

HUMAN DOCUMENTS RE-READ.By *R. W. Dillon.*

On the bookshelves of Nature they stand, thousands upon thousands of them: bound in cloth and calf and buckskin; everyone of them true. They may not be judged by their titles nor rejected for the coarseness of their language. Spending their years as a tale that is told; a wise man of old has said. What tale, of what author, shall vie in interest, in vitality, in influence with these human documents, that even the most learned of us cannot always read as we run; though they may readily be deciphered by the children at their play? Do you doubt all this? Then it will be good for you to follow Longfellow and "read the things that are still unread in the manuscripts of God" — the original author of them all. And whether it be prose or poetry, tragedy or comedy you desire, you shall find them all here. Come, let us to the bookshelves.

The Story of Mary.

"Wedding in High Life." This is a favorite headline in society papers, and a frequent topic of conversation amongst certain people. Such weddings are usually characterized by a great deal of splurge and show. To be in a fashionable set and not to be invited to the wedding of one of its members is to be insulted, if we judge aright the conversation of two ladies on a Bank street car the other evening. They were speaking of the wedding of a certain Geraldine to which they thought they ought to have been invited. I sympathize with them. I have received no invitation to the wedding of Geraldine myself, — indeed the name is sufficient to indicate that. But there has not been altogether wanting in my life the most that there is in a wedding, for I have been at the wedding of Mary. And so have you, gentle reader, have you not?

You remember how you, and most of the other young men and women for miles around, drove up to her father's home that afternoon, dressed in your best. It was only a cottage at the top of a hill, but the old man had got a new coat of paint on it; white, with the window blinds in light green; and the burdocks had been mown in the door yard, and there were half a dozen new hitching posts near the grindstone, under the rafters where the turkeys used to roost. The grape vine over the door was trimmed, and even the heavy plank floor of the great woodshed had been swept. In the best room, with its rag carpet smiling in bright colors, its little old sacred melodeon over in the corner, its gilt-frame steel engraving of the Queen, its immaculate curtains of muslin waving softly in the breath of the hay that came in at the window, you found most of your neighbors' young people with Mary's father looking important and her mother half inclined to be tearful. A half dozen young girls giggled when they saw your first real kid gloves; your hands weighed about a ton apiece

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