to Choose From.

ble Price.

LOP

HOES

riety

OCK

Stock wered the Price u n e got elsewhere.

RK

, and will be made up

NG. ARS

ESTIC

IN TOWN

rays kept on hand alty.)

THE SQUARE

dup ss in the above Store urchased a large and

G CUR METTO ore.

men employed.

WEDDUF

TH

LATEST DESIGNS. TA ING GOODS AND EVERY SIZETA LE. EL CLOTH

PRICES.

3LE. DR.

luare, Goderich

Lowest Prices.

FIT GUARANTFED.

E ADDRESS :

DERICH.

But as the days and weeks went on, and his money melted away, with board and doctor's bills, he began at last to feel gloomy and desperate, when one day rambling in the lower part of the town, rambling in the lower part of the town. Excelsior Works, it is said, are to be against her daughter.

Excelsior Works, it is said, are to be against her daughter.

As for Jim, if the truth must be told, he had been well for more than a week, he had been well for more than a week, and doctor's bills, he began at fast to feel gloomy and desperate, when one day rambling in the lower part of the town, he met face to face no other than Mr. Vulpin, director, coming out of Wall street into Broadway.

With a slight nod he was passing on, when Vulpin and the was passing on,

when Vulpin accosted him: 'Why, it is Armstrong, of course.
ell, well—you look as if you'd been
. What's the matter with you?'

hands would not answer for ironworkers

His manner was overpoweringly cor-dial, and he seized John's hand and

pressed it caressingly as he spoke.

Johnlooked at him coldly, and told him
he had had an accident—a lame arm when Vulpin interrupted him . 'I suppose you know there's a new deal

in Vulcans, Armstrong?'
'No, sir. I've not been watching. Well, there is. Wagstaff, Bolton, and a lot of others, determined not to yield, sold out in disgust. What do you think the stock brought? What do you knows? I may go into politics. I'm told

'I've no idea,' answered John, coldly. Mr. Vulpin took him by the arm, and

For a moment John's heart leapt wild-

MECHANIC:

OF THE LADDER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SET UP THE LADDER AGAIN.

that James Stryker was his rival—install ed in Ella's house in the character of

patient, while Ella's mother looked on him-John-as a brute who had set on

paid any attention to the cut in his arm, on which the blood had dried so that

'Them reporters is curious fellers. I used to think they'd rather tell a lie any

ye goin' to do to-day?'

'Look for work, father. I think I can

he was the object of bitter animosity and suspicion on the part of every iron-

serving he did so :

'It would be useless, unless we can grant the advance.'

Vulpin pressed his arm.

'That's just what we're going to do, he said, in a burst of confidence. 'We can scoop the market and send the stock up to ninety at once; then get out before FROM THE BOTTOM TO THE TOP we begin to lose money.

John looked at him,

'Do you really mean it?'
'Of course I do. Will you take the offer? If so come up to the works and we'll open to morrow morning.'

his eyes, and he said huskily:
'Thank you. I will come. I am glad you've come to that conclusion. But do you know that I see no necessity of your Poor John Armstrong went home that aight in a frame of mind the reverse of cheerful. Out of a place, with a stab in the arm; his rival—for he felt in his heart the advance. sing money? The works can be run at a profit of ten per cent. after paying

the advance.

Vulpin shrugged his shoulders.

'Perhaps. I'm not anxious on that score. We will make money on it, anyhow. Come along up to the works. There's a stage.

And half an hour afterwards John Armstrong was in the old familiar shop, where he had seen and learned so much, and Handy was shaking hands violently, saving:

the young man out of envy. It was hard. For the first time perhaps in his career he felt thoroughly despondent, and it was not till he got home that he saying:
'What a simpleton you were when you what a simpleton you were when you his shirt was stuck fast in it, and he

started the bleeding again as he pulled it off.

But his father had seen too many of such and far more serious hurts to feel frightened about a mere flesh cut, and he you are worth your weight in gold to us. I'm not sorry you took the part you did. You can have the pick of the hands now serving he did so:

'If ye'er never no worse nor that, ye'er lucky, John. Go to bed and sleep it off.

It'll be sore for a month, mebbe; but your flesh 'll heal quick.'

Next morning, when John came down to breakfast, he noticed that all the people in the boarding houselooked curiously at him over their newspapapers, and found that his speech to the workmen had been reported in full, while another paragraph gave an equally full account of You can have the pick of the hands now for a good week. Stryker's down sick, they say, and he can't hurt us; and as to the rest, they're just silly enough to spite themselves. Now I will tell you what I want done.'

And they went to work in the office over plans and estimates, with the result that John saw an infinity of work before him, enough to frighten a weaker man, but at which he smiled as he said:

'I think we can do it, Mr. Hendy. I'll do my best. But above all I'm gled for

do my best. But above all I'm glad for

paragraph gave an equally full account of the beating of Stryker and his rescue by Armstong in such a clear and truthful way, that John exclaimed involuntarily: 'Where did they get that I wonder? Hearing a suppressed checkle beside And that afternoon they parted in the best of spirits, while the same evening, John made a speech at the Union, which set the men yelling with delight, for he told them that the strike was over at Hearing a suppressed chuckle beside him, he saw his father beaming at him, him, he saw his father beaming as may, and asked hastily:

'Did you give it to them, father?'

'You bet I did,' was the reply. 'I wasn't goin' to hide your light, boy, if you did hide it yourself. I give it 'em straight at the station house.'

And when they were in their own room he told John:

Them reporters is curious fellers. I

last, and that the strike was over at last, and that the advance was granted.

How they cheered him! How they cheered Handy and Vulpin, who were introduced to the meeting!

The strike was ever, and one could only tell the suffering it had caused by going into the homes of the poor workmen who had been out in it.

The trike event the deaths of hun.

used to think they'd rather tell a lie any time than the truth, but that feller at atation he took down all I said, and I mother had succumbed to poor food, bad air, and insufficient fire. Old Steve Barker was right when he said to John: That strike caused the deaths of hun-

got it somehow. Anyway, I'm going to try my best. You amuse yourself the best you can while I'm gone.

And he strode forth. we'll miss 'em more and more.'
He said this in the midst of a group of

best you can while I'm gone.

And he strode forth into the keen March wind to look for employment with just as good a heart as he had shown two yours before, ready to begin again at the to to mof the ladder, and repining no more at the loss of his place of the day before than if he had never held it.

But John was destined to find that day, and many another after, the truth of his father's warning that people look differently on a man in a place and the same person out of one.

Everywhere he met rebuffs, and in more than one ahop positive insults from

more than one shop positive insults from is worth the price we paid. We have the emplopers as soon as he had spoken is name.

The lesson was needed.' And then they separated and went They all seemed to know him, and to know that he was on the side of the men in the strike, His speech had excited attention and criticism everywhere. Before the week was out he discovered that

worker in the trade, and that there was absolutely no hope for him to obtain work from any of them.

As soon as this dawned on his mind, he came home and told his father:

'We are going to have a harder fight than I thought, and I must economise. If you wish to go to Painted Post, I will not oppose it. I have three hundred bruses, was sitting in an easy chair at If you wish to go to Painted Post, I will not oppose it. I have three hundred dollars savings. Take half, and I will do what I can with the rest. As soon as I am established again, I'll send for you. So they parted, and John felt more lonely and deserted than ever, as he trudged from place to place, looking for work. To add to his troubles, his arm inflamed, and the wound assumed a bad appearance, so that he could not pretend to be able for manual labor: and thus passed on four long weary weeks, during which the strike became more general, the deadlock more hopeless.

He went every evening to the Union

the deadlock more hopeless.

He went every evening to the Union to counsel patience, and keep away from the works in the day time, while his prediction came true that the strikers would find everybody out of the trade willing to give them work, and that the green the deadlock more hopeless.

If y at nome, while the pleasant spring breeze came in at the parlour window and he lay back in his easy chair, dressing to from her astonishment, she had left the house and was walking rapidly down the street, while Jin Stryker uttered a low that of going away.

Ella tossed her head and went on with her work, when her mother, with a sly it was Saturday morning and there was no school to employ her. passed on four long weary weeks, during which the strike became more general, the deadlock more hopeless. to give them work, and that the green no school to employ her.

Presently she came to a paragraph she read with peculiar zest :

him.
Stryker coloured slightly.
'Yes; I'm tired of it. Why should I work when I've got enough money to live on and take my ease? My uncle

works are mine, to do as I like with."

'Then I suppose hereafter you intend to play gentleman?' said Ella, in a tone of slightly scarcastic inquiry.

'I intend to live as one,' he answered.
'I shall go to Europe and try to enjoy life a little. I've slaved it long enough, and I'm tired. I want excitement. Who

knows? I may go into politics. I'm told I stand a good chance.'

thirteen, and it was a hundred and eighty-five before the strike.

'Well to asked John, seeing that he was expected to say something.

'Well, the stock is all in the hands of two men now—Handy president, and Vulpin, secretary. We want a new manager. Will you come back and take thanks of the stock and take the s

ager. Will you come back and take that had a spice of rebellion in it, but impulse of the moment, to go and see thandy's old salary?

'You've a pretty good specimen of that in a person who shall be nameles. I and saw the busy throng passing in and understand he's become quite a power among those fellows who so nearly killed me, since they took him back at the Valcan Works.'

The eld lady raised her hand.
'Don't mention nim, please. I can't bear to hear of him since that night. Your generosity prevents you from say.' strong himself, striding along full of.

Your generosity prevents you from saying what I feel certain is the truth—that it was he who led the ferocious attack on

Ella suddenly flung down her paper. 'How can you say so?' she asked, with flashing eyes. 'Have you a shadow of evidence to support the accusation? Why, even Mr. Stryker does not say 'No, because he is too generous.'

her mother's cold reply. 'But you observe he will not say whom he sus-Because he knows that John Arm

rocause he knows that John Armstrong is not capable of such a deed, cried Ella, hotly. 'Answer, Mr. Stryker, if you have any manliness! Do you dare accuse John Armstrong of being your assailant?'

Stryker he stated before saying:

'I accuse no one, Miss Ella. I know that I was assaulted and hearly killed, but it was in the dark, and I could not recognize my assailants. But it was one of them brought me here. I was not sensible when I came here, and could not tell who it was'-

'Are you sure you were not sensible?'
asked Ella, sharply.
He coloured as he replied: 'I just said so. The man who brought me here must have been one of them.

He and his gang let their spite outrun their prudence, and no doubt felt fright-ened at what they had done. But please observe that he has not dared to come here to ask after me since. I accuse none; but you must admit it looks very ispicious.'
Ella heard him through, and then fold-

ed up the paper, deliberately, as she re-plied: 'Very well. I see that my mother and

you have made up your minds. I have made up mine too, I will never believe John Armstrong assulted you till he tells me so with his own lips. Good morn-

And she swept out of the room. and they neard her going up stairs.

James looked mournfully at Mrs. Mor-You see. She is immovably set in

her prejudices. We'd better drop the subject. Have you spoken to her on the

other, dear medam ?

The old lady nodded.

'Yes; I have hepes but I cannot force her inclinations. It depends on your own conduct. Ella is a peculiar girl—quite romantic. I believe that you have fully reformed your ways - 'Indeed - indeed I have,' he said, carnestly. 'For love of her I would do

anything in the world. I will make her mistress of everything wealth can buy. She shall go to Europe, the East-all over the world if she wants to. You shall go with her. I will not separate you for a single day. But I do think that you might be on my side, and help me-mother!'
And he looked languishingly at the

old lady, whom he had managed to bring over pretty completely already.

She fidgetted about, feeling guilty.

'I'm sure I've done all I can tor you.
But why don't you do something for

yourself; She admires Armstrong for his courage and looks. You were once his auperior, You were a speaker—he an awkward boor. But it seems that he an awkward boor. But it seems that he have given him no chance to say a word. has learned to speak, and Ella believes it is all for love of her. Do something to make her admire you.' to make her admire you.'
'How can I?' he objected. 'She looks

on everything I do with suspicion, I'd tell her I love her, but I'm afraid'—
'That's just it,' said the shrewd mother: "you are afraid. Tell her and do not be afraid. I hear her coming down 'And will you?" asked Ella, her face

stairs now. I'll give you an opportunity. No woman dislikes to be told that man loves her more than all the rest of the world. Tell her, and leave the rest ded a postscript and gave it back. to me. I'm going.' And Mrs. Morton rose to leave the

room, just as Ella entered it again, with her hat on, dressed for a walk.

'Why, Ella, where are you going?' asked her mother, surprised and disconcerted.

'Out for a walk. I've some shopping to do.' she replied, shortly. 'Do you want anything ?' 'No,' answered the old lady, hesitat-igly. 'But I thought you were going

ingly. 'But I thought you were going to read to Mr. Stryker —
'Mr. Stryker is getting better, mother. Air and exercise is what he wants, according to Dr. Brown. Good bye.'

school tends to make girls very inde-pendent. I wish Ella was safely —-

older lady lifting her glasses towards had not been insensible when he came to perceive the advantages offered by the position of interesting invalid to use them to the utmost. How he had managed to retain his place in the house was the house, but was shrewd enough thought he could keep me at it by the terms of his will, but I've fulfilled the

fair young brow, her lips closely com-pressed, looking angry and excited. She had taken a bold resolution, and

stand a good chance. Was trying to screw up her courage to the point of keeping it, while her natural womanly delicacy tried to heep her back

strong himself, striding along full of business, and not seeing her till he al-

CHAPTER XX. THE REJECTED ADDRESS.

When he did see her, however, he ould not conceal his surprise. She had could not conceal his surprise. She had
the advantage over him of being prepared for the meeting, for he started, blushed, stammered, and said hurriedly:

'I beg your pardon. I did not see
vou at first. I never dreamed of your
being in this part of the town.'

Then Ella screwed up her courage to
the effort, and said, boldly:

Mr. Armstrong, I wanted to see you
I am glad we met, I—I wanted to ask
you why you have never been to see us
since that dreadful night?

ince that dreadful night?'
He had become calmer now.
'I did not come,' he answered, quietly, 'for two reasons. First, I have been out of a place through taking the side of the men in the strike. Second, your mother had shown a dislike to my presence which it was not for me to offend by

introducing myself.'
'But I did not share it,' she sald, im-But I did not share it, she said, impulsively. 'My mother has her prejudices, and that man helps to excite them. You have only to some to remove them. My mother thinks'—

'I know. She told me herself. She thinks I hurt Stryker, when I'—

He stopped short. He could not say

He stopped short. He could not be had saved his life, but she cried: What-what? When you what?'

'When I -- Never mind. It is not for me to say what I did. If your mother wishes the particulars of the affair, let her write to my father. He was present and saw it all.

'Will you come and explain?' she ask-

ed, wistfully. 'I wish you would do it for my sake John felt a strange thrill. 'I would do a great deal for you,' he

said, simply-'a great deal. But there are some things a man cannot do. I you wish to restore me to your mother's friendship write to my father at Painted Post. He can tell you all.'

And with that John raised his hat and

departed, never looking back, while Ella, her eyes full of tears of mortifica-tion, went back home, saying to herself all the way:

'How proud he is! Yet I'm sure he loves me. But how shall I make mother

see him with my eyes?

That difficulty has been felt by othe daughters many a time.
When Ella got home she locked her self up in her room and wrote a letter, which she brought down and showed her

which she brought down and any mother before posting.

'There,' she said. 'I've made up my mind to find out the truth. I met Mr. Armstrong, and he refuses to call here as ong as you entertain unworthy suspic ions of him. He refuses even to explain He refers me to his father, who saw al the affair, for an account of it. Have you any objection to my sending him

this letter?
The old lady hesitated.
'Not if you think me unjust'—
'I do—I do!' said Ella, vehemently.
'You have condemned him nnheard—

The old lady was moved. 'No, my dear, I do not; but I think it would be better I should write. I can do it in better taste than you, as the 'And will you?' asked Ella, her face

lighting up.
'I will. Let me see that letter. Ella gave it to her, and her mother ad-'There is nothing to be objected to.
It is a lady's letter. You can send it.

Ella said bitterly. 'Not directly-no. Well, I will go to the post office.'
And she was off again, walking rapid

That evening, Mr. James Stryker, in the parlor, announced that he felt he could move out next day, and observed,

looking at Ella. My absence may give more pleasure

'Why do you hate me so, Miss Mor-ton? Heaven knows I've no wish but to please you, and if you would only accept all I have in the wold, I would devote am rich enough to give you luxury and ease, to take you and your mother from this poor locality to Europe—anywhere—everywhere, I have sold out my business on purpose to be free to minister to

She looked at him steadily.

'Did you ask my mother for me?'

'Of course I did, first; but she told me she could not force you'—

'She was right. We are not living in

that Europe you admire so much.'
'But which you would like to visit, and which you can visit at once, as my wife, if you consent.'
'But I thought you were too weak to

He colored as he replied:
'You saw that I exaggerated my weak ness. I know it. But it was only to be near to you a little longer. I'm a weak fool near you, Ella. I cannot leave you -I love you so.

travel !' she said, sneeping slightly.

She turned on him sharply as he tried to approach.
'Keep your distance. I don't love you, and you know it. I shall never forget our first meeting-never 1 You tried to insult a poor friendless girl, and

another man punished you for it. 1 own it. I deserved it, he said, with 'I own it. I deserved it,' he said, with exaggerated humility; 'but even then I

loved you. I was only too bold. But I have reformed, repented 'Repented! You!'
Only two words, but accompanied by

only two words, but accompanied by such a withering look that he saw she knew him thoroughly.

'Mr. Stryker,' she said presently, with the coolest of voices, 'I thank you for your offer, but decline it. If you will not take that for an answer, and change

the air of a martyr:
'I did not expect to be insulted for paying you the highest compliments man can pay, but I submit. The time may come when you may regret the harshness you have shown. I may have

injured others—you never.'
She went on working quietly, and he was emboldened to add: 'I never thought it before, but I see it is true what I have heard cynics say.'
'And what is that?' she asked, when

he stopped. 'Only that the most delicate women are those who most admire brawn and muscle, and look with most contempt on intellect.'

She raised her eyes composedly.

'By which I am to understand that
you consider yourself an intellectual 'I did not say so. I hope I am not s fool, at least. But you admire the bruis-

Her eyes flashed.
'What do you mean, sir? You are rude.

'Oh, never mind,' he answered, with a bitter smile. 'I don't pretend to be a bruiser. I have, in fact, been wellbeaten by some of your friends in that line, headed by your particular hero, the young blacksmith. I hope you'll be happy as his wife.'

She had grown deadlypale as he spoke, and now sprang up from her chair. 'Since you have shown your true character at last,' she said, cuttingly, 'I can-And she was sweeping to the door when her mother entered.

With all the eagerness of an insulted girl she seized on the opportunity. 'Mother,' she cried, 'this person has just insulted me grossly. Shall I leave the house or will you order him out?'
The old lady was astounded.
'What's the matter, Ella? What has happened, my child?' she faltered. 'Do as what has happened, my child?' she faltered. 'Do

you forget Mr. Stryker is our guest?'

'He has forgotten it, mother!' she cried, panting. 'He has insulted me grossly. Will you tell him to go or not?'

'But what has he said?' asked the old

Styker teized the opportunity.

'I offered Miss Morton all I had to offer, madam,' he said, mournfully. 'She seems to look on that offer as an insult. I will not oppress her with my presence, but will bid you good-bye. I had no intention to insult any one heaven knows If the warmth of my love has led me to speak plainly of one who, I fear, has abused your and her confidence, I can wait for time to justify me. Farewell, Mrs. Morton. Heaven bless you for

your kindness to me.'
And with a very well simulated sob he marched out of the house, leaving Mrs. Morton in a state of mingled anger and bewilderment, which broke out a moment

later to her daughter.
Well, Eila, I must say that I never thought a daughter of mine would drive a guest into the street like that. You ever have the chance to make. Insulted you! Nonsense. You're a romantic little fool, and I'm ashamed of you. Don't say a word.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Nerviline, What is ?

Polson's Nerviline is a combination of the most potent pain relieving substances known to medical science. The constant progress made in this department of clence points upward and onward. Nerviline is the latest development in this movement, and embodies the latest discoveries. For neuralgia, cramps, pains n the head-external, internal, or --Nerviline has no equal. Expend 10 cents in the purchase of a sample bottle of Nerviline and be convinced of its mar-yellous power over pain. Sold at Wil-son's. Large bottles 25 cents.

Trevelyan Ridout, an ambitious and eccentric young lawyer, who was a leader of the Young Men's Liberal Con servative Club, of Toronto, mysteriously disappeared about two months ago, after having manifested signs of mental aber-ration. On Monday his body was found in High Park, Toronto, in a decomposed state, and a revolver lying beside it told the sad story of a suicide. He was a member of one of the oldest families of in the County, and as I now purchase for cash, will not be undersold by any one. Toronto.

The best medical authorities declare that worms in the human system are often induced by eating too freely of uncooked fruit and too much meat, cheese, Whatever may be the cause, Free man's Worm Powders are speedy and safe to cure; they destroy the worms,

than riches and dyspepsia. Try the magic effect of a dollar bottle of FOUNTAIN Try the

The New Pain King. Polson's Nerviline cures flatulence, chills, spasms and cramps. Nerviline cures promptly the worst cases of neuralgia, toothache, lumbago,

and sciatica. At Wilson's.

Nerviline is death to all pain, whether external, internal or local. Nerviline may be tested at the small ost of 10 cents. Buy at once a 10 cent

bottle of Nerviline, the great pain rem-

edy. Sold at Wilson's. DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND DR. WHEELER'S COMPOUND Elizir of Phosphates and Calisaya is called a Chemical Food and Nutritive Tonic because Phosphates enter into the formation of every solid and fluid of the body, and are essential to the development of the tissues and the generation of nerve power They promote a good appetite, aid digestion, create pure blood, and supply the waste going on in the system as the result of mental and physicial exertion. Being combined with Calisaya Bark, the chief reliance in all febrile, prostrate conditions, it forms a combination of the highest intrinsic merit, and will restore to health more cases of general debility than all other medicines in existence. It is incapable of fajurious results under any circumstances.

Railway Accident. Frank Spink, Wilton Avenue, Toronto, some time ago received a bad injusy by an accident on the G. T. R. The severe contusions were quickly healed by the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil.

An Indianapolis woman is suing for a An Indianapous woman divorce because her husband muzzled her with a base-ball mask, and years featingable the the subject, I shall leave the room.'

He turned away, grinding his teeth, but took the hint and kept silence for a little white. At last he murmured with little white. At last he murmured with

ASHBURNHAM, Mass., Jan. 14, 1880. Ashburnham, Mass., Jan. 14, 1880.
I have been very sick over two years:
They all gave me up as past cure. I
tried the most skillful physicians, but
they did not reach the worst part. The
lungs and heart would fill up every night
and distress me, and my throat was very
bad. I told my children I never, should
die in peace until I tried Hop Bitters.
I have taken two bottles. They have
helped me verv much indeed. I am now
well. There was a lot of sick folks here well. There was a lot of sick folks here who have seen how they helped me, and they used them and are cured, and feel as thankful as I do that there is so valu ble a medicine made.

MRS. JULIA G. CUSHING.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad Company has just issued an illustrated treatise, "The Heart of the Continent," describing the wonderful growth of the six Great States. The book is beautifully printed, and numerous en gravings of high merit adorn its pages Any one sending their name and address Any one sending their name and address with two three-cent postage stamps Will receive a copy by return mail, by applying to Perceyal Lowell, General Passenger Agent, Chicago Illinois. 5t

> Loss and Gain. CHAPTER II.

"Malden, Mass., Feb. I, 1880. Gentlemen." Neuralgia, female trouble, for years in

No medicine or doctor could give ne relief or cure until I used Hop Bi The first bottle

Nearly cured me : The second made me as well and strong as when a child. And I have been so to this day.

My husband was an invalid for twenty 'Kidney, liver and urinary complaint.
'Pronounced by Boston's best physi-'Incurable !'

Seven bottles of your bitters cured im, and I know of the 'Lives of eight persons In my neighborhood that have been aved by your bitters. And many more are using them with

They almost Do miracles ! Mrs. E D. Slack.



DANIEL GORDON. CABINETMAKER

Has on hand now the LARGEST STOCK of

First - Class Furniture

I offer Tapestry Carpet Lounges, from \$5.50 upwards. Whatnots, good, from \$2.50 up.

Bew Back Chairs, from 37½c, up, and everything else in the same proportion, AT THE OLD STAND Between the Post Office & Bank of Montreal

GODERICH.

Harper's Young People AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY--IS PAGES.

Vol. V. commences November 6, 1883. Harpen's Young Prople is the best weekly for children in America.—Southwestern Christian Advocate.

All that the artist's skill can accomplish in the way of illustration has been done, and the best talent of the country has contributed to its text.—New England Journal of Education. Boston

In its special field there is nothing that can be compared with it.—Hartford Evening Post.

Suited to Boys and Girls of From Six to Six-teen Years of Age.

TERMS. BARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, ) 81 30.

Single Numbers, Five Cents each.
Specimen copy sent on receipt of Three

apers

Designs

ER'S