

hard work and privation to himself and family, he accumulated a fortune. It was only thirty rupees (equal to twelve American dollars); but it was enough to keep him comfortably for the rest of his days without toil. Before leaving the city he repaired to the Monkey temple with the rupees in his pocket to give thanks. Now, outside the temple is a large tank with trees surrounding it. The pedlar divested himself of his clothing in order to bathe before entering the holy shrine. A large monkey, perceiving the clothes lying on the stone steps, stealthily approached, seized the garments and hurried up a tree. The wretched pedlar turned around in time to see his hard earnings disappear amongst the branches in the clutch of a holy ape. He was in despair, prayed to the representative of Hanooman to give back the rupees just this once, and he would never ask any further odds of him. The monkey was quietly pulling on the trousers when he discovered the coins: after some cogitation, he took one rupee and threw it far out into the water; then he seized another in his paw and tossed it into the road. Thus he went on, alternately throwing one into the tank and another into the highway. The distracted pedlar picked up fifteen, but the other fifteen lay at the bottom of the water, and were lost. For many hours the poor man thought that Hanooman had been cruel, and dealt hardly with him; but finally he saw that the god had acted justly. He therefore entered the sacred building, and at the

altar confessed what had for many years been a secret in his own breast. He told the god that it had been his daily custom to dilute his milk with water in the exact proportion of half-and-half. He had always denied this fact to his patrons, but now in contrition of heart he saw that just retribution had fallen upon him. The god, with far-seeing wisdom, had handed over fifteen rupees to the water, where it properly belonged, and he restored the other fifteen, which were honest profit, to the pedlar.'

With this Hindoo apologue,—which, under the sharp stress of public duty we have reproduced for use against Canadian milk-pedlars,—we now, for lack of space, reluctantly take leave of our entertaining traveller. We should have liked to follow Mr. Glass while he tells his adventures in the heart of China; among the far-off islands of Japan; on his homeward journey through California and the Yosemite Valley, and the Nevada Desert to Virginia City,—that Plutonian realm of the three bonanza kings; then away eastward to Salt Lake City and the "earthly paradise" of the Mormons; still onwards through Nebraska to Omaha; and then to Chicago, Detroit, and to his Canadian home at London. There, after his tour of 34,000 miles, and an absence of sixteen months, Mr. Glass must have excited among his fair friends much of the charming interest that Captain Cook and Commodore Anson excited among other Londoners, and in another century.

## BRIC-A-BRAC.

**I**F a boy gets on a wrong track it shows that his father's switch has not had a fair chance.

Wealth may not bring happiness, but it commands respect in a police officer.

There is generally thought to be a good deal more pleasure in bringing on the gout than in bearing it.

The world's idea of religion is explained by the adage, 'Be good and you'll be happy; but you won't have a good time.'

A man who cannot command his temper, his attention, and his countenance, should not think of being a man of business.

Josh Billings says that 'a good doctor is a gentleman to whom we pay three dollars a visit for advising us to eat less and exercise more.'

Mrs. Pennell says that, her minister's sermons are 'a little obscure, but,' she adds, 'I do like to sit and watch the expression of his mouth.'