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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

Thos Weatherall apr.



PRINTED BY J. W. B. DEES & ENGS. LONDON.

[SUBSCRIPTION 50C. PER ANNUM.] *Mens sana in corpore sano.* *Labor omnia vincit.* [PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.]

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MARCH, 1879.

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NO. 3.

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J. G. WILSON, Electropathic Physician.

TESTIMONIALS.

It was not Bright's disease of the Kidneys after all. For seven years I was so lame from Kidney disease that I could scarcely walk. I felt languid and depressed, I was troubled with indigestion and pain in my stomach and became very much emaciated, and when my sufferings became intolerable and the cause apparently incurable, it was pronounced by several eminent doctors "Bright's disease of the Kidneys and beyond cure, drinking the Meribah Mineral Water and taking baths and treatment for two months at the Mineral Water Institute in Stratford, made a thorough cure, and now the doctors say it could not have been Bright's disease of the Kidneys.

JACOB HEINTZELMAN,
Berlin.

I used the Meribah Mineral Water in a bad case of Dyspepsia of seven years standing and in six weeks I was well.

JAMES LEWIS,
Stratford.

The Meribah Mineral Water cured me of Liver Complaint when I was so bad that my right side had been swelled for three years and I was almost constantly in pain. I spent three weeks at the Institute, and then drank the water at home for five or six weeks more. The water relieves constipation at once and begins to improve one's condition in a few days.

GEO. F. HOLMES,
Guolph.

I have suffered for more than ten years with Dyspepsia, which increased till I took no comfort day nor night. My Liver became so affected as to produce considerable swelling on the right side; at length I felt a painful burning sensation at the top of my head, and the hair began to fall out rapidly, and after long suffering and a good deal of expense I heard of and sent for the Meribah Mineral Water, on using it I began to improve in one week. I have used it now ten weeks and consider myself well, and to my great surprise my hair instead of rapidly falling out, is rapidly coming in.

I should add that I took treatment one week at the Hydro-Electro-Therapeutic and Medical & Surgical Institute in connection with the Meribah Mineral Springs.

REV. H. D. WHARTON,
Toronto.

London, August, 1876.

In giving this testimonial I am actuated by no other motive than of giving hope to the invalid. I had been for several years a great sufferer with "Bright's disease of the kidneys," general Dropsy, and suffered all the torture of Dyspepsia. Medicine was a total failure and physicians gave me no hope, when by mere accident I learned the virtues of the waters at the Meribah Mineral Springs, in Stratford and after drinking of them for a few days began to improve and in two months I was a well and happy man, and now feel that I cannot use language too strong in recommending their use.

C. BICE.

Pittsburg, Penn., May 21, 1878.

I have had considerable experience in mineral waters, and have derived great benefit from them in my practice, but among all that I have tried, I have found none to possess the virtues, nor anything to nearly approach the healing qualities of the Meribah Mineral Springs in Stratford, Ontario. I was advised by a medical friend of mine in London, Ontario, to try these waters, and I have prescribed them in consumption, liver affections, kidney diseases, rheumatism, dyspepsia, constipation, general debility, and in almost every variety of female complaints, and so thoroughly convinced am I of their superior virtues and curative powers in these diseases, that I am led to believe that when they fail, there is no help to be hoped for by any other means. In many cases improvement begins apparently from the taking of the first glass, and the cure speedily continues as if by magic. The interest I take in making known the efficacy of these waters is for the public good, and I should consider it wrong to withhold such knowledge.

J. HOPKINS, M. D.

These are a few of the many certificates we have already been presented with, but it is deemed unnecessary to occupy space with more.

Parties desiring to test the virtue of the Meribah Mineral Water, either by attendance at the Baths in Stratford, or by drinking it at their own homes, can obtain all requisite information by applying to

M. F. McTAGGART, M. D.,
Stratford, Ont.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE

HEALTH AND INSTRUCTION AMUSEMENT CHOICE LITERATURE

A JOURNAL OF

REVUE DES ÉPIQUES LONDON

VOL. II.

LONDON, MARCH, 1879.

No. 9.

A WORD OF COMFORT.

Comfort take thou, child of sorrow,
All is ordered well for thee;
Look not to the anxious morrow,
As thy days thy strength shall be.

'Child of grief does this world move thee'
Transient scene of Transient pain.
Think! O Think! of worlds above thee,
Countless worlds—a glorious train.

There are mansions now preparing
For the chosen sons of God,
Here a pilgrim and way faring
There shall be a long abode.

There shall thou abide forever,
With thy best and greeted friend,
Naught from him thy soul shall sever
In a world that knows no end.

There amidst assembled nations
Eye to eye, and face to face,
Thou shalt see thy tribulations
Sent as Messengers of grace.

Comfort take thou child of sorrow,
All is ordered well for thee:
Look not to the anxious morrow,
As thy days thy strength shall be.

(RIVERSDALE.)

Written for the Family Circle.

THE BACHELOR'S WILL.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE INSTALLATION.

The morning of the 26th broke upon the earth in such a glorious combination of celestial and terrestrial harmonies, as is expressed in an unclouded sky, balmy, dew-laden and flower-scented air, golden sunlight, and the wild, but joyous warbling of numerous and many-hued song birds. Indeed, all nature, with its grand adornment of verdure and foliage and flowers, its voices and vivacities seemed to breathe an inspiration, leading the soul unhabitedly to grovelling instinctively to higher thoughts and sensibilities and purposes.

Frank and Tom were early out, luxuriating in sights and sounds and scenes, such as can only be found on such a morning, and in rural districts.

"What a glorious morning for a birthday," said Tom. "If the heiress of 'Aberfoyle' was born on such a day as this, it would almost seem prophetic of a grand development."

"If prophecy were history, as well as history prospective, any one might be a prophet," said Frank. "For my

part, I have not much confidence in omens. What interests me most is, that it is a glorious anniversary of the birth of one whose development is quite in consonance with my ideas of the highest type of woman." "I hope no untoward circumstance will prevent the arrival of our expected guests. By the bye, I think we should have some lunch prepared to take down to the cottage. It would be an unusual thing to have guests and no provision for their entertainment."

"By all means," said Tom. "Though we cannot expect to entertain them in as good style as we could wish, still, we must try and make the day as enjoyable as possible, and further than that I think our circumstances will excuse us."

Preparations were accordingly made and a collation was sent down to the cottage, and being thus engaged, the hours of the morning passed swiftly by, and when the morning train arrived, Frank and Tom were at the station, in readiness to receive the expected visitors.

When the train drew up at the station, Frank and Tom were equally surprised and pleased to find that Miss Ellen Mercer had accompanied her cousins.

"We had not anticipated this pleasure," said Frank, as, after assisting Alicia to alight, he turned to Miss Ellen, but I am heartily glad you have come; and I am sure my friend, Mr. Crossin participates in the pleasure."

"You see," said Alicia, "we thought we might combine pleasure with business, and so insisted upon our cousin accompanying us. I must confess to a little selfishness in the matter; but I trust that business properties, in which I am not well versed, will not necessitate any very severe censure for having done so."

"On the contrary," Tom replied, "we will give you a unanimous vote of thanks, and if the term selfishness has any appropriateness in this case, it only proves how selfishness, though usually very contracted in its beneficence, is sometimes indirectly very diffusive. I am sure if you had studied our pleasure rather than your own, you could not have contributed to it more effectively."

"Thanks for the compliment," Miss Ellen responded, "and if in the future I can look back to the day, with the consciousness that in any way I contributed to the happiness of others, the reflection will be a sufficient reward."

But what a funny place this is, why there is nothing here but a tavern, one little store, a blacksmith shop, and two or three small dwellings. Where is the Aberfoyle Estate where uncle David used to live?"

"We shall go there presently," Frank replied, "and, as we have arranged to transact our little business there, I think we may as well go down there at once. Business before pleasure, you know. The distance is about half a mile. Shall we order a carriage at the hotel?"

"O no," Alicia responded, "we would prefer walking in such pleasant weather, it will do us good after our ride in the cars, besides, we will have a better chance to look around, and I think it will be more enjoyable."

"And I will go ahead and look about a little, if you will excuse me," said Rudolph. "Some of the scenes about here are familiar to me, as I was twice in this neighborhood when I was a boy."

"May I ask," said Alicia, as they sauntered along the way leading to the cottage, "what is the particular nature of the business that required my presence here at this time? I have thought it no trouble to come, but rather a pleasure, but it seems to me rather unaccountable that such a necessity should arise."

"I would prefer to leave that matter untouched, until we arrive at the cottage, when your brother, and probably your uncle Andrew will be present. It is not a matter so essential but that it might have been dispensed with, I presume, but your uncle agreed with me, that it was better to request you to be present. But now, as we surmount this little elevation, we come in view of the cottage, and see, away to the right are the ruins of the old castle. It was in one of the rooms of the old ruins that the genuine will was found, and sometime I must tell you by what stratagem the discovery of its hiding-place was made. Gundry was a consummate scoundrel, but not as sharp as he might have been, or he would have occasioned us much more trouble. Much of our success, however, is owing to either luck or Providence, for, as we were on our way here, we met a party on the cars, who gave us very valuable information, and the only one in this country that could have imparted it."

Alicia, whose curiosity had been fully aroused by these brief references to their exploits, was anxious to hear the whole narrative, but feeling that there would not be sufficient time, she simply complimented Frank on his success in accomplishing so much in so short a space of time.

When they arrived at the cottage, they found Rudolph and Andrew Dennison, who had arrived a short time previously, seated in the arbor in the garden, and after a hearty and affectionate greeting between the nieces and their uncle, he proposed that they go to the cottage, and attend to the little matter for which they had met.

What was Alicia's surprise, when Frank opened the door unceremoniously, and on entering, they found the house unoccupied.

Baskets of provisions, however, were placed on the table in the dining room, and some of the old furniture formerly belonging to the deceased David Dennison had not been removed.

Alicia was placed at the head of the table, where she sat years before when she poured tea for her uncle David, and the rest of the party drew up on each side of the table.

"My dear niece," said Mr. Dennison, addressing Alicia, as he rose to his feet, you will probably remember that some eleven years ago, when you visited your late uncle David, you occupied the same place at the same table where you now sit. And such was the favorable impression then made upon him by the manner in which you discharged the duties of the occasion that he resolved you should have the opportunity of filling the position again. Through the perfidy of an unmitigated scoundrel, however, you had nearly been deprived of your rights; but by the skillful exertions of our two friends here, of the firm of Airlie, Crossin & Airlie (whom I had employed, to investigate the case, with a view to ascertain whether in law and equity, I could not establish a claim to the estate, or some portion of it,) the genuine and last will of my unfortunate brother has been discovered. Mr. Airlie will read so much of the will as at present concerns you, which will explain the reason of your being sent for."

Frank then took from his pocket a document, and read as follows:—

"I, David Dennison, do hereby devise and bequeath unto my niece, Alicia Mercer, of 'Meadowvale,' all my estate, real and personal, with all my effects of every character and description whatsoever, excepting only such sum or sums, as shall be necessary to defray my funeral expenses and such charges as may be just and necessary for the administration of this, my last will and testament; the property so bequeathed, to be handed over to her on the anniversary of her eighteenth birthday, she being present at the head of the table in the dining-room of the dwelling on the premises conveyed in this bequest, and known as the 'Aberfoyle' estate. But in case of sickness, or other calamity rendering her presence there impossible at that date, then and in that case, possession may be given at another time, or by handing over to her the title deeds.

And I hereby constitute and appoint my brother, Andrew Dennison, my brother-in-law Benjamin Mercer, and Philip

Prentiss, of Oaklands, executors of this my last will and testament, &c., &c.

"Some of the minor stipulations of the will," said Mr. Dennison, "are rather eccentric, but it would not be in keeping with the character of my brother if it were not. To-day," addressing Alicia, "as Mr. Airlie has informed me, 'is your eighteenth birthday. I have therefore in compliance with the letter of your uncle's bequest, only to hand over to you the will and title deeds, which I now have the honor and pleasure to do, at the time and in the place appointed. You are now mistress of the Aberfoyle estate, and at the head of your own table, on which, as my appetite is in good condition, I propose that you order some lunch spread, after which I advise that with the assistance of these legal gentlemen and Rudolph you search the premises for papers; for your uncle was supposed to have funds invested, and I would not be surprised if Mrs. Gundry in her haste left the papers relating to them behind, and it is not improbable she was not aware of their existence."

For a moment Alicia looked sober and troubled, and heaved a little sigh, whereupon the whole party burst out into a fit of laughter.

"You need not laugh," said Alicia, "it is no light responsibility for an unexperienced girl to have a large estate thrust upon her, and not know what to do with it; however, as uncle suggests, I order lunch; but as I have no servant, I suppose I shall have to do duty myself," and suiting the action to the word, she began laying the table, and, with the assistance of Ellen, who laughingly begged to receive her commands, soon had the repast prepared, after having partaken of which they visited the various rooms and explored the closets and drawers.

"I am quite at a loss to know what to do with my possessions," said Alicia to her uncle as the party entered the library. "I shall have to look to you for advice and assistance in the matter."

"Well, then said Mr. Dennison, my advice is to get some reliable party, I would suggest Mr. Airlie, who has been instrumental in securing it to you, as the most suitable party, to undertake the business for you. I think you will have no difficulty in arranging the matter with him, and I think it would be as well for you to talk over the preliminaries at once, while we explore the other portions of the house."

"Will you undertake the business for me," said Alicia to Frank, as the rest of the party passed on. "You may ask any reasonable remuneration."

"What if I should ask what you would deem unreasonable?"

"Then I would remonstrate, and you would have to modify your demands; but I do not apprehend any such difficulty."

"Suppose, then, I should accept no pecuniary reward at all?"

"Then, I could not accept your services, as it would increase the obligations I am already under to you, and of which I hoped to ease my mind by giving you liberal remuneration for managing the estate."

"Do not speak of obligations. I have no desire to make money out of any transaction in which you are concerned. The consciousness of having rendered you a service, or of having contributed at all to your happiness is a sufficient reward; yet, for once in my life, I wish I were rich. I would then make you an offer, which it would be presumption for me to do now."

"Contributing to the happiness of others, is certainly very commendable, and often acts reciprocally, but does not always improve our temporal affairs. But pray what would you do if you were rich; make me an offer for the estate on speculation?"

"O, Alicia! do you not know that there are more precious things than gold, or houses, or lands, or even worldly honors; heart treasures that gold cannot buy, and without which everything else is unsatisfying?"

"Admitting all you say is true," said Alicia, looking out upon the lawn: "that gold cannot buy sympathy and affection, and confidence, and piety, and yet these are precious and desirable things; you cannot wish to be rich on their account, as you say they are not to be procured for gold; why then associate riches with them at all: do you not think that the love and sympathy and piety of the poor are as genuine, and as precious to them, and as sacred in the sight

of Heaven, as are the same passions and sentiments among the wealthy classes?"

"True, true! but while love cannot be bought, *men can*, and sometimes women too, and the strongest and purest love is sometimes looked upon with cold suspicion, and spurned as mercenary and hypocritical."

"There are so many cases in which professions of love on the part of those in poor circumstances for the wealthy, are hollow and false, that it is no wonder there should be suspicions sometimes, when there is dissimilarity of worldly circumstances; but there is no necessity that such dissimilarity should be any barrier to the exercise of the purest affection; but even that being admitted, there may be other reasons for the rejection of proffered love, that would reflect on neither the purity of motives nor sincerity of attachment on the part of the suitor. But it appears to me we are getting away from business, my uncle suggested that I ask you to take charge of the estate, which has just fallen into my hands, will you undertake it?"

"I will with pleasure; and since you wish to be very generous in the remuneration for such services, I will leave that matter wholly to yourself; but, will you believe me, while I have done my utmost to secure to you your rights in the possession of the estate, I have sometimes wished that it had been given to some one else. I know it was an unworthy and selfish thought, but the estate seemed to rise up between me and the only woman I had ever loved. O, Alicia, believe me, from the time I first beheld you in a momentary glance, on the cars, your image has ever been present with me. I loved you before I knew who you were or what were your circumstances in life. I have refrained from declaring my passion before you knew that your title to the estate was secure, because it might be thought that I was taking advantage of the knowledge I possessed from mercenary motives. Now, since you have entered into possession of the estate, the inequality of our worldly circumstances had almost suppressed the expression of my feelings. May I hope that at some future time at least, when I have proved myself worthy, and have risen to a higher position in life, I may claim the first place in your heart?"

"Just then Mr. Dennison entered the room and prevented a reply to his declaration, but a gentle pressure of his hand as it clasped hers, and the look of tenderness that met his own gaze told him that his suit was not unfavorably received."

To be continued.

SELECTED.

ORTHOGRAPHICAL.

With tragic air the lovelorn heir
Once chased the chaste Lousie;
She quickly guessed her guest was there
To please her with his pleas.

Now at her side he kneeling sighed
His sighs of woeful size;
"Oh, hear me here, for lo, most low,
I rise before your eyes.

This soul is sole thine own, Louise—
'Twill never wean, I ween,
The love that I for aye shall feel,
'Tho' mean may be its mien!"

"You know I cannot tell you no."
The maid made answer true—
"I love you aught—as sure I ought—
"To you 'tis due I do!"

Since you are won, Oh, fairest one,
The marriage rite is right—
The chapel aisle I'll lead you up
'This night," exclaimed the knight.
—Eugene Fields.

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

BY PERSIS.

Silence reigns in the little cottage. The shutters are closed, and from the knob of the front door hangs a streamer of black crape. Footsteps are light and voices toned down to a whisper. The master of the cottage is dead, and in the

modest parlor his earthly remains now lie, awaiting interment, and Mrs. Eggleston weeps in all the anguish of widowhood. She rejoices that one comfort remains to her—her darling boy. Already his arms are around her as she pleads, "Mother, don't cry, I am with you. I am almost a man now, and I am going to take care of you and be your comfort and help you to bear your troubles."

A year has passed, and sad and lonely the widow sits in her parlor and dreams of the happiness which might have been hers had her husband been spared. Something very much like dissatisfaction takes possession of her while she feels like saying, "Why was it thus?"

A light step in the porch is heard and Gerald bounds up. His face flushed and his eye flushed. "Oh! mother, I have got a place at last!" he exclaimed. "At least, I haven't got it yet, but I can if you will let me. Here, read the advertisement." He thrust a paper in her hand and pointed to the following:—

Wanted.—In a wholesale liquor house, a boy that is willing to make himself generally useful. Salary first year \$100. Apply to No. 418 ——— St.

As the mother read the advertisement her face showed a marked contrast to that of the son, for her heart sank as she thought of the temptations to which her boy would be exposed. Conscience whispered, "don't let him go. Trust in God who has taken care of you thus far and who has promised to be 'a father to the fatherless.'"

"I am sorry it is in a liquor store, Gerald, I would rather you should not apply for it," she said.

"Not apply for it, mother?" he exclaimed. "I have applied, and who do you suppose is the owner of the store? Why, Mr. Brooks, who belongs to our church, and everybody thinks well of him. He is so rich and he gives away so much money that nobody stops to ask how he made it."

"Yes, but think of it yourself, my son. How would you like to become a drunkard?"

"But, mother, Mr. Brooks is not a drunkard, and he has been selling liquor for a long time. He says he knew father, and when I told him I wanted to make money to take care of you, he spoke so kindly, and said I was a fine boy, and if I did well he would give me \$150 the first year."

With many misgivings the widow consented, and Gerald entered on his duties next morning. Why was it that the widow's morning prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread," was offered with less faith than ever before? She had shown that she could not trust God, and leaned upon a broken reed. Did it pierce her through? We shall see.

Years have passed. Gerald is now a man. The widow is in the same little parlor. There is a careworn, anxious look upon her face, and there are grey hairs smoothed back under her cap. There is a footstep at the door as before, but oh! how different from the joyous bound with which Gerald entered when last we saw him. There are strong traces of dissipation upon his face and the widow throws her arms around him in an agony of grief, as he mutters incoherently about "a treat," and "just a wee drop too much."

"Oh! that I had borne the bitterest poverty rather than come to this," cried the widow, as her distrust of God came up before her.

Silence reigned again in the cottage. Death has again visited the dwelling of the widow. She weeps again, but this time she mourns her darling boy. He fills a drunkard's grave, and the widow is left with no support, but that of her Father. She sees it all now, but can only pray for forgiveness, and trust in Him for pardon.

Henceforth she must live a lonely life, but she has found true consolation in the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother.—*Houshold.*

THE RAINING TREE.—The island of Fierro is one of the largest in the Canary group; it has received its name on account of its iron-bound soil, through which no streams flow. It has but very few wells, and these not good. But in the midst of the island there grows a tree, the leaves of which are long and narrow, and continue in verdure winter and summer, and the branches are covered with a cloud which is never dispelled, but resolved itself into a moisture, causes to fall from its leaves a very clear water, in such abundance that cisterns placed at its foot to receive it are daily supplied.

To a Departed Child.

Thou art gone to the realm of the blest,
That wert so sweet and dear to us all;
To the Paradisa! bowers of rest.
The Lord of love has deign'd thee to call:
Thou art gone—we will not deplore thee;
All things are ordain'd for the best:
Thou art free—to us nought can restore thee;
This thought, the rising tear repress.

Thou art become an Angel of Glory,
One of Spirit throng, happy and bright,
Who hymn Salvation's grand story,
And stand—worthily stand in God's sight:
While we in life's struggle sorry,
Must still join issue, and fight,
Till death—that grim terror hoary!
Ope to us too, the portals of light!

—H. Patterson.

APPRECIATION OF OTHERS.

Among the many uses to which a vivid imagination can be applied, there are perhaps none that would be more valuable, were it followed up, than the practice of putting ourselves in the places of others. That this is seldom done with any degree of correctness must be manifest to every thoughtful observer. That it is extremely difficult to do cannot be denied. Yet, upon our ability to attain some degree of power in this direction depends most of the justice with which we treat our fellow-men. It is perhaps impossible to do this, to any sensible extent, when considering the conduct of different races of men, or those who lived in remote ages. When we read or ancient superstitions and usages we instinctively deem them so irrational and absurd that we regard their adherents with amazement. This is because we interpret them from our own standpoint, and judge of them with faculties so far beyond those of the ancient barbarian, and by modes of thought so utterly foreign to his, that we fail to arrive at any correct conclusion respecting him.

The belief once held by the Hindoos, that one of their deities descended in the form of a boar, the symbol of strength, to draw up and support on his tusks the whole earth, which had been sunk beneath the ocean, appears to us so unnatural that we count the believers themselves as absurd as their doctrines. Yet were it possible for us to divest ourselves for a moment of our accumulated knowledge and habits of thought, and to assume the mental state of the ancient Hindoo, we should probably discover that he accepted such beliefs as naturally and inevitably as we do those of our own time.

Something of this better understanding may be gained by the patient and unprejudiced study of history in the light of progress and by a trained imagination, which at least attempts to conceive of the low development, the limited knowledge, the narrow sphere in which ideas must have moved in ancient races. Yet, with utmost care and patience of investigation, we can only form a partial conception of remote ancestors, and only gain a glimpse of comprehension concerning the causes of their beliefs or the motives of their deeds. It is not surprising, then, that those persons who make no such effort, should remain so utterly incompetent to pronounce judgment upon those whom they so readily and so hastily despise and condemn.

When, however, we come to consider the opinions, ideas and actions, not of persons separated from us by centuries of civilization and mental growth, but of those of our own age and country, whose range of thought, opportunities for information and development of mind are mainly on a level with our own, it would seem as if we might make some close approximation to the truth, and learn to make such allowances for the comparatively small differences in age, sex, constitution or opportunities as are necessary. Yet that even this is not generally the case, is but too evident, and from this universal lack proceeds more of the social evils which we deplore than from any other single cause.

There are, happily, few, if any, who deliberately intend to be unjust, or unkind, or unreasonable; there are few, indeed, who are conscious that they are so; and yet there is a vast amount of injustice, unkindness, harsh and cruel judgments, unreasonable demands, and merciless exactions among us to-

day. Selfishness is undoubtedly the root of all this, but the stem from which at least many of these poisonous branches issue, is the habit of conceiving of others only after a pattern of our own, and measuring their conduct by our own standards.

Take difference of age, for example, how hard it is for those of one generation to understand those of another, and how seldom do they even make the effort to do so! Even parents, who have themselves lived through the phases of restless vivacity and eager curiosity, and have, besides, the instinctive affection which might be supposed to interpret much of their children's natures to them, are continually filled with surprise and dismay at the exhibition of these natural attributes, and hasten to repress them, as something essentially improper, instead of ministering to them as necessities.

There seems to be but little power of imagining the child's thoughts and feelings, and thus the sympathy, that would be the parent's truest guide, is absent. So the young cannot conceive how age longs for rest and quiet, and therefore they take no special pains to procure it for them. The rich, knowing but little of the poor, complain of their improvidence and unreasonableness; and the poor, with an equal ignorance of the rich, pronounce them exacting and oppressive. Employers wonder at the lack of industry and energy in the employed, who, in their turn, are amazed at the profuse expenditure and luxurious habits of their employers. The well educated cannot tolerate the mistakes of the ignorant, nor the ignorant see any benefit in the particularity of the cultured.

So through all the varieties of occupation, of disposition, of taste, of training, of capacity, of opinion, of party preference, we fail to understand each other, or to bear in mind the important truth that the differences which characterize classes and individuals must of necessity produce different results, and induce different conduct. Could we not only "see ourselves as others see us," but learn to see others as they see themselves, to put ourselves into their places mentally, to study their peculiar circumstances, and bring the force of our imagination to bear upon their actual thoughts, feelings and standards, a new bond of sympathy would draw society together in closer union, and a firmer foundation of equity would sustain it.

WOMAN'S WORK.

BY ANNA HOLYOKE.

Classic writers tell us that sometime after the siege of Troy, Anchises descended to the abodes of the dead in search of his father. On his way to Heaven he looks into the infernal regions, and sees there, among many others, Sisyphus, condemned to toil always, to roll up from the deep pit a monstrous stone, which, as often as he has nearly reached the top, some invisible power hurls back with tremendous force, and thus his punishment is eternal. Sisyphus was justly condemned for his many crimes and cruelties, but how many poor toiling women with pure and loving hearts striving to give their whole lives a living sacrifice to those around them suffer just this terrible punishment.

The stone which is ever to be lifted is their work. Ten thousand ministries to husband, children and friends, thousands of steps taken in the never ending sweeping, dusting putting away, getting meals, clearing away, washing and dressing children, attending to their manifold wants, mending, making, patching, darning, saving, pickling, preserving, scouring, polishing, and in all the unending cares and labors of the housekeeper, nurse, wife and mother. 'Truly the old saw has it,

"A man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

Work as diligently as she will, something always remains undone, and when at last after the weary duties and cares of the day are ended for the time and "tired nature seeks repose," she is often too tired to sleep.

"The time for repose has come at last,
But long, long after the storm has passed,
Rolls the wave on the turbulent billow."

Morning comes but too soon to find that the stone so nearly lifted, has been hurled back, and her labors must be

just as severe as on the day before, and so on forever. Goethe says :

"The sister serves her brother while young, and serves her parents;
And all her life is still a continued coming and going,
A carrying ever and bringing, a making and shaping for others;
Well for her, if she learn to think no road a foul one;
To make the hours of the night the same as the hours of the day,
To think no labor too trifling, and never too fine the needle;
Forgetting herself altogether and living in others alone."

The only sweetener of woman's toil, the only compensation she expects is love and sympathy, and pitiable indeed is her lot, to whom these cheap luxuries are denied. Poor woman! Her future looks to her as dark as it does to an exile condemned to toil for life in Siberia, or to the galley slave chained always to his boat and his labor. Nay, the condition of these is in some respects better than hers, for the exile may have loving friends to share his exile and suffering. Even the galley slave may have the sympathy and friendship of his companions, but the woman who toils "from early morn" not "till dewy eve" but till late at night, day after day, and year after year, who patiently spends her days in weary and often distasteful work, and sometimes her nights in watching, and all this without one word of love, or thanks, without one sympathizing, encouraging smile of approval, without one fond caress, or outward token of love; the woman who suffers all this and yet remains cheerful is a glorified martyr, if not in the eyes of the world yet in the eyes of Him who knoweth all hearts.

No woman of an affectionate disposition and sensitive, delicate organization can go on in this way for many years without losing her life, her temper, or her reason. Either constant coldness and neglect from those who ought to cherish and protect her, will harden her heart, and make her bitter and vindictive, or else dull, morose and complaining, either of which may end in insanity, or else if through grace and help from above she be enabled to bear the burden patiently and sweetly, still the pain though unseen is there always gnawing at her heart, and every year as she struggles on, she struggles more and more faintly to buffet the waves of circumstance that continually beat her down, till at last fainting, chilled, and exhausted she sinks to find rest and peace at last in the arms of Infinite Love.

Reports from the insane asylums of England, state that it is found upon careful investigation that among causes found for the insanity of the inmates, in the largest number of cases the cause is intemperance; next in order of number, domestic trouble and infelicity, and then poverty and overwork; and often the last three mentioned are but steps to the first.

A writer has said, "For a woman to love some men, is to cast a flower into a sepulchre," and love bestowed upon them seems like the beautiful flower, but to wither in their chilling embrace. There are some men who seem to regard their wives as useful machines expected to be in good working order, ready to serve in the household at all times when needed, but alas! they too often forget to bestow upon these poor machines the oil of love and kindness, to keep the wheels of domestic life from grating and creaking. They forget the old song:

"The merry heart goes a' the day
Your sad tires at a mile O."

These husbands seem to regard time spent in kindly converse with wife and children as time wasted! Time wasted to bind up the crushed and broken tendrils of the heart! Time wasted to preserve a love that can never be found again. Time wasted to save a mind from wreck, a soul from death, or a life for usefulness! Poh!

As a mere matter of economy it would be well for husbands to cultivate fondness and courtesy. The woman who works for love and secures the love she earns will do twice as much as she who works without it. She has double the strength of body and brain. She is the one who will astonish all her friends by her achievements in housekeeping. She is the one who "turns off the work" so fast and so easily that it seems nothing. A man seldom leaves his

material nature far enough to forget that he is cold or hungry, or in pain, or weary, and he seldom neglects to see that all these wants are promptly supplied. But a woman who loves and is beloved is too happy to think of pain and discomfort. She forgets that she is tired, or hungry, or in pain. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." Ah! there is no tonic for a woman like love. It is the great panacea that cures so many diseases to which their frail flesh is heir. So easy to give, so hard to get! Alas!

Why is it that a certain class of men seem to feel that they lower their dignity by showing any feeling? and so sometimes when they really do love their wives to a certain extent, they do not show it until they are dead, and then they are not ashamed to show signs of grief. "A living dog is better than a dead lion," and a woman generally prefers a very common place sort of man with love, to the most brilliant man who has not it. Ah! ye slow of heart and understanding, will you give so little when woman gives you so much? "As ye sow so shall ye reap." He that soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly, is a truth in love as well as in spiritual things.—*Household.*

FRUGAL HABITS.

He who knows how to save has learned a valuable lesson. A boy who saves ten dollars a year out of a very meagre salary acquires a habit of taking care of his money which will be of the utmost value to him. The reason why working men as a class do not get ahead faster, are not more independent, is that they have never learned to save their earnings. It does not matter a great deal whether a man receives a salary of two dollars a day or three dollars, so that there is nothing left on Saturday night, he will not get rich very rapidly. He will never have much ahead. But the individual who receives a dollar a day and is able to save ten cents, is laying up something for a rainy day. Young people who expect to labor with their hands for what they may have of this world's goods, who have no ambition or wish to become professional men, office-holders, or speculators, should by all means acquire habits of economy, learn to save. So surely as they do this, so surely will they be able to accumulate, so surely will they be in a situation to ask no special favors. Every man wants to learn to look out for himself and rely upon himself. Every man needs to feel that he is the peer of every other man, and he cannot do it if he is penniless. Money is power, and those who have it exert a wider influence than the destitute. They are more independent. Hence it should be the ambition of every young man to acquire, and to do this he must learn to save. This is the first lesson to be learned, and the youth who cannot master it will never have anything. He will be a dependent all the days of his life—a mere useless appendage to society.

JUDGE NOT.

BY B. G. P.

"There goes Leslie Camp, drunk as usual," said Mrs. Worthen to Mrs. Turner, on whom she was calling, as a young man drove past at a breakneck speed, balancing unsteadily on the carriage seat while he brandished the whip and clung to the reins. He was a handsome youth, of fine address and no mean abilities, who was apparently fast going to ruin despite his mother's tears and his father's advice, and he their only son. "How much I pity his poor mother," continued the same lady as they turned from the window after he was out of sight.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Turner, hesitatingly, "I suppose they are all to be pitied, but I claim that such things need not be. I hold to Solomon's proverb, 'Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it;' and I think Leslie Camp has not had the right training." And she looked proudly on her own sons, Newton and Willie, boys of fifteen and twelve, who were playing ball in the yard. Mrs. Worthen's eyes followed the mother's, and she could not fail to admire the fine face and graceful figure of Newton Turner, the elder son of the speaker. The younger was far less interesting, and less often called forth the love and admiration of his mother's friends and associates.

"But," said Mrs. Worthen, "who of us mothers are wise enough to do that? What we think for the best in our teach-

THE NECESSARY DAILY PROPORTION OF FOOD.

Dr. Mott gives the following daily proportion of food as requisite to sustain life healthily and soundly:—

1st Class.—Persons of moderate health and little exercise, 12 to 18 oz. of food, equal to 10 oz. of nutritious matter.

2nd Class.—Persons of good health and ordinary labour (mechanics, etc.) 18 to 24 oz. of food, equal to 16 oz. of nutriment.

3rd Class.—Persons of sound health, hard labour, and consequent violent exercise, 24 to 30 oz. of food, equal to 22 oz. nutriment.

WHY SHE WEPT.

Old Nancy had been telling Bijah that she'd give the court as good "sass" as he sent, and that he might give her six months, and be hanged to him. She walked out with an ugly look in her eyes, and her teeth shut, and was impatient for the affray to begin.

"Years and years ago," began his Honor, talking as if to himself, "I used to pass a white house on Second Street. It was so white and clean, and its green blinds contrasted so prettily, that I used to stand on the walk and wonder if the inmates were not the happiest people in Detroit. They were happy. They had plenty. They had children who played games on the green grass, and the birds sang all day long in the arbors."

Old Nancy looked around uneasily as he waited a moment. "As years went by, the white house turned brown with neglect. The birds went away. The children died, or grew up ragged and uncivil. I well remember the day the husband and father put a pistol to his head and ended his shame and life together. The wife was drunk when the body was brought home by the crowd."

A low moan of pain escaped the old woman's lips.

"It was her love for drink that killed that man—that buried the children—that sent the birds away—that passed the place into strangers' hands," whispered the court. "Is the woman dead?"

Old Nancy groaned as her tears fell.

"No, she lives. She has no home, no friends, no one to love her. There must be times when she looks back to plenty, peace and happiness, and has such a heartache as few women know of. There must be times when she remembers the graves she once wept over, and children's voices must some time remind her of the tones of those laid to rest long years ago. I would not be in her place for all the wealth in the world."

"O, sir, don't talk to me—don't call it up!" she moaned as she wrung her hands.

"You may go," he quietly said; "You have not long to live. There are those here who can remember when you had silk instead of rags—when you rode in your carriage instead of wandering through alleys and lying in the gutter. Some morning you will be found dead. That will be the last act in a drama so full of woe and misery and wretchedness that it will be a relief to know that you are dead."

White as a ghost, trembling in every limb, and weeping like a child, she passed out.—*Detroit Free Press.*

CHARACTER OF CRITICISM.

Pastidiousness, the discernment of defects and the propensity to seek them in natural beauty are the proof of taste, but the evidences of its absence. It is at least an insensibility to beauty; it is worse than that, since it is a depravity, when pleasure is found in the discovery of such defects, real or imaginary, and he who affects this because he considers it an evidence of his taste, is at least pitifully ignorant; while not seldom punished by the conversion of that affectation into a reality. And it is the same in the criticism as applied to works of literature. It is not the eye for faults, but beauties that constitutes the real critic in this as in all else. He who is most discerning in the beauties of poetry is the man of taste, the true judge, the only critic. The critic, as he is currently termed, who is discerning in nothing but faults may care little to be told that this is the mark of unamiable dispositions or of bad passions; but he might not feel equally easy were he convinced that he thus gives the most absolute proofs of ignorance and want of taste.

Words of Two Meanings.

"What is thee doing there?" a mild-faced Quaker said to a well-grown youth on North Tenth Street, some evenings since, who was amusing himself and some boys and girls looking out of the neighboring windows, by pinning bits of paper, fancy-colored cards, &c., to the rear garments of passers-by, without much regard to age or sex. "What is thee doing there, I say?"

"I was only *ad-dressing* the lady, sir," was the pert reply.

The mild-faced Quaker collared that youth, shook him as a terrier would a rat, beat his head against a board fence, then laid him down and rolled him over again and again in the mud. Then, when the youth got up timidly, wondering if "a section of the day of judgment" had not overtaken him, and still further wondering if it was quite through with him yet, the Quaker said:

"Does *thee* know what I was doing? I was *red-dressing* that lady. Now, if thee has any garments better or cleaner than thy muddy ones, perhaps thee had better re-dress thyself."

But the youth crept home and undressed to have his wounds dressed.—*Phil. Sun. Trans.*

DEATH.

This is the first heavy loss which you have ever experienced; hereafter the bitterness of the cup will have passed away, and you will then perceive its wholesomeness. This world is all to us till we suffer some such loss, and every such loss is a transfer of so much of our hearts and hopes to the next, and they who live long enough to see most of their friends go before them, feel that they have more to recover by death than is lost by it. This is not the mere speculation of a mind at ease. Almost all who were about me in my childhood have been removed. I have brothers, sisters, friends, father, mother, and child in another state of existence; and assuredly I regard death with very different feelings from that I should have done, if none of my affections were fixed beyond the grave. To dwell upon the circumstances which in this case lessen the evil of separation would be idle; at present you acknowledge, and in time you will feel them.

USELESS WOMEN.—It is when the fashionably brought up girl is reduced to poverty that she realizes her own uselessness. In large cities there are thousands of women who can do nothing in particular—educated, accomplished, refined, but unable to earn a living at anything anybody wants done. The number of these cases is frightful. The other day a young woman who had lost her husband and been swindled out of her little property by a lawyer, applied for work. She could speak three languages and teach four; she could teach music; she could copy letters, direct envelopes, entertain their company, sing—she had never made bread nor even her own dresses, and could not read aloud so that any body would care to listen to her. She had good nature and an extra boarding-school finish, but there was nothing of practical, available training between the upper and under side of her equipment. And her case represents that of hundreds. The girl of the period is ornamental, perhaps, but certainly not useful.

THE LATE ALVIN ADAMS.—Mr Adams, the founder of the Adams' Express Company, and the late Captain Coit of Norwich, were close friends, and it is related that the former often sailed with the captain on his voyages between New York and Norwich. On one of these journeys, Mr. Adams said to Captain Coit, "I wish I could find something to do." The captain, with his well known business readiness, replied, "Do you see those bundles and packages in the berth of my stateroom? Their number is increasing with every trip; they are in the way, and the care and attention I have to give to them consumes more time than I can afford. Suppose you collect and take charge of these private packages for a fair compensation. I think you can easily build up a paying business." Mr. Adams was not slow to grasp the idea and embrace the offer. From this obscure and insignificant beginning sprung in a short time the Adams Express Company. The first express contract made by Mr. Adams from Boston to New York is among Captain Coit's papers.—*True Flag.*

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

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AGENTS WANTED,

To whom an unusually large commission will be given, with a chance to secure the following

VALUABLE PREMIUMS :

A fine Gold Watch to the Agent who sends in the most paid subscriptions.

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A Gold Pencil Case, or a Fountain Pen valued at \$4, to the third best.

These or similar premiums will be given again at the close of the second volume.

We want agents particularly in Eastern Ontario, Nova Scotia, Kewfoundland, Manitoba, and all over the United States, to take orders on commission.

No one can give better commissions than we do.

See **EXTRA-EXTRAORDINARY** terms to subscribers on second page of cover.

We want agents, at once, in every neighborhood to get up clubs; for terms of which see second page of the cover.

Some parties who do not wish their papers continued, refuse to take them out of the office, or request that they be sent back. This is generally useless, as they often come to us without anything to show what office they came from; consequently, other numbers are sent, and perhaps, again returned, to the annoyance of several parties. Please send a card, with address and request to stop, and we will do so at once if there are no arrears due.

We would express our thanks to those, who in response to our circular, so promptly remitted during the last month; but still our receipts only just met the month's expenses, and the number of those who remitted is but a small proportion of those in arrears.

We have therefore again earnestly to ask those who have not remitted to do so as early as possible. A number who have wished the magazine stopped, have sent 5 cents for each number received after their subscription expired, this at least is honorable, though not so satisfactory to us as a continuation of their patronage. Others again have paid in full for the year and thanked us for sending the paper on after subscription expired, generally expressing their high appreciation of it. We are grateful for their encouragement and will do our best to give them satisfaction.

To parties sending in 50 cent subscriptions direct, we will send from the beginning of the volume, July 1878, to December 1879, (eighteen months,) for one year's subscription, if they wish it.

We have continued sending our paper to a large number whose subscriptions had expired, in the belief that they would remit at an early date. Some have done so, but many have not yet remitted, and some, after receiving the paper for from 3 to 6 months, have notified us that they wished it discontinued, without sending pay up to date of notification. This we do not look upon as quite honorable, especially as most of those parties received our paper last year at half price.

We beg leave to state that parties who have received three numbers are under legal obligations to continue taking

them till they have paid up, and their subsequent refusal to take numbers from the Post Office makes no difference.

We give our subscribers more than full value for their money, and while we do not wish to force the FAMILY CIRCLE upon any one, we do expect subscribers when they notify us to discontinue, to pay up arrears to that date.

We would again ask our subscribers kindly to remit as promptly as possible, as our expenses are necessarily heavy, and our dependence in order to meet them, is upon the incoming of a large number of subscriptions. Send in the requisite means to sustain the paper, and we will press into it all the energy and freshness and vitality we now have to expend outside of the office in order to collect funds to meet expense of publication.

Subscriptions may be sent in 3, 2 or 1 cent postage stamps, when paper money is not at hand.

Dear friends, let us hear from you early.

Subscriptions must begin with July, October, January, or April.

Contributions suitable for the paper thankfully received.

Subscribers changing their residence will please send us a card promptly, informing us of their change of address, as papers are frequently sent back to us marked: "removed, not found, vacant house," &c. And if those whose papers are not addressed to a Post Office Box, or street number, will ask for them by name we are satisfied there will not be so many returned marked, "not called for." We are anxious to have all our subscribers receive their papers regularly, and will do all in our power to enable them to do so; and though after exercising the utmost care possible, there will unavoidably occur some failures, we think that if our subscribers will aid us in the way we have suggested, there will be but few causes of complaint.

Please renew the month before the subscription expires, if possible, so that the paper may be delivered promptly.

If you wish the paper discontinued, please send a postal card, intimating your wish, and giving your address at which it was received, in full, so that we can find and erase the name. Do not send the paper back.

Parties wishing their paper sent to a new address must state the Post Office at which it was formerly received, as well as the one to which they wish it sent, otherwise we cannot make the alteration, as we might have to spend half a day in finding the name.

Written for the Family Circle.

TIME'S CAPTIVES.

BY CLAUDE HOOPER.

I care not for the wrinkling marks
That time can write upon the brow,
These are his coarse and common works
To which all patiently must bow;
And peace and joy sow many graces,
To flourish fair on furrowed faces.

But O how sad it is to find
That time has taken all away,
The subtle beauty of the mind
Has added to the dire decay,
Such time-cured face I shun to gaze on
Where every line and look are brazen.

All tenderness that youth can give
Emotions, even they have felt;
Now destitute the life they live
Of aught to elevate or melt,
Like streamlet on a wintry day
Which freezes as it flows away.

No throbbings of a human heart
In such a callous breast may sound,
And Nature's place is filled by art,
And pride instead of passions found,
While avarice shares the spoils of pride
In such cold mummies vivified.

Then light your features with a smile,
All ye who young in years would look
And read a page once in a while
In human nature's varied book,
Laden with love to enrich the heart
If youth and you would never part.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

CURE BY STRATEGY.

How a Sanfrancisco Lady Outwitted the Esculapians.

An incident was related to us the other day which, while interesting, has also a significant bearing on the question asked sometimes, in view of the erroneous diagnoses frequently made, "Do our doctors know any thing?"

It appears the wife of a certain California magnate had been ailing for more than two years past, and although "the best medical advice" was asked, and small fortunes paid therefor, in the way of fees, she had no relief. Loss of appetite and sleep, and a consequent perishing of the tissues, were the painful and dangerous features in the lady's case, and to be relieved from which "she suffered many things from many physicians." As Captain Cuttle remarks, "Physicians was in vain."

They looked wise; told her to take this remedy and the other; to go here and there; to travel; and finally sent her to Maine for quiet residence, in the hope that balsamic breath of the pines, the spruces and the tamarisks would do that for her failing strength which drugs could not accomplish. They were apparently ignorant of the malady, and were indulging, under the guise of medical science, in a series of wild, but to themselves, profitable experiments.

The lady came back from Maine a few weeks ago, a little worse than when she left California. Exhausted in body and thoroughly depressed in spirits, she began to think her case hopeless.

"Did you ever," said an intimate friend to her one day, as she sat in deep melancholy, "did you ever state your case to Dr. —?"

"O, they are all alike," was the answer, accompanied by a deep sigh; "a good deal of profound opinion, an enormous fee, and—I am left to suffer. I have never called in the doctor you name, because I do not think he differs from the rest. I sometimes think if I were in humbler circumstances my case would be treated with more intelligence. I would be looked upon as a patient to be cured, if possible, and not as an interesting source of large fees. Ah, my God!" the sufferer continued, as a spasm shot across her emaciated frame, "wealth has its disadvantages, sometimes, where we least expect to find them."

Her friend mused awhile, and then, looking up, said, "I have an idea."

"Concerning me? What is it?"

"It is this: Suppose you attire yourself in decent, plain clothes, change the style of wearing your hair, and call on Dr. — at the hour when he receives his lady patients. He has never seen you, to my knowledge; but you cannot make a mistake in disguising as completely as possible. When you call, you will have to sit in an ante-room and await your turn. Have you courage to make the experiment? If no good be accomplished, no harm will be done."

This plan to get an unbiassed opinion seemed to make a forcible impression on the patient's mind, and she resolved to put it into practice.

Accordingly she dressed herself humbly but respectably, and repaired to Dr. —'s, at the hour fixed for receiving ladies. She took her seat and patiently bided her time. At last the doctor came to her. He made but a cursory examination, when he said, brusquely:

"My good woman, you appear to be famished. You have not had enough to eat."

She smiled faintly, and replied:

"O, Dr. —, I can always get enough to eat, did I have the appetite to impel me to take food."

"H—m! no appetite; sleepless, too, no doubt. Means death in a short time, if not relieved. Stay."

The doctor here regarded the lady a little more closely, and said:

"Your trouble is in the blood. I will analyze it."

He made a puncture near the thumb-nail, secured the necessary portion of the vital fluid, and then, requesting the lady to call the next day, bowed her out.

It was a novel and exciting experience. It roused the despondent woman from her lethargic condition, because it

gave some faint hope of relief. She was promptly on hand next day, still *incognita* to her new medico.

Dr. —, as soon as he saw her, proceeded to business at once.

"Madam, have you within the past two or three years resided in freshly-painted buildings or rooms?"

The lady confessed that in the course of two years she had occupied three newly-painted dwellings in succession.

"Just as I thought," exclaimed the doctor; "your blood shows, by analysis, paint-poisoning, and it is this secret enemy that is gradually wearing your life out."

"Can you relieve me?"

"O, yes; the remedy is simple."

The lady was much affected by this prospect of regaining her health. She immediately made known to Dr. — who she was, and expressed her gratitude.

Of course the doctor was considerably astonished at receiving a distinguished patient in such a way.

"And you tell me," he remarked to her, "that doctors (naming the list) have examined your case, and failed to reach it by prescriptions? Well, it is strange; the symptoms are quite suggestive to a medical man."

"Ah, doctor," she replied, with a shrug of her pretty shoulders, "it was the rich Mrs. — they saw, I'm afraid, and not a poor suffering woman."

The lady is well, now, with color in her cheek, light in her eye, and with a figure rounding out under the combined influence of Nature's restorers, sound sleep and a good appetite. But she is not averse to telling how, with all her wealth, and her high social position, she was compelled to resort to the stratagem of poverty to get cured of a painful disease.—*San Francisco Golden Era.*

OLD FEET—Good health is never attainable if the feet are habitually cold, since this implies an impaired circulation of the blood; that it does not reach the extremities. Instead of "toasting them in the oven," soak them in warm water till thoroughly warm, and then dash cool or cold water over them, rubbing them thoroughly with a crash towel, till a reaction occurs; using the flesh-brush freely. This, followed for a few nights, generally warms the feet, by improving the circulation of the blood. The brush, used on the whole body, is not only safe—safer than the cold bath, at least for the weakly—but will aid in equalizing the circulation. Let the feet, also, be put in the warm rays of the sun; the clothing warmed and thoroughly sunned. This will do much to improve cold and sweaty feet, and can do no possible harm. Keep the feet clean which can be done only by frequent washing.—*Dr. J. H. Hanford.*

In the slow progress of some insidious disease, which is scarcely regarded by its cheerful and unconscious victim, it is mournful to mark the smile of gaiety as it plays over that very bloom which is not the freshness of health, but the flush of approaching mortality, amid studies, perhaps, just opening into intellectual excellence, and hopes and plans of generous ambition, that are never to be fulfilled. But how much more painful is it, to behold that equally insidious, and far more desolating progress with which guilty passion steals upon the heart, when there is still sufficient virtue to feel remorse; and to sigh at the remembrance of purer years, but not sufficient to throw off the guilt, which is felt to be oppressive, and to return to that purity in which it would again, in its better moments, gladly take shelter, if only it had energy to vanquish the almost irresistible habits that would tear it back.

IMPORTANCE OF A CLEAN SKIN.—An exchange says that most invalids are such and millions of more healthy people will become invalids, for the want of paying the most ordinary, attention to the requirements of the skin. The membrane is too often regarded as a covering only instead of a complicated piece of machinery, scarcely second in its texture and sensitiveness to the ear and eye. Many treat it with little reference to its proper functions as if it were nothing better than a bag for their bones. It is this inconsideration for the skin that is the cause of a very large proportion of the diseases of the world. If, as claimed by some scientists, four-fifths, of the bulk of all we eat and drink, must either pass off through the skin or be turned back upon the system as a poison, and if life depends as much upon these exhalations through the skin as upon in-

haling pure air through the lungs, it must be of the most vital importance to keep the channel free.

A DISPENSATION.—That was a true remark made by a clergyman, who was receiving an account of a severe typhus visitation in a certain family, which was considered a "mysterious dispensation of Providence," seeing that no other families in the vicinity had been similarly afflicted. "Ah," said the clergyman, "it was more likely a bushel of rotten potatoes in the cellar." It is an easy thing to charge up against a merciful Lord our own violation of the laws he has made for our regulation; but we would be wiser to look to it and see that we avoid the causes of disease and death in our cellars, kitchens, dining-rooms, bed-rooms, closets, clothing, and general habits, before we become accusers of the Almighty.

Advantages of "Plain Living."

There are many good reasons for living on plain, simply-cooked but nourishing food. Variety is necessary; that is a judicious mingling of dishes of grains, vegetables, fruits, and meats. There need be but few kinds at one meal if the family are agreed in their tastes. The larger the family, as a general rule, the more need of variety at each meal, that each one may follow natural instinct in selection, as far as can be done with due reference to the rights of others. Plain living reduces not only our expenses, but our labor in the kitchen.

Another important thing I have been taught by both reason and experience: plain living reduces our liability to diseases of all kinds. As I said recently, there has been but one case of absolute sickness (down sick in bed, undressed all day) in our little family of four children during the more than dozen years since the eldest was born. I think this is due to care in regard to the general rule of health, as no preventative or curative medicines—not even catnip-tea or camphor—have been used.

Yesterday a daughter complained of a slight sore throat—a very unusual complaint here—and I felt some little uneasiness, as diphtheria is abroad in this part of the country. But I felt condemned for the dinner of the day before—hot bread pancakes, upon which I knew the little girl was eating quite too much butter in a melting condition, followed by pumpkin pie, which disgraced me because it was too sweet and spley for health. She had the good sense (or cultivated instinct) to go without supper last night, and a wet cloth on her throat during sleep, covered by a dry one, perfected a cure of all sore throat.

Children who live habitually on plain fare show evil effects from rich food much more quickly than those who live regularly on the latter, and some suppose this proves that their stomachs are weaker on account of plain living, but I think it is because they have a more correct or healthy tone.—*Faith Rochester, in Agriculturalist.*

CURE FOR BURNS.—A venerable patient, a retired foundryman, tells us that during his apprenticeship to a shipbuilder of Philadelphia he became acquainted with a never-failing remedy for burns and scalds, and that in this subsequent foundry life he saw innumerable such injuries relieved of pain and healed as if by magic by powdered charcoal. The softer it is, the better, and that from pine wood is the best. It is to be thickly spread over the burned or scalded surface as soon as possible, and renewed as it becomes moist or drops off. The same patient states that in the shipyard and in his foundry fir balsam proved a most soothing and rapidly-curative dressing for abrasions and cuts. The hurts heal with marvellous expedition, and suppuration, erysipelas, &c., are always prevented, he says. The balsam should be spread thickly over the wound. No doubt the disciples of antiseptic surgery would attribute the good results of this dressing to the disinfectant power of the balsam, but the secret of its efficacy lies, no doubt, in its exclusion of the atmosphere from the wound. Nature endeavors to keep out the air from the wounds by means of a film of lymph or pus or a scab, and meddlesome men thwart nature by frequently "cleansing" the hurt by water, or, worse still, soap and water. The balm protects the sore from air and water, and nature unobstructed, does her healing work rapidly and well.—*Louisville Medical News.*

COMMUNICATED.

We are not to be understood as either endorsing, or disapproving the sentiments contained in articles under this head, unless we distinctly say so.—Ed.

EPIDEMICS.

[From an Electropathic and Hygienic stand point, by J. Gordon Wilson, Electropathic Physician.]

SYNOPSIS.—The vital and material losses to nations occasioned by plagues, greater than the costs of their wars.—Plagues by no means confined to the malarious, *i. e.*, swampy regions.—The greatest predisposing cause of Epidemics is to be found in our hyperborean diet, *i. e.*, excessive use of carbonaceous food, increasing the natural temperature of the system, and thus rendering it more liable to congestions, fevers, and diseases of an inflammatory nature.—The exciting cause of these complaints is the result of a too *positive* condition of the atmosphere, caused by electrical currents from the equator, manifested by south and east winds, and rise of temperature generally.—The system being unable to withstand the double influence of heat from within and without is *consumed*, the vital power not being able to control the *chemical* laws.—The right course to adopt; prevention; remedies.

The prediction of the Medical Journals, that the vital and material losses of Russia by this last epidemic would exceed the cost of her war, is being fully verified. (The same was also true in regard to the yellow fever of the Southern States, exceeding the cost of the Mexican war); but by its very magnitude the calamity may prove a less unqualified evil, if it should help to open our eyes to the true nature and origin of what has too long been considered a mysterious and unavoidable plague. The hope of solving the riddle of the periodicity and topographical predilections of the plague pest, suggested a careful comparison of the pathological statistics of the Russian steppes with those of the swampy regions of the Atlantic slope; and these studies have revealed some curious facts, which the correspondents of the medical periodicals have corroborated rather than explained.

It appears that a disease which our ablest physicians have described as intensified malaria, has by no means confined itself to the malarious, *i. e.*, swampy regions, but in a majority of cases may be traced to a city, or a well drained but thickly populated district, where the dietetic and domestic habits of the Caucasian race predominate over those of the Aborigines. Among many of the Indian tribes that inhabit the marshy low-lands and humid forest coasts of our continent, fevers are on the other hand, wholly unknown; while Europeans, who visit such regions, or natives who adopt European modes of life, become liable to a number of enteric disorders. Vera Cruz, "the City of the Dead," as the Mexicans call it, on account of the frequency of its yellow-fever epidemics, is situated on a barren and extremely dry coast, remote from all swamps, and surrounded by arid sand hills; while the natives of the peninsula of Yucatan, with its swamps and inundated virgin forests, are considered to be the healthiest and hardiest portion of the Mexican population. Laguyra, Caracas, and Santiago, in spite of their mountainous environs, complain of the terrible regularity of their autumnal epidemics; but in the valley of the Amazon fevers were unknown before the arrival of the European Colonists, and are still monopolized, by the Creoles and negroes of the larger settlements. The forest tribes of the Madena, says Bompland, cautioned the missionaries against the use of animal food, and warned them that it would produce a disease which like original sin, could only be cured by baptism, *i. e.*, frequent shower baths and invocations of the Great Spirit; and Bernal Diaz tells us that the subjects of Montezuma were afflicted with an eruptive disease, more painful though less incurable than leprosy, but that fevers made their first appearance with the Spaniards, and were long limited to the district of Tolupepec, (in the valley of Anahuac), and the Spanish quarter of Hascala.

During the long centuries of the *Juventus Mundi*, forests and swamps were almost synonymous, as they still are in the lower latitudes of America and Eastern Asia. Animal life swarms and revels in such regions. Herbivorous and carnivorous animals, and the anthropoid apes, thrive in the moist woodlands of the torrid zone; and the Asiatic Malays, the natives of Soudan and Senegambia, and the Aborigines of

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PARAGRAPHERICAL AND HUMOROUS.

A gentleman who was present at the wedding of Mr. Job Wall and Mary Best, took it upon himself to write thereupon the following lines:

Job, wanting a partner, thought he'd be blessed
If, of all womankind, he selected the Best;
For, said he, of all evils that compass the globe,
A bad wife would most try the patience of Job.
The Best, then, he chose, and made bone of his bone,
Though 'twas clear to his friends she'd be Best left alone;
For, though Best of her sex, she's the weakest of all,
If 'tis true that the weakest must go to the Wall.

Schnitzenheim remarks: "I dinks dem Engliche vellors vind dot Sout Africa vash a leedle too Zulubrious, aindt it?"

The lawyer lieth on flowery beds of fees.

Don't get in debt to a shoemaker if you would call your sole your own.

Tom presented his bill to his neighbor Joe. "Why, Tom, it strikes me that you made out a pretty round bill here, eh?" "I am sensible it is a round one," quoth Tom, "and I have come for the purpose of getting it squared."

On a recent occasion, as the marriage ceremony was about to be performed in a church, when the clergyman desired the parties wishing to be married to rise up, a large number of ladies immediately arose.

At a wedding recently, the officiating priest put to the young lady the home question,

"Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?"

The maiden dropped the prettiest courtesy, and with modesty, replied, "If you please, sir."

Mrs. Chibbles.—"Oh! good Mr. Sailorman, do you think there is any fear?" *Old Salt*.—Sartin, marn, sartin; lots o' fear, but not a bit o' danger!"

An Irishman was challenged to fight a duel, but declined on the plea that he did not wish to leave his ould mother an orphan.

A young gentleman who had just married a little beauty, says, "she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that Nature couldn't afford it."

"It appears to me," said a small apple-faced man, "that they make a great deal of fuss about this fellow, Shakespeare, I'd just like to know what it is all about! Why, if it wasn't for his writings he never would have been heard of!"

Nine times in ten, if you run against a man in the dark you will say "Hello!" The other fellow begins to say the same; often he omits the last syllable.

A woman appeared in the court of Louisville, recently, to be appointed guardian for her child, when the following colloquy ensued: "What estate has your child?" "Plaze your honor, I don't understand you." *Judge*.—"I say, what has she got?" "Chills and fever, plaze yer honor."

A young lady being asked whether she would wear a wig when her hair was grey, replied with great earnestness, "Oh, no, I'll dye first."

An Irishman remarked to his companion, on observing a lady pass: "Pat, did you ever see so thin a woman as that before?" "Thin!" replied the other; "botherashen! I seen a woman as thin as two of her put together, so I have."

SENSTRUCK.—"Sam, wharfo' am de 'casion ob yer sore nose?" "Ise been sunstruck, Clem." "Dasso? How kin de visitation?" "Well, yer see, dat boy Rem an' me was heftin' punkins last night, and dem p'inted one f'ords me rather sprightly, an' dar's de record ob de 'clision."

CURRAN'S DINNER.—After Curran left college and went to London to study for the bar his finances were very low. A story is told of his going dinnerless to St. James' Park, where, sitting hungry on a bench, he began whistling an Irish tune. An elderly gentleman paused to rest on the same seat, and, seeing the melancholy look of the youth, inquired how he came to be sitting there, whistling an Irish tune, when other people were at their dinner. Curran replied that he would be at his dinner too, but a trifling matter of delay in remittances—obliged him to dine on the Irish tune.

Science has given us many instances of striking resemblance between children of the same mother. The old adage that Nature never makes two things exactly alike is, therefore a myth. We heard, the other day, of two brothers who were so nearly alike that they frequently borrowed money of each other without knowing it.

THE OPEN GATE.—A gentleman, having occasion to praise a kind-hearted Irishwoman for her good deeds, said to her, "Well, well, Kate, if there's a heaven in the next world, you will get into it." As quick as lightning came the reply, with all the heartiness of the race, "God bless ye, Mr. P., an' sure if I do, I'll lave the gate open for you."

The human heart yearns for the beautiful in all ranks of life. The beautiful things that God makes are His gifts to all like. I know there are many of the poor who have fine feeling and a keen sense of the beautiful which rusts out and dies because they are too hard pressed to procure it any gratification.

HEAR BOTH SIDES.—Never condemn your neighbor unheard, however many the accusations which may be preferred against him; every story has two ways of being told, and justice requires that you should hear the defence as well as the accusation, and remember that the malignity of enemies may place you in a similar situation.

This from the journal of Julian Charles Young:—

Henry M., D. C., now perhaps the wittiest man of the day, found himself entering the same railway carriage with Lord W.—when he was Lord Chancellor. "Why, M., what a size you have grown! You are as fat as a porpoise! I'm almost ashamed to be seen with you!"

"I don't see why you should, my lord. Nothing is more natural than for the porpoise to be in company with the *Great Seal*!"

IRISH WIT.—Plunket, an Irish lawyer, whose eloquence and ability made him a leader in Parliament, was noted for his caustic wit. "A witness who, though very ready to reply to the questions on the direct examination, was by no means so when cross-examined, was taunted by Plunket with this.

"The excuse made by the witness was, 'The councillor's questions put him in a *doldrum*.' The judge, Chief Baron Lord Avonmore, repeated the word, 'A *doldrum*! What is that?'

"I can tell your lordship," said Plunket: 'a *doldrum* is a *confusion of the head* arising from a *corruption of the heart*.'

"An acquaintance of Plunket's, who was not remarkable for his brilliancy, was said to have foretold an event. 'I always knew he was a *bore*,' replied Plunket, 'but I did not know he was an *augur*!'

THAT PRESCRIPTION.—A domestic in an up-town New York family, one morning before breakfast, took the following prescription to a druggist in the neighborhood: "Please give the bearer a double dose of castor oil with taste disguised." Handing it to the clerk, she sat down to await the preparation, but was agreeably surprised to be soon asked if she would like a glass of soda. Having drunk it, she resumed her seat and waited for about fifteen minutes. She then ventured to remark that she was "afraid the folks would be ready for breakfast" if she did not go soon. "Well, said the clerk, "what are you waiting for?" "Why, for that prescription," she said. "Why, I gave it to you in that glass of soda-water some time ago." "O, law!" was the reply, "it was not for me; 'twas for a man down at the house."

The following charade was written by a friend of Miss Upham upon her name. The lady, who had lived in single blessedness for over seventy years, made a pertinent answer, in rhyme, which has also been given to us:

CHARADE ON THE NAME OF UPHAM.

To get my first a sluggard's loath;
To get my next a glutton's glad.
Happy is he who gets them both;
But jewels are not cheaply had.

ANSWER.

Your first, I guess, is to get up,
And on your next, when sliced, we sup;
United, both will name a lady
Who, long since passed her youthful heyday,
Unmarried now, upon the shelf,
Lies soberly beside herself.

The men, I grant, have wanted spirit,
To pass a jewel of such merit.
For this mistake I must not fret,
But patient wait to be new set
In that good place where wedlock ceases,
And woman's bliss, perhaps, increases.

—Harper.

EMBLEMS OF LOVE.—Roses are admittedly the emblems of love. An old tradition says that a rose gathered upon midsummer eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear in her bosom, when he who is to be her husband will come and take it out. In Thuringia the rose holds a similar position as a love-charm; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose-leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water; that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of Germany, it is customary to throw rose-leaves on a coal fire, as a means of insuring good luck. In Germany, as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose-tree it will insure rosy cheeks.

Not many years ago our Virginia city was a mere camp of rude cabins, rough houses, and canvas tents. The old Empire canvas lodging-house will be remembered by early settlers. This furnished the only convenient place in which our pioneer Methodist brethren could worship. Brother Rooney was then the preacher. A man more fond of giving or receiving a good joke among private friends could rarely be found. On a hot Sunday morning Brother Booney began his discourse to the assembled sinners. The curtains were carefully drawn in front of the berths, one above another, wherein were several tired miners reposing, with the latest yellow-covered literature which had come to the camp.

In the midst of the sermon the horrid braying of a donkey was commenced at the side of the tent, directly under the bunk of a miner, which was enough to drown all that priest or prophet might proclaim.

The miner in the bunk could endure it no longer, and pushing out the canvas curtain, and staring the donkey in the face, bawled out, "Dry up, confound you! one at a time is enough!"

This was too much for the fun-loving audience, and a general snicker went around, in which Brother Rooney himself was compelled to join; but the moment he could command himself, he solemnly remarked that "as soon as our friend gets through talking to his brother we will proceed with our discourse." —Harper.

CHEAP ELOCUTION.

While a Detroit Justice of the Peace sat warming his feet by the stove and his nose by a cigar, a stranger entered, and presently inquired:

"Judge, how much will you charge me to read over about fifteen lines of printed matter from a book I have?"

"Why, can't you read them?" replied his honor.

"I can, but I want to hear how the lines sound when read aloud. I'll give you a quarter to read them to me."

"All right," replied the Justice—"I can't earn two shillings any quicker."

A woman opened the door at that moment, and the stranger put down the book on the desk, clasped her hand and said:

"Begin at that pencil-mark there, and read slowly."

His Honor's chin dropped exactly eighteen inches by dry measure as he saw that the reading matter was the usual form of marriage, but he didn't back down from his word. It was the cheapest marriage he ever attended, and he didn't half enjoy the chuckles of bride and groom as they went out.

THAT LIGHT.—Jones (who has been to the "club" until 2 a. m.)—"Mary, wasser uze keeping light for me, any way?"
Mary—"Because, Henry, you know that while the lamp holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return." Jones kept better hours for the next week or two.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Family Circle.

BY MRS. L. K. CHESLEY.

My feet are worn and weary with the march,
Over rough roads and up the steep hillside;
O, city of our God, I fain would see,
The pastures green where peaceful waters glide.

My hands are weary, laboring, toiling on
Day after day for perishable meat;
O, City of our God, I fain would rest,
I sigh to gain thy glorious mercy seat.

My garments travel-worn and stained with dust,
Oft rent with piercing thorns that crowd my way,
Would fain be made, O Lord, my righteousness,
Spotless and white in heaven's unclouded ray.

My heart is weary of its own deep sin,
Sinning, repenting, wandering still away;
O, when shall I thy glorious presence feel,
And every stain of evil washed away.

Patience poor soul; the Saviour's feet were worn,
The Saviour's heart and hands were weary too,
His garments stained, and travel worn and old,
His sacred eyes blinded with tears for you.

Love thou the path of sorrow that He trod,
Toil on, and wait in patience for thy rest;
O, City of our God, we soon shall see
Thy glorious walls; home of the good and blessed.

Written for the Family Circle.

INARTICULATE VOICES.

O, I trust to the eye filled with light from the soul,
When the tear of affection bedews it,
And I thrill with its warmth when its silent control
Breathes love in my heart to unloose it.

Then I wonder and dream if the spirit that sues
In words that are tender and broken,
Hath the feeling and depth as the soul that imbues
With the tear that in silence hath spoken.

Ah, yes, let a tear speak its all as it may,
Let us feel that the soul is still aching;
But I know of a truth if it cannot have way,
The heart is then bleeding and breaking.

When the voice or the spirit would utter its song
There is nought in its strain to dissemble.
And the touch it conveys to the bosoms that long
Makes the chords of affection all tremble.

So the speech of the heart through a tear or a sigh,
May breathe the full flow of its dreaming,
And I'll trust to its warmth, tho' the eye may be dry,
While it bath all the truth of love's teeming.

—Eloise.

A. TRUE ANECDOTE.

BY W. W. Z.

A number of years ago there lived in one of the small villages of Ireland a Catholic family, consisting of man and wife. Paddy, like all his countrymen, thought they must have a cow; and the best offer being given by a Protestant neighbor, he concluded to buy the cow from him. On bringing it home, his wife, before milking, suggested that they should bless it by sprinkling Holy Water on it. At this time they happened to have a bottle of vitriol in the house, and Paddy, in his haste, picked this up, and sprinkled the cow well with this, instead of the Holy Water. The cow began to leap and plunge, and on seeing this the wife exclaimed, "Ough, Paddy, but she's got the Protestant in her strong!" On discovering his mistake, there was a laugh all round, and ever afterwards, Paddy took care when about to sprinkle himself, that it was Holy Water and not vitriol that he was using.

NEEDLE-MAKING.

Needles are made from soft steel wire, which is received from the manufactory in coils. The wire is cut by fixed shears into length sufficient to make two needles. These blanks, being bent, require straightening, which is done by placing several thousands of them between two broad, heavy rings, and heating them to redness in a furnace. They are then removed and placed, still in position within the rings, on a flat iron plate, and by means of a curved bar, termed a smooth file, rolled back and forth until perfectly straight. Each piece is then sharpened at both ends. The workman takes up a number at a time and holds the ends against a grindstone, forming the points. By means of a die and counterdie, two grooves are stamped by a press on each side of the wire, which is next pierced under a press with two holes forming the eyes. A number of pieces are then strung on two fine wires and broken each in two by filing and bending. The roughness about the head is removed by filing, several at a time being placed in a small vice.

During these processes, the needles, having become somewhat bent, are straightened by rolling on a flat plate, as before. They are now brought to a red heat, and tempered by plunging them into oil. Fifty thousand at a time are then put in a canvas bag with emery, oil, putty-powder and soft soap, and rolled to and fro under pressure until they become bright. The better class of needles have their eyes drilled. The final process is polishing the points, which is affected first by a rotating hone, and afterward by a buff-wheel. Of late years machines have been introduced by which needles are formed from the roll of wire without the intervention of hand labor.

MONEY.—Before any regular system of coinage was introduced, the metals which circulated as currency were rather irregular in size, their value being indicated by their weight. In the reign of Servius Tullius, King of Rome, 578-534 B. C., pound-weights of copper received the name of *pecunia*, because they were stamped with the image of cattle (*pecus*), and hence the term pecuniary has gradually come to be applied to whatever relates to money and monetary affairs. This was two hundred years before the circulation of gold and silver coin. In England, as late as the date of the Norman Conquest (1066), the currency was of two kinds, the "live" and the "dead"—the former indicating cattle and slaves as a medium of exchange; the latter, gold, silver, and other metals.—*Par-nological Journal*.

WONDERFUL TREES.—In the great West, they grow wonderful trees. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment which resembles a sack of very coarse texture and without a seam. The upper opening serves for a head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts of Marina in the rainy season; they have the form of the ponchos and mantos of cotton which are so common in New Grenada, at Quito, and in Peru. As in this climate the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say, in showing the shirts of Marina, "in the forests of Orinoco, garments are found ready-made upon the trees."

SILENCE AND SPEECH.—By abstaining from speech, under some circumstances, the wise man shows his wisdom. Silence has its proper place. There are subjects veiled by natural delicacy, and marked off by confidential barriers, and trifles which a healthy mind shakes off like dust, and wounds to be gently shielded, and delightful discoveries to be reserved for favored explorers, and many other spots sacred to silence. The question is, how to combine the perfect preservation of these sanctuaries with the openness which inspires perfect trust. We can no more confide in one whose mind seems to be full of dark places than in one who lays every thing bare. We look to a friend for sheltering wings to brood over our confidences, not for magpie tricks of concealment.

BEAUTY.

Beauty is said to be only skin deep. This is not strictly true. It is true that delicacy of complexion, combined with a certain healthful glow, constitute no inconsiderable item in the combination, in the sum of which constitutes beauty; but there are other points quite as essential, at least in our estimate, of what is implied in it. Form and feature are quite as important elements to be considered in estimating the characteristics of that somewhat fanciful, but admirable thing which we designate beauty. Neither rouge and enamel, however artistically applied, nor the more desirable qualities of skin which they are meant to imitate, can compensate for irregularity of features, or want of symmetry of form, and a lady who lacks regularity of features, symmetry of form, or gracefulness of carriage, is not entitled to the full credit of what is implied in the designation "a beautiful woman." There are, however, other qualifications quite as essential to beauty as any of those we have enumerated; qualifications which may be more universally possessed, and which if they do not fulfil all the conditions that aspirants for admiration might covet, yet they possess a charm, without which, beauty, though it may be temporarily impressive, is nevertheless unsatisfying and evanescent.

They are of a moral character. They consist in that peculiar illumination of countenance, that light of the eye, and that kindliness of expression which are the natural and spontaneous outflow of purity of character and generous impulses. These, with gracefulness of form, symmetrical features and healthful complexion constitute a high order of beauty in youth, and when the form loses its rotundity, and the light of the eye fades, and the grey hairs and wrinkled brow mark the changes of advancing age, they illumine the countenance with a halo of beauty as the western horizon glows with the subdued radiance of Summer's sunset.—J. F. L.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

NOISE OF THE CIRCULATION.—Many people are puzzled to know the source of the curious noises which are sometimes heard in the ear, even when all about is still. While there are several sources for these strange sounds, one of the most common is the peculiar roar or murmur made by the circulation of the blood. A large artery, the carotid, and also the jugular vein, pass very near the internal parts of the hearing apparatus. In certain states of the blood and of the circulation, sounds are occasioned by the passage of the blood extrant through these vessels, and the proximity to the ear enables them to be heard. These sounds can be heard by the aid of a proper instrument in other large veins and arteries, as those of the neck. The character of the sounds is very diversified. Now it is a gentle murmur, a moment later it has a roar like that of a distant cataract, and again it closely resembles the soft sighing of the wind or the musical humming of an insect.

Another way in which the circulation can be heard and at almost any time, is by placing the end of the finger in the ear. The slight roaring sound which is then heard is said by Dr. Hammond, of New York, to be the sound of the blood rushing through the blood-vessels of the finger.

VARNISH FOR STAINED WOODS.—A solution of four ounces of sandarac, one ounce gum mastic, and four ounces shellac, in one pound of alcohol, to which two ounces oil of turpentine is added, can be recommended as a varnish over stained woods.

IMITATION ROSEWOOD.—Boil one-half pound of logwood in three pints of water till it is of a very dark red; add one-half an ounce of tartar. Stain the work with the liquor while it is boiling hot, giving three coats; then, with a painter's graining brush, form streaks with the following liquor: Boil one-half pound of logwood chips in two quarts of water, add one ounce pearlsh, and apply hot.

CEMENT FOR STEAM JOINTS.—Take sal-ammoniac, two ounces; sublimed sulphur, one ounce; fine cast iron turnings, one pound, mix in mortar, and keep dry. When to be used, mix with twenty times its quantity of clean iron turnings or filings, and triturate the whole in a mortar; then wet with water until of proper consistence. A red putty for steam joints can be made of stiff white lead working well in red lead powder.

TO MAKE CORKS AIR-TIGHT AND WATER-TIGHT.—A German chemical journal commends the use of paraffine as the best method of making porous corks gas-tight and water-tight. Allow the corks to remain for about five minutes beneath the surface of melted paraffine in a suitable vessel the corks being held down either by a perforated lid wire screen or similar device. Corks thus prepared can be easily cut and bored, have a perfectly smooth exterior, may be introduced and removed from the neck of a flask with ease, and make a perfect seal.

OPTICAL DELUSION.—Take three differently colored wafers—red, violet, and orange—place them upon a large piece of white paper in a triangular form; hold the paper in a strong light, and ax the eyes upon the wafers, gazing upon them steadily for two minutes; then turn them away from the wafers to a blank part of the paper, and you will see three spectral wafers, but the colors will be different: the red wafer will now be represented by a green one, the violet by a yellow, and the orange by a blue.

JAPANESE MATCHES.—Lampblack, 5; sulphur, 11; gunpowder, from 26 to 30 parts—this last proportion varying with the quality of the powder. Grind very fine, and make the material into a paste with alcohol; form it into dice about one-quarter of an inch square, with a knife or spatula, let them dry rather gradually on a warm mantel-piece, not too near a fire. When dry, fix one of the little squares into a small cleft made at the end of a lavender stalk, or what is better, the solid straw-like material of which house-maids' carpet-brooms are made. Light the material at a candle; hold the stem downward. After the first blazing off, a ball of molten lava will form, from which the curious convolutions will soon appear.

A SUBMARINE LAMP.

The perfection to which the art of diving has been brought has necessitated the introduction of some means of enabling the diver to carry with him an artificial light. The fact is obvious that with a water-tight lantern, an ordinary oil-lamp could be used, but that would involve a supply of air and a length of hose equal to that paid out to the man who carried it. To be of any practical utility, however, a diver's lamp should have the maximum power of illumination, and any suggested application of gas or oil falls short of what is needed. Under those circumstances, two ingenious methods of lighting the bottom of the sea have been invented, and experience must decide which is the more successful. The first is an electric lamp which appears to have nothing to be desired in the matter of mere illuminating power, but doubts may be entertained as to whether the necessary connections with the battery would not interfere with the free movements of the diver, or, on the other hand, whether his movements would not disarrange them. The current necessary requires a large battery, and, unless that also be submerged, connecting wires would be required which would be liable to derangement by the motion of the vessel containing the battery. The lamp gives a light equal to twenty thousand candles, and the arrangement of the carbons has been so improved that it will burn uninterruptedly for four hours. The other method consists in the use of a simple spirit lamp, fed by oxygen,

compressed in an iron cylinder. That arrangement has the advantage of allowing it to be taken down by the man and moved about as he pleases, for the oxygen bottle can be slung over his shoulder while he carries the lamp in his hand. The light is not so brilliant as that produced by electricity, but appears to be sufficient for all the wants of the diver.

DAWN ON THE MOON.

The Lunar Wonders Revealed by the Advancing Sunlight.

A Rochester journalist who visited Prof. Swift the other evening, and had a view of the moon says: "The Telescope, with a power of 35 diameters, was tuned upon the moon. At first the flood of light was blinding, and the view was but cursory. The moon looked like a shield of embossed silver—the shield of achilles—hung by his goddess mother in the azure of the heavens. Prof. Swift looked over the field and noted as he looked many of the interesting points, and suggested that we follow the sunrise on the moon. On the moon the dawn advanced at the rate of ten miles an hour, lighting up new fields and furnishing to him an ever-changing panorama. Still, there is naught but desolation, yawning craters and sharp peaks of volcanic mountains and circular walls with perpendicular sides that surround deep pits. The moon is dead to all appearance—burned out with volcanic fires. No water leaves the desolate and rugged shores of its grey sea bottoms. But in the grey plains, where some astronomers think an ocean once spread, craters are seen with perpendicular walls.

The grey plains can be seen with the naked eye, forming what is called "the man in the moon," on a map like the Eastern continent. Under the telescope we could trace what seemed at first to be shore lines on the borders of this plain. On closer inspection, instead of wave-washed sand, these appeared to be but rounded steps formed by successive lava bursts spreading over the plain and marking, by the lessening flow, the gradual exhaustion of the volcanic force. From one of the largest craters rise three volcanic cones, the summits of which are tipped with sunlight before the floor of the crater is lighted. In another large crater two cones arise. From the large craters rays spread out as though the volcanic force cracked the firm crust in its upheaval, injecting through the broken surface ridges of dazzling white lava, that spread out like the arms of cuttle-fish, covering a vast surface.

The grandest phenomena is to be observed by following the sun on the moon. The advancing dawn forms a ragged crescent line upon the surface still in darkness. The sun's rays pass over dark chasms and low fields, lighting up ragged mountain tops far in advance. They appear like little islands of light lying off the coast of an illuminated sea. High mountains and crater walls near the shore of light cast deep shadows. The circular rims of craters are illuminated, and shine like rims of silver, glittering upon a cushion of darkness. The advancing dawn now lights up the bases of the outlying mountains that but a moment ago showed but a speck of light, and still new mountain tops are tipped with silver far in advance.

The sunlight strikes upon the side of a circular wall of a crater, and there is a silver crescent, with a blank space between it and the sea of light. Slowly the summit of other portions of the circular wall are lighted up, and then the sunlight invades the depth of the crater, while the shadow of the wall nearest the sun stretches half across the floor of the chasm. Frequently great gaps are broken in the crater walls and streaks of light stream across the floor. The jagged rocks, in calm, cold beauty, shine and glitter in the fierce white light. The mountains are mountains of desolation, and the valleys of silence and death. They are wrinkled with the flow of lava and torn with upheavals. The moon is dead. No sea, no forest shade, or living thing. The moon is a never-failing source of delight. It is so awful in its suggestions of power and loneliness of utter desolation.

The willow which bends to the tempest, often escapes better than the oak which resists it; and so in great calamities it sometimes happens that light and frivolous spirits recover their elasticity and presence sooner than those of a loftier character.

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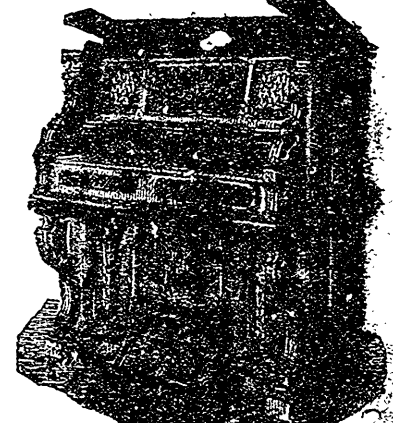
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