

## Poetry.

**THE RED BREAST OF THE ROBIN.**

Of all the merry little birds that live up in the tree,  
 And carol from the sycamore and chestnut,  
 The prettiest little gentleman that dearest is to me,  
 Is the one in coat of brown and scarlet waistcoat.  
 It's cockit little robin,  
 And his head he keeps a-bobbin'.

Of all the other pretty fowls I'd choose him;  
 For he sings so sweetly still,  
 Through his tiny slender bill,  
 With a little patch of red upon his bosom.

When the frost is in the air, and the snow upon the ground,  
 To other little birdies so bewilderin',  
 And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,  
 Picking up the crumbs near the window he is found,  
 Singing Christmas stories to the children,  
 Of how two tender babes  
 Were left in woodland glades

By a cruel man who took 'em there to lose 'em;  
 But Bobby saw the crime  
 (He was watching all the time!),  
 And he blushed a perfect crimson on his bosom.

When the changing leaves of autumn around us thickly fall,  
 And everything seems sorrowful and saddening,  
 Robin may be heard on the corner of the wall,  
 Singing what is solacing and gladdening.  
 And sure from what I've heard,  
 He's God's own little bird,

And sings to those in grief just to amuse 'em;  
 But once he sat forlorn  
 On a cruel Crown of Thorn,  
 And the blood it stained his pretty little bosom.

**THE LONE BUFFALO.**

THE last remaining buffalo herd in the Canadian North-West is the property of Warden Bedson, of the Manitoba Penitentiary, who is perhaps to-day the best authority in America on buffalo breeding. Mr. Bedson commenced a few years ago with nine animals, and has now a herd of sixty-eight not including eighteen hybrids, the result of crossing the buffalo bull with a Durham cow. In view of the work of extinction that has been going on so ruthlessly for the past ten years Mr. Bedson can claim to be a public benefactor. While before Senator Schultze's committee of enquiry (which is endeavouring to collect reliable evidence as to the resources and food products of the North-West) Warden Bedson gave some most interesting information about the buffalo and the results of his experiments as a breeder. Crossing the buffalo bull with a Durham cow had produced a hybrid animal, larger, stronger, and heavier than the domestic animal, and one also able to winter out without shelter, even when calved as late as November. The meat of the animal, it is averred, is better than that of the domestic animal and the robe more equally furred and for all purposes better than the ordinary buffalo robe. Mr. Bedson says the crossing is effected without difficulty, and thinks a cross between the buffalo and domestic cow would be still better than between Buffalo and Durham. He has only tried the Durham cow, but proposes to try the Polled Angus and Galloway breeds on account of the darker colour of the robe, one of which would be worth \$75. The hybrids are more useful than the domestic ox, being larger, stronger and hardier, and can be applied to any of the ordinary purposes of oxen. One instance was given where a three-year-old hybrid animal weighed 2,000 pounds, and stood five feet high at the fore shoulders. The hybrid calves need little care, and no evidence of a hump is apparent till about three weeks after birth. The lone buffalo deserves more consideration than he has been getting recently, and it is to be hoped that he will have many more such friends and guardians as Warden Bedson to bring him up in the way he should go.

**SELF-CONTROL REQUIRED.**

A BRIEF ESSAY ON THE FACIAL EXPRESSION OF STENOGRAPHERS.

IN all the advertisements and circulars which the various shorthand schools and colleges are sending broadcast over the country regarding the qualifications of students whom they have graduated I find one point not alluded to; and as I believe this omitted point something necessary to the success of every one acting as private secretary it seems to me it should be taught, or, at least, spoken of as a necessary requisite in the proficiency of shorthand writers.

In these days when so much attention is given to the Delsarte method of expression by those who are fitting themselves professionally for the stage, and the look without the accompanying words can be made to express emotion of any kind, I would suggest a method—differing from the Delsarte in the opposite extreme—which should be used in connection with every system of shorthand, that pupils may learn not to accompany their dictators' words with varying expressions of countenance, but so train themselves that they can assume a stoical expression which they shall wear at all times, and out of which they will not be surprised under the most trying circumstances.

In my experience as private amanuensis in a large wholesale house I have learned this for myself, and now would help others just entering the field who have no idea how much depends upon the cultivation of facial expression; or rather, the cultivation of non-expression in the face.

Have you a keen sense of humour, and are you unfortunate enough to see the ridiculous side of everything? Then I warn you to so train yourself that, while laughing inwardly as much as you please, not even the fringe of your eye-lids shall quiver, or the corners of your mouth twist, when your dictator expresses himself in so peculiar a manner as to excite your risibles.

If brought up in a conscientious family, with no knowledge of business entanglements which necessitate the telling of "white lies," then again will it be well for you to be versed in facial expression to the intent that when you are receiving words from your dictator's lips exactly contrary to opinions expressed by him in previous letters to other parties, your eyes shall not open wide with a questioning look but will maintain a down-cast, "none of my business" position, which at all times suit your employer, for where is there a business man who wants his conscience sitting at his elbow, ready to say in looks—because it dare not in words—"You are not telling the truth, sir."

If you pride yourself upon your correct grammar and wince involuntarily at the indiscriminate mixing of pronouns and tenses when in the presence of people not related to Richard Grant White, then will it be necessary for you to be well trained that not a shadow of horror will pass over your countenance when your dictator begins a letter in his most consequential manner: "We done the best we could, but it is our intentions to do better," etc., etc., or so mixes his own individual "I" with the firm "we" that you are in doubt as to the proper signature of the same. If you feel each hair rising, each muscle of your eye wincing, and all the wrinkles of your forehead holding an indignation meeting at a common centre, I warn you to suppress them all. Say to each rising hair, "Sit thee down, my child"; to each quivering muscle, "Cease thy sympathetic convulsion," and to the gathering wrinkles, "Depart in peace, this is none of your affair that you should thus show yourselves in battle array."

M. LIGNER, an Austrian meteorologist, claims to have ascertained after careful investigation that the moon has an influence on the magnetized needle varying with its phases.