

Good Night



PAUSING for a last "Good-night,"
Upward now I take my flight,
Feeling safe and cheerful quite
'Cause I have my candle light.
Quick I crawl into my bed,
Downy-pillowed is my head,
No bad goblin do I dread,
'Cause my prayers I have said.
Though my candle flame will die,
Stupid darkness fear not I,

'Cause the moon and stars all try
Faithfully to light the sky.
'Tisn't hard to go to sleep
And my eyelids firm-closed keep,
'Cause I'm longing for a peep
At delights in Slumber-Deep.
Slumber-Deep's the land, high-ol'
Where dream people frolic so;
You'll excuse me now, I know,
'Cause it's there I want to go.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

Influences That Draw It From Its Allegiance to the Magnetic Pole.
Nothing in the navigational equipment of a ship has been the subject of more anxious scientific research or receives more jealous care than the mariner's compass, says the Windsor Magazine.
The popular notion of the compass needle always pointing north and south is—well, more inaccurate than even the most popular notions usually are. Even under the most favorable conditions there are only certain places upon the surface of the earth where the compass needle does not point north and south, and it is quite safe to say that such conditions are never found on board of any ship.
But we must go further and say that no more unfavorable position could be found for a compass than on board of a modern steamship, which is a complicated mass of steel, all tending to draw the compass needle from its allegiance to the magnetic pole of the earth.

warring influences which must needs be counteracted by all sorts of devices which hedge round the instrument by an invisible wall of conflicting currents of magnetism.
And as if this were not enough there are now huge dynamos to be reckoned with, producing electric currents for all sorts of purposes on board. In the midst of these mystic currents the poor little compass needle, upon which the mariner depends for his guide, goes the trackless deep, hangs suspended like one shrinking saint surrounded by legions of devils.

CO-OPERATION.

Parke—You keep a joint bank account with your wife, don't you?
Lane—I deposit the money and she draws it out.
The multiplication table doesn't satisfy a small boy's hunger.
A woman is known by the company she isn't at home to.
We always feel sorry for a man who has to act as chaperon to a poodle dog.

TAXES ON EVERYTHING

CURIOUS DUTIES IMPOSED TO RAISE BRITISH REVENUES.

Pitt, During Great Britain's War With France, Tried Every Tax Imaginable.

Chancellors in former times were at their wits' ends to raise revenue, and many were the curious taxes they imposed, says the London Daily Mail.
Pitt put a tax on hair powder. For a hundred years the wig, introduced from France, was very fashionable. But about the middle of the eighteenth century it began to fall into disuse and hair powder took its place.
Men tied their natural hair in a queue and covered it with powder. To appear at any social function with unpowdered hair was an impossible offence.
Taking advantage of the fashion, Pitt put on the "guinea pig" tax, as it was called, charged on a householder in respect of every person in his house who used hair powder.

But there were many exemptions; in addition to the Royal Family and their servants, clergymen not possessing a hundred a year, subalterns and privates in the army, and officers in the navy under the rank of commander were exempted.
And to relieve the man with a large family, a father with more than two unmarried daughters could get a license for any number by paying two guineas.
Pitt expected a revenue of more than £20,000. But the Whigs, headed by the Duke of Bedford, decided to balk the Chancellor by abandoning the use of hair powder.
In September, 1795, some of the Whig leaders—the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Anglesea, the Earl of Jersey, Lord William Russell and others—met in solemn conclave at Woburn Abbey and there sorrowfully cut off their queues.
Curled and oiled whiskers took the vacant place and powder was left to menservants, but it was not till 1869 that Mr. Lowe repealed the hair powder tax as not being worth the cost of collection.

War with France was the cause of the tax on dogs. In 1796 the impost commenced, but it was limited to persons keeping sporting dogs or a number of dogs.
For a long time—1840-53—dog owners paid a very heavy toll. For all non-sporting dogs the tax was 9s. 8d., for sporting dogs, 18s. 4d., and for greyhounds, £1 2s.
But in 1853 Mr. Gladstone changed the tax to 12s. for any kind of dog. Even this was too high. Not one-fourth of the owners paid, and so great became the numbers of dogs on the public roads that something like a panic arose throughout the country.

In London the parks were infested by stray dogs and it was a common sight to see dozens of them following riders in the Row, barking at the horses.
So to prevent evasion the tax was reduced to 5s., and afterward raised to the figure which it now stands.
Probably the worst taxes ever imposed were those on paper, newspapers and advertisements—the tax on knowledge, as it has been called. How much these taxes retarded the progress of the country there is no calculating. The paper duty, William III.'s invention, commenced in 1694 and lasted down to 1861 over a century and a half.
It was at one time £28 a ton and when Charles Knight published the "Penny Cyclopaedia" (1830) he had to pay £20,000 duty on the paper. Only 14,000 tons of paper were used in 1803 and only 25,000 tons in 1831.
Then in 1711 Queen Anne put a duty on newspapers, a penny per sheet, raised to fourpence by George III. and not abolished until 1855.
To make matters worse an advertisement duty was imposed in 1712, also by Queen Anne. This amounted to the prohibitive sum of 3s. 6d. for each advertisement.
For four years shopkeepers were taxed by Pitt (1785-89). It was not much, only sixpence in the pound up to £10 rent and two shillings in the pound when the rent exceeded £25 pounds.
But a great outcry arose. Pitt said the shopkeeper could pass the tax on to the customer; the shopkeeper said he could not and in the end the shopkeeper was victorious.
A curious thing happened when auctioneers were taxed. At first £5 a year, the duty was raised to £10 by Peel, but he relieved them of the necessity of taking out a license for beer, spirits, etc., when they sold these articles at auction. The consequence was that auctioneers everywhere carried on the sale of spirits, etc., for themselves until the abuse was stopped in 1864.
To Pitt again and the war with France we owe the income tax. He put it on with a vengeance—2s. in the pound on all incomes over £200 and varying rates on incomes from this sum down to £60.
It commenced in 1798 and was abolished in 1816. Then for twenty-six years the people were free from this most unpopular impost.
At first the possession of large families was taken into account, and abatements were made for children. £4 per £100 for each child over two years, where the income did not exceed £400 a year, and less for rich folk.
The window tax, a very old tax, commenced in the reign of William III. was not discontinued until Lord Halifax changed it to the house duty in 1851.
It must have caused a great amount of consumption, anaemia and other foul air maladies, for in 1850 there were only an average of six windows in English houses. Indeed, our architects are said to have been influenced by the tax.
In many old houses one still sees mock windows painted on the walls for symmetry—hideous things. Not only were glazed windows taxed, but any hole in the wall was included. Indeed, in the early days only very rich people had glass windows, and so precious were these that they were carried from one house to another when people removed.
Curious dodges were practised to escape the tax, such as extending one window across two houses or making a very wide division between two panes of glass. The loss

SORCERIES of a BEAUTIFUL UNDINE



THOUSANDS and thousands of years ago undines lived in the sea. Ancestors were they of the mermaids, and much more wise and powerful than the mermaids. None among the undines was as wise as the beautiful Princess Lira. Always was she to be found at the feet of the undine sorcerers, until she became as well versed in magic art as the witch herself.
One day as Lira clung in the shadow of a partly submerged rock near the shore she espied afar off a horseman. When he drew closer she perceived he was a very handsome prince. Thereupon she cast a magic spell upon the water, so that to the prince it seemed to be part of the beach. Over a cliff plunged the horse with its rider.
The prince quickly rose to the surface of the water and struck out valiantly for the shore. But the arms of the undine twined about him and bore him down whom he was betrothed. But it so happened that Lira had fallen in love with him. Therefore, she caused him to postpone his departure and finally insisted upon detaining him against his will.
In Princess Lora, the younger sister of Lira, the prince had a great admirer. Observing his grief, she would have assisted him to escape had she been able to cope with the magic of the enchantress Lira.
One day, however, Lora burst in upon the prince, exclaiming: "Now is your time to fly! Lira has gone to consult the old witch."
She led him rapidly to where the dolphins were stabled. Lora now wished with all her heart that he would remain. Before he mounted she said to him wistfully: "Shall we never see you again?" "I fear not," replied the prince.



"ALWAYS AT THE FEET OF THE SORCERESS"

beneath the waves. As soon as consciousness left him, Lira slipped upon his finger a magic ring, which would keep him from all further harm.
When the prince awoke he found himself upon a couch in the undine king's palace. A magnificent castle it was, built from the bed of the ocean.
"Where am I?" he murmured, dazed among his strange surroundings.
Immediately the Princess Lira swam gracefully to him. "You are now the guest of my father, the king of the undines," said she. "I found you struggling in the embrace of a dreadful sea monster, rescued you, and brought you here."
After the prince had made known his gratitude to Lira, he was escorted about the wonderful palace and shown its wonders.
Although the handsome prince much appreciated the kindness of his friends, he longed to go back to land, where he might see the princess to whom he was betrothed.
He then took from his finger the magic ring, which, strangely enough, he had not before noticed.
"I thank you," said the princess simply. Then, to her great alarm, she saw the prince reel, grow deathly pale and fall at her feet.
Before Princess Lira could arrive the prince was dead. Her grief was inconsolable. "Pooh!" cried she, "did you not know he would drown without the magic ring! You have killed him!"
Lora shrank back in horror. But although in a whisper it was, steadily she replied:
"Nay, my sister, your wicked enchantments have done this."
"Yet, deep as was my grief of the Princess Lira and Lora, still more pitiable was that of the princess on shore, who waited vainly for her lover's return.

FOUND SKELETONS AND GOLD

Underground Stronghold Contains Hundreds of Skeletons.
Great excitement has been caused at Serra Daire, in southern Portugal, by the discovery of an underground stronghold, which is said to be rich in treasure.
The stronghold consists of a very extensive series of underground passages and chambers, including living quarters, stables and store-houses, and it was undoubtedly constructed at the time that the Moors were being hard pressed by the Portuguese, who held the northern portion of the country.
Hundreds of skeletons have been found, and a great store of ancient weapons, including daggers, swords and scimitars, many of which are studded with precious stones.
Great stores of gold and silver coins have also been found, and large numbers of people are working feverishly day and night.

JINGLING JOHNSON--HE RHYMES HIMSELF INTO A LOT MORE TROUBLE

KING SOLOMON WAS A MASON, A HUSTLER, AT THE TROWEL, AND HE COULD LAY THE BRICKS SO FAST, IT WOULD MAKE THE WELKIN HOWL!
IM HIS MANAGER. HM!
HE'S ALL RIGHT! HA HA!
HO HO HO! HAH HA!
Haha!

THE KING A HUNDRED WIVES HE HAD, AND EVERY DAY HE WAS A DAD, WHICH MADE HIM FEEL SO VERY GLAD, AND SO DO ALL THE MASONS!
I KNEW A MASON, ONCE!
HM!
GOOD! HURRAH! HA HA, HO HO!

HE BEAT HIS WIFE MOST EVERY DAY, THEY SAY THE RENT HE WOULDNT PAY, ALL MASONS DO THE SAME TODAY, I WOULDNT BE A MASON!
THE MASON I KNEW STOLE A FIG!
WHAT?
THIS IS AN INSULT!
HERE, STOP THAT!

A MASON LIVED NEXT DOOR TO ME HE MADE HIS WIFE SLEEP IN A TREE, WHILE HE ENJOYED PROSPERITY, OH, DOWN WITH ALL THE MASONS!
SCOUNDREL!
BRING OUT THE ROYAL GOAT!
HEY, JIM, GET THE GOAT!

THE MASONS NEVER PAY FOR BOOZE, THEY GET IT WITH THE GRIPS THEY USE, ON MONDAY MASONS HAVE THE BLUES, THEY DRINK TOO MUCH ON SUNDAY!
STOP! FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE STOP!
ONE, TWO—
BAA-H!

I KNEW A MAN WHO DIED IN BED, A MASON KILLED HIM, SO THEY SAID, HE STOLE HIS WATCH AND THEN HE FLED, BECAUSE HE WAS A MASON!
ALAS!
BAA-H!
—THREE!

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