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# THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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NO. 11.

Untold.

A face may be woeful-white  
To cover a heart that's aching ;  
And a face may be full of light  
Over a heart that's breaking !

'Tis not the heaviest grief  
For which we wear the willow ;  
The tears bring slow relief  
Which only wet the pillow.

Hard may be burdens borne,  
Though friends would fain unbind them ;  
Harder are crosses worn  
Where none save God can find them.

For the loved who leave our side  
Our souls are well-nigh riven :  
But ah ! for the graves we find,  
Have pity, tender heaven !

Soft be the words and sweet  
That soothe the spoken sorrow ;  
Alas ! for the weary feet  
That may not rest to-morrow.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

## BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VIII (continued).

STANDFIELD heard the news an hour later. He had come to Bonny Dale with the intention of seeking an interview with Judith, in order to ask her to be his wife. Alternating between hope and fear, his heart, full of tenderest, deepest love, he had come—only to be met on the threshold with the news that Judith was already the promised wife of Jack Littleworth. It had been Judith's own wish that the engagement might be made public immediately.

"Let them tell him—I cannot, I cannot," her aching heart had cried fiercely, in its last feeble rebellion against fate.

The reader will not be surprised to learn that it was Miss Laurie who imparted the tidings to Mr. Standfield.

"You look surprised," laughed the lady, pretending to mistake the pallid look in his face for surprise. "But I knew

how it would be, I saw how it would end before Mr. Littleworth had been here for two days; Judith is a very lucky girl, I think. Mr. Littleworth is an ideal lover, young, rich, handsome and well-born. Don't you think it is very generous of me not to be envious of her? Yet I assure you I never felt so glad of anything before as I am of her engagement. You must stay and have tea here, Mr. Standfield, and congratulate Judy; she and you are such great friends; she would come now and see you, but I believe she is lying down with a headache; too much happiness I suppose; she is such a romantic girl, she can never take anything quietly like other people. You will stay, will you not?"

"Not this evening, thank you," he answered quietly.

"I will come and offer my good wishes to Miss Judith, to-morrow evening, if she will permit me. Yes, I must really go now, Miss Laurie. By the way, what has become of Mr. Thorpe? I have seen nothing of him since yesterday."

"He is away on business, I suppose," was Miss Laurie's rejoinder as she accompanied Standfield to the gate; and when he had left her, she stood there watching his grand figure till it was hid from her view.

I have had my revenge twice over Donald Standfield. The woman whose love you scorned and slighted has woven the web of your life to please herself. It is not likely you will love a third time; no, my revenge is complete. And that little wretch, that detestable little minx will suffer, as Dorothy suffered—as I have suffered through them both. Ah, revenge is sweet!"

As for Donald Standfield, no one who saw him next day in his accustomed place at the office, would have guessed that the grave, courteous banker was the same man who, the evening before, with pale, stern features, strode like one demented mile after mile along the dark high-road, returning to his rooms after midnight, worn out, but with his passion, his sorrow subdued, hidden and locked away in his own strong heart.

"God grant she may be happy; as for me—I have lived my life!" And that evening he went resolutely to Bonny Dale Farm to offer his congratulations to the newly affianced couple.

He did not stay long; he was going away next day to spend his two weeks' vacation.

"I will send my little offering to you in a day or two Miss Laurie," he said, referring to the wedding present he intended giving her.

"Thank you," answered the bride-elect, with a very unaffected faltering in her voice, for she did love this man, curious as it may seem—in spite of her treachery toward him.

"I shall value your gift above all others, believe me."

And Standfield smiled somewhat grimly.

"G. od-bye, God bless you, my dear little friend!" was his whispered farewell to Judith, as he wrung her hand at parting, and from her dry, levered lips came a faint, trembling—"Good-bye!"

That night, with her fair head bowed on the low sill of her bed room window, Judith Brown sobbed out her farewell to him whom her heart acknowledged as its king—farewell to all that made the beauty and joy of her life, telling herself that henceforth she must live for duty alone—never, never would perfect joy be hers again; and the bright stars in the heavens looked pityingly down upon the poor heart-broken child; but it seemed as though they twinkled mischievously at that idea of living for stern duty alone—preposterous!

## CHAPTER X.

"LET THIS BE A SIGN BETWEEN US."

IT is just three weeks since Miss Laurie's marriage and departure from Bonny Dale, where peace and quiet once more reign supreme, to the entire satisfaction of all its present inmates. Mr. Standfield has not returned to Eastville, and is not now expected to return, as Mr. Littleworth informs Judith one afternoon as they saunter idly through the woods on their way from a fishing expedition—though it may be mentioned here that Mr. Littleworth's basket is entirely empty, notwithstanding that they have spent the whole afternoon on the banks of Dale River, whither they had gone with the avowed object of catching some fish for breakfast next morning.

As they come near the falls they both stop and stand for a few minutes idly gazing at the falling, dashing water, and the cooing streamlet that runs along the bottom of the ravine.

"I love this spot," says the girl, out-spreading her little sun-burnt hands as she says it.

"So do I," responds Mr. Littleworth, promptly. "I love it for the sake of all the happy hours I've spent here with you, my darling; and because it was here you promised to be my wife," and he lays down his basket and rod and comes closer to her.

"That is simply romantic nonsense; and I am surprised at a man of common sense giving utterance to it," says Miss Brown, austere; but she shinks ever so slightly as she feels his arm steal around her waist.

"Are you?" laughs he, giving the little waist a gentle squeeze. "Why, to hear you talk one might take you for a prim old maid of forty or thereabouts, instead of the small child you are."

"I am almost eighteen, and *not* small," Miss Brown says with extreme dignity.

But he takes no notice of this assertion and smiles down at her, putting all his heart into his adoring eyes, while she looks coldly away.

"Judy darling," he says, tenderly, "do you know that you have never yet given me one kiss, and we have been engaged more than a month."

Silence.

"Will you give me one now, Judy?"

"I do not like kissing; I told you once before," answers she very coldly now.

"Why don't you?"

"Why! what a foolish question! how should I know why?"

"Have you ever cared to kiss anyone?"

"Well, we were never very demonstrative at home; but I did like to be kissed by papa, because I loved him so dearly."

"And do you not love me a little, Judy?" asks the young man, wistfully—so wistfully that she is touched in spite of herself, and turning slowly, lays her hands on his shoulders, and with grave, tender grace, kisses him on the lips; and though his heart thrills at the touch of her lips, he knows too well that she does not love him.

"Thank you," he says, softly; foolish fellow, he is so intensely grateful.

"Do you know, Judy, I used to be fiercely jealous of old Standfield; I thought you cared for him a little, and then he was first on the field, you know."

"How very absurd," says Judith, coolly, stooping down as she speaks to pluck a fern, which she immediately proceeds to tear into little pieces. "But Mr. Standfield is not old."

"Well, perhaps not *old*, exactly, but not youthful enough to be the lover of a baby like you, eh pet?"

"No one was ever so foolish as to imagine him my lover, except yourself"—haughtily—"and I wish, Mr. Littleworth, you would cease jesting about my being so young; if I am such a baby I wonder you want to marry me."

"My dearest Judith! I never dreamed that my doing so could possibly offend you; most women like being thought young, whether they are so or not."

"Do they?" returns Miss Brown, frigidly.

"Dear Judy, I am—" begins the young man, helplessly, but she interrupts him stormily—

"Oh! please do not *dear* me every word you speak!"

This is the last straw. Mr. Littleworth succumbs.

"I think we had better be going home," he says abruptly, picking up his rod and basket. And in silence they plod along side by side; he in no very amiable frame of mind, judging from the ominous frown that clouds his usually sunny brow; while the wilful girl glances at him now and again with contrite eyes, regretting her petulant words more bitterly every moment. They take a short cut across some fields, and as he helps her over a fence, she lays her hand on his arm and falteringly asks forgiveness for her ill-temper.

"It was simply horrid of me, I know Jack; and you are always so kind and patient with me, far more so than I deserve."

Jack does not speak, but he takes the little penitent in his arms and kisses her twice. So the little storm blows over and there is peace again; though it is doubtful how long it will continue, for poor Jack's wooing is rather stormy, and such scenes as that I have just described are of very frequent occurrence.

"By the way," says he, as they approach the house, "have you heard that Mr. Standfield has been appointed manager at headquarters? He will not be back here now; Mr. Graham will continue at the Eastville branch."

"I had not heard of it," Judith says, and wonders that Jack does not notice the strangeness of her voice. Her heart is woefully heavy and she has a wild longing to throw herself down on the ground and weep out the passionate sorrow that fills her soul and makes her almost hate the man at her side, whom, she knows she has wronged in promising to be his wife, while her whole heart is given to another man.

"Will you come in and have tea with us this evening?" she asks, mechanically, and is conscious of an intense relief when he refuses on the score of an engagement in the village. When he is gone Judith blindly grasps her way up-stairs to her own bed-room and locking herself in is seen no more that evening.

One morning a week later, Jack wended his way to Bonny Dale with a heavy heart and a gloomy face. It was nearly two months since he and Judith became engaged, and during that time nothing had been definitely arranged about the marriage, although it was understood that Jack was expected in England before winter. Of course, it was Judy's fault; she absolutely refused to hear of an early marriage; and her lover perceiving how it annoyed her had weakly abstained from the subject, hoping that by patient wooing he might yet win her heart, and lead her, a willing bride, to the altar. So he wrote from time to time, putting off his return home, where his parents were so anxiously awaiting their beloved son's return. Jack was even prepared to disappoint them and remain in Canada till the following spring, and then take his young wife home with him, his father and mother not having opposed his engagement to Judith, although they were bitterly disappointed at his not choosing the fair young English girl, whom they had long hoped to see at the Grange as Jack's wife.

But now there was no help for it. He must return to England at once; and that meant parting from Judith for an indefinite time. He had that morning received a cable message bidding him come home at once if he wished to

see his father alive. Of course he would start immediately—that very day. He loved his stern father very truly, and was full of grief and self-reproach at having remained away from him so long, knowing that he was in ill health.

Judith was busy about the house somewhere, but came to him immediately on being told by Susannah that he awaited her in the parlor.

"I have come to say good-bye to you, Judy. My father is very ill; I must return home at once," he said, still holding her hand in his firm clasp and watching her face with painful eagerness for the least sign of regret. But regret there was none! The clear blue eyes looked steadfastly into his; the fair face was cruelly calm.

"I am sorry to hear of your father's illness, Jack; I hope you will find him better on your arrival."

"I shall be fortunate if I find him living; poor father, I should not have left him so long!"

Jack dropped her hands and turned away with a deep sigh that was partly regret for his father, partly pain at Judith's coolness in this hour of parting.

"Indeed, Jack, I hope the Squire is not so ill as you think, and—and believe me I am very, very sorry for you," she said more earnestly, laying her hand on his arm.

"I wish, child, that you were a little bit sorry to part from me," he said with extreme bitterness, putting his hand over hers, and looking into her eyes, with passionate pain in his own.

"I am sorry; I shall miss you often, I am sure I will," she answered gently; but she never changed color nor looked away from him; she might have been speaking to her brother.

"Oh my love! I wish that I could take you with me."

"That is impossible"—calmly.

"Of course it is," he responded irritably—"I suppose you will want two or three months to get all the finery you will want to wear. You have not made any preparations at all yet; have you?"

"Certainly not."

"And yet you knew that I was wanted in England before winter."

"Yes; but I told you I would not go with you this time."

"Judith, will you marry me next summer, if—all is well?"

"Would it not be better to leave that to be decided later on?"

"No! I must have your promise before I leave you. Judith, surely I have been patient; will you not grant me this much—give me this comfort to take away with me?"

After a short silence she turned to him and gravely gave him the promise he desired.

"I will be your wife next summer, if all is well."

"Thanks for that sweet promise my darling; and you will write to me every week, will you not?"

"But I should not know what to write about every week. I cannot imagine anyone being able to write an interesting letter to the same person every week, especially when one lives in such a quiet little place as Eastville; each letter would be but a repetition of the preceding one."

"I would not care if all your letters were precisely alike, so long as I heard from you every week that you were well and happy," protested Mr. Littleworth, earnestly.

"Oh! would you not," she asked, with something like pity in her soft tones, for this infatuated young man.

"I know several fellows who get long letters twice or three times a week from the girls they are going to marry," continued Jack, persuasively.

"Indeed! and do they—the fellows answer all of them?" inquired Miss Judy, innocently.

"Every one of them," answered Jack, unblushingly.

"That is in England, is it not?"

"Yes, in England; but what of that? Lovers are the same all the world over. Are they not?"

"I think we must be a little different in Canada—as far as let a man be concerned," she answered demurely.

"No!—I you unkind girl, you want to get out of writing to me every week," replied Jack, with a laugh, in which was a tone of bitterness that did not escape Judith.

"If you cared for me ever so little, Judy, you could easily find plenty to say to me in your letters."

(To be Continued.)

## A Girl's Adventure.

YOU must have some rare experiences to tell us, Mrs Boswell," said persuasive Lieutenant Russel, while he waited for the mail stage. "You have been at this frontier post ever since Captain Boswell was stationed here?"

"Yes; we have been here eight years," she replied, with the rare smile that glorified her face. "I have passed through many trying ordeals here, but I really think that I had an adventure in the East, before I married the Captain, equal to anything that I have experienced."

"Well, will you relate it, and oblige us?" urged Russel.

"Thank you," said our little hostess, "I don't mind."

Three of us were sitting in an inner apartment of the small frontier hostelry. The bar-room was packed with miners, and we had chosen to have our suppers served by ourselves, as we had appointed to go on to Custer City in company.

"It was in 18—," she began; "I had just made the acquaintance of Captain Boswell, and he, having some business matters to arrange with father, had called at our place several times. Finally, there came a rare day in autumn, and he and father were closeted the greater part of the day, overhauling papers, memoranda, deeds and receipts. My father at the time was doing a great deal of business as an attorney.

"At tea-time father said to me: 'Bess, you won't mind an evening alone, so long as Thomas is about, will you?'"

"I said no, for although there were many robberies being committed in the neighboring cities, private families in the suburbs felt no fear. Our house was a mile from the city proper, and half a mile from neighbors either way.

"We find," he continued, "that the Captain has got to hunt up some more papers concerning the estate before he can give Barron a satisfactory title. We shall go to Judge Whitcomb's office, and our arch may be so successful that eleven o'clock will find us home again. Still, we may be detained longer. Shan't I call and tell your Cousin Milly to come down and spend the night with you?"

"No—yes," I contradictorily answered. "Do as you please; I am not timid in the least, with Thomas about."

"But Captain Boswell is going to leave five thousand dollars here until he returns."

"Does anyone know about the money?"

"Only ourselves."

"Then I am not afraid. Besides, you are likely to be back before graveyards yawn and thieves do walk abroad."

"Thomas brought the horse round, and while father spoke to him I touched the Captain's sleeve:

"Where is your money left?"

"In your father's desk in the library.' Then he looked with a tender, inquiring glance into my face (how the little woman's cheek flushed at the memory) and said: 'Little girl, if you are in the least afraid we will not go to-night, although it is absolutely necessary.'

"I told him, honestly, that I was not afraid. I never had that strata of timidity in my make-up peculiar to woman-kind; and so they rode away.

"I sang about my work as I put things in shape around the room, and viewed the brilliant sunset, without a fear or care.

"Thomas, our new man-of-all-work, was very busy pottering about the grounds, tying up grapevines and mulching

evergreens. I knew there was some coarse aftermath upon the hill that father was anxious to have put on the strawberry beds, and seeing Thomas go up there with his basket, I tied a scarf over my head, took another basket and went up to help him.

"As I passed up the hill I saw a man in the highway speak to him. I hesitated about going on, but the man made only a moment's pause and then went down the hill and was soon concealed by a turn in the highway.

"Who was that, Thomas?" I inquired.

"Oh, miss, it was a man from the mills, saying that my brother has had a bad fall on the dam and is bellowing for me to come and see him. His legs are broken entirely.

"What will you do?"

"I told the man I could not come to see him to-day—but if I went, miss, I would be sure to be back by eleven o'clock, if not earlier."

"You may go, Thomas, if your brother is hurt so bad. Papa will not be away long."

"But, my young lady—"

"Never mind me in such a case as this." I always was very tender-hearted. "You may go, and I will run right back to the house."

"He talked a few minutes more, was profuse in his thanks for my kindness, and then started down for the city. I took up the two baskets and went singing to the house.

"I sat an hour by the open window, enjoying intensely this being alone, and the quiet beauty of this cool autumn evening.

"Perhaps you will wonder at this," and the dimples played around her pretty mouth, "but little birds were singing a new song in my heart, and the quiet let me hear the sweet echoes.

"But directly I chided myself for becoming rather careless, as the road was a thoroughfare, and a chance straggler might surprise me. I arose, closed my window, and obeying some strange, impressive power, I walked through the hall into the library, took my father's key from its accustomed place, unlocked the desk, found the package of \$5,000, and placing it in my bosom, re-locked the door and returned to the sitting-room. I did not light a lamp; I had no need of a fire, as that from the kitchen stove warmed the sitting-room in this mild weather.

"The house was old-fashioned, very, with a fireplace in the sitting-room opening up into a chimney of capacity sufficient for a foundry stack. We had cheerful open fires later on; but the house being an ancestral pile, was getting somewhat dilapidated, and the partition separating the flues in the large chimney had fallen in. Men had been sent out to clear the rubbish and make repairs, but the work, half done, was suspended on account of the arrival of Captain Boswell and this important business affair.

"I would have enjoyed immensely to kindle a sparkling fire in the huge wide fireplace, but as affairs were I could not. So I mused in darkness for hours. I really took no heed of time, until my quick ear caught the sound of a footfall approaching, close up to the doostep, I could have taken my oath. It was so light an echo that I sprang to my feet, thinking that my Cousin Milly, absent when my father called, and returning later, had to come down to stay with me.

"I sprang up with a smile to answer her knock, albeit I was a bit jealous of her pretty face; but no knock came, and the echoes died out, and altogether I concluded I had de-

ceived myself in regard to them. Anyhow, I would light the lamp. I did so, and was startled to find it past ten o'clock. I was sufficiently aroused from my reverie to want a book from the library shelves. I took up my lamp and went singing into the room.

"I obtained the desired volume, stepped down from the stool, and—

"If ever anyone felt themselves dying I did at that moment. My song died on my lips, while a thousand thoughts seemed to flash into my mind in one instant. Involuntarily I gasped, and then with a strong effort of the will power for which I am famous, I took up the song again and sang it to the close.

"Among other things I remembered that the lock was off the library door for repairs. I remembered the lateness of the hour and the probability that all the people were in bed and asleep. I remembered the footsteps in the dooryard, and—there was a fresh, pungent smell of tobacco-smoke in the room. A scent of smoke that was not in the room when I was there and placed the package of money in my bosom.

"Do you wonder that my brain reeled and my heart stopped beating for an instant? Besides, whoever the robber was, he would soon begin work, not knowing how early my father and the Captain might return. And I should be murdered. Somewhere within a few yards or a few feet of me the robber assassin was concealed—either in the recess behind the cabinet, or under the long, draped, paper-strewn table.

"A faint sound outside nearly made me set down the lamp; still I had unconsciously left my first song and was singing—

'For his bride a soldier won her,  
And a winning tongue had he.'

"I knew that temporary salvation—power and liberty to leave that room, even—depended upon my appearing unconscious of the robber's proximity.

"I got out of the library and found myself in the sitting-room. A hasty glance at the door showed the key absent from the lock.

"Treachery!

"I wonder that this new revelation did not suffocate me. The man on the highway—the injured brother—Thomas had betrayed us. He had overheard about the money. A robber was in the house and another was outside. My retreat would be cut off. How thoughts ran through my mind! How would they kill me? Would I suffer long? At this instant I was sure that I heard a faint creak in the library door at the far end of the long hall.

"One swift, despairing glance around me, one wild idea of escape, and I extinguished the light upon the table, and, crouching in the fire-place I rested one foot upon the andiron, and swung out the iron crane, stepped the other foot upon the strong support and rose up into the flue. Something touched my head. Thank God! It was the rope with which the dislodged brick had been hoisted out. Grasping this carefully with my hands I held myself like a wedge in the opening. If I had envied large, noble-looking women before, I now had reason to be thankful for my diminutive form and ninety odd pounds of avoirdupois.

"I had little time, however, to think of anything except the imminent danger of knocking down a fragment of brick or mortar, and thus discovering my hiding-place. The clock began with sonorous peals to strike eleven. Under cover of its echoes there were quick, soft steps in the hall, and the

bolt of the outer door was withdrawn. The huge flue must have acted like a telephone, for I heard every sound with fearful distinctness. First there was a pause by the door of the sitting room, then breathing in it, then whispering.

"I heard Thomas distinctly, when he said :

"She isn't here; she's gone to bed; but the money is in the library."

"Be cautious," advised a strange voice, "and we may not have to hurt her."

"They carefully retreated, and my heart struck off the seconds against my ribs in a way that was suffocating, for I knew that their search would soon be over, and what then ?

"In less than two minutes they were whispering in the room again.

"Confound her!" aspirated Thomas, "she took the money with her."

"Then we'll have it if—"

"The pause meant all that words could convey.

"The cold sweat was coming out of every pore of my body. The dust of the creosote had penetrated my mouth and nostrils, and I had to take one hand from the rope in their absence and place a finger upon my lips to prevent sneezing.

"Come hurry," was the angry watchword exchanged between them, and I heard the stairs creaking as they ascended to my chamber. Thomas was familiar with all the house.

"Why did I not drop down and escape outside ?

"First, then, they had locked the outside door and withdrawn the key to prevent a surprise from without. Second, there might be a third confederate outside. But the most important reason of all was, it seemed to me, that I never could get out of the aperture that had allowed me entrance into the chimney. I ran the risk of discovery and death in any case.

"Oh why did not my father and his companion return ? It might be hours first.

"They had found me absent from my chamber and the adjoining rooms. They no longer used extreme caution. They hurried from one apartment to the other. I could feel the jar of moving furniture, and closet doors were opened hastily. The upper part of the house was ransacked, and then they came down stairs upon the run. Time was precious to them now. With dreadful oaths they rummaged the lower floors, and finally returned to the sitting-room.

"I saw the light here last," said Thomas, moving with his lamp across the room, "and here is the lamp on the table."

"She must have got out."

"No; I watched for her, and every window is fastened on the inside." Then he continued; "Curse her! she's a witch!" and baffled they stood and poured oaths after me. "I'd like to catch her now," he ground it out between his teeth.

"Shall we search more?"

"It's no use; we've turned over everything under which a mouse could hide."

"What, then? Shall we waylay the old man and fix him?"

"They haven't the money; it was left here."

"The cellar," suggested the voice.

"Once more they dashed out only to return in hot haste now; for there was the trot and rumble of a horse and carriage on the bridge between us and the city.

"Stay," urged the stranger, "tump up some kind of a story, and we may secure the money yet."

"I would," returned Thomas, "but the girl's a witch, and I'm just sure that she is somewhere near us all the time, and would hand me over to justice!"

"There was a scamper outside, and the sound of feet running toward the river came down the wide mouth at the top of the chimney. Father and Captain Boswell drove into the yard and up to the door, just as the clock struck twelve.

"Boswell," said he, "we certainly saw a light here when we came down the hill."

"Quick, Jason," said the captain, "there has been foul play here."

"Foul play? My God! my poor little girl."

"Father," I strove to call, but the first attempt, choked in dust and soot, ended in a hysterical cough.

"Where is that? What is it?" called my distracted father, and both men dashed for the library.

"I now strove to descend, but the movement brought down bushels of mortar and broken bricks from all sides, and closed up the flue. I bethought me of the rope, and by sticking my toes in here and there I went up the chimney hand over hand.

"Agile as a cat, when I reached the top of the low chimney I sprang down upon the roof and began calling loudly for father.

"You should have heard them run through the house and halloo before they located my voice. At last the Captain came out of doors.

"Will you get me a ladder, please," said I, "I want to get down from here."

"A ladder, Jason," shouted the Captain, "the little girl is on the roof."

"For the love of Heaven, girl, how came you there?" said my father, as I landed upon the ground and began shaking the soot from my clothes.

"I went up there through the chimney, papa. But you had better put up the horse—you will have to groom him yourself to-night—and then I will tell you all about it.

"The captain led me into the house, for I was trembling violently.

"Now," said father, being absent only a moment or two, without letting me have time to mop the smut from my face and hands; "now tell us what this means—my little girl climbing the ridge pole like a cat at midnight?"

"In a few moments matters were explained.

"Thomas, the villain!" ejaculated my father; "I'll have him if I have to hunt the two continents for him, and he shall have his deserts."

"He kept his word. Thomas got a term in the State prison.

"When I gave the Captain his money I should have burst out into hysterical sobbing only I remembered the soot in time to prevent shading myself in black crayon; and Captain Boswell believed that, statue and bulk were not always certificates of the best materials, and—"

"And," finished Dan, our jester, "it may be said, that you actually flue to his arms."

She smiled and bowed as the sonorous tones of the driver came in among us:

"Stage ready, gentlemen."

As they who, for every slight infirmity, take physic to repair their health, do rather impair it; so they who, for every trifle are eager to vindicate their character, do rather weaken it.—Burke.

## OUR BIOGRAPHICAL BUREAU.

"Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And departing, leave behind us  
Foot-prints on the sands of time."

## TASSO.



ON the 11th of March, 1544, was born at Sorrento, near Naples, Torquato Tasso, the great author of the *Gerusalemme Liberata* (*Jerusalem Delivered*). His father was Bernardo Tasso, also a scholar and a poet, in his own day of considerable repute. The life of Tasso was almost from its commencement a troubled romance. His infancy was distinguished by extraordinary precocity; but he was yet a mere child when political events induced his father to leave Naples, and, separating himself from his family, to take up his abode at Rome. Hither Torquato, when he was only in his eleventh year, was called upon to follow him, and to bid adieu both to what had been hitherto his home, and to the only parent whom it might almost be said he had ever known. The feelings of the young poet expressed themselves upon this occasion in some lines of great tenderness and beauty, which have been thus translated:

"Forth from a mother's fostering breast;  
Fate plucks me in my helpless years;  
With sighs I look back on her tears  
Bathing the lips her kisses press;  
Alas! her pure and ardent prayers  
The fugitive breeze now idly bears;  
No longer breathe we face to face,  
Gathered in knot-like close embrace;  
Like young Ascanius or Camilla, my feet  
Unstable seek a wandering sire's retreat."

He never again saw his mother; she died about eighteen months after he had left her. The only near relation he now had remaining besides his father was a sister; and from her also he was separated, those with whom she resided after her mother's death at Naples preventing her from going to share, as she wished to do, the exile of her father and brother. But after the two latter had been together for about two years at Rome, circumstances again occurred which again divided them. Bernardo found it necessary to consult his safety by retiring from that city, on which he proceeded, himself, to Urbino, and sent his son to Bergamo, in the north of Italy. The favorable reception, however, which the former found at the court of the Duke of Urbino, induced him in a few months to send for Torquato; and when he arrived, the graces and accomplishments of the boy so pleased the Duke that he appointed him the companion of his own son in his studies. They remained at the court of Urbino for two years, when, in 1559, the changing fortunes of Bernardo drew them from thence to Venice.

This unsettled life, however, had never interrupted the youthful studies of Tasso; and after they had resided for some time at Venice, his father sent him to the University of Padua, with the intention that he should prepare himself for the profession of the law. But all views of this kind were soon abandoned by the young poet. Instead of perusing Justinian he spent his time in writing verses, and the result was the publication of his poem of *Rinaldo* before he had completed his eighteenth year. We can not here trace minutely the remaining progress of his shifting and agitated history. His literary industry in the midst of almost ceaseless distractions of all kinds was most extraordinary.

His great poem, the "*Jerusalem Delivered*," is said to have been begun in his nineteenth year, when he was at Bologna. In 1565 he first visited the court of Ferrara, having been carried thither by the Cardinal Luigi d'Este, the brother of the reigning duke Alphonso. This event gave a color to the whole of Tasso's future existence. It has been supposed that the young poet allowed himself to form an attachment to the Princess Leonora, one of the two sisters of the Duke, and that the object of his aspiring love was not insensible to that union of eminent personal graces with the fascinations of genius which courted her regard. But there hangs a mystery over the story which has never been completely cleared away. What is certain is, that, with the exception of a visit which he paid to Paris in 1571, in the train of the Cardinal Luigi, Tasso continued to reside at Ferrara, till the completion and publication of his celebrated epic in 1575. He had already given to the world his beautiful pastoral drama the "*Aminta*," the next best known and most esteemed of his productions.

From this period his life becomes a long course of storm and darkness, rarely relieved by a fitful gleam of light. For several years, the great poet, whose fame was already spread over Europe, seems to have wandered from city to city in his native country, in a state almost of beggary, impelled by a restlessness of spirit which no change of scene would relieve. But Ferrara was still the central spot around which his affections hovered, and to which, apparently in spite of himself, he constantly after a brief interval returned. In this state of mind much of his conduct was probably extravagant enough; but it is hardly to be believed that he really gave any cause for the harsh, and if unmerited, most atrocious measure to which his former patron and friend, the Duke Alphonso, resorted in 1579, of consigning him as a lunatic to the hospital of St. Anne. In this receptacle of wretchedness the poet was confined for about seven years. The Princess Leonora, who has been supposed to have been the innocent cause of this detention, died in 1581; but neither this event nor the solicitations of several of his most powerful friends and admirers could prevail upon Alphonso to grant Tasso his liberty.

Meanwhile, the alleged lunatic occupied, and no doubt lightened, many of his hours by the exercises of his pen. His compositions were numerous, both in prose and verse, and many of them found their way to the press.

At last, in July, 1586, on the earnest application of Don Vincenzo Gonzaga, son of the Duke of Mantua, he was released from his long imprisonment. He spent the close of the year at Mantua; but he then resumed his wandering habits, and, although he never again visited Ferrara, his old disposition to flit about from place to place seems to have clung to him like a disease. In this singular mode of existence he met with the strangest vicissitudes of fortune. One day he would be the most conspicuous object of a splendid court, crowned with lavish honors by the prince, and basking in the admiration of all beholders; another, he would be travelling alone on the highway, with weary steps and empty purse, and reduced to the necessity of borrowing, or rather begging, by the humblest suit, the means of sustaining existence. Such was his life for six or seven years.

At last, in November, 1594, he made his appearance at Rome. It was resolved that the greatest living poet of Italy should be crowned with the laurel in the imperial city, as Petrarch had been more than two hundred and fifty years before. The decree to that effect was passed by the Pope and Senate; but ere the day of triumph came, Tasso was seized

with an illness, which he instantly felt would be mortal. At his own request, he was conveyed to the neighboring monastery of St. Onitro, the same retreat in which, twenty years before, his father breathed his last; and here, surrounded by the consolations of that faith, which had been through life his constant support, he patiently awaited what he firmly believed would be the issue of his malady. He expired in the arms of Cardinal Cinthio Aldobrandini, on the 25th of April, 1596, having just entered upon his fifty-second year. The Cardinal had brought him the Pope's benediction, on receiving which he exclaimed: "This is the crown with which I hope to be crowned, not as a poet in the Capitol, but with the glory of the blessed in heaven."

Critics have differed widely in their estimate of the poetical genius of Tasso; some ranking the "Jerusalem Delivered" with the grandest productions of ancient or modern times, and others nearly denying it all claim to merit. Nothing, certainly, but the most morbid prejudice could have dictated Boileau's peevish allusion to "the tinsel of Tasso," as contrasted with "the gold of Virgil;" but although the poem is one of surpassing grace and majesty, the beauty and loftiness both of sentiment and language by which it is marked are perhaps in a somewhat artificial style, and want the life and spell of power which belong to the creations of the mightier masters of epic song—Homer, Dante, and Milton. His genius was unquestionably far less original and self-sustaining than that of any one of these.

It is not, however, the triumph of mere art with which he captivates and imposes upon us, but something far beyond that; it is rather what Wordsworth, in speaking of another subject, has called "the pomp of cultivated nature."

[Written for the Family Circle.]

#### To Emily.

Emerging on life's devious way,  
 May gladness cheer each passing day;  
 In storm or sunshine, smiles or tears,  
 Live that you may in after years,  
 Your life review, your pathway scan,  
 As one would trace a perfect plan:  
 Now noting on the left or right,  
 Dear spots that shone with golden light;  
 Each pleasant nook to memory dear,  
 Recall, through each successive year,  
 The deeds of love and mercy throw,  
 O'er life a radiant sunset glow,  
 Not wealth or rank such joys bestow. —W.A.

#### Ambition.

Ambition scaled a mountain's dizzy height,  
 Whose summit shone with clear, effulgent light;  
 But when, alas, that envied point he'd gained,  
 And highest, fondest aim of life attained,  
 The sweetest spot the landscape then could show,  
 Appeared the peaceful valley far below. —W.A.

A correspondent seeks information as to the origin of the accordion. It dates back to a period as remote as that of the "missing link" between the monkey and man. It is probably an invention of the latter, and a reasonable explanation is that the inventor, after having been driven out of every community into which he wandered, finally laid the responsibility of the invention on the link. This would go far to account for the fact that it has been missing ever since. —*Brooklyn Eagle.*

## OUR GEM CASKET.

"But words are things, and a small drop of ink  
 Falling like dew upon a thought produces  
 That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think."

Beats all—The tramp.

Lost at sea—The sight of land.

Suffering is the surest way of making us true to ourselves.

People swear because they know their words are worthless.

The devil tempts every man, but the lazy man tempts the devil.

There are plenty of stops to a hand-organ, but no permanent one.

Time is the most precious of all possessions, but least thought of.

How quickly nature falls into revolt when gold becomes its object.

Longfellow said: "In the world a man must be either nail or hammer."

Pride is increased by ignorance; those assume the most who know the least.

Knowledge will always predominate over ignorance, as a man governs the other animals.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

A Texas man lives with three wives under one roof. He was arrested for disturbing the peace.

Gaiety is not a proof that the heart is at ease, for often in the midst of laughter the heart is sad.

An Illinois philanthropist has willed his corpse to a medical school. That is a dead give away.

The reason that men succeed who mind their own business is because there is so little competition.

Examples are few of men ruined by giving. Men are heroes in spending, cravens in what they give.

An instance of precocity is the case of the little boy who asked his mother if crows were hatched from roosters' eggs.

A certain man says that one of his boys knows nothing, and the other does. The question is, which knows the most?

If their is any good in a man it is bound to come out; but it should not all come out at once and leave the man empty.

A woman woke her husband during a storm and said, "I do wish you would stop snoring, for I want to hear it thunder."

Among the attributes of God, although they are all equal, mercy shines with even more brilliancy than justice.—*Cervantes.*

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more; and none can tell whose sphere is the largest.

When the golden rule is employed in governmental matters instead of diplomatic trickery, then, and not till then, the future of nations will be sure.

"No thank you," said the new border, looking suspiciously at the milk which the landlady passed him; "no, thank you; my physician has advised me to abjure mixed drinks."

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.



# The Family Circle.

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## CIRCLE CHAT.

### SEVERE JUSTICE.

Longfellow once said, "the laws of nature are just but terrible; there is no weak mercy in them;" and therein he uttered a truth which almost all of us have felt to a greater or less extent, sometime in our lives. But there is this difference between the laws of nature and the laws of men, the decrees of the former are always inflicted upon every offender, while many who offend against men's laws escape altogether. There are many business frauds that are thought clever, the participants in which should, in justice, receive severe sentences, while the circumstances surrounding much guilt that is legally punished if fully understood and appreciated, would make us feel that the penalty was severe.

The adulteration of food is perhaps one of the worst forms of roguery, particularly when harmful mixtures are employed, but a recent case in France was of almost unimaginable depravity in this respect, and the perpetrator did not receive one whit too severe a sentence. The case was that of a Paris druggist who was proved to have adulterated sulphate of quinine in a critical case. He has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment at hard labor, and in addition is to pay a fine of a thousand francs; his name and crime are to be published in twelve professional and twelve political newspapers, and should he ever re-open his store, to the door thereof is to be affixed a sign: "Sentenced for adulterating sulphate of Quinine." A terrible sentence, we may exclaim, but think of the crime—a dealer, for the purpose of which would rob a man of, perhaps, his only hope of recovery.

With the present fierce business competition and "cutting" in prices, it seems only natural that dealers will resort to such measures, at any rate where there is, as they suppose, no harm done, but where there is a chance of such terrible results, it is very evident that strict measures should be taken to put down every form of fraud of this kind.

Of course, business frauds are resorted to in most cases because of difficult circumstances and on account of the victims, we might call them, being unable to breast the strife in a straightforward, honorable manner. Oh, how disgusting are the little frauds and deceptions that are commonly resorted to by those men who are on the road to ruin, and who are willing to sell their honor for a commercial standing. They sink lower and lower and practice deeper fraud in order to evade the laws of man, but well many of them know in the innermost depths of their hearts that they are reaping as they have sown, and are, perhaps unknown to the world, being punished by those just but terrible laws of nature.

## ON DANGEROUS GROUND.

Under the appearance and avowal of being temperate in the use of alcoholic drinks many are every day dying prematurely from no other cause than alcoholic excesses. The excuse used in some cases is that the system requires it, and we do not doubt that temporary benefit may result from its use, but the capital of one's strength and constitution is being thus undermined, and this physical frame, so important, so wonderful—far too holy to be abused in such a manner—is, with all the knowledge of the wrong he does it, being, by the moderate drinker, pushed onward to its last resting place. The physician's medicines are of little avail on the system degenerated by constantly imbibing alcohol. In cases where a little whiskey and water are used to give one an appetite at dinner time, Professor Richard McSherry advises in its place a little soup or beef tea as answering a better purpose. This same writer concludes a recent article in the *Sanitarian* upon the use and abuse of alcohol, thus:

"I have one other remark to make here about the use of alcohol, which is, that if a man takes it to strengthen him, before undertaking any work, mental or physical, the result, after a transient flush of activity, will be precisely the reverse of what he desired; and, furthermore, that if he takes it to protect himself from cold before exposure, he will suffer more from cold, and its effects will be very dangerous, perhaps only alarming, but possibly, and not very rarely, fatal."

## OUR CANADIAN WINTER.

Again our cold and frosty winter approaches, and the healthy, vigorous young Canadians welcome it as their best season of amusement, notwithstanding the impression of the inhabitants of warmer climes. Dear to every Canadian heart is the recollection of the cosy fireside, during the winter evenings of time gone by. The games of mild contention, the pleasant family chats, the intense interest of the reading often indulged in, or the thought-developing debate, the cracking and eating of nuts, the social gathering of neighbors round the hearth, and thousands of minor instances are called up to brighten the remembrance.

But the out-door sports of winter are, perhaps a greater source of amusement still to our stout, active Canadian boys and girls, and this is something our more indolent southern friends cannot realize. Oh what pleasant thoughts awaken at the sight of the skates, brought out from their summer quarters, and what delightful melody is in the tinkle of the sleigh-bells. We cannot but love our dear old Canadian Winter!

## RESPONSES TO READERS.

All communications for answer in this column should be addressed Correspondents' Department, Family Circle Office London East.

MARY R.—We venture that the gentleman referred to, who is continually gazing and drawing the attention of a young lady at church service, is not, as stated, a respectable Christian married gentleman, but like a good many others, who pass for such, and do much harm to religion. The young lady in question would do well to pay no attention to his conduct and absolutely have nothing to do with him.

J J.—The first sewing machine was completed in 1845 by Elias Howe.

St. H.—The best system of phonography is Pitman's. You should certainly have the assistance of a teacher if possible.

H. P.—1. See recipe in "Parlor and Kitchen" department. 2. The first weekly issue of the FAMILY CIRCLE was dated September 22nd.

G. W.—The lines occur near the beginning of Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

## HEALTH AND DISEASE.

*Mens sana in corpore sano.*

## Breath Gymnastics.

The art of breathing is, too much overlooked. Though an act of nature, it can be influenced by the will. Persons, therefore, may be trained to breathe properly, that is, to such breathing as will thoroughly oxygenate the blood.

It has been suggested that there is room for what might be fitly termed breath gymnastics—to draw in long and full breaths, filling the lungs full at every inspiration, and to acquire the habit of full breathing at all times.

The habit of full breathing has a direct effect in supplying the largest possible amount of oxygen to the blood, and more thoroughly consuming the carbon, and so producing animal heat. It has also the very important effect of expanding the chest, and so contributing to the vigor of the system.

The breath should be inhaled by the nostrils as well as the mouth, more especially while out of doors, and in cold weather. That has partly the effect of a respirator in so far as warming the air in its passage to the delicate air-cells, and in also rendering one less liable to catch cold.

The full inspiration is of so much importance that no proper substitute is to be found for it in shorter though more rapid breathing. In short, in breathing, a large portion of the air-cells remain stationary, the upper portion of the lungs being enlarged in receiving and discharging a small portion of air.

Profound thought, intense grief, and other similar mental manifestations have a depressing effect on inspiration. The blood unduly accumulates in the brain, and circulation in both heart and lungs becomes diminished, unless, indeed, there be feverishness present.

An occasional long breath, or deep-drawn sigh, is the natural relief in such a case,—nature's effort to provide a remedy. This hint should be acted on and followed up. Brisk muscular exercise in the open air, even during inclement weather, is an excellent antidote of a physical kind for a "rooted sorrow."

And the earnest student, instead of tying himself to his desk, might imitate a friend of the writer of this, who wrote and studied while on his legs. Pacing his room portfolio in hand with paper attached, he stopped as occasion required to pen a sentence or a paragraph.

Breathing is the first and last act of man, and is of the most vital necessity all through life. Persons with full, broad, deep chests naturally breathe freely and slowly, and large nostrils generally accompany large chests.

Such persons rarely take cold, and when they do they throw it off easily. The opposite build of chest is more disposed to lung disease.

The pallid complexion and conspicuous blue veins, show that oxygen is wanted, and that every means should be used to obtain it.

Deep breathing also promotes perspiration, by increasing the circulation and the animal warmth. Waste is more rapidly repaired, and the skin is put in requisition to remove the used materials. Many forms of diseases may be thus improved, and more vigorous health enjoyed.—*Chambers Journal.*

## Household Dirt.

A writer in the *London Times* calls attention to a much-neglected subject in the following paragraph:—

"The dirt of an ordinary house, the dirt which may be wiped from the walls, swept off the furniture, and beaten out of the carpets, would be sufficient, if it were powdered in the form of dust over the patients in the surgical wards of a great hospital, to bring all their wounds into a condition which would jeopardize life. It cannot be supposed that such dirt is innocuous when it is breathed or swallowed, and it certainly possesses the property of retaining for long periods the contagious matter given off by various diseases. Instances without number are on record in which the poison of scarlet fever, long dormant in a dirty house, has been roused into activity by some probably imperfect or bad attempts at cleansing."

## Diphtheria and Scarlatina.

The identity or not of the poisons producing diphtheria and scarlatina has been the subject of much discussion, and any information bearing upon the question is worthy of record. A curious instance of the manner in which these diseases at times co-exist and alternate with each other is recorded in a report addressed by Mr. W. H. Power to the Local Government Board, and to which we refer elsewhere, on a prevalence of infectious diseases at Whitstable. Diphtheria commenced in Whitstable in October, 1880, and continued till January in the following year. It had not long prevailed when scarlatina appeared, the two diseases being concurrent and attacking at one time different members of the same family. The diphtheria then began to disappear whilst the scarlatina became more prevalent and assumed an increasingly fatal type. Towards the middle of 1881 the scarlatina epidemic declined, and diphtheria, at times fatal, reappeared; indeed, with the absolute disappearance of scarlatina, diphtheria, early in 1882, steadily spread, remaining more or less prevalent throughout the year. During these several occurrences more than one of the medical practitioners in attendance on the cases had difficulty in diagnosing between the two diseases; thus cases of smart throat illness associated with distinct skin rash and altogether free from fœcal false membrane, occurred, and yet at no period of the illness or convalescence did any such tendency to desquamation, as usually follows on scarlatina, show itself. Eight or ten years ago very similar circumstances were observed at Whitstable, diphtheria being exceptionally fatal, and at the same time associated with a prevalence of scarlatina. Mr. Power abstains from expressing any comment on the questions arising from a consideration of these circumstances the facts are, however, highly interesting.—*Lancet.*

## THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

## FASHION NOTES.

Duckling-green is one of the newest autumn colors.

Hoop ear-rings, set with diamonds and other jewels, are very fashionably worn.

Cloth toques and velvet jockey caps will be worn with costumes of cloth and also of velvet.

For little girls between two and four years there is a variety of simple full dresses with guimps or yokes, or in loose sacque shapes.

To freshen up last season's dresses loose scarfs of Surah draped like a Moliere vest to fall in two puffs are used; they have a velvet or lace collar, and are easily adjusted to a plain waist.

Swiss belts of leather or velvet are worn by young ladies with cloth dresses. They are made with points in front, the upper one small and the lower very long, and the back is a plain, straight band.

For stylish hair-dressing the back hair is brushed from the nape of the neck to the top of the head and twisted there in fantastic coils which are not large. Pins and combs fasten the coils and are made of tortoise-shell, gilt or silver, with Rhine stones. A slight fringe is on the forehead and on the nape of the neck as well.

Basques and sleeves are made of two materials, such as silk and velvet, of the same color oddly arranged or with utility in view; as, for instance, a corsage will have a velvet yoke with silk below it, or the side pieces of the basque and the lower part of the sleeves will be silk and the rest velvet, thus the parts that wear out quickly are made of the less expensive and more lasting fabric.

## DOMESTIC RECIPES.

**A BREAKFAST DISH**—A nice dish for breakfast is made by cutting tenderloins in thin slices; stew them in water till they are nearly done; then put a little butter in a saucepan, and fry them till light brown; serve them on buttered toast, with mashed potatoes and raw tomatoes sliced thin.

**GENS.**—Two cups of flour, one cup of milk, one cup water, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, mix well and pour into iron-clad pans that have been heated very hot indeed, first putting a piece of butter in each partition. Bake quickly in a very hot oven.

**PLAIN RICE CAKE.**—Work a quarter of a pound of butter till it is like cream; stir in a quarter of a pound of sifted sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, or any spice or flavoring preferred; and the yolk of one and the whole of another egg, well beaten. Mix together with three ounces of ground rice, four ounces of flour, and two small teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Put a band of buttered paper round a tin, put in the cake as quickly as possible after it is mixed, and bake in a moderate oven for three-quarters of an hour.

**RAISIN CAKE.**—One-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sugar, two eggs, one-half cup of sweet milk, three cups of flour, one cup of raisins, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar.

**CRANBERRIES.**—Cranberries make a delicious filling for a roly-poly pudding. Stew them, using as little water as possible, so that the juice will be thick and jelly-like; sweeten and let the sauce boil for a minute or two, but not longer after the sugar is put in.

**CURRENT BUNS.**—Wash and rub well one-half pound of dried currants, being careful to free them from gravel and sticks, which are sure to be in them; sift one quart of flour, and mix the currants thoroughly into it, then add one teacupful of sugar, and the ingredients as for making biscuit dough, roll out, and bake in a quick oven.

**CRANBERRY PUDDING.**—Cranberry pudding is made by pouring boiling water on a pint of dried bread crumbs; melt a tablespoonful of butter and stir in. When the bread is softened add two eggs, and beat thoroughly with the bread. Then put in a pint of stewed fruit and sweeten to your taste. Bake in a hot oven for half an hour. Fresh fruit may be used in place of the cranberries. Slices of peaches put in layers make a delicious variation.

**CHOCOLATE MANGE.**—One box gelatine dissolved in one pint of milk; pour this by degrees, while boiling hot, on five ounces grated chocolate, stirring it all the time; when cool, add four well-beaten eggs, pouring this into a kettle with one quart cream, in which has been dissolved one pound of sugar, let it boil till the chocolate is thoroughly melted and smooth, and the mixture has become much thickened; pour into moulds, and eat with whipped cream.

**YEAST.**—Take one ounce of dried hops and two quarts of water. Boil them fifteen minutes; add one quart of cold water, and let it boil for a few minutes; strain and add half a pound of flour—putting the latter into a basin, and pouring on the water slowly to prevent its getting lumpy—a quarter of a pound of brown sugar, a handful of fine salt. Let it stand three days, stirring it occasionally. When it ferments well, add six potatoes, which have been boiled, mashed and run through a colander, making them as smooth as possible. This yeast will keep a long while, and has the advantage of not taking any yeast to start it with. It rises so quickly that a less quantity of it must be put in than of ordinary yeast.

## MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

✓ Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

To clean woollen cloth, take equal parts of hartshorn and lather, and mix ox-gall with it. Rub well.

A mixture of Indian meal and salt, sprinkled upon a carpet and brushed off with a stiff broom, brightens it and removes the dust.

A good way to clean the teeth is to dip the brush in water, rub it over white castile soap, then dip it in prepared chalk and brush the teeth briskly.

The bed-rooms of the most sensible people are without carpets. The floors are kept nicely polished, and three or four rugs thrown down upon each.

This is said to be a good remedy for hoarseness: Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, and add two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the juice of one lemon and a glass of warm water.

✓ Never wash in warm water before going out in the cold air. Such a practice will roughen the skin. Warm water should be used only before retiring.

A very palatable dish can be made of mashed potatoes and a little finely-chopped meat of one or more kinds, mixed together, flavored with salt and pepper, and fried in small flat cakes.

## SELECTED.

"G'pping only what is swet of ;  
Lo-ve th' ch-ill and take the wheat."

## The Brook.

Under the trees the brooklet goes  
Winding about like a silver thread,  
And the greenest grass is that which grows  
On either side of its noisy bed.  
Clustering wild flowers whisper, Stay !  
Stay, nod the ferns and the rushes tall ;  
But the brook keeps bravely on its way,  
And carries not, though it blesses all ;  
Hasting along with a pleasant song,  
Stony and rough though the path may be,  
To the river wide, the river strong,  
That will bear it out to the broad, bright sea.

Oh, little brook, I travel, too,  
Often of flowers by the road more fond ;  
But a deeper river bounds my view,  
And a vaster ocean lies beyond.  
And just as you do hourly drift  
Nearer the current that joins the main,  
So I, through the river dark and swift,  
My fullest, happiest life must gain.  
Be my pattern, O speaking rill,  
Scattering good as you onward run ;  
For the journey is but short until  
The glorious homes that we seek are won.

—Alice M. Hall.

## Better Mothers.

The great demand of the age is better educated females—educated in all respects, their whole capabilities brought into activity, since the health, vigor, mental and moral power of the next generation at least, will depend on their condition more than all other influences combined—"each after its kind." The sickly mother will rear a sickly child, though that feebleness may not at first be manifest. The peevish mother—so during the most important period of her earthly life—will produce peevishness in her offspring. The groveling, low, sensual, intemperate and vicious woman becomes just to that extent the mother of just such children, as the future will demonstrate. If these are facts, therefore, it is a matter of vital importance that our girls should be thoroughly educated to become wives and mothers, not so much because that is their highest position, as because the true woman wishes to be a wife and mother from the very aspirations of her nature. If she is thus to become the mother of the race, it is her right and the duty which society owes her, to have every possible facility to become the highest type of such a mother—healthy and wise.

## Corsets and Age.

Why have women persisted for generations in wearing an instrument of torture (theoretically) condemned by the wisdom of ages? To listen to male and female sages one might suppose that some hundreds of years ago women had suddenly been seized with a desire to emulate the wasp in form and had since more or less successfully been, by the aid of ligatures endeavoring to merely cut herself in two.

With all due deference to the rational and hygienic in

dress, I would suggest that there is more method in the madness of the tight lacing woman than this. If anybody will take the trouble to examine the corset of a fashionable stay-maker, such as are sold in first class houses for the modest sum of £5, the inquirer will find that (saving perhaps a somewhat exaggeratedly slender waist) this article of dress follows pretty closely the beautifully rounded form of a young girl from twenty to twenty-five.

Now it very frequently happens that at the time when a fashionable girl is expected to make her debut in society nature has for various reasons denied her the various items necessary to make up that indispensable requisite for a ball-room success—a pretty figure. The fashionable corset is, therefore, had recourse to, and with this useful foundation to build upon an artistic dressmaker can do wonders to supplement nature.

Later on, when the delicate girl has developed into the faded matron, with flaccid muscles and a decided tendency to indistinctness of outline, what so useful as the well made corset into which the somewhat dilapidated figure is run as into a mould? Torture it may be, but she has her reward. Do not her friends say of her, "How wonderfully Mrs. Smith keeps her figure!"

It is useless to hope that the present generation of society women will tear off their corsets and exhibit themselves to a wondering world; our hope lies in the future. While Lady Harberton has been crying in the wilderness the leading female lawn tennis players have devised for themselves a dress—pretty, feminine, graceful and healthy. Those who have watched the free and graceful movements of young English girls on the tennis ground may hope that the time may come when the best of them will no longer, like Meredith's delightful little Carola Grandson, sigh, "I'm afraid I'm a girl. I used to keep hoping I wasn't;" but will be content with their own happier lot in an age when boating, swimming and tennis will have so beautified and developed their figures as to enable them to laugh at and discard the aid of Messrs. Worth & Co. To quote once more from Meredith: "The subsequent immense distinction between boys and girls is less one of sex than education. They are drilled into being hypocrites."—*London Times*.

## A Beautiful Incident.

When Governor Alexander Stephens lay dying, he persisted in having business matters brought to his bedside. I am told there were several important petitions signed by influential men. There was also an application of an old woman in jail signed only by herself. The old Christian Governor said: "I have so often got well after severe illness that you think I will get well now, but I shall not recover. Where is that application for the pardon of that woman in the penitentiary? As far as I can tell she has no friends. It seems to me that she has suffered enough. Give me the pen, that I may sign her pardon." Some one, thinking he was too ill, and perhaps was not quite aware of what he was doing, said: "Governor, perhaps you had better wait till to-morrow, when you may feel stronger and better." Then the old Governor's eyes flashed, and he said: "I know what I am about," and with his signature to that friendless woman's pardon, the last word of his life was written, and the pen fell from the pale and rheumatic and dying hand forever. O, my soul, how beautiful his closing moment, spent in helping one who had no helper!—*Dr. Talmage*.

### Marriage and Divorce.

"Marriage and Divorce," was the subject of a recent sermon by the Rev. Robert Collyer. The text was from Exodus. "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Said Mr. Collyer: "No minister can be silent on this question of marriage and divorce, who will watch the drift of modern life and note how easily the most sacred promise is broken that men and women can make to each other. We shall have to get a new edition of our marriage service if we can do no better than we have done, and instead of reading, 'So long as ye both shall live,' it will have to be, 'so long as it suits you to do so.' There was no need to cite facts and figures to show the enormity of the evils of divorce. A glance at the newspapers is enough almost to make us cry out. 'What shall we do to be saved from this curse which is spreading through the homes of our nation, and which will one day sap the foundations of our life. Not in the Western cities only, where court shysters thrive on advertising divorces without publicity for five dollars; no, the peril is not confined to frontier life nor the wild West, but we find it in the Eastern homes where the old-time virtues have sent down their root the deepest, and it is but a return to the lower and meaner life, this easy putting asunder of all that is sacred before Heaven."

In speaking of persons who remarried after divorce, the preacher said: "The children born of such marriage are not true-born children." He deplored the fact that "young men seemed to regard marriage as a sort of rollicking holiday business, and that they could throw off the yoke and run free. They argued: 'Is not this a free country; have we not inalienable rights, the liberty to make our own happiness, and does not liberty, like charity, begin at home;' and with some such infernal logic in the hearts of our youth, they set out, the man to play with the woman and the woman with the man."

Then the preacher told several amusing stories, at which the congregation tittered. He told of a young man who in paying the marriage fee, apologized for its smallness, but said he hoped to do better next time. Three remedies were proposed to do away with bad marriages; first, the divorce court; second, punishment by the Church; third, the penalty of the law. Neither of these would cure the disease; easy divorce meant free love, and the Church was powerless to punish the offenders, though the ministers themselves could do much toward wiping out the shame and disgrace by refusing to marry such divorced persons.

The law should, however, provide that false witness in such cases should be a crime, and thus throw a safeguard around the ministers, who were too often eager to marry people because their own wives wanted the fees. The speaker concluded by saying that all good marriages were based on good sense and fair judgment.

He believed in love at first sight, but not in marriage at first sight. He knew of a minister in the North of England who had married a church full of young people by wholesale, and they returned shortly afterward to say that they had not sorted themselves before they came in, and the consequence was that all the men had married the wrong lassies. That's the trouble now; you don't sort yourselves. Wedlock will mean deadlock if you are not careful.

In concluding, Mr. Collyer said, of all that is needed to make a true wedding, honesty and reality and a sweet and pure intimacy stand among the first things. Wedlock rhymes sadly indeed with deadlock, if we are not very fortunate when

we leave those qualities out. The truest wedded life can bloom only out of the truest unwedded life, and the man must be as pure as the woman. The women who begin by thinking whom they will marry, and end by wondering who will marry them, had better make up their minds, as the nuns say, that this is not their vocation. The young man who insists on seeing life, as he says, before he marries, may end by seeing the death of all he will hold most dear.

Your seeing life may be just the building of a closet to hold the skeleton when you make a home and win a wife. I bid you flee youthful lusts, as the Scripture says, if you would win the purest and most perfect boon we can ever win, a good wife and a good home.

If marriage holds a noble and beautiful truth, it is noble and beautiful to marry when the true time comes. If all true matches are made in Heaven they are most happy who say, I will try to be worthy of one of these matches! It is only to the pure that all things are pure.

### Female Affection.

Woman is not half so selfish a creature as man. When man is in love, the object of his passion is himself. When a woman is enamoured of a man, she forgets herself, the world, and all that it contains, and wishes to exist only for the object of her affection. How few make any violent sacrifice to sentiment. How many women does every man know, who have sacrificed fortunes and honors to noble, pure and disinterested motives? A man mounts a breach; he braves danger, and obtains a victory. This is glorious and great. He has served his country, he has acquired fame, preference, riches. Whenever he appears, respect awaits him; admiration attend him, crowds press to meet him, and theatres receive him with bursts of applause. His glory does not die with him. History preserves his memory from oblivion. That thought cheers his dying hour—and his last words, pronounced with feeble pleasure are, "I shall not die."

A woman sends her husband to war; she lives but in that husband. Her soul goes with him. She trembles for the safety of the land. Every billow that swells she thinks it to be his tomb; every ball that flies she imagines is directed against him. A brilliant capital appears to her a dreary desert; her universe was a man, and that man, her terrors tell her, is in danger. Her days are days of sorrow; her nights are sleepless. She sits immovable till morning, in all the dignity and composure of grief, like Agrippa, in his chair, the silent tears steal down her cheeks, and wet her pillow; or if, by chance, exhausted nature finds an hour's slumber, her distempered soul sees in that sleep a bleeding lover, or his mangled corpse. Time passes, and her grief increases, till worn out with too much tenderness, she falls a victim of too exquisite sensibility, and sinks with sorrow to the grave! No, cold, unfeeling reader! These are not the pictures of my own creation. They are neither changed nor embellished, but faithfully copied from nature.

A work containing Petrarch's songs, printed in Venice about the end of the fifteenth century, and of which a single copy does not exist in this country, was sold in London not long ago for not less than \$9,750, the highest price paid for a single volume within the last decade. Of course, it was the scarcity of the book and not its intrinsic merit which gave it its value.

### Dreams and Mythology.

Dreams are to our waking thoughts much like echoes to music; but their reverberation are so partial, so varied, so complex, that it is almost in vain we seek among the notes of consciousness for the echoes of the dream. If we could by any means ascertain on what principle our dreams for a given night are arranged, and why one idea more than another furnishes their cue, it would be comparatively easy to follow out the chain of associations by which they unroll themselves afterwards, and to note the singular ease and delicacy whereby subordinate topics, recently wafted across our minds, are seized and woven into the network of the dream. But the reason why from among the five thousand thoughts of the day we revert at night especially to thoughts number two and four, instead of to thoughts number three and six, or any other in the list, is obviously impossible to conjecture. We can but observe that the echo of the one note has been caught and of the others lost amid the obscure caverns of the memory. Certain broad rules, however, may be remarked as obtaining generally regarding the topics of dreams. In the first place, if we have any present considerable physical sensation or pain, such as may be produced by a wound, or a fit of indigestion, or hunger, or an unaccustomed sound, we are pretty sure to dream of it in preference to any subject of mental interest only. Again, if we have merely a slight sensation of uneasiness, insufficient to cause a dream, it will yet be enough to color a dream, otherwise suggested, with a disagreeable hue. Failing to have a dream suggested to it by present physical sensations, the brain seems to revert to the subjects of thought of the previous day, or of some former period of life, and to take up one or other of them as a theme on which to play variations. As before remarked, the grounds of choice among all such subjects cannot be ascertained; but the predilection of Morpheus for those which we have not in our waking hours thought most interesting is noticeable. Very rarely indeed do our dreams take up the matter which has most engrossed us for hours before we sleep. A wholesome law of variety comes into play; and the brain seems to decide: "I have had enough of politics, or Greek, or fox-hunting, for this time. Now I will amuse myself quite differently." Very often, perhaps we may say generally, it pounces upon some transient thought which has flown like a swallow across it by daylight, and insists on holding it fast through the night. Only when our attention has more or less transgressed the bounds of health, and we have been morbidly excited about it, does the main topic of the day's interests recur to us in dreaming at night; and that it should do so ought, I imagine, always to serve as a warning that we have strained our mental power a little too far. Lastly, there are dreams whose origin is not in any past thought, but in some sentiment vivid and prevailing enough to make itself dumbly felt even in sleep.

The subject of a dream being as we must now suppose, suggested to the brain on some such principles as the above the next thing to be noted is, how does the brain treat its theme when it has got it? Does it dryly reflect upon it, as we are wont to do awake? Or does it pursue a course wholly foreign to the laws of waking thoughts? It does, I conceive, neither one nor the other, but treats its theme, whenever it is possible to do so, according to a certain very important though obscure law of thought, whose actions we are apt to ignore. We have been accustomed to consider the myth-creating power of the human mind as one specially belonging

to the earlier stages of growth of society and of the individual. It will throw, I think, a rather curious light on the subject, if we discover that this instinct exists in every one of us, and exerts itself with more or less energy through the whole of our lives. In hours of waking consciousness, indeed, it is suppressed, or has only the narrowest range of exercise; as in the tendency, noticeable in all persons not of the strictest veracity, to supplement an incomplete anecdote with explanatory incidents, or to throw a slightly known story into the dramatic form, with dialogues constructed out of their consciousness. But such small play of the myth-making faculty is nothing compared to its achievements during sleep. The instant that daylight and common sense are excluded, the fairy work begins. At the very least, half our dreams (unless I greatly err) are nothing else than myths formed by unconscious cerebration, on the same approved principles whereby Greece and India and Scandinavia gave to us the stories which we were once pleased to set apart as "mythology" proper. Have we not here, then, evidence that there is a real law of the human mind causing us constantly to compose ingenious fables explanatory of the phenomena around us—a law which only sinks into abeyance in the waking hours of persons in whom the reason has been highly cultivated, but which resumes its sway even over their well-tutored brains when they sleep?—*Francis Power Cobbe.*

### Death from Passion.

Cases in which death results from the physical excitement consequent on mental passion are, according to the *Lancet*, not uncommon. A recent instance has again called attention to the matter. Unfortunately, those persons who are prone to sudden and overwhelming outbursts of ill temper do not, as a rule, recognize their propensity or realize the perils to which it exposes them; while the stupid idea that such deaths as occur in passion, and which are directly caused by it, ought to be ascribed to "the visitation of God," tends to divert attention to the common sense lesson which such deaths should teach. It is most unwise to allow the mind to excite the brain and body to such extent as to endanger life itself. We do not sufficiently appreciate the need and value of mental discipline as a corrective of bad habits and preventive of disturbances by which happiness, and life itself, are often jeopardized.

### A Home-made Fountain Pen.

Take two ordinary steel pens of the same pattern and inser them in the common holder. The inner pen will be the writing pen. Between this and the outer pen will be held a supply of ink, when they are once dipped into the inkstand, that will last to write several pages of manuscript. It is not necessary that the points of the two pens should be very near together, but if the flow of ink is not rapid enough the points may be brought nearer by a bit of thread or a minute rubber band.

"Political parties," says John Bright in a recent letter, "seem to me unavoidable in a free country; but, in my view, there is a higher law to which we should submit. I condemned our warlike policy thirty years ago—I condemn it now—and I left the Government on their Egyptian blunder. Mr. Bright added that he did not, therefore, leave the party with which he has been so long connected. But he hoped that the party would "become wiser."

### American Servant Girls.

A wealthy man from the old German country of Pennsylvania said to me, says Gath: "You would not think that in our region it is hard to get domestic servants, where we have so many strong, farm-raised native girls to whom work is the chief education. Yet it is true, and I attribute it to the radical change money has effected to the real injury of the well-to-do people; for of what use is our money if we cannot get reliable cooks, nurses and maids? Not many years ago we raised the best household servants in the country and there were plenty of them at easy wages. Then we were not so puffed up with money and our girls had a pleasant relation with the family and when their work was done would come upstairs and hear what was being talked about. Now, since some of us have become rich, they are no longer invited upstairs and must sit in the kitchen, and as they are social animals they will have their company. They say, 'they don't care anything about us. We owe them nothing.' And," said my friend, "it is rapidly coming down to a sort of eight or ten hour law among servants. They will get your breakfast at a certain hour and stay with you till evening, and then they are going up in the village to have recreation. The fact is," said my acquaintance, "that they are Americans like ourselves, and if we want to draw the line on them they mean to draw it on us. There are disadvantages about dividing our republican people into two classes."

### The Wedding on the Creek.

Oh! I's got to string de banjer 'gainst de closin' ob de week,  
For dar's gwine to be a weddin' 'mongst de niggers on de  
Creek.

Dey's gittin' up a frolic, an' dar's gwine to be a noise  
When de Plantation knocks ag'in' de Slah Town boys!  
Dar'll be stranger folks a-plenty, an' fresher dan de jew!  
A'nt Dinah's gitin ready, wid her half a adozen daughters,  
An' little Angelina fum de Chinkypen Quarters;  
Annuder gal's a-commuin', but I couldn't tell her name;  
She's sweet as 'lasses candy and pretty all de same!  
She's nicer dan a rose-bush an' lubly eberywhar  
From de bottom ob her slippers to de wroppin' in her ha'r.  
Lordy mussy 'pon me, how 'twill flusterate de niggers  
'To see her slidin' 'cross de flo' 'n' steppin' froo de figgers!  
—J. A. Macon.

### A Misunderstanding.

The other morning, as the cashier of the Frog Hollow Savings Bank was writing a private letter to an Eastern firm of co-operative burglars, the door opened and the entire Board of Directors entered in a very solemn manner.

"Mr. Steele," said the President, referring to a paper he held in his hand, "I desire—"

"I know just what you would say," interrupted the cashier, hastily; "what sort of a compromise can we make?"

"A what, sir?" asked the President.

"Why, a compromise, of course," repeated the cashier. "Suppose I turn over thirty per cent. and we liquidate for ten on the dollar, and—"

"Ten on the dollar?" said the entire board, much surprised.

"Well, then, say five cents," continued the executive officer. "That will leave more for you fellows. Then, if you think it looks better, I'll stay in jail for a month or two while the depositors are moving out to the poorhouse, and—"

"I don't understand what you are talking about, sir," said the president. "Our business here, sir, is to compliment you on the present admirable condition of the bank under your management, and to present you with this gold-headed cane as a token of our esteem and confidence."

"Great Scott!" muttered the cashier, after the directors had congratulated him and walked out; "I thought the old duffers had been investigating the books and counting the cash."

## OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

To be young is to be one of the Immortals.—HAZLITT.

### OUR PUZZLE PRIZE.

The competition for the Christmas prize still continues interesting, while a number have fallen off who sent splendid letters last month, and some few new ones have entered the contest. The list who have sent correct answers to the October puzzles is as follows: Crocodile, Sarnia; Scout, West Point, N. Y.; Bertha Miller, Walkerville; Geo. U. Stiff, Hamilton; Albert Aspley, Montreal; Walter Symmes, Goderich; James Thompson, Toronto; George H., Toronto; Robert Lee, St. Catherines; Charlie Hutton, St. Thomas, and a Windsor correspondent who forgets to sign name. The contest is close and much depends upon the solutions to the puzzles in this number. Remember all answers must be in by the 5th of December, and the prize will be awarded before Christmas.

### NOVEMBER PUZZLES.

1

SQUARE WORD.

Learning.

Part of a stove.

To peruse.

Limits.

2

DECAPITATIONS.

- Behead a small animal, and leave a large one.  
Behead a quarrel, and leave an abbreviated name.  
Behead a seat, and leave an instrument of use.  
Behead to hinder, and leave the highest point.  
Behead a place of confinement, and leave decline of life.

3

HIDDEN CITIES.

- It was not frosty enough to get even ice to skate on.  
The heir fell asleep poor on Sunday night, but awoke rich Monday morning.

Look yonder, Jacque beckons you.

4

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

"In sleep,"

A sharp edged tool.

A common Canadian fruit.

To examine thoroughly.

A Canadian town.

A series of years.

In "wake."

### ANSWERS TO OCTOBER PUZZLES.

1. Charade:—Tea-pot.

2. Square Word:— I.

POLE

ODOR

LODI

ERIN

II.

YULE

URAL

LAVA

ELAM

3. Educational Anagrams:—Spelling, Arithmetic, Algebra, History, Botany, Chemistry, Geometry, Mensuration, Composition.

His Own Executor.

A WELL-KNOWN GENTLEMAN'S PHILANTHROPY AND THE COMMOTION CAUSED BY ONE OF HIS LETTERS.

We published in our local columns yesterday morning a significant letter from a gentleman known personally or by reputation to nearly every person in the land. We have received a number of letters protesting against the use of our columns for such "palpable frauds and misrepresentations;" therefore, to confirm beyond a doubt the authenticity of the letter, and the genuineness of its sentiments, a reporter of this paper was commissioned to ascertain all the possible facts in the matter. Accordingly he visited Clifton Springs, saw the author of the letter, and with the following result:

Dr. Henry Foster, the gentleman in question, is 63 or 64 years of age and has an extremely cordial manner. He presides as superintendent over the celebrated sanitarium which accommodates over 500 guests, and is unquestionably the leading health resort of the country. Several years ago this benevolent man wisely determined to be his own executor; and, therefore, turned over this magnificent property, worth \$300,000, as a free gift to a board of trustees, representing the principal evangelical denominations. Among the trustees are Bishop A. C. Coxe, Protestant Episcopal, Buffalo; Bishop Mathew Simpson, Philadelphia, Methodist Episcopal; President M. B. Anderson, of the University of Rochester; Rev. Dr. Clark, Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., Boston. The benevolent purpose of the institution is the care: 1st.—of evangelical missionaries and their families whose health has been broken in their work. 2nd.—of ministers, of any denomination, in good standing. 3rd.—of members of any church, who otherwise would be unable to secure such care and treatment. The current expenses of the institution are met by the receipt from the hundreds of distinguished and wealthy people who every year crowd its utmost capacity. Here come men and women who were once in perfect health, but neglected the first symptoms of disease. The uncertain pains they felt at first were overlooked until their health became impaired. They little realized the danger before them, nor how alarming even trifling ailments might prove. They constitute all classes, including ministers and bishops, lawyers, judges, statesmen, millionaires, journalists, college professors and officials from all parts of the land.

Drawing the morning *Democrat and Chronicle* from his pocket, the reporter remarked, "Doctor, that letter of yours has created a good deal of talk, and many of our readers have questioned its authenticity."

"To what do you refer?" remarked the doctor.

"Have you not seen the paper?"

"Yes, but I have not had time to read it yet."

The reporter thereupon showed him the letter, which was as follows:

CLIFTON SPRINGS SANITARIUM CO.,  
CLIFTON SPRINGS, N. Y., Oct. 11, 1883.

Dear Sir:—I am using Warner's Safe Cure, and I regard it as the best remedy for some forms of kidney disease that we have. I am watching with great care some cases I am now treating with it, and I hope for favorable results.

I wish you might come down yourself, as I would like very much to talk with you about your sterling remedy, and show you over our institution.

Yours truly,

HENRY FOSTER, M. D.

[Signed]

"I do not see why anybody should be skeptical concerning that letter," remarked the doctor.

"Isn't it usual for a physician of your standing and influence to commend a proprietary preparation?"

"I don't know how it may be with others, but in this institution we allow no person to dictate to us what we shall use. Our purpose is to cure the sick, and for that work we use anything we know to be valuable. Because I know Warner's Safe Cure is a very valuable preparation, I commend it. As its power is manifested under my use, so shall I add to the completeness of my commendation."

"Have you ever analyzed it, doctor?"

"We always analyze before we try any preparation of which we do not know the constituents. But analysis, you know, only gives the elements; it does not give the all-important proportions. The remarkable power of Warner's Safe Cure undoubtedly consists in the proportions according to which its elements are mixed." While there may be a thousand remedies made of the same elements, unless they are put together in proper proportions they are worthless as kidney and liver preparations.

I hope some day to meet Mr. Warner personally, and extend fuller congratulations to him on the excellence of his preparations. I have heard much of him as the founder of the Warner Observatory, and as a man of large benevolence. The reputed high character of the man himself gave assurance to me in the first place that he would not put a remedy upon the market that was not trustworthy; and it was a source of a good deal of gratification to me to find out by actual experiment that the remedy itself sustained my impressions."

The conclusion reached by Dr. Foster is precisely the same found by Dr. Dio Lewis, Dr. Robert A. Gunn, Ex-Surgeon-General Gallagher and others, and proves beyond a doubt the great efficacy of the remedy which has awakened so much attention in the land and rescued so many men, women and children from disease and death.

Get Out of the Rut.

Every man or woman who wields the pen will be willing to admit that he or she is liable to fall into a groove of expression, and will habitually use certain words and phrases, while ignoring and practically excluding certain others equally good or better from their vocabulary. This is often the case of the conscientious housewife. She is apt to get into a groove with the *menus*. Certain dishes become associated with her hospitality; certain others are never to be hoped for at her table. Occasionally she makes a fresh departure, sallies forth and captures a new recipe, conquers its difficulties, and accords it a place at the family table. But this does not occur sufficiently often. The best rifle in the world has a limit to its range. The best housewife in the world has a bounded horizon of *cuisine*.

So much for the defect; now for the remedy. It is sufficiently simple. It is but to add at least one dish to the family possibilities every week, and strictly to carry out the resolution. This must be a plate of utter newness, some secret lately learned. Were every housewife to carry out such a resolution, what a rich result of added charm would accrue to our national cookery! What worlds to conquer lie around us, undiscovered, unexplored! The immediate results may be slightly uncertain, as was the plunging of the flesh-forks of the priests of old into the flesh-pots; but we may feel assured that in both cases practice breeds dexterity, and, while the more inexperienced of the priests' servants may occasionally have fetched up a very insufficient meal, no such accident was likely to occur to the adroit experimentalist, whom former disappointments has rendered cautious. In the same way, the clever housewife soon learns to gauge the value of a recipe while it is yet but type, formless and void, and the results untested.—*Domestic Monthly*.



**SOCIAL AND LITERARY.**

India has a "Native Press Association." A new book, by Mark Twain, is announced by English publishers.

The *Christian Million* is the title of a new English religious paper.

The *Cornhill* will publish Mr. James Payn's "Literary Recollections."

The first volume of Mr. Leslie Stephen's dictionary of the Bible is ready for the printer.

The title of Mr. Lewis Morris' forthcoming book of poems has been changed to "Songs Unsung."

Miss Sydney Lever, daughter of Charles Lever, the Irish novelist, is to print a volume of poems under the title "Fireflies."

Prof. Von Holst has been lecturing to large and interested audiences at Harvard, and his departure for Germany is regretted.

At Newham College, Miss Longfellow will devote herself to the higher mathematics, Miss Annie to art and the classics.

The letter of acceptance written by Emerson in reply to a call from the Second Unitarian Church in Boston has lately been published.

In an article on Queen Victoria in *The Century*, Mrs. Oliphant expresses her regret that the non-existence of a copyright law has made possible the publication in book-form against her own wish, of her life of Queen Victoria, originally contributed to an *Englis* monthly.

The new monthly *Shakspeareana*, to be published by the Leonard Scott Company, New York, will have its first issue under date of November 1. Some of the topics treated in this initial number are on the "Proposed Exhumation of the Tomb at Stratford," "King Lear's Arrangement with his Daughters" and "Portraits of Shakspeare."

Cannon, the Mormon, is again at Washington, following the movements of the Utah Commission. He is confident that polygamy cannot be stopped, the triumphs of the Mormons over the recent Congress having done much to inspire him with confidence. It is, however, generally believed that the Mormons dread two possible Congressional enactments—making the civil record of Marriage compulsory, and abolishing suffrage in Utah.

Eight or ten merchants of Dallas, Texas, who are declared to be some of the most influential and staunch business men of the city, have formerly requested the County-Attorney to abandon his avowed purpose to suppress public gambling, declaring that it would hurt the city in a monetary point of view and would create private gambling, which they consider a great evil. One of them asserted that Fort Worth had offered the gamblers \$2,500 to move over there.

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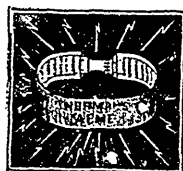
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