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Ol' Aunt Martha.

I can see 'er softly rockin' in the faded ol' settee,
With a pan o' rosy apples on 'er lap;
An' the pleasin' prattle, trailin' like a ribbon 'crost 'er knee,
Kinks and ruffles like the trimmin's on 'er cap.
While 'er gray hair idly flutters, like the breezes from the south,
As they stray along the crimson poppies' bed,
An' the smoke a-curlin' upward from the pipe that's in her mouth,
Forms a blue an' hazy wreath above 'er head.

There the honey bees 're buzzin' 'bout the peelin' on the floor,
An' the sunshine, leakin' through in yellow spots,
Makes a kind o' shiftin' carpet round the open kitchen door,
As it weaves about in tangled loops an' knots,
While 'er brass-rimmed specs 're glist'nin' in the sunbeams as they fall—
Like a show'r o' golden blessin's on the place—
An' the wooden clock a-tickin' in its place upon the wall,
Sees a crystal tear a-tricklin' down 'er face.

Then she lifts 'er gingham apron to 'er wrinkled homely cheek,
An' the swimmin', tell-tale tears she quickly dries—
But if any one ud ketch 'er she ud simply smile, an' speak
Somethin' 'bout the smoke a-gittin' in 'er eyes,
'Cause Aunt Martha's independent, an as proud as Lucifer,
An' she don't believe in makin' no complaint;
So if anybody say she's sad, an' tries to pity 'er—
Wy, she mighty speedy tells 'em that she ain't.

Ol' Aunt Martha's got a secret, somethin' 'bout an early love,
When 'er cheeks was red as apples on the tree;
When 'er eyes was blue an' tender as the autumn skies above,
An' 'er heart was like the breezes—light an' free.
So I sometimes ketch 'er weepin' when she thinks no one is 'round
'Till the shawl upon 'er bosom heaves an' swells,
An' the bitter tears she's sheddin' gently splatters on the ground,
But the secret ol' Aunt Martha never tells!

Fishing.

A youth besides the water sits,
The noonday sun is warmly beaming;
His nose and neck are turkey red,
His eyes with radiant hope is gleaming.
He watches close the bobbing cork
Advance upon the tiny billows;
A jerk, a swish, and high above
He lands a sucker in the willows.
That's fishing.

fair maid trips the tennis court,
A dozen eyes admire her going;
Her black-and-yellow blazer burns
A hole right through the sunset glowing.
She drives the ball across the net,
And into hearts consumed with wishing
She drives a dart from Cupid's bow;
She'll land a sucker, too. She's fishing.
That's fishing.

The politician on his rounds
Tackles both workingmen and granger;
He tries to make them think that he
Alone can save the land from danger.
He chucks the baby on the chin,
He says your wife looks really youthful
And though you know you're fifty-five,
You look just twenty—if he's truthful.
That' fishing.

My little wife beside me stands
And steals a dimpled arm around me;
A kiss upon my lip—that's bait—
Some information to astound me.
Her bonnet is quite out of style,
Her summer wrap quite past the using;
That lovely one—so cheap at Brown's
Is just the one she would be choosing.
That's fishing.

So whether the game be fish or men,
The bait be kisses, worms or blushes—
The place at home, by sunny pool,
Or tennis ground at evening's hushes—
'Tis the old game the serpent played
With Mother Eve in Eden's bowers,
And Adam's sons and daughters all,
Will love the sport to time's last hours.
That's fishing.

—John W. Matthews in American Angler.

Deacon Skinner's Idea.

They tell me there's persumin' men revisin' of the Bible!
Some folks is so allfired smart, or think they be, they're il'ble
To hev the stars all painted green, an' non, some future day,
They'll all conclude to make the sun go round the other way!

They'd like to keep on 'ith their everlastin' tinkerin', till
They bust up ever'thin' and make the rivers run up hill;
An' if we give 'em time enough, I ha'nt a bit of doubt,
They nachelly 'ill turn the hull creation inside out!

Now, just as if the prophets an' the 'postles an' the rest
Of them as writ the Bible, warn't the ones to know the best
What orter be put in it! An' a man who takes away
Or adds to it, 'll ketch it on the final judgment day.

You can't raise crops by sittin' round and simply writin' "corn,"
An' folks as tries 'll come out the little end th' horn.
It ain't no trick to make a book 'at says we all can go
A-glidin' into Heaven; but that don't make it so.

They'll learn the way 's es narrer an' es difficult o climb,
An' es thorny es it used to be in our gran'-fathers' time,
An' find too late the other place es easy of admission,
An' jest es hot es 'twas before they writ their new edition.

The Dead Pussy Cat.

You's as stiff and as cold as a stone,
Little cat!
Dey's done frowed out and let you alone,
Little cat!
I's a stowkin' your fur,
But you don't never purr,
Nor hump up anywhere,
Little cat—
Why is dat?
Is yous' purrin' and humpin' up done?

A'n w'y fer is you's little foots tied'
Little cat?
Did dey pisen you's tummick inside,
Little cat?
Did dey pound you wif bricks,
Or wif big sharp sticks,
Or abuse you wif kicks,
Little cat?
Tell me dat.
Did dey holler w'enever you cwied?

Did it hurt werry bad w'en you died,
Little cat?
Oh, w'y didn't you wun off an' hide
Little cat?
I is wet in my eyes—
Cause I mos' always cwies
When a pussy cat dies
Little cat—
Fink of dat!
An' O's awfully solly beside.

Dest lay still dere down in de sof' gwoun'
Little cat;
While I tucks dis gween gwass all a woun'
Little cat;
Dey can't hurt you no more
W'en you's fired an' sore—
Dest sleep twiet, you pore
Little cat,
Wif a pat,
Ah' fordet all de kicks of de own.

—Jack Bennett.

Commencement at Billville.

Commencement's come at Billville—the girls are in the show,
A smilin' an' beguilin' in a maze o' calico,
An' they're sighin', speechifyin—got the reins without a check,
And the boy is still a-standin' on the usual burnin' deck!

An' Mary's got her little lamb—as gentle as a shoat,
An' not a single drum is heard—not even a funeral note;
An' Ioe's rollin' rapidly—you almost see it shine,
And some are born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine!

They're goin' like two-forty—the town can't get to sleep,
For Pilot, 'tis a fearful night; there's danger on the deep;
And the Curfew shall not ring to-night—they've said it, and they know!
Commencement's come at Billville, and the girls are in the show!

The Graduate.

I am a graduate,
And so, with heart elate,
Before you here I stand
Upon the platform high,
Admired by all, with my
Diploma in my hand.

I do not know it all,
And yet, in this big hall
Are few who know so much—
Six languages I speak—
I order lunch in Greek,
My eloquence is such.

Well, now that I am through,
As others have to do,
Employment I must seek,
And since that will be so,
I'd really like to know
How much I'll get a week.

I do not want the earth,
And yet I think I'm worth,
At least five thou. a year,
What's that? Did some one speak?
You say: "Six plunks a week?"
By Jove! You're right, I fear.

The Old Man Foots the Bills.

Son John has wrote a little sketch, an' says he's pleased to state
He's now upon the quarter stretch, an' goin' to graduate;
I've made a mortgage on the farm; another on the stills,
An' rented out the children for to pay his college bills.

Here's all the full amount set down: Here, Mary! where's your specs?
"Six baseball suits, ten suppers (wine)"—Good Lord! what's comin' nex'?
"Horse hire, fifty dollars"—now, that's the thing that shocks,
An' his daddy hoss-a-cussin' an' a plowin' of an ox!

"Gold watch, one hundred dollars"—O Lord, we're all undone!
An' think o' me a tellin' time at home here by the sun!
"Eyeglasses (gold)" don't read no more—I'm mad enough to foam;
But bring along them hickories, an' I'll lash the youngster home!

VAN TWILLER'S ALIBI.

THE snow had been falling for several minutes in little eddying gusts, and already an appreciable number of flakes were collecting on the cape of Miss Dorothy Dempsey's storm coat, as she turned into Fifty-fourth street at a swinging pace. On her head, framed by a soft halo of brown hair, in which the drops of moisture glistened here and there, a dark English walking hat had slipped coquettishly to one side. Her cheeks were brilliant from the cutting wind, and her eyes shone with exhilaration as she battled against the storm.

To insignificant Bertie Carey, advancing from the opposite direction, she appeared like a delightful vision; a delight considerably influenced, of course, by the fact that she belonged to the right "set" of visions, or Bertie, being so little a man, would not have looked a second time. Indeed, it is doubtful whether anything short of Dorothy's genealogy on the maternal side would have induced him to give up his daily game of dominoes at the club and wheel about to join her promenade with such urbane oblivion to the coolness of his reception.

And it is not likely that at any other time Miss Dempsey would have resented his intrusion quite so hotly; but unfortunately for him, her memory still retained with vigor a graphic description, detailed to her only the previous evening by her Cousin Jack, during which, excited to unusual emphasis by Carey's last *faux pas*, he had gone so far as to declare him "a consummate ass, not fit for decent society." Dorothy, having agreed with him in spirit, if not to the letter, felt that she was justified in taking strong measures on this occasion.

To walk down the avenue in his company, at an hour when all her dear "Four Hundred" friends would be abroad and glancing curiously from their brougham windows or over their shoulders, was a reflection on her taste and discrimination which she was not ready to endure. Accordingly, before the preliminary greetings were fairly over, she was racking her brain for some way of dismissing him. In vain she meditated a dozen clever feminine manœuvres that, under any other circumstances or in any other locality, would have been practicable. It was Carey himself who finally provided her with the means of escape.

"Awfully jolly, this unexpected pleasure of a stroll with you," he murmured, ignoring the gait that was rapidly reducing him to breathlessness.

"Yes, indeed," returned Dorothy, with false sincerity, "only it can't be a very long one, as I intend making a call in this block." This with unblushing effrontery, although well aware that she could walk on to the North River without finding a name on her list.

"A mutual friend?" inquired Carey.

"I think not."

"This must be the house, then, since it is the last one.

"Thanks, yes. I suppose you will be at the Gray's. Good afternoon."

"Oh, the Gray's!" cried Carey, fired to fresh recollection; "haven't you heard? Then, if I may, I will wait and see if your friend is in; if not, we will continue our chat."

Now, Miss Dorothy, being an independent and somewhat peremptory young lady, and having gone to all the trouble and risk of this subterfuge, was anything but pleased at a turn which left her unwittingly outwitted. But, having gone so far, it was necessary to play the farce out, and, ascending the steps with a good deal of suppressed indignation, she pressed the bell. The door was promptly opened by a neat-capped maid.

"Is Dr. Robinson in?" she inquired, glibly, improvising the first name that came to her.

"I believe so, ma'am; will you walk in?"

For an instant Dorothy wavered in total dismay. This was a contingency for which she found herself completely unprepared. Then, as her glance roved from the waiting Carey below to the girl, who had stepped hospitably back, her resolution was taken; to go in and explain, on meeting the doctor, that he was the wrong man, seeming the simplest and most natural way out of the difficulty, and it would rid her of Carey, which was the main thing.

The room into which she was ushered gave her, as a first impression, a sensation of cheer and comfort and good taste. It was fitted up as half office, half library, and a fire on the hearth shed its unstable light on two chairs, drawn up in a suggestively confidential manner within the seductive radiance. Dorothy had made a mental comment of all this, becoming aware that one of these inviting chairs had an occupant, who had slowly risen and was now facing her with an open curiosity which he did not take the trouble to conceal. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, athletic young man, with a fine blonde head, and did not in the least resemble the family physician of Dorothy's infantile ailments.

"I have been expecting you," he remarked, calmly; "won't you be seated?"

"But I called to see Dr. Robinson," explained Dorothy, fully expecting him to claim the distinction.

"I am very sorry," replied the young man, imperturbably. "I am Dr. Robinson's nephew, Neil Sawtelle. He was very uncertain about you keeping this appointment. In fact, he went out, hoping to meet you elsewhere, but left me to receive you if you came, and gave me entire authority to act in his stead."

In the course of her life it is probable that Miss Dorothy had never experienced such a variety of emotions. That it was a case of mistaken identity appeared plain, but how to account for her presence here without betraying her name and her reason for ringing the bell, appeared a problem difficult of solution.

"I am sure there is some mistake," she stammered at length; "I am not the person Dr. Robinson expects. I simply wanted to consult him about a slight cold, and will call again."

"As my uncle is no longer a practising physician, I am sure that cannot have been your object." He drew himself up to his full height, which Dorothy found rather overwhelming, and adopted a sterner tone.

"Do be seated," he repeated; "this is a very serious matter, and must be treated seriously. Your acquaintance with my unfortunate cousin is as well known to me in all its details as to my uncle. Why try to deceive me?" as Dorothy made an attempt for a hearing.

"But I am not the person you think I am," she declared; "I am Miss Dempsey."

"Indeed! And to what reason does my uncle, an old bachelor, owe the pleasure of this visit to-day? You must excuse my ignoring the cold."

He made a quick, convincing gesture as she started, hesitated—and was lost.

"You see it is useless," he went on. "I must insist on your remaining until you have answered a few questions; but I must beg that you won't force me to be more impolite than you can help."

"When will Dr. Robinson return?"

"In an hour or two at the most. If you prefer waiting for him, that will be even better," and he drew forward one of the easiest chairs.

"But I can't stay here two hours," cried Dorothy, now thoroughly alarmed, and continuing to stand uncompromisingly.

"Nor is there the slightest necessity for it. Perhaps, if I state the case, it will enable you to see that you can use the same freedom with me as with the doctor, and also, how little we require of you, provided you are honest, and how unpleasant the consequences may be if you evade. There have been great complications in two of the banks in which my cousin is connected, and actual theft has been committed. It has been proved past doubt at what hour the latter occurred, and suspicion has fallen in the highest places. My cousin will be implicated in the arrests unless it can be proved to the satisfaction of those interested that he was elsewhere at the time. By to-morrow, or at the farthest, the next day, all New York may know of it. For some strange reason he refuses to account for himself. Now, all that we require is that you shall state under oath when and where you have seen him since Monday last."

"I don't know what you are talking about, and I don't wish to remain here any longer," protested Dorothy, vehemently.

"Nonsense," replied Sawtelle, almost roughly, interposing himself between her and the door; "my uncle gave me a description of you before he left. The idea of you denying that you know Albert Van Twiller is absurd."

At the mention of the name Dorothy gave a little gasp of horror and amazement.

"Why, of course I know him," she said, unguardedly, and then, seeing too late that she was only strengthening his mistake, she sank into the nearest chair, with a pitiful wail of distress which did not help matters.

"Oh, this is perfectly dreadful!" she sobbed, forgetting her dignity and mopping her eyes with furtive dabs.

As for the blonde giant on the rug, he looked scarcely less uncomfortable and ill at ease.

"I don't see but that you will have to wait till the doctor comes. If I should let you go, it would only mean publicity and an appearance at court, and all sorts of complications, which you orght to be as anxious to avoid as we are, Miss McKinney."

"I am not Miss McKinney."

"Well, my uncle will know who you are, anyway."

"No, he won't," thought Miss Dempsey, and relapsed into a damp and protracted silence.

"I wonder if you would believe me," she said at last, impulsively, turning on him a pair of moist, indignant eyes, "if I told you exactly how I did happen to come here?"

"I am dreadfully sorry. I presume I have made a mess of it," he replied, irrelevantly; "perhaps we had better not try any more explanations till the doctor comes. You see, if I had known you were in the least"—reddening perceptibly—"the least like what you are, I never should have attempted a conversation."

As Dorothy found nothing to reply to this, another half hour passed, reducing her to a state of nervousness that went far toward confirming Sawtelle in his suspicions. At last, to the infinite relief of both, a key sounded in the latch, and bowing politely at her averted head, Sawtelle hastened into the hall.

Already the doctor—a hale, hearty man of 50—was divesting himself of his snowy overcoat, and on catching sight of his nephew he began to speak in a cheery, excited voice.

"Such a day, my boy! The jade escaped me, in spite of everything, and sailed on a Cunarder this noon. But that isn't the worst of it. No wonder Albert refused to say anything about her. He knew the whole thing would come out, and her testimony wouldn't be worth shucks, for you see, he has married her—married her, my dear boy, do you understand?"

As Sawtelle made no response, he glanced up hastily.

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh, nothing," replied Sawtelle, in a dramatic whisper of despair, "except that I've kept the prettiest girl I ever saw in a state of torture for two hours. She wouldn't explain who she was at first, and seemed so agitated that I never had a doubt about its being the McKinney woman. You said she was dark."

"Black, staring eyes, and as big as an Amazon."

"You didn't say that. This one is small and thoroughbred to the finger-tips."

"Well, well, we must see about it."

And, accompanied by his anxious nephew, the doctor bustled into the room with an apologetic good-will that somewhat disarmed the hauteur Dorothy was trying to assume.

"There has been a great mistake, my dear young lady, and one about which my nephew is deeply annoyed; but you mustn't blame him, because he was only following out my instructions, although mistaken in the person. And now, if you will tell me to what I owe the honor of this visit, I shall be very glad if I can retrieve in any way the discomfort you have undergone."

Thus brought to bay, nothing was left to Dorothy but to make full confession.

"I am Miss Dempsey, of No.— Fifth avenue," she began, but was uncerimoniously interrupted by the doctor.

"Not Julien Dempsey's child? I knew he left a widow and a child. Bless me, what a coincidence! We were chums—old chums at Yale, years ago—but go on, my child."

And then followed the whole ridiculous, mortifying tale, to which the doctor listened with open interest.

"I am glad you happened to come here," he said, not quite approvingly, when she had finished.

"And hope you are going to exonerate me partially," entreated Sawtelle, who had been preparing his line of defence during the recital. "You can't fancy how humiliated I am or how tempted I was to believe you. If you hadn't acknowledged your acquaintance with poor Van Twiller, I should have weakened at the end."

"I do know Mr. Van Twiller, but the acquaintance is only a superficial one. I saw him last at Mrs. Lyle's ball Wednesday evening, and sat with him some time in the conservatory. I was upset, because what you told me seemed so terrible."

"But Mrs. Lyle herself mentioned to me that he was not in the house ten minutes," interposed the doctor. "I think she was miffed. She fancied him for one of her girls, and now he has thrown himself away—poor Albert."

"Oh, I know how that happened. He told me all about it. He was going home with a Mr. Green, and after he had made his adieux, Mr. Green decided to remain, so he sat out a dance with me, and finally went off without waiting for him."

"And do you know what time that was?" inquired the doctor, eagerly.

"About a quarter or a half after one, when my partner for the cotillion came up. We began to dance it about that time."

"Could you swear to it on paper?"

"Why, yes, certainly."

"Then," shouted the doctor, triumphantly, "he is vindicated, whether he explains it or not. This will satisfy the directors so then they will drop proceedings where he is concerned. They know already that he is not guilty. It is as plain as daylight to me now. He didn't remember the exact time he left Mrs. Lyle's, and thinking he was with this woman he has married, didn't want to attract our attention to her."

"And now, if you please, I should like to go home," remarked Miss Dempsey, in a pathetic tone.

"Of course, my poor child, immediately. Neil, call a carriage. I will go with you myself, and see your mother, also get your signature, if you will be so kind. It will straighten the affair out wonderfully. Verily truth is stranger than fiction!"

As Dorothy swept from the room, Sawtelle made a brave, if ineffectual, attempt to attract her attention; but as she steadily refused to be aware of his presence, his conscience permitted him to retain a small, soaked wad, which was easily concealed in the palm of his hand. Subsequent events have led us to believe—so tender were his ministrations and pressure between the volumes of a new set of Ruskin—that in course of time it became less like a rag and more like a respectable handkerchief.

It is now over a year since these events occurred, and we hear that the article in question, together with a number of other worldly goods, is to be delivered to its rightful owner. How it all came about those who have not begun their love affairs with a little animosity will never be able to conjecture, but we have it direct from the lips of the round and ever-rubicund Carey himself.

"The latest engagement, my dear fellah, is Miss Dempsey's to a person named Sawtelle. Why, they say he has never been to a Patriarchs' in his life!"—*Mary Golding Lanman, in the Epoch.*

Crushed.

He—I'm looking for a girl who can bake a cake, a loaf of bread, or cook a meal; one who isn't afraid to sew a button on, or soil her hands in a little housework.

She—I should strongly advise you to try an intelligence office, Mr. Closeleigh.—*Life.*

THE New York *World* offered $20 in gold for the best brief essay on "How to Manage a Wife," it being assumed, apparently, that such a feat is possible. The winning essay by Rev. C. S. Deems, of No. 4 Winthrop Place, New York, was as follows:

"Manage?" What is that? Does it mean to control? We manage a horse. We use our superior human intellect to control and guide his superior physical strength so as to obtain the best results. But a wife is not a horse. Where two persons are well married the wife is superior to her husband in as many respects as he is superior to her in others. If happiness is to be the result of the union the first business of the husband is to manage himself so as to keep himself always his wife's respectful friend, always her tender lover, always her equal partner, always her superior protector. This will necessarily stimulate the wife to be always an admiring friend, always an affectionate sweetheart, always a thrifty housewife, always a confiding ward. And this will so react upon the husband that his love for his wife will grow so as to make it easy for the husband, with all his faults, to bear with all the infirmities of his "one and only" wife.

It may be remarked that Rev. Mr. Deems is a benedict.

This is a utilitarian age and no one need be surprised to hear of a yacht race around the globe between the swift sloop, "Washer's Best Soap," and the beautiful cutter "Bagger's Three Dollar Pants."

—Higher criticism has not yet done a thing to make men more patient on washday.—*Ram's Horn.*

Grave trouble has arisen at Edmonton out of an attempt to remove the Dominion land office to South Edmonton, as ordered by the Government. The removal was forcibly prevented by the citizens on Saturday, indignation meetings are being held, and all business has been suspended.

DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

Sir John Thompson, replying to Mr. Choquette, who asked whether the Government was aware that, contrary to clause 86 of the British North America Act of 1867, no session of the Legislature of the Province of Quebec was held between the 30th of December, 1890, and 26th April last, that more than twelve months have intervened between the last sitting of the Quebec Legislature in 1890 and the first sitting of the session now in progress, said the Government was aware no Legislature was held in the period named, but no correspondence had passed between the two Governments on the subject.

The House went into committee on the Criminal Code Bill.

Under the clauses dealing with jurisdiction,

Sir John Thompson explained that the committee had decided to make it clear that neither courts of Quarter Sessions nor county courts had jurisdiction over treason, libel, sedition, murder, attempts at murder, piracies, judicial corruption, official corruption, frauds on Government, selling offices, escapes and rescues, rape, attempts at rape, trade combinations, and conspiracy to accomplish these crimes. These cases shall be tried by Superior Court judges.

AFTER RECESS.

Mr. Speaker announced that the certificate of the election of Mr. Hiram A. Calvin for Frontenac had been received.

Mr. Somerville resumed the debate on the second reading of the Redistribution Bill. He said it was his fate to represent one of the Grits seats made by the Bill of 1882. He remembered going to sleep in the old Reform county of South Wentworth and waking up in North Brant.

Mr. Dawson urged that no county ought to be divided unless it was necessary to do so in order that each Province should have its full complement of members. Cities like Montreal and Toronto should not have as high a unit of representation as the counties had.

Mr. Mills moved the adjournment of the debate.

Mr. Speaker announced the receipt of a certificate from Judges Taschereau and Gill by which the election petition against Mr. Leteflier, the member for Laprairie, was dismissed.

Mr. Mills resumed the debate on Mr. Somerville's amendment to the second reading of the Redistribution Bill, that only those provinces affected by the census should be readjusted. He said in 1882 this Government departed from the constitutional system of Great Britain, and now they were about to intensify the wrong done to the greatest province in the Dominion, and proposed to extend that wrong to the next most important province. He held that it would be impossible to maintain the union if these attempts on the part of one great party of making war on the other were to be continued. He dealt at some length with the constitutional question, and closed the argument in favor of making counties rather than existing constituencies, where they disregarded county bounds, the basis of redistribution.

Mr. Perry, continuing the debate, said he was quite prepared to endorse the sentiment expressed by the member for North Brant (Mr. Somerville) in lieu of anything better. No stronger sign of the iniquity of the bill could be noticed than that it was opposed by the Independent press and a good portion of the Tory press, and two prominent Conservative members were unable to swallow it. He advised the Government to withdraw the present infamous bill altogeteer, stop the debate, and introduce a short bill to keep the Government in the Treasury seats for all time to come.

A division was then taken on Mr. Somerville's amendment, providing that readjustment only take place in the provinces affected by the late census, and resulted as follows: Ayes 60, nays 95.

The House then went into Committee of the Whole on the bill.

On clause 1, providing that the House of Commons shall consist of 213 members, of whom 92 shall be elected for Ontario, 65 for Quebec, 29 for Nova Scotia, 14 for New Brunswick, 7 for Manitoba, 6 for British Columbia and 5 for Prince Edward Island. On the motion for the adoption of this clause,

Mr. Mills called attention to that part of the clause relating to British Columbia. He did not know by what rule that Province was given six members, for according to population it was entitled to only four. He knew that when admitted British Columbia had been given six members, but the general provision of the B. N. A. Act called for a representation of the Province in proportion to the population.

Sir John Thompson said he did not find the bar referred to in the Act itself, and did not feel bound to follow the refinements of interpretation of the member for Bothwell (Mr. Mills). British Columbia had been given a representation of six members in 1872 on the address of this Parliament and the Legislature of British Columbia. He could not propose a reduction without holding that her Majesty's order-in-council involved an unjustifiable assumption of authority. He did not feel called upon to take such a position, particularly when it would involve a breach of arrangement with British Columbia entered into by both sides in good faith.

Mr. Mills contended that the Minister had not met the point. He contended that if the provisions of this Act could be set at naught by an order-in-Council it would be easy for the majority from the larger provinces to override the rights of the smaller provinces.

Mr. Corbould said that the animus of the Opposition against British Columbia was manifest, and was to be accounted for by the fact that British Columbia had done so little for them. He contended that it would be a breach of faith to reduce the representation of the province.

Sir John Thompson said that the writ for Chicoutimi, made vacant by the decision of the Supreme Court unseating Mr. Savard, had not yet been issued.

Sir Richard Cartwright put seriatim the questions of which he had given notice respecting the spending of an alleged reptile fund in Quebec in the general election of 1887.

Questions 1 to 21, inclusive, merely referred to the Government's knowledge of the fact that the Toronto *Globe* had published certain statements on the subject, with fac-similes of documents in the case.

Sir John Thompson, replying to the first of these questions, said the members of the Government who have seen the *Globe* newspaper are aware of the publication referred to. In reply to the second question, he said the members of the Government who see the *Globe* newspaper are aware of this publication. In reply to the third, he admitted the knowledge of the publication on the part of those members of the Government who "read the *Globe* newspaper." Up to and including the eighth question, he used practically the same form of reply, varying it simply in phraseology. To the ninth question he said, "The same answer sir." This form he followed until the end.

Sir Richard Cartwright then asked whether the Government had observed that the said documents, if authentic, prove that a very large fund was created and placed in the hands of the said Hon. Thomas McGreevy for the purpose of influencing the elections in the several constituencies referred to, and that the said fund was regularly distributed in accordance with a carefully preconcerted arrangement?

Sir John Thompson replied—The publication of the statements and documents quoted in the preceding questions referring, as they do, to expenditures alleged to have been made in the year 1887 in the elections for the Parliament whose term expired in 1891, was evidently made in pursuance of the charges which were preferred in the House by the hon. member for West Ontario, and which were interpreted by that gentleman and two or three other members of this House in opposition to the Government as charges that the Postmaster General had diverted railway subsidies from the purpose for which they were granted by receiving for election purposes large sums of money out of such subsidies and out of moneys raised on the credit of such subsidies, and so forth, as stated in the resolution of this House passed on the 4th of May, 1892. This House on that day resolved that it is expedient that an inquiry should be made as to the truth or falsity of the allegations and charges, and that the evidence relating to the same should be taken by commissioners under the statute, which provides for such inquiries being made by commissioners, and that the evidence when taken should be laid before this House. Two eminent judges have been selected to be such commissioners, and their appointment has been approved by the House without any dissent being expressed as to their fitness and impartiality. Ample powers are being conferred on the commissioners, and when their labors are concluded the result of such labors will be laid before the House for such action as may seem proper under the circumstances. The Government do not intend to ask the House to interfere with that investigation, or to substitute for it a method of investigation which would be less complete and less impartial, nor do they propose in the meantime to express any opinion on the questions which that inquiry will involve, or on the facts which are to be proved or disproved before the commissioners.

The House went into Committee of the Whole on Mr. Tisdale's bill respecting the Midland Railway.

Mr. MacLean (York) made his maiden speech in favor of a closer regulation of railway passenger rates. He moved the amendment of which he had given notice in favor of a two-cent rate for way passengers on this road. He said that he would propose the same amendment to have a general effect when the general bill to amend the Railway Act now standing on the orders in Mr. Haggart's name came up.

Mr. Sproule, as seconder of Mr. Maclean's amendment, spoke in support of the two-cent rate.

Mr. Maclean said he was willing to withdraw the amendment. The suggestion of the member for Bothwell (Mr. Mills) might indicate the best way of taking up the matter. He would think this matter over, and would consult with his friends and see the Minister on this subject.

Mr. Dewdney moved the third reading of his bill to amend the Dominion Lands Act.

Mr. Davin urged that the bill be recommitted, in order that it be amended so as to allow settlers to occupy cancelled preemptions on the same conditions as they were allowed to occupy cancelled homesteads. He moved an amendment to that effect.

The debate was adjourned by consent.

The House went into committee on the Redistribution Bill.

Sir Richard Cartwright said according to the report of George Johnson, Dominion statistician, the Liberals had a 7,200 majority in Ontario.

Mr. Wallace said George Johnson had not made such a report. The hon. gentleman could not produce it, and if he could, the figures would not be conclusive. If the hon. gentleman could not prove what he said, it simply showed he had been trying a bluff game.

Sir Richard Cartwright said he had seen such a statement, and only that the hon. gentleman was unworthy his further notice he would tell him what he thought of his remarks.

Mr. Borden said he had a very distinct recollection of having seen the report from Geo. Johnson, Dominion statistician, that there was 7,000 Liberal majority in Ontario.

Mr. Wallace contended that judgment should be based on bye-elections, and that these gave a distinct majority to the Conservatives.

Mr. Mills asked if there might not now be an adjournment.

Sir John Thompson agreed. He had hoped a vote might have been reached after the all day's debate, but he did not think it was quite fair to expect the House to sit late without notice. He would now have to ask the House to sit very late next week, and from Wednesday hold daily sessions at 11 o'clock, sitting day and night till the Bill was through.

Sir John Thompson moved the first reading of a Bill to further amend the General Inspection Act.

The House adjourned at 12.45.

Canadian Lambs in England.

SIR,—I take the liberty of forwarding to you for publication a copy of a letter given below from Alderman Frankland to Mr. J. E. Story, our farm foreman, who took the lambs referred to to Montreal and put them on board ship en route for England. This letter bears upon a subject which should be of much interest to the farmers at the present time:

LIVERPOOL, May 31st, 1892.

J. E. Story, Esq., Farm Foreman, Government College, Guelph, Ont.:

DEAR SIR,—Your beautiful lambs are sold well; and when you consider how foreign cattle and meat sell in England in comparison with their own, may we in Canada not rejoice that you, sir, can send to me 99 lambs from that great institution, and that I can realize on them some prices? Why, there are sheep coming from South America, and they slaughtered well, and yet, as they could not go into the open market, 6 pence is all they brought, sinking the offal, while your lambs, in my judgment, realize 8½ pence per pound. You would have rejoiced to have seen the droves of good men from 30 to 80 years of age examining your lambs, but English hospitality is great, they do things with great heartiness. We are losing heavily with our Canadian bullocks this season, and the U. S. are sending their cattle by thousands. I believe Canada will lose £2 per head—I mean the shippers—on their first 21,000 head. In all the years I have been in the trade I never sold at such low prices, and still the mutton trade remains good up to the present. I hope Prof. Shaw will give a candid review of results, considering the depression in beef, to the leading papers; 47s 6d is truly astonishing. Yours, G. F. FRANKLAND.

The full particulars will be given in due time in reference to the whole transaction from the time the lambs were purchased until they were sold in England. It may be mentioned here that these were very ordinary lambs when purchased. About one-half were bought in Eastern Ontario when they came to this station, and the other half in Prince Edward Island. Yours,

THOS. SHAW.

Ontario Agricultural College.

The Pretty Woman.

A pretty woman must first of all have clearly cut regular features.

She must have full, clear eyes.

She must have a skin that is above reproach, untouched by rouge or powder.

She must have glossy hair that has never known the touch of bleach or dye.

She must have a good figure, plump yet slender enough, never suggestive of an angle.

She must have a white, expressive hand, preferably a small one, but not of a necessity, if it is well kept and white.

She must have small ears and a throat that is like a marble column for her head.

She must know how to put on her clothes, or she loses half her beauty.

She must fully understand what best suits her in the way of hair dressing, and cling closely to that.

A woman may have all these attractions, and unless her own personality is charming, unless she has tact it dawns on you, after you have seen her once or twice, that she is not a pretty woman; but a pretty doll.—*Boston Gazette.*

Teach Your Girls.

Give your girls a thorough education. Teach them to cook and prepare the food of the household. Teach them to wash, to iron, to darn stockings, to sew on buttons, and to make their own dresses. Teach them to spend within their income. Teach them to wear a calico dress that is paid for, with more comfort than a silk one which is still owing. Teach them how to purchase, and see that the account tallies with the purchase. Teach them that good health and a bright face are better than any cosmetic. Teach them good common sense, self-help and industry. Teach them that marrying a man without principle is like putting to sea without compass or rudder. Teach them, if you can afford it, music, painting and other accomplishments, but insist on a certain amount of good reading daily.

Considerate Tommy.

"We will take a special collection next Sabbath," said the teacher, "for the purpose of making a fund to defray the expense of sending poor boys to school."

"They don't get none of my money," averred Tommy Figg on the way home. "Them poor folks' kids has a tough enough time anyway 'thout jammin' 'em into school besides."

—Many a woman would seek a divorce from her husband were it not for the fear that some other woman wants him.

—Ethel—I have had an offer of marriage. Clarissa—Gracious! Has it got out that your grandmother is going to leave you some money?

—Primus—Oh, you don't know me. I have a most ungovernable temper. Secundus—Can't get mad when you know you ought to, eh?

"THE Young Men's Emigration Advice Society" is the name of an organization which operates in connection with the Young Men's Christian Association, of Manchester, England. There would seem to be much of good to be accomplished by an intelligently conducted and disinterested bureau of that kind. The average English emigrant needs advice as much as he needs any other part of his equipment, and if this organization acquaints itself with the foreign end of its work it may be the means not only of rendering valuable aid to those who emigrate, but also of preventing the emigration of those whose inadaptation or lack of capacity disqualifies them for success in the new world.

LADY SOMERSET'S VIEWS.

Intemperance Not the Sole Cause of Poverty.

COMPLIMENT TO AMERICAN WOMEN.

Unequal Justice in the Courts of Great Britain.

The following are extracts from an address by Lady Henry Somerset: It is characteristic of this age that evil is no longer considered a necessity. That I believe to be the greatest *credo* that the nineteenth century has formulated. We have all along said that it is necessary that sin should be; that it is necessary that suffering should exist; but to-day we see that there is no such necessity according to God's laws, and by God's help we are to see that that necessity shall have no record. It is upon these lines that we are working. We are breaking down the barriers that have long hedged up creeds and nationalities. We are going into wider fields and realizing that which we have so long been looking for, that men and women everywhere, call themselves by what name they will, let them inhabit whatever country under the sun, are bound together in that grand name, humanity.

As I walked through the Bowery of New York, and saw the miseries there in that modern city, I felt that the new world had some of our greatest difficulties to meet and some of our weightiest problems to face; when you see the on-marching growth of that splendid country, the power and riches of those western cities that arise almost as by magic from the prairies, then we realize that the greatest curse in America is this same miserable liquor traffic, and that their mightiest problems are the same with which we have to do battle over here. We draw a long breath when we get to America, because we feel that we are at any rate in a country where there is room for everybody.

THE INFLUX OF ALIENS.

We dare not stand on any platform in England and say that the drink traffic is the sole source of poverty; indeed, we weaken our cause if we do. There is no statement that does so much harm to our holy work as this. There are correlating causes that we need to take into consideration. There is the great labor question, there is the housing of the poor, and there are a thousand other things that belong to the work of the true reformer. In America you realize that the liquor traffic has done a harm which is probably almost incalculable, because there is room and work for all strong and industrious men and women, and yet there are men and women struggling even in great and prosperous city like Chicago. They have difficulties to contend with of which we know nothing. The great alien population with which America is flooded renders it one of the most difficult countries for philanthropic work. You talk glibly of America, but America means the problems of four or five nationalities rolled into one. We send our hopeless ones over there and expect the Americans to reform these men and women. We are giving them a desperate task. There is probably nothing more unyielding to deal with than the flood of an idle, incoming population.

AMERICAN WOMEN DO NOT DRINK.

But there is one feature in America, that I tell you, friends, if I could see in England to-day, I would willingly sacrifice my right hand; nay, more, I would give almost everything I possess in life. Go where you will in the lowest quarters of New York or in Chicago; go where you will through any city in that great country and you will never witness scenes in any saloon that at all equal what you see in this country. You may go right through the saloons of America and no woman would dare open that door save one who had cast away every rag of respectability. It would be impossible, in an afternoon's walk, for a young man and woman to turn in together to take a drink. There is a popular sentiment in America on the question of women drinking and I would that only one-third of such sentiment as that existed here. During the six months that I spent there only at one *table d hote* did I ever see a woman touch wine or beer. I have never seen a woman in any private house put one single drop of wine into her glass and drink it. It would be well for us if the work we had done could claim such results as that.

WOMEN'S RIGHT TO VOTE.

We hear a great deal about the immense advantage we are going to have when we get the popular vote. I thank God I believe that vote will bring an unadulterated blessing on this nation. I look on it as the first streak of dawn upon the horizon. There are people who tell us that the millennium will begin when we get the vote. All we shall then have is justice for the working classes and righteousness for humanity. The struggle in America is just here; we think they have temperance legislation; unless the women can uphold that legislation it is too much null and void. We fight because there is injustice. I hear women who are surrounded by every luxury say, 'I do not want to vote.' No, but the toiling sister in that factory wants to vote. I hear women say, 'What advantage is it going to bring?' None to those in the home circle who have men who love and protect them; but when we read to-