

A NEST AND A HOME.

See this pretty, fragile thing
That some bird has made;
With what careful fashioning
Every twig was laid;
Filled with happy song by day,
And by night with rest.
For 'tis but that useless thing—
A deserted nest!

See you empty dwelling place;
Once it was a home;
Children's happy, dancing feet
In and out did come;
Now the curtains close are drawn,
Death hath been a guest;
There no step is heard, 'tis but—
A deserted nest!

Where have flown the joyous birds
That the nest did weave?
Tell me why, so fair a place,
Did its inmates leave?
Do they miss its sheltering wall
Where they took their rest?
Do they pine in sadness for
Their deserted nest?

Nest on strong and gladsome wing,
Did they take their flight;
For in sunny lands they sing
Songs of true delight.
Fondly would they cry,
Sad each feathered breast,
Should they now be forced to seek
Their deserted nest!

To the dear ones "gone before"
From an earthly home,
Wait upon the "shining shore"
Till we too shall come.
In that safe and blessed land,
Now they sing and rest;
Would'st thou call them back to claim
Their deserted nest?

—Helen Percy in Good Housekeeping.

What Is a Model Wife?

A model wife is the woman in whom the heart of her husband doth safely trust. She is the woman who looks after his household, and makes her husband's life a pleasure to him and not a burden.

Who has learned that a soft answer will turn away wrath. Who keeps her sweetest smiles and most loving words for her husband.

Who is his confidant in sorrow or in joy, and who does not feel the necessity of explaining her private affairs to the neighborhood.

Who respects the rights of husband and children, and in turn has due regard paid to her.

Who knows that the strongest argument is her womanliness and she cultivates it. Who is sympathetic in joy or in grief, and who finds work for her hands to do.

Who makes friends and keeps them. Who is not made bitter by trouble, but who strengthens and sweetens under it.

Who tries to conceal the faults of her husband rather than blazon them forth to an uninterested public.

The woman whose life book has love written on every page.

Who makes a home for a man—a home in a house and in a heart. A home that is sure of a home that is full of love presided over by one whose price is above rubles.

She is the model wife.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Her "Bad Break."

A pretty little German lady who is not yet thoroughly conversant with the English language and its peculiar idioms goes out in west side society a good deal, and her only source of uneasiness is that in conversation she will make what is popularly termed "bad break."

Her mother accompanies her wherever she goes, and when they return from a party or tea they sit up together for an hour or more, while the little lady questions her mother as to whether she has made any ludicrous slip of the tongue during the evening.

She usually gets along pretty well, but one evening not long ago she attended a private party with her mother. During a chat the proposed marriage of a young American girl to a German baron was discussed.

The little German lady did not believe in marriages except between social equals, but she expressed herself naively in this way: "I believe that to gain true happiness a girl should marry one of her own sex." And she did not know why the young man with the blonde pompadour fell off of the piano stool at this juncture until she reached home, and her mother told her that she had used the word "sex" instead of "station."—Chicago Herald.

As to Cold Toss.

Many people, especially women and children, suffer the whole winter through with cold feet. This is mainly due to the fact that they wear shoes too tight. Unless the toes have perfect freedom the blood cannot circulate properly, hence follow stiffness and numbness to the feet. People who wear rubbers the whole winter through generally suffer with their feet. Rubbers make them very tender by overheating and causing them to perspire. They should only be worn during stormy or slushy weather, and then should be removed as soon as one enters the house. They draw the feet, keep them hot and wet with perspiration—then as soon as one goes into the air the feet are chilled. In the country I have noticed that the farmers put some dry straw or pieces of newspapers in the bottom of their boots. I myself have often tried the latter, and can assure you that it is a good preventive against cold feet. This is doubtless because the paper or straw absorbs the perspiration and keeps the feet dry.—Philadelphia Review.

Putting It to the Test.

Faith in the friendship of others is a very good thing to have, but it is not always strengthened by the unexpected guise that friendship occasionally assumes. A young versifier, upon submitting one of his productions to his older and less dreamy room mate, was asked, the verses having been read with great care.

"Did you write this stuff?"
"Yes."
"Where will you send it?"
"To Mr. Blank. He's the editor of The W— Daily Journal. I send it to him because he is an old friend of my father's."
"All right; I'm glad you're going to send it to Blank. Perhaps, for your father's sake, he will decline to print it."—Harpers Magazine.

Treatment for Stammering.

It is said that the stammerers rarely, if ever, show any impediment to speech when speaking in whispers. On this fact a new method of treatment has been advocated by Dr. Coen, which is as follows: In the first ten days speaking is prohibited. This will allow rest to the voice, and constitutes the preliminary state of treatment. During the next ten days speaking is permissible in the whispering voice, and in the course of the next fifteen days the ordinary conversational tone may be gradually employed.—Medical Journal.

A Poet.

Persian Civilization.

I have been much surprised to hear even well educated Englishmen, in recent discussions on Persia, speak of the Persian nation as if it were completely wanting in civilization and were ages behind Europe in material progress and ideas. Such a false impression of the characteristics and social condition of our good friends, the neighbors of our Indian empire, is, I think, due to ignorance, and I fear also to insular prejudice.

Persia has not progressed as Europe has done, but Persian civilization and Persian art had reached a high degree of development when England was covered with tangled forests and its inhabitants were half clothed savages, whose highest skill was shown in the slaughter of wild animals with the rudest of weapons.

Persian civilization has not retrograded, though Persian art is certainly stilled by the introduction of cheap but inartistic articles from the commercial west. In Persia a polite etiquette is as strictly observed as in any country in the world, and though, in some trifles, the manners of a Persian gentleman may appear strange and even amusing when observed in the west, it is safe to say that nothing which a Persian gentleman would do when mixing up in western society would in any way shock the delicate feelings of that society. In this respect it is fortunate that the recent journeyings of the shah and his suite were so widely extended, and that the numerous absurd stories which had been current concerning the disagreeable peculiarities of the Persian manners and customs.—Nineteenth Century.

Not So Very Green.

It never pays to laugh at a man because he has laughed in his youth. The great awkward, big brained boys, who do not seem to heed or care for the duds ways of society, will come to men of power and influence and men remembered long after duds boys have cigarette smoked themselves into consumption and who man who has been and is now a reception. They had other things to think of.

This is only by way of saying that the city chap can never safely laugh at the rural Congressman Martin, of Texas, in speaking to a friend of his said:

"Everybody used to have a great laugh on me two years ago because they said I had not sense enough to turn out the gas, but now I know better. At the same time I notice my colleague, Mr. Mills, who has been here in congress some eighteen years, and who never blew out the gas, but about \$2,000 by signing receipts for salary which he never received." The major then took a list of his entire Texas delegation and named each man, telling the number of years he had been in congress and the amount he had lost by signing receipts. Finally, coming down to "Buck" Kilgore, he said: "He never blew out the gas, but, although faring better than any man in the delegation, he lost the fact that \$500. I call your attention to the fact that the man who blew out the gas was overdrawn four days pay when the bust up came!"—New Orleans Picayune.

Spontaneous Combustion of Hay.

The celebrated Brazilian botanist, Professor Coen, recently proved, by a series of exhaustive experiments, that the heating of masses of damp hay to a temperature resulting in spontaneous combustion is caused by fungus. He first examined the thermogenic action of the Aspergillus fumigatus, a plant having an evil reputation for causing illness, and which occasions the heating of sprouting barley. Through his attention to the small germ—that is to say, through the combustion of the starch and other coal hydrates, which are changed by diastatic fermentation into maltose and dextrine—an increase of temperature to about 40 degs. C. follows, when the germs become stiff and heated, a condition in which they soon die. The heating of the germs to over 60 degs. C. takes place only when they are in contact with the Aspergillus fumigatus, and this, in turn, is due to the fact that the heat, in which state it rapidly consumes the oxygen of the air, and thus creates a vacuum, and these are of an extremely manifold character, this action of the Aspergillus fumigatus is probably one of the most singular.—Montreal Star.

The Magic Lantern.

The stereopticon, or, to be plain, the magic lantern, represents the most delightful manner for the amateur to enjoy the results of his own work. It's very easy to make fairly good slides from negatives by a copying camera or by photographing direct from it, and by a little practice any careful amateur can get them up. A lantern consists of a dark box, with a condensing lens in front and a light, then a frame for the slide and in front an objective. A line light is not at all essential for parlor exhibitions, and the display of twenty or thirty views of one's own preparation is a cheap and decidedly pleasing way to take care of one's friends for an evening.

A negative that would yield a very common looking photographic print becomes a source of intense pleasure when reproduced as a positive on glass and thrown on a screen. I think the most pleasing part of amateur photography is the lantern slide feature.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Polite.

Little Miss Rose is a person who finds it easy to interpret most things according to her own advantage. One day she sat holding the kitten, and asking her little playmate various questions, to none of which had she thus far obtained an answer.

"Who gives you milk, kitty?" inquired Rose. Kitty struggled a little to get down, but made no reply.

"Do you love me, kitty?"
"Who is the nicest little girl in the world?"
"Mew!" cried kitty, making a desperate effort to escape.

"There, isn't she polite?" asked Rose triumphantly. "She said 'You'!"—Youth's Companion.

The Toads and the Electric Light.

An American lady tells how she was recently sitting in a carriage near an electric lamp which had just been lighted while her friend went to a neighboring shop. In the friend went to a neighboring shop. In the friend went to a neighboring shop. In the friend went to a neighboring shop.

ing over the wheels, saw, hopping in all directions across and around, toads waiting for the light. She got out of the carriage and, reaching the light, saw a ring of toads under the lamp, too. There was a ring of toads under the lamp, too. There was a ring of toads under the lamp, too.

the life destroyers waited that drop from the light—these creatures squatted in a circle, with upturned heads, waiting for the victims to drop into their mouths.—Montreal Star.

The Eight Hour Rule.

Fodgers (mercely)—Well, young woman, what time did young Woodwell come here last evening?
Fair Frances (demurely)—It was a little after 7.

F. F. (confusedly)—I believe—it was a little before 8. But then (believing) he was must be consistent, you know. He believes in the eight hour a day movement.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Rather Fortunate.

Papa—If I have to speak to you again I'll whip you.
The Terror—Say, papa, what did you have a little boy for if you can't get along any better with him than you do?—New York News.

FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

A MAN CARRIED AWAY INTO THE DARKNESS AND STORM.

Caught Up from a Steamer's Deck by the Bowspirt of a Passing Schooner—The Seared Crew Thought the Unexpected Visitor Was Satan Himself.

The following incident in the life of a late minister is told by Commander Eroll, R. N., in the Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine:

Although the vessel was steered from the bridge, there was a space vessel about and a raised grating for the helmsman to stand upon; I got on this and, standing myself by the wheel with one hand, tried to peer through the darkness astern; but all was black as jet, a darkness that almost seemed to be felt.

I was standing there, surrounded by warning nature, yet full of a great sense of inward calm and awe, when my sailor's ear was startled by a sound that was like, yet different from the breaking waves. Before I had time to consider what it might be a large black mass passed between me and the red glow forward, and the next instant an irresistible, unseen power lifted me from my legs, and the steamer passed away from beneath my feet.

With the tenacity of a drowning man I clung to the object which had torn me from my hold and was now carrying me away into the darkness. I found myself suspended above the boiling waters, expecting every moment to be engulfed therein, and I thought despairingly of my dear wife and daughter, who would never know the mystery of my death. Then it flashed across my mind that perhaps people would say I had committed suicide, and the thought of how much pain this would cause those so dear to me started me from my effort, a struggle for dear life, and I began to consider if my position were altogether hopeless.

UNCOMFORTABLY POSITIONED.

I soon realized that I was clinging to some spar which had struck me full across the chest, and over which I had instinctively thrown my arms. My legs and feet were hanging down into vacancy, but occasionally they dipped in the crests of the waves; I concluded, therefore, I was hanging to the extremity of some vessel's bowsprit, evidently not a large vessel, by the size of the spar, and also by the short distance I was suspended above the sea. I shouted as loud as I could, in hopes some one would hear me, but without effect; then I felt about with my feet in the direction of the bowsprit, and I found it. With this aid I managed to climb into a place of tolerable security, where I could sit upon the bowsprit end and hold on by the jibstay.

I dared not attempt to get to the bows of the ship, as the spar was so wet and slippery that I should have been jerked off in a moment by the violent pitching of the vessel, whereas I knew that while I was I was safe enough, provided I could hold on against the cold and wet until assistance came to me.

The vessel, whatever she was, had no lights burning, and was perfectly invisible in the darkness. Evidently no one was on board, the helmsman having probably lashed the wheel for a short time while he went below to light his pipe, and none of those on board knew how nearly they were in collision with the "ghost" of the ship. They escaped by a mere hair's breadth; the steamer's stern must have fallen into the trough of the sea at the very instant that the vessel's bowsprit passed over the taffrail, and so nearly passed me, that I was clinging to it in a very perilous position, clinging as well as I could to the end of that small spar, buried sometimes almost to my waist, and nearly dragged under by the waves, and water, as I was, I pitched into the heavy sea. I was also benumbed with cold, and my half frozen fingers could hardly feel the wet and slippery rope. As soon as I had recovered my breath I began to shout again, and presently, to my great satisfaction, heard some one reply; then the glimmer of a lantern revealed a glimpse of the vessel's bows and an astonished face gazing into the night. As I continued to shout, the vessel came nearer, and I saw that I was in a language with which I was unacquainted.

HOURS AND A TAIL.

Presently the little vessel fell off before the wind as they put me up, and her motion was comparatively easy and gentle; at the same moment I saw a sturdy fellow climb out upon the bowsprit with a rope's end, and he soon reached the place where I was sitting, and made the rope fast round my waist, and with his assistance, in another minute I found myself safe upon the deck of the little craft. My new friends turned out to be Dutchmen, beaming up at me with kindness, and made me comfortable as the limited resources of their little schooner admitted.

I could not understand a word of their language, or they of mine; but by means of signs and rough sketches I managed to explain to them how it happened that they came to have me for a passenger. I drew a sketch of myself clinging to the bowsprit, and they in turn promptly added a large pair of horns and a tail to my figure, at which all the others nodded and exclaimed: "Tah yah!" again holding up their hands to express amazement, and giving me to understand that when they first discovered me they had taken me for the devil himself. Of this I was most angry, and I knew must, by this time, be in agonies of distress and bewilderment at my strange disappearance; and I explained to my hosts that I would pay them handsomely to put me ashore in the nearest English or French port. I had considerable difficulty in getting the stolid Hollanders to attend the course, but at length they consented.

However, owing to the thick weather and other causes, two days elapsed before my worthy friends landed me at Deal. I immediately went to my brother's house in London. He welcomed me as one returned from the dead. He informed me that my wife and daughter were still at Boulogne, whence they had telegraphed to him on the first shock of their discovery of my loss, and that they believed I must have fallen overboard unnoticed in the dark, and that they had no hope that I should ever be heard of again. Who can picture my feelings as I read my dear child's letter!

In a few moments a telegram was on its way to break the joyful news to them, and, crossing by the next boat, I found myself on the following morning once more in the arms of those I so dearly loved.

The Canadian Office and School Furniture Company (Limited), 21 Front street, Toronto, Ont., Canada (and Geo. F. Bestwick, manufacturers of Office, School, Church and Lodge Furniture.

The "Marvel" School Desk. Patented Jan. 14, 1883.

The Office desks and Furniture manufactured by this company have obtained a world-wide celebrity and have a large sale in the United States and Canada. SEND FOR CIRCULARS. FACTORIES AT PRESTON, ONT.

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THE LADIES! A New and Distinct Form of Dress, which is afflicting Canadian Women. Now some of them Regained Freedom, Perfect Health and Supple Physical Beauty.

A great London Physician says that he notes a new and distinct form of nervous disease produced in Canadian women by worry about servants and overwork in caring for the home. They cannot stand the strain upon their nervous system. Many of them have found the means to sustain their failing strength, to give color to the cheeks, and new life and vigor to the body, in Paine's Celery Compound. This pure and scientific remedy is especially adapted to the needs of woman, and is daily making the most remarkable cures. Mrs. W. E. Cooper, 60 St. Hyppolite St., Montreal, was for a long time troubled with nervous headaches, long tired, low spirits, etc. After using the Compound, her headaches disappeared, appetite was good, and her spirits revived.

Annie Gourley, of River Beaudette, P.Q., found the Compound a certain cure for weakness, and now feels as well as she ever did. Many a Canadian lady has the same reason to be grateful. Paine's Celery Compound can be purchased at any druggist's for one dollar a bottle. If he should not have it on hand, order direct from WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., MONTREAL.

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NAVIGATION AND RAILWAYS.

OCEAN TICKETS

Outward or to Bring Friends Out, issued via:

GUION LINE, New York to Liverpool, calling at Queens-town.
STATE LINE, New York to Glasgow, calling at (Moville) Londonderry. Saloon rates, \$50 upwards.
BEAVER LINE, Montreal to Liverpool.
Hamburg Packet Co., New York to Hamburg, calling at Southampton and Hamburg.
BALTIC LINE, New York to Copenhagen and Stettin.
F. S. CLARKE, 416 Richmond Street, Next Door to Advertiser Office, ywt.

WHITE STAR LINE Royal and United States Mail Steamers for Queenstown and Liverpool.

GERMANIC, Feb. 12, 11 a.m. to Feb. 19, 5:30 a.m.
BRITANNIC, Feb. 19, 5:30 a.m. to Feb. 26, 5:30 a.m.
ADRIATIC, Feb. 26, 5:30 a.m. to March 5, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, March 5, 5:30 a.m. to March 12, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, March 12, 5:30 a.m. to March 19, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, March 19, 5:30 a.m. to March 26, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, March 26, 5:30 a.m. to April 2, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, April 2, 5:30 a.m. to April 9, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, April 9, 5:30 a.m. to April 16, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, April 16, 5:30 a.m. to April 23, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, April 23, 5:30 a.m. to April 30, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, April 30, 5:30 a.m. to May 7, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, May 7, 5:30 a.m. to May 14, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, May 14, 5:30 a.m. to May 21, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, May 21, 5:30 a.m. to May 28, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, May 28, 5:30 a.m. to June 4, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, June 4, 5:30 a.m. to June 11, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, June 11, 5:30 a.m. to June 18, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, June 18, 5:30 a.m. to June 25, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, June 25, 5:30 a.m. to July 2, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, July 2, 5:30 a.m. to July 9, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, July 9, 5:30 a.m. to July 16, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, July 16, 5:30 a.m. to July 23, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, July 23, 5:30 a.m. to July 30, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, July 30, 5:30 a.m. to August 6, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, August 6, 5:30 a.m. to August 13, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, August 13, 5:30 a.m. to August 20, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, August 20, 5:30 a.m. to August 27, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, August 27, 5:30 a.m. to September 3, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, September 3, 5:30 a.m. to September 10, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, September 10, 5:30 a.m. to September 17, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, September 17, 5:30 a.m. to September 24, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, September 24, 5:30 a.m. to October 1, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, October 1, 5:30 a.m. to October 8, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, October 8, 5:30 a.m. to October 15, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, October 15, 5:30 a.m. to October 22, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, October 22, 5:30 a.m. to October 29, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, October 29, 5:30 a.m. to November 5, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, November 5, 5:30 a.m. to November 12, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, November 12, 5:30 a.m. to November 19, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, November 19, 5:30 a.m. to November 26, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, November 26, 5:30 a.m. to December 3, 5:30 a.m.
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*GERMANIC, December 17, 5:30 a.m. to December 24, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, December 24, 5:30 a.m. to January 1, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, January 1, 5:30 a.m. to January 8, 5:30 a.m.
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*GERMANIC, July 30, 5:30 a.m. to August 6, 5:30 a.m.
*BRITANNIC, August 6, 5:30 a.m. to August 13, 5:30 a.m.
*ADRIATIC, August 13, 5:30 a.m. to August 20, 5:30 a.m.
*ELTIC, August 20, 5:30 a.m. to August 27, 5:30 a.m.
*GERMANIC, August 27, 5