

Gold Locks' Season.

"It is winter on Grandpa's head,"
The little girl, Gold Locks, said,
As, perched like a bird on the round of
the chair,
She brushed and patted his soft white hair.

Then, tired at last, she crept
Into his arms and slept;
And her cheeks grew red as a rose, so
warm
Was the nest of his close enfolding arm.

Before she scarcely woke
Or opened her eyes, she spoke
"I feel your heart beat, grandpa, dear,
And it's just as hot as summer here."

Ah, loving thought! We smiled
At the wisdom of the child:
For though snows do lie on his dear hair,
His heart has only summer there.
—*Youth's Companion.*

"For Mother's Sake."

"I'm done with him I've said so,
and I'll stand to it. He's disgraced
himself and my good name, and I wash
my hands of him henceforth and for-
ever."

Mrs. Arnold stood in the cottage
dowry, the sweet bloom and verdure
of the early spring-time all about her,
and listened to her husband's angry
words.

"O James," she entreated, "re-
member, he is our son!"
"I shall make it my business to for-
get it from this hour; he is no son of
mine."

"But, James, James, think what the
end may be. What if they send him
to the State prison?"

"Let him go—he deserves it."
The angry father strode away, a hard,
relentless look upon his face.

The mother stood there in the early
sunshine, her poor face white with
agony, her hands clutched hard to-
gether.

She could see the village spires from
the cottage porch, and in the village
prison her only son lay.

The trouble had come about after
this wise: Dick Arnold was confi-
dential clerk in the hardware house of
Robinson & Co., at a very fair salary.
A promising young fellow was Dick,
bright, intelligent, and as shrewd and
clever in business matters as he was
gentle and winning in his social rela-
tions. But his character had its weak
points. In the first place, he was fond
of strong drink; in the second, he had
not the courage to say "No" when
temptation assailed him.

Many a scrape poor Dick was lured
into, many a heart-ache he caused his
fond mother, many a setting down he
got from his over-severe father; but he
did not mend his ways. Nevertheless
his employers were fond of him, and
trusted him, and winked at his short-
comings.

"He's a fine fellow; he'll get all his
wild oats in, and do better after a
while," they said.

One afternoon Dick was summoned
into Mr. Robinson's private office.

"Here, Dick," said that gentleman,
putting a sealed envelope into the young
man's hands, "I want you to take this
and deliver it to Mr. Selbo, in Cov-
ington. You know the place?"

"O yes, sir."

"Very well, mind you keep steady on
your legs, my boy, and deliver it safely."

Dick put the envelope into his breast-
pocket, bowed himself out, and was
steaming on his way to Covington on
the next train.

He reached there a little before night-
fall, and feeling somewhat tired and
thirsty, he dropped in at a restaurant
for a drink. Ah, no! if there were no
such places, how much misery, and sin,
and shame would be banished from the
world! But they meet us at every
turn, these devil's dens, wherein men
are despoiled of their earnings; and their
honor. Dick went in and stumbled
right into the midst of some three or
four old cronies. They heaped up and
welcomed him with uproarious delight.

"Why, Dick, old fellow, haven't seen
you for an age! Well met, 'pon my
soul! Here, landlord, brandy and sel-
zer for four, and be spry at it."

The brassy and seltzer appeared and
vanished. A broiled steak, and oys-
ters, and crackers followed, and then
came rum to wash it all down. By
sunset poor Dick's head was in a whirl.
When darkness fell his errand was still
neglected, and he sat in the little bar
parlor, looking on while his boon com-
panions played cards, a hot bloom in
his cheeks and an insane glitter in his
handsome eyes.

"Come up, Dick, and try your luck."

"Don't care if I do," said Dick; and
at it he went.

His own purse was soon emptied,
and then—he never could clearly recall
how it all happened, but, insane from
drink and determined to retrieve his
losses—he ventured to open the sealed
envelope and to borrow a stake from

the funds intrusted to him by his em-
ployer.

"I'll soon double it," he thought,
"and then I'll replace the amount."

But he lost instead of doubling, and
then swallowed more brandy in his ex-
citement, at the invitation of his good
friends. The end was that he made a
night of it, and when the morning
dawned poor Dick found himself alone,
foraken by his friends, and the sealed
envelope and its contents both gone.

The shock sobered him. He got up
and, with his head beating like a trip-
hammer, walked back to his native
village, and seeking his employer con-
fessed all that had happened. Mr.
Robinson was greatly provoked, and at
once put the matter into the hands
of the law, and Dick Arnold was ar-
rested and sent to prison.

When the news came to his father's
ears he refused to give his son either aid
or countenance.

"I've done with him. Let them
send him to the State prison, he de-
serves it."

But the mother, her faithful heart
going out in yearning pity for her
erring boy, stood and pondered
how she might save him.

In a little while she turned and
entering the pleasant cottage, went
slowly up stairs, and into the chamber
where her daughter Rose sat sewing
on her bridal robes.

Sitting down beside her, she told
her the story of her brother's trouble.
Rose understood her mother's meaning
even before she could put it into words.
There was a little box on the table,
which contained her marriage dowry.
Little by little the father and mother
had hoarded it in their daughter's
name, that she might not be dowless
on her wedding-day.

Pretty Rose took the box and put it
in her mother's hands.

"Take it, mother," she said, "and
do with it as you think best."

"Heaven bless you my daughter;
but it is hard to deprive you of your
marriage dowry, and your wedding-
day so near."

Rose's cheeks bloomed like her
namesake's in the little garden below,
and her blue eyes lit.

"Never mind that, mother," she
said. "Charlie will be willing to take
me without the dowry; I'm sure of it."

So Mrs. Arnold took the box and
went her way. Before the day ended
she had refunded the money to Mr.
Robinson, the charge was withdrawn,
and her boy was out of prison.

"I can't go home, mother. Father
doesn't want me, he told me so," said
Dick, as they stood under the green
locust trees beyond the cottage lawn.
"Let me go out into the world and
work my way up, and then I'll come
back."

She put her arms around his neck,
and looked up at him with streaming
eyes.

"Oh, Dick, my boy, my darling,
you will do better—you will, Dick, for
mother's sake."

"Yes, mother, God being my helper,
I will. I've caused you so much
trouble, and you've always been good
and gentle to me, mother. Forgive me
now; I'll come back and be a comfort
to you yet."

"My boy, I forgive you, and I
believe in you. Here Dick," and she
drew a purse and a worn little Bible
from her bosom, "take these. You
may need the money; the Bible is
mine, Dick—mother's Bible, don't
forget that. Mother has read it every
day and night for the last thirty years.
You'll think of that, Dick and you'll
read it for mother's sake."

"Yes, mother."

"Every night, no matter where you
may be, you'll read a chapter, and get
down on your knees and pray the little
prayer mother taught you if nothing
else! Promise me, Dick. Every
night at ten o'clock—at that hour I
shall be on my knees praying for you,
my boy. I shall never miss a night,
Dick, while I live; promise you'll do
it, for mother's sake."

Dick tried to promise but he let his
handsome head drop down on his mother's
bosom, instead, and wept, there like a
child. As the sun set they parted.

"Good-bye, my boy, and God bless
you. You'll keep your promise."

"Yes, mother, with God's help,
Good-bye!"

Across the fields, with the little
Bible in his bosom, and his bundle
on his arm went poor, erring Dick, and
down the pathway Mrs. Arnold re-
turned to the cottage.

"I'll never give up my boy," she
said. My prayers shall prevail with
God for him. He will return to us yet,
and be the comfort of our old age.

But her husband, bitter and remorse-
ful of heart laughed her to scorn.

Months followed months, summers
came and went, harvests were sown
and gathered in, winters hooped their
white snows and spring sunshine came
and melted them. Pretty dowless
Rose had married and gone to live in
a happy home of her own, while Mrs.
Arnold, busy with her daily tasks, did

not lose hope.

Just about that time the whole
country was ringing with the renown
of a young reformer, a man of talents
and genius, who was spending the best
days of his manhood for the good of
his fellow-men.

News came at last that this wonder-
ful man would deliver a lecture in the
village. Preparation was made, and
expectation was on tip-toe.

On the appointed night, Mrs. Arnold
went with the rest. The speaker took
the stand, and announced the subject
of his discourse. It was—

"FOR MOTHER'S SAKE."

The poor mother, her heart yearning
for her absent son, looked on and lis-
tened, blinded by swift-flowing tears.
She could scarcely see the tall form of
the handsome speaker, but his words
thrilled her through and through.

The audience sat spellbound, breath-
less, until the lecturer drew near to
the close of his remarks.

"For mother's sake," he said,
"That one little sentence has made
me what I am. Who in this crowd-
ed room, recognizes me? Five years
ago, on just such a night as this, I was
a prisoner in the old jail over yonder.
My mother's love saved me from the
consequences of intemperance and
youthful folly, and when I parted
from her under the old locust trees out
there in the lane, I promised to be a
better man—for mother's sake! Neigh-
bors and friends, you know me now.
I am Dick Arnold. I kept my prom-
ise—I have been a better man, 'for
mother's sake.' I wonder if my
mother is here and hears my voice to-
night!"

"Oh thank God! O my boy! my
boy!"

In another minute he had her in his
strong arms, her gray head pillowed
on his breast. She looked at him with
yearning, wondering eyes.

"Yes, I do not mistake—you are
my son. O Dick!"

He held her closely, tears streaming
like rain over his bearded face.

"Your own boy, mother. God has
made him what he is 'for mother's
sake!'"

Michael The Upright.

MORE than two hundred years ago
there lived in Holland a little boy
named Michael. His parents were
poor, and wished to bring him up to
some trade; but Michael's heart was
set upon being a sailor, and nothing
else would do. So he was allowed to
have his own way, and his father got
him a berth in a vessel about to sail
for Morocco, on the coast of Africa.

It belonged to a merchant who was in
the habit of carrying out bales of
cloth to sell to the natives of that place.

As he went himself in the ship, he
had full opportunity of testing the
character of his new "hand"; and he
very soon found he was something
worth having. Not only was he quick
to learn his duties, but what was far
better, he was a boy to be trusted.

Whatever he had to do he did it in the
best way he could, whether anyone
was looking at him or not. "This is
the boy I want," thought the merchant,
and Michael rose rapidly. His industry,
patience, and straightforwardness were
known and honored by all.

At last, one day, the merchant fell
sick, and could not go with the vessel,
which was laden ready to sail for
Morocco. What could he do? He
knew of only one person to whom he
could entrust his cargo, and he sent
for Michael and told him that he must
go in his master's stead. Michael was
young, and the responsibility was great,
but it was his duty and he did not
flinch from it. The ship sailed with
Michael in charge, and in due time he
might have been seen arranging his
cloth in the market-place at Morocco.

Now the city was governed by a des-
pot called the Bey, and so despotic was
he that he could do what he liked with
the lives of his people without anybody
to call him to account. On this very
morning he came into the market, and
after inspecting the various pieces of
cloth in Michael's keeping, fixed on one
and asked the price. Michael named
it. The Bey offered half the sum
named.

"Nay," said Michael; "I ask no
more than it is worth; my master ex-
pects that price, and I am only his ser-
vant. I have no power to take less."

The Bey's face grew dark with anger,
and the bystanders trembled, for they
knew it was certain death to oppose
the wishes of the cruel governor. "I
will give you till to-morrow to think
about it," he cried, and he walked away.

Michael put back the cloth, and be-
gan calmly to wait on his customers.
"I am in God's hands," he said, when
those around him begged him to give
in and save his life. "He who is not
true in small things, how shall he be
true in great? If my master loses one
penny through me, I am not a faithful
servant."

The morrow came. The Bey ap-

peared as before, only that besides his
other servants the public executioner
followed behind him. He asked the
same question, and he got the same
answer. "Take my life if you will,"
added the brave Michael, "but I shall
die with a clear conscience, and as a
true servant of my master."

It was an awful moment. Every-
body expected to hear the order, "Strike
off his head," and in a moment it would
have been done. But it was not done.
The face of the Bey suddenly changed.
"Thou art a noble soul," he cried,
and swore his favorite oath. Would
that I had such a servant as thou art!
Give me thy hand, Christian, thou
shalt be my friend. I will make of the
cloth a robe of honor as a memorial of
thy fidelity," and the Bey threw a
purse of gold upon the table, took up
the cloth, and departed.

And the young man who was thus
faithful over a few things did not go
unrewarded. We do not lose sight of
him there. He rose step by step till
he became an admiral, and he fought
the battles of his country as nobly as
he sold his master's cloth, and the name
of Michael Ruyter, known at that time
over the world, is still honored and re-
membered in his native country.

And the thing about him which they
love best is this, that in the very face
of death he dared do what was right.—
Temperance Record.

The Power of Habit.

THE passers-by on a country road
used to pause sometimes and wonder
to see an old white horse in the pas-
ture travelling round and round in a
circle. Hour after hour he kept up his
tramp, though entirely free to go and
come as he pleased. This shows the
force of habit. For twenty years he
had been daily harnessed to the end of a
long sweep, and traveled in just such
a circuit until too stiff and blind for
further service; then a kind master
gave him his time and a good pasture.

Twenty years of steady industry had
made work a necessity. Now when
life was all holiday; here was no
holiday; so he kept on, from choice
on his old round.

Habits, good or bad cling to us. I
remember what a blistering winter
morning it was when Allen resolutely
buttoned his overcoat up to his chin
and drew on his fleecy gloves.

"You are not going to church such
a morning as this, Allen!" said a
brother medical student.

"To be sure I am," said the other
decidedly. "I was brought up to at-
tend church, and I should as soon
think of going without my breakfast
as of staying at home." It is one of
the best habits a youth can form, and a
great safeguard amidst the temptations
of a city, to attend the house of God.

The habit of patient industry is a
grand one to form very early, for all
of one's success in life must hinge upon
it. "The idle soul shall suffer hunger."

There are bad habits, too, which
seem to blend into one another as nat-
urally as the waters of the brook
mingle with those of the river. Idlers
love the saloons and the shady porches
of old tavern stands, and the company
they meet there. They fall an easy
prey to the rum-seller; and when the
habit of tasting his samples is once
formed, it is not often broken. All
manhood goes down with it as into an
awful whirlpool.

How happy a boy should be who
finds a good habit of any kind growing
stronger every day! It is easy for one
to sell himself just how he stands, if
he will only look sharply at his goings
and coming, and see with what feelings
he goes about his daily duties. "He
that bath clean hands shall be strong-
er and stronger." One cannot have his
hands clean from sin unless the thoughts
flow in right channels. They do make
channels for themselves, in which they
habitually flow, just as surely as the
water courses.—*Youth's World.*

Replying to Rev. Macdonnell.

REV. R. H. WARDELL, B.A., B.D., Ph.
D. of Mount Forest, preached an eloquent
sermon, Nov. 13th, in the Methodist
Church of that place, on "The Testimony
of Scripture Respecting Strong Drink," in
direct opposition to a sermon preached by
Rev. D. J. Macdonnell of this city on the
same day.

The friends of persons who have been re-
stored from confirmed Consumption by the use
of this original preparation, and the grateful
benefit themselves, have, by recommending it
acknowledging its wonderful efficacy, given the
article a vast popularity in New England. The
"Cod Liver Oil" in this combination robbed of
its unpleasant taste, and rendered doubly effec-
tive in being coupled with the Phosphate of
Lime, which is itself a restorative principle,
supplying nature with just the assistance re-
quired to heal and restore the diseased lungs.
A. H. WILKINSON, Boston, proprietor. Sold by all
druggists.

WILKINSON'S COMPOUND OF
PURE COD LIVER OIL
AND PHOSPHATE OF
LIME, SODA, IRON.

2 GOLD MEDALS
1 SILVER MEDAL
1886

PURE GOLD GOODS
ARE THE BEST MADE.

ASK FOR THEM IN CANS
BOTTLES OR PACKAGES.

THE LEADING LINES ARE
BAKING POWDER
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
SHOE BLACKING
STOVE POLISH
COFFEE
SPICES
BORAX
CURRY POWDER
CELERY SALT
MUSTARD
POWDERED HERBS

PURE GOLD MANTO CO.

Temperance Societies.

THE TEMPERANCE REFORMA-
TION SOCIETY

Held Temperance Meetings every Sabbath
afternoon at the Temperance Hall, Tem-
perance Street, at 3 o'clock. Addresses by
reformed men and others. Good singing by
the choir.

J. WARDELL, Pres. J. B. MARSHALL, Sec.

"PERSEVERANCE LODGE," No. 1.

Meets every Tuesday evening at Tem-
perance Hall, Pandora St., Vic-
toria, B.C.

I. O. G. T. LODGES.

MONDAY EVENING.

"THE TORONTO," No. 827.

Orange Hall, Queen Street East.
M. BROWN, L.D., 264 Simcoe St.

MOUNT LEBANON LODGE, No. 15.

Meets in No. 2 Room, Basement, Tem-
perance Hall, on Mondays, at 8 p.m.
Wm. JONES, 45 Arcade, Toronto.

TUESDAY EVENING.

"TEMPLAR'S HOME."

Copeland's Hall, cor. King and Sher-
bourne Sts.

H. BROOKS, L.D., 195 King St. E.

R. T. OF TEMPERANCE.

PIONEER COUNCIL, No. 1.

Every Monday, 8 p.m., Temperance Hall,
Brook St.

Jno. DUNLOP, Sec., 198 Muter St.

WEST END CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE

SOCIETY.

Sunday Afternoon, Occident Hall.
Five cent concert every Saturday evening.
A. FRASER, Pres. F. J. FRAMPTON, Sec.,
155 St. Patrick St. 120 Queen St., Parkdale.

PATTERSON PLACE TEMPERANCE

ASSOCIATION.

Sydenham St. Mission Hall, E. of Regent St.

Concerts every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Silver
Collection

Mrs. M. A. BACK, Sec., 9 Patterson Place.

W. C. T. UNIONS.

"CENTRAL" UNION.

Monday Afternoon, Shaftesbury Hall.

Mrs. K. M. SMITH, Sec., 247 Jarvis St.

TORONTO Y. W. C. T. U.

1st and 3rd Wednesdays, 4 p.m. Shaftes-
bury Hall. Miss TILLEY, Pres., 78 John St.

Mrs. SCOTT, Cor. Sec., 753 Yonge St.

BEDDING OF ALL KINDS

MANUFACTURED AND RENOVATED BY STEAM.

Mattresses, Pillows and Cushions made to
order. Spring Beds of every description on
hand.

H. J. SMITH, 876 Queen St. W.

Dry Goods.

—GO TO—

The People's Store

622 Queen St. W., Cor. Muter.

—FOR—

Cheap Blankets,

Cheap Comforters,

Cheap Dress Goods,

Cheap Shirts and Drawers, Cheap Mil-
linery, Table Linens, Flannels
and Blankets.

DAVID MILLAR.

Removed from 324 Dundas Street, to 616
Queen Street West.

Willow Basket Ware and Reed Furniture
Pails, Brushes, Brooms & Wire Goods
Cane Bottom Chairs Re-seated

PURE GOLD GOODS

ARE THE BEST MADE.

ASK FOR THEM IN CANS
BOTTLES OR PACKAGES.

THE LEADING LINES ARE

BAKING POWDER
FLAVORING EXTRACTS
SHOE BLACKING
STOVE POLISH
COFFEE
SPICES
BORAX
CURRY POWDER
CELERY SALT
MUSTARD
POWDERED HERBS

PURE GOLD MANTO CO.