THE DOSTERS:

ARomance of Georgian Life "Bacheldrin, Henry Dawsier, now they may be some kind of men that bacheldrin suit; but they monst'eous few, and a preacher, speahual Meth'dis', not among 'em. Make no odds how much a young preacher in the first off-start in his mad careers, so to speak, may think more of hisself than other people think he's liable to, and he mayn't feel like he want to bother and hamore hisself with one sindle prescher in the first off-start in his mad careers, so to speak, may think more of hisself than other people think he's liable to, and he mayn's feel like he want to bother and hamper hisself with one single female section of people, yit he'll find in time that the time will come, and that mayby suddent, when his holt will begin to loosen, and i'll keep on a loosenin' tell he'll have to let her drap. And it's speahnal the case when he have good looks, but which I've never ben oneasy about your settin' Tar River alire on them score. Yit so it is, and I have yit to see the bachelder preacher that won't knock under in the course of time. Because for why? In every combunity that I've ever ben anywhere they always girls and not only them, but widders and old maids of all age and description, that in a case like the present they everlastin' workin' up shoe slippers, or money-pusses, or dressin'-gownds, or neck-hankchers, or somethin' of some kind that no nation of men of no kind ever hai any use for, but which in the first place that they'll go to conwince him, if he don't look out, that he's too good to go and preach to common poor people at ill-convenant places. And, at last, he'll see that seeh foolishness have to stop, and 'stid of sech onuseless articles, which nobody, much less a Meth' dis' preacher, have no yearthly necessity for, he'll find that what he wants is a wife, not only for company, but for makin' and mendin', and keep him decent respectable. for, he'll find that what he wants is a wife, not only for company, but for makin' and mendin', and keep him decent respectable. Now it ain't that I would ricommend any young man to go into the very market of young women, as it were, like he was after a horse or a piece of prop'sy. No, sir; and if a man is any account he'll wait, no matter how long time it take, tell he fall dead in love with jes one lone partic'lar one by herself, and feel like, thoo every bone in his nastur', that she's the onliest pink of perfection they is, make no deffunce how much the gittin' of married bound to take the sige off sech as that. No, sir; and I tell you now, Henry Dawster, 'twe'n's for sech as that, that sige would be took off a heap sconer and a heap more of it. Yes, sir, my boy, wait till she strike you a center beep sconer and a heap more or 15. Lee, sir, my boy, wait till she strike you a center shot, and you feel like the ground sin't hardly good enough for her to walk on it. Of course a feller bound to find out in time, and when it's all over, that his wife ain't of that angel kind of women love-tales tells of that angel kind of women love-tales tells about; and you mayn't believe it, but often I've sot up a mighty nigh all night with a toller candle, and sometimes nothin' but a light'rd knot fire, a purusin' "Alonzer and Melissy," and "The Bandit's Bride," and seeb, and cried, and wantin' to be thar, I and, jerkin' out my knife, hack them yillion's heads off and takin' them wimn off somewheres and live together,

The Yolunteer Organist,

The gree big church was crowded full up broadall and and wail.

The gree big church was crowded full up broadall and and wail.

The sides in the pools that grows on our ofBillined books, baide shirts, stiff dickeys, an'
an' acods 'fit rousericoneso tight they couldn't
kneed down in prayers.

The sides in his poolsit high said, as he slowly
"Out of the congregation be so kind't to
work the said of the congregation be so kind't to
work the said of the congregation be so kind't to
work the said of the said the sa

looking."

"I didn't so describe him, you conceited fellow. I only intimated that some people might dare to think him handsomer than even you. Well, off with you. Good-by. My love to annty and all the Joyners."

"How did you girls like the young preacher?" Mrs. May asked of her daughter on her return.

"Oh, ma, I was glad Cousin Emily kept me, although I felt not quite comfortable in an everyday frook in presence of a young man so well dressed and so cultivated. However, the next day, when Ellen brought me another. I was already at ease."

"Yes; Ellen sent me word by Will that she was going to join you at Emily's, and suggested that you might like me to send you something."

"Bless Ellen's heart, and youts too! You are both so thoughtful. Henry Doster doesn't look like a preacher, ma. He's handsome too, and a good talker, and a good listener."

"What did he talk about?"

"Oh, lots of things—society, books, music.—"

"Ob, lots of things—society, books, musio—"
"And religion."
"No, ma'am, not at all. I suppose he thought that young girls and of Baptiss, peopls would not care to hear a Methodist preacher discourse in private on religion, and when they were guests in the house where he lived. I thought that was very polite and sensible. Yet at bedtime he made the most beautiful prayer. His voice, especially when it takes on a religious tone, is very impressive. We were not long on books, I sasure you. I suppect he saw that Ellen and I were not anxious he should find how few what a red was the same contained to the same that th books, I assure you. I suppect he saw that Ellen and I were not annious he should find how few we had read, and he let us drop the subject when he saw that we wanted to. Pious as he is, yet he is full of fun. Cousin Emily says he tells her things about old Mr. Swinger that she and he both, and so does the old man when present, laugh at till they have to ory. But he didn't salk about him to us. That, I suppose, he felt would be telling tales out of school. He's devoted to music. He sang a very good tenor with some of my songe, and he said to me privately that Ellen played better than any person he'd ever heard. He evidently admires Ellen highly."

"Not very; but rather. Ellen thinks he's handsomer than Tom. I hardly think so. He's very fond of Tom, and he eaid that he had promised to make him a visit he's real to the control of the con

self. He had been meeting Hiram's new manners as he had his former, apparently not noticing that they were different from what he might have been better pleased to see. His visits, especially at the Joyners', continued as therefolore, infrequent and seemingly, if not really, accidental. Heveral times, however, within the last air months, when the girls, together or singly, were visiting friends in town, he went there, and —generally with his consin—called upon them whenever they were elsewhere than at the Ingrame'. In this time Henry Doster had become well acquainted with both; but it was near the end of the spring before he made his long-promised visit to Tom. This cocurred only a few days after a call which Hiram, responding to many suggestions from both families thereto, had made upon him.

During the sojcum of a couple of days the cousins paid a visit together to the Mays and Joyners. The easy courteousness of the preacher made a good impression on the mothers. Mrs. Joyner, a much more ardent partisan of Horeb than Mrs. May, said that she could not but wonder and be sorry that such a fine, bright young man could ever have become a Methodist preacher. Will and Hiram, as in their mothers' presence they must, behaved with decent hospitality, although Ellen thought her brother might have made fewer allusions to the profession of the principal visitor, and perhaps Harriet would have been more pleased if Will had been less punctiliously gracious.

"Two remarkably fine young women, Tom;" Henry said when, having parted from the Joyners, they had mounted their horses for the return. "I wonder you haven's fallen in love with one of them. Indeed, I am inclined to suspect you have —perhaps with Miss May, as I noticed that you had rather more to say to her than to the other."

Tom laughed and answered: "Yes, they are very fine girls; but I've never induged what thoughts I may have let come into my mind coassionally."

"Why not?"

Toh, reasons enough, Henry, for that."

"Are they sottally engaged, think you, either coupl

CHAPTER III.

silence.

CHAPTER III.

"Tom," his cousin at length said, "if you are satisfied that these girls, are not engaged, and if you have a feeling in that way, I cannot see why you should repress it, unless you are confident that its induspence would be hopeless. It is plain to me that both of them like you, and in the looks of each, when the name of her brother's friend was mentioned, especially in the case of Miss May, there was something—well, it seemed to me a sort of pain, indifference—which led her to turn from the subject. Now, my dear old fellow," laying his hand fon ily on Tom's shoulder, "I don's ask you for your confidence, though I rather think that I might get what in such a case I should freely give to you; but if, as I suspect, you do love one of these young women, you ought to know that a man is under some bonds to his own heart and its honorable ambitions, and I have never known one who with greater propriety than yourself may feel and use all manfal means to the fulfilment of such obligation."

Suddenly turning upon him, Tom said, playfully: "Looky here, my boy, why not take some of that counsel to yourself? There are two of these women and but one of me."

of me."

Heavy blushed slightly, and, looking for tem."

Heary blushed slightly, and, looking forward, answered, with solemnity: "My dear Tom, if I should ever look for a wife, my best chances, I suppose, to say nothing of congruisy, would be among the Methodists. I doubt if I shall ever marry, bound as I am to an itinerary lite, which perhaps no woman whom I could admire sufficiently, especially if she were not of my religious fasth, could be expected to endure without complaint. But you," surning to him again—"you, my dear Tom, so upright, energetic, constantly bettering your condition with promise of a career higher, far above those young men, and with a manifuler appreciation than theirs of these young women whom they have not cultivated the manhood to deserve—if you want one of them, and do not believe that you would be interfering with a pre-contract, expressed or implied, I repeat it, you ove it to every behest of your being as a freeman to eater these lists."

They had turned into the grove fronting the house, when, checking their horses simultaneously, they dismounted. There

so. He's very fond of Tom, and he said that he had promised to make him a visit before long. Brother Will did not come to the house until it was nearly time for us to start back. But I was glad that he did come at last, and was polite enough to invite 'Henry Doster, when he was in the neighborhood, to call upon us."

"William ought to have done that, of course, and, to tell the truth, I'd like to see him myself after all the talk about his being so smart and such a fine preacher."

"He'll call here, I doubt not, when he comes to see Tom. I hope Hiram will call of the cak-tress, Tom told him without of the cak-tress, Tom told him without ones to see Tom. I hope Hiram will call or the oak-tress, Tom told him without reserve the secret that hisherto had been kept within his own breast. Henry, putting his arms around him, and laying his head upon his breast, was silent for a minute. Then, lifting himself upright, he said, with clowing face:

ute. Then, lifting himself upright, he said, with glowing face:

"Oh, Tom! my beloved, my most precious old Tom! Thankful am I, oh, so thankful! Yet I would have ohosen, and I would have prayed to die rather than not avoid a conflict between your heart and mine! You understand now my carnest wish to look inte yours. Give me your hand. Hand in hand we will go to meet these arrogant youths, who already olaim what they have never learned how to sue for and to win. Let us commit the issue to God, who, I do not doubt, will order whatever is best for all."

tool obloged to know, he can't expect a wife who have the heer of a family to be largey a sestion up in the parlor with here of the parlor with here of the parlor with the parlor with here of the parlor with here of the parlor with here of the parlor with the parlor with here of the parlor with here of the parlor with the parlor with here of the parlor with here of the parlor with the parlor with here of the parlor with here of the parlor with the parlor with here of the parlor with the pa

ean? I never saw Hiram so angry in my life."
"I don's see, brother Will, why Tom Doster should not feel as you describe about his "goodness," as you call it, compared with that of other young men of his acquaintance," she answered, very, very

with that of other young men of his acquaintance," she answered, very, very
mildly.

"Well, I do: for he has neither the
property nor the position to warrant."

"He has not indeed the property that,
for instance, you have, or Hiram; but as
for position, you know very well that in
this county it is as good as—as saybody's,
not only for what depends upon his personal character, but his family, which I have
heard pa say was as good as any in all his
acquaintance."

not only for what depends upon his personal character, but his family, which I have heard pa say was as good as any in all his sequaintance."

"Ay? Well, I merely remark that Hiram is getting furious about the report connecting Ellen's name with that Metholist coxcomb, and he says that it has to ston otherwise he will forbid his visiting the house. If they were of the right sort of met they would less often come to private houses where they are obliged to know that they are not wanted."

"Brother Will, I do not object to the visits of Tom Doster—I, for whom yof suppose, perhaps truly, that they are intended mainly, and I have good basons to believe that Ellen feels similally about those of his cousin. Ma has not firbidden, nor has Mrs. Joyner that I know of, that we receive the visits of these young men, and until that is done I, at least, shall treat them with the same civility with which I have always treated those whon I have taken to be gentlemen."

"My!" he said, pleasantly, at mending her spirit; "you talk as if you felt independent as a wood-sawye."

"I know not how independent such a person habitually feels, but I know very well that I shall always be a vert dependent will have been the such as the control of the such as the such as a feeling sirred by his harah language." you has had the art, perhaps because you never believed it worth your while, to conceal them. You have acted with me as if you had, and could have had, no other expendant of than for me to accept Hirem in marriage whenever he chooses to offer himself, and Hiram has done the same and more with Ellen in her relation to you and that because such was the surest if in the least troublesome means of accomplishing your own each, we could not both, or one of you at least, sue on your own nerits?"

(To be Continued.

A Quaker's Letter to His Watchmaker. I herewith send thee my rrolligate watch which greatly standeth in need of thy friendly correction. The last time he was at by friendly school he was in no way reformed, nor in the least beachted thereby, for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are wavering and irregular. for I perceive by the index of his mind that he is a liar, and the truth is not in him; that his motions are wavering and irregular; that his pulse is sometimes fast, which betokeneth not an even temper, at other times it waxeth sluggish. Not withstanding I frequently urge him when he should be on his duty, as thou knowest his usual name denoteth, I find him slumbering, or, as the vanity of human reason phraseth it, I catch him napping. Examice him, therefore, and prove him, I beseech thee, shoroughly, that thou mayest become acquainted with his inward mind, frame and disposition. Draw him from the error of his ways and show him the path wherein he should go. I greves me to think, and when I ponder therein, I am verily of opinion that his body is foul and the whole mass is corroption. Cleanse him, therefore, with thy obarming physic from all pollution, that he may vibrate according to the truth. I will place him a few days under thy oare and pay for his board as thou request. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself according to the truth. I will place him a few days under thy oare and pay for his board as thou request. I entreat thee, friend John, to demean thyself according to the gift which is in thee and prove thyself a workman, and when thou layest thy correcting hand upon him let it be without passion, lest it should drive him to destruction. Do thou regulate his motions for a time, to come by the motion of light that ruleth the day, and when thou findest him converted from the error of his ways and more conformable to the above-mentioned rules, then do thou send him home with a just bill of charges, drawn out in the spirit of moderation, and it shall be sent to thee ust bill of charges, drawn out in the spiri of moderation, and it shall be sent to the on the root of all evil.

in the root of all evil.

A Western Journalist in Norwich.

The Norwich Weekly People's Gasette,
Gordon Wilcox publisher and editor, is
perhaps the most unique newspaper in New
England. Its field is society and ethics,
and for two years or more it has treated
local questions practically with the same
candor that distinguishes the Arizona
Kicker theoretically. Its motto is: "Get
there, Eli!" At the head is the publisher's
notice:

THE PEOPLE'S WEEKLY GAZETTE THE PEOPLE'S WEERLY CALEFTLE
is a 5'-cent Reformed Newspaper
with pious tendencies, published at
11 water street, Norwich, by
Wilcox the Reformer,
and printed by Wilcox the Printer.

The Gazette is published ostensibly for the
public good, but in reality for the good of the

-New York Sun

Touching La Grippe the one golden rule on which all doctors are agreed is "when you have the influenza, go to bed and stay there." "The death rate would diminish," says the official French note, "if, when people are attacked by the grippe, they would not commit the imprudence of going out and exposing themselves to the cold—if they would take case of themselves, and, being grippes, not run the risk of aggravating their illness through their own imprudence." But whether the disease is their own fault or not, writes the Pall Mall "Tittle Tattler," the lot of the "gripped" (if I may anglicize the words) is decidedly not a happy one. Indeed, according to the correspondent of the Daily News, the influenza is a veritable plagne. "I went through the hospital," she says, "during the cholera visitation and did not then witness any thing like the amount of human suffering which I saw this morning."

The 'ate Mr. McGinty is, says the New York Sun, responsible for the success of a new device in the toy line. A good many young men are scattered over the principal streets nowadays greeting passers by with the line, "Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea"—and as they sing they hold aloft a glass tube filled with water. In the water is a comical looking fugure that the water is a comical looking figure that remains at the top of the tube when it proyancy is andisturbed. By pressing the humb upon the top of the tube the figure scaused to sink slowly to the bottom ence the appropriateness of device has many patrons.

Pleasant With Everybody Jolliboy—Good morning, sir!
Bilious—Why, sir, I do not know you
Jolliboy—I didn't say you did, sir. Good

"The pudding is not very good."
"Ah, but we can afford to ignore pudding when we consider the sauce."

. It is reported that the total amount paid to Parnellite ocunsel is £20,000. Sir Charles Russel relieved £7,000, Mr. Lockwool and Mr. R. T. Read (both Q. C*.) were paid \$3,500 each, Mr. Edward Harrington and Mr. Asquith, £1,500 each, and Sir Charles Russell's son and the two other jungs were each rewarded for their other juniors were each rewarded for the abors by the payment of £1,000.

The Connectiout Supreme Court has just decided that an agreement to forfeit the wages of a workingman if he leaves without two weeks' notice is constitutional. Notwithstanding the powerful opposition brought to bear upon the 11-hour work day bill for cotton and woolen operatives in Georgie, it was passed by the Legislature and went into effect Jan, 1st.

MIGHT AS WELL GIVE UP. MIGHT AS WELL GIVE IP.

Get out your muslin dresses, girls,
And byse get out your blazers;

You business men with winter beards
Get out your little razors.

The spring is here and soon the birds
Will come in countless legions—
Jack frost has caught "is grippe" and dare

Not leaves the Arotic regions.

Not leave the Arctic regions.

—The Salvation Army in the Dominion of Canada and Newfoundland have raises, for the self-denial fund \$7,690.13, of which they sent \$6,000 to India, -Only a hothouse depends

SCOUNDRELS IN SOCIETY.

Montreal Preacher's Descrip Public Men He Knows.

THE WHITE CROSS MOVEMENT. The Montreal Witness reports an address delivered by Rev. Dr. Douglas in thes city on Monday evening last, from which the following extracts are taken:

Mr. Chairman and friends,—I am glad that this meeting follows the week of prayer, for certainly no mission more imperatively demands to be preceded, accompanied and followed by prayer than this perplexing and difficult work of prevention and resone. I would regard myself as happy if the task of discussing the White Cross movement had been entrusted to other hands. The entire subject is so compassed about with the repellant, is so shrouded in revolting darkness and abhorrent to every instinct of purity, that I ever shrink from the responsibility of letting in the light and holding it up for public reprobation. Nothing but the desire to at least abate an evil, a growing evil, which is honey-combing and indeed dislocating the social life of society, prompts us to stand for the protection of innocence and the demunciation of those who are with malign and selfish intent playing the part of destroyers. It is the utterance of Matthew Arnold that if from the Greek we learn the grandeur of intellect and the science of beauty, it is from the Jew that we have derived that choicest gift of God to the race

THE INSTITUTION OF THE FAMILY.

The institution of the family! What is it? It is the corner stone of every Christian State. It is the asylum of all virtue, and that white roze of purity under whose fragrance all that is sweet, beautiful and divine in society has been fostered. To protect the family in its integrity and virtue, to bear aloft the ideal of social morality, is the most fundamental and beneficent work which can engage the sympathy and fearless endeavor of any man on this footstool divine. We are here to levelour impeachments and empasize our denunciations against the indusence of our modern stage, which Mrs. Kendal, she friend of our Queen, herself an artiste of the highest character, frankly admits is tainted from its centre to its circumference—illustrated

BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS VENDORS BOOKSELLERS AND NEWS VENDORS

as at war with virtue; men who stand behind counters and deal out the blackleitered literature which abounds in these times, down through the slimy streams of sensational tales to the depihs of the French novel of Zola, George Sand and others. Look at the sons and daughters of most Christian fami ies; what company do they keep? In the retirement of their their own room, in the silence of the midnight hour, they companionate with the pumps and vagabonds, and profligate, and outoasts, creations these of the Braddons, the infamous Ouidas and the Swinburnes, all gafnished with the splendor of descriptive diction, but still the product of the foulest minds of our age. The habitual companionship with vice pollutes every ohameer of imagery and leaves immoral memories that no regenerative power can efface in life. I impeach the moral sense of our city for its criminal indifference to the

character of its criminal indifference to the character of its public Men.

Character of its public Men.

Look at the men that have been elected to our Council and civic chair. While we have had some of the noblest of citizons in high office from the times of a Viger and a Ferrier down to those of a Charles Alexander, yet the highest civic offices have been held by some of the vilest of men, and what is true of this city is true of Toronto and Hamilton, as I know. This city has elected men from whose homes virtue has fled; men who have sought to introduce the Ottoman seragic into our country, men whose lives were a perpetual defiance of the seventh cannon of the decalogue. These men whose immorality was flared in the very face of heaven, have come forward again and again and have been elected and re-elected until it would seem as if vice itself in this city of Montreal were one of the credentials for high office. And look at the men that our noble City Council have in time past appointed to official positions—pateurs of the bar;

the dubious, the flashy; men of the tichelicu gang, who sneer at all temperance and moral reform, poker players set to eatch gamblers; men in whose office was the underground telegraph to signalize the caton gambiers; men in whose omes was the underground telegraph to signalize the bagnio when raids were to be made, so that when the officers of the law came the vultures of the night had fled. This state of public sentiment, which is within the recent memory of mets who hear my voice tonight, justifies the demand that every good citizen should form a so convenant and decree that no man of tainted obaracter, of immoral record, shall ever hold the civic chair, shall ever hold a civic office. Cifizens of this audience, will you office. Cifizens of this audience, will you stand for the honor of your city, your home and your God? (Cries of "Yes, yes.") I impeach some of the constituencies of the Dominion of an abnegation of moral discrimination in the representatives they have

SENT TO PARLIAMENT. There are men, living and dead, at the very mention of whose names virtue blushes and modesty hides her head; men whose characters have been kicked around the hotels and the corridors of our House of Parliament and then over the land; men who have introduced the continental stare of the Parisian boulevard into the streets of the Capitals, to the outrage of innecency. the Capitals, to the outrage of innocency Eloquent, are the men? Yes, but it i worthless as the hackneyed snatch of worthless as the hackneyed snatch of a worn out opera, given by a vagabond musician. Gifted with political sagacity, are they? Yes, but bankrupt in character, their connesls are distrusted as the trick-ster tales of an itinerant beggar. Name, you say, name! I will not name for the sake of the dead. But, I tell the constituencies of this country. East or West, which I could name, that the hour is coming and now is, when to send men of tainted, of damaged and putrescent character to the Parliaments of the land is to consign the very name of their constituency to very name of their constituency to REPROBATION AND UNIVERSAL CONTEMPT.

I tell hose men who have won some little political success as members or Ministers, but who bear on their forehead the Apocalyptic mark of the beast—I tell those highly honorable members whom it may concern—yes, and, all rough-handed, I hit them square between the eyes, when I tell them that their example and record is pestilential. (Applause.) It is an encouragement to youth to imagine they can enter upon licentious courses and yet win an ultimate success, but let them not be deceived; the time is at hand when the Sir Charles Dilthee and the Colonel Hallets of Canadian politics must retire before the tell those men who have won some little Sir Charles Dilkes and the Colonel Halletts of Canadian politics must retire before the scorn and aroused conscience of the electors of this land. We strike the tocain and sound the knell of their political damnation. (Applause.) What is true of men political is true of men political is true of men political is true of men professional. Your libertines, legal or medical! their vocation as trusted advisors is gone, and righteously gone, forever. I impeach the accussed Liquos Traffic as a conspiracy against the sanctity of the

gone, torever. Imposon the sanctity of the family. A moralist has well said: "There is not a demoralising league in this city but is bottomed on liquor; there is not a gambling hell but is bottomed on liquor; there is not a form of the same state of the light of the but is bottomed on liquor." See you the transition? Out of the gambling, hell; out of the gambling, hell; out of the gambling, hell into the house of sin and death, of which, says Bolomon, many enter but none return, for, swift-footed and sure, most find an early grave and a ruin which the stornities shall never repair. If there is aught that rouses, my indignation it is to think that the Government of Quebec, the rapacious and infamous Government, is in league with the liquor power of our city. Mr. Mercier may receive a hundred Papal banedictions to fan his vanity, but they cannot wipe from his political essentiched? the black and cruel dishome of having given his fiat to rivet this flery chains of liquid damnation about the neck of this city, and denied to its citizens the right to

as at war with the sanctity of the family—
the wasted solons of wealth, the degraded
sons of niggard fathere; your men that
rise at 11, pay morning calls at 3, and ding
it and wine it and edger it and gamble it
and dissipate it, and then at the midnight
hour march out of their club houses, those
heart-breaks of homes—I say out of their
club house or elsewhere, and drive east
into darkness. Of all men that are utterly
bereft of every instinct of manhood, commend me to these society men of libertine
lives. Doubtless the most intensified
villain in dramstic literature is "Richard
the Third." Yet even Richard has a conscience, for he soliloquizes, "My conscience, for he soliloquizes, "My conscience hath a thousand several tonges
and every tongue brings in its several tale,
and every tale condemns me for a villain."
But your vampire rose. Conscience? He
has none. Hour and honesty? He has
none. He will lie, he will swindle, he will
cheat at cards, he will forge, he will
defalcate, he will smile in the face of a
man as a friend while he is wreaking his
domestic honor, and—as I have known—
he will drink the very wine that charity
has 'donated for his dying wife and fill
the bottle with water. I have said that
these men are relentless and without conscience and honor. I go further and say
that they are

MERCILESS AND HARTLESS
who sport with the very tears and anguish
of their victims. Tell me of the buccancers of

the plank, who could equal the cruelty of those gentry that infest our streets. And WHERE IS THE VILLAIN Who has wrought this raination? Where? Welcomed into the salons of St. Denis and Sherbrooke street, whisking around the daughters of wealth in the revolting proximities and the semi-nude indelicacies of the waltz and the polks, fascinating the feminine heart like as the insect is fascinated by the devouring flame. Fascinating? Yes; all the more because of the dark romance that is whispered about that "Charlie is a little fast, you know." (Sensation) Fast! Yes; By oaths of eternal fealty, by protestations and perjury, he has wrought out the rain of humble innocence and then cast the viotim aside like the trampled rind of an orange out of which the sweetness has been expressed. This is the romance that floats about in the balls and social parties of society, concerning a man, a creature, a leathsome reptile, to be socyned, despised and ostracised—but then, ye goddesses of society, the reptile is "eligible," and has money! Beneath the circle of Orion and the Pleiades there is not a type of character more detestable and infernal than is found in some of your circulating roamers over the land for purposes diverse. With malice aforethought stealthily as the panther, they instinute themselves into country homes in pursuit of their prey; like the basilisk, they betray and destroy. I want to hold up before this

audience.

A SPECIMEN

of this genus homo, this genus diabolus, as a warning to simple and fragrant girlhood throughout the land Some years ago, when I was in the pastorate, I was called to visit a dying girl in one of the worst hells in our subarbs. For protection of character I was obliged to take my colleague. In that abode of horror there lay on a couch a daughter of rarest beauty. I see to night those lustrous, liquid eyes, shaded by the kındly lids, whose jetty fringe kissed her soft cheek's beatic time. I see her wistful look of pathetic sweetness and woe, which would wake the fountain of tears from the hardest heart. But where was the man of so called romantic love who decoyed that daughter from her green mountain home by lies and protestations? Was he moved by compassion? Nothing of the sort. I saw the marble-hearted fiend toying with the vices of the outcasts in another room, while his victim, away from fond mother, her ear to be no more banqueted by the voice of love, was dissolving into death. And this dread tragedy of wickedness and woe is going forward in our city and in our streets to night. A SPECIMEN

LIFE OF EVERY CITY PASTOR?

I do not speak of your dilletante gentry that prate about olerical dignity and eatheric society. What is the life of every true pastor but a prolonged and agonized conflict with ever-revealing vice? I tell you that ministers are not the sweet in nocents that your bar-room libertines and politicians imagine. They unwillingly track the footsteps down to damning darkness of many a man who carries a bold and audacious front. It is the sorrow and burden of the ministry that they are obliged to uncover so much of this social iniquity. Of all inannities that ever cossessed the mind of a young man no delusion is greater than to suppose that he can LIFE OF EVERY CITY PASTOR ? sessed the mind of a young man no delusion is greater than to suppose that he can hide his iniquity. Hide it? It is suspected; it is breathed; it is whispered; it is spoken. He is tracked; he is lecred at by the very Jehus of the street, mocked at by foes and mourned over by ministers, when he knows it not. I tell every young man, there is no darkness in which the worker of iniquity may hide himself. That which is hidden shall be revealed and that which is done in secret published in which is done in secret published in trumpet tones on the housetops, louder than noise of water shaken

LOUDER THAN ROLL OF THUNDERS:
in the heaven, while its lightning shall strike him through the heart with terror and smite his future with ruin. There are men in our mists garbed with respectability; if I were to declare their doings in the demi-monde balls of New Xork, in the alhambras and easines of London, in the midst of the can-can genuficetents of Paris; if I were to reveal how their disguise LOUDER THAN BOLL OF THUNDERS midst of the can-can genuflectentes of Paris; if I were to reveal how their disguise and sham were pieroed through and through, they would stand blanched with the pallor of Belshazzar when he saw the handwriting on the wall, while their dishonored heads would be orowned with reproach and hissing. At home-respectable; immoral abroad. I tell these men, this planet is too small to silence or hide their injusty. It will out. It will not too their eternal dishonor. I will not flanch from the cdium, I will not quall before the execration. I will welcome reproach, when I declaim against the tyranny of fashion which sends the wife and mother into prolonged absenteeism by shores, or mount, or transatiantic idling, when their conservative power should be felt in the home. I warn you, mothers, stand by your boys in the time of their moral strain; stand by your home. Never a summer passes which does not record some social disasters, which find no place of repentance, though you seek it carefully with tears.

There are men, good men, with whom I have no controversy, who in pulpits of our controversy, who in pulpits of our bodients of the vicious the DOCTRINE OF AN ETERNAL HOPE,

city are all unconsoiously preaching for the delectation of the vicious the DOTAINE OF AN THENAL HOPE, which practically means that men of this class who live like the devil and die as sated debauchees, will, by some postmortem change, of which I know nothing, wake up among the white-robed company of the redeemed, and walk the immortalities in the fellowahip of angels and of God. For my part I stand by the old belief of the old Book "that the abominable, the whoremongers and adulterers, God will judge," and they, with all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire—a material symbol of that rage, remores and despair which if the second death. I believe in the post-mortem unchangeableness of character. Dony it who will, it is enfored in the innermost beliefs of our being. Yes! "He that is holy shall be holy still, and he that is filthy shall be fully forever." And what an eternity will men of this class have. I think of many a lost and ruined one going down to death deeper than the grave, waiting for her destroyer. As he enters the realms of the infernal, I think of her as shricking out "My betrayer is come, false, perjured, cruel destroyer who worse than blood hath shed, seize on him, furies!" and the deepest depths of the deepest depths of the deepest depths of hell shall be his destiny. (Sensation.) While it is the

to utter its protest against all evil, against those infamous and reckless divorces which and escitations and recurses divorces which are distintegrating American society and invading our Danadian homes; while it hurls its invectives against those who fling abroad their vile badinage in office, in workshop and strest, for the cogruption of

The Great Manufactory of Tin Warr Bome years ago an idea suggested itself to an obsoure workman in Belleville, an idea that since then has engendered an army, amply qualified, were it a question of numbers alone, to realize the dream of eternal peace, by keeping in check the assembled armies of Europe. He sets on foot 5,000,000 soldiers a year. These soldiers are of humble origin, but so was Napoleon. They spring from old sardine boxes. Relegated to the dust hole, the sardine box is preserved from destruction by the dustman, who sells it to a rag merohant in Belleville or in Buttes Chaumont, who in turn disposes of it to a specialist, by whom it is then prepared for the manufactories. Two warriors are made from the bottom of the box, the lid and sides are used for guns, railway oarriages, bioyoles, etc.

All this may seem unimportant at first

science and honor. I go further and say that they are

MERCILESS AND HARTLESS

who sport with the very tears and anguish of their victims. Tell me of the buccancers of the Spanish Main; tell me of the brigands of the Balkans; tell me of the brigands of the Balkans; tell me of the very men that gambled for the seamless coat of the srudified Son of God; I would sooner trust innocence in the hands of any or all of these than with your sleek, oleaginous and polished scoundrels that float about in society, one of whom on Beaver Hall Hill, under God's sunlight, in response 1 the inquiry for a registry office, conducted a poor country girl to portais infernal, where she was only saved by the warning and compassion of the keeper, who had more meroy than the gilded fiend. (Sensation.)

There was never a pirate who sailed on the high seas, whose ultimatum was to walk the plank, who could equal the ornelly of those gentry that infest our streets. And where is the tribution of the seasons of St. Denis and Sherbrooke street, whisking around the Sherbrooke street, whisking around the same of the seasons of St. Denis and Sherbrooke street, whisking around the same of the seasons of St. Denis and Sherbrooke street, whisking around the same of the sam

Ball Dresses.

Ball dresses are being made of fanoy gauze, crepe de chine, lace and net. The fish-net dresses seem to increase in popularity, and are brought out in many designs, with spots and oubse introduced at intervals. They are made with full round skirts, raised on one side to show an underskirt edged with velvet. Jetted nets are most fashionable patterns in jet, being used for the front and sides of gowns; others have a pattern running all over the net and used for the thole gown. Another novelty is a panel or front of the skirt, thickly swm over with blossoms. Another novelty som sits of net, through which are run several rows of ribbon in groups, slik slip of another color, and the skirt edged in front with a ruching of flowers. Skirts, when not made with a train, should always rest on the ground. The bodices are low and draped, the drapery often caught up on the shoulder with bows of ribbon. Black, and black combined with white or color, is worn; the lace, embroidered with sprigs or spote, is mounted over a black silk underskirt, and black velvet is also popular, plain or trainment with its or gold embroidery. lace, embroidered with sprigs or spots, is mounted over a black silk underskirt, and black velvet is also popular, plain or trimmed with jet or gold embroidery. Black and white shoes are the latest novelty forevening—if the sides are black the toes will be white or the sides white and the toes black. Queen Anne shoes are also favoritee, with pointed toes, broad insteps, and low heels; small paste or silver buckles. Kid gloves will be more worn than suede this winter—for day wear, in tan and gray* shades; for evening, the suede very long, meeting the sleeve. They must match the gown in color or else be of tan color, which goes with every color. Embroidered gloves will also be worn, matching the snoes. Suede mittens are a novelty for evening and are sure to be popular, as they do away with the necessity of removing the gloves.—Gazette of Fashion.

By Order of the Czar !

By Order of the Czar!

In Russia a man or woman may be seized and banished to Siberia for years or for life without redress.

"By order of the Czar!"

Families can be broken up, lives ruined, children orphaned, hearts made desolate at a moment's notice, without trial or defence permitted to the victum.

"By order of the Czar!"

In the vast extent of Russian territory millions of subjects are utterly at the caprice of one man, and all the sunshine of life may disappear for them and hope and energy go out in the vast and bitter solitudes of Siberia.

"By order of the Czar!"

Commentary on such a terrible power is unnecessary, and that it is at times except

"By order of the Czar!"
Commentary on such a terrible power for unnecessary, and that it is at times exercised on the side of mercy is something to be grateful for. Some poor Russian exises in Siberia have been shot, and the Vice-Governor of Yakontak and a brutal police official (Olessoff) are to be tried. Will they be duly punished? Something may be done—

be done—
"By order of the Czar!".-New York
Herald.

What is Pip?
Pip really is no disease of itself. It comes under the head of colds, and is a few part of the part to must, however, he forerunner of roup. It must, however, be treated at once, or bad results will follow. It shows itself in the fowl first making an effort to sneeze, then the nasal passage becomes clogged up, and the bird is com-pelled to breathe through the mouth. This sakes away the moisture and the tongue becomes dry, showing a bony substance on the end. In plain words, the fowl has a cold in the head; otherwise it is well. Now for a cure. Place the sick birds in a dry, warm and sunny place for a few days, and feed on warm food. A good plan is to throw air-slacked lime around the hen house, causing the birds to sneeze, which generally cleans out their nostrils. A piece of fat pork, about the size of an earth-worm, sprinkled with black pepper, is also excellent. What causes this so-called pip? Principally too much dampness. It is always more frequent during damp seasons, and, unless the house is so constructed that it will be perfectly dry, it is nearly always bound to show itself. It can also come from a crack, leak or exposure.

Not What He Meant. akes away the moisture and the tongue

Not What He Meant.
Young Husband (inspecting a pair of ewly-mended stockings) — Why, this

newly-mended stockings)—Wny, soils darn—
Young Wife (interrupting)—Oh, Charley? Please don't swear about it. Don't use such language. I did the best I knew. Oh, boo hoo! boo hoo!
Young Husband (comforting the distressed)—Why, Myrtie, love, what's the matter! I only started to say this darning was simply superb. Altogether Too Heavenly.

Sne—Well, I saw a diamond breastpin yesterday in a shop window what was, per-fectly heavenly. He—Perfectly heavenly, was it? Say, Fanny, don't you have any earthly wishes? Do you think of nothing but heavenly things?

Paul White, a prosperous Colorado ranchman, about a month ago advertised for a wife, giving an accurate description of himself and his surroundings, etc. His ail has been so heavy ever since that i has been necessary to put it in barrels at the post office, and Mr. White was com-pelled to bring his farm waggon to town to haul it home. He has not yet made a selection.

Whether you have the grip or not, Drop some quinine into the slot Mary had a little lamb,
It bleated in cadenza;
"Twill bleat no more—
Its bleater's sore
With Russian induceza,
Peoria Transcript.

When the old year was forced to skip In hasty flight he left his "grip." The tedor I, Sidyor Tabadyo, At hobe I spesg Italiado. Lab nod versed id Yagkee ways Ad ab udused to Yagkee phrase. Eef id by speech I bake a slip, Esscuse be, sir, I've god the "grip."

Esscuse be, sir, I've god the "grip."

—Taking whiskey straight makes many a man crocked.

—It takes a pretty sharp remark to cut a slow man to the quick.

The real estate man wants the earth, and usually has some ground for such a desire.
Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, had a surplus at the close of the year of \$23.

— Uneasy lies the head that has crown.

EMERSON ON "OHARA

The people know that they need in their representative much more than talent, namely, the power to make his talents trusted.

How often has a true master resilted all the tales of magio!

Truth is the summis of being; justice is the application of is to affairs.

The will of the pure runs down from them into other natures, as water runs down from a higher into a lower vessel.

Character is centrality, the impossibil of being displaced or overset.

There is nothing real or useful that is a seat of war.

Our actions should rest mathematics on our substance. In nature there are false valuations.

No institution will be better than impating the contractions of the contractions of the contractions.

No institution will be better than institutor.

New actions are the only apologies and explanations of old ones, which the noble can bear to offer or receive.

We know who is benevolent by quite other means than the amount of subscriptions to soup-societies. It is only low merits that can be enumerated.

Character is nature in the highest form. It is of no use to ape it, or to contend with it. * • This masterpiece is best where no hands but Nature's have been laid on it.

where no hands but Nature's have been laid on it.

Nature never rhymes her oblidren, nor makes two men alike. " " None will ever solve the problem of his character according to our prejudice, but only in his own high unprecedented way.

We have seen many counterfeits, but we are born believers in great men.

I know nothing which life has to offer so satisfying as the profound good understanding which can subsist, after much exchange of good offices, between two virtuous men, each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend.

A divine person is the prophecy of the

each of whom is sure of himself and sure of his friend.

A divine person is the prophecy of the mind; a friend is the hope of the heart. Our bestitude waits for the fulfilment of these two in one.

The history of those gods and saints which the world has written, and then worshipped, are documents of character. The ages have exulted in the manners of a youth who owed nothing to fortune, and who was hanged at the Tyburn of his nation, who, by the pure quality of his nature, shed an epic splendor around the facts of his death, which has transfigured every particular into a universal symbol for the eyes of mankind.

Is there any religion but this, to know that, wherever in the wide desert of being, the holy sentiment we cherish has opened into a flower, it blooms for me? If none sees it I see it; I am aware, if I alone, of

sees it I see it; I am aware, if I all the greatness of the fact.

His Position in the Firm. Smith—I understand you have formed a opartnership.
Jones—For life.
"Indeed!"

'Atlead I' 'As, I was married last week.''
'What position do you hold in the firm ?''
'Silent partner.''
'That's what I thought.''

He saw Him. Mrs. Fangle-Did you see Dr. Bigpill last might, dear.

Fangle (absent mindedly)—Yes, I saw him sad went him several bet—ter, I meat I saw him for a moment only, and I forgon to tell him to call and prescribe for you. I'll telephone to him as soon as I get to the

"I thought you were going to marry Miss Goldthwaite, Charley. Haven't you some aspiration in that line?" "I had, but it was no go. Her family were all opposed to it." were all opposed to it."
"Well, if the girl herself—"
"I said all the family. She was one of

Grip Did It.

Miss Chestnut—Is it true that your mar-riage with Mr. Callowhill has been indefi-nitely postponed?

Miss Walnut—Oh, no, not indefinitely Poor, dear Fido, you know, was stacked with "18 grippe" and died, and of ourse I couldn's think of marrying for a year. This Comes Hopping."

"This Comes Hopping."

"This comes 'hopping." to find you well as it leaves me at this present," was the quaint finish to many a lester in days gone by. The "hopping" was odd spelling for hoping. This comes hoping to point some a weary woman, the victim of functional derangements or uterine troubles, internal inflammation and ulceration or any other animents peculiar to the sex, the way of hope, health and happiness. Dr. Pierco's Favorite Prescription is the only medicine for woman's peculiar weaknesses and attents, sold by druggiests, under a positive guarantee from the manufacturers, of satisfaction being given in every case, or money retunded. See guarantee printed on bottle-wrappsr.

Plucking Victory From Defeat. Mother—Why, Johnnie! What on earth have you been doing? Johnnie—Fight'ni. 'N' say, you owe me half a dollar on it. Know that tooth you

Well, Billy Biffer knocked 'er out." Wanted, 10,000 Men.

Wanted, 10,000 Men,
Must be in poor health and unable to do a
good day's work. A dicordered liver or any
disease caused by scrofule or bad blood will
be considered a qualification, but preference
will be given to those having obstinate affections of the throat and lungs, or incipient
consumption. Apply to the nearest drug
store and sek for a bottle of Dr. Pierce's
Golden Medical Discovery. It is the only
guarafteed cure in all cases of disease for
which it is recommended, or money paid
for it will be refunded.

Colonel Chestnut—I see they are drag-ing the river again. Mr. Mouthopen—'Sthat so? What for? Colonel Chestnut—To find McGin— The Coroner's jury found that the colonel's death was caused by strangulation. No arrests.

For biliousness, sick headache, indiges-tion, and constipation, there is no remedy equal to Dr. Pierce's Little Pellets. Purely vegetable. One a dose. "A young lady in Penn. Yan, N.Y., wears twelve diamond rings on one finger." She should also wear a gold band around her head, to prevent the orack in her skull from becoming wider.

THAT STRANGE GIRL.
She doesn't care for music and she never tries to play, She doesn't crochet pillow shams forever and a She—Charlie, you know you promised ne something handsome on my birthday.

He—Yes, I know.

She—Well, I saw a diamond breastpin esterday in a shop window that was never and a day; show the same and the state of the same and the Nor foolish, glddy persons who are ever on the mash; She's awful queer, for frequently she's busy darning-ocks, Or doing other duties while her mother sits and rocks; With just such strange, unusual ways her heart and hands are rife, I hope to some time make this odd, old-fashioned girl my wife.

A dispatch from Berlin states that in dispected in that city was found a dolphin steep the weighing 120 pounds, forty-three fish, a decomposed seal, a human arm and four human legs. There were \$100,000,000 worth of jewels forn at the New York New Year's ball,

ut not one was stolen, which says much or the honesty of the 400. The diamond and pearl necklace worn on state occasions by Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt has excited the greatest wonder. The striking feature of this necklace is the diamonds are pierced through the centre and are strung alternately with the pearls. It required weeks of patient labor to pierce each stone.

D. C. N. L. 5, 90, A GENTS MAKE \$100 A MONTH with us. Send 90c. for terms. Aediores rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. A 7 BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S

POWDE THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND