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THE FAMILY CIRCLE

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NO. 8.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

To H. S. R.—

A haze lies over vale and hill. The sun,
A dull red globe, hangs in the smoky west,
September, as her wont, has just begun
To lull the tired land to dreamful rest.

No bird is moving save a falcon brown,
That climbs the air, and, with a scornful cry,
Seeks the white clouds and, rising, looks adown
On the gray earth so desolate and dry.

A breeze, all furnished for the flowers, sees
With joy some spotted jewel-weeds, that hang
Above a brook, beneath the hazel trees,
Where oft the chorus of the robins sang.

Let us go forth, my friend, and search the glen,
The hills and vales, the meads and tangled brakes;
Mayhap we'll find the bower the moment when
Sweet Autumn from her long drawn slumber wakes.

Robert Elliott.

(Written for the Family Circle.)

BONNY WOODS.

BY E. T. PATERSON.

CHAPTER VI. (Continued.)

"JUDITH," he said, in a husky voice, for there was no doubt he was feeling deeply just now, "speak one kind word to me before I go, let me go from you knowing that you do not altogether despise me, that will do more to give me courage than anything else."

"What can I say except that I am grieved at having unwittingly caused you pain?" she said earnestly.

"But you will not deny that you despise me," persisted this troublesome young man.

"No, it is useless for me to deny it," replied the girl, coldly, but with some inward compunction— but if I have misjudged you, it lies with yourself to disprove my judgment by the way in which you play your part in life. I wish that you would leave me now please."

"I will try to win from you liking and respect. Good-bye Judith." He raised her hand to his lips and went away.

She could not conquer her dislike for this young

man, and could not feel a particle of respect for or belief in him; when he had left her she sat down again on the log and cried a little over the wanton destruction of the beautiful lace which had cost her so many hours of labor, in the quiet of her own room of nights, long after the other inmates of the house were asleep.

By-and-bye, as she was thinking of returning home, she saw Standfield coming toward her, and her heart gave a great throb, as with trembling hands she stuffed the torn lace into her work-bag.

They shook hands and he sat down beside her. "I thought I should find you here, Miss Judith; I do not often have the pleasure of a quiet talk with you now; but this is quite like old times, is it not?"

"Yes, quite; but do you not think that this has been a very pleasant summer so far, Mr. Standfield?"

He thought that the last few weeks might have been pleasanter, for him at least, if Mr. Littleworth had never come to Eastville. But he said:

"You are quite happy here now, then?"

"Yes"—raising her eyes frankly to his dark face.

"Yes, I am quite happy."

"But, pardon me, I fear something has troubled you this afternoon; is it not so?" anxiously regarding her.

"Yes, something has troubled me, but I would rather not speak of it, please."

His brows contracted suddenly, as she spoke, and he turned his gaze from her face to the turbulent little waterfall. Could it be that she was pining for Littleworth? He had not been gone very long—but if she loved him—and then it was just possible they might have had a little tiff, these two, and she was grieving over that.

Is it not wonderful how we torture ourselves with this, that and the other conjecture, when anything occurs which we do not quite understand? perfectly baseless conjectures they are mostly, and which we laugh at when the truth is known and our anxiety soothed, nevertheless, they cause us many a heartache. I think jealous people are more given to this form of self-torture than any other mortals; and that is why I say that a person very much in love, as it is called, cannot be perfectly happy, although many delude themselves into believing that they are, at any rate there are few, if any, who do not want to experience for themselves this prickly bliss. But, my dear reader, I do not want you to run away with the idea that I scoff at love. Heaven forbid that I should! What does Shelly say—

'All love is sweet, given & returned.
'Common as light is love,
'And its familiar voice wearies not ever.'

All love is sweet. Yes, and when love exists without jealousy then is love beautiful and perfected. But how seldom is the heaven-born passion free from its dark attendant, jealousy! So I maintain that the period of courtship is a very doubtfully happy time for a great many people. I say nothing of after marriage, except that I think the happy and the unhappy marriages are about equally divided. And I think those who have married happily have reached the most exalted state of bliss to be had on earth.

Does anyone accuse Mr. Standfield of dilatoriness or lukewarmness in not seeking Judith at once, instead of thus putting off from day to day the final test? He was not so; on the contrary it was his great love for her which made him fearful of speaking too soon. And for his faint-heartedness, may not something be said in excuse? He was not quite a young man, and had not a young man's impetuosity and self-confidence—call it vanity if you like. On the other hand this girl was very young, scarcely yet eighteen; and in his great tenderness and solicitude for her welfare, he would not bind her to a promise which, when she came to know her own heart better, she might bitterly regret. And if it were so, if she found that this preference for him was but a girl's first fancy, well, then he would be thankful he had not brought this trouble upon her through his own selfishness; and he would go his way praying for her happiness, blessing her for the sweet affection she had given him; and for her sake thinking better of all women, even, for her sake condoning the fault of the woman who had embittered his young manhood, shaking his faith in her sex; yes, even of Dorothy he would think without bitterness.

"Mr. Standfield," said Judy, as they were on their way out of the woods, "You asked me just now if anything had troubled me; that was only one little trouble of my own, but there is something else that has troubled me for a long time; it may be that I magnify it and think too much of it, and—perhaps I ought not to speak to a stranger about it, but you will understand."

"But do you consider me a stranger, Judith?" he said with an odd kind of smile, looking down at her. She raised her eyes to his, and—perhaps it was something in his face—her own was instantly covered with crimson blushes. They walked on in silence for about half a minute, both with wildly beating hearts. It was a great temptation for the strong man, but he put a curb upon himself and kept silence.

"Ah! but you know what I meant," she said, presently; "that, it might be, you would blame me for talking about Augusta's private affairs to one who is not of the family."

"If it will be any relief to you to speak of what you say has been troubling you, I think you may trust me. And—well, if I think there is anything to censure in your confidence, why, I will tell you so; and you will patiently submit to a lecture from an elderly friend, will you not?"

"Elderly!" exclaimed the girl, with a merry laugh—"Why, you are not a bit elderly; but this is what I was going to ask you. Do you not think it very, very sad that two people should be married without in the least caring for one another? Ah! I cannot tell you how I have longed to—appeal to Augusta and get her to put an end to this engagement; but, of course, it would be utterly useless, so useless indeed, that it would be quite ridiculous to attempt it; and

yet I am troubled for her future. Is it not, do you think, very wrong to do as she is doing?"

"Undoubtedly," he answered gravely; "but of course you can do nothing, nor can anyone else; Miss Laurie and Mr. Thorpe are old enough to know what they are about. And for your comfort, my little friend, let me tell you that neither he nor she is capable of any deep feeling—of a gentle kind I mean—so that if this marriage turn out badly there will be no such thing as a broken heart on either side; so I really would not trouble myself so much about it if I were you; after all, they may get along very comfortably together, even without the romantic ingredient—love. And now, Miss Judith, it is my turn; I am going to ask your opinion about another kind of marriage. Supposing a man who had already passed his first youth were to marry a girl very much younger than himself, who thought she really loved him when she married him, but afterwards when it was too late, discovered that what she had mistaken for love was in reality only a girl's brief fancy; what then?"

"Ah, then it would be very sad for her!" answered the girl, in her quaint, out-spoken way.

"So I think," he said, coolly. "And what do you think she would do then?"

"Why, then, if she, this young wife, were good and noble she would try and teach herself to truly love her husband; surely she would owe him reparation for having mistaken her own feelings."

"And he—don't you think some blame would attach to him for having taken advantage of her youth and inexperience? even if he loved her very much?"

"The young wife *might* think so," answered Judith, gravely; "but that would be only a momentary reflection; if the husband were tender and patient she would be very stubborn indeed if she did not learn to be quite happy with him again."

Her words did not lighten his heart nor disperse any of his doubts; so still he said to himself, "Wait; for her sake, wait a little longer."

CHAPTER VII.

SNOW-BALLS.

IT was the evening of Mr. Littleworth's return to East ville. In the orchard were gathered several young people, lazily lounging on the grass or the garden chairs. Three young ladies from the rectory—merry maidens, who liked nothing better than a romp in the big Bonny Dale orchard, two youths from the village, Judy's devoted slaves; Mr. Littleworth, Augusta and Judith completed the group. Miss Laurie had volunteered to read aloud, and as all present knew very well that she prided herself on her elocution, no one had the temerity to protest; though the Graham girls fidgeted, and scarcely concealed their weariness, as the reader's hard, unmusical voice gave forth Sir Walter's lines in a way that would have made that eminent poet shiver:

"Thus, motionless, and moanless, drew
His parting breath stout Rhoderick Dhu!
Old Allan Bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit pass'd;
But when he saw that life was fled,
He pour'd his wailing o'er the dead."

It is probable that Miss Laurie would have favored her listeners with the lament that followed, but to their intense relief Mr. Laurie's voice was at that moment heard from the

direction of the house, calling his daughter, and she departed to see what he wanted.

"Now what shall we do? I think we have had quite enough poetry for one evening. Don't you think poetry is awfully tiresome, Mr. Littleworth?" inquired that holden, Lydia Graham.

"Tiresome! Why no, Miss Graham, I cannot agree with you," laughed Jack, lazily. "Now what could be finer or more inspiring than this?"

"If all the seas were one sea,
What a great sea that would be!
If all the trees were one tree,
What a great tree that would be!
If all the axes were one axe,
What a great axe that would be!
If all the men were one man,
What a great man that would be!
And if the great man took the great axe,
And cut down the great tree,
And let it fall into the great sea,
What a splash-splash there would be!"

"Now you are making fun of me," cried Lydia, gaily, and all joined in the laugh that followed.

"Come," cried Lydia, springing up, "the evening is nice and cool now, I vote we have a snow-ball battle."

"Will Miss Laurie let us pick the snow-balls?" said Jack.

"I will ask her;" and Miss Lydia ran fleetly to the house, returning soon with Miss Laura's gracious permission to pluck as many balls as they desired.

The guelder roses grew in wild profusion at Bonny Dale, so these foolish young folks gathered each an armful of the snowy blossoms and prepared for battle.

Then arose merry peals of laughter as they pelted each other, dodging the fairy missiles and scrambling for the spoil like a lot of youngsters let loose from school. Undoubtedly it was a very undignified, not to say, absurd, amusement, but these young people enjoyed it immensely; besides, those Graham girls were capable of infusing fun into the very simplest of amusements. So thoroughly were they absorbed in this mimic fray, that no one noticed a gentleman enter the garden and stand a moment by the gate, watching the merry-makers in the orchard. No one, that is, except Augusta, who was busy with her everlasting sewing in the sitting room. She immediately rose and went out to where Mr. Standfield was standing. She was close to him before he saw her. His thoughts were perhaps disagreeable, for he frowned heavily as he watched those light-hearted young people in the orchard.

"They look happy; do they not?"

He started, and turned to find Miss Laurie standing beside him.

"Yes; shall we join them?"

"You see we have our handsome Englishman back again," she said, somewhat unnecessarily, as they sauntered toward the orchard.

"So I perceive."

Augusta was evidently in a communicative mood this evening, for she continued—looking upward as she spoke, at her companion's dark, stern face, with a peculiar smile:

"He will not return to England alone, I fancy."

To this Mr Standfield made no reply.

"To speak plainly," she went on—"he wants to take Judith back with him. It will be a splendid match for her, in

every respect. So I suppose Bonny Dale will be left without a mistress after all. Poor mother has no head for managing."

If only Augusta's eyes could have pierced beneath that calm exterior and seen what a stab her words inflicted, how her own jealous heart would have raged!

"Do you mean that Miss Judith is engaged to Mr. Littleworth?" he asked, quietly.

"Well, not exactly so yet; but I fancy you may offer them your congratulations very soon. Mr. Littleworth has spoken to my father, he being Judy's guardian; rather an old-fashioned proceeding, I think. For my own part, I shall consider my cousin extremely foolish if she refuses such an offer—a penniless girl like her! And he is suited to her in age, and everything else. Do you not think so?"

In spite of himself he winced at that reference to his rival's youth.

"Certainly; if she cares for him," he answered, grimly.

"Oh, I have no fear on that score," Augusta answered, serenely; "you are such an old friend, Mr. Standfield, and you take an interest in Judith, I think, so I speak freely to you."

Now, if Miss Laurie had intended by the conversation just recorded to discourage Mr. Standfield, and perhaps lead him to throw away his chance of winning Judith Brown, she only proved that her interpretation of his character was incorrect; he was not a man to be dashed by a few difficulties. Immediately he learned that there, as yet, existed no engagement between Judy and Mr. Littleworth, he resolved to scatter all his doubts and scruples to the winds and learn from her own lips whether he might hope or not.

(To be Continued)

My Friend Fitzgerald.

I am a little fellow with insignificant shoulders and legs not worth considering. I have no talent, and no distinguished eccentricity. My manner, what there is of it, is timid and awkward. I know that mankind as a species does not regard me at all, and that on y mercenary motives restrain my taylor from expressing his contempt for me. There is nothing more to say about myself, except that I have no imagination, which may serve to substantiate the facts I am about to narrate.

My friend Fitzgerald was my antipodes. He was tall and strong and winning. His name betrays his nationality, and his nationality furnishes the key-note to a happy, fun-loving nature.

For six years, at school and at college, we were close companions, and then four years we were separated. I, being by lucky accident rich, travelling for improvement and amusement; Fitzgerald working for his living. He chose to be an engineer—I say chose, for whatever he had set his mind to do he would do brilliantly.

When I had got round the world back to my point of departure I found Fitzgerald about setting out for Manitoba, where he was to conduct a government survey. He expected to be absent at least two years. Since coming home had meant little more than coming back to him, this plan of his filled me with disappointment. When he suggested that I should accompany the expedition I agreed joyfully. The day before that fixed for our departure he came to my rooms, looking nervous and excited. Feigning not to notice his

perturbation, I began running over a memorandum of things to be done. He interrupted me sharply.

"Look here, Jack, I want you to go out with me at three o'clock this afternoon to—," mentioning a small town some twenty miles distant. "We will get there at four, leave again at half-past five, and reach home in time for dinner."

"My time is precious, I object."

"Do it Jack. The matter is of vital importance to me."

An appeal from Fitzgerald was irresistible. I agreed at once. At three o'clock I met him at the railway station.

We had been ten minutes on our way when he said, abruptly, "Jack, I am going to be married."

"Thunder!"

My emphatic expletive echoed through the car, and then he added, "I should not feel quite right about it if you were not there, and that is how I persuaded Emily. Besides," he continued, after a short pause, "I want you to see her. It will be much to me during two years of separation to have some one near me who has seen her."

Then, the gates of his confidence being opened, he plunged into lovers' hyperbole. I listened silently, my hat slouched over my eyes, and my hands thrust deep into my pockets. I could listen, and at the same time mentally review the years of our friendship.

It had been my habit to scoff—an envious scoff, of course—at his love-affairs. I knew now that the time of scoffing was past, and I realized (with more than a woman's jealousy, I confess it) that his love for his Emily would endure, and henceforth be the guiding impulse of his life, whether for good or ill.

On arriving at our station, Fitzgerald went at once to the ladies' waiting-room. He returned with a young girl on his arm, whom he introduced to me as Miss Emily Gordon.

I shook hands with her vigorously, and stretched on tip-toe to get a nearer view of her face, for she was very tall. As I stared at her I chilled with disappointment—not a vague sentiment, but a decided opinion that the face was not worth what Fitzgerald would sacrifice for it. The face was fair and finely featured, flushed just now with excitement. The eyes were dark, and though their waver- ing regard was childish and pretty, and, under the circumstances to be expected, that it was which made my heart sink. The restless glance struck me not as a trick of the moment demanded by the situation, but as expressing undesirable characteristics in the woman. There was not a gleam of the steady, spiritual light such as it would have pleased me to see in the eyes of the woman who was to be Fitzgerald's wife.

They were married in the Methodist parsonage by a very old man, and the marriage was witnessed by the clergyman's wife and myself. Mrs. Fitzgerald insisted on her husband's taking her marriage certificate, affirming childishly that she would surely lose it. She had left her home that morning with the avowed intention of visiting friends.

She was now to proceed on her journey, and her train would leave twenty minutes before ours for the city. I shook hands with her at the parsonage gate, saying, with elaborate tact, that I had always longed to pry about this peculiarly interesting town. She was crying, and clinging closely to Fitzgerald. She held my hand a moment.

"He is going so far from me, and two years are so long! You will take care of him. Promise me—oh, promise me!"

"I do, with my whole heart," I answered, and turned away from them.

I liked her better. The tears and the sob in her voice

had touched me, almost won me. My dull senses were awakened to the attraction which such a creature might have for a man of strong passion and imagination. If it had not been for that first wretched impression, I should have been in love on the spot with Fitzgerald's wife.

We were on our way home when he asked me what I thought of her. I praised her in the best words I could find, and thought I was acquitting myself well. Fitzgerald's hand fell on my shoulder

"What are you saying Jack? You are as cold as ice."

"You forget. You are at fever heat."

"Then what are you feeling?" he burst out, irritably.

"What are you thinking that detracts from her?"

I had been coldly thinking the worst of her. I was startled into an unequivocal answer.

"I am thinking that she has not the strength to appreciate you, or to be true to you. I am fearing that nothing but ill will come to you of what you have done to-day."

I expected that he would turn upon me furiously, but he did not. His face lost its color, and he said, as if reasoning to himself, not in answer to me:

"It was her own wish. I would have trusted her without any pledge. It will be strange if she does not regret this day, yet I stake my soul that she never will."

I said to myself, "He has given her his best; surely that cannot have been unworthily bestowed." I dug a grave for my doubts and suspicions, and tried to cover them deep.

We were in winter quarters in a canyon of the Fraser River. We had had no mail for several weeks, and toward the end of the year we concluded that there were a noble army of martyrs and an accumulation of mail-bags beneath the snow-drifts which stretched almost unbroken for a hundred miles, the distance to the nearest post-station. One day, after a week of almost uninterrupted fine weather, the welcome messenger arrived—arrived on his low sledge drawn by eight sure-footed dogs—arrived in hot haste, with bells jingling, and frost-powdered beard, and bright eyes gleaming out from a frame of furs, for all the world like a belated Santa Clause.

Fitzgerald, as usual, opened the bag, and I knew by his puzzled look that the letters eagerly expected by him, from his wife, were missing. He kept apart from us all day, but in the evening joined the group round the fire, with a pipe and newspaper.

There was a youngster in our party who I knew was fully informed of the love of Fitzgerald and Emily Gordon—as far, that is, as the affair had been gossiped over by his mamma and her women friends. When this youth, buried in a home paper, whistled shrilly, and shouted, "Say, Fitzgerald, here's a nut for you!" I felt certain that he had bad news of Fitzgerald's wife.

"What is it?" Fitzgerald asked, indifferently, not looking from his paper.

"About that stunning Miss Gordon—the girl you were such spoons on. Do you remember?"

Fitzgerald took his pipe from his mouth. "I remember. What about her?"

"It is reported from Home that Miss Emily Gordon, one of our fairest daughters, is to marry the young and distinguished Count Mondella. Both parties being of the Roman Catholic faith, the wedding is soon to be celebrated in the Holy City with great eclat."

I wondered how Fitzgerald could quietly listen to this announcement, read in the most deliberate manner. I could barely refrain from getting up and yelling. My astonishment increased when, having asked for the paper, he carefully re-read the item; then, taking his great fur coat, he left the room. In a few minutes I joined him, and we walked to and fro together on the hard-packed snow before the shanty.

"You see, Jack, I must leave at once."

"Yes," I acquiesced; "I suppose you could not rest here." Then I protested: "Fitzgerald, let her go. She is weak, faithless, unworthy."

He repeated my adjectives with evident perplexity.

"I see. Your old injustice to her. You misunderstand. The case is as plain as daylight. The Count dances attendance on her; her parents encourage him; people talk of them together, and a wholesale manufacturer of lies—a newspaper correspondent—sends idle gossip across the Atlantic as a fact. She is the victim of a persecution. They may have discovered our secret, and prevented her writing to me. How far away is she? Not miles, days—ten, twenty, thirty. I shall not rest till she is safe in my arms, for she is my wife. You know it, Jack. They may marry her to a thousand counts, but she is my wife."

Feeling that the moment was not happy for the presentation of my views, I presented no more. I agreed to all the absurdities he chose to advance.

The next morning he announced to the camp that he was going to Fort Garry to consult some engineers, and would probably be absent about two months. I was to accompany him, and undertook the preparations for the journey.

About noon an Indian runner came in on snow-shoes with an extra mail. There was one letter for Fitzgerald, and the handwriting was that of his wife. I sent the letter to his private room. In about half an hour I knocked at his door, and he said, "Come in."

He was sitting before a table, leaning on it with folded arms. As if anticipating and wishing to evade inquiry, he said, "I suppose you have been getting things ready?"

"Yes. We can leave at any minute."

"I am undecided about going now. I think I will put it off until to-morrow, at all events. I am sorry to have given you so much trouble."

"Just as you please," I said. "I am indifferent."

"What a good fellow you are, Jack," he said standing up and looking at me. A casual observer might have thought his face only pale from overwork or want of rest. To me it was dead, like a fine portrait without any light in the eyes.

I thrust my hands in my pockets and shuffled my feet, overcome by the embarrassment which words of sincere kindness always excite in me.

"Can't I help you? Tell me something to do for you."

"The kindest thing you can do is to let me alone."

I glided to the door.

"Do go, Jack," he burst out impetuously. "I can't bear to have even you—"

Before he could finish his sentence I was on the other side of the door.

I felt that Mrs. Fitzgerald's letter had merely confirmed the newspaper report. If the marriage, which had been but a legal form, could be annulled I suspected that Fitzgerald would do it. I had no doubt that he would scorn to strike the woman who had wounded him mortally. When I fell asleep that night all my suspicions and beliefs had merged

into burning anger against her, and a determination to seek the opportunity to inflict on her some imperishable ill.

I fell asleep with this one idea in my brain, and I was awakened from that sleep by a cry:

"Jack! Jack! Help! Help!"

My senses were penetrated by the voice of a man in agony, crying for succor, crying to me, and the voice was the voice of my friend Fitzgerald.

I tried to lift myself from my bed, but a heavy weight held me down. I struggled to speak, but my tongue was tied. I rubbed my eyes, but the lids seemed glued. At last they parted slowly, and I saw that of which my mind never lost the faintest impression. I was not lying on my bed; I was not in the low, square room, with half-a-dozen men sleeping about me. I was standing on the river's brink several miles below the station, standing there alone in the awful stillness of a winter night in the wilderness. The moonlight was so brilliant that every object was distinctly visible.

I saw not twenty feet from me a break in the ice, and the blue water bubbled up clearly. Above the water rose a man's fair, strong head, and two hands grasping, trying to lift the body beneath up to the ice, which broke and crumbled away from their touch.

He was dying before my eyes, and I could not stir an inch to save him. I saw the beating of his hands grow feeble and the tension of his face relax.

"Spare her, Jack—spare her!" he cried.

I was silent.

Then once again he cried, and that sound I think will always echo about the world with me: "Speak to me. Give me a sign."

I forgot my hatred of her and my resolve to hurt her; I was sensible only of his pitiful pleading. By a great effort I flung up my right arm as a sign of acquiescence.

His hands fell, his head sank backward, and the blue water sparkled and bubbled in the moonlight. I shouted, "Fitzgerald, Fitzgerald!" I seemed to spring forward, when the whole scene was transformed. I was sitting up in bed, and the watch by the fire was saying, drowsily:

"What's the matter? What are you making such a row about?"

"Where is Fitzgerald?" I said, looking round and seeing that his place in the row of mattresses was vacant.

"He went out about an hour ago. He said he couldn't sleep, and was going to skate up the river to Thompson's station."

I got up slowly, and the motion was painful, for my whole body was numb. I spoke with hesitation, as if the power of speech were new to me.

"Fitzgerald did not go up the river; he went down towards Carter's station. He has been drowned six miles below."

My shout had roused most of the men. They all exclaimed; incredulously, that I had been dreaming. I stood my ground, and was already getting ready to go out. The dogged persistence of such a matter-of-fact fellow as I, impressed them, and they prepared to accompany me. When we reached the river we put on our skates. We could not distinguish tracks, for we had been skating a great deal, taking advantage of the clear ice, rare so late in the season. I led down the river, the others following, laughing at my expense. Soon the infection of my profound hopelessness spread, and in ten minutes all were skating swiftly, silently

toward whatever awaited us. When but a sharp headland lay between us and the spot I had seen in my vision, I halted.

"He is lying just beyond there. If the ice is broken we shall know."

We rounded the point in line. The ice was broken and thrown up in pieces and the water still bubbling.

I have not much more to tell. It was afterwards discovered that he had struck one of the shallow springs on a sandy bottom which never freeze solidly. The water would not have covered him standing, but the numbing influence of the intense cold and the frailness of the surrounding ice had prevented his saving himself. I offer no explanation of what I have said that I saw and heard, but six men can testify that, when miles away from him, I saw the dying face and heard the dying words of my friend Fitzgerald, and that led them to the spot where they found him.

He had left a letter for me in his private room. He said that he was going to take legal advice, and find the quickest means of rendering void the marriage ceremony I had witnessed. He asked me to look after his traps, and assured me that as soon as he felt equal to take up old associations he would let me know. As I read his letter I cried like a girl.

In his pocket-book I found his marriage certificate and the last letter she had written him. I carefully dried both, and as carefully read the letter. What a weak, miserable, cringing effusion, characteristic of the writer! Pages of alternate whining and bullying, ending with this paragraph.

"If you force any claim it would make a scandal, and I have never been talked about, and I should be very nervous under disagreeable talk. It would be very unmanly and underbread in you to give me so much trouble, and at least I have always considered you a gentleman."

I swore that she should have cause to be nervous. I knew that such a woman could not be wounded mentally or spiritually, and that the blow must be struck at material comforts.

I left the station immediately. From the first telegraph station I reached I sent a message to Miss Emily Gordon to her Roman address: "Fear nothing. I will arrange as you desire." I signed Fitzgerald's name.

A month afterward I was in Venice in the hotel with the Count and Countess Mondella.

On the night of my arrival I made a package of letters beginning "My husband," with a variety of tender qualifications, and signed "Emily Fitzgerald." With these I placed the marriage certificate and the last letter. I addressed the package to the Count Mondella, intending that the next morning it should be put in his hands.

I went to bed feeling comparatively cheerful. My sleep was but a repetition of the sleep in which I saw Fitzgerald die. When I came to my senses I knew that I must spare her. I did not doubt then, and have never doubted since, that the repetition of the vision was the work of an excited brain, but the impression was so vivid that I felt myself bound by an oath to the dead to spare her. I re-addressed the package to the Countess Modella, and ordered my messenger to deliver it into no hands but her own. So with my own hands I deprived myself of the means of avenging my friend's death, in obedience to his generous and noble spirit, in contradiction to my own insignificant rage and vindictive desire.

I saw her once in the corridor leaning on the arm of her

husband, beautiful and triumphant, with her false eyes flickering still. I wondered then why such a woman should have showered on her the gifts that the world holds best, and why a man who, by the mere fact of living in it, made the world better, should be lying dead in a wilderness, heart-broken and murdered by her.

Halloween.

ANY were the curious ceremonies once widely observed throughout Great Britain on the night of the 31st of October, or All Hallow's Eve. While most of them have fallen into disuse, some are practised at the present day, particularly in Scotland, and of the ancient superstition there still lingers enough to invest the night with something of a weird, supernatural character. It is then that fairies of all sorts, and especially the elves and goblins bent on mischief are unusually active, and hold, as it were, a yearly jubilee. Even humanity itself is supposed on this night to be capable of assuming a spiritual form, and of appearing as an apparition in places quite remote from its bodily habitation. Children born on Halloween are believed to be endowed with the mysterious power of perceiving and communicating with supernatural beings.

Beside the mystic associations of Halloween, it is a time of great merriment among the young people who meet together to celebrate its rites, the first of which is that of pulling kail-stocks. The merry-makers go blindfolded into the garden and each pulls the first kail-stock with which he or she comes in contact. When all are supplied they return to the fireside to examine their spoils, and as the stalk is large or small, crooked or straight, so will be the future wife or husband of its owner. The quantity of earth adhering to the root indicates the fortune; and the taste of the pitch or *custoe* foreshadows the sweetness or acerbity of the temper.

In the north of England the night is known as *Nut-crack Night*, for great quantities of nuts are cracked and eaten, and they are used as well, as a means of determining love affairs. Brand, in his *Popular Antiquities*, says:

"It is a custom in Ireland when the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, to put three nuts on the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after their lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn together, they will be married."

Still another way of deciding one's destiny is with the three dishes or *luggies*. One of these is filled with clean water, one with foul water, and the third is empty. They are placed in a row, and the inquiring party is led up blindfolded and dips his finger into one of the dishes. If he dips into the clean water he will marry a maiden; if into the foul water a widow, and if into the empty dish he is destined to remain a bachelor.

Apples contribute an important part to the Halloween festivities, and ducking in a tub of water makes great sport. The apples are set floating in the water over which each one bends in turn and tries to seize an apple in his teeth. A somewhat comfortable innovation on the old custom is the taking of a fork in the teeth and with that piercing the apple. This is a scarcely less difficult task, but keeps the head a little more out of the water. Another practice is to throw raisins into a large, shallow dish, the bottom of which has

been covered with brandy. The brandy is then set on fire, and while it is burning the raisins are plucked out with the fingers.

A rite in ancient use was that of going alone with a candle to a looking-glass and eating an apple before it, combing one's hair all the while. During this process the face of one's future partner would be seen in the mirror as if peering over the shoulder.

Those who resorted to this and other spells for making apparitions appear were regarded as very presumptuous, and cases are known of such persons having lost their reason either through the effects of their own highly wrought imagination, or the practical jokes of incautious friends.

We recall a Halloween at the house of a Scotch gentleman, when the merry-making narrowly escaped a serious termination. The servants and some of their friends had assembled for the usual sport, and we all went to the kitchen followed by a pet dog with long, silky hair, who stood quietly by and looked with wonder at the unusual proceedings. The genial master of the house entering into the spirit of the occasion, took his turn at ducking, and deftly speared an apple with the fork. After taking several raisins from the flaming brandy, his eye fell upon the little dog, and catching him up, with the dog's paw he drew out a raisin. It was quickly done, but not so quickly as to prevent the fine, soft hair from taking fire, and poor Fisk's paw was in a blaze, much to the distress of his mistress. The fire was speedily extinguished, however, and the little dog, frightened though quite unhurt, quickly left the room, evidently having learned all he cared to know of Halloween.

Put Up Your Bill and Sing.

You stupid bird! don't be absurd,
And miss so good a chance;
Will your sweet mate for ever wait
Upon that near by branch?
For every Jack there there is a Jill,
And once a year it's Spring;
You can't be rash for love or cash—
Put up your bill and sing!

You simple youth! why worship truth,
And ever toil and spin;
Learn cunning ways and claptrap phrase,
And join the side to win.
The right man should the right place get,
For that's the proper thing;
And if you plan to be that man
Put up your bill and sing!

I'm told there's naught that can't be bought
For the proper sort of song—
Votes, honor, place; a handsome face—
The list is pages long.
For every bird there is a note
That stops or starts his wing;
Learn by the rote, puff out your throat,
Put up your bill and sing.

—James Hunter MacCulloch

A dog at Mitford, Pa., got tired of working a churning machine, and let the rope encircling his neck strangle him to death. When at liberty he was full of play. He had tried once before to commit suicide on the machine.

OUR GEM CASKET.

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

Simple duty hath no place for fear.

A false profit—Money made by deception.

The perfectly contented man is also perfectly useless.

Do not allow yourself to lose temper or speak excitedly.

About the only troubles that come single are fussy old maids.

Half the ills we hoard in our hearts are ills because we hoard them.

Drink your favorite claret during a calm. "Any port will do in a storm."

He that hath light thoughts of sin never had great thoughts of God.

The period of the fly for the present season has about come to a full stop.

What is generally called fast living is really nothing but dying as quickly as possible.

Idleness is hard work for those who are not used to it, and dull work for those who are.

Love's sweetest meanings are unspoken; the full heart knows no rhetoric of words.

The Rev. Mr. Henn is a minister in Georgia. An exchange adds, "Probably a lay preacher."

Divine love is a sacred flower, which in its early bud is happiness, and in its full bloom is heaven.

The boy who bit into a green apple, remarked with a wry face, "Twas ever thus in childhood—sour!"

Deliberate with caution, but act with discretion; yield with graciousness, or oppose with firmness.

The beginning of faith is action; and he only believes who struggles, not he who merely thinks a question over.

A Frenchman is teaching a donkey to talk. What we want in this country is a man who will teach donkeys not to talk.

The only drawback which many a deserted husband finds to the felicity of having his wife elope with another man is that she did not take her mother with her.

A firm faith is the best divinity; a good life the best philosophy; a clear conscience the best law; honesty the best policy, and temperance the best physic.

A Texas owl mistook a sleeping man's head for a chicken, and fastened its claws into his hair and scalp. "Well! what's the matter now, old woman?" said the assailed, as he awoke.

"What is the infinity of silence?" asked a philosopher of a married man. "I don't know; but I should think it would be what a man had to say to his wife when she caught him trying to kiss the hired girl."

We know in part; the other part

Is hid in God, and only shines

In points of glory on the heart

That moves towards him in Love's straight lines—

The truly virtuous do not easily credit evil that is told them of their neighbor; for if others may do amiss, then may these also speak amiss; man is frail, and prone to evil, and therefore may soon fail in words.

A western paper, announcing the illness of the editor, piously adds: "All subscribers who have paid cash in advance are requested to mention him in their prayers. The others need not, as the prayers of the wicked avail nothing." This is pretty rough on the clergymen who had been getting free copies.

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Eighth Year.

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CIRCLE CHAT.

A SET OF CRITICS.

Standing on a lofty plane, far above the busy throngs of mankind, noticing minutely the conduct of each, and tracing the circumstances leading to and surrounding their acts, we see them all so nearly alike there is perhaps nothing that would strike a liberal critic more forcibly than the opinions each one of this hurrying crowd has of the rest, and more particularly of those immediately surrounding himself. Behold a set of critics, each judging others through his own narrow vision !

We see among them, as we look charitably down, strange people here. First those, (and may be all are in the group), who see little in their neighbors to admire, but eagerly peruse the newspaper reports of those in distant lauds doing no greater deeds, yet honoring them, because they never saw the insignificant forms or common-place look of these actors, and because, they never, through jealousy, have felt that it lowered themselves to appreciate the qualities of others, far away.

But the manner of criticism by "friends" of one another is, perhaps, more interesting. Who of us ever was personally acquainted with anyone whom we could praise without qualification? Wasn't there some point or points of weakness discernible to us in the character or disposition of the best and most brilliant of our acquaintances? Didst never pause to search for the reason in yourself? No two of us form the same impression of a third simply because we judge through our own weaknesses. Beauty is in the observer's eye and not in the object.

Here we see a person of a scientific turn, and only does he discern the knowledges of science in persons with whom he comes in contact; there one of a literary turn appreciates only the knowledge of authors, and so with the artist, the musician and all the rest.

But listen to the sarcasm of the young, who for no other offence than a physical difference plague their companions continually, and trace onward the criticism of older ones to the same spirit. See the youth of one trade come into the the workshop of other artisans, and listen to the comments on his ignorance.

How glad the gossip is at hearing of another's errors! As she or he (for they're not all women) pours the story into your ear, you may be forgiven if you guess that some of the evil, which prompted the erring one, lies hidden in the heart of the one who is telling you.

Those who have the most knowledge appreciate the most, and are the most liberal; and the best, morally, are the most charitable. Then, to cultivate this liberality and charity is to elevate yourself mentally and morally. So let us urge those who would improve themselves, to be careful how they criticise.

Disparage and depreciate no more, but rather exhibit a warm heart and broad intellect by loving all exactly as God, in His wisdom, has made them.

OUT OF EMPLOYMENT.

In society at present there is, perhaps, no more pitiable object than the young men of a family with aristocratic notions but little money, who has been held above learning a trade or spending his youth behind a counter, has been too dull or disinclined to enter a profession, and who has no "friend at court" to assist his getting a government situation. What can he do? There are a host of such young men after "soft snaps," and the records of applicants to institutions of every kind where those easy situations are supposed to be, are constantly filled with hundreds of names to await consideration in due course, while there is not yet a chance of an opening. Being thrown upon one's own resources under these circumstances, with such false ideas of gentility, of mature development, is a terrible condition indeed. Yet there seems no remedy but the laws of nature which govern all acts, and punish all who offend against them. The world is too full and too busy for idlers; and the diligent, as they deserve, reap a rich reward.

A correspondent of the London Times tells of an American lady whose chief purpose in visiting London, on her way to Italy, was that of placing a costly wreath upon the grave of George Eliot. On going to the cemetery, however, she could find no one to tell her in what grave the great authoress was laid. Was it not natural that she should remark, as she said: "A prophet is, indeed, not without honor save in his own country."

RESPONSES TO READERS.

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

SUBSCRIBER S.—You can obtain the information desired from any newsdealer.

STUDENT.—1. Longfellow and Peter Cooper were both Unitarians. 2. The rate of duty on such goods is twenty per cent.

D. H.—The monthly and weekly issues are the same price, \$1 per annum. We will allow anyone sending us three names with \$3, their own subscription free.

MARY D.—1. Your form of letter is quite correct. 2. White note paper is preferred to colored for almost all correspondence. A lady is permitted to use a pink tint for love letters.

J. V. D.—Yes; cream is held, by many medical men, to be just as good, if not better, than cod-liver oil for consumption, and it is certainly much more palatable. Take half a pint daily.

LIZZIE F.—You give no reason for such an act as to return the letters; though if you have been insulted, or in any way deeply offended at the gentleman's conduct, it would be a simple and forcible way of showing your displeasure.

HEALTH AND DISEASE.

Mens sana in corpore sano.

Meat.

The value of meat as a food is due in a degree to its heat-producing properties, though in this respect it is surpassed by fatty and amyloid substances. It is as a tissue-building material, and as an excitant of assimilative changes in the tissues, both with regard to itself and to non nitrogenous foods, that it is most useful. It is stimulant as well as nutritive, and it therefore holds a deservedly high place in the daily dietary. Experiment has shown that three-quarters of a pound of lean meat fairly represents the quantity per diem which, taken with other less nitrogenous matter, suffices to maintain a person of average size and weight in a normal state of health. Some there are who largely exceed this standard, eating freely of meat at every meal, and living all the time quiet, sedentary lives. Such carnivorous feeders sooner or later pay a penalty by suffering attacks of gout or other disorders of indulgence. But it is equally important to note that many others, especially women, healthy in all points but for their innutrition, are apt to err as far on the other side. Thus one meets with people who consume about a pound of butcher's meat in a week, or not even that. This fact has been fully brought out by Dr. Graily Hewitt, in his address to the Obstetrical Section at the recent meeting of the British Medical Association. He has likewise, with much probability, assigned this defect of diet as the chief cause of that general "weakness" which is so common among the antecedents of uterine displacement. The experience of many practitioners will confirm his observation. Different causes are at work to produce this kind of underfeeding—too rigid domestic economy, theoretical prejudices, the fastidious disinclination for food which comes of a languid indoor life without sufficient bodily exercise, tight lacing perhaps, and many more. These difficulties are all more or less removable, unless, indeed, where absolute poverty forms the impediment. No effort should be spared to remove them. The advantages derived from a diet containing a fair amount of solid animal food could not be obtained

from a purely vegetable or milk regimen without either unnecessarily burdening the digestive system with much surplus material, or, on the other hand, requiring such revolutionary changes as to quantity and quality of food and times of eating as would probably altogether prevent its general adoption, even were that desirable, into household management. In our opinion, such changes are not desirable as being inadequate to secure their purpose.—*Lancet*.

How to be Young at Eighty.

In a discourse on this subject, Rev. Dr. Collyer of New York, gives these hints to the candidate for a hale, hearty and happy old age:

"The first element to be considered lies beyond your reach and mine, in the homes where you and I were born, and nurtured. One great reason why I never had a really sick day in my life was that I was born and nurtured in a sweet little home, where we lived on oatmeal and milk, and brown bread with butter once a week, potatoes and a bit of meat when we could catch it, and then oatmeal again. So I don't know to-day as I have a system or a constitution or a digestion at all; I am never conscious of such a thing. Hence I say we must go back to the parents for the first answer to our question. Thousands of young men come to such cities as this from the Green Mountains or from New Hampshire, or Maine, with just such a constitution as mine. They have within them all the conditions for a long, sweet life. They can use their years wisely and well, write at the end of each one, 'Value received,' or they can overdraw the account, as many do, God help them! Instead of saying at fifty, 'I am young yet,' they will say at forty, 'I am old indeed.' They are so ambitious to get on, some of them, that they use up two days in one, and waste their vital powers. They ride when they ought to walk down town, and they take 'a little something,' as they say, to restore their lax energies, for which they have to chew a clove or a coffee berry, I am told. They are overdrawing their account, I say, and some day nature and the grace of God will shut down on them. Those who do differently keep a good digestion, stay young and buoyant, love good, sweet company, and are not ashamed to look their mothers and sisters in the eye or kiss them. Another secret that must be known to be young at eighty is, that you must keep faith in the common manhood and womanhood and in the advancing progress of the day. Never say that the past was better than to-day is; read the new books, understand all the new ideas; and keep your faith in God and man and in the victory of good over evil."

Harmless Physic.

A pharmaceutical editor asserts that when he was a boy, 'It did not take a student two years at a pharmaceutical college to learn that when he could not read what the doctor had written he should put in aqua pura, syrup simplex, and podophyllin.'

Undoubtedly the drug clerk's trick to cover his ignorance saved many a patient from a worse prescription. When acting as assistant in the drug department of one of the large dispensaries in New York, some years ago, we one day found that the essential ingredient called for by a prescription was lacking. "Never mind," said the head clerk, "put in the flavoring and it will do just as well;" and it did, for the patient returned in a week to have the bottle re-filled, and declared the medicine had done her much good.—*Q. & A. Health*.

THE PARLOR AND KITCHEN.

FASHION NOTES.

Rosettes of velvet ribbon trim autumn bonnets, hats and dresses.

French dressmakers pad the hips of new dresses for women of slight figure.

All soft and shining woollen or goat's hair fabrics, such as good alpacas, mohair, pacha, and so on, will be extremely fashionable this autumn.

Among the richest dress patterns exhibited are those of plain satin with several yards richly embossed with velvet of gay colors in branches of flowers.

Light cloth coats for autumn are fastened on the breast by a single button, and fall open to show the dress beneath from its collar at the neck down to its puffed paniers and Vandyked flounces.

Skirts are short, just touching the ground, and slightly raised at the back by the tournure; they are scant, but trimmed with ample tunics, paniers or other draperies. In some of the latest models the skirt is slightly gathered at the waist in front and at the sides.

DOMESTIC RECIPES.

CHICKEN SOUP.—A delicious chicken soup is made by cutting up one chicken and putting it in your kettle with nearly two quarts of water, a teaspoonful of salt, and a little pepper. When about half done add two tablespoonfuls of barley or rice. When this is done remove the chicken from the soup, tear or cut part of the breast into small pieces, and add to the soup with a cup of cream. The rest of the chicken may be reserved for salad, or for chicken croquettes.

BOILED SARDINES.—Take two or three sardines from the box, drain all the oil from them; then lay them on slices of watered toast. This is a dish which may tempt a failing appetite or be relished by a convalescent.

FITTERS.—One pint of flour, four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, one pint of boiling water. Stir the flour into the water by degrees, and stir until it has boiled three minutes. Let it get almost cold, then beat in the yolks, then the whites of the eggs, which must be previously whipped stiff.

POTATO PANCAKES.—Potato pancakes will be found to be an excellent dish for supper. Serve with the same embellishments, in the way of pickles and sauces, as you would do were the dish you were offering fried oysters. Grate a dozen medium-sized potatoes, after peeling them and washing thoroughly. Add the yolks of three eggs, a heaping teaspoonful of flour, and if they seem too dry, a little milk will do to thin them, with a large teaspoonful of salt, and lastly the whites of three eggs, beaten stiff, and thoroughly beaten in with the potatoes. Heat your griddle and put butter and lard in equal proportions on it and fry the cakes in it until they are brown. Make them a third larger than the ordinary size of the pancake.

AN APPETIZING ENTREE.—An appetizing entree is made by taking cold boiled cabbage; chop it fine; for a medium-sized pudding-dishful add two well-beaten eggs, a tablespoonful of butter, three tablespoonfuls of cream, with pepper and salt *ad libitum*. Butter the pudding-dish, put the cabbage in and bake until brown. This may be eaten cold, but it is much better hot. It is especially good with roast pork, or pork chops.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—One pint of meal, one teaspoonful of salt, one quart of milk; mix and sweeten. Put it in a strong cloth, leave room for the pudding to swell; place in a kettle of boiling water, and allow it to remain three hours. Serve with sweetened cream or sweet sauce.

RAISIN PIE.—One cup of crackers rolled very fine, one cup of cold water, the juice and rind of one lemon, one cup of raisins stoned and chopped very fine, and one heaping teaspoonful of sugar. Beat these thoroughly together, and add one egg, the last thing; bake with a thin upper and under crust, rubbing the top crust with the white of an egg or with a little milk with sugar dissolved in it, and bake in a moderate oven, but brown the pie by setting it on the shelf of the oven.

MISCELLANEOUS RECIPES.

Milk will usually remove ink-stains.

To remove rust from stovepipes, rub with linseed oil.

To make whites of eggs beat quickly, put in a little pinch of salt.

To freshen velvet, hold the wrong side over boiling water.

Hold your hand in very cold water to remove a tight finger-ring.

Lemon-juice will usually remove mildew; place the fabric in the sun.

To take inkspots from linen, dip the spotted part of the linen in clean, pure melted tallow, before washing it.

Bathing the feet in salt water is said to be an excellent thing for people that are troubled with cold feet.

Glassware should be washed in cold water, as it gives a brighter and cleaner look than when washed in warm.

If you heat the gridiron before putting meat on it to broil, you will find it an improvement over the usual way of putting it on cold.

To remove discoloration by bruising, apply to the bruise a cloth wrung out of very hot water, and renew frequently until the pain ceases.

Clear boiling water will remove fruit and other stains; pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

Sage tea should be made in an earthen vessel, and never in tin, as it will turn black unless immediately emptied out, and it may do so even then.

To take out stains from silk, make a solution of two ounces of essence of lemon, and one ounce oil of turpentine. Rub the silk gently with a linen cloth, dipped in the solution.

To cleanse the teeth and gums, take an ounce of myrrh in fine powder, two tablespoonfuls of honey, and a little green sage in very fine powder; mix them well together, and wet the teeth and gums with a little, twice a day.

One of the simplest and best ways by which light-colored kid gloves can be cleaned is this: Put the gloves on your hands, take an old and very soft linen handkerchief, wet it in sweet milk, and rub it on a piece of white soap—castile or any toilet soap will answer the purpose—then apply to the soiled parts of the glove; do this until the spots disappear; then wet the entire glove, and pull it and stretch and rub until it is dry. If you are faithful it will not dry in wrinkles. One word of caution should be added to the above: Lavender-colored kid gloves cannot be cleaned in this way as they will fade and look spotted.

SELECTED.

"S'plene only what is sweet;
Le ve th e. t. and tak' the wheat."

In the Crowded Street.

Did you ever stand in the crowded street,
In the glare of the city lamp,
And list to the tread of a million feet
In their quaintly musical tramp?
As the surging crowd goes to and fro
'Tis a pleasant sight, I ween,
To mark the figures that come and go
In the ever-changing scene.

Here the publican walks with the sinner proud,
And the priest in gloomy cowl;
And Dives walks in the motley crowd
With Lazarus, cheek by jowl;
And the daughter of toil, with her fresh young heart,
As pure as her spotless fame,
Keeps step with the woman who makes her mart
In the haunts of sin and shame.

How lightly trips the country lass
In the midst of a city's ill!
As freshly pure as the daisied grass
That grows on her native hills.
And the beggar, too, with his hungry eye,
And his lean wan face and crutch,
Gives a blessing the same to the passer-by,
As he gives him little or much.

When time has beaten the world's tattoo,
And in his dusky armor dight
Is treading with echoless footsteps through
The gloom of the silent night,
How many of those shall be daintily fed,
And shall sing to slumbers sweet,
While many will go to a sleepless bed
And never a crumb to eat.

The Open Fireplace.

A writer in the *Decorator and Furnisher* pays this tribute to the open fireplace, which is just now coming into prominence as an old fashion revived:

"If there were no other thing in the æsthetic renaissance to be thankful for, its restoration of fire places to our homes would entitle it to respectful consideration. Open fires have more than an æsthetic influence. As centers for the home circle or family semi-circle that forms them, and as disseminators of cheerfulness and content, it may be claimed that they serve an ethic purpose. The snapping, fragrant back log, or the genial glow of cannel coal, mantled in limpid flames of blue, disposes one to profitable reflection, to generous and sympathetic feelings and to a placidity of mind that was for a time supposed by the rushing public of this nineteenth century to be one of the lost arts. Gassy furnaces, and cast iron stoves and such poor pretenses as kerosene and gas radiators can never impart more than physical warmth. Men's caloric and those airy fancies, delicate as the flames, that give them cause, are not to be evolved by hugging stoves and sitting over registers. The cheerful effect of visible fire gives it decorative value, and it is doubtless for this reason that appropriate settings, for andirons and grates have

recently invited the attention of architects and designers. Fires were almost the sole decorations, if they may be so regarded, of early settlers' homes in this country, and many an old farmhouse would be dismal enough to-day, but for its cosy hearth, the focus of family heart warmth. Yet a certain severe beauty was seen in many of these fireplaces of yore, and such beauty as they possessed is very justly perpetuated. Their brass furnishing was a more tasteful concession to the appropriate than might have been looked for among the early New Englanders, for brass approximates more nearly to flames, in color and brightness than any other metal. The glitter of the flames was cheerfully repeated also in rows of pictured tile, the religious austerity of whose designs was odd when seen in contrast with a rousing fire that ought to melt austerity out of any company.

Even when it flashes from a rude cavern of brick and mortar, a fire may be regarded as the eye of an apartment, giving cheer and animation to what might else be cold and lifeless. It naturally attracts the human eye, and is therefore a fitting spot about which to group objects of attractiveness and beauty. Antiquity of decoration is not amiss, so the designs be cheerful, but let not admiration for antiquity betray us into admiring antiquity for its own sake. Select what is beautiful and useful in it, for a catholic spirit is the spirit of the time, but do not, as one house owner of my acquaintance has done, hang the ancestral pots and kettles upon a crane over the drawing-room fire, showing them complacently to visitors as things to respect.

Herbert Spencer's Definition of Happiness.

The Definition given by Herbert Spencer of what constitutes happiness is as follows:

Generalizing such facts, we see that the standard of greatest happiness possesses as little fixity as the other exponents of human nature. Between nations the difference of opinion are conspicuous enough. On contrasting the Hebrew patriarchs with their existing descendants, we observe that even in the same race, the ideal of existence changes. The members of each community disagree upon the question. Neither, if we compare the wishes of the gluttonous school-boy with those of the earth-scoring transcendentalist into whom we may afterwards grow, do we find any constancy in the individual. So we may say, not only that every happiness, but that no two men have like conceptions; and further, that in each man the conception is not the same at any two periods of life.

The rationale of this is simple enough. Happiness signifies a gratified state of all the faculties. The gratification of a faculty is produced by its exercise. To be agreeable, that exercise must be proportionate to the power of the faculty; if it is insufficient, discontent arises, and its excess produces weariness. Hence to have complete felicity is to have all the faculties exerted in the ratio of their several developments, and an ideal arrangement of circumstances calculated to secure this constitutes the standard of "greatest happiness;" but the minds of no two individuals contain the same combinations of elements. Duplicate men are not to be found. There is in each a different balance of desires. Therefore, the condition adapted for the highest enjoyment of one would not perfectly compass the same end for any other. And consequently the notion of happiness must vary with the disposition and character; that is must vary indefinitely.

Trust Her.

Confidence is everything between man and wife, and a woman who loves desires to be trusted. She would not be glad when he is sad. She would not be ignorant of his troubles or his anxieties. Anything is better to her than to be shut out from the innermost of the life of one who should be all hers, as she is all his. Women generally are averse to keeping things to themselves, and a husband is often overdosed with confidence; but many really affectionate men lead, as far as their wives are concerned, a double life. Of that which is not domestic they think it right to say nothing. Some grievous troubles may be upon them—dread of failure; certainty of loss; remorse for some mistake which has plunged them into anxiety—and they make no sign of it save by a change of manner, which to the women, who are ignorant that they have any cares, is incomprehensible. The wife would gladly be sympathetic, but when she knows nothing of her liege lord's trouble, all her boasted intuition cannot keep her from flying to the conclusion that it is a personal matter—that she is no longer loved, or that he loves someone else.

The Vanity of Riches.

In the course of some remarks on the life of the late Eli Robbins, of Brooklyn, famous as the millionaire "chicken-butcher of Fulton Market," his pastor incidentally mentioned that the dead man had left his widow "the richest woman in Brooklyn." He might have drawn a moral on the vanity of riches by adding a pathetic story of Mrs. Robbins' life. She is now childless, but had two sons, one of whom was born blind. After their prosperity was established the parents built a magnificent residence, and moved with their surviving blind son into it. From that day the son, who had previously been happy and contented in the old, familiar home in which he had been reared, became restless and impatient, complained that he could not find his way about the new house, begged his parents to remove again to the old house, and finally pined away and died in spite of the tenderest and most skilful care which affection suggested or riches could command.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Faith Cures.

The pretensions of the late Dr. J. R. Newton as a miracle worker are considered by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Buckley, editor of the *Christian Advocate*, whose conclusion is that Newton was inclined to believe in himself. He convinced many thousands that they were instantly cured at his touch or command, and for eighteen years was crowded by patients wherever he went. Dr. Buckley was acquainted with him, and says that he was, as a healer, superior to George O. Barnes, or any other contemporaneous operator in that line. He accomplished his wonders by the faith of the people and the concentration of their minds upon his process with the expectation of being cured. His positiveness of manner had a controlling influence. He was a firm Spiritualist.

The Candidate.

"Who is that gentleman who has just come in?" whispered the candidate. "Oh, that's Bob Smith," was the reply. The candidate rushes over to where Mr. Bob Smith is standing, and, seizing him by the hand effusively, exclaims, "Mr. Smith, I'm delighted to see you! How do you do, sir? how do you do?" "Why, I didn't know that you knew me!" replied the astonished Smith. "Know you!" shouted the candidate; "not a citizen of Berryville is known so well as Mr. Robert Smith. Ah, Smith you're a sorry wag, sir, a

sorry wag." "But there must be some mistake," said the embarrassed Smith. "I don't live in town; never was here before in my life." "Of course you weren't," replied the candidate, with refreshing coolness; "of course not; but we all know you—by reputation, you know; there isn't a man in the State—" "But I don't live in this State," interrupted Smith. "In one sense, no," quickly replied the candidate; "you don't live here in the common acceptance of the word; but a man who lives in the country lives in the State also, when his name is as familiar in the State as a household word." "You're probably correct," said Smith, "but I know next to nothing about your system of government. I don't belong here you know. I'm a foreigner." The candidate didn't press the matter further. He suddenly espied Mr. Flockton, who was not a foreigner, but a voter with a vote, and, abruptly excusing himself, the candidate left Mr. Smith, and the next moment was pressing the hand of Mr. Flockton with a fervor which none but a candidate can exhibit.

He Humored Him.

A New York stockbroker, who was on his way to Buffalo last week observed that one of his fellow-passengers was closely regarding him, and after a time the man came over and asked:

"Didn't I see you in Chicago in 1879?"

The broker wasn't in Chicago that year, but, thinking to humor the stranger, he replied in the affirmative.

"Don't you remember handing a poor devil a silver dollar one night in front of the Tremont?"

"I do."

"Well, I'm the chap. I was hard up, out of work, and about ready to commit suicide. That money made a new man out of me. By one lucky shift and another I am now worth twenty-five thousand dollars."

"Ah! glad to hear it."

"And now I want you to take five dollars in place of that dollar. I can't feel easy until the debt is paid."

The broker protested and objected, but finally, just to humor the man, he took his twenty dollar bill and gave him back fifteen. The stranger soon withdrew, and everything might have ended then and there, if the broker, on reaching Buffalo, hadn't ascertained that the "twenty" was a counterfeit, and that he was fifteen dollars out of pocket.

What She Wanted.

The country storekeeper's method of conducting business fills the breast of the city man with awe. A gawky female in a sunbonnet comes in the store and leans against the counter. After a few minutes the storekeeper, who had been splitting wood in the back yard, washes his hands at the pump, and comes in behind the counter.

"There hain't nothin' I can do for you this mornin', is there?" he asks, wiping his hands on his pants.

"No, I reckon not," says the woman, looking out of her sunbonnet at the city man as though it were a telescope and he the planet Saturn.

A long pause.

"You hain't got any codfish, have you?" asks the woman.

"No, we hain't, but" (brightening up) "we've got some mighty good apple-butter."

"Well, then," says the woman, "give me half a pound of that cheese."

And she wanted cheese all the time.

How Deacon Grover Proposed.

NOW see here Jacob, I come home when Mary Ann died so sudden, and left you with them three motherless children, and took right hold and looked after things same as if they was my own. I don't know as you hev much reason to complain, you hev had your clothes, and the children's seen to; you hev had good victuals, and han't ben nothin' wasted. The milk's ben took good care of, well you know you get more for your butter than eny one round here. I don't see no call for you to go and get married, at your time of life, too, and you a deacon in the church."

"I don't see what you are talking so, Jerusha, I haven't found eny fault have I? I guess I shan't get married to-night."

"Wall, I ain't a fool, Jacob, you didn't used to stan' before the glass, brushin' your hair a half an hour, je t u go to evenin' meetin', and I ain't the only one that has noticed how you air sprucing up lately. Mrs. Green was in here this afternoon, and she spoke 'bout it. She said, 'she shouldn't wonder a mite of you was married before winter.'"

"Mrs. Green is a good hand to mind other folk's business. She had better stay at home and take care of her family."

"Wall, all I hev tu say is, ef you must get married don't for massy sake hev that Clarissa Howe, what'll she know."

The Deacon, who had finished his toilet, did not wait to hear the rest of Aunt Jerusha's remarks, but went out of the room, closing the door with just a little slam, and walked rather faster than usual toward the little church, to take part in the Tuesday evening prayer meeting. Deacon Grover was not, by any means an old man, as his half-sister Jerusha had hinted; only forty. Tall, and as erect as if he were a soldier instead of a farmer, with hardly a silver thread among his glossy black hair.

It is now three years since Mrs. Grover, the Deacon's wife, died, leaving three children, two boys, and a little daughter only three years old. The Deacon had been very fond of his wife, and had sincerely mourned her loss. She was sadly missed in her home, for she had been one "who looked well to the ways of her household, and ate not the bread of idleness."

Deacon Grover had been glad to accept the services of his sister, to look after his house and children, especially little Mary, who was a delicate child and needed constant attention, and had got along very well with Jerusha, accounting for her eccentric ways by remembering a disappointment in love, which had made her the old maid she was.

As Jerusha was several years older than her brother, she did not hesitate to express her opinion at the way he managed his affairs, and give him plenty of advice. "She had done her duty by Jacob, and the children, and took right hold and looked after things same as if they's my own," so she told Mrs. Green, but the children wanted something besides wholesome food and clean clothes, and doses of herb tea; they missed a mother's love. Little Mary had found out it was no use to ask aunt Jerusha "to sing to her, or tell her a story, as mamma used to," the answer was sure to be, "I hain't got time; go and set down in your little chair and be a good girl." So when papa was not about she lavished her affection on her kitten or doll.

So the months and years had passed, and the deacon had

never given any indication that he intended to change his lonely condition. In vain had sister Babbitt, a buxom widow, expressed her sympathy for him, and was evidently willing to "unite her fortune with his in the tenderest of ties."

About six months before the date I am writing, Clarissa Howe had come to this little village among the Vermont hills, to try and earn her living by dressmaking. A cousin who was married to a farmer, had written her, that the only dressmaker in the place had been obliged to give up work on account of her health, so Clarissa, whose early home had been in the country, gladly left her little room in the top of a cheap city boarding house, and went to Harland, where she made her home with her cousin, going about from house to house cutting and making dresses for seventy-five cents a day. Although she worked hard, for everyone was anxious to have the city dressmaker, and June country air, fresh milk, and home made bread, and perhaps a lighter heart, brought back the color to her cheeks, and sparkle to her eyes. Her cousin told her that she was getting young. Clarissa was not twenty-eight. Her parents had died when she was sixteen, leaving her almost entirely dependent upon her own support. When she was about twenty, she became engaged to a young man she had long known, and was looking forward to a home of her own, if only a humble one, when a dreadful accident occurred on the railroad, where John Porter, her lover, a brakeman, was instantly killed. Since that time Clarissa had worked on, taking but little interest in anything, and only caring to earn enough to keep out of debt. This change from the city to the country had been just what she had needed. She arrived in Harland in April, when all nature was awakening to new life. The meadows and hillsides were beautiful with the fresh grass of spring. On every tree and bush the brown buds were bursting, and the tiny green leaf peeping out. Robins were singing blithely, as they slyly watched the ploughman turn over the brown furrows, knowing they would not have to go far for their dinner.

So with the sweet spring-time new hope and courage sprung up in Clarissa's heart. Life had a good deal of brightness in it, for her, after all.

As Deacon Grover walked toward the church, with Jerusha's remarks ringing in his ear, he was obliged to admit that the dearest wish of his heart was to make Clarissa Howe his wife. The first time he saw her at church, and heard her sweet voice singing the familiar hymns, he had almost fallen in love with her, and afterward seeing her at the evening meeting, with her cousin, who had given him an introduction, he was still more pleased with her. Never, in his young days when he was paying attention to Mary Ann, had he been so much in love. When he was about his work he found himself thinking of Clarissa. His field of ripening wheat, reminded him of her golden brown hair, and the blue violets, that little Mary picked down by the brook, and brought to him to put in water for her, just watched her eyes.

He had never paid any particular attention to Clarissa but somehow it had begun to be whispered around "that Deacon Grover was all took up with the new dressmaker."

Mrs. Green had been the first to carry the news to Aunt Jerusha, who was very indignant. Although she had a little home of her own, she liked her position as mistress of her brother's house, and the rent of her place could be all put in the bank.

"The idee," she said, "of Jacob marryin' that air city dressmaker, what'll she know 'bout takin' care of milk, and

seem' to farm work. I presume she can't make a loaf of bread.

"Good evenin'," said Aunt Jerusha, to Mrs. Green, who came in with her knitting soon after the Deacon had left the house for meeting. "Take cheer, thought you'd gone to meetin'."

"Wall, I did calculate tu, but Aaron he was late 'bout milkin', and time I'd got the milk strained and the pails washed, it was too late tu go; seems to me you look kinder pale, ain't ye feelin' well?"

No, I ain't, I've got the newrology. It always brings it on tu get nervous, and I got kinder riled up talkin' with Jacob. I hinted tu him, when he was fixin' fur meetin', 'bout gettin' married."

"Did ye; what did he say?"

"He was kinder put out when I spoke 'bout Clarissa Howe he never made no answer but went right out of the room slamin' the door."

"Laud sakes, did he? guess there's somethin' tu it then!"

"Wall, I wish I hadn't spoke tu her tu come and make ray black cashmere dress."

"Good land, ye han't have ye? I must say you're gettin' stylish."

"I know I hev always made my own dresses, but this is goin' to be a nice one, and I see one she made for Dr. Watkins' wife, 'twas fixed nice I tell ye. all trimmed with satin and fringe. I am calculatin' tu go down tu see Emeline, this fall, she lives in the city, you know, and I thought I'd hav one dress that would look as well as hers, but ef I hadn't engaged her, I'd make it myself anyway."

"When's she goin' tu come?"

"Next Monday tu stay three days, but I ken just tell ye, there won't be no courtin' goin' on. I'll let the cream stau' and spite before I'll leave 'em alone a minute. You see he don't get eny chance tu see her, seeing she's going round so from place tu place, all the time, and taint likely he'll go tu her cousin's Sunday night, when there's a meetin', and he a deacon."

"Wall, all I have tu say, you'll see he'll find a chance tu see her, for when a man gets his mind made up tu get married, nothin' ain't going tu stop 'em, especially if he is a widderer."

Monday, soon after breakfast, Clarissa arrived at Deacon Glover's, and was soon at work on the black cashmere dress. The Deacon did not know anything about it, until sometime during the forenoon, Mary came running out where he was at work, and told him. Was it anything strange that he left his work a little earlier than usual at noon, brushed his hair very smooth, and putting on a clean linen coat, went into the sitting-room where Clarissa was sewing. Aunt Jerusha, who was busy getting the dinner, could not follow him, but sent the children into the room, and dinner was served as soon as possible.

Aunt Jerusha, as she told Mrs. Green she would, did not leave her brother and Clarissa "alone a moment." No matter how inconvenient it was; when Jacob was in the house, she took her knitting and sat down with them. After tea when it was too dark to see, Clarissa went out on the piazza and sat down; the Deacon would soon follow, and Aunt Jerusha also, and although she had several pails of milk that needed skimming, and the evening air was sure to bring on her "newrology," remained firm to her post, with her head done up in a red worsted shawl.

So, during the three days Clarissa was at the house, she

was on guard, and as the afternoon of the third day drew to a close, she was congratulating herself that all danger was over.

The dress was finished, satin trimming and all, to Aunt Jerusha's entire satisfaction. Supper was over and they were all sitting on the piazza. Clarissa had her hat on, and her bag by her side, and was expecting Mrs. Stone, a lady she was to work for next, and who lived three miles from Deacon Grover's, to send for her.

Aunt Jerusha had been having considerable controversy with a sewing machine agent, in regard to buying a machine. She had at last consented to his leaving one on trial.

The following is what she told Mrs. Green the next day:

"We was all settin' on the piazza. Clarissa was expectin' Miss Stone tu call fur her. I could see Jacob was terribul anxious tu get rid of me. He asked me ef the cream was ready tu churn, cause David was goin' tu churn it airy in the morning, but I didn't take no hints, but sat right close tu Clarissa, knitting, and the children were playing out in the yard, when who should drive up but that pesky sewin' machine feller, with the machine I told him he might leave. You never see how brisk Jacob was helpin' him in with it. Of course I had tu go in and see about it, and the machine feller said I must sit right down, and he would show me how tu run it. I told him I couldn't stop no way then, that he must come in the mornin', but he said he was going away and couldn't come agin; that I must jest learn how tu thread it; said it, wouldn't take but a few minutes, so I thought ef it wouldn't take long I might as well larn, but ef you'll believe it, that plaguy critter never let me get up for more'n an hour. He had tu tell 'bout the tension and the feed, and show how tu ile it, and land sakes I don't remember what all. I'm sure I don't know nothin' 'bout it, for my mind was out on the piazza. Wall at last he went away, and just as soon as I stepped my foot out on that piazza I knew the mischief was done. There sot Jacob aside of Clarissa, holding her hand, and she with cheeks redder than a piny. I gave one witherin' look and went in, but Jacob come right in and said Clarissa had promised tu be his wife, and asked me tu come and speak tu her. I never made no answer but went into the milk room and shut the door. When I came out she had gone, and Jacob sat in the kitchen, and—wall—we had considerable talk, the 'mount of it is, I am going tu sister Emeline's soon as I ken git ready, and its a wonder ef I come back this way very soon."

It was not many weeks before Harland was without a dressmaker, and Deacon Grover had a wife, and the boys and little Mary a mother, who sang to them and told them wonderful stories.

In time Aunt Jerusha overcame her dislike of Jacob's marriage, enough to make them a visit, and after remaining two weeks, told Mrs. Green that she was so surprised to find what a good housekeeper Clarissa was, that her butter was as hard and yallaras gold, and better bread she never eat."

Oliver Wendell Holmes recently said to a friend: "I have written much that I would willingly let die. The public have treated me beyond my deserts. It would be better if I should be found out in my lifetime. A "Life of Emerson" engages my whole attention at present, and whatever light reminiscent effort of which I am capable, in intervals of time, must be put forth for the *Atlantic*. I receive every day, requests to write for this or that publication, but I must decline them all."

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(Apr 83 1v)

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SOCIAL AND LITERARY.

The British Museum has been lighted with electric light.

Mr. Clarke Russell has written yet another story, "Little Lou"

Six thousand emigrants have settled in Quebec Province this year.

Anthony Trollope's "Autobiography" has been published by the Blackwoods.

There is a likelihood of a monument to Burns being erected in Manchnline, Scotland.

"The Folk-Lore of Shakespeare" is the title of a new book by the Rev. T. F. T. Dyce.

The poet Browning is to spend the winter in Venice. His summer in the Alps has proved of great benefit to his health.

Miss Gabrielle Greeley has bought the old family homestead of Horace Greeley at Chappaqua for \$10,000. It was sold at auction and no one bid against her.

During the absence of the Queen in Scotland, several alterations are being carried out at Windsor Castle. The palace is soon to be lighted by the electric light.

Mrs. Hanning, the only surviving sister of Mr. Carlyle, has peremptorily refused to permit the publication of a large collection of her brother's letters which she possesses. Mrs. Hanning has been settled in Hamilton, Ontario, for about forty years past.

The society for promoting State aided emigration from England, will send a mission to East London, to inquire into the condition of the working classes, with a view of ascertaining how many may feel inclined to emigrate to north-western Canada.

It is stated that the Czar of Russia has promised to issue an edict which will do much for the amelioration of the condition of the Jews and will render them less liable to the persecutions and murderous attacks to which they have been subjected during the past year.

The remnant of the old Iroquois tribe of Indians situated at Caughnawaga, Quebec Province, held an exhibition this Fall, and an excellent display of fruit, vegetables, grain and roots was made. There was also beads and fancy work, snake dances, war dances, lacrosse matches, etc. The Exhibition, which was the first one ever held by Indians in Canada, and probably in North America, was an unqualified success.

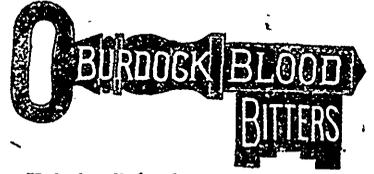
TRIED IN TORONTO.—Mrs. Mary Thompson, of Toronto, reports the removal of eight feet of tape-worm by the use of one bottle of Dr. Low's Pleasant Worm Syrup. This medicine is reliable for all kinds of worms that afflict children or adults.

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