

POLLY'S RELIGION.

There can be little doubt that if the people of Ball's Ferry had been asked which was the most pious family in their midst, they would have unanimously named the Demmings. They had long ago been the nucleus about which the Presbyterian church had gathered. Now, Squire Demming's pew faced that of the pastor, and no matter how stormy the weather there was his venerable white head in its place, and Mother Demming's placid old face beside it. Grace and Isabella, the unmarried sisters, and Joe filled the pew. Young Mr. Floyd (who was radical in his views), or any visiting clergymen, might preach what they chose, the Demmings listened with the same calm, devout pleasure. It never occurred to them to dispute any opinion promulgated by a minister of their church. It was all good like the Bible. There was no room for choice in either. The squire would be just as likely to read a chapter in Numbers to a penitent sinner as one in St. John. The effect on his own mind was very much the same. Both had the soothing effect of a repeated charm, which set him safely apart from other men.

You would always find on the Demming's centre-table all the papers and magazines published by the denomination. Their house was the headquarters for clergymen and contributors. The girls could tell you at a moment's notice where such or such a minister was now; how long Dr. D., of St. Louis, had stayed in Europe, and how much money had been given to dear Mr. J. by his flock in Chicago, to visit the Holy Land. They were exceedingly fond, too, of religious poems and could repeat whole pages of Henry Kirke White and Miss Havergal. They took an eager interest in all foreign missionary work; the story of these heroic men in African jungles or Indian bungalows had all the dramatic power of a novel for them. Grace declared she had a positive affection for that lonely Miss W., who was at work in Ceylon, and considered young Mr. S., who was in Hong Kong, one of the apostolic type of Christians, although she had never seen either of them. Isabella took more interest in the ascetic doctrines coming into notice. She possessed a delight in symbolism, filled her room with religious emblems and pictures, wore black on Good Friday, and lilies on Easter, and fasted as rigorously as any Episcopalian. Every week she noted down in her diary the changes in her spiritual condition. The whole family were fluent in the use of theological terms and talked glibly of the doctrines of their denomination; indeed, works of controversy on this subject filled their book shelves.

This familiarity with the outer garments of religion made them appear devout in the eyes of others, and in their own. They were a well-to-do family, and hence had felt none of the temptations of poverty. They were naturally gentle, unpretending, amiable folk, and hence were not likely to yield to the temptations of wealth. Their pleasant, mild, harmless, which was in fact due to temperament, was set down by their friends as the effect of piety.

Life to them Demmings was like a long summer day, until Joe brought his wife home. None of the family had ever seen her. They knew she was one of the Anabaptists of Kentucky. "There are Anabaptists in the United Presbyterian church," said Grace. "I hope Mary belongs to our membership." "Oh, yes, certainly," said Joe eagerly. He was just starting to be married and he was very anxious that they should love Polly in advance.

"Does she sing in the choir?" asked Isabella.

"I think not. But she has one of the sweetest voices—a low contralto. And you ought to hear her laugh, Belle! The merriest ring—oh, she'll bring new life into this house!"

The girls smiled. They were fond of Joe, and ready to welcome his wife. "But I hope she is ready to take a leading place in the church," said Grace after he had gone. "Joe will some day fill father's place, and his description of her does not give me the idea of an energetically religious woman."

"Well, hope for the best," said Isabella. She was very busy making an imitation stained glass window for the Sunday school room, and was anxious to finish it before Mary arrived.

"Uncle Ben must be kept in his own room when she comes, and Tom can be sent to the country for a month's visit," Grace said, her delicate cheek flushed painfully.

For there were skeletons in the Demming household. The squire's brother Ben, who was a paralytic old soldier and a most cross-grained, profane old fellow, occupying one wing of the mansion. He had a man to nurse and read to him, for his oaths were intolerable to his nieces.

Tom was their brother, younger than Joe. Tom Demming had disappeared for three years after he left college, and had come back a haggard, dissipated loafer. Nobody in Ball's Ferry knew what he had done in the gap of time, but it was certain he was under the bar—a marked man. The family treated him with gloomy politeness. They had taken up their cross and bore it; but it was heavy, and he knew that they found it heavy. Tom was never seen by visitors at the table or in the parlor. At visitors at the table or in the parlor. At visitors at the table or in the parlor.

Joe's wife disappointed them all. She was a plump, merry little girl, nothing more. "A very pleasant little heathen," sighed Grace, after two days had passed. "I named some of the best books on religious fiction, but she had never heard of them; and she did not know one of our foreign missions."

Good Mrs. Demming was uneasy at this, and that evening turned the conversation on doctrinal subjects. Polly grew red.

"I'm afraid," said she, "I am not clear in my ideas concerning these difficult points. The truth is after mother's death I had the charge of my four brothers, and I had so little time—"

"You will have more time now," said Isabella. "I will mark out a course of doctrinal reading for you."

But Mary made slow progress with her reading. As time passed and she settled down into her place in the household she proved to be a very busy little woman. She had a positive talent for finding work; took her share of the family mending, looked up dainty little desserts, helped Joe with his accounts. When Joe had gone to his office she took tremendous walks, advised Mother Demming about her fancy work, or copied the squire's papers for him.

"What a clerical hand you write," said Grace one day. "I often wish mine were not so defective, when father worries over those papers. But as for mother's embroidery, women of her age ought to give up that useless work when their eyes are failing."

"It does not seem useless to me," said Polly, gently. "She thinks you all value it."

"Where can Mary go on those interminable walks?" said Isabella one morning to her father. "You should warn her about Black Lane. She might wander into it and bring home typhoid fever."

"You ought to report that lane as a nuisance, father," said his wife. "It is a perfect sink of filth and vice."

"It is a disgrace to Ball's Ferry that such a place can find harbor in it," added Isabella. "They ought to be driven beyond the borough limits."

"Well, well, my dear! It doesn't do to be too energetic," said the squire. "They are poor creatures—runaway slaves before you know it. They never had a chance."

He was roused, however, to mention Black Lane at a meeting of the town burghesses that day.

"Something ought to be done, or we will have typhus amongst us," he said. "Something has been done," said Judge Paolo. "I came through the lane this morning, and hardly knew it. There has been a general clearing and draining. The dung hills are gone, the cabins are white-washed, the women—some of them—had actually washed their faces."

"What has happened?" asked the squire.

"I heard the sound of children's voices singing in one of the cabins, and the men told me it was 'Miss Mary's class.' Some good woman has been at work, I suspect."

"Miss Mary?" The squire's face grew red, his eyes flashed, but he said nothing more.

Grace home he met Polly coming to meet him. He looked at her with the eye of a judge. "Are you the good Samaritan? Have you been in Black Lane, my dear?"

She blushed, laughed, and stammered, "Oh, that was the most natural thing in the world, father. You know I was brought up among colored people. I knew how to manage them. It was only a ditch dug here and there, a few panes of glass and bushes of holly. They are good, affectionate creatures, and so anxious to learn."

The matter was driven out of the squire's mind before he reached the house, for he saw Tom skulking round the stable door. He had returned that day, as a dull sight of misery fell at the sight on his father's heart. Tom did not enter the house until late in the evening, when the family were gathered about the lamp. He came into the room with a swagger, unshaven, his boots reeking of the stable.

"Grace, bitterly. 'I came in to see Joe's fine lady wife,' he said in a loud voice. 'Gossip has been ashamed to introduce his scraggy brother.'

"Mary is not here," said Mother Demming. "Where is she, Grace?"

"In Uncle Ben's room. She reads the New York papers to him every day, now. They play blackgammon together, and they have one of those silly books of Artemus Ward's. I heard him laughing and swearing harder than ever, so he must be pleased. I wonder she can stand it."

"It's hard to understand her," said Isabella, dryly. "Mary is not as careful as to her associations as we should be."

Tom had been listening eagerly. "Enough said," he brought out, with a thump of his fist on the table. "If Joe's wife can take thought of that lonely old man up there, there's better stuff in her than I expected. I'll go up and make her acquaintance."

For several days afterwards Tom's voice was heard joining in the jokes and laughter that came out of Uncle Ben's room.

"Perhaps she treats him like a human being," said Joe.

But even he was startled when Mary came down that evening dressed for a walk, and nodded brightly to Tom, asked him to go with her. "Finish your book, Joe; brother Tom will be my escort."

Tom followed her slouching to the gate. He stopped there. Shame, defiance, misery looked out of his eyes.

"See here, Mrs. Demming! I reckon you don't know who I am, or you wouldn't have asked me to go with you."

Polly's tender, steady eyes met his. "Yes, I know."

"Dye know I'm a thief? I was in jail in Pittsburgh for a year."

Polly drew her breath hard. A prayer for God for help went up from her heart in that second of time. She held out both her hands. "Yes, Joe told me. But that is all over now—all over. You have begun new again, brother Tom. Come."

She put her hand in his arm as they walked down the street. He did not speak to her until they came back. Then he stopped her again at the gate. "My sisters have never been seen with me in public since I came back. I'll never forget this to you, Mary, never."

A month later the squire said to his wife. "Did you know Mary was studying her mathematics with Tom? Regularly coaching him. That little girl has the clearest head for figures I ever knew. But what can be her object?"

Mrs. Demming cleared her voice before she could speak.

"She has applied to some friends of hers in Kentucky to give Tom a situation. Father, I think there may be a chance for the boy. He wants to begin life all over again among strangers."

Joe surprised Polly when he met her the next time by taking her into his arms and kissing her with tears in his eyes.

In the spring Tom went to Kentucky and began his new life. He has not broken down in it yet.

It was in the spring, too, that Uncle Ben began to fail. The old man was so fond of Polly that she gave up most of her time to him; so much of it, indeed, that Joe complained.

"Don't say a word, dear," said she, "he has such a little while to stay. Let me do what I can."

"I say, Polly, was that the Bible you were reading to him today?"

"Yes. He asks for it often."

He began to whistle and choked it down into a sigh. Uncle Ben has been such a godless reprobate in his youth that it never had occurred to any of the Demmings that there was any way to reach his soul. He lived until late in the summer. The Sunday before his death he sent for Mr. Floyd and talked to him for a long time.

When the young minister came out of the dying man's room he was pale. He had been much moved.

"I will tell you the sacrament tomorrow," he said to Squire Demming. "You think he is worthy of it?"

"If sincere repentance and trust in Christ can make any of us worthy, he is. He asked that 'Little Polly' should take it with him. 'She has done this for me,' he said. 'It's her work.'"

The girls overheard the conversation. They sat gravely silent after the minister was gone.

"I do not understand Polly," said Grace, at last. "She never seemed to be a religious person."

"Perhaps," said the squire, "we have not clearly understood what religion is. We took too much for granted. If we would wake up and look into the truth of the matter—"

but I believe there is a system of hard packing that make us print more sharp and clear. The press shivers, the rollers move, the cylinder revolves; under it we fly, quickly travel back again; we receive a fresh coating of ink; under the cylinder we go again, each time having an impression taken; then back again, the white leaves silently piling up, one by one, in the rear of the press,—and so we continue until our great task is done. As our usefulness depends upon the care placed again upon the imposing stone, the page is separated, and handful by hand we are lifted, and type by type we are carefully dropped in our old resting places—the boxes in the type-case.—[Typographic Advertiser.]

Salt Rheum Cured. Are you troubled with Salt Rheum, Rough skin, Pimples or Ocular Sores; if so, go at once to Geo. Rhyms' Drug Store and get a package of McGregor & Parke's Carbolic Cerate. Price 25 cents. It was never known to fail.

Paramount. Mr. McCoy, carpenter, Lucknow, is making quite an improvement in John Clarke's house.

Mr. Burton has been re-engaged in S. S. No. 14 for the coming year, at an increase in salary.

Potatoes are an excellent crop in this vicinity this year. They are so large that a bushel of them will almost fill a barrel.

Very many of our citizens took in the show at Lucknow on Friday last. They speak of it as being the best ever held there.

Mrs. David Agnew, Sam Murchison and the Misses Jane Agnew and Mary Murchison have been spending a month visiting friends at St. Mary's. Some think there will be a slight change in the names when they return.

Meers, John Murray, John Martin and John Reid have painted the roofs of their houses. This adds greatly to their appearance.

A. Campbell, I. P. S., paid our burgh a visit last week, and seemed highly pleased with the state of the school.

The people of Hope church have had a new fence erected around the graveyard and church premises, which greatly improves its appearance.

D. Anderson, teacher of S. S. No. 11, 2nd con., Huron, has been seriously ill for about four weeks. He is at present at his home in Manchester. His many friends wish him a speedy recovery. Mr. Wallace has had charge of the school since Mr. Anderson's illness.

The following are the officers of Dewdrop Council for the ensuing quarter: Bro. Wm. McIntosh, councillor; sister Bella McDiarmid, vice-councillor; bro. J. Matthews, secy.; sister A. McDiarmid, asst. secy.; bro. Sam Murchison, F. S.; bro. Neil Murchison, treasurer; bro. Neil McDiarmid, herald; sister M. Sansburn, D. herald; bro. D. G. McKenzie, chaplain; bro. Wm. Davis, guard; bro. R. McKenzie, sentinel.

A New Lumbering District. OTTAWA, Oct. 10.—Lumbermen unanimously declare that along the Whanapet, Spanish Dog and the Michipicott rivers, north of Lake Superior, will soon sprout up a great lumbering industry, rivaling that of Northern Michigan. There are said to be the finest forests of pine on this northern continent north of the Canadian Pacific railway, which the whole district to the west of the world.

A Sure Indication. Whenever there are festering sores, blotches, pimples and boils appearing, it indicates an extremely bad condition of the blood which should be speedily cleansed by that best of all medicines, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Hamilton Happpings. There is now being manufactured here an article for instantly removing pain of any acute external nature, and it is certainly the most perfect cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache and the like that has ever been tried. It is called Fluid Lightning from the rapid manner in which it acts, and is manufactured by McGregor & Parke. Sold in Goderich by G. Rhyms, druggist.

Highest Praise. The well-known drug firm of N. C. Polson & Co., of Kingston, writes that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has long been considered the best remedy for Stomachic complaints in the market, and adds that their customers speak in the highest terms of its merits. Wild Strawberry is the best known remedy for Cholera Morbus, Dysentery and all Bowel Complaints.

A REWARD.—Of one dozen "TEABERRY" to any one sending the best four rhyme on "TEABERRY," the remarkable little gem for the Teeth and Path. Ask your druggist or address.

Wheeler's Tissue Phosphates. THE SKILL OF COMBINING A complicated medicinal preparation with the various ingredients so adjusted and harmonized as to secure toleration and assimilation by the stomach, and the special action or form of energy of each separate agent, and at the same time an effect peculiar to the chemical manipulation of the compound, is acquired only by long and patient study of the properties and uses of medicine, and cannot be imparted from brain to brain any more than a juggler can endow an onlooker with the capacity of keeping a number of balls in motion in the air by showing him how it is done. This explains why Wheeler's Phosphates and Cellulose, an outcome of experience, accomplishes the object contemplated, while the fraudulent imitations substituted by some druggists disappoint the invalid.

New Life for Functions Weakened by Disease, DeMitt and Disipation. The Great German Inventor is the only specific for impotency, nervous debility, universal lassitude, forgetfulness, pain in the back or sides, no matter how shattered the system may be from excess of any kind, the Great German Remedy will restore the lost functions and secure health and happiness. \$1.00 per box, six boxes for \$5.00. Sold by all druggists. Sent on receipt of price, postage paid, by F. J. Cheney, Toledo, Ohio, sole agent for United States. Circulars and testimonials sent free. Sold by Geo. Rhyms, sole agent for Goderich.

2m

DANIEL GORDON, CABINETMAKER AND LEADING UNDERTAKER.

It will pay you to buy your Furniture from the undersigned, as I have now a complete assortment as there is in the county. I do not adopt any quick scheme of advertising a cheap specialty, but will sell you a general outfit at prices that cannot be surpassed equally considered. In the Undertaking I have stock suited for the poor as well as the rich. I have also added the process of Embalming, so that parties having to send bodies of friends to a distance can do so at reasonable cost.

DANIEL GORDON, West street, Goderich, between the Post Office and Bank of Montreal. Sept. 24th, 1885. 214-3m

SPECIALTIES AT THE MEDICAL HALL!

Just received, a large consignment of the West India and Montserrat brands of Pure Lime Fruit Juices. In Bottles of all sizes. Makes a most healthful and refreshing beverage for the summer season.

A Lot of Apollinaris and other Mineral Waters. FRESH SUPPLIES OF Hellebore, Paris Green, London Purple, Insect Powders, etc., etc., etc.

F. JORDAN, Medical Hall, Goderich.

Goderich Foundry and Machine Works, Runciman Bros., Proprietors.

CONTRACTS TAKEN FOR STEAM ENGINES, FLOURING MILLS, AND OTHER MACHINERY WANTED. Flouring Mills Changed to the Gradual Reduction System.

Horse Powers, Grain Crushers, Straw Cutters, Agricultural Furnaces, Stoves, etc., etc., at Low Prices.

All Kinds of Castings Made to Order.

J. B. RUNCIMAN. R. W. RUNCIMAN. Goderich, Nov. 20, 1884. 1910-1y

CROP PROSPECTS

For the Summer are very fine; indeed Farmers will have plenty of work for their Machines and it will pay them to use McCOLL'S

LARDINE OIL

It will not gum nor corrode, and wears equal to lard or seal, and can be bought for less money. Manufactured only by McCOLL BROS. & CO., Toronto.

R. W. MCKENZIE, Sole Agent for Goderich. June 11th, 1885. 1909-3m

BARGAINS FOR CASH

I AM SELLING OFF MY STOCK OF CLOTHING AND GENTS' FURNISHINGS

At a Greatly Reduced Price for Cash. THIS IS A GENUINE ANNOUNCEMENT.

ABRAHAM SMITH. Goderich, Nov. 13th, 1884. 1909-

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GEO. BARRY, CABINET-MAKER AND UNDERTAKER

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A good assortment of Kitchen, Bed-room, Dining Room and Parlor Furniture, such as tables, chairs, hair, cane and wood seats, Cupboards, Bedsteads, Mattresses, Washstands, Lounges, Sofas, What-Nots, Looking Glasses.

N. B.—A complete assortment of Coffins and Shrouds always on hand, also Hearses for hire at reasonable rates. Picture Framing a specialty.—A call solicited. 1751

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Begin to announce to the Public that they have opened business in the above Store in the store lately occupied by Horace Newton. Having purchased a large and well assorted stock of Spring and Summer Goods at close figures, we are determined to give the Public the benefit.

QUICK SALES, SMALL PROFITS WILL BE OUR MOTTO

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Custom work will receive our special attention. None but the best of material used and first-class workmen employed. Repairing neatly done on the shortest notice.

Goderich, March 9 1882. DOWNING & WEDDUP

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Beautiful colors and at prices less than very much inferior goods, Cal and seetmen. They are the best value in town, and must be sold.

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