

Just the Thing.

An English journal tells of an amusing episode administered to a sharp bargainer, one of those persons who always seem to get more than their money's worth. The episode in the present instance was a woman, who sent the following advertisement in a London paper:

A lady in delicate health wishes to meet with a useful companion. She must be domestic, honest, on every point, amiable, of good appearance, and have some experience in nursing. A lady already preferred, considerable wages, weekly.

A few days afterwards the advertiser received a response in a basket labeled: "This side up—will suit." Pertinently she answered: "The basket is empty, with a hole in the lid to the left. It ran three miles." In response to your advertisement, I am happy to furnish you with a very useful companion, which you will find exactly suited to your requirements. She is domestic, a good vocalist, and a conscientious housewife. She has had a great experience as a nurse, having brought up a large family. I need scarcely tell you that she is a lady. As salary, I object to her, she will serve you faithfully in return for a comfortable home.

From Port Hill.

A session of the Grand Division, Sons of Temperance, was held in Port Hill Hall on the 25th ult., and as a report of which will, no doubt, be received from the usual quarter in due season, I will content myself at the present time by sending you an account of a public meeting held in the evening at which a programme, arranged by a committee appointed for that purpose, was creditably carried out. The meeting was in order, Bro. Anderson, G. W. P., in the chair, and he delivered the opening speech in his usual eloquent and pleasing style. He was followed by Bro. W. J. Montgomery who gave the address of Welcome, and the able manner in which he delivered it far exceeded the expectations of his fellow-members who selected him to perform that duty. Bro. Jas. Carruthers responded in a style characteristic of that gentleman, wit, humor, pathos and eloquence carefully arranged and recited in his speech with telling effect. "Sound the battle cry," was then rendered by the choir, Miss Katie Stewart, presiding at the organ, after which Bro. Wm. McNeil Simpson gave a very enthusiastic and effective temperance speech. Able and forcible addresses, in which those present were reminded of their duty to the present and future generations in regard to the pleasurable vice, were delivered in turn by Bro. Wright, A. Simpson and Arbing which were interspersed by choice selections from the choir, viz., "True hearted, whole hearted," "Marching on," "Good-bye, sweet day," "Evening bells," after which Bro. Arthur Simpson moved a vote of thanks be extended to the choir which was responded on their behalf by Bro. J. K. Ramsey. The thanks of the members of the Grand Division to the people of Port Hill for their kindness and hospitality was presented them by Bro. Jas. Carruthers. Bro. H. D. Dolin responded. The members of Port Hill Division who were identified with the musical part of the programme were assisted by Mr. Alfred Phillips and Miss Annie Phillips whose musical talents are of a high order, and noticeable among the queens of song who represented our sister divisions were Miss Nettie Miller of "Welcome" and Miss Matilda Boass and Miss Ella May McDonald of "Horns," who voices harmoniously mingled with the other voices of the choir. The meeting was concluded by the rendering of a prayer anthem by the choir. —[Cont.]

AN EGYPTIAN ADVERTISEMENT.

The story of the proposed trolley line from Cairo to the Pyramids, recalls another instance of modern enterprise. A certain tract society commissioned a painter to place religious texts on all available objects in Egypt.

He traced this question on one of the pyramids:

"Do you want to be saved?"

Another painter, in the interest of a quack medicine concern, came along and added beneath:

"If you do, take Hlink's pills."

"If birds of old the truth have told
The storks have raven hair.
But o'er the earth since set had birth
They paint the angels fair."



"Faith, hope and charity"
ELOCUTION
REGITAL
ADMIT 2 ONE.
Friday Oct. 13, 1896

Saturday
Aug 25
1896

Miss Anne Love

What I wanted was
a little more
and then I
was like this

Agnew-Pritchard.

On Wednesday evening, June 3rd, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Pritchard was the scene of a very pretty wedding, when their daughter Laura was united in the holy bonds of matrimony with Mr. Andrew Agnew. The bride was becomingly attired in a very handsome gown of heavy ivory gros grain silk, and carried a beautiful bouquet of Easter lilies and bridal roses. The bride was assisted by her two little sisters, Evelyn and Elna, prettily dressed in cream and heliotrope, while the groom was ably supported by Mr. W. B. Pritchard, brother of the bride. The ceremony, performed by the Rev. Mr. Lee, was witnessed by the members and immediate friends of the family, and after enjoying a most pleasant evening, the young couple departed for their cozy home on the corner of King Street and Saskatchewan Avenue, amidst showers of rice and good wishes. Although only a family wedding, the bride and groom were the recipients of many handsome and valuable presents.

SWEETBRIER LANE.
Dearest of all are the sweet spring flowers
That come with the sun and rain.
I was stirred to the depth of my soul to-day
By the sight of the primrose again.
It was held in the grasp of a childish hand,
And its odors, while I had wept,
Were blown away, the wings of the gentle wind
Through the city's narrow street!
And in thought I was listening the hint again
In sweetest lane.

And the sweet pure air, a vigorous breath,
Swept down from the green alder,
And ruffled the ruffled leaves of the tree
That over-arched the footway wide—
The path that leads to the "Sweetbrier Lane,"
Where the black and white cat
And the light heart exceed the glad refrain
In Sweetbrier Lane.

In the Glimmering.
The interesting story of how the song "In the Glimmering" came to be written by Annie F. Harrison, now Lady Hill, was told in last week's Family Herald, on page 6. The words of the song are:

In the glimmering, oh my darling! when the
lilies are dim and low,
And the quiet shadows falling, softly come
and softly go,
When the winds are sobbing faintly with
a gentle unknown woe,
Will you think of me and love me as you
did once long ago?

In the glimmering, oh my darling! think
not bitterly of me!
Though I passed away in silence, left you
lonely, and you free,
For my heart was crushed with longing;
What had I seen could ravish so,
It was best to leave you thus, dear, best
for you and best for me.



FRED. W. WRIGHT.



Miss Anne Love

Mrs. & Mrs. F. W. Wright