We carry all our neighbour's crimes in sight and throw all our own over our shoulder.

If You Don't Believe It, Ask Any German, and he will convince you that St. Jacobs Oil is the most wonderful remedy that has ever been brought before the public. Rheumatism of many years standing has yielded immediately to its almost magical influence. As many have expressed it, its action is electrical, seeming to drive the pain before it until all discomforts leaves the body and the warm glow of health and comfort remains. It is a certain cure neuralgia, giving immediate relief upon the first application, and curing, in a short time, the most inveterate cases.

Children's Department.

THE CROWN OF LIFE.

Childhood's years are passing o'er us,
Youthful days will soon be done;
Cares and sorrows lie before us,
Hidden dangers, snares unknown.
Oh, may he who, meek and lowly,
Trod himself this vale of woe,
Make us his, and make us holy,
Guard and guide us while we go.

Hark! it is the Saviour calling,
"Little children, follow me!"
Jesus, keep our feet from falling;
Teach us all to follow thee.
Soon we part—it may be never,
Never here to meet again;
Oh, to meet in heaven for ever!
Oh, the crown of life to gain!

A SMART SCHOLAR.

A zealous Sunday-school teacher who had endeavoured to teach her class of boys lessons of temperance, in every way shewing them the folly and danger of using intoxicating liquors, was very much surprised one Sunday by one of her boys exclaiming: "I have been reading a book lately, teacher, and it says that every boy ought to drink, lie, and steal!"

Of course the teacher was shocked that any book should give such bad advice, and inquired more particularly into the matter, telling the boy that such a book was not fit for him to read.

Looking up at her with an amused smile, he replied: "Oh! I didn't tell you all; it says that every boy ought to drink nothing but cold water, lie on a good bed, and steal away from bad company. I think so, too; don't you?"

TAD'S BATTLE.

Thaddeus Granger, better known as "Tad," was a hero, a real hero, though but twelve years had passed over his resolute young head with it mass of curling hair and bright brown eyes. Even from his infancy he had constantly been in mischief of an adventurous sort, and when first toddling about the door or barn-yard—his father being a farmer—he had had combats innumerable with vicious roosters and bloodthirsty ganders; for little Tad was no respecter of chicken or gosling, and sticks and stones were his weapons of offence and defence. As he grew older, his warlike spirit sought a broader field, for his onslaughts upon the feathered bipeds of the farm were apt to lead to upleasant interview with his mother, both humiliating to his dignity and painful to his feelings. Nothing delighted the little rascal so much as tales of adventure and stories of hair-breadth escapes, so that when he had managed to fight his way through half a dozen years, he had settled his mind upon either being a slayer of Indians or an African explorer, with a strong leaning toward the latter, due in great measure to the severe injuries received in endeavouring to scalp a neighbour's cat. And this inclination grew to a certainty in his own mind, as year succeeded year, and his brain became stored with accounts of contest with the savage denizens of trackless jungles. His bows and arrows, his wooden tomahawk and spears, were almost constantly in his hands, and he learned to use them with remarkable skill, till even his father began to look more leniently upon his boyish escapades and to talk of the time when Tad would be hunting royal Bengal tigers.

But the boy's adventures were not all vague and visionary, for only the summer before, when he was eleven years old, he had rescued the school-mistress from the sanguinary attack of a bull, which by some means had broken loose upon the highway and became infuriated at the scarlet shawl worn by the teacher. Tad had seized a stout beanpole and skirmished around the monarch of the pasture with so much agility and with such rapid thrusts and blows as to bewilder and completely conquer the snorting brute, as he charged madly this way and that in his blind rage, unable to gore the spry little urchin, and finally venting his feelings in a prolonged roar as he shook his battered nose.

All these encounters, however sank to insignificance in comparison with what happened to little Tad one fine summer afternoon. It was in haying, and Mr. Granger was busy with his gang of men in clearing a field of its well-cured and fragrant burden, when the handle of a pitchfork snapped in his stout hands, and the farmer called his boy, who was industriously engaged in capturing a bumble-bees-nest, to run over to a neighbouris and borrow, if possible, a fork to replace the one broken, as it so happened that he had no spares ones.

Little Tad quitted his battle with the venomous insects reluctantly. He had received but one sting, and had nearly annihilated the buzzing guardians of the sweet treasures. But business before pleasure. So hastly chewing a few blossoms of white-clover and applying the impromptu poultice to the smarting wound, he trotted away on the errand.

As he turned in from the road at the neighbouring farm-house a big watch-dog chained to his kennel growled savagely. Tige, as the animal was called, was noted for his strength and ferocity, and even the valiant Tad had fought shy of him, though his owner of late years had never allowed him to run at large. The men-folks were away, but a girl in the kitchen told the young applicant to go to the barn and take whatever impliment of the desired sort he could find. Tad turned his nimble footsteps toward the barn, pausing a moment to fling a club at the growling dog, who tugged vainly at his chain. The boy rattled and searched among the various farming tools at the rear of the long barn floor, finding nothing but a two-tined fork of antiquated make with blunt prongs and clumsy handle.

As he turned toward the half-opened door by which he had entered, he heard the powerful dog struggling with his chain; then something snapped, and in another instant Tige, the most dreaded dog in the settlement, bounded in and dashed toward the boy, whom the canine instincts of the watch-dog naturally mistook for a thief. One moment the boy thought to drop the pitchfork and scream for help; the next, the skill and daring of the tiger-hunter came to him, and the tines of the fork confronted the dog as the sturdy little form braced itself for the contest.

If there is any mode of warfare more disagreeable to a dog than another it is a bayonet charge, and even old Tige thought discretion the better part of valor, and checked his headlong rush at the dauntless boy, to whom all the former stories and fancies of wild and reckless encounters had become a dread, living reality. Round and round they circled the sunlight, shining in at the wide window over the barndoors, tinging the brindle sides of the dog, and lighting up with an added lustre the glittering eyes of the boy, as the little fellow skilfully parried and thrust with the fork, which kept as yet the animal at bay. But Tige was no holiday soldier, and Tad realized that he stood sadly in need of reinforcements, for, should the dog succeed in getting within the line of his defence, his puny strength would avail as nothing.

At the rear of the barn-door a flight of steps ran up to a loft, used as a granary over the "great beams" of the barn, and near the door an upright ladder was attached to a post beside the barn-floor, which was some sixty feet in length by twelve in width. The dog was growing more and more frantic with rage, while Tad's arms ached with the exertion he was compelled to make, and the little fellow knew that the battle must soon terminate. Flaming eyes and red, yawning mouths with wicked fangs seemed to threaten him on every side. If he could only reach the ladder and ascend a few rounds he would be safe, and he strove to reach the haven of safety. This exasperated the dog beyond all bounds, and he sprang furiously at the boy. But Tad's eyes where still watchful, and the steel points stood between the sharp teeth of the dog and the flesh he was so eager to mangle. The bluntness of the tines, however, prevented them from penetrating the animal's thick hide, though one of them passed under the collar around his neck as his weight forced the boy backward and wrenched the fork from his tired hands. The end of the handle struck against the side of the barn-floor, checking the dog and throwing him to one side.

Ere he could recover himself, little Tad had gained the ladder and was out of his reach. The boy went slowly up the ladder, which was some eighteen feet long, reaching to the great beams, the "bay" on that end of the barn being filled to that point and even higher with hay. The little fellow was completely wearied, and felt a grateful sense of relief as he neared the top of the hay-mow, intending to lie there till some one came to relieve him of his unpleasant guardian, who was watching him with unsatisfied vengeance from the floor below. The boy noticed a horse-pail sitting on the floor at the foot of the ladder as he took a lost look at his foiled antagonist and then crept over and lay down upon the hay.

But Tige was possessed of "gumption," as well as ferocity and strength, and as Tad lay congratulating himself upon his escape, he heard the quick bound of feet upon the stairs, and ere he could regain the ladder he was face to face with his former danger, though now wholly defenceless. The boy made a quick dash for the ladder, but the dog's teeth closed in his homespun garments as he reached the edge of the hay-mow. They paused just an instant; then the loose hay slipped with them; little Tad clutched at the ladder, and boy and dog went over and down nearly twenty feet upon the hard barn-floor beneath. As luck would have it, Tige struck first plump upon the horse-pail, breaking his own neck as well as Tad's fall by so doing, though the boy lay unconscious and the dog dead when the owner of the latter reached the barn with a load of hay shortly after.

Little Tad soon recovered, but he had lost all inclination for being a tiger-hunter.

Set Back 42 Years.—"I was troubled for many years with Kidney Complaint, Gravel, &c.; my blood became thin; I was dull and inactive; could hardly crawl about; was an old worn out man all over; could get nothing to help me, until I got Hop Bitters, and now I am a boy again. My blood and kidneys are all right, and I am as active as a man of thirty, although I am seventy-two, and I have no doubt it will do as well for others of my age. It is worth a trial.—(Father.)—*Sunday Mercury.*

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, & DEATHS.

Not exceeding Four lines, Twenty-five Cents.

Birth.

MORLEY.—In West Mono, on October 7th, the wife of the Rev. G. B. Morley of a daughter.

Death.

MACKENZIE.—At Ottawa, on 30th September, Maria, relict of the late Donald Mackenzie, M.A., aged 83. "Requiescat in pace."

PRODUCE MARKET.

Toronto, October 11th, 1881.

	$ c.	$ c.
Wheat, Fall, bush.	1 37 to	1 39
Do. Spring	1 36	1 42
Barley	85	93
Oats	42	44
Peas	75	82
Rye	95	0 97
Flour, brl.	5 75	5 90
Beef, hind quarters	6 50	8 00
Do. fore quarters	5 00	6 50
Lamb	8 00	9 00
Hogs, ₱ 100 lb	7 75	8 50
Potatoes, new bag	85	90
Carrots doz	30	40
Beets doz.	30	35
Onions, bag	85	1 20
Greens bush	60	75
Cabbage doz	50	75
Parsnips doz	30	40
Parsley, doz.	15	20
Radishes doz	15	20
Cauliflower, doz.	60	1 00
Mutton	6 00	7 00
Apples, barrel	1 50	2 00
Chickens, pair	45	50
Fowls, pair	50	60
Ducks, brace	60	0 70
Partridge brace	50	75
Geese	0 50	0 75
Turkeys	0 60	2 00
Butter, lb rolls	30	32
Do. dairy	22	24
Eggs, fresh	20	22
Wool, ₱ lb	00	24
Hay, ₱ ton	10 00	15 50
Straw, ₱ ton	10 00	10 50

Those answering an Advertisement will confer a favor upon the Advertiser and Publisher by stating that they saw the Advertisement in the DOMINION CHURCHMAN.

WOULD NOT BE WITHOUT IT.

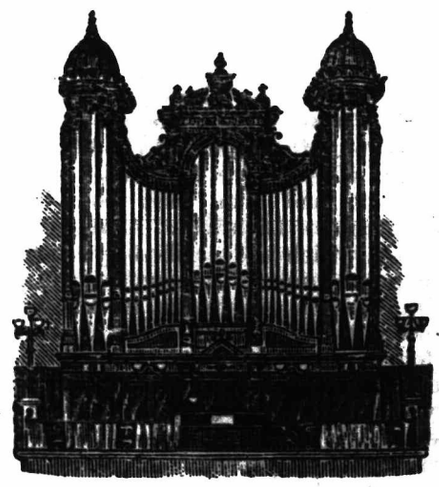
One who has fairly tested Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, though prejudiced against proprietory medicines in general, writes—"I would not rest over night without this reliable remedy for sudden attacks of Cholic, Cramps and Cholera Morbus so prevalent in the summer season. I keep a bottle ready at hand."

ESTABLISHED 1836.

S. R. Warren & Son

CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS.

Premises,---Cor. Wellesley and Ontario Streets, Toronto.



BUIDERS OF ALL THE LARGEST ORGANS IN THE DOMINION.

—THEY HAVE NOW ON HAND—

One Organ, 2 Manuals. Price, $2,300.
" " 2 " " 600.
" " 2 " " 450.

Second hand Organs at $200, $300, $500, $850, respectively.

The very highest order of workmanship and tone. Quality alwaysguaranteed.