

and the storm abated, the genuine nature of the savage brute would return: he very coolly took the gun and pointed the barrel to the heart, resting it on the skin, which he afterwards showed to his friends as a trophy of that cyclone.

Children's Department.

OUR CHARLIE.

Who loves to pull the pussy's tail.
Or decorate her with a pail;
Delightful with her doleful wail?
Our Charlie.

Who runs with patient little legs
On errands. And when mamma begs
"Softly!" tiptoes as though on eggs?
Our Charlie.

But sometimes when he's washed and
dressed,
He kicks and screams like all possessed
Until a whipping we suggest
For Charlie.

Who's always singing "Baby Mine,"
Or "Buttercup" until we pine
To give some soothing anodyne
To Charlie.

We're going out. Where's Charlie? Far
A little voice rings; "Here I are,
Expressly waiting for the car!"
That's Charlie.

Who always wants "A horse to drive?"
Who seems with mischief all alive?
Ah, well! dear child! he's only five.—
Is Charlie.

HOW CELESTIALS FLY KITES.

BY FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

KITE-TIME for our juveniles is just at hand, and, as so few persons have an opportunity of seeing for themselves the queer kites and customs of the Chinese, a short article on the subject will probably interest our boy and girl readers.

In the first place, the kite-owners and flyers are not boys; but dignified officials, well-to-do merchants, and often gray-haired grandfathers, who vie with each other in getting up the largest and quaintest specimens of the *cerf-volant*, while the children are only spectators.

But then these kites are very marvels of skill, made in every imaginable form, of immense size, and all sorts of materials that can possibly be made available for the purpose, besides having very often a sort of musical attachment, that sends forth a buzzing, whirring sound, as the kite flies through the air. This has given rise to the name *fung-chang*, or "wind harpsichord," by which stately appellation these queer "Celestials" often designate their kites. But they have also another name in China for this favourite toy—*che-yao*, which means "kite," a bird very numerous in Northern China, and very useful as a street scavenger, in gathering up the garbage of lanes and fields on the outskirts of large cities. The gentle, gliding motion of these birds has, no doubt, suggested the synonym of their paper namesakes; just as the boys have named their kites, in our own and other English-speaking countries, after the self same bird, and probably the reason is identical on both sides of the water.

Chinese kites vary in length from thirty feet to tiny playthings for the children to learn on, of only a few inches; and they are [com]posed vari-

ously of oiled silk, tough mulberry paper, grass-cloth, and gold and tissue paper, pasted over delicate frames of bamboo. In form, the kites represent palaces, pagodas, birds, beasts, butterflies, fish, wheels, baskets of flowers, trees loaded with fruit, and sundry other devices. Some are in the form of enormous dragons, serpents, or centipedes; while others are very *façades* of vultures, eagles, and hawks, and often there will be a regular "pitched battle" between several of these monsters, resulting usually in the destruction of all engaged, the peculiar motion of the different animals being so perfectly imitated that one almost holds his breath in horror, as they writhe and plunge in mid-air, just above his head. Another favourite device is to have several hawks attached to the central hoop, over which they hover, or are pulled in and out, by separate cords, as if contending over a quarry.

Occasionally a castle is seen, with spires and turrets, arched windows, and vaulted dome, all lighted by small tapers, that soon burn down and set fire to the airy structure. For a moment the exhibit is grandly beautiful; and then this literal "castle in the air," with all its glory, goes out in utter darkness. Sometimes an enormous kite is made up of a large number of small ones, each of which looks like a domino block, with a rush four or five feet long fastened to each end of these small ones, while the whole are held together by a common stem. Even the human species is occasionally represented in the multifarious category of oriental kites. I remember one at Bangkok, the capital of Siam, in which a queer sort of aerial game was performed with a corps of eight actors, all of which were simply kites! Or, rather, there were seven actors, and the eighth kite was a gorgeous castle, built of transparent oiled silk, over a framework of fine wire, and the fairy edifice was brilliantly lighted by wax tapers. Within the castle was a lovely maiden; and two demons, one of whom was mounted on a huge dragon, paused before the door, upon which the lady fled through the open roof, followed by her two attendants. The two demons pursued, and the dragon looked several times as if about to swallow the maiden; but presently both demons and dragon were thrown with violence to the earth by a glittering angel, who had suddenly come to the rescue. Then the castle blew up, and fell as a pile of ashes on the sward, while the angel bore away the beautiful lady and both were lost in the distance. So ended this game of kites, in which there appeared no living actor; demons, dragon, angel, and ladies being ingeniously guided in their various movements by the hand that held the strings of these queer specimens of the *cerf-volant*.

Kites are in vogue only at one season of the year, and then the whole population turn out *en masse*, to celebrate this annual festival of kite-flying, which dates back thousands of years; and a curious legend professes to account for its origin. This legend says that a wise seer warned a friend of his to leave his house on a certain day, taking his wife and children with him, and not to return till night, in order that they might escape the doom of impending calamity. The man obeyed the injunction, fled to the hills with his whole family, and spent the

day in kite-flying. When he returned, at nightfall, he found that the death-angel had passed over his dwelling, and every one of his domestic animals lay stark and stiff where they had fallen. He and his family had escaped only by being absent; and, in grateful recognition of his rescue, he instituted the annual festival of kite-flying, which has since grown into a national observance throughout the length and breadth of the empire. The day is the ninth of November, and the usage, known as *tang-kao* ("ascending the heights"), has become so general that in the vicinity of the large cities it is not unusual to see thousands of these huge, quaint-looking kites floating simultaneously over the heads of an assembled crowd of twenty thousand men, women, and children, all eagerly gazing at the novel movements of these aerial monsters, that one moment go wizzing and whirling past one's ears and the next are soaring gallantly among the clouds.

A Chinese is very apt to bring his religion into everything he does or enjoys, and his kite-flying is no exception to the rule. After a long day's intense enjoyment of the sport, many, just before returning home, will inscribe on their kites the name of one of their gods or of a deceased relative, and after sending it up, cut the string and leave the kite to soar away to realms unknown, bearing with it, as they honestly believe, all evils of poverty, sickness, and, indeed, every calamity that may be impending over the kite-owner and his family.

THE FIRST ATTEMPT.

THE mother hen had sat patiently upon her eggs; if she could explain her feelings, no doubt she would tell us that the waiting seemed long; but at last the shells chipped, and one after another of the little chicks came out to nestle under her wings. It was a proud moment for her. The other hens who had passed by her nest, thinking, "Poor thing! I wonder if she will hatch them after all," would see her success, which they had doubted because she was young and inexperienced.

There followed other moments as happy, such as when she walked out with the small downy creatures running round her feet, when she saw them pecking up the grain which she pointed out with a "cluck," or enjoying a snail or a worm which she discovered wriggling out of the damp earth for their morning meal.

But the weeks went by, and chickens, like other young things, grow quickly; and chickens, again like other young things, learn to do without their mother. When one of the brood, a sturdy little cockerel, brought in his first worm, and made a wheezy attempt at a crow of joy, the hen knew that her business was nearly done—for nothing lasts, and "nursery day" for children and chickens are soon gone.

Not to aim at great things is the way to have common comforts in plenty.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES and DEATHS.

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Birth.

SWEET.—On Friday, April 1st, 1881, at the Parsonage, Ithracombe, Ontario, the wife of the Rev. A. S. O. Sweet, of a daughter.

Deaths.

GRAHAM.—On Thursday, March 31st, 1881, at 95 Charles street, Rebecca Nilson, beloved wife of Charles P. Graham, and daughter of the late Thomas J. Preston, Esq., of Toronto.

MASON.—At her residence, Colborne, March 26th, 1881, Mrs. Eliza Mason, aged 80 years.

PRODUCE MARKET.

TORONTO, April 5, 1881.

| | ¢ | ¢ |
|---------------------|------|-------|
| Wheat, Fall, bush. | 1 06 | 1 10 |
| Do. Spring | 1 12 | 1 18 |
| Barley | 88 | 93 |
| Oats | 38 | 40 |
| Peas | 62 | 70 |
| Rye | 80 | 85 |
| Flour, brl. | 4 90 | 4 95 |
| Beef, hind quarters | 6 00 | 7 50 |
| Do. fore quarters | 5 00 | 6 00 |
| Mutton | 6 00 | 8 00 |
| Hogs, 100lb. | 7 75 | 8 00 |
| Beets, bushel | 50 | 55 |
| Onions, bushel | 80 | 1 00 |
| Cabbage, dozen | 60 | 1 00 |
| Carrots, bushel | 40 | 50 |
| Parsnips, bushel | 50 | 65 |
| Turnips, bushel | 31 | 40 |
| Potatoes, bushel | 50 | 60 |
| Apples, barrel | 1 00 | 1 50 |
| Chickens, pair | | |
| Fowls, pair | 60 | 75 |
| Ducks, brace | 60 | 80 |
| Geese | 60 | 1 00 |
| Turkeys | 0 75 | 2 00 |
| Butter, lb rolls | 20 | 22 |
| Do. dairy | 16 | 18 |
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