

cruelty to animals to keep her out of her bed.—Of course we will send our maid to dress your hair in the morning; she has not at all a bad idea of hair-dressing, though indeed we taught her everything she knows; she always does ours!"

Joan looks at the colossal heads before her, and shudders. "Thank you," she answers, rather hastily, "but indeed I have got quite into the habit of doing my own; I like it; it makes one feel so independent; good-night!"

Are they really going now? It seems so. Arabella is already out of the room, and Diana is at the door, when—oh, sorrow!—she returns.

"I hope you do not mind the light in your eyes in the morning," she says, looking up at the window; "unfortunately there is no blind, and the curtains do not draw very well, I am afraid there is something the matter with the rings; but if you pin them over it does nearly as well. Have you got some good big 'corking-pins' because, if not, I will run and get you some."

Regardless whether she was speaking truth or fiction, Joan asseverates that she has plenty of corking-pins. There is no commodity, however improbable, with which she would not declare herself to be richly provided, in order to obtain the one boon for which her whole sad, tired soul craves—solitude.

Gone at last—really gone! And now she may sigh as loudly as she likes, and look round her with as undisguised disapprobation on her surroundings as they naturally inspire. When one is at a very low ebb, physically, it takes but a little to overset it. Joan at her best and strongest—the real Joan—would be ashamed to let any sordid *entourage* make her cry; but she is tired and below par, and tears of forlorn discomfiture fill her eyes, as she looks round on the threadbare carpet—on the large and straggly ugliness of the wall-paper, and notices that a bit is missing from the spout of the ewer.

She stands before the chest of drawers that serves as dressing-table, and looks at herself in the glass that is upon it. "I shall grow like them in time," she says, shuddering; "in time I shall learn to talk of men by their surnames, and to have a refreshment-room head of hair!" She pulls her hair down on her forehead to simulate a fringe, sets her hat at the back of her head, and tries to look like them; then, in a paroxysm of disgust, dashes the locks away from her brows and tosses her hat down. "No! I hope I may die first."

She says this aloud, and with such emphasis that her voice drowns the sound of a small knock that comes at the door. It has to be repeated before she hears it; then she hastily pulls her countenance into shape again, and cries, "Come in." (Here they are, back again.)

It is not "they," however. It is only Diana, looking rather shy. You would have said, half an hour ago, that a girl in such a hat, and with two such curls, could not look shy, but yet she does.

"I have not come for anything particular," she says, speaking very fast and confusedly; "it was only that it struck me just now that we had none of us said that we were glad to see you; we have none of us any manners. I dare say that you have found that out already—but we are glad—that is all! I will not come back again."

While making this speech she is redder than any July field-poppy, and redder still when, having given Joan a quick and shamefaced kiss, she flies out of the room again, banging the creaky door after her, and leaving Joan remorseful. And Joan's last thought before she closes her fagged eyes in her little, hard, lumpy bed, which feels as if it were stuffed with good-sized potatoes, is not of her spoutless jug or propped window, of all she has lost and all she is going to suffer—but of the kind and rosy face of her little underbred cousin.

Joan is not very old, but she has already learned this, that—whether ill-dressed, or well-dressed, whether well-bred, or ill-bred—love is the one thing very much worth having in this world. If they will love her, she will forgive them everything—even the size of their heads, and their taste for soldiers.

(To be continued.)

## HEARTH AND HOME.

FIRST AND SECOND HONEYMOON.—The real honeymoon is not always a delightful moment. This, which sounds like heresy to the romantic, and blasphemy to the young, is a fact which a great many people acknowledge readily enough when they have gone beyond the stage at which it sounds like an offence to the wife or to the husband who is supposed to have made that period rapturous. The new pair have not that easy acquaintance with each other which makes the happiness of close companionship; perhaps they have not that sympathy with each other's tastes which is almost a better practical tie than simple love. They are half afraid of each other, they are making discoveries every day of new points in each other's characters, delightful or undelightful as it may be, which bewilder their first confidence of union; and the more mind and feeling there is between them, the more likely is this to be the case. The shallow and superficial "gee on" better than those who have a great deal of excellence or tender depth of sentiment to found on. But after the pair have come to full acquaintance, after they have learned each other from A B C up to the most difficult chapter; after the intercourse of ordi-

nary life has borne its fruit; there is nothing in the world so delightful as the honeymooning which has passed by years the legitimate period of the honeymoon. Sometimes one sees respectable fathers and mothers enjoying it, who have sent off their children to the orthodox honeymoon, and only now feel with a surprised pleasure how sweet it is to have their own solitude again; to be left to themselves dearer and nearer than they ever were before. There is something infinitely touching and tender in the honeymoon of the old.

LOVE OF OFFSPRING.—It is generally taken for granted that parents love their children; yet the care and anxiety most parents feel for their families quite overshadow their consciousness of loving them, and they fall back upon a sense of duty and obligation and responsibility that, however it may stimulate them to perform the actual exterior demands made on them, renders all their labour vain. This sense of duty is not the highest of motives. It is all very well to require filial obedience and submission from children because it is their duty to render it; but when they are lifted into the higher atmosphere of absorbing love for the parent, the sense of duty, that frosty motive, will be no longer needed. "I do not love my mother one particle," said a middle-aged man the other day, "simply because she never loved me." She took care of us children—oh, yes—kept us clean, taught us the Bible, prayed over us, and cried over us; but we never felt the warmth of a mother's tender love, never went to her with our little troubles or our little joys. It is very different in my family. If there is one thing that my children know, it is that I love them, and what I do for them is not from a sense of the rental duty, but because they are infinitely dear to me. And such children as they are—so affectionate, so obedient, so happy!" The teacher who is so wise and so fortunate as to win the love of his pupils has little difficulty in enforcing order or securing the highest grade of intellectual labour of which they are capable. In order to gain their love, however, he must first love them; for only love wins love. So with the employer. If he can convince those in his employ that he bears to them good will, kindness, a sincere desire to promote their welfare, they will give him a fidelity and thoroughness of service that no wages could secure.

WHAT NATURE SAYS ABOUT THE SEXES.—Let those who fancy men and women fitted for the same lives, formed for the same destinies, intended for similar careers, turn their attention for a little while to man and woman in long clothes and socks, still biting at their corals with half the teeth that Providence intends to give them, and attaining their objects in life by shrieking—in other words, to babies, and, noticing their tricks and their manners carefully, declare, if they can, that a boy baby and a girl baby are not as evidently intended for two different life-paths as are ducks and chickens.

Before she can walk alone, the girl rejoices in any object that imagination can convert into a doll. She has a tenderness for all of its kind, from the waxen beauty with a blue silk dress, to the clothes-pin with a pocket-handkerchief about its neck. When she is able to toddle about she puts three dolls of hers to bed, makes garments for them, drags them in her little waggonette or cart, is troubled about their suppers of sliced apple and segmented cake, and before long goes through little dramas in which the doctor is called in to Dolly with the measles, and in which she takes Dolly to a school where a paper preceptress keeps guard over a row of paper scholars. She plays her little life over again with her doll, always playing at being woman, and housewife, and mother.

Not so does her little brother, brought up at her side. Dolls never interest him. He detests the pink and white beauties, and ridicules the homely bundles of rags which are so dear to his sister. He is not to be induced to go to the doll's tea-parties, even while he is in pinafores. What he wants is a cane with a horse's head, on which to gallop about in the character of soldier, a sword and a gun, a ball and a drum. He must make a noise, and fancy himself a tremendous fellow, who sometimes—but quite out of sight of other people—may be kissed by mamma, though he rather resents petting generally; while the little girl rejoices in the tenderness of those about her, and would be wretched if not caressed.

So it goes on. Not, as a thousand mothers will tell you, because of any teaching. Often the mother would like her little boy to play quietly with his sisters, or would not be averse to see her girl less timid and more with her brothers; but nature has marked the paths they are to tread. It is rare, indeed, for man to leave his; and when woman is led from hers by some iam, she seems less like a woman than before, just as she looks less like one in anything approaching masculine costume. The same education, the same work, the same pleasures, the same experiences are not meant for woman and her brother, and unerring childhood teaches us the lesson even before it learns to lisp.

## THE GLEANER.

HER Majesty the Queen has signified her intention of opening Parliament in person.

THE shop-girls of Boston number nearly one-tenth of the entire population of the city.

BARNUM proposes to make a tour with his show through England, Scotland, France and Germany.

CAPTAIN NARES, of the Arctic Expedition, has been the guest of the Queen at Windsor Palace. He has been made a K.C.B.

THE Duchess of Edinburgh's new baby is Her Majesty's sixteenth granddaughter and twenty-fifth grandchild.

THE most painful news has reached England from one of her distant colonial domains. The Eleven of Sydney and district has defeated the English team by two wickets.

THE Prince of Wales and the Duke of Leuchtenberg have been appointed presidents of the British and Russian Commissions for the Paris Exhibition of 1878. The presidency of the Italian Commission has also been conferred upon a Royal Duke.

THE bull worship of the Egyptians finds its parallel in the fox worship of the Japanese; dogs are protected from harm by public edicts in Yeddo, as in Constantinople; to kill a stork is as great crime in the eyes of the Japanese as to kill an albatross in the eyes of an English sailor.

THE largest establishment in the world for hatching salmon eggs is that of the United States Government on the McCloud river, Shasta county, Cal. It is under the superintendence of Livingston Stone, who distributes an average of 1,000,000 young salmon each year to the Fish Commissioners of the various States having rivers suitable for their increase.

IN Dundalk churchyard there is a tombstone erected by the Quartermaster of a Dragoon regiment over the grave of his wife, in the inscription on which, after mentioning age, name, date of death, &c., he says:—

"She was—  
But I have not words to express what a good woman should be—  
And she was that."

At Villers-Cotterets, there is a barber who displays a sign-board with giant letters "Coiffeur to Alex. Dumas," *pere* understood. Some years ago the novelist was shaved, &c., at this establishment, and the day being wet, he wrote a letter patent, after the style of those given to Court tradesmen, naming the rural *Figaro* his coiffeur in ordinary and extraordinary; this letter is framed and glazed in the shop, and is a curiosity for miles around.

OFFICIAL notification having been given to the French Government that the German Empire declines to participate in the exhibition, the room allotted to Germany will be disposed of in favor of other countries. English exhibitors especially, who complain about the exigency of the space allowed to them at first, will be made to benefit by this new arrangement. The Exhibition Committee have also been instructed to reject any private application for admission that might have been made by German manufacturers.

TILTON is plucky and has feelings, too. When lecturing in Halifax a fellow in the gallery shouted "What about Elizabeth?"—"Sir," responded Mr. Tilton, "don't insult the memory of a sorrowing woman."—"Put him out!" roared the audience, and the brute was ejected by a policeman. The lecturer then said:—"I am a stranger among you, as I said before—an American while you are Canadians—but I say to you, as God is my witness, that I would not have uttered another word on this platform if that man had not been put out."

NO BETTER specimen of the "Whittington" ideal of the English self-made man could be found than the late Mr. George Moore. His life was exactly that of the Industrious Apprentice. He used to tell how he first came to London without a friend or a sixpence; and, walking about the streets, entered a draper's shop to ask for employment. This was at first refused; but the owner was won by some answer, or something in the bearing of the candidate, who, on the day of his engagement, set before himself two purposes to be worked out—to be head of the establishment, and marry his master's daughter. In both of these aims he succeeded; and the house of Moore, Copestake & Co. is now one of the most important wholesale stores in the kingdom.

## CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

We have been requested to begin numbering our puzzles, &c., from this number to correspond with the beginning of the year. We do so from to-day, and call upon our young friends to send in their solutions and replies of which due acknowledgment will be given. Answers and solutions will be given by us every week, instead of every fortnight, and this is also done to suit the wishes of our young friends.

### No. 1. CONUNDRUMS.

1. When is a lady's veil like Australian mutton?
2. Why should an ostentatious lady wear a veil?
3. Why do great actors play by gaslight?

### No. 2. PUZZLES.

1. His brightest beams great Phœbus shed around,  
And waving crops enrich the fruitful ground.
2. A note familiar to English ears,  
Which every smaller bird with terror hears.
3. When softly falls the moon's sereneest ray,  
Then floats upon the breeze thy gentle lay.

### No. 3. CHARADE.

- My first of my whole is a portion.  
Very dark, brown and small;  
In a pack of cards you will see it.  
If you look for it at all.  
My second's a useful device  
For fastening apron or gown;  
It takes ten men to make one,  
But we carelessly fling one down.

My whole is a fruit so pleasant,  
To a king it gave its name.  
I'm sure you will say when you taste it.  
It deserves its royal fame.

### No. 4. RIDDLES.

1. My first is French; my second is English; my whole is Latin.
2. There is a word of letters three, add two and it will fewer be.
3. Why is a cattle-driver's stick like a part of Buckinghamshire?

### No. 5. ENIGMA.

I am a cheerful little thing,  
Rejoicing in the heat;  
Whether it come from sea-coal fire,  
Or log of wood, or peat.

Again, I love a sunny day  
In park or grassy field,  
Where 'neath my banner man and youth  
Their utmost prowess wield.

And there they stand with ready arm,  
Unflinching every one;  
Their only aim to prove themselves  
"A Briton to the bone!"

### No. 6. ACROSTIC.

Emblems of beauty: sometimes rich and red,  
Sometimes most delicately white, whilst round they shed  
Sweetest of accents; these will my final make:  
My first upon the summer air they shake.

### No. 7. PARLOUR GAMES.

CHARADES.—The introduction of charades is an amusement usually in vogue at Christmas, when old and young, grave and gay, assemble with the intention of passing a happy time. The import of the phrase "charade" is simply "syllable-puzzle," and consists in dividing either a monosyllable or a polysyllable into its component letters or parts, and predicated something of each; then, having succeeded in uniting the whole, and predicated something of that likewise, the listener is asked to supply the word. But, doubtless, more pleasure is derived from such charades as can be acted. A cordial number of friends agree to select a special word as the subject of the proposed charade. This being arranged, a little scene and dialogue is improvised by taking the first syllable, such person assuming a part. The same form is gone through with regard to the other syllables that compose the selected word. And when the performance terminates, the spectators are requested to guess the same.

CELEBRATED CHARACTER CHARADES.—This game is arranged by dividing into syllables the patronymic of some distinguished individual (historical all the better); whilst the final scene, which must comprise some well-known anecdote of the character represented, forms the whole name. There are certain simple rules necessary to be observed in either impromptu or prepared charades. In the first place, the word selected must consist of two, three, four, or even five syllables. Then the entire word can be represented in a twofold manner. Each syllable may form a totally distinct scene from the others, the whole making an additional scene.

### SOLUTIONS UP TO DATE.

No. 10. Boileau. 2. Odazzi. 3. Wartou. 4. Buffon. 5. Erasmus. 6. Lafranco. 7. Lehuu. 8. Saladin. — Bow Bells.

No. 11. Yarmouth—Herrings. Thus:—1. Yaguils. 2. Amberg. 3. Ripon. 4. Missouri. 5. Oodipowit. 6. Urrwater. 7. Tyne. 8. Harwich.

No. 12. Read—dear—dare.

No. 13. 1. Plague—ague. 2. Daylight.

No. 14. Let  $x$  = the price of the three per cents, and  $y$  = the price of the four;

$$x : 400 :: 3 : A's \text{ interest} = \frac{1200}{x}$$

$$\text{and } y : 400 :: 4 : B's \text{ interest} = \frac{1600}{y}$$

$$\frac{1200}{x} = \frac{1600}{y}$$

$$x = \frac{3}{4}y$$

Again  $x : x :: 5 : 400$ ; what A received when selling =  $400(x \times 5)$

$$\frac{x}{400} = \frac{y}{400} \times 5$$

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### SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.

Prince Edward—No. 20. Correct.  
N. B. Victoria st., Montreal.—No. 20. Not quite correct, dear. But you must try again.  
Frank, G. B., Montreal.—No. 20. See solution. No. 22. Correct.  
G. G., Quebec.—See solution.