The Man Who Miss the Train.

I loaf arom the depo' just to see the Pullman scoot,
An' to see the people scamper w'en they hear the engine toot;
But w'at makes the most impression on my soul w'at active brain,
Is the careless man who got there jest in time to miss the train.

An' some hurt the railroad comp'ny an' some loudly their disdain,
An' some jest gallop down the track an' try to catch the cars;
An' some with a loud laff an' jokes will position up their pain;
Var'ous kin's er people get there jest in time to miss the train.

An' there is many deeper, an' far serious 'thout name
Along the death-track Railroad that leads to wealth an' fame,
An' men rush to these deepo's as fast as they can fly,
As the Train of Opportunity jest goes a-thundering by.

They rush down to the stations, with their hair al stood on end,
As the platform of the tail-end car goes whirlin' round the bend;
An' some sees the train a-pullin' out, an' some can feel their pain,
W'en the find that they have got there jest in time to miss the train.

But the cars puff through the valleys, and go a whirlin' by,
An' float their banners of w'ite smoke like flags of victory!
They leap the flowin' rivers an' through the tunnels gropy,
An' over the mountains of Despair to the fertile land of Hope.

The Grand Trunk Railroad of Success, it runs through every clime,
But the Cars of Opportunity they go on schedule time,
An' never are their brakes reversed; they won't back up again
To take the man who got there jest in time to miss the train.

—*Boston Gazette.*

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A STORY OF TWO COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER I.

The Chateau de Mabillon stood on the summit of a low, but abrupt hill; overlooking one of the most beautiful valleys of France. In appearance it was scarcely habitable, for it had suffered greatly in the Revolution; and though time had veiled the rough work of the incendiaries with luxuriant ivy and creepers, the chateau was but a ruin, with the exception of a few rooms which had escaped the general devastation, and were still occupied by the De Mabillon family.

Very small had that family become of late years, dwindling as rapidly almost as their fortune had diminished. Alphonse de Mabillon, at the age of five-and-forty, found himself the sole survivor of his generation—brothers and sisters were all dead, more distant relatives had emigrated, and were thus lost to him, his little English wife had drooped and died long ago, and he was now left alone, save for his two children.

The villagers and the cure wondered at monsieur's grave, sad face, but they all loved him, for he was the very impersonation of gentleness and kindness, and gave more in alms than many a far richer man.

On the brow of the hill, surrounding the chateau on all sides, was a broad terrace, upon which M. de Mabillon might have been seen one autumn afternoon, pacing up and down. His face was more than ordinarily grave, his head bent as if in anxious thought; so engrossed was he, that he did not even notice the singing of the vesper bell, in the convent below the hill, although this was the wonted sign for the appearance of his little daughter.

Esperance was full of wonder as, accompanied by old Javotte, the servant, she climbed the steep ascent to the chateau. Her studies at the convent were over for the day, and she was making all speed to join her father. Why was he not watching for her as usual? What made him look so grave and anxious? She reached the terrace out of breath, and sprang to her father's side with a merry laugh.

"Whp, papa! you have forgotten me, and I have given you a surprise."

"For once," replied her father, smiling and stooping to kiss the little, flexible mouth which was pretending to pout; "I have much to think of just now, my child."

Esperance looked puzzled.

"What can there be to think of, now that the harvest is over, and the vintage, too, and Gaspard, our good Gaspard, has passed his examination?—tell me what makes you grave, papa."

M. de Mabillon paused for a minute, then, instead of answering the question, said, "Gaspard will live at Paris now, you know; how would you like to live there too?"

"At Paris!" exclaimed Esperance, wonderingly, "and leave the chateau? Oh! no, papa, we could not live in a great town, away from all the woods and the flowers. Besides, I love the sisters—except, indeed, Sœur Therese, who is cross always—I could not bear to leave them."

"You will try to bear it for my sake, will you not?" asked her father.

Esperance turned pale.

"Do you mean, papa, that we must really go quite away from home, and leave everything?"

"Dear child, it is indeed thus; I have kept it from you as long as possible, but I have had losses of late, the vintage was, as you know, very bad, and Gaspard's education has been a great expense; we can not afford to live here any longer, so the chateau and land are to be sold, and we must try to live cheaply with your brother at Paris."

Esperance did not attempt to hide her tears, but she struggled to check them for her father's sake. The understanding between father and daughter was perfect, and Esperance, though only fourteen, was a real companion to M. de Mabillon; he knew her innermost heart.

They talked long together over their future plans, and Esperance was comforted by the trust and confidence which he placed in her, and yet more by the perception of his calm, unshaken faith in the great Right which governed all changes.

Long years after his words rested in her memory; surely there are in many hearts words and scenes so deeply impressed that nothing can efface them, truly God-given memories—possessions for life. Esperance could always recall the close of that autumn day—the sun setting behind the Auvergne mountains—the shadows gathering in the beautiful valleys below—the river hurrying on its way, bearing on its bosom the reflection of a cloud crimson with sunset glory, the beautiful old chateau, with its ivy-covered walls—above all her father's face, grave no longer, but full of the most serene trust, his eyes looking straight into hers lovingly and confidently.

"Papa!" she cried, impetuously, "I love you so dearly that I shall be happy always where you are; I shall not mind leaving the chateau.

"That will do for the present, but you will grow to something higher by and by," was M. de Mabillon's quiet answer; a riddle, indeed, to Esperance, but one which needed solving sooner than either father or daughter expected.

Hitherto Esperance's life had been singularly uneventful. The neighborhood was small and quiet, and M. de Mabillon, as a member of the Eglise Reformee, was cut off from what little society was to be had. Ever since Esperance could remember, she had read every day with her father, played in the old, neglected garden, talked to imaginary sisters, and helped old Javotte, the maid-servant, in her domestic duties; while each afternoon there was the visit to the convent, a music lesson from Sœur Angelique, who was young and pretty, and a long lesson in needle-work from Sœur Therese, who has been already stigmatized as "cross." Now and then M. de Mabillon would take her to the nearest town to visit one of his few friends, but such treats were rare, and the unclouded happiness of Esperance's childhood arose entirely from the love and sympathy between her and her father, apart from all other pleasures.

She was cheerful and buoyant by nature, and the news of the afternoon did not weigh upon her, though to a certain extent she felt it. Having left her father in the garden, she ran into the chateau, to find Javotte, actually singing as she went.

Javotte, a middle-aged woman, with little, black eyes, and a complexion brown and wrinkled with care and exposure, looked up as Esperance entered the kitchen, and said, in a grating but not really disagreeable voice, "Ah, well, ma'moselle! there are people who can always sing; when you are as old as I am——"

"I shall sing just as much," interrupted Esperance, laughing. "But after all, Javotte, I do not fell quite like singing to-night, only you see it is no good to sit down and cry; dear old Javotte, you will come with us, will you not? Now say 'yes,' directly—do not clear your throat!"

Javotte, however, was in no condition for speaking. She finished making an omelet before venturing to begin, and then with many gesticulations opened her heart to Esperance.

"It is this way, my child—monsieur tells me of the change which comes, and at once I say to myself, 'I love ma'moselle and monsieur, and M. Gaspard, they go—then I must go also;' and again I say to myself, 'I love my son Pierre, he stays here, then I must stay.' *Voila!* Ma'mselle, how can I choose them, between these two?"

"Pierre could come too," said Esperance, quickly. "Indeed, Javotte, I can not live without you; have you not often said how my mother asked you to love me and care for me before she died, and will you leave me now to go away alone?"

Javotte could not resist such an appeal; after all, she thought, Pierre would no doubt marry, and then she would not be wanted—yes, she would accompany ma'mselle till death.

Esperance, disregarding the foreboding tone of the last word, promised to dance at Pierre's wedding, and ran away to impart the good news to her father.

CHAPTER II.

Javotte felt the change more than any one else. Perhaps the actual parting from the chateau was not so painful to her as to its owners, but the life at Paris, was far less congenial. She was too rustic ever to feel at home in a city; the stairs tried her temper, the noise tried her head, and altogether she was for a time most unhappy. Esperance only discovered a small part of her miseries, for the good old servant was far too manlfish to complain, and devoted herself more than ever to the service of the De Mabillons.

The winter was over, and the bright spring weather was pleasant enough in Paris, even to those accustomed to a country life. Esperance, as she sat with her needle-work by the open window, could think of her old home almost without a sigh, so sweet and clear did the air feel, and so bright and cheerful was the sunshine. The room in which she was seated was bare of all luxuries; a polished floor, a stove, and the necessary chairs and tables sound cold enough in description, nevertheless, there was an air of freshness and grace in the arrangement of the whole which is often wanting in better furnished rooms.

Esperance was thoroughly French, and had all a Frenchwoman's delicate tact and taste. Her mother had been of English birth, but had apparently bequeathed little of her nationality to her child—perhaps, rather to M. de Mabillon's disappointment; he would have been pleased to have some likeness to his fair little English wife, but both Esperance and Gaspard, were unmistakably De Mabillons. Esperance was not, strictly speaking, pretty, but there was a freshness and glow about her complexion which made up for any want of actual beauty. Her low, smooth brow and regular features were not in the least striking, but the power of the face lay in her eyes, which, though not large, were wonderfully bright and of the richest brown color, soft and velvety in the shade, and clear as amber in the light. Her dark hair fell like a cloud round her pretty, sloping shoulders, and her slight figure and little round waist might have been the envy of many a belle.

The afternoon was somewhat advanced, and Esperance, neglecting her work, stationed herself at the window so watch for her brother's return. Gaspard was now studying for the bar, notwithstanding that his father's fallen fortunes would have made some less uphill profession far more advisable.

To be an advocate, however, had long been his wish, and M. de Mabillon, despite his poverty, would not gainsay him, and even went so far as to seek work himself in order to meet their expenses.

This, however, was not to be had; he was too completely the country gentleman, and too ignorant in business matters to meet with any suitable employment.

From her window *au quatrieme*, Esperance soon descried her brother in the distance, accompanied, much to her surprise, by a stranger, long-legged and stalwart, and, on nearer view, decidely English. Visitors were so rare in the little salon that Esperance was in a flutter of excitement at the very idea; she listened eagerly for footsteps—yes, there were assuredly two people mounting the flight of stairs.

The door was opened by Gaspard.

"I have brought you a visitor, *cherie*. Is my father not at home?"

Then as Esperance bowed to the stranger,

"No, no, this is our cousin, Mr. George Palgrave; you must give him an English Land-shake. We met each other most unexpectedly at Galignani's, each recognizing the other's name."

Esperance looked up full of curiosity, for the English relations had always been enveloped in a cloud of mystery. She was not particularly struck with the specimen before her. George Palgrave, might, perhaps, have been five-and-twenty; he was tall, large-made, fair complexioned, and, in Esperance's eyes, awkward-looking, as complete a contrast to the slight, dark-eyed Gaspard as could have been found.

She shook hands with him as directed, and noticing that his French was decidedly embarrassing to him, began to display her small stock of English with some pride.

"You have made a good voyage, I hope, my cousin?"

"A fairly good crossing, thank you; there was an ugly sou'-wester when we started, but it soon went down."

Esperance had not the faintest idea of the meaning of "an ugly sou'-wester," but she went on bravely.

"And you are arrived at Paris to-day? I hops you will pass some time here!"

"I wish I could, but unfortunately I must leave this evening, I am merely passing through, on my way to Switzerland. It was most fortunate that I chanced to meet your brother; I had no idea you were living at Paris."

"Since the last four months. Do you know, monsieur, you are the first of our English relations that I have seen? Tell us of our cousins; we do not even know their names; is it not so, Gaspard?"

Mr. Palgrave looked amused.

"And I have not yet had the honor of hearing yours."

"For me, I am Esperance; now, please, our English cousins."

"I am the only one of the Palgrave family; then there are the three Misses Collinson, or rather two, for the eldest is married—Mrs. Mortlake. The others are called Cornelia and Bertha."

"Cornelia! ah! that is not pretty. Bertha, I like; tell me about her."

Mr. Palgrave seemed embarrassed, and was glad to be spared a description, by the entrance of M. de Mabillon.

Esperance hurried forward to meet her father.

"Papa, this is our English cousin, Mr. Palgrave; he is telling me all about our relations."

M. de Mabillon's greeting was gravely polite, but scarcely cordial; the conversation became at once more formal and stiff, and Mr. Palgrave's complexion grew so fiery that Esperance felt her own cheeks tingle out of sympathy. He father was evidently well acquainted with all the mysterious relations; she heard him inquire after Dean Collinson and his daughters, after Mr. and Mrs. Palgrave, and other unknown names, yet there was a curious constraint in his manner which Esperance could not account for. She grew a little weary and oppressed, and was not sorry when her cousin rose to go, having refused an invitation to dinner.

Gaspard, also a little surprised at his father's coldness, proposed to act as guide to his cousin, and the two took their departure, leaving M. de Mabillon and Esperance alone.

M. de Mabillon sighed heavily as the door closed upon them.

"So that is George Palgrave; poor fellow, I was but half civil to him—you must not follow my bad example, dear child."

"Papa! I do not understand. Why do you not like our cousins; and why have you never told me about our English relations before?"

"For many reasons," said M. de Mabillon. "We are cut off from them, both by distance and inclination. There has never been any intercourse between us since your mother's death; I am too much disliked by them."

"You, disliked, papa! It is impossible!"

M. de Mabillon smiled.

"You had better hear the whole story, and then you will understand. When I was a young man I was travelling in England, and while spending some weeks in London, was introduced to your mother, then a Miss Collinson, sister of the dean whom I mentioned just now. He was then in possession of some London living, and Amy, your mother, lived with him. They were the eldest and youngest of a large family, most of whom had died, and one or two of whom were married. Amy was very beautiful, and from the first I loved her. She had other admirers, however, and among them a certain Sir Henry Worthington, a very rich and influential man. Mr. Collinson thought the connection would be a useful one, and urged your mother to consent. At the same time I made my proposal to him for his sister's hand, greatly to his annoyance. So anxious was he for the other connection that he absolutely refused at first to mention my name to her. His behavior at the time is too bad to be recalled; however, he at length he was obliged to yield, in so far that I was allowed to speak to your mother myself. To Mr. Collinson's indignation, she accepted me, and as she was of age he had no power to prevent the engagement."

"But, papa, why did Mr. Collinson dislike you?" asked Esperance, greatly puzzled.

(To be Continued.)

IDEAL DRESS OF WOMEN.

Opinions of Prominent Women on the Subject—No "Gowns" for Business Women.

Five questions on the subject of dress have been put to some of the leading authorities on dress reform by the New York correspondent of the Chicago *Times*. They are as follows:

1. What, in your opinion, will be the dress of the coming women? In what general respects it will differ from the present feminine attire?

2. Is the tendency of fashion in the direction of more graceful and artistically satisfactory costumes?

3. Is it in directions favorable to health and greater freedom of body? Will the corset be dispensed with? Will you indicate any desirable dress reforms?

4. Is there any prospect of the differentiation of a "business dress" for women employed outside their homes? What would be a suitable model for such a gown?

5. What is your idea of the ideal dress of women?

The all-absorbing subject is dwelt on at length by each one who has essayed to answer, but the last question is rather more interesting to the average woman and is answered by them as follows:

A dress like that worn by the zouaves in the war, minus the ugly cap.—*Alice Stone Blackwell.*

My idea of the ideal dress for woman is dress that will well protect the body, but leave every muscle free. Hence it must be short, and light, and loose.—*Lucy Stone.*

The ideal dress has not yet dawned upon our eyes; it must be an evolution, and we have but just begun to evolute. But one thing is already clear—it must be (1) modest, (2) hygienic, (3) pleasing to the eye and satisfying to the mind.

"May these things be."—*Frances Willard.*

5. The "ideal" would seem to be various costumes for varying occasions, adapted to the season, the climate and to the occupation and taste of the wearer.

It seems to me that there should not be any "gown" to a business woman's dress.—*Mrs. Celia B. Whitehead.*

5. The ideal dress for women will differ according to temperament, to profession and circumstances. These differences will be founded upon common sense and the study of artistic principles. Dress must become more and more the expression of the individual. I do not believe that man's dress will ever be accepted by woman; it is not adapted to her needs in a single particular; besides, it is the very essence of ugliness. Women must study the possibilities of beauty in dress, for we need to urge the gospel of beauty and grace if we are to hope for the triumph of woman's superior kingdom. A beautiful woman is a power for good and whatever legitimate means are within her reach—physical culture, dress, the cultivation of facial expression, or hygienic forces—which will keep off the ravages of time are to be encouraged. The long, graceful, clinging robe is most beautiful for occasions of leisure.—*Annie Jenness Miller.*

5. I think that an ideal outfit for woman would consist of bifurcated undergarments made of an elastic weave, to cling to the body and yet give with every movement—there being enough of these garments to furnish the necessary warmth—and a light, flowing drapery for artistic effect. I do not believe in discarding drapery, for it accentuates grace and elegance of movement. I believe that those who concede to woman the prerogative of dress have it through an instinctive feeling that there is a correspondence between the nature of a gracious woman and the graceful, flowing outlines of an artistic drapery. I think that draperies should be of light, clinging materials. I would do away with stiff, heavy materials, and retain only the soft silks, cashmeres, crepes and other like fabrics, if I had my way, and the length should be regulated by the occasion for which it is made.—*Miss Mabel Jenness.*

5. The ideal dress for a woman is, in my taste, based upon the Princess style, with train and long, flowing lines for house and plain tailor gowns for street.—*Olive Harper.*

5. The ideal dress must be designed by each woman in accordance with her own needs. Its details must depend on the occasion on which it is to be worn. A street suit is one thing, a house toilet quite another. For the house a woman may include her artistic instincts as to color and style. If she does not disobey health principles the more she idealizes the better, and it is a pity that men have not equal liberty.—*Lucy M. Hall, M. D.*

The Secret of a Long Life.

You sometimes see a woman whose old age is as exquisite as was the perfect bloom of her youth. You wonder how this has come about. Here are some of the reasons:

She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

She understood the art of enjoyment.

She kept her nerves well in hand and inflicted them on no one.

She believed in the goodness of her own daughters and in that of her neighbors'.

She cultivated a good digestion.

She mastered the art of saying pleasant words.

She did not expect too much from her friends.

She retained her illusions and did not believe that all the world was wicked and unkind.

She relieved the miserable and sympathized with the sorrowful.

She retained an even disposition and made the best of everything.

She did whatever came to her cheerfully and well.

She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged.

She did unto others as she would be done by, and now that old age has come to her and there is a halo of white hair about her head she is loved and considered.

This is the secret of a long life and a happy one.—*Ladies' Home Journal for March.*

Culture by the Armful.

Yes," said the old gentleman who had founded the public library, to one of the attendants, "it is worth all it cost me; every cent of it. It's a pleasure to stand here and see the young and the old flocking here and bearing away wisdom and culture by the armful. Now look at that girl. No doubt she will have me to thank for something that will be of benefit to her all her life. What book was that she carried away?"

"'The Poisoned Hatpin; or, the Secret of Maud McManus' Back Hair,' and a very interesting book it is, sir."

Squelched.

Maud—Isn't it a queer title for a book, mother, "Not Like Other Girls?" I wonder what she can be if she is not like other girls?

Mother—I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps mother, instead of staying in the drawing-room to read novels.

His Wish Gratified.

Montana Pete (looking at his overdone beefsteak and jabbing his bowie knife through it)—I'd like to see the scoundrel that cooked this meat.

Large Woman (cross-eyed and red-headed, appearing a moment later)—The waiter tells me you wish to see me, sir.

Montana Pete wilts.

Very Wrong.

"The Sugar Trust seems to die hard."

"Yes. There is lots of sand in the Sugar Trust."

Parson (to candidate for Sunday-school)—Have you been christened, my boy? Boy—Yesh, shir. Got marks in three plashes on my left arm!

Foolish in a Wise Age.

Biggs—What sort of a fellow is Boggs? Jiggs—A fool. He don't know enough to guess when he's got the influenza?

The weight and measurements of a fully developed young man of twenty years of age should be as follows: Weight, 139 pounds; height, 67.8 inches; length of right shoulder to elbow, 14.5; length of left shoulder to elbow, 14.4; normal chest girth, 35.9; inflated, 38.8; waist, 28.7; hips, 35.8; biceps, 11.6; depth of chest, 7.4; capacity of lungs, 353; strength of back, 356.

THE LAND OF FLOWERS

By No Means a Desirable Place of Residence.

A HAMILTON MAN'S OBSERVATIONS.

ORLANDO, Florida, March, 1890.

As promised, I now send you a few notes of my observations during a trip through Florida, and hope they may prove interesting to your readers. We left Hamilton 13th February and reached Jacksonville just 47 hours after, having made all connections, and had a pleasant journey down. I will pass over the incidents that occurred by the way; sufficient to say that after passing Richmond, Virginia, we could recognize that we were rapidly going into a warmer climate, and when we arrived in Florida heavy overcoats and wraps had to be cast aside, for there were roses and flowers of all kinds in full bloom, the darkies basking in the sunshine and lazily passing the happy hours away.

Jacksonville has improved wonderfully during the past five years. It is now said to contain about 35,000 inhabitants, but I fancy after the winter tourists have departed 25,000 would be nearer the figures. The great majority of its business men are Northerners who have lived there from two to ten years, and are said to be doing a profitable business, especially during the winter season, when they can charge tourists long prices for any articles they might require. As a place of residence it is about the most undesirable I have ever seen, owing to its filth and bad odors. The very air seems reeking with malaria, and towards evening, when the wind ceases, the stench one encounters on the streets would not be tolerated in our fair city for a single day. It is most astonishing that so many Northern people live here for months during the winter season when there are so many pleasanter places in the States to reside. It appears to me they imagine when they get to Jacksonville they have seen Florida, but, Mr. Editor, you could not imagine a greater error, for one might just as well imagine he had seen Ontario by residing a few months in Hamilton. On the 25th ult., we visited the ancient town of St. Augustine, and lo! what a change has taken place there since I saw it last, six years ago. Upon entering the town the first thing that strikes the eye is an immense hotel, called the Ponce de Leon; the monument of a millionaire's folly, and said to have cost nearly three million dollars. I am informed that it will cost the owner $250,000 to keep it open this winter; besides this he has built two other large hotels on the opposite side of the street and between them is a beautiful park or garden which contains fountains and innumerable shrubs and flowers. The owner of the immense pile is Mr. Flagler, President of the Standard Oil Co., and it is a wonder to me that he could not have thought of some more worthy object to bestow so much of his wealth upon, he is, however, building a church, which I trust will prove a better source of satisfaction to him in future years than his immense hotels. The town does not present the same antiquated appearance that it did before the fire, which occurred about three years ago, as the only relics of the past seem to be the gates and the old fort said to be over 300 years old.

On Monday, the 24th inst., we left Jacksonville at 3 o'clock p. m., and went up the St. John's River to Sanford, thence by rail to Orlando. The sail up was exceedingly pleasant, the day being warm and the breezes balmy. The scenery is very beautiful, as luxuriant foliage, interspersed with orange trees in bloom, abounded on either side. It was such an enchanting sight, that the passengers seemed quite disappointed when the shades of evening set in, and finally darkness obscured the sights from view. However, next morning, all were on deck before 5 o'clock and as, it was bright and warm every one enjoyed the sights. The scenery before reaching Sanford becomes more beautiful, as the river in places is scarcely 100 yards wide. At one place of the boat you can see lofty palmetto trees 60 to 80 feet high, the only foliage being at the top; on the other side a forest that seems to be literally covered with Cherokee roses and wild vines, which climb to the very tops of the trees, greets the view. These sometimes form such beautiful arches that one would imagine they were artificial. Having arrived at Sanford about 9 o'clock we had to wait a few hours for railway to convey us to our destination, and we therefore employed our time examining the groves and gardens about the place. As there had been no frost up to that date this year vegetables of all kinds were ripe and being rapidly shipped north, the prices obtained for them being very high.

Orlando is a thriving little town in the centre of Orange county, and in my opinion the country around it has the best soil and healthiest climate of any part of the State. Here oranges grow to perfection, and the largest grove is situated in this county, being 160 acres in extent and in first-class condition.

The soil in nearly all parts of this State is exceedingly poor; most of it consists of pure sand, something like you see at Burlington Beach in the vicinity of the Ocean House, consequently a great deal of money has to be spent upon fertilizing it. I should say that you could not grow as much on ten acres here as upon one in Wentworth county. One orange grower told me that he spent $50 per acre this year in fertilizing his property, and that added to the original cost of the land would make it rather an expensive piece of ground. I cannot say much for any country that requires the planters to obtain such exorbitant prices for its produce in order to make a fair remuneration—it reminds me of the National Policy—imagine gardeners getting about $2.50 per bushel for tomatoes and saying they are not making much out of them. It is entirely upon the early crops they depend, for when vegetables, etc., ripen in the north they cannot be sold here at any price, as the cost of transportation is too high, and they are quite inferior to ours both in appearance and flavor. The orange is the staple fruit, and upon its production the success of the State depends. It is, as far as I have seen, the only thing that grows to perfection, for all other fruits and vegetables seem stunted in growth.

The climate is very variable. I have experienced warm weather since coming here until Sunday last. During the greater part of last week it was exceedingly hot. On Thursday, the 27th ult., the thermometer stood 88° in the shade; at 12 noon it reminded me of our July weather at home. On Sunday it commenced to rain, the first they have had here in four months, after which a cold blow from the north set in. This increased so much that heavy underclothing and overcoats had to be resorted to. During the night the thermometer took such a dip as to register 3° of frost. I saw ice about an eighth of an inch thick at 9 o'clock in the morning—quite a change in temperature in less than four days. The damage done to the country is most disastrous. Thousands of dollars were swept away in a single night. It was a pitiful sight to walk into the country and view the damage done to bananas, tomatoes, strawberries, etc. The orange trees did not suffer so much, as nearly all the crop has been gathered, and owing to the extreme dry weather most of the trees have not yet started to blossom. There has been some damage done young trees, but these can be saved by timely pruning.

I fully intended visiting the Indian River country, but have decided not to do so as I have been very much led astray in my calculations of the State from the information obtained from "guide books" and "pamphlets on Florida." American immigration agents can make a glowing sketch of a country when they wish to boom it, but if the stranger believes everything he reads in their productions he will be woefully disappointed when he visits the place and sees for himself. I would strongly advise any one in Canada who has entertained golden opinions of the Sunny South and feels like emigrating here to just stay where he is, for rest assured the people of Canada have pleasanter homes and enjoy life much better than those who are unfortunately settled in Florida.

I will leave here this week and return to Jacksonville by the Ocklawaha River, said to have the finest scenery in Florida, and after spending a few days at Washington will return home.—Yours sincerely,

DAVID KIDD.

Vice-President Morton, who is visiting the South, says its resources are being developed with marvellous rapidity. The cotton crop now averages 7,000,000 bales. The number of cotton mills in the South ten years ago was 160, with 14,000 looms. To-day there are 14,000 mills and 215,000 looms. The mileage of railways in the South, which ten years ago was less than 20,000, is now more than 40,000.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

OTTAWA, March — The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Barron, on the resumption of the debate on the third reading of the bill to incorporate the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, and the amendment by Mr. Curran that the said order be not allowed to hold processions in districts which have made legal complaints against them, said: I must confess to a feeling of disappointment that the time of the introduction of this bill does not permit me to answer some of the arguments which were advanced against it on two former occasions, namely, in 1883 and 1886. I am rejoiced to know that time has done what argument failed to do upon that occasion. Time has convinced the majority of him, after passing Richmond, Virginia, we could recognize that we were rapidly going into a warmer climate, and when we arrived in Florida heavy overcoats and wraps had to be cast aside, for there were roses and flowers of all kinds in full bloom, the darkies basking in the sunshine and lazily passing the happy hours away.

Jacksonville has improved wonderfully during the past five years. It is now said to contain about 35,000 inhabitants, but I fancy after the winter tourists have departed 25,000 would be nearer the figures. The great majority of its business men are Northerners who have lived there from two to ten years, and are said to be doing a profitable business, especially during the winter season, when they can charge tourists long prices for any articles they might require. As a place of residence it is about the most undesirable I have ever seen, owing to its filth and bad odors. The very air seems reeking with malaria, and towards evening, when the wind ceases, the stench one encounters on the streets would not be tolerated in our fair city for a single day. It is most astonishing that so many Northern people live here for months during the winter season when there are so many pleasanter places in the States to reside. It appears to me they imagine when they get to Jacksonville they have seen Florida, but, Mr. Editor, you could not imagine a greater error, for one might just as well imagine he had seen Ontario by residing a few months in Hamilton. On the 25th ult., we visited the ancient town of St. Augustine, and lo! what a change has taken place there since I saw it last, six years ago. Upon entering the town the first thing that strikes the eye is an immense hotel, called the Ponce de Leon; the monument of a millionaire's folly, and said to have cost nearly three million dollars. I am informed that it will cost the owner $250,000 to keep it open this winter; besides this he has built two other large hotels on the opposite side of the street and between them is a beautiful park or garden which contains fountains and innumerable shrubs and flowers. The owner of the immense pile is Mr. Flagler, President of the Standard Oil Co., and it is a wonder to me that he could not have thought of some more worthy object to bestow so much of his wealth upon, he is, however, building a church, which I trust will prove a better source of satisfaction to him in future years than his immense hotels. The town does not present the same antiquated appearance that it did before the fire, which occurred about three years ago, as the only relics of the past seem to be the gates and the old fort said to be over 300 years old.

On Monday, the 24th inst., we left Jacksonville at 3 o'clock p. m., and went up the St. John's River to Sanford, thence by rail to Orlando. The sail up was exceedingly pleasant, the day being warm and the breezes balmy. The scenery is very beautiful, as luxuriant foliage, interspersed with orange trees in bloom, abounded on either side. It was such an enchanting sight, that the passengers seemed quite disappointed when the shades of evening set in, and finally darkness obscured the sights from view. However, next morning, all were on deck before 5 o'clock and as, it was bright and warm every one enjoyed the sights. The scenery before reaching Sanford becomes more beautiful, as the river in places is scarcely 100 yards wide. At one place of the boat you can see lofty palmetto trees 60 to 80 feet high, the only foliage being at the top; on the other side a forest that seems to be literally covered with Cherokee roses and wild vines, which climb to the very tops of the trees, greets the view. These sometimes form such beautiful arches that one would imagine they were artificial. Having arrived at Sanford about 9 o'clock we had to wait a few hours for railway to convey us to our destination, and we therefore employed our time examining the groves and gardens about the place. As there had been no frost up to that date this year vegetables of all kinds were ripe and being rapidly shipped north, the prices obtained for them being very high.

Orlando is a thriving little town in the centre of Orange county, and in my opinion the country around it has the best soil and healthiest climate of any part of the State. Here oranges grow to perfection, and the largest grove is situated in this county, being 160 acres in extent and in first-class condition.

The soil in nearly all parts of this State is exceedingly poor; most of it consists of pure sand, something like you see at Burlington Beach in the vicinity of the Ocean House, consequently a great deal of money has to be spent upon fertilizing it. I should say that you could not grow as much on ten acres here as upon one in Wentworth county. One orange grower told me that he spent $50 per acre this year in fertilizing his property, and that added to the original cost of the land would make it rather an expensive piece of ground. I cannot say much for any country that requires the planters to obtain such exorbitant prices for its produce in order to make a fair remuneration—it reminds me of the National Policy—imagine gardeners getting about $2.50 per bushel for tomatoes and saying they are not making much out of them. It is entirely upon the early crops they depend, for when vegetables, etc., ripen in the north they cannot be sold here at any price, as the cost of transportation is too high, and they are quite inferior to ours both in appearance and flavor. The orange is the staple fruit, and upon its production the success of the State depends. It is, as far as I have seen, the only thing that grows to perfection, for all other fruits and vegetables seem stunted in growth.

The climate is very variable. I have experienced warm weather since coming here until Sunday last. During the greater part of last week it was exceedingly hot. On Thursday, the 27th ult., the thermometer stood 88° in the shade; at 12 noon it reminded me of our July weather at home. On Sunday it commenced to rain, the first they have had here in four months, after which a cold blow from the north set in. This increased so much that heavy underclothing and overcoats had to be resorted to. During the night the thermometer took such a dip as to register 3° of frost. I saw ice about an eighth of an inch thick at 9 o'clock in the morning—quite a change in temperature in less than four days. The damage done to the country is most disastrous. Thousands of dollars were swept away in a single night. It was a pitiful sight to walk into the country and view the damage done to bananas, tomatoes, strawberries, etc. The orange trees did not suffer so much, as nearly all the crop has been gathered, and owing to the extreme dry weather most of the trees have not yet started to blossom. There has been some damage done young trees, but these can be saved by timely pruning.

I fully intended visiting the Indian River country, but have decided not to do so as I have been very much led astray in my calculations of the State from the information obtained from "guide books" and "pamphlets on Florida." American immigration agents can make a glowing sketch of a country when they wish to boom it, but if the stranger believes everything he reads in their productions he will be woefully disappointed when he visits the place and sees for himself. I would strongly advise any one in Canada who has entertained golden opinions of the Sunny South and feels like emigrating here to just stay where he is, for rest assured the people of Canada have pleasanter homes and enjoy life much better than those who are unfortunately settled in Florida.

I will leave here this week and return to Jacksonville by the Ocklawaha River, said to have the finest scenery in Florida, and after spending a few days at Washington will return home.—Yours sincerely,

DAVID KIDD.

Vice-President Morton, who is visiting the South, says its resources are being developed with marvellous rapidity. The cotton crop now averages 7,000,000 bales. The number of cotton mills in the South ten years ago was 160, with 14,000 looms. To-day there are 14,000 mills and 215,000 looms. The mileage of railways in the South, which ten years ago was less than 20,000, is now more than 40,000.

OTTAWA, March — The Speaker took the chair at 3 o'clock.

Mr. Barron, on the resumption of the debate on the third reading of the bill to incorporate the Grand Orange Lodge of British America, and the amendment by Mr. Curran that the said order be not allowed to hold processions in districts which have made legal complaints against them, said: I must confess to a feeling of disappointment that the time of the introduction of this bill does not permit me to answer some of the arguments which were advanced against it on two former occasions, namely, in 1883 and 1886. I am rejoiced to know that time has done what argument failed to do upon that occasion. Time has convinced the majority of him, after passing Richmond, Virginia, we could recognize that we were rapidly going into a warmer climate, and when we arrived in Florida heavy overcoats and wraps had to be cast aside, for there were roses and flowers of all kinds in full bloom, the darkies basking in the sunshine and lazily passing the happy hours away.

Jacksonville has improved wonderfully during the past five years. It is now said to contain about 35,000 inhabitants, but I fancy after the winter tourists have departed 25,000 would be nearer the figures. The great majority of its business men are Northerners who have lived there from two to ten years, and are said to be doing a profitable business, especially during the winter season, when they can charge tourists long prices for any articles they might require. As a place of residence it is about the most undesirable I have ever seen, owing to its filth and bad odors. The very air seems reeking with malaria, and towards evening, when the wind ceases, the stench one encounters on the streets would not be tolerated in our fair city for a single day. It is most astonishing that so many Northern people live here for months during the winter season when there are so many pleasanter places in the States to reside. It appears to me they imagine when they get to Jacksonville they have seen Florida, but, Mr. Editor, you could not imagine a greater error, for one might just as well imagine he had seen Ontario by residing a few months in Hamilton. On the 25th ult., we visited the ancient town of St. Augustine, and lo! what a change has taken place there since I saw it last, six years ago. Upon entering the town the first thing that strikes the eye is an immense hotel, called the Ponce de Leon; the monument of a millionaire's folly, and said to have cost nearly three million dollars. I am informed that it will cost the owner $250,000 to keep it open this winter; besides this he has built two other large hotels on the opposite side of the street and between them is a beautiful park or garden which contains fountains and innumerable shrubs and flowers. The owner of the immense pile is Mr. Flagler, President of the Standard Oil Co., and it is a wonder to me that he could not have thought of some more worthy object to bestow so much of his wealth upon, he is, however, building a church, which I trust will prove a better source of satisfaction to him in future years than his immense hotels. The town does not present the same antiquated appearance that it did before the fire, which occurred about three years ago, as the only relics of the past seem to be the gates and the old fort said to be over 300 years old.

On Monday, the 24th inst., we left Jacksonville at 3 o'clock p. m., and went up the St. John's River to Sanford, thence by rail to Orlando. The sail up was exceedingly pleasant, the day being warm and the breezes balmy. The scenery is very beautiful, as luxuriant foliage, interspersed with orange trees in bloom, abounded on either side. It was such an enchanting sight, that the passengers seemed quite disappointed when the shades of evening set in, and finally darkness obscured the sights from view. However, next morning, all were on deck before 5 o'clock and as, it was bright and warm every one enjoyed the sights. The scenery before reaching Sanford becomes more beautiful, as the river in places is scarcely 100 yards wide. At one place of the boat you can see lofty palmetto trees 60 to 80 feet high, the only foliage being at the top; on the other side a forest that seems to be literally covered with Cherokee roses and wild vines, which climb to the very tops of the trees, greets the view. These sometimes form such beautiful arches that one would imagine they were artificial. Having arrived at Sanford about 9 o'clock we had to wait a few hours for railway to convey us to our destination, and we therefore employed our time examining the groves and gardens about the place. As there had been no frost up to that date this year vegetables of all kinds were ripe and being rapidly shipped north, the prices obtained for them being very high.

Orlando is a thriving little town in the centre of Orange county, and in my opinion the country around it has the best soil and healthiest climate of any part of the State. Here oranges grow to perfection, and the largest grove is situated in this county, being 160 acres in extent and in first-class condition.

The soil in nearly all parts of this State is exceedingly poor; most of it consists of pure sand, something like you see at Burlington Beach in the vicinity of the Ocean House, consequently a great deal of money has to be spent upon fertilizing it. I should say that you could not grow as much on ten acres here as upon one in Wentworth county. One orange grower told me that he spent $50 per acre this year in fertilizing his property, and that added to the original cost of the land would make it rather an expensive piece of ground. I cannot say much for any country that requires the planters to obtain such exorbitant prices for its produce in order to make a fair remuneration—it reminds me of the National Policy—imagine gardeners getting about $2.50 per bushel for tomatoes and saying they are not making much out of them. It is entirely upon the early crops they depend, for when vegetables, etc., ripen in the north they cannot be sold here at any price, as the cost of transportation is too high, and they are quite inferior to ours both in appearance and flavor. The orange is the sta