

read Mr. Begg's stories in the *Times* will not require any further evidence as to his capability to carry to a successful issue the "Tales of the Northwest;" and those who are aware of the fact that Mr. Begg was, in a measure, a participator in many of the incidents connected with the first Riel rebellion, should feel assured that a historical review of the uprising will prove of deep interest to Canadians. The latter work will be a complete history of the Northwest from the early discoveries to the present time, and as is remarked by the *Nor'wester*, "this is a work for which Mr. Begg is peculiarly fitted." It will contain, it is understood, a great deal of information which has never been published, and it will therefore be a valuable addition to the history of Canada. THE HOME JOURNAL extends to Mr. Begg the hope that he will receive the encouragement which his undertaking deserves.

THE OPPOSITION LEADER'S DREAM.

I lay in sleep; and, as I slept, a dream
Of happiness and peace passed through my
mind.

Once more, within the halls across the Bay,
I stood midst men, a Rupert in debate.
Once more a leader proud, I looked around,
And cast upon my foes a glance of scorn;
I lashed them in a speech satirical,
I taunted them and their poor helplessness;
I who in opposition could but plead,
And, when denied, in protest solace find,
I who had shown their follies to the world,
But to be flouted by a people's laugh,
I stood amidst them, chosen to command,
The great corrector of a fiscal fraud,
In deep humility they lowly bowed,
They felt abashed before such policy;
For I alone foresaw that money spent
Was money wasted, when your pile was made.
In adverse times, why meet half way the flood?
Which bears upon its crest prosperity,
When it will surely roll toward your feet,
Though it may waste its substance ere it reach.
I saw my rival tremble—and awoke
To find it but an idle, fitful dream.

The echoes of the adventures of "Hon. Marmaduke Wood" have scarcely died out when Victoria is honored with a visit from another scion of the English nobility. The latest "honorable" is a recent arrival, and journeyed to our shores in a sailing ship, whether as ballast or passenger, the ship's books do not record. The "Hon." young gentleman has not the appearance of a particularly bright youth, but in this respect, it is believed that his looks belie him. His way of doing business in many respects resembles that of his illustrious predecessor, the Hon. Marmaduke, but so far it is not known if he possesses the tact to square himself that was the distinguishing characteristic of the "King of the Music Halls." Although his visit with us has been short, it is understood that his operations have been numerous. The circulation of his cheques on the banks is greater than the subscription list of a certain paper published in this Province, and as there are "no funds" to meet the cheques, it is quite probable that the holders thereof will have the pleasure of keeping them. The "Hon." gentleman has been threatened with the indignity of an arrest, but so far he has been allowed to roam at large.

There are adages so venerable that they are called "saws," the word being used in

derision, but if their teachings were followed we would all be so benefitted that we would never quote them except in language of respect. For example, there is that old maxim "Think twice before you speak once." Call it a "saw" if you will, deride it if you please, and quote it only to ridicule if you want to, but nevertheless, it contains a truth that can not be ignored. It only has one fault—that is it is scarcely complete enough. If the dead, and probably forgotten author of it, had appended to it a clause so as to make it read, "Think twick before you speak, and think thrice before you act," and could have left with the maxim a heritage of obedience to its meaning that every man could share, his name would now stand prominent amongst those who are identified with all the great discoveries, inventions, and accomplishments of the past. It is only by applying a truth to details, and by making significant the apparently insignificant, through comprehensive tests, that we can obtain a full comprehension of the entire scope of an idea, policy or system. THE HOME JOURNAL, therefore, takes it upon itself to apply the important maxim to the ordinary details of every-day business life.

Think twice before you embark in any commercial enterprise. The decision to engage in a certain trade is but the preparation for the battle, and no hotly contested battle was ever won without the victorious army having perfected all its plans in advance. The merchant's primary object in trade ventures is, of course, the making of money. His ultimate success depends upon himself and the surrounding conditions. If he selects a certain branch of trade he must have well defined reasons for his selection, and unless he knows in advance all the possibilities of failure, as well as the probabilities of success, the prospects will be unfavorable for him. An intelligent and comprehensive idea of the requirements of any line of trade should be obtained before the investment of capital is made.

Think thrice before you grant credit to strangers customers. Think three times thrice before you grant credit at all. The more credit you give the more difficult it will be to refuse credit to those you have no confidence in. The more readily you adhere to a cash system, the easier you will find it to utter the potent "no" when a doubtful customer wants thirty days' time on \$10 worth of merchandise.

Think thrice before you give your promise to "do all in your power" for a friend, whether he is simply starting in a small business for himself, or whether he is embarking in a political contest which he thinks may lead him into the sheriff's office. If you do all in your power for such friends you will have to neglect your own business, and they will never be able to repay you, nor will some of them be willing to repay you as far as that is concerned. Think thrice before you ask a favor. If you do everything in reason for yourself, you will have very little occasion to ask others to do anything for you. Think three times thrice before you take money out of a legitimate business to invest it in an uncertain speculation in hope of immense profits, and think thirty times

thrice before you endorse the paper of an acquaintance.

A gentleman well known in this city told me the following story the other day. He was recently abroad and while in Paris picked up some rare silver butter plates, which he brought home to his wife. She was enthusiastic over them and went into ecstasies over the valuable addition to her table appointments. Not long after she gave a luncheon to about a dozen of her woman intimates and used these quaint plates for bon bon dishes at each lady's plate. As the guests rose from the table they all took with them their silver dish, and, on leaving, thanked the amazed hostess for her beautiful souvenirs of the occasion. She could not say a word, but allowed her guests to depart with her curious old-world plate. She discovered, however, that one lady had left her's behind, and was congratulating herself on having one left to remember the others by, when back comes the smiling exception to say that she had forgotten it and would not for the world seem so ungrateful for such an exquisite favor. This final stroke gave her a glimpse of the humor of the situation, which she now enjoys as much as do the ones to whom the story is related.

I find the following in the *Montreal Star* in reply to a correspondent concerning the funeral of Napoleon: "Early in 1840, when Monsieur Guizot was French ambassador at London, he waited upon Lord Palmerston with a request that the body of the Emperor Napoleon should be given up to the French nation, in order that it might find a final resting-place in French earth. To this demand the British Government gave a ready assent; nor was there any particular explosion of sentiment on either side, only some pretty cordial expressions of mutual good-will. Orders were at once sent out to St. Helena that the corps should be disinterred in due time when the French expedition had arrived to obtain it, and that every respect and attention should be paid to those who came to carry back to their country the body of the famous dead warrior and sovereign. Accordingly, on October 15, 1840, it was taken from the tomb at St. Helena, and embarked the next day on board the *Belle Poule*, French frigate, under command of the Prince de Joinville. The vessel reached Cherbourg on November 30, and on December 15 the body was deposited in the Hotel des Invalides. The ceremony was witnessed by 1,000,000 of persons; 150,000 soldiers assisted in the obsequies, and the Royal Family and all the high personages of the realm were present. All the relatives of the Emperor were absent, being proscribed, and in exile or prison. The body was finally placed in its crypt on March 31, 1861. At the funeral in 1840 it is said that old Louis Philippe was standing at the catafalque, when the Prince de Joinville advanced to it at the head of the procession, and said, 'Sire, I bring you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.' Louis Philippe answered, 'I receive it in the name of France.' The coffin was then placed in the temple prepared for it."

PERE GRINATOR.