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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

A JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND CHOICE LITERATURE

VOL. VII.

LONDON EAST, ONT., SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1883.

NO. 10.

Our Average Troubles.

One summer evening long ago,
There came a bird that none did know,
And the Ginko Tree said, "Woe is me!"

"'Tis the Woggly Bird," said the Ginko Tree—
Ah, me! ah, me! and woe is me!
"Tis the Woggly Bird," said the Ginko Tree.

Under the shade of the tree it sat,
And built its nest in the Ginko hat;
And the eggs were laid that seemed to be
The eggs of the foe of the Ginko Tree;
Ah, me! ah, me! they seemed to be
The eggs of the foe of the Ginko Tree.

"It's most absurd, it's most absurd!
I'll not be fooled by the Woggly Bird."
The sad tree sang, and "Woe to me!
Why was I born a Ginko Tree?
Ah, me! ah, me! and woe to me!
Oh! why was I born a Ginko Tree?"

"Revenge is sweet!" the Ginko cried,
To stand upon his head he tried;
But failed, for he'd not been taught
When young, to posture as he ought;
Ah, me! ah, me! he'd not been taught
When young to posture as he ought.

So now the little Wogglets roost
(At least a year ago they used)
Upon the branch—if branch there be—
The branch of the ill-used Ginko Tree.

MORAL:

There's no such thing as the Ginko Tree,
There's no such thing and ne'er will be;
It's also true—though most absurd—
There's no such thing as the Woggly Bird;
Ah, me! ah, me! it's most absurd,
But there's no such thing as a Woggly Bird!

—*Alfred Gleason.*

A man of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind;
Remember! He who made thee, made the brute,
Who gave thee speech and reason, formed him mute.

—*Cowper.*

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VIII (continued).

NOT quite a baby, Mrs. Laurie. I was about eight or nine, and I remember well the letters Dolly used to write to me from here."

"To be sure, to be sure, you are older than I thought; you are nearly eighteen, you say; Dorothy must have been about the same age when she was here; but though you are very like her, you won't be offended my dear if I say that she was even prettier as a girl than you are?"

"Offended! oh no. Dolly was, and is, lovely; everyone admires her. I—I have heard that Mr. Standfield considered her very pretty when he met her here that time." Judith's voice shook slightly as she made this venture. She could feel the hot blood mounting to her brow; and she hated herself for saying what she did. But Mrs. Laurie, who had perceived nothing of what had been going on between the middle-aged banker and Dorothy's young sister, saw nothing out of the way in Judy's remark, and did not notice the tremor in her voice.

"Oh yes, indeed," she replied, nodding her head confidently—"he admired her very much. He was remarkably attentive to her; every hour that he could spare from the bank, he spent here; he seemed unable to exist happily away from her, and she seemed to like him well, for she would brighten up when she heard his voice, and always welcomed him with such pretty smiles and blushes it was easy to see how it was with them; I don't think I ever saw two happier young people in my life. He was young then and handsomer than he is now—I think, for he had not that stern look that he has now, and she was such a pretty young thing! Many a time I have sat at the side window there and watched them lchtering about the orchard. Sometimes he would read to her while she worked, or they would chat light-heartedly together and laugh so gaily. Or I remember watching them as they set off for Bonny Woods, sometimes by themselves, but more often with a party of young people; for Augusta was younger then, and the young men and ladies from the village used to visit here a good deal. They were always getting up pleasure parties, these young people, especially when Dorothy was here, for she was a great favorite; but I always noticed that

she and young Standfield paired off together; they did it so naturally, too. They seemed made for one another; everyone but Augusta thought that they would make a match of it; indeed some people said they were engaged; but Augusta said she thought he was only flirting—"

Here Judith uttered a slight exclamation that brought the garrulous old dame to a full stop.

"Oh? my dear, did you speak?" It did not occur to her that Judith's sisterly love and pride might be wounded by this exposition of Augusta's view of the matter.

"No, go on please, Mrs. Laurie," she answered in a smothered voice; she had partly turned her back to Mrs. Laurie, who could not see the white, quivering lips and eyes full of dull pain.

"Augusta said he flirted with all women; perhaps she was right; but I really do not think the young man meant to flirt; anyway I am sure he never willfully caused pain to any woman; it was his manner; he has changed since then; grown silent and stern; but I remember well he had a caressing, tender manner to all women; and perhaps a great many fell in love with him without his knowing or desiring it. Anyway nothing ever came of his attentions to your sister; he went away suddenly, and no letter ever came from him to Dorothy, though Augusta—who is very clever at finding out things—said that she was certain Dorothy was watching for a letter day after day. However that may be, I know that Dolly—poor girl—drooped and lost all her pretty color before she went back to the city. I remember thinking to myself that they must have had a lover's quarrel, and hoping that it would all come right; but you see in all these years they have never met again. Perhaps she refused him and regretted it afterwards; everyone in Eastville had something to say about it; Mr. Standfield was so stern and cold when he came here again that I never liked to speak about it to him."

"And dear Mrs. Laurie, I hope you never will speak to him about it. I do not think Dorothy would like you to do so; and do not speak about it again to anyone, not even to Augusta. Will you promise me, dear Mrs. Laurie?"

"Oh! no my dear, I'm not given to gossiping, and I think this is the first time in several years that I have mentioned the matter to anyone."

"I am going up stairs to lie down, Mrs. Laurie; my head aches so badly. Please ask Augusta to excuse me at dinner time; I do not care for anything to eat."

"Go without your dinner, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Laurie, who could not understand how anyone could voluntarily forego that luxury for any lesser consideration than a death, or some equally solemn event.

"I could not eat if I tried," responded poor Judy, whose pride was for the time being utterly routed by the heart-sickness that was almost more than she could bear. Let Augusta sneer as she would. For a few hours at least, Judith felt she must be alone, to fight that battle with her own heart which she knew must be fought, ere she met Donald Standfield again. Even we, reader, will forbear to intrude upon her solitude; such griefs are sacred, for even death could have caused no greater desolation in this young life than did the knowledge of her lover's falseness.

About five o'clock Susannah knocked at her door; Judy answered the knock and there stood the old woman with a dainty, white-covered tray in her hand, on which was a cup of fragrant tea and some thin bread and butter. Not wishing to hurt the kind old heart, she allowed Susannah to place the tray on her dressing table, and promised to eat and drink.

"Poor dearie, you do look sick; get you to bed altogether, that's the best place for you. Come, I'll help you undress."

"Thanks, Susannah, but I do not care to go to bed; I am going down to tea—that is if there are no strangers to be here. Do you know if—any of the gentlemen are coming?"

"Well, I couldn't answer for Mr. Littleworth or Mr. Thorpe, but Mr. Standfield ain't comin'; and bless me! I was near forgettin' the book; I left it on the hall chair when I knocked at your door; Mr. Standfield left it for you and said how sorry he was to hear you were ill. He'll be here to-morrow afternoon; he's kind to you, dearie, ain't he? and you like him? Well, I am glad of that, for you would have a lonely life here if it wasn't for him and Mr. Littleworth. Ah, I remember when your sister, Miss Dorothy was here, Mr.

Standfield was a handsome young man then, and he seemed to think there was no one in all the world like Miss Dorothy. I've seen the love shinin' in his eyes when he looked at her. But I suppose she did not care enough for him to marry him. I must say she was the sweetest and prettiest young lady I ever saw. Most like he's thinkin' of Miss Dorothy when he is so kind and attentive to you, and you're like her too, Miss Judy; for I do believe it's all along of his love for Miss Dolly that he has never married; he must be gettin' on to forty, now. I hope you're not angry with me for talking like this, Miss Judy?"

"Oh no Susannah! There, I can eat no more; if you will leave me now, I will lie down again for awhile before dressing."

She took up the book, when Susannah was gone and with a passionate gesture flung it from her.

"Cruel, unmanly!" she muttered; not content with having broken poor Dolly's heart, he must break her tool! At this time my little heroine, who is not at all heroic in her conduct, did really think that her heart was broken: she walked up and down her little room with clenched hands, trying to stifle the sobs that would have relieved her so much if she had given way to them. But she must go down to tea and face Augusta, and of course it would never do to allow her the satisfaction of seeing her with red, swollen eyes and woe-begone aspect. No indeed!

So she bit her lip with her sharp little teeth till the blood came, and clenched her hands till the marks of the nails were visible on their palms, all the while pacing to and fro like one demented. Indeed, it was very real suffering; perhaps the most intense she would ever know. It must be true! There could be scarcely any doubt now that three persons—two of them disinterested—had given similar evidence. But oh, what would she not give to be with Dorothy! It would not be very difficult to get the very truth of the matter from her by delicate speech, but to put any questions on so sacred a subject in writing was altogether too cold-blooded a proceeding.

What if Mrs. Laurie were right in her surmises, and he had really proposed to Dorothy and she had rejected him and repented afterwards? As this thought passed through her mind, Judy stooped and took up the book that bore Standfield's name in his own firm handwriting; she had seen his writing and knew it well. She pressed her lips to the name and held the book against her flushed cheek—flushed with feverish agitation.

"My love, my love! how can I doubt you?"

Then came crowding back to her mind the impressions of her childhood respecting that faithless lover of Dolly's, and the vague whispers she had heard concerning the matter; and everything seemed to point to Donald Standfield as "the man."

Bowing her head so that her face rested on his book, she cried piteously:

"Dolly, Dolly, forgive me! I vowed to hate him for his cruelty to you; but I love him, I love him!"

CHAPTER IX.

FAREWELL!

THOUGH there had arisen a barrier which would last for all time, between Judith and Mr. Standfield, a chance observer would have noticed no change in her demeanor when they met again. The storm which had swept over her soul had left no traces outwardly; save, perhaps, an increased pallor, and a frequent pathetic quiver of the lips when she thought herself unnoticed and was off guard.

But as it happened, three of her constant companions were not chance observers, and the subtle change in the girl was perceived and accounted for by each in a different way. Augusta, of course, was the only one who guessed the true explanation of it, and she exerted in the success which had crowned her efforts.

Though Judith made no apparent effort to avoid him, Mr. Standfield instinctively divined that she shrank from being left tete-a-tete with him. His ear, quick to analyze every tone of her voice, soon detected the faint coldness that crept into it whenever she addressed him. Perhaps she had guessed his intention of declaring his love for her and was taking this

way of showing him that there was no hope for him. Else why did she now always laughingly coax one or more of the others to accompany them whenever Mr. Standfield asked her to walk or drive or row with him?

"I am a fool to be so set on that girl!" he told himself, savagely—"I might have known her early preference for me was but a girl's foolish fancy, which would vanish like magic before the smiles and soft speeches of a young fellow like Littleworth. But God! how blank my life will be when all hope of winning her is gone! It will be a strange freak of fate indeed if a second disappointment of this nature should come to me through Dorothy's sister. Dorothy! Ah, how different my life might have been had only Dorothy been true! Poor girl! from all accounts, her life has not been much happier than mine." Mr. Standfield frowned slightly, as these thoughts passed through his brain.

It was maddening to him to see Jack's attentions received by Judith with, what he considered, such evident pleasure. Frequently on coming to Bonny Dale after office hours in the afternoons, he would find these two together in the orchard, laughing and talking away like a pair of happy children; a novel or a volume of poems lying open on the grass, showing that Jack had been reading to her. So, it was no uncommon occurrence now for Mr. Standfield to be told on his arrival at the farm, that Judith and Mr. Littleworth had gone for a drive and would not be back till tea time; upon which occasions he would turn and moodily retrace his steps to the village, in spite of Miss Laurie's pretty pleadings that he would stay and chat with her for a little while, because she was feeling so lonely.

As for Mr. Littleworth, he was in the seventh heaven of delight at Judith's extreme graciousness to him. But in spite of his many advantages, of which he was scarcely as conscious as many another young man might have been, he did not feel at all assured that she loved him, though he fervently hoped that she did. He remembered the tight he had given her in the orchard that morning, when he came so near a declaration; and resolved to be cautious—to wait till he felt more sure of his ground. While he rejoiced at the new graciousness in her manner to himself, he was yet rather distrustful of her coldness to Standfield.

"Women are such confoundedly many-sided creatures. one never can tell how to take them. I have seen women in society cold as ice and hard as flint to the men they love, and all warmth and melting softness to fellows who are mere acquaintances to them. But pshaw! what am I dreaming about? little Judy is not a fashionable belle, God bless her! My little love, my fresh, dainty rosbud, what an altogether lucky fellow I'll be if I win you!" The young fellow's heart swelled and there was a suspicious moisture in his eyes at the thought of the joy that would be his through all the years to come, if only he could win for his wife this pearl among girls.

If Judith, in her anxiety to avoid Standfield, and in her feverish effort to conquer that keen anguish that seemed to be eating her heart out, and sometimes fought against her resolute will so as almost to overwhelm her—if she heedlessly and somewhat cruelly gave encouragement to a man whom she did not love and never meant to marry. Who shall altogether blame her? Though she has been called by courtesy the heroine of this tale, I never pretended that she by nature was stronger, more heroic, than the majority of young women. In this particular crisis of her life she suffered as keenly as it is possible for any mortal to suffer, mentally. All the more, too, because she had one of those extremely sensitive natures, which bend to the slightest breath of an adverse wind. God knows, it is a truth that life has no more bitter source of human suffering than a disappointment in love, where the love is real and has grown to be indeed a part of one's life. Though this subject is daily being made a subject of jest, and scoffed at by fools, old and young. I again give it as my opinion that more hearts have been broken, more lives wrecked from this cause than from any other, although the world may be ignorant of the reason that made this man a misanthrope, that one a rash speculator and the other a drunkard—why this girl should refuse advantageous offers, preferring a colorless life of single-blessedness, or why another young woman should put an end to her own life without any adequate reason. All this mischief and

more may be traced to Cupid. A sorrow like this is augmented by the fact that it must be suffered in secret, while the conventional, outward life goes on as usual. No mortal eye must witness the bitter tears wrung from the anguished heart in the solitude of night; no ear listen to words of hopeless love—blank despair. None but the Almighty hears the passionate prayer for guidance, for strength to endure! Fortunately, sorrows like this do not always endure for a lifetime, or for many years even; else what a broken-hearted world this would be! But while it lasts there is no more poignant anguish. So it was with Judith Brown; but pride came to her aid; come what may, she must maintain her dignity; so she forced herself to smile and talk, and take an interest in each day's occupations and pleasures, hoping that none knew her sorrow. If this may be called heroism what countless numbers of women are heroines!

Meanwhile, the month of August drew near, and with it Augusta's wedding day; quite a number of handsome presents from friends far and near, had arrived for the bride-elect, among them some exceedingly handsome and expensive things, and Miss Laurie regarded them complacently; she intended to surround herself with beautiful and costly things when she was married and mistress of her own house. She was comparatively wealthy and would be quite able to indulge all her luxurious tastes; so she resolved she would have nothing tawdry about her; all should be simple elegance, such as would excite the envy of her husband's less fortunate lady friends. Augusta had very few friends of her own in Toronto, but she calculated upon outshining the wives and sisters and other female relatives of her husband's friends.

Such were Miss Laurie's pre-nuptial anticipations. Well, each individual has his or her idea of earthly bliss, and Miss Laurie's is by no means an uncommon one.

About ten days previous to the wedding, an event happened which afforded extreme satisfaction to Augusta. This was nothing less than the announcement of Judith's engagement to Mr. Littleworth. Certainly no one was more surprised than Judy herself. She had no premonition when she wandered off by herself to Bonny Woods that sunny afternoon at the end of July, that when she returned to the farm she would return as the betrothed wife of Jack Littleworth. She would have indignantly scouted any such notion, had anyone suggested it to her. She had made her way to her old favorite seat on the mossy log beside the noisy little fall and was sitting there in sad, dreamy idleness, a fair picture in a lovely setting—when Jack found her. And there—perhaps under the soft influence of the stillness and beauty of that woodland scene, or perhaps because his love could be held under restraint no longer, he told her how dearly and truly he loved her; pleading his cause in a manly, straightforward way, that was not without effect on the girl, in the end; for she had always had a sincere liking and esteem for Jack. But what are mere liking and esteem compared to the love which poor Jack pleaded for so eloquently.

"I cannot be your wife, Mr. Littleworth; for I do not care for you at all in that way," was her gentle but plain-spoken reply. But Jack, whose pride had completely vanished in the dark depths of despair which tortured his honest heart at the thought of failing to win the priceless treasure he coveted above all else on earth, continued his pleading even more earnestly, if less eloquently than before.

"Would you marry a woman who did not love you?" she asked him coldly at length.

He turned slightly pale at the cold directness of the question, and clenched his hands as though it hurt him.

"I love you so madly; life without you seems such a miserable blank to look forward to, that I think I would marry you if you hated me," he said bitterly.

"I do not hate you," she answered, her voice growing hard and cold, as she began to waver.

"Then be my wife," he cried huskily, his bronzed cheek paling with emotion.

"I will be so patient with you, darling; only give me the right to win your love. To achieve that I will do all that a man can do. Marry me and I will make your life like a beautiful dream; no wish of yours shall be disregarded. I love you so well that I surely will not fail to win your heart at last. Only be my wife."

She raised her cold, unloving eyes to his, and surely something in the passionate earnestness in his face must have touched her. She softened, hesitated an instant, and then laid a trembling hand on his arm and said timidly:

"You say you will be content with mere liking—with respect—which is all I can give you?"

"For the present I must try to be content with that, hoping to win your love in the future."

"I will marry you; I will be a faithful, obedient wife to you; but you must not hope to win my love," she said, with a hardness that sat strangely on one so gentle, so young and girlish.

Poor Jack's bliss was dashed by her coldness, and if it had not been for his confident trust in the future, he would have been almost miserable in this first moment of success.

Almost timidly he put his arm around her and pressed one burning kiss on the cold, unresponsive lips.

"My darling!" he murmured, rapturously—my own love!

She freed herself gently from his encircling arm, and coldly turned from him. Her heart was full of a dreary pain; she almost revolted from the caresses of this man whom she had but just now promised to marry. Why she had accepted him, she could scarcely have explained—a sudden, inexplicable impulse—a faint stirring of pity for him—or it might be a desire to save herself from the temptation of yielding to that other whom she loved still, against her will—of playing the traitress to the sister who had been almost a mother to her. What! Marry the man whom Dorothy had so loyally loved all these years in spite of his treachery! Oh never could she be so base, so heartless! And yet she knew in her own soul how tearfully weak she might prove, if tempted. By which it will be seen that Judith did not doubt the sincerity of Mr. Standfield's intentions toward herself, whatever his conduct might have been in Dorothy's case. Perhaps in the light of recent revelations, she might not have attached much importance to mere words and looks; but that very morning Mr. Lawrie, in his gruff, bearish way, had hinted that Mr. Standfield had spoken to him on a certain subject and the farmer had taken unusual pains to impress on her the satisfaction it would afford him as her guardian, to see her the wife of so estimable a man as Mr. Standfield. Evidently the farmer, if he had ever known about that little episode between Dorothy and Standfield nine years ago, had by this time completely forgotten it. Or it may be that he did not choose to place too much importance on it; at any rate he gave Judith to understand that she would please him by accepting the banker as her future lord and master. And Judith had been in a panic of fear; she knew herself to be miserably weak—she loved him so utterly—nay, it would not be going too far to say that she idolized him; and she knew well that if she allowed herself to be tempted by him, she would certainly yield; and then—how could she ever look in Dorothy's face again? It was of this she was thinking when Jack Littleworth found her in Bonny Woods that afternoon; and when he asked her to marry him she said, yes—and saved herself that way—for Dorothy's sake!

"I think we had better be going homeward now, Mr. Littleworth," Judith said, abruptly, unable longer to submit herself with composure to her lover's enraptured attentions; although it is due to Jack to say that he made heroic efforts to subdue as far as possible all outward sign of exultation; but he could not help the joy that spoke in every expression of his handsome face.

"I am not going to allow you to call me Mr. Littleworth, now," he said, smiling down at her as they walked side by side—"you must call me Jack; will you, Judy?"

"Yes, if you wish it, Jack," she answered, indifferently; what did it matter to her what name she called him by?

Poor Jack winced at the coldness and utter indifference of her manner and voice; he would willingly have given anything he possessed at that moment, to see the faintest color flicker into her pale cheeks as she thus pronounced his Christian name for the first time. But he would have patience; in the end he would win.

"My mother will be so pleased when I tell her in my next letter that I am going to bring home to her the dearest little daughter in the world," continued the young fellow, striving to be perfectly at his ease with her, and not to let her see how hurt he was at her coldness.

"I shall be very glad if she is pleased; but do not be too

sure that the news will please her—or your father, either; they very probably have other views for you, and will be displeased and disappointed at the thought of welcoming an unknown Canadian girl."

"Wait till they see you and know you, my darling, and they will acknowledge the wisdom of my choice; it will be impossible for them to help loving you. They have always regretted that no daughter was ever born to them, and now you, my own, will be their daughter; a sweeter one they could not have," said Jack, laying his hand caressingly on her shoulder.

"When do you intend returning to England?"

"My father is anxious for me to sail about the first of October."

"Of course," said Judith, falteringly—"I—I cannot go with you then—so soon."

"Why not?"

"It is quite impossible. I—I could not be ready then—I am not willing to be married so soon."

Jack was about to protest vehemently, but a glance at her pale, agitated face, told him that she was in no fit state to be argued with just then, so he checked himself.

"My darling we will not talk about it just now; some other time we will arrange our plans. I am afraid you are quite tired out; but we will be home now in less than ten minutes; and you must promise me to lie down and rest for an hour or so; meanwhile I will ask that dear old Susannah to take up a cup of tea to you. My mother always declares there is nothing to compare with a cup of good tea when one is tired. Now promise me that you will lie down and rest, Judy?"

"Yes, I think I will, for I feel very tired indeed."

(To be Continued)

The Wheelwright of Senneville.

IT was not congenial weather for a walk when I started from Fecamp for the village of Senneville, upon a certain autumn afternoon. The sky was cloudy, the wind cold, and a drizzling rain beat in my face. The road to Senneville ascended almost imperceptibly all the way; takes a zigzag direction among the hills, varying the scenery at every step. At one moment you are looking at a steep, wooded slope which you will imagine will have to be climbed, but around which you will gradually pass; at another moment a deep valley meets the eye, with many valleys and hills beyond. Then, suddenly, without turning the head, you find yourself staring at the distant port of Fecamp far below, and then, away out among hills and valleys once more.

The hills, on this autumn afternoon, were thinly veiled with a white mist, drifting inland before a strong sea-breeze. It was a mysterious sort of mist, which moved at a fixed level, never descending into the valleys, but sweeping always over them, and touching only the higher points of the land like a passing shroud. The reddening leaves upon the trees shivered and dripped and shivered again with a sound which seemed so melancholy that I was fain to quicken my steps and look out for a house or some human being along the road, in order to remove the feeling of sadness which crept over me. But there are no houses to be seen along this route, only a chalet here and there, half-hidden in a grove of fir trees; and not a single person did I meet coming or going.

It was, therefore, with a sense of considerable relief that I presently came upon a broad highway, stretching straight as a dart across a flat extent of country, where isolated farms, surrounded snugly with trees, were to be seen looking like groves planted in well-defined squares. Some paces back from the road, close at hand, was the old village inn for which I

was bound Beside this *auberge* at Senneville there are two or three cottages; and there is between them and the inn a wheelwright's house and shed. This group of buildings stands alone on the main road. The village, which is composed of scattered dwellings opposite to the inn across the fields, extends in the direction of the sea above the cliff, but is partially concealed behind trees where the church steeple rises up, the only prominent object on this misty afternoon.

As I approached the inn, and was passing the wheelwright's, I heard angry voices, as though in dispute; and as I came nearer I saw two figures standing within the shed—a young man, whom I recognized as the wheelwright, and a girl the daughter of the innkeeper next door. The man had a forbidding face, and at this moment, when his small black eyes were flashing with anger, and his thick jaw firmly set, it was the face of an imp of darkness. He was short, almost dwarfish, and in his hand, with his powerful arm uplifted, he held a large hammer.

"Jealous," said he, striking a heavy blow on the iron hoop of a wheel at which he was working. "Have I not good reason to be jealous? He is always coming here."

"That is not true, Faubert," said the girl, quickly; "he seldom comes near Senneville."

She cast at the man an indignant glance, and her large eyes filled with tears.

"Ah," said Faubert, with another heavy blow, "I don't know that. You meet him—that's evident. I saw you at Fecamp, in the market-place, together, last Saturday. Is not that true, Marie?"

Marie folded her arms, and raising her handsome face replied, "What then? There is no harm in that."

The wheelwright answered in a passionate tone, though too low for the words to reach me. At the same time he struck heavy blows upon the iron hoop one after another, in a manner which bore significance in every stroke. Then looking up he caught sight of me, and his angry expression softened as he slightly raised his cap.

The girl turned and welcomed me with a smile struggling through her tears.

"Good-evening, Monsieur Parker," said she. "Come into the house, sir. You look cold."

She led the way as she spoke toward the inn. I followed, the sound of the wheelwright's hammer still ringing in my ears as I stepped into the inn.

On the left-hand side of the entrance there was a *café*, with wooden chairs and tables ranged round the walls, where I saw through the glass door some workmen, talking loudly, drinking and playing dominoes. The room on the opposite side, which I now entered, was half *café*, half kitchen. A long table stood under the windows, and at the end of this table nearest the fire was seated, with a cup of coffee and a glass of cognac at his elbow, a youth in a fur overcoat, with his legs stretched toward the fire, smoking a cigar.

"Still raining, Marie?" said he, touching his small pointed moustache.

"Yes, Monsieur Leonard," said Marie; "still raining."

He blew a cloud of smoke from his lips. "Abominable!" said he, with a gesture of impatience. "Is it not, monsieur?"

I seated myself near him at the table.

"Do you return to Fecamp to-night?" I inquired.

Marie, who was stooping over the fire to serve me with coffee from an earthen pot upon the hearth, looked up into his face anxiously for the reply.

"Yes," said he. "The fact is, I must be back in Fecamp

before seven o'clock. We have some old friends coming to dine with us; and," he added, "the worst of it is I must walk."

"Not pleasant," said I. "The night will be dark. The road is dangerous."

"Dangerous?" said he with surprise.

"Yes, Monsieur Leonard," said the girl, pouring out my coffee; "it is dangerous."

"In what manner?" said he. "I never heard of highway robbers in these parts."

He cast, as he spoke, an involuntary glance at a diamond ring which flashed on his little finger against the bright fire.

"I mean," said I, concealing my thought, though half tempted to express it, "I mean that the road is not safe at night, because—"

"Because?" he repeated inquiringly.

I refrained, I know not why, from mentioning what I actually feared, though I seemed to see the wheelwright's angry face and to hear his passionate voice.

"Because," I continued, "the road winds about distractingly among the hills. One might easily step over the sides, which are steep, and so come to harm."

He burst into a pleasant laugh at this answer. It was a somewhat weak one, I confess. But if I had told him my true reason for dissuading him from leaving the inn that night, he would, I thought have laughed perhaps still louder; so I made no reply, though I followed Marie's uneasy glance toward the windows.

Without it had grown almost dark; but the room, which was warmly lighted by the log fire, was only in shadow near the walls. We sat smoking and sipping our coffee in silence.

Suddenly Marie, turning her head toward a corner near the door, uttered a low cry.

"Faubert!" she exclaimed; "is that you?"

The wheelwright was seated at a table near the entrance. We had not heard him come in. The light from the fire flashed across his dark face as he looked up at Marie and said, "*Café noir*."

Marie hastened to supply the order. As she filled the little glass with brandy for his coffee, I thought her hand seemed to be trembling; certainly her face had a troubled look. As I was seated in a shadowy corner, I could regard the wheelwright without attracting any attention. I was tempted to observe him closely; for there was a cruel expression on his face. He did not once glance toward me. His dark, angry eyes were fixed constantly upon the face of Monsieur Leonard, who sat with his back half turned toward him, looking thoughtfully into the fire. The wheelwright remained, however, only a few minutes. Finishing his coffee quickly, he went out of the house as quietly as he had entered it.

Meanwhile Marie had lit the candles, and was moving about the kitchen, occupying herself in various ways, though with a remarkably serious face.

Presently Monsieur Leonard rose from his seat and stood before the fire buttoning his coat tightly round him. "A light, if you please, Marie," said he selecting a cigar from his case.

Marie brought him one, her hand trembling very visibly now. "What is the matter, Marie?" said Monsieur Leonard, gently placing his fingers round her wrist and looking earnestly into her face.

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The Family Circle.

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CIRCLE CHAT.

THE REWARD OF GENIUS.

From the very earliest times, authors have been an extremely poorly-paid class, and at the present day, while a very few can command large pecuniary reward for their labors, the vast majority are paid even less than in years gone by. The standard works of our literature, and indeed popular current writings, are all eagerly seized by publishers and given to the reading public at a mere nominal price, so that only those that have the very largest sales can possibly remunerate their authors. No lover of literature can look upon the position and chances of success of the myriads of young Canadian and American aspirants to literary fame and consider the extreme natural sensitiveness of those of poetic tastes, without a feeling of deep regret at the state of affairs.

But there is, of course, a higher aim in the breasts of these young geniuses—that of fame—which is still more difficult to attain, and without money they labor at a great disadvantage. The real poet, it may be argued, will exhibit his genius in spite of any circumstances, but tracing the annals of those lives in the past we will surely be moved to pity in perusing the trials that they have surmounted. Let us glance at a short list:

Homer was a beggar; Plautus, the Roman comic poet, turned a mill; Lee, the poet, died in the street; Cervantes died of hunger; Spenser died in want; Dryden lived in poverty and distress; Sir Walter Raleigh died on the scaffold; Tasso, the Italian poet, was usually in sore distress; Steels, the humorist, lived in constant warfare with bailiffs; Chatterton, the child of genius and misfortune, destroyed himself at eighteen; Levego died in prison, where he was confined for debt; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" was sold for a trifle to secure him from the grip of the law; Fielding lies in a country burying ground without a stone to mark the spot; and Milton finished his life in obscurity.

Oh that this galaxy of glorious names had been dealt liberally with, for they have indeed done more for our advancement and pleasure than many philanthropists who have been far more extolled.

It is indeed a pity that our authors are not all able, through affluent circumstances, to follow M. Gentil, the inventor of a balloon which, it is claimed, can be guided and managed at will. He says his invention is for the scientific public, "the work of my life; and shall I, then, prostitute my grand work by putting it upon exhibition at ten cents a head, like a stuffed whale or petrified hog? I want no money. I give it to the people, and I am happy."

EDUCATED FOR NO GOOD.

Not infrequently we hear it said of persons who change their opinion as to an occupation, that they have lost their education, and very often, too, the opinion is expressed that such a one's education has done him no good. There certainly is meaning in such expressions, but they generally convey a wrong notion, and are often uttered through ignorance of the benefits of mental culture. If a man successfully passes the examinations required for any profession, and has derived all the benefits of mental discipline and cultivation that he should therefrom, and then turn his efforts to business or farming, or some other occupation, the pursuit of which would not require the passing of those examinations, it does not follow that he has lost his education, and we are inclined to doubt very much that his education will not be almost as directly useful in one as another. He may not care to remember all that he has studied, but no knowledge is ever acquired that does not leave an impression and give him more power than he would otherwise have had.

In the other cases above referred to, of which it is said, "their education has done them no good," those who say this are certainly mistaken. A man may pass through the schools without being very well educated, but every bit of education, whether acquired in the class-room or among men in the highways of life, is good. All knowledge is good. All mental development is good, and if a man is educated, whether it be perceptible to others or not, he most assuredly reaps the benefits of his education.

TRIUMPHS OVER DIFFICULTIES.

There is nothing to be attained without industry, and the most diligent are rewarded with the most pleasure in successes. Distasteful occupation may be made congenial to us by perseverance. What we deem hard work may become a source of amusement. The earnest student learns this in his school tasks, and it is a lesson also of universal application. We are all proud of triumphs, and from the time of learning to walk till our latest achievement in life, there is no more fruitful source of happiness.

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

T. H.—See answer to your question under "Domestic Recipes."

ONE INTERESTED.—We will send anyone a copy of the Monthly for October, bound, on receipt of ten cents in postage stamps.

JENNY H.—It is not advisable to use different tints of paper to express your feelings in such cases, as the chances are their significance would be lost on the receiver. You can express yourself more plainly by words.

F. F.—The word *fudge* is said to be derived from a person's name. A Captain Fudge, commander of a merchantman of the time of Charles II., who always brought home a quantity of lies as to the success, etc., of his voyage, is supposed to be the personality underlying it.

SPK.—The phrase, "milking the street," is applied to the act of cliques or great operators in stocks who hold certain stocks so well in hand that they cause any fluctuations they please. By alternately lifting and depressing prices, they "milk" the small operators and the outside public.

S. S.—1. Mrs. Frances Eleanor Trollope's novels are: *Among Aliens*, *Anne Furness*, *Mabel's Progress*, *The Sacristan's Household* and *Veronica*, editions of all of which have been published by Harper Bros. 2. "*Blades-o'-Grass*" is the title of a novel by B. L. Fargeon, whose works all bear more or less eccentric titles.

W. H.—1. The reports of the city you speak of making your home in are not favorable at present. Numerous failures are reported of late from there. 2. We supply subscribers with either the weekly or the monthly issues of the FAMILY CIRCLE, as they desire, in every case sending the weekly where the monthly is not specially ordered, as it is newer and fresher each week as compiled and first published.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Cold Bathing.

Just now, I am sorry to say, there is a reaction against cold bathing. A medical man of my acquaintance cautions his patients against too frequent bathing, for fear the oil may be removed from the skin. He tells them that twice a month during the winter, and twice a week during the summer are quite enough for anybody. A wellknown writer has recently cautioned the world against the removal of the skin oil by too frequent bathing.

This is entire missapprehension. In hydropathic establishments the patients are sometimes bathed three or four times a day, yet never lose the oil of the skin in consequence. Pugilists in preparing for the prize ring, are bathed two or three times a day, and rubbed with rough towel* by the strongest arms. Heenen was bathed three or four times a day, and rubbed by McDonald and Cusick, with all the power of their strong arms, fifteen minutes at a time, and with the roughest towels and brushes, and yet the account says that when he appeared in the ring his skin was as beautiful as a baby's.

If cold water were used without soap, a bath every hour with the hardest friction would only increase the secretion of oils.

A more frequent objection—one used by the patients themselves—is, that they can't get up a reaction. A lady said to me one morning, "I have tried this cold bathing, but

it always gives me a headache; besides, I can't get warm for an hour."

Many others have made the same objection. Now this is all because you do.n't manage right. If you will manage as follows, the want of reaction, and consequent congestion of the head and chest will never occur again. Purchase a bathing mat, or make one by sewing into the edge of a large piece of rubber cloth a half-inch rope. On rising in the morning, spring into the middle of it, and with an old rough towel folded eight or ten inches square, apply the water as fast as your hands can fly; then with the rough towels rub as hard as you can bear on, until the skin is as red as boiled lobster. This will take but five minutes, and will leave you in a delightful glow.

I have never met anyone, who, taking the bath in this rapid and vigorous way, was not satisfied with it.—"Golden Rule."

Home the Best Place for Invalids.

The New York *Sun* compiles from the *Continent* the opinions of a physician about the curative powers of nature. The physician concludes that it is better for a consumptive to stay at home, where he can be comfortable, than subject himself to the discomfort of hotel life, or to the greater inconvenience of a camp. He says that the camp cure may be fairly tried by sleeping on one's own housetop. Another medical man replies that the summer conditions of spruce forests are eminently favorable, and consumptives have recovered, in the most surprising way, living under canvas in them, where the air was impregnated with the healing emanations peculiar to the non-deciduous tree growths. There are consumptives whose lungs crave the salt air of the ocean; others to whom the dry atmosphere of Colorado is infinitely soothing; and others again who are benefited by the climate of Florida or Southern California. "To prescribe Florida for one person might mean death, while if he went among the northern paradise of spruce, recovery might follow."

Wasp Stings.

This being the season at which petty questions and grievances are most likely to be relieved or redressed by the publicity offered by the press, a considerable number of correspondents are expressing the burning interest they take in the treatment of "wasp stings." There can be no doubt that under certain conditions the sting of a wasp may prove very injurious, or even dangerous to life. We are unable to endorse the opinion that there is no danger unless there be fear. It is quite possible that the sting of any insect capable of generating a poison may be fatal without the intervention of panic. The nervous system is in some of its states exceedingly susceptible of sudden impressions, which, as it were, "stagger" the nerve centers by shock. The bites of small snakes probably act in this way, and the sting of a wasp may prove fatal in the same fashion. As to remedies, ammonia is, of course, the obvious recourse; but almost anything "strong," in a popular sense, will generally suffice to decompose and destroy an organic poison if instantly applied. This is why the juice of an onion answers the purpose. Anything equally pungent would do as well.—*Lancet*.

An ocean voyage is said to be a sure cure for malaria.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Felt hats will be popular for fall and winter styles.

Feathers are very much worn on hats and bonnets, and flowers very little.

Couch shell pink and pink in all the petunia shades are popular for evening.

Dresses of sprigged muslin are worn for evening, over white, pink, blue and *ecru silk*.

Plum color is the most fashionable of the fruit shades, and garnet has given way to the darkest shade of wine color.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

BOILED HAM.—Boil three or four hours, according to size, then skin the whole of it for the table; then set it in the oven for half an hour, cover thickly with pounded rusk or bread crumbs, set back for half an hour longer. Boiled ham is always improved by setting in an oven for nearly an hour, till much of the fat dries out, and it also makes it more tender.

OX-CHEEK PIE.—Wash an ox-cheek in several waters, let it soak an hour, then stew gently until the meat is cooked; remove it from the stew-pot, take out all the bones, which return to the stew-pot; put the meat to one side until quite cold; boil a couple of eggs hard and leave until cold; cut into pieces about half an inch in size any remnants of bacon or ham. Take a pint and a-half of the stock from which the meat has been taken, reduce it one-third by boiling, flavor it with a teaspoonful of Worcester sauce, pepper, and, for those who like it a little tarragon vinegar. Trim the meat—that is, take off the white skin—cut it into pieces about an inch in size, lay them in a dish with the egg cut in slices, bacon, or ham, till full; then pour in the gravy, cover with paste, taking care to make an incision in the center, and bake until the crust is sufficiently cooked. This pie should be eaten cold.

INDIAN SUET PUDDING.—One-half pound suet, chopped fine; one cup molasses, one pint milk, one egg, meal to make a very thin batter, a teaspoonful ground cloves, a teaspoonful ground cinnamon, a teaspoonful salt, a little nutmeg, a few currants or chopped raisins. Boil or steam three hours. Serve with sauce.

ONION PICKLES.—Select small onions, remove with a silver knife all the outer skins. Put them in a brine that will float an egg, and leave them for two days; then drain them on a cloth. While draining put over the fire one gallon of vinegar, one quart of sugar, one ounce each of cinnamon, cloves, mace and black-peppers (whole), bring the vinegar to a boiling point, put in onions and cook nearly tender. You can cook onions twice with one preparation of the vinegar.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Allow one egg for each person, and one cup of cold milk, and a lump of butter the size of a walnut, for each egg. Break the eggs into a basin, beat a minute with a fork, then pour them into a saucepan, adding the milk, butter, salt, and pepper, and stir until sufficiently thick. Serve on toast.

ECONOMICAL PUDDING.—An excellent way of using stale biscuits or cakes is to dry and then pound them fine in a mortar, then mix with them two eggs with their weight in butter, beat all to a cream, pour into a mould and steam. This is excellent cold with fruit, such as stewed prunes.

A BACHELOR'S PUDDING.—Four ounces grated bread, four ounces currants, four ounces apples, two ounces sugar, three eggs, a few drops of essence of lemon, a little grated nutmeg. Pare, core, and mince the apples finely—sufficient, when minced, to make four ounces; add to these the currants, which should be well washed, the grated bread, and sugar; whisk the eggs, beat these up with the remaining ingredients, and when all is thoroughly mixed, put the pudding into a buttered basin, tie it down with a cloth, and boil for three hours.

FRENCH ROLLS.—Six potatoes boiled, and mashed in the water boiled in; add enough flour to make it the consistency of cream; now beat in four eggs, two tablespoonfuls sugar, two tablespoonfuls salt; add yeast and let it rise. When risen, work in flour that has had four tablespoonfuls of butter rubbed into it.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—One cup of sugar, three eggs, butter size of an egg, one and a-half cups of flour, three-quarter cups of sweet milk, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Jelly for Cake: One cup of sugar, one egg, one large apple, grated, one lemon, grated; beat together, and cook till quite thick.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

Never put pickles in a jar that has had lard in it.

Tough meat may be made as tender as any by the addition of a little vinegar to the water when it is put on to boil.

Nurseries and children's rooms should be permanently ventilated. Dormitories for children should have ample ventilation; clothe the children warmly, cover the beds warmly, prevent direct draughts, and the cool air will not injure.

REMEDY FOR CHAPPED HANDS.—One tablespoonful of glycerine, one tablespoonful of alcohol, two tablespoonfuls of rain water.

COLD CREAM.—Five ounces oil of sweet almond, three ounces spermaceti, half an ounce of white wax, and three to five drops otto of roses. Melt together in a shallow dish over hot water. Strain through a piece of muslin when melted, and as it begins to cool, beat it with a silver spoon until cold and snowy white. For the hair use seven ounces of oil of almonds instead of five.

A CURE FOR STIES.—Among the most troublesome and often noticed affections are what are known as hordeolum, or common sty. Dr. Louis Fitzpatrick, in the *Lancet*, differs from some of his professional brethren, who persist in ordering the application of poultices, bathing with tepid water, etc.; These, no doubt, do good in the end, but such applications have the great disadvantage of prolonging the career of these unsightly sores, and encourage the production of fresh ones. Dr. Fitzpatrick has found, after many trials, the local application of tincture of iodine exerts a well-marked influence in checking the growth. This is by far preferable to the nitrate of silver, which makes an unsightly mark, and often fails in its object. The early use of the iodine acts as a prompt abortive. To apply it the lids should be held apart by the thumb and index finger of the left hand, while the iodine is painted over the inflamed papilla with a fine camel-hair pencil. The lids should not be allowed to come in contact until the part touched is dry. A few applications in the twenty-four hours is sufficient.

SELECTED.

"Gleaning only what is sweet ;
Love the chaff and take the wheat."

Reconstruction.

• In a wagon made of willow
Wheeled I once a little maiden,
Ringlets shining on the pillow,
Rolling homeward treasure laden,
Like a boat upon the billow.

Ten years fled. Ah, how I missed her
When we left the village school!
But she said she'd be my sister
As we lingered by the pool.
And I passionately kissed her.

Ten more fleeting years renew it ;
Little wagon made of willow ;
Loving eyes are bent to view it ;
Loving hands adjust the pillow,
And we've fitted rockers to it.

Atlanta Constitution.

Choosing a Wife.

Never marry a woman merely because she has a handsome face or a well-turned figure, for we soon become insensible to angelic forms and faces. If her countenance has life and intelligence, if her walk and carriage are modest and lady-like, and if the whole appearance indicates she has mind, heart and soul, why she is worth all the simpering, mincing, flirting, affected misses that ever brought good looks as their only marriage dower. If the fair one you are addressing is rich in houses, lands, bank stock or railway shares, her worldly gear should not prove an insurmountable objection ; but if she is poor, like yourself, so much the better. There is nothing like a young couple, about the age of twenty, starting in life with fond hearts, clear heads, easy consciences and empty pockets. You have something to hope for, to work for, to live for. Your early struggles with the crosses of this life will only bind you the closer to your young, ardent and loving wife.

Attend to the Children.

Men of thought and enterprise bestow time and enquiry on the body training of their domestic animals and on proper modes of feeding them, but neglect their children as if they were not worth attention, or would grow strong and healthy without the same amount of care and attention they give their cattle. They make no inquiry into the proper way of feeding, exercising and clothing human beings. All this may be the duty of the mother. But she does not appreciate the importance of body-training and the father is more interested in accumulating wealth than in the regular body training of his off-spring. He convinces himself that they will be well developed and become robust and healthy without his expending upon them any care or exertion. The father does not seem to be aware that the first requisite to success in life is to have a well developed body, is the basis of all happiness and usefulness. Men and women break down under the pressure of duties and ambition, simply because their parent did not fit them for domestic duties and business pressure by giving proper form and strength to their functions by a proper course of training. These remarks apply more particularly to girls, who are usually allowed to mature, as

did Topsy, without any pains to give that growth and strength to their body, that future domestic duties may demand.

The tendency is to neglect the body and abuse the mind. No subject of general interest is now so great as the proper means of giving growth and strength, activity and endurance to girls—so that women and wives may not be so generally feeble and suffering. The rearing of well grown men and women is as important in the future life as the present. For religious character and religious sentiment depend very much upon physical health and physical strength. Our gratitude to heaven depends very much upon our digestive force. Hard eating and hard drinking unfits the soul for religious, holy thoughts, and suffering and feebleness impairs our gratitude to heaven. Men tell us just how much food and what kind our animals need, but no principles are involved in feeding human beings. Children are overfed, or underfed, and so are made ill or well, weak or strong, indolent or active, by what they eat and drink. Many infants die from over-feeding as from underfeeding, some suffer from repletion and others from starvation. A want of principle in feeding is the basis of the trouble. Infants and children are allowed to eat all they want and not all they need. Our farmers, governed by experience and observation, specify the kind and quantity of food their domestic animals may need to promote certain results they have in view. The great trouble is that our mothers often have no idea of the effects of different kinds of food. They are wholly ignorant of the fact that some kinds of food produce muscle, bones, etc., while others produce body, heat and fat. Growth and strength demand a certain per cent. of the one and a different per cent. of the other. As a general rule it may be true, that appetite is a good guide to quantity. Still some exceptions may exist. Some children, no less than some adults, become gluttons and do themselves much harm. Children need more food than the mature, bulk for bulk. They should have enough to build their "harps of a thousand strings" and then to keep them in repair. The food they consume depends upon their needs. They may need sugar, so necessary in supplying the means of moving the animal machinery. They may need fat. Sugary and fatty matters combine with oxygen in the body, and thus evolve heat. Those children who are cold, who possess only a poor circulation of blood, need sugar. Other compounds may be converted into heat-food. Starch is changed to sugar in the course of digestion. The liver converts other constituents of food to sugar. Children usually dislike fat, but have a love for sugar. An excess for sugar may compensate for a lack of fat. Suet, boiled in milk is often useful to feeble children.

Children are very fond of fruit. All vegetable acids are beneficial when taken moderately at regular periods of time. Ripe fruits containing sugar, are peculiarly agreeable and useful to all. Now in these cases we see that children should be fed in harmony with their taste.

The taste of children should always be consulted. They usually need a variety, not in kind but in flavor. The same kind of food day after day becomes insipid. They should be left to their appetites as to flavor, but not as to quantity. They should have those kinds for which they have a love. Let it form a part of their regular diet, so that they may be less inclined to consume large quantities. The quantity of food must be regulated by observation and experience.—

C. H. Aiken, M. D.

What She Sacrifices.

An exchange, in commenting on a woman's desire to get married, asks if you ever thought that she quits her home, her parents, her companions, her occupations, her amusements—everything on which she had hitherto depended for comfort, for affection, for kindness, for pleasure. The parents by whose advice she has been guided, the sisters to whom she dared impart every embryo thought and feeling, the brother who has played with her by turns, the counsellor and counselled, and the younger children, to whom she has hitherto been the mother and playmate,—all to be forsaken by one fell stroke, every tie is loosened, the spring of every hope and action is changed, and yet she flies with joy into the untrodden path before her. Buoyed up by the confidence of requited love, she bids a fond, grateful adieu to the life that is past, and turns with excited hopes and joyous anticipations of happiness to that to come. Then woe to the man who can blight such fair hope, who can, coward-like, break the illusions that have won her, and destroy the confidence that love had inspired.

Letters With Pictures.

There are scores of persons who are unhappy because they fail to use the blessings that are within their reach. They resemble a poor old widow in the Highlands of Scotland, of whom the following story is told:

A warm-hearted Christian gentleman, hearing about her condition, called, and she told him, "I am very, very poor, sir, though I should not be so. I have a son in Australia who is well off, but he only sends me a letter once a month with a picture in it." "Let me see the pictures." When they were produced, the gentleman saw that they were drafts for sums of £10 (\$50). He said to her, "Why, my good woman, you are rich not poor, as you think. All you have to do is to put your name on the back of these pictures, present them at the bank, and you will get a lot of money."

She was living in abject misery, complaining to all whom she met of her son's neglect, notwithstanding he had been very liberal to her.

A Bride's Ruse.

A very beautiful and touching story was telegraphed the other day from some far western town, which told how a white dove flew in at a church window and lit upon the shoulder of a fair young bride who was just being given away at the altar. The poetic thrill which was caused by this incident has been turned into grief by the discovery that the fair young bride spent over six months training the dove for this matrimonial act with the one blessed purpose of getting her name in all the papers.

A Change of Opinion.

"No, sir; I will never marry a girl that likes cats. If there's anything in this world I abominate, it's a cat. They're treacherous creatures, any way. I wouldn't have any confidence in a woman who was fond of cats. I can't abide 'em."

This was what he said a year ago. He is married now to one of the nicest girls in the world. A visitor at their country home last week saw a beautiful Maltese kitten playing about the house, and at the stable, when the pony carriage was brought out, a gigantic black tom, with a brass collar round his neck, was a conspicuous figure, and evidently on

the most friendly terms with the hostler and horses. As the visitor and his young host sat talking, after the other members of the household had retired, the guest recalled the remarks of the year before. "Look here, old fellow," said he, "I thought you didn't like cats. Upon my word I believe you are petting that Maltese kitten now."

"Well, the fact is," said his friend, "my wife has always been very fond of cats. And do you know," he continued, "I think it's a very good thing for a woman to like cats. People that like cats are always gentle. They are brave, too. Did you ever notice that you can make a cat do almost anything by kindness and coaxing, but that it's useless to try to influence cats by fear. They simply run away. No, I rather like cats myself now."

This was the man that would never marry a girl that liked cats.

An Independent Groom.

At a recent public dinner given to the old settlers at Holyoke, Mass., a good story was told of an independent groom: An Ireland parish man wooed a Chicopee-street damsel of one of the numerous and well-to-do Chapin families, and started to the wedding with his ox-cart, so that he might bring back the household stuff. The law was such that if the father-in-law gave notice when the bride's furniture was taken away that he merely loaned it to the groom, it could not in future be attached for the husband's debts. And so, after the cart had been loaded and the party were ready to leave, the host remarked to a neighbor:

"I wish you to be a witness that I loan these things."

But this proceeding was not at all to the groom's taste and tradition says that he hastily tipped up the cart, with the observation, "Mr. Chapin, I didn't come here to borrow anything," and then drove off with a portionless bride.

A Ramrod Through a Man's Head.

It has long been known that the integrity of the cerebral hemispheres is not essential to the continuance of life, and that they may undergo considerable morbid change or mechanical injury, accompanied by extensive loss of substance, without fatal result, or even serious impairment of the vital functions.

Bearing upon this point, Fischer reports, in the *Deutsche Zeitschrift für Chirurgie* (Bd. xviii), an interesting case of an accident which occurred during the unloading of a carbine, by which the brain was transfixed by a ramrod, without fatal result. The ramrod, which was of iron, entered the thorax to the right of the fourth dorsal vertebra, passed upward in the deeper tissues of the right side of the neck through the base of the skull and brain, and projected to the extent of thirty centimeters out of the left side of the head. After an opening had been made into the neck, the rod was driven backward through the skull by strokes of a hammer, and taken out at the neck. The patient recovered, except that he remained blind in the right eye.

An effort to imitate the injury on the dead body showed that in the neck no important vessel or nerve was injured, that the instrument entered the cavity of the skull through the right optic foramen, tore the optic nerve, and then entered the space between the two frontal lobes, and penetrated the brain only to the slight extent of three centimeters, and wounded only the anterior edge of the left superior frontal convolution.

Prejudice.

The power of education appears stronger with the majority of mankind, than the appetites of nature. Most of those who publish their sentiments, have passed their lives rather in turning over volumes, than in tracing accurately the shifting scene, and deliberately considering the written page with a design to enrich them elves with original ideas; rather in rapid reading than in correct thinking. On the other hand, the majority of those who are most eager after the pursuit of books, are directed by tutors to read a certain set, on the faith and credit of which their future maxims, opinions, and behavior are to be formed. Thus both writers and readers go in leading-strings. The one prints what has been printed with some alteration; the other considering as incontestable, those tenets which they have found in their favorite authors, or heard from the lips of friends and masters, who are probably under the dominion of equally strong prejudices.

There are, indeed, certain self evident propositions, the truth of which, like the sun in its meridian, strike unobstructed light upon the mind. To cavil or conjecture against these, would be to war with demonstration and combat Heaven. There are, also a variety of opinions, rendered awful by the general belief of men, which have been adopted as maxims out of the reach of confutation. On this account, if at any time a man has dared to oppose a notion, handed down from father to son, with the same care as the rent-rolls of a family estate; which was put into our mouths with the milk of our mothers, and pinned upon our understandings as early as the bibs on our bosoms; what is the consequence? He is condemned as a dangerous innovator; as one who would upset the established system of things, a system which antiquity has rendered venerable and decisive. Strange bigotry! 'tis a dependency beneath the natural freedom of the mind. An intellectual obligation is more servile than a pecuniary one. One would not indeed, like Madeville, oppose everything from the obstinate tenacity of founding a new system upon the ruins of the old; since that were as absurd as setting fire to one's house, because some flaws and errors were perceptible through the building; but it would be an act of wisdom to do the best to repair them.

It is likely, I may advance opinions, not wholly correspondent to the general imitation of thinking:—for, I am sorry to say, that our usual ideas are derived from a very silly as well as a very servile imitation; the most sensible people are frequently parroted; they think as they are bid to think, and talk the dull dialect of their teachers, from the cradle to the coffin. A man of original contemplation, is therefore a prodigy; and, like a prodigy, the eyes of everybody are upon him the moment he appears; even the few that are pleased with his fortitude, admit the very conviction they feel, with some reluctance; we part from nothing we have for any length of time been accustomed to venerate, without pain. Hence, many who have talents for speculation, check the generous impulse, through a dislike of being thought particular. On this account genius rusts in inactivity, and men content themselves with going on, in the old road, to avoid the charge of singularity, and the smile of derision: not considering that a smile much oftener betrays ignorance, than it discovers sagacity.

"To err is human; to forgive, divine," is a good old adage, but we notice that it is never quoted to us when we make a mistake. We have to do the quoting for ourselves.

The Boy and the Walnut Tree.

A grandson of the Governor of Virginia, a child of some four or five summers, was on a visit to his maternal grandfather, who is a wealthy landholder in Ohio. One day, after making his first visit to Sunday School, with the religious instruction of which he seemed duly impressed, he accompanied his grandfather to gather the fruit of a large walnut tree. On the way the little fellow said:

"Grandpa, who do all these woods and fields belong to?"

"Why," said the matter-of-fact gentleman, "to me."

"No, sir," emphatically responded the child; "they belong to God."

The grandfather said nothing till they reached the richly-laden tree, when he asked:

"Well, my boy, whom does this tree belong to?"

This was a poser, and for a moment the boy hesitated but casting a longing look upon the nuts, he replied:

"Well, grandfather, the tree belongs to God, but the walnuts are ours."

Hints to Gentlemen.

Don't neglect the morning bath; don't fail to be cleanly in all details.

Don't wear soiled linen. Be scrupulously particular on this point.

Don't be untidy in anything. Neatness is one of the most important of the minor morals.

Don't wear apparel with decided colors or with pronounced patterns. Don't—we address here the male reader, for whom this brochure is mainly designed—wear anything that is pretty. What have men to do with pretty things? Select quiet colors and unobtrusive patterns, and adopt no style of cutting that belittles the figure. It is right enough that men's apparel should so becoming, that it should lend dignity to the figure; but it should never be ornamental, fanciful, grotesque, odd, capricious, nor pretty.

Don't wear fancy-colored shirts or embroidered shirt-fronts. White, plain linen is always in the best taste.

Don't wear your hat cocked over your eye, nor thrust back upon your head. One method is rowdyish, the other rustic.

Don't go with your boots unpolished; but don't have the polishing done in the public highway. A gentleman perched on a high curbstone chair, within view of all passers-by, while he is having executed this finishing touch of his toilet, presents a picture more unique than dignified.

Don't wear trinkets, shirt-pins, finger-rings, or anything that is solely ornamental. One may wear shirt-studs, a scarf-pin, a watch chain and seal, because these articles are useful; but the plainest they are the better.

Don't wear dressing-gown and slippers anywhere out of your bedroom. To appear at the table or in any company in this garb is the very soul of vulgarity. It is equally vulgar to sit at table or appear in company in one's shirt-sleeves.

Don't walk with a slouching slovenly gait. Walk erectly and firmly, not stiffly; walk with ease, but still with dignity. Don't bend out the knees, nor walk in-toed, nor drag your feet along; walk in a large, easy, simple manner, without affectation, but not negligently.

Don't carry your hands in your pockets. Don't thrust your thumbs into the arm-holes of your waistcoat.

Don't cleanse your ears, or your nose, or trim and clean your finger-nails in public. Cleanliness and neatness in all things pertaining to the person are indispensable, but toilet offices are proper in the privacy of one's apartment only.

Don't chew or nurse your toothpick in public—or anywhere else.—*Don't, a Manual of Conduct and Speech.*

The Song of the Dying.

"A number of British officers were stationed at an outpost in India, during the prevalence of a pestilence. Many of their companions had fallen victims; all the chances of escape were cut off and death stared them in the face. Under these circumstances and meeting together probably for the last time, the following lines, which were written by one of their number, were sung. The author was the first to fall a victim to the grim destroyer."

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter,
And the walls around are bare;
As they echo the peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses steady,
We drink to our comrades' eyes;
Quaff a cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Not here are the goblets flowing,
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold as our hearts are growing,
And dark as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses steady
And soon shall our pulses rise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles,
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, 'midst the wine cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink
So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis in this our respite lies;
One cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Time was when we frowned at others,
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let those think of their mothers
Who hope to see them again.
No! stand to your glasses steady,
The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's many a hand that's shaking,
There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soe', though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses steady,
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

There's a mist on the glass congealing,
'Tis hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus doth the warmth of feeling,
Turn ice in the grasp of death,
Ho! stand to your glasses steady,
For a moment the vapor flies;
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who sinks from the sable shore,
Where the high and the baughty yearning
Of the soul shall sing no more?

Ho! stand to your glasses steady,
This world is a world of lies;
A cup for the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies!

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betrayed by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind—
Stand, stand to your glasses steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already—
And hurrah for the next that dies!

Dean Gaisford.

A writer in a contemporary gives some pleasant anecdotes about the Dean Gaisford. "I have my doubts about the Thirty-nine Articles, sir," said a too conscientious Christ Church man to him on the eve of taking his degree. The dean looked at the troubled one in a very hard sardonic way. "How much do you weigh, sir?" "About ten stone, I think, sir," was the astonished answer. "And how tall are you to half an inch." "I really don't know to half an inch." "And how old are you to an hour?" The dubious one was speechless. "Well you are in doubt about everything that relates to yourself," cried the dean triumphantly, "and yet you walk about saying, 'I am twenty years old, I weigh ten stone, and am five feet eight inches high.' Go, sign the Articles; it will be a long time before you find anything that suggests no doubts." It was his common practice to throw all the letters that came to him by post into a basket and open the lot once a month, just as Prince Talleyrand is said to have done. In this way he said he had to write fewer answers, as most of the business to which the letters referred would settle itself without his interference.

An English Divine and a Banff Lassie.

The Rev. Dr. Frederick Trestail tells a good story in the "Glimpses of Scotland" which has been contributed to the *Baptist Magazine* of a recent experience at Banff. While waiting there for a conveyance to Aberchisder he resolved to dine at one of the hotels, and found that another traveller was to dine along with him. They fell a-dispute as to who should take the head of the table, the doctor maintaining that the other gentleman was older than he. The matter in dispute was referred to the lassie waiting at table. With great quietness and decorum, she walked up first to the layman, and, having coolly inspected him, she then turned to the divine and applied the same process to him. In a haif confidential manner and tone she observed to Dr. Trestail, "You are the oldest, sir; but you are a deal the best looking." The travellers burst out into a ringing peal of laughter; and, on comparing notes over the broth, found that the lassie's verdict as to their ages was correct.

"What are you doing there?" demanded a policeman, of a man who sat on a fence, howling. "That feller in the house shot my dog because he howled, and I am carrying on the dog's contract. I am going to howl here until I think the dog's death has been sufficiently avenged. If he shoots me, my son will howl out my contract; and if further harm should befall, my wife will come out and howl till he can't get rest. Oh, but we are howlers!"

Where Young Snakes Go.

About twenty-three years ago, in Buebe, Arkansas, I had a guinea hen sitting near my house, in the garden. One day, while hoeing in the garden, I noticed the hen flying, fluttering, and apparently fighting something. I walked, hoe in hand, carefully up to the nest. Curled up in the nest lay a blow snake. I carefully approached her, and when she straightened out to run, with one blow of the hoe I cut her head clean from her body. I straightened her out and was examining her, and preparing to take her length, when a young snake about six inches long, and about the size of a common lead pencil, made its appearance. I cut its head off, and others followed, until I had cut the heads off twenty-seven. Some of them remained dead in the cavity of their mother, so that I know that they did not occupy a place in the stomach. The snake had swallowed twelve guinea eggs, which I proceeded to eject by squeezing from her stomach and throat. The eggs I found came from one apartment, and the young snakes from another. This induced me to examine the head and neck which I cut off. I discovered that there was an opening under the tongue, through which the young snakes entered the cavity in which they were found, and that that cavity was separate and distinct from the stomach where the guinea eggs were found. I took two smooth sticks, I ran one down the throat from above the tongue and the other through the opening under the tongue. Both came out, but through separate and distinct passages. Hence I say snakes do not swallow their young, but something like the opossum or kangaroo have a sack or pocket for them, which is entered through the mouth and under the tongue. Someone may want to know what was done with the guinea eggs. I answer, I put them back into the nest, and in about a week twelve young guinea chickens were hatched from them.—*American Field.*

Women's Equality with Men.

In the Woman Suffrage Convention held in Brooklyn, N. Y., October 9th and 10th, one of the many interesting speeches made was by Rev. Bashford; who took an argument in favor of the equality of the sexes from the Bible. The Bible, one of the ladies had observed, was always thrown at them as a weapon of attack, especially certain sayings from St. Paul. Mr. Bashford explained that these texts were designed to suit the Corinthian women whom he addressed, but that St. Paul did not intend the command to be of universal application is shown by the fact that Phoebe was minister to the church at Cenchrea, and was sent as a delegate to the great church at Rome, and especially commended to them by St. Paul, showing how far he was in advance of most clergymen of the present day in the matter of allowing women fair representation.

In the beginning God committed to woman as well as to man dominion over the earth. He does not use the singular pronoun, *he*, but always the plural, recognizing man and woman as equal.

The fact that woman was created later than man rather tends to prove that she is his superior; as God creates always on an ascending series.

St. Paul says, "There is neither Jew nor Greek, neither bond nor free, neither male nor female, for ye are all one in Christ Jesus."

It took one generation to understand and make good his first declaration, "there is neither Jew nor Greek;" it took eighteen centuries to make good his second declaration,—"there is neither bond nor free;" it may take another generation to make good this last,— "there is neither male nor female;" but it will surely come, and our children will wonder we did not see it.

Well Written.

The Providence *Journal* tells the following story of a Pawtucket clergyman: "Some time ago he was visited by a colored man, who informed him that he was invited to attend a wedding of a pair of his acquaintances, and was to make a speech, and he would like the clergyman to write a speech for him, as he could learn it and repeat it. 'Can you read?' inquired the clergyman. 'No, sir,' replied the colored man, 'but my wife can, and she will read it to me and I will learn it from her and then I can speak it.' After inquiries as to what the man wished to say in his speech, the clergyman wrote the speech for him and he went away happy. A few days afterward the clergyman met him again and asked him if he had made the speech. 'Oh yes,' was the reply, with many thanks for the favor. 'How did it go?' inquired the clergyman, with a touch of curiosity. 'Oh, first rate,' answered the colored man. 'If I had written it myself it couldn't have been better.' The clergyman pondered deeply over this answer."

"He Thort it Likely!"

In the extreme north of England there lives a wine-merchant who has waxed rich and is looked up to in the neighborhood as a model of respectability, and quite the leading man in all local events. His younger brother residing in the next town, however, has not prospered so well either in the regard or the good things of the world. Intended by nature for a successful low comedian, he retired from the stage just as he was attaining popularity. Having thus buried his talents, fortune revenged herself by leaving him in the lurch. This the *ci-devant* actor does not resent nearly so much as he does the successful career of his brother, and his one aim in life is to take down what he considers his shameful pride of prosperity. It must be confessed that his efforts in this direction have, at all events, the merit of originality. It is a matter of frequent occurrence for the wine merchant, while standing outside his office conversing affably with an admiring circle of friends and influential customers, to be tapped on the shoulder by an organ-grinder, a nigger minstrel, the leader of some German band, or some other peripatetic and unpleasant member of society. "What do you want, my good fellow?" the wine merchant will ask, with as much good temper as he can command, knowing full well what is coming. "Be you Mr. 'Oratio Vats?" the nigger then inquires, and, on receiving a reluctant assent, continues in a loud voice, "Well, you needn't look so sour-like; I ain't a-going to ask for money. It's only that I've been a-staying along with your brother 'Dolphus, and he said if I came this way I was to be sure and come and see you and give you his love. And he did say as 'ow he thort it likely you might ask me to step round to lunch at your private manshum, me being such an old friend of his!"—*Family Herald.*

A Subscriber Lost.

The Richmond (Va.) *Religious Herald* says: "A melancholy young man came in a few mornings ago to ask us to discontinue the *Herald*, which he had been sending a young lady. Not wishing to lose even one subscriber, and feeling a compassion for the young woman who was about to be deprived of such an excellent journal, we ventured to ask the young man why he proposed to perpetrate so rash an act. He hesitated a moment, and remarked with a jerking emphasis of manner, 'Why, she is going to marry another fellow. We excused him.'"

SOCIAL AND LITERARY.

The late Charles C. Hazewell, of The Boston Traveler, left a library of 10,000 volumes.

Miss Mathilde Blind is to write the life of Madame Roland for the Famous Women Series.

Mr. W. D. Howells lately told a reporter that the political side of newspaper work was always extremely distasteful to him.

M. E. Scherer is writing a series of articles for the Paris Temps on democracy. The first is entitled "The History of Universal Suffrage."

Miss Emily Faithful has left England, where she has been lecturing on "Modern Shams" for a lecture tour in America and, probably, in Australia.

The Pall Mall Gazette very absurdly says that there is not a railway guard or porter in the United States unacquainted with Mr. Matthew Arnold's poems.

Notwithstanding the American reduction in the letter postage, the receipts of the Washington post-office have been \$5,000 greater last month than October 1882.

It is believed that several well-known New York ladies are residing at Newport, R. I., for the purpose of securing divorces from their husbands under the lenient laws of that State.

The alleged libel case of the Allan Line of Steamers against the Montreal Witness, ended in the acquittal of that newspaper. The result seems to have met with general approval.

"Ouida" has written a second hysterical and feverish letter to The London Times, defending her own portrayal of "passion" as compared with "the fictitious realism of the spineless commonplace."

When Lady Anne Blount, daughter of the Earl of Lovelace and his Countess, Ada Augusta Byron, was presented to the Queen, Victoria kissed her, saying as she did so, "I do that for the love I bear your ancestor, the poet I most love." Lady Anne is said to bear a striking resemblance to Lord Byron.

Mr. G. A. Sala, in advising Mr. Irving as to his conduct toward American interviewers, says that his own simple plan was to always ask his first interviewer as many questions as he could touching men and affairs, and, having obtained these views, to pass them on as his own in answer to the questions of all subsequent interviewers. One of the New York papers very justly says that Mr. Irving need attach no importance to the apparently dreaded interviews, as his opinions on dramatic points need no change to suit American ears, and his opinions on other matters are not of the slightest consequence.

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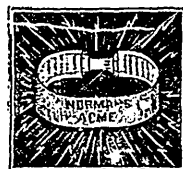
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