

WHEN THE WIFE HAS GONE AWAY.

When the wife has gone away they tell me that I
 Like someone that's a-walkin' an' a-talkin' in a
 dream ;
 I move so quiet roun' the house, an' speak so soft
 an' low
 Or sit there by the winder, where her sweet geran-
 iums grow—
 Or take the willer rocker by the old-time fire-
 place
 An' stare above the mantel where I see her pictur'd
 face ;
 For hours an' hours together ! I'm " strange," the
 neighbors say,
 An' they don't know how to take me when the
 wife is gone away !
 The mockin'-bird keeps singin' in the old mul-
 berry tree,
 An' from the little garden all the roses nod to
 me ;
 The mornin' sky is jest as bright ; ain't anything
 to blame—
 It's jest my heart ain't beatin' right, jest me that
 ain't the same !
 You see, when folks has lived so long together,
 through the years
 That sometimes brought 'em gladness, and some-
 times sighs an' tears,
 They kinder feel like they was one, and hard it is
 to part ;
 An' they time each other's absence by the beatin'
 o' the heart.
 An' so, I'm always lonesome when the wife is
 gone away ;
 It seems jest like it's winter roun' the roses o' the
 May ;
 An' there ain't no joy in livin' an' there ain't no
 peace or rest,
 'Till once more we are united, an' I fold her to
 my breast !
 —Frank L. Stanton.

PAUSE AND THINK.

Our trials we could soften
 If we'd only pause and think
 Tears would not flow so often
 If we'd only pause and think.
 Our skies would all be brighter,
 Our burdens would be lighter,
 Our deeds would all be whiter,
 If we'd only pause and think.
 We would not proceed so blindly
 If we'd only pause and think ;
 We would never speak unkindly
 If we'd only pause and think ;
 We would cease unrest to borrow,
 Darkly clouding each to-morrow,
 We could banish words of sorrow
 If we'd only pause and think.
 —Chicago Journal.

WORDS.

Keep a watch on your words, young people,
 For words are wonderful things ;
 They are sweet, like the bees' fresh honey ;
 Like the bees, they have terrible stings !
 They can bless like the warm, glad sunshine,
 And brighten a lonely life ;
 They can cut, in the strife of anger,
 Like an open, two edged knife.
 Let them pass through your lips unchallenged,
 If their errand is true and kind,
 If they come to support the weary,
 To comfort and help the blind ;
 If a bitter, revengeful spirit
 Prompt the words, let them be unsaid ;
 They may flash through a brain like lightning,
 Or fall on the heart like lead.

ON SNOW-SHOES TO THE BARREN
 GROUNDS.

This record of a twenty-six hundred
 miles' journey in pursuit of big game, in
 the December *Harper's*, is the most inter-
 esting contribution to the literature of
 travel that has been made for many years.

It describes a hitherto unknown region
 in Northwestern America as it appears in
 winter, and the narrative is embellished
 with many illustrations from photographs
 made by Mr. Whitney. We make the
 following extracts :—

OUR OWN NORTH-WEST.

Far to the North-west, beginning ten
 days' journey beyond Great Slave Lake
 and running down to the Artic Ocean,
 with Hndson Bay as its eastern and Great
 Bear Lake and the Coppermine River as
 its western boundaries, lies the most com-
 plete and extended desolation on earth.
 That is the Barren Grounds, the land
 whose approximate 200,000 square miles
 (for its exact area is unknown) is the
 dwelling-place of no man, and its storms
 and sterility in its most northerly part
 are withstood the year round by no living
 creature save the musk-ox. There is the
 timberless waste where ice-laden blasts
 blow with hurricane and ceaseless fury
 that bid your blood stand still and your
 breath come and go in painful stinging
 gasps ; where rock and lichen and moss
 replace soil and trees and herbage ; and
 where death by starvation or freezing
 dogs the footsteps of the explorer.

There are two seasons and only two
 methods of penetrating this great lone
 land of the North—by canoe, when the
 watercourses are free of ice, and on snow-
 shoes during the frozen period, which oc-
 cupies nearly nine of the year's twelve
 months. The deadly cold of winter, and
 greater risk of starvation, make the canoe
 trip the more usual one with the few In-
 dians that hunt the musk-ox. But, be-
 cause of the many portages, you cannot
 travel so rapidly by canoe as on snow-
 shoes, nor go so far north for the best of
 the musk-ox hunting, nor see the Barren
 Grounds at their best or worst, as you
 care to consider it. That is why I chose
 to make the attempt on snow-shoes.

Arthur Heming, the artist, and I
 found ourselves, December 27th, 1894, at
 Edmonton, the end of the railroad. We
 had travelled on the Canadian Pacific via
 Winnipeg and Calgary, and through the
 land of the Crees, Blackfeet, and Sarcee
 Indians, without seeing anything so pic-
 turesque in the way of costuming as the
 Winnipeg dragoon and a Sarcee young
 woman resplendent in beads and glitter-
 ing tinsel. I really ought to include the
 mounted policeman, for he too has a uni-
 form which, with scarlet jacket and yel-
 low-striped breeches, is deserving of great-
 er attention. But the mounted police-
 man has that which is far worthier of
 comment than uniform. He has the re-
 putation of being the most effective arm
 of the Canadian Interior Department.
 And he lives up to it. These " Riders of
 the Plains," as they are called, patrol a
 country so large that the entire force may
 lose itself within its domains and still be
 miles upon miles apart. Yet this com-

parative baneful maintains order among
 the lawless white men and stays discon-
 tentment among the restless red men in
 a manner so satisfactorily and so unosten-
 tatiouly as to make some of our United
 States experiences read like those of a
 tyro.

The success of the North-west Moun-
 ted Police may be accredited to its system
 of distribution throughout the guard-
 ed territory. Unlike our army, it does
 not mass its force in forts adjacent to
 Indian reservations. Posts it has, where
 recruiting and drilling are constantly going
 forward, but the main body of men is
 scattered in twos and threes over the
 country, riding hither and thither—a
 watch that goes on, relief after relief. This
 is the secret of their success, and a system
 it would well repay our own government
 to adopt. The police are ever on the spot
 to advise or to arrest. They do not wait
 for action until an outbreak has occurred ;
 they are always in action. They constitute
 a most valuable peace-assuring corps, and
 I wish we had one like it.

THE HUDSON BAY COMPANY.

Although Edmonton has but a few
 hundred population, it is doubly honored
 —by an electric-light plant which illumi-
 nates the town when not otherwise en-
 gaged, and by a patience-trying railway
 company that sends two trains a week to
 Calgary and gives them twelve hours in
 which to make two hundred miles. But
 no one, except luckless travellers, at Ed-
 monton cares a rap about intermittent
 electric lights, or railroads that run pas-
 sengers on a freight schedule, so long as
 they do not affect the fur trade. Fur
 was originally the *raison d'être* of Ed-
 monton's existence, and continues the
 principal excuse of its being. In the last
 three years the settlement of a strip of
 land south and of one to the north has
 created a farming or ranching contingent,

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