

Old Saws in Rhyme.
Actions speak louder than words ever do;
You can't eat your cake and hold on to it too.
When the cat is away, then the little mice play;
Where there is a will there is always a way.
There's no use crying o'er milk that is spilt;
No accuser is needed by conscience of guilt.
There must be some fire wherever is smoke;
The pitcher goes off to the well till it's broke.
By rogues falling on honest men get their due
Whoever it fits, he must put on the shoe.
All work and no play will make Jack a dull boy
A thing of much beauty is ever a joy.
A half-loaf is better than no bread at all;
And pride always goeth before a sad fall.
Fast bind and fast find, have two strings to your bow;
Contentment is better than riches, we know.
The devil finds work for hands idle to do;
A mis is as good as a mile to you.
You speak of the devil, he's sure to appear;
You can't make a silk purse from out of sow's ear.
A man by his company always is known;
Who lives in a glass house should not throw a stone.
Speech may be silver, but silence is gold;
There's never a fool like the fool who is old.
—Detroit Free Press.

The Old Cow-bell.
Bossy, it's spring—you'll soon be free,
Six months of gladness are yours, I hope;
All winter you've been a care to me,
And now I'm cutting your well-worn rope.
But round your neck a circle I twine,
You cannot hide—you are always mine.
At home or down on the dim side-line
I'll hear the cow-bell.
The boys will search when the evening falls,
Barrelled they'll trail through briar and weed.
They know the time when the night-hawk calls
And the place where the straying cattle feed.
And listen, listen, amid their play,
Oh, Bossy, Bossy, what gives you away—
The cow-bell!
The mother stands with her wooden pail,
And shadows her anxious eyes;
Lo, out of the swamp with a muddy tail
See the family cow-bell.
She's milked—and maiden and robin bird
Wink at each other and say no word,
And down in the swamp the song is heard
Of the cow-bell.
—THE KWAN.

Ruts We Move In.
Did you ever notice what a rut you will get to moving in unless you exercise the greatest care? Take, for instance, the coming down town in the morning. Some business men have a choice of street cars, but most of them have only the one line. If it is a cable car, of course he has to alight on the one side; but he will follow the same rule with the street car just as much as though the iron gate was there, too. This is partly because his place of business is on the one side, but mostly from habit. And most men will not wait for a street car to stop. They have a sort of sneaking idea that it is unmanly to have a street car stop to either alight or fall, and anything rather than stop the car. And this continual alighting with the weight of the body thrown upon one foot has resulted in serious injuries to many men, and probably permanent injury to some. There is always a shock and strain that reaches to every portion of the body, and this repeated daily is bound to have its effect in time. Think on these things, and while you are weighing the matter don't forget to stop the car to alight.
—Cincinnati Times Star.

Saved from an Awful Fate.
"Gentlemen," said the Boston judge, "you have done your duty by convicting the prisoner of murder in the first degree, and it remained for me to pass sentence of death upon his head. But, gentlemen," the judge continued, "the enormity of the crime is so great that plain death will not expiate it. I have therefore decided to meet the requirements of the case by a new and effective punishment." A breathless silence hung over the court. "Prisoner," went on the judge, "I hereby sentence you to be confined for life in a silk hat and sack coat." But the full thud that followed indicated all too plainly that he spoke to a corpse. And a subdued murmur of relief passed over the court room, as the spectators realized that the guilty wretch had passed beyond the terrible power of earthly justice.
—Clothes and Furnisher.

What Dundas Missed.
"Knoxonian" in *Canada Presbyterian*: It is a grim commentary on popular election that Dr. Marcus Dodds had some difficulty in finding a place to grow in. Dr. Candlish came very near being planted in Dundas. What the great Free Church leader would have ripened into had he come to Dundas is a nice question. Probably he would have spent his days in that beautiful village. Perhaps he would have become principal of Knox College. No doubt he would have ripened into something decidedly useful and influential, but at this time of day there is not much use in guessing at that something.

Blood Oranges All Right.
Medical Director Wales has furnished Health Officer Townsend with a report on an examination of the "blood" oranges recently submitted, in which he says: "The oranges are naturally stained, no artificial coloring of any kind having been used. The small spot on the side is a fungus spot and not a puncture. It is impossible to stain an orange by injecting any artificial staining fluid into the fruit, either before or after plucking from the tree."
—Washington Star.

According to Ability.
Buffalo Express: Instead of agitating for short hours under the present system, workmen would do better to demand a new system by which each man is paid for the work he does regardless of whether it takes him a long or a short time. The good workman who can do twice as much in eight hours as the poor workman would not then feel that he was being unjustly treated by receiving no more pay for it.

Augustus Birrell recently expressed the opinion that "a child brought up in a house where Chambers' Encyclopedia, Pope's Homer, 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Don Quixote,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' Shakespeare, Burns and Scott are upon the shelves, has within his reach enough to make him a man of taste and a lover of good books all the days of his life.

Mrs. Alexander, the novelist, is a tall, handsome and rather portly woman, with a fresh complexion, fair hair and blue eyes. She is in every way a striking figure.

"IS THIS YOUR SON, MY LORD?"
An Interesting Letter From Helen Gardner, the Author, Her Habits of Life, Variety of Communications She Receives.

Emily S. Bouton, in the *Toledo Blade*, publishes the following entertaining facts about the woman who in her recent novel "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" has created such a genuine sensation by her fearless unmasking of conventional immorality and hypocrisy:
The personality of an author who has won a wide reputation by long-continued and excellent work, or by some sudden and brilliant stroke of genius, always becomes of interest to the great world of readers. They want to know just how this wonderful woman—if it is a woman—carries herself; what is the color of her hair, her eyes; who were her father and mother, her grand-parents, and where is her home—in short, every minutest bit of information is greedily gathered in order to bring up a complete picture before her readers of the person who has so won their admiration.
This is true of the writer, Helen E. Gardner, of that much-talked-of book, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" and all sorts of paragraphs have been going the rounds of the papers regarding her, of which the following is a specimen:
Mrs. Helen Gardner, author of the novel "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" is about 30 years old, and is described as a really beautiful woman, a little above medium height, of well-rounded proportions, with an intellectual face, deep brown eyes, full red lips, and high, broad forehead. She is a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, and possesses radical views.
This appeared in *Current Literature*, and it being naturally supposed that that excellent magazine must be correct, it has been widely copied.
Helen E. Gardner is not, however, a daughter of Julia Ward Howe, nor is she even of New England origin. Her ancestors have always lived in Maryland or Virginia, and she, herself, first saw light in the latter State, near Winchester. She traces her family directly from the daughter of Lord Baltimore, Miss Calvert, who married a Mr. Chenoweth, he being the first sheriff of Baltimore County, Maryland. Her own father was Rev. A. G. Chenoweth; her mother a grand-niece of Sir Robert Peel, so that it is evident that she has back of her the culture of generations.

The personal description given in the paragraph quoted is, I think, very nearly correct. Her face is full of intelligence, and the earnestness that is visible in all that she writes looks forth from her dark eyes.
It is easy to see that intense inward conviction points her pen, and it is this quality that makes her novel, with its background of realism, so vitally pregnant with meaning. This book has taken an almost unprece-dented hold upon the thinking public, and I learn, has sold to the extent of 25,000 copies in five months. A knowledge of this fact will explain the *raison d'être* of the following communication from the author, who, I can well believe, is almost submerged by the tide of communications setting towards her:
I have been asked a great many times to write things about myself for the papers. I have always declined. In the first place I dislike the look of anything like personal advertising, and in the second place I did not feel that my personality was of great interest to the public; but I do wish I could—without seeming to advertise myself, my personality—say one or two things.
A great many people write to me or send me little tokens that touch me deeply, and yet I can not reply to half of them. Each one, doubtless, expects a full reply and feels hurt that none comes. It is not want of appreciation, but want of time and strength that prevents me from sending a kindly recognition and sincere thanks for the attention.
To-day brought me a large mail. It contained strange, beautiful and pathetic things. I appreciate them all, but I cannot reply to all. Let me explain and let me beg my own friends to accept my earnest thanks for their interest and warm expressions, whether these expressions take a written or an objective form.
A sample of my mail is the one received to-day. It was composed of innumerable advertisements, a number of letters from friends, a number from men and women who are known and scientific only; two sermons recently preached upon my last book, with a request to read and give your opinion; two MSS. of stories, one with the same request—one a novel, the other a "new system of geometry"; the latter MS. to be read with sufficient content to enable me to recommend it to a publisher! A pile of newspapers, with notices more or less personal and interesting, marked for me to read; a box of gold ore from a miner in New Mexico; a box of horrid lead from a miner in Old Mexico; with something no one else in this climate would own, and a very queer and amusing little fellow silver filigree bracelet from Central America, of Spanish workmanship, from Central America, another box of ore and lava from Oregon, and last, most beautiful and touching, an intensely religious "Easter card" of the usual sort, with this written message on the outside of the envelope:
"God will bless your footsteps, wherever you go, my light-footed angel."
Yours truly,
"MARY MAGDALENE."

This came from Cleveland, O., and if I know how to reach the woman who sent it, I should certainly not her some personal message; but since I do not, I hope I may reach her this way and make her understand how deeply that little message of hers and her signature touched me. The letters I get from women are worth working hard for. They repay me for all I may do, for they are chiefly from those who need help, and who feel that I have given it to them. The thoughtful men; men who are engaged upon the problems of life in one field or another. They are, as a rule, from calm, earnest, studious men, many of them well known in their fields of thought. But the women who write are chiefly mothers who cry out with wild, passionate protest, or with tearful inquiry. I wish that I might reply to all; but if I did so, I should do nothing else—my time and strength would all be consumed. It is for this reason that I should like to say through the press that each and all of these letters and evidences of interest and confidence are not only appreciated by me, but they are helpful and stimulating as well, and I hope my seeming neglect will pain no one, and will be understood, not as an unkindness, but simply as what it is—necessity.

Helen Gardner has a future before her, we devoutly hope and believe, in which she may, with strong, fearless grasp, handle the evils that eat into the heart of a people and bring, unless checked, their glory low in the dust. Everything that she has written shows the keen perceptions of a pure woman who has the courage to do battle for what she believes to be right. She has the literary gift of so choosing her words that they strike home, and hence cannot fail of their ultimate purpose.
EMILY S. BOUTON.

Herbert Spencer is now a man of 70, though he looks ten years younger. He is of medium stature, and his head is bald, except for a thin fringe of hair. He has an aquiline nose, a ruddy skin and an intellectual face.

ONTARIO LEGISLATURE.

The first session of the seventh Parliament of Ontario was formally prorogued yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Sir Alex. Campbell gave his assent to the Bills passed during the session.

His Honor then delivered the following speech from the Throne:
Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the Legislative Assembly:

In relieving you from the duties of the session, I desire to express my appreciation of the zeal and attention with which you have considered the various matters submitted to you as a Legislative Assembly. I am glad to perceive that the development of the mineral resources of the Province has been receiving your consideration. The provisions which you have made for regulating the sale of mining lands, subject to such an interest in them being retained as will add to the revenues of the Province without injury to the miner or the capitalist, meet with my hearty approval. I look forward with confidence to the time when the great regions lying to the north and west of the Province, hitherto comparatively unproductive, will yield rich revenues to the Province and abundant employment to labor and capital.

The consolidation of the laws with respect to education will facilitate the working of our school system. The amendments to the Public and High School Acts, and the provisions made for restraining truancy and securing the more regular attendance of pupils at the Public schools, cannot fail to extend more widely than ever before the advantages which our schools afford for a liberal English and commercial education.

I am pleased to observe the measure adopted for removing the great difficulties incident to the administration of the laws respecting drainage.

The improvements which you have made in the law with respect to loan companies to the liabilities of directors, and to the duties, powers and liabilities of trustees, will prove, I have no doubt, to be greatly in the public interest.

The Public Lands Act, the Medical Act, the Act respecting the Public Health, and your amendments to the Municipal and Assessment Acts, will, I am sure, promote the objects for which they were framed.

The private bill legislation has been unusually large, and deals with a great variety of subjects, and will no doubt greatly benefit the interests affected.

I thank you for the liberal appropriations which you have made for the public service. The supplies which you have granted shall be expended with care and in the public interest.

With the usual formality the Provincial Secretary announced "That it is His Honor's will that this Assembly be prorogued, and the Legislative Assembly is accordingly prorogued."

His Honor withdrew and the assemblage dispersed.

Look me in the face! My name is 'Might-have-been'!
I am also called 'No-more,' 'Too-late,' 'Far-well!'

The poet who wrote the above, must have been in the last stages of consumption. Perhaps he had only learned, for the first time, that if he had taken Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in his earlier illness, he would never have reached his present hopeless condition! What can be more sad than a keen realization of what "might have been?"
Physicians now admit that consumption is simply scrofula in the blood attacking the lung-tissues. It is never safe to allow the blood to remain impure, and it is especially reckless, when such a pleasant, harmless remedy as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will drive every taint of scrofula or impurity from the system, causing a current of rejuvenating blood to leap through the veins.

Keenness and Dispatch.
Rochester Herald: A correspondent of the *New York Herald* calls attention to a case of swift justice in Canada, where a man who murdered his wife on March 23rd was sentenced to be hanged on May 21st, just two months between the two points. The *Herald* makes a comparison with convictions for murder in this state, showing that instead of two months elapsing between crime and punishment, from two to three years is the more probable limit. There ought to be an improvement in the administration of criminal justice.

Get on the Right Track.
Exchange: Now, young sir, get rid of the nonsense that you are a genius, settle down to the conclusion that you are just an average North American boy and then start in. Keep yourself alert, look after your digestive apparatus, don't smoke cigarettes, go to bed early, be square-headed in all your dealings, and we will wager a cookie that at 60 you will have to look backward for those who began the race when you did. Are you ready? Then, go.

A Story With a Moral.
New York Herald: "Oh, Tommy," said the little girl in awesome tones, "I know something awful about our Sunday School superintendent."
"Tell me," said Tommy.
"Don't you never tell—but I saw him—I saw him laughin' to-day."

Angel Cake.
New York Sun: "What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Mundy, poking her head out of her flat window and addressing the policeman.
"Master enough," said he. "A piece of your angel cake fell on a man's head and we're waiting for the ambulance."

No Kind of a Fellow.
Boston Herald: Julia—I declare, I think there's no spirit in Harry. He offered to kiss me last night, but didn't.
Ethel—Why not?
Julia—Just because I told him to stop.

She Would be a Living Witness.
Brooklyn Life: She (threatening breach of promise suit)—Do you intend to deny, sir, that you proposed to me?
He—No. I intend to plead insanity.

"Is now the youth feels agony of most distressing sort, His last spring trousers prove to be More than an inch too short."

"August Flower"

How does he feel?—He feels blue, a deep, dark, unfading, dyed-in-the-wool, eternal blue, and he makes everybody feel the same way—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a headache, generally dull and constant, but sometimes excruciating—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels a violent hiccoughing or jumping of the stomach after a meal, raising bitter-tasting matter or what he has eaten or drunk—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels the gradual decay of vital power; he feels miserable, melancholy, hopeless, and longs for death and peace—August Flower the Remedy.

How does he feel?—He feels so full after eating a meal that he can hardly walk—August Flower the Remedy.

G. G. GREEN, Sole Manufacturer, Woodbury, New Jersey, U. S. A.

These for the Girls.
The summer girl's parasol in pure white is as charming as of yore.
New fans are of crepe, embroidered with chrysanthemums and huge pansies.
It is hinted from across the water that there is to be a return to white hosiery.
Egyptian red underwear is shown in the shops, but is very little bought.
Glass enameling has succeeded china painting as a fashionable industry.
In Amsterdam now it is the fashion to announce a broken engagement of marriage.
An excellent lotion for the face and neck when sunburned is a mixture of two parts Jamaica rum to one of lemon juice.
Gowns are being treated with plaster applique work, something of the sort walls are accustomed to. It doesn't sound well, but it is very effective and much cheaper than embroidery.

A Pointer
That would guide, unerring, into the haven of health, all that are on the troubled sea of impaired womanhood! It is nothing less, nor could be nothing more, than Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—a frail female's faultless friend—time-tried and thoroughly tested. Internal inflammation, irregularities, displacements, and all ill-conditions peculiar to woman, controlled, corrected and cured, without publicity, by this safe, sterling specific. Purely vegetable. Only good can come from its use. The only remedy of the kind warranted to give satisfaction, or money refunded.

The Streets of Jerusalem.
Philadelphia Record: An old clergyman once said that the streets of Jerusalem were kept clean by every man sweeping before his own door. Some such plan as this is to be tried by the Street Cleaning Aid Society which has just been organized in New York. Each member of the society pledges himself to have the sidewalk in front of his residence or place of business swept early every morning; to take in his ash-barrel as soon as it shall have been emptied, and not to throw waste paper in the street nor orange or banana peeling on the sidewalk. Householders and business men may thus materially aid the municipal authorities in carrying out the sanitary regulations of the municipality.

"Despis not the day of small things," as the tiny pill (taken from a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets) said to the 300-pound man, suffering from indigestion. As a gentle, thorough laxative, these Pellets resemble Nature more closely in their action than anything before discovered. Business and professional men, whose habits are sedentary, need something of this kind to ward off sick headache, biliousness and dyspepsia, but which will not strain and rack the digestive organs as did the old-fashioned pills. 25 cents per vial, at all druggists.

Next Best.
Boston Sunday Herald: Next to going to church to-day the best thing the dwellers in the city can do is to make a journey into the suburbs. They are clad in all the glory of springtime, and there are sermons in the blossoming trees, the verdant meadows and the sweet breath with which they load the atmosphere. There is time enough to take in both the sermons in the pulpit and the sermons in the fields.

Blowing Hot and Cold.
New York Sun: "That gas stove is a dandy," said the agent. "You can use it for heating purposes in the winter—make your house warm as toast—and then in summer you can cook with it."
"But it would be hot in summer," said the customer.
"Oh, no," returned the agent, "it hardly gives out any heat at all."

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CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED
TO THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who will send me their Express and Post Office Address. Respectfully, T. A. S. 44 E. 122 West Adelaide St., TORONTO, ONTARIO.

I CURE FITS! THOUSANDS OF BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY YEARLY.
When I say Cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and Epilepsy or Falling Sickness a life-long study. I have made the disease of worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible Remedy. Give Express Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address—44 E. 122 West Adelaide St., TORONTO.

THE TOBACCO DUTY.

A Summary of the Arguments for a Reduction of the Excise.

A deputation of tobacco manufacturers from points in the eastern and western Provinces, with a number of wholesale merchants, waited upon the Ministers of Excise, Finance and Customs at Ottawa subject of excise on tobacco, and also statistics relating thereto. The arguments of the deputation were, briefly: The excise duty in Canada now being 20c per lb., and that of the United States only 6c per lb., it ceases to be the source of revenue to Canada that it should be. In the inland Revenue blue book, for 1874, when excise in Canada was only 15c per lb., and that of the United States 24c, there was a steady increase for four years previous in the manufacture of tobacco, amounting to 418,000 lbs. per annum. If that increase is multiplied by sixteen (the years which have since intervened) it would give \$6,688,000 lbs. This added to what was the product at that time, namely, 7,154,182 lbs., would make a total of 13,842,182 lbs., whereas at the present time the average for the last four years in the manufacture of tobacco is only 9,080,269 lbs. One will readily see, even if Canada had only five millions of population, that would not be 2 lbs. per head. According to the blue book of the United States the consumption of tobacco in that country, not including cigars and cigarettes, is actually five pounds per head. In other words, the Government of the United States collects more revenue per head at 20 cents per pound than Canada collects at 8 cents a pound. Another argument used by the deputation to show that high excise did not mean large revenue was this: During the years 1883 and 1884 the excise was lowered to 12 cents per lb. in Canada. The output immediately jumped up to 10,000,000 lbs. in the year ending 1884, and 11,000,000 in the year ending 1885. But when, in the beginning of 1886, the excise was increased to 20 cents per lb., the products fell back to 8,500,000 lbs. These are startling figures, as it cannot be gained that Canadians use the pipe as freely as their neighbors across the border, and the difference of 14 cents per pound in the price is such a strong inducement that there must be some five or six million pounds annually smuggled into this country. Canada's consumption is three pounds per head as compared with the United States' five pounds per head. Then (taking Canada) there should be 15,000,000 lbs. of tobacco imported or manufactured annually in Canada as against a little over nine million now.

The deputation did not ask for a reduction of the customs duty on manufactured tobacco, but wanted the excise duty reduced from 20 cents to 10 cents per pound. The duty in the United States is now 6 cents per pound.

Baron de Rothschild has a collection of postage stamps that is valued at \$40,000. He is also a prominent and enthusiastic member of a Paris philatelic society.

In Australia the Married Woman's Property Act became law at the beginning of 1891, and wives are now free agents to earn and to hold, to make partnerships and to dissolve them, to hold trusts and to make assurances.

D. O. N. E. S. I.
St. Jacobs
SURE CURE OIL PROMPT CURE
CURES PERMANENTLY
Rheumatism
Sciatica
Back Aches
All Aches
NEURALGIA
IT HAS NO EQUAL.
IT IS THE BEST.

Pilo's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use and Cheapest.
CATARRH
Sold by Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. F. T. ... Warren, Pa., U. S. A.

HARTSHORN'S SELF-ACTING SHADEROLLERS
Beware of Imitations.
NOTICE
AUTOGRAF OF
OF
THE GENUINE
HARTSHORN

CONSUMPTION SURELY CURED
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