES.

AN AMERICAN WOMAN LECTURER advertises herself as a "child of nature, wearing the unmistakable crown of genius, and doing her share in the ever-appointed work of genius, the work of 'making the whole world kin.' She brings with her the electricity of the North—the brilliancy of the aurora-borealis—and all who meet her are magnetized."

ANECDOTE OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.—An interesting anecdote of Lord Beaconsfield when quite a young man has recently been given to the world, by one who knew him. Lord Lytton (then Edward Bulwer) entertained at dinner four gentlemen, who afterwards became distinguished—viz., Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton), Alexander Cockburn (Lord Chief Justice, lately deceased), Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield), and Henry Bulwer (Lord Dalling). None of them were then personally acquainted with Disraeli, who came late; and a strange appearance he made. He was then a far more athletic figure than you imagine him, perhaps; he appeared in a daring coat of bright colour, a yellow waistcoat, green velvet trousers, and low shoes with silver buckles. The impression he made was not favourable. They sat down to dinner, and every man talked his best, and there was such a bright rattle of conversation as you may suppose. "We were all in good cue, all emulous, and all well satisfied with ourselves, depend on it. There was not one among us who had not plenty of confidence in himself at all times, and more than a hope of future greatness; and yet if when we separated we had each been taken aside and put upon our honour to say who was the cleverest man in the party, every one of us would have answered, 'The man in the green velvet trousers.'"

OVERWORK OF YOUNG BRAINS.—A great deal of nonsense has been said and written about the "overwork" of mature brains, and there are grounds for believing that an excuse has been sought for idleness or indulgence in a valetudinarian habit, in the popular outcry on this subject which awhile ago attracted much attention. But according to the testimony of the most eminent physiologists there can be no room to question the extreme peril of "overwork" to growing children and youths with undeveloped brains. The excessive use of an immature organ arrests its development by diverting the energy which should be appropriated to its growth and consuming it in work. What happens to horses which are allowed to run races too early happens to boys and girls who are overworked at school. The competitive system as applied to youths has produced a most ruinous effect on the mental constitution which this generation has to hand down to the next, and particularly the next but one ensuing. School work should be purely and exclusively directed to development. "Cramming" the young for examination purposes is like compelling an infant in arms to sit up before the muscles of its back are strong enough to support it in the upright position, or to sustain the weight of its body on its legs by standing while as yet the limbs are unable to bear the burden imposed on them. A crooked spine or weak or contorted legs is the inevitable penalty of such folly.

It has been widely stated that the world was to end this year, but according to latest American advices the event is postponed until 1888. "It is not much," the calculator, who lives in Brooklyn, U.S.A., observed to a reporter, "but it is something." Of course the reporter asked how the sum was worked out, and intimated that 1881 was a more mystic sort of date as it not only read backward and forward the same, which no year will do again till 1991, but absolutely bristled with nines which ever way you took it. But the mathematician did not accept the conclusion. He had, he protested, constructed a view of the end of the world which fixes things satisfactorily up to 1888. In the first place the Millennium begins in the year 6000 A.M. "But why does—," the reporter began to inquire, to be interrupted, however, by the theorist, who said, "That has been well established," in a tone which induced his interlocutor to reply, "Oh, yes, of course. Certainly." A chronological table was then unfolded, and a not altogether unknown collection of dates were added together. There were 1,956 years to the flood, the reign of Saul was added in, as also the reigns of Darius, Xerxes, and Artaxerxes. Why those were chosen and others omitted the inquirer could not exactly make out, but his instructor was satisfied. The figures, when all had been put down, amounted to a total of 4,112, which, with the present year of grace, 1881, makes 5,993, just seven short of the 6,000. Only one deduction, the mathematician proudly explained, was possible. A.D. 1888 equals A.M. 6000. Q.E.D. There was nothing for it but to admit that, supposing all the figures were put down for a sufficient reason, the arithmetic was unimpeachable. The prophet was happy, but the reporter is still a little uncertain.

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CURIOSITY HAS OFTEN BEEN EXCITED by the name Thomas' Electric Oil. What does *Electric* mean? ask the enquirers. In answer, we would say it is a word coined from two Greek derivatives, meaning *selected* and *electrized*, or rendered electric. The reason for its choice is this: The oils, six in number, which are its constituents, are *selected* with the utmost care for their purity and medicinal value. The article is *electrized* or rendered electric by contact with and rubbing upon the skin when applied outwardly. The preparation is one, however, which is as reliable for internal as for external use, and since it contains only grains conducive to health, may be swallowed with perfect confidence that it will produce no other than a beneficial effect. It is used with signal success for rheumatism, throat and lung complaints, neuralgia, piles, stiffness of the joints, scalds, burns, &c., as well as for diseases and injuries of horses and cattle. Sold by all medicine dealers. Prepared by NORTHROP & LYMAN, Toronto, Ont.