

Sunday Reading.

THE DEACON'S TENTH.

Ye see the elder had preached a most powerful sermon on Christian givin', in which he took what I called purty strong ground. Among other things, he said we'd ought to do as much for our religion as the old Jews did for theirs, an' while it was all right to lay up for a rainy day, an' to get ahead if we honestly could, we should set apart at least one-tenth of our income as the Lord's money.

'Now, I think the elder want a leetle too far,' says I to my wife, Huldy, as we was a drivin' home from meetin'. 'Givin' is well enough, but I get a'most tired a hearin' these ministers forever a dingin' about it.

'Was, Lyman,' says Huldy, 'why don't you try givin' a tenth—try it for one year anyhow.'

'My' says I, 'as if I didn't give more'n that now; it's two shillin', an' fifty cents, every time I turn around, to say nothin' o' the contributions to big objects. If I get home with a dollar in my pocket I think I'm a lucky fellow.'

'Then I'm sure,' says Huldy, with that queer little smile o' hers that she sometimes has, 'it'll be a real savin' to ye to go into systematically a givin' yer tenth.'

Now, I hadn't any idee of doin' it, an' keepin' a reckonin' of what I contribute—in fact, I thought that verse about lettin' yer right hand know what yer left was a doin' was rather agin it, but somehow Huldy has a cool way o' takin' things for granted, an' though the mildest of all women, she generally manages to carry her pint.

Next mornin' I see her a makin' a book out o' some sheets o' paper, and rulin' 'em off, and stitchin' on to 'em a pasteboard kiver an' on the outside she writ in big letters that was as plain to read as printin', 'The Lord's Money.' This she handed to me an' said 'nothin'.

That very week I got pay for my wheat; it is an uncommon good crop; it came to six hundred dollars. I was a settin' by the fire a countin' it up with some satisfaction, when Huldy jest stuck under my nose that book, 'The Lord's Money.'

'What's that for, Huldy?' says I.

'Why, for the tenth,' says she.

'Bless my soul!' says I, 'a wriggle an' twistin', that would be sixty dollars; I can't stan' that.'

She didn't say anything, but set a watchin' me an' I knew it warn't no use a dodgin' her, so I took six ten-dollar bills, all crisp an' new, an' laid 'em in a pile.

'Yis, yis,' says I, 'a tryin' to screw my face into a smile, an' to act as if I'd been a calkerlatin' all the way through to give 'em.

Ye see there was an awful sight o' old Adam in me. I jest set there a begreugin' that money. I most wished the wheat hadn't come to so much. Then I happened to remember what the elder had said in his sermon—that it would be a mighty hard wrench on us at first to give a tenth—that when the fingers had got crooked up a gaspin' this world's goods, 'twas hard to get 'em straightened out, but that when we'd become used to this way o' givin', we'd enjoy it an' be blessed in it as much as in prayin' an' readin' the Scriptures. A thinkin' on that sermon, I made up my mind I'd double my subscription for the elder's support, an' that would just take the sixty dollars.

As I harvested my crops an' sold 'em, I was astonished to see how the Lord's pile grew, an' I had to think it over middlin' sharp to know where to invest it so 'twould do most good, an' I was gettin' over the wrench a little until my interest money come due. The year before old Uncle Nat had died, an' most unexpectedly had left me five thousand dollars. If the legacy had dropped down from the skies I couldn't have been more surprised. Now I had three hundred a comin' in from it, and it most killed me to take thirty on't an' put it aside for the Lord. I couldn't help whinin'.

'Now, Huldy,' says I, 'don't ye believe the old Jews deducted their taxes afore they laid by their tenth?'

'I dunno,' says she; 'we might read up Leviticus an' Numbers an' Deuteronomy an' see.'

'Bless my soul, Huldy,' says I, 'I'd rather pay the whole thirty dollars than wade through all them dull books. An' then,' says I, 'a thinkin' hard, 'accordin' to what these agents that come around beggin' say, I s'pose it would be a good speculation to give to the Lord. They tell about throwin' out crackers an' comin' back loaves, an' show how them is blessed in their baskets an' in their store that bestow their goods on the poor. Anyhow, I've made made up my mind to try it.'

'Now, Lyman Tubbs, don't ye go into this tenth business with no such worldly motives. It ye do ye'll be worse than Ananias and Sapphira, who was struck dead at once. Not but that the Lord has said, 'I will never leave thee nor forsake thee,' an' 'prove me now herewith,' but if ye undertake to drive a sharp bargain with him, ye'll find out that he'll git ahead of ye every time. No, he's given us all we have, an' I'm thinkin' he'll ask us some mighty

close questions about the way we've used it.'

Huldy didn't very often preach, but when she did her sermons were what I called p'inted.

Time passed on, an' I got used to givin' my tenth. I didn't squirm over it as I did; in fact, I got kinder raised, an' to feelin' liberal. I didn't sell so much as a turkey without puttin' aside tithes of it.

It happened in the summer that my wife's cousin Silas an' his family came to see us, an' I supposed he'd never heard o' sech a thing; but Silas says, says he, 'I've done it ever since I was converted. I aim two dollars a day, an' every Saturday night I jest lay aside one dollar and twenty cents, an' I pray over it; it's sacred; it's the Lord's money.'

'Don't ye take yer livin' out o' it first?' 'Yer what?' says Silas, amazed. 'It's jest so much I aim, an' the ability to aim it comes from the Lord, an' I j'yfully give back to him the little part.'

'But,' says I, 'ain't that kinder risky? Ye might be took sick, or yer work give out; I should be a little fearsome.'

'These are the promises,' says Silas; 'My God shall supply all your needs,' an' 'Lo, I am with you.' They are all yea an' amen.'

Waal, if I didn't feel small after that. I had simply given a tenth of all I'd sold an' grumbled over it at that, an' there were all those broad acres that had fed us, an' those big trees in the woods that had kept us warm—blessin' upon blessin' that I hadn't counted, an' here was Silas with nothin' but his hands, an' yet so willin'-hearted an' so much. When I carried him an' his folks back to the city I jest filled my waggon box full o' things, an' felt as if I was a givin' directly to the Lord.

One day the elder an' his family was over to our house, an' we was talkin'. His son Fred was a playin' with my Thomas—they was awful good friends—an', says the elder, 'if I had as much money as you have, Deacon Tubbs, I'd send Thomas to school, an' ask the Lord to make a minister o' him.'

'Bless my soul!' thought I, 'that's the last thing I want him to be.' Ye see I had other plans for my boy, but I said nothin'.

My next neighbor, old Mr. Hodges, had a son who went to the city an' studied law, an' got to be a judge, an' comes home in his big carriage once in a while to visit the old folks, his wife an' children dressed to fits, an' seem' them I had a natural hankerin' for Thomas to turn out like that. I was a sayin' this to Huldy when the elder's folks was gone.

'Now, Lyman Tubbs,' says she, a lookin' at me with them great, earnest eyes o' hers, 'would you really like to have our Thomas jest like old Mr. Hodges's son—a breakin' the Sabbath, he an' his boys, a shootin' ducks an' a drinkin' an' a playin' cards? Be you a deacon an' a member of the church an' not feel as if 'twas bigger business to persuade men to forsake their sins an' to love the Lord Jesus Christ?'

Ever since Silas was here my mind has been dreadfully took up with somethin' he he was tellin' me. He said some good christin' men hired rooms in the worst part of the city an' made 'em bright an' attractive, an' was a singin' hymns an' a preachin' to the folks, all without money an' without price, an' some sech work as that is what I'd been a wishin' my boy could do, an' jest then Thomas came in an' stood beside his mother. He had the same hair as hers, an' the same brown eyes, an' somethin' told me that if he took to preachin' he'd be one of the convincin' sort, for I must say that nobody's words ever took hold of an old sinner like me as Huldy's does.

Well, my tenth money grew; half the time I didn't know what to do with it. I was over to the elder's one day an' he was a tellin' me of a school near by which he thought would be a good place to send our Thomas—he'd noticed how crazy the boy was for books an' learnin', an' the minister said he'd a cousin a livin' jest out o' the village that would take good care o' Thomas, an' board him, an' he'd be under good Christian influences.

'What do you say, Huldy?' says I, as soon as I'd got home.

'I'd like him to go,' says she, 'an' for the elder's boy to go with him.'

Sure enough he should, an' that would be a use for the rest o' my tenth, an' Thomas an' Fred was awful good friends; they was like David an' Jonathan, an' what think, there was a revival that, jest like a big wave, struck that school, an', in fact, the whole community, an' both the boys was converted, an' you can't think how I felt, so glad about it, an' kinder streaked, too, for I knew it weren't none o' my doin'; I'd been sech a poor, good-for-nothin' Christian all my life, it was enough to set my Thomas agin' the Lord.

We got the good news on Saturday mornin' an' in the afternoon was the covenant meetin'. It was jest about a year from the time that Huldy handed me the 'Lord's Money' book. I remember how I got up in the meetin' then and talked not, because I'd anything to say, but bein' deacon, I felt as if I

ought to an' told the brethren I hadn't made no progress, an' all that—jest what I commonly said. How could I talk that way now when I'd had a year o' such uncommon blessin', an, with Hudly beside me a cryin' for joy because our Thomas had been converted. No, I couldn't keep from breakin' down, an, thankin' the Lord for his goodness to me an' mine, an' I knew that givin' my tenth—though it had come so begrudin'ly had been a help to me. I warn't sech a small, waspish critter as I was afore.

The next year I was man enough to divide my tenth with Huldy, an' sech good times as we had investin' it. Now, Huldy was great on what we call the 'Inasmuch charities'—'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one o' the least o' these,' etc. She was always a findin' some bed-ridden woman to help, or crippled child, or some other case of need, while I couldn't hardly sleep o' nights a thinkin' o' the great West, with the foreigners a comin' into it, an' of the poor freedmen of the South, or of the great heathen world that so needs the gospel. We'd spend hours an' hours a talkin' it over, an' as we did so we'd get nearer to each other, an' I trust, nearer to the Lord.

It's now been a good many years that we've been a tryin' this tenth business, an' I wouldn't go back to the old belter-skelter way o' givin' for anythin'.

Huldy has jest been to the city to see the children, an' she came home with her face all aglow. Our Thomas an' the minister's Fred, who married our Mary have gone into business together, an' are doin' first rate; but that isn't the best of it; they've started a mission in the wickedest part o' the city, and Huldy said it did her old soul good to hear those young voices a tellin' them poor, ignorant ones of the love of Jesus, an' to see them a listenin' an' a comin' into the kingdom.

'As I'm a closin' I've got this much to tell you, if you want to be a happy christian you must let your prayin' and praise an' givin' go together, an' I will say that Huldy never did a better thing for me than when she gave me 'The Lord's Money Book.'—The Examiner.

A Holy Messenger.

In the name of common sense and of immortal souls let those who have nothing but doubt and uncertainty to proclaim from their pulpits step down and out; for the world is crying out for reality and for bread, not for negations. And such negative, such cipher men give clearest proof and they know not the Saviour of men, are not taught of the Spirit of God, and know not His power in their hearts and lives. They have never heard the command, 'Preach the Gospel that I bid thee,' nor the warning, 'Add thou not unto His words, lest He prove thee, and thou be found a liar.' Every true messenger of God to men must be as Paul—a witness of mighty truths of God's revelation and of blessed realities in his own experience (Acts xxi., 16-18). No other has any mandate from the Master to men.—Rev. S. A. Dyke, Toronto.

THEY DESERVE PITY.

Safety and Life Depend Upon Paine's Celery Compound.

We must sympathize with, and pity the poor, weary and jaded sufferer whose life is made miserable and aimless and unbearable in the hot weather.

The healthiest of us have all we can do to withstand the enervating effects of scorching days and sweltering nights. The sick mortals—heaven help them—must suffer increased agony during these hot days.

The troubles that bring low the majority of people at this season are nervous prostration, nervous debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, headache, and a host of troubles that result from impure and poisoned blood.

The above troubles attack men and women because their supply of nerve force is almost exhausted. Loss of this nerve force and feebleness is at the root of nearly every case of sickness.

A true nerve medicine is what is needed if health is to be restored, and the dark grave avoided. Paine's Celery Compound is a perfect and unfailing restorer of nerve force and power to the weakened and debilitated system. It quickly cures prostration, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, indigestion; it cleanses the poisoned blood and gives new life and permanent vitality and strength.

Paine's Celery Compound combines the most efficient alteratives, laxatives and diuretics, and soon restores the sick one to complete health. Today it is earth's most reliable medicine; it is made for your special case, poor sufferer, and its use will implant that state of health you are so earnestly longing for.

As there are vile liquid imitations sold in many places, insist upon your dealer giving "Paine's" the kind that cures.

Established 1780.
Walter Baker & Co., Limited.
Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.
The Oldest and Largest Manufacturer of
PURE, HIGH GRADE
Cocoas and Chocolates

on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufacture. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costs less than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods, made at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. CANADIAN HOUSE, 6 Hospital St., Montreal.

HE IS NOT A DRUNKARD.

Robert Barr Denies the Story That He is an Incurable Drunkard.

Mr. Robert Barr (Luke Sharp writes from London, Eng., in reference to the startling story published recently about him in the Canadian Press:—

"I should be sorry to have my many friends in the charming towns of Ridgetown, Morpeth, Highgate, Duart and round about believe that I was a drunkard and been sent to the inebriate asylum. There is not a word or a suggestion of truth in the outrageous story, which was started a few weeks ago by the New York Sun.

'This villainous lie comes to me at a most inopportune time, as I was never so busy in my life before. A book of mine is now being set up at the Oxford University Press, the most notable printing establishment in the world, and as the book is to be dedicated to Dr. James Simson, whom you all know, I am going over the proofs with some care. Another book of mine has just been purchased by Sir. George Newnes for one of his publications, and it should be finished before the snow flies. Nevertheless I shall go over to New York and see the Sun for \$100,000 and I think they will find me the most sober drunkard they ever tackled. If you get me a hall in Ridgetown, and give the proceeds to some charity, I will run up there from New York and give you a lecture free on temperance.'

"SAVED MY LIFE."

It's no Hopeless Wall, but Testimony With a True Ring to It for the Great South American Cure.

WONDERFUL TESTIMONIALS.

RHEUMATISM—The Great South American Rheumatic Cure is safe, harmless, and acts quickly. Gives instant relief and an absolute cure in one to three days; works wonders in the most acute forms of rheumatism and neuralgia. "I was crippled so that I had to use a stick to get about," writes James A. Anderson of Calgary, N. W. T. "At times I suffered untold misery. I tried every medicine under the sun—spent six weeks in the hospital under special treatment, without any relief. I was induced to try South American Rheumatic Cure. After using two bottles I threw away my stick and went to work, and have worked every day since, and that was two and a half years ago."

KIDNEYS—"I believe it saved my life," is the positive testimony of Mr. James McBride of Jamestown, Huron Co., Ont., in speaking of the miraculous cure of a complication of kidney troubles by the Great South American Kidney Cure. This gentleman was so severely affected that his physicians had to attend him daily to take the urine from him. The first dose gave him relief, and half a bottle cured him completely, dissolving all obstructions, and healing and strengthening the parts. South American Kidney Cure is a kidney specific only, and it does all that is claimed for it every time.

STOMACH AND NERVES—Two thirds of all chronic diseases are due to disordered nerve centres. Cure the nerves and you will control the disease. South American Nerve has proved this thousands of times. It is a powerful nerve builder and, in cases of acute indigestion and dyspepsia, has effected marvellous cures. Geo. Webster of Forest writes: "For a number of years I suffered greatly from nervousness, twitching of muscles and sleeplessness. I tried almost every known remedy without relief. I was induced as a last resort to try South American Nerve. The first bottle benefited me, and five bottles cured me. It is a grand medicine, and I owe my life to it."

"Ta-ra-ra" Brought Her Back to Life.

A devoted woman of a fashionable Black Bay street was recently sick, as her family and friends believed, unto death. She had made her preparations and was daily awaiting her end with patient resignation. Her hours of suffering were cheered by the glimpses of the unseen world that came to her, and one day she called to her attendants, who were grouped around her in hourly anticipation of her demise: "Oh, that heavenly music. Don't you hear it?" Strongly impressed in spite of themselves by her fervor, they strained their ears to catch the harmonies of heaven, when a cyclonic burst of sound from a street organ, manipulated by an Italian across the street, swung full into the rollicking measures of "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay," accompanied by a tambourine. There was a moment's silence in the sick room, then an involuntary burst of laughter, in which the sick woman joined. From that moment a reaction set in, and today she has the prospect of years of life before her.—Boston Home Journal.

Cheap and Dangerous Toothbrushes.

An operation for appendicitis upon a patient living in the States revealed the fact that the disorder was due to the presence of tooth brush bristles. "Cheap tooth brushes," remarked the Albany surgeon who had charge of the case, "are responsible for many obscure throat, stomach and intestinal ailments. The bristles are only glued on and come off by the half dozen when wet and brought in contact with the teeth."—American Druggist.

TRY

SATINS,

The Finest Molasses Chewing Candy in the Land.

GANONG BROS., L'td., St. Stephen, N. B.

SOME MISTAKEN SACRIFICES.

For People Who Did Not Appreciate them as They Should Have.

A certain woman, with a small income and a large heart, has a family of impecunious cousins—mostly girls, of the type that cannot earn their own living and let themselves down helplessly upon the nearest available benefactor. She worried over them last winter considerably because she was sure the necessities of life were running low in their little house, and she finally gave up the Christmas presents to her own family and sent the cousins a chek instead. Two weeks later she met two of the girls at a tea—they always go to everything—and to her amazement each wore a handsome gold buckle at her waist. "Dear Cousin Jane," one of them said, effusively, "we were so grateful for your gift! We have wanted buckles for a year, and now we have gotten them through your kindness!" Cousin Jane's feelings, as she thought of her home Christmas sacrificed for these adornments—buckled to make a Roman holiday, as it were—can be imagined.

She could sympathize with another friend in New York who gave up going to hear Patti, with her son and daughter, in order that she might send the money for three tickets—\$15—to relatives who, she knew were much straitened by the business crisis and in actual need of ready money. What was her surprise to hear, next day, that three of the family had treated themselves promptly to Patti on receiving the check. "It came just in the nick of time!" one of them said, appreciatively; but, of course, Mrs. — could not feel it as providential a happening as they seemed to do.

Three gentlemen, one of them wealthy, meeting at the sea shore last summer, happened to discuss the needs of an old classmate and each pledged himself to aid towards a generous gift. The recipient, when last heard from, was enjoying the Atlanta Exposition on the proceeds, while his three benefactors were a trifle sore over the affair, which had cost them some troublesome economies.

We all know such cases. They are both absurd and disheartening, and yet, since true charity is more blessed to the giver than to the receiver, and since it takes all sorts of people to make a world, generous minds will go on giving to the end of the chapter and will not lose it after all.—Harper's Bazar.

GOLD OR SILVER.

You'd Give All You Have of Both to be Restored to Health—Dr. Agnew's Great Cures are Specific Cures for Specific Ailments.

HEART DISEASE—Relief in thirty minutes in most alarming cases of heart trouble. A strong statement to make for Dr. Agnew's Cure for the heart, but it is borne out by the testimony of thousands who today proclaim themselves snatched from the grave by its wonderful curative powers. If the heart flutters, palpitates, tires easily, it indicates heart disease. Be warned in time. Use this surest and quickest cure; it never fails. James Allen of St. Stephen, N. B., writes: "I was troubled with very severe pains in the heart, pain in the side, and shortness of breath. I became completely exhausted with the least exertion. Doctors said my case was a hopeless one. I procured a bottle of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. A few doses gave me permanent relief—six bottles entirely cured me, and today I am well, and strong as I ever was. I think it the best medicine on earth for heart trouble."

CATARH—It goes right to the seat of the trouble, attacks the disease, removes the cause, cleanses out and heals the parts, quickly and permanently. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder does all this, and it's no hearsay. The slaves who are freed from this loathsome malady, by this positive cure, are singing its praises day in and day out. "I am 80 years old. I have had catarrh for 50 years. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder cured me, and I look upon my cure as almost a miracle," says Geo. Lewis of Shamokin, Pa. A simple cold in the head may be the first step to chronic catarrh. Stop the cold and prevent the catarrh. Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is harmless and easily applied.

PILES CURED IN THREE TO SIX NIGHTS—Dr. Agnew's ointment will cure all cases of itching piles in from 3 to 6 nights. One application brings comfort. For blind and bleeding piles it is peerless. Also cures Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema, Barber's Itch, and all eruptions of the skin. 35 cents.

TEN CENTS CURES CONSTIPATION AND LIVER ILL—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills are the most perfect made, and cure like magic Sick Headache, Constipation, Biliaryness, Indigestion and all liver ills. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

A Nice Point.—The Lady Emyrtrude—"Well, I certainly do not intend to go another yard!"

The Lady Dorothea—"And I certainly intend to go on!"

The Fair Cyclists E. and D. (together)—"Which do you intend to do, Major?"

(The Major, an accepted authority on etiquette, hasn't the faintest idea.)—Punch.

DESPISE NO MESSENGER.

In a great monarchy no subject can tell what other man may or may not be a messenger from the king. Angels of mercy seldom carry harps and arrive amidst radiant light and a vast flapping of wings. It may be a little child who shall bring you the longed-for good news, or, as in the case of Mrs. Charlotte Davis, it may be a quiet old lady who drops in to make an ordinary friendly call.

And help was badly needed, as it always is when pain and illness crush these frail bodies of ours as the rushes bend and bow before the swollen stream. Referring to the old lady's call, Mrs. Davis draws aside the curtain from an experience of the summer of 1878. She says: "I fell into a condition that was strange and new to me. I didn't know how to account for it, nor could I tell what it was going to lead to. I had always a bad taste in the mouth, and was constantly retching and spitting up a sour fluid. The same and feeling of it were horrible. My appetite failed until food had no attraction for me. Even after taking the least morsel I had great pain at the chest and under the shoulder blades. But the complaint seemed to be seated more particularly in the stomach. There the pain was very keen and violent. Sometimes it felt like a knife cutting me asunder. I got no rest day or night, and was confined to my bed for weeks together. Inasmuch as I could take no solid nourishment I grew weaker and weaker as the weary time dragged by. Indeed my only food was milk and soda water."

[We may remark at this point that Mrs. Davis's entire digestive system was, at the time she speaks of, dangerously deranged. The failure of the appetite was a signal indicating that the presence of food in the stomach could not be tolerated. As it could not be digested it would only serve to aggravate the inflammation which was raging there. Such a state of things is bad as possible. The very source of all power and life was virtually paralysed. We must eat in order to live, and yet, in such a case, to eat is only to invite additional suffering, and to bid for a more speedy death. Hence the terror of that ailment, which some silly people (who have never had it) speak of as 'only an attack of indigestion and dyspepsia.' Would they allude to an inhabited dwelling wrapped in flames as 'Only a house on fire?']

Mrs. Davis, and plenty of others whom we know, are able to rebuke that adlepatated sort of talk.

She continues: "The doctor who attended me said I had inflammation, caused by gall stones."

[Very likely. Gall stones are composed of bile sand, which is carried into the gall bladder and then adheres until the larger stones or masses are formed. The bile has stagnated, owing to the poisons from the stomach acting on the liver, until this painful and dangerous complication results. In other words, gall stones mean biliousness, and biliousness means indigestion and dyspepsia.]

But let us listen again to the lady; I lay in great agony," she says, "week after week during which time I passed two gall stones. The doctor's treatment gave me no relief, and what I suffered for over a year is indescribable. One day an old lady called at my house, and seeing my condition, strongly urged me to take Mother Seigel's Curative Syrup. I said, 'Yes, of course, I'll take anything that will help me.' After the first bottle I passed a third stone, but this time without pain. I kept on with the Syrup and was soon as well as ever. Since that time, now fourteen years ago, I have kept in good health and perfectly free from my old ailment. I will answer inquiries from any sufferer. Yours, &c. (Signed) Charlotte Davis, 8, Editha Street Stockwell, London, September 27th, 1893."

"The first bringer of unwelcome news," says Shakespeare, "hath but a losing office." Quite true, but the messenger who tells of help and rescue wins a better place in our memory. Does he not? Yes, say all of us.

Perfection of Cynicism.

Oscar Wilde was introduced once at a garden-party in London to Mrs. Osmond, of Knebworth House. In the course of a few minutes' talk it was divulged that the lady was on the eve of departing for America. "Going to America?" said Oscar; "dear me; what for now?" "To see my husband," was the reply. Oscar stared sleepily at her in astonishment. Dropping languidly into a chair he said: "Going all the way to America to see your own (with accent on the own) husband? Deah me! What a lovely ideah!"

Football Championship for 1895.

The knowing ones are speculating on the football possibilities of the season. Ottawa is not likely to retain the honors of the championship, as Queen's will put in a team sure to smash all records. It is often the case that very slight causes will lose a victory. It is stated that a painful corn made useless one of the best American players. It follows that no team can hope to win this year that neglects to supply its members with Putman's Painless Corn Extractor, the only safe, sure, and painless remedy for corns.

A voice comes from the Colonies: "Oh, by your lives, oh, send us wives,"

A voice then back responsive flies; "Oh, by the powers, take ours, take ours!"

—The Canadian Gazette.