

A TALE OF EGGS.

A worldly wise egg bearer laid a nest chuck full of eggs, Then rising from her eggery, stood erect upon her pegs, Eggs-ultantly eggs-claiming as to what she'd been about, While chanticleer in eche said, "an eggs-cellent lay out."

"A good eggs-ample," biddy said, "for others' imitation."

"Eggs-actly," chorused all the brood, in one grand cakle-ation.

Then chanticleer broke in again, with shrill "Eggs-cel-si-or," In a cock-a-doodle lingo, heard anear and known afar.

And then again, with flapping wings and air of eggs-altation, He eggs-ceeded all authority in a sweeping eggs-clamation.

Which these egg-centric lines, in rhyme, but feebly may eggs-press, Said that his egg eggs-chequer was full to an eggs-cess.

Eggs-citedly eggs-plaining his eggs-traordinary eggs-hibition, Eggs-plicitly, eggs-ulting and assuring eggs-pedition.

In eggs-tracting from this one eggs-ert an eggs-citing chicken match, For biddy, in eggs-pectancy, would eggs-plicate and hatch.

Then they went to "counting chickens," thus, one, and two, and three, One egg, one chick, two eggs, two chicks, as many as may be.

But Farmer Brown in eggs-tasy came across this eggs-tra nest, An eggs-tradited all the eggs—the reader knows the rest.

PLATE MATTER.

Referring to the use of plate matter in city newspapers, a writer in the Artist Printer discourses wisely on the suicidal policy of adopting this mode of furnishing "news" to urban populations, and we would advise the editor of the Montreal Herald to carefully weigh the writer's sentiments on the subject. Among other things he says:—

"The opinion generally prevails that plates will find their own level, like water. Where they are wanted they are bound to come, and opposition therunto is futile. A paper—that is, a city newspaper—compelled by stress of weather to drift to plates as a harbor of refuge, must eventually, to complete its journey or mission, come out into the sea of live journalism again as soon as the storm has passed. A morning newspaper, to be alive, ought to contain news of the day, and not 'cat's cradles,' 'lamps for the feet,' 'thrilling romances,' 'children's corners,' etc., as in this Canada of ours, at least. The morning paper is not the family paper—that appears to be the field of the afternoon and weekly papers. When a merchant is looking for a bank statement or a shipping list, he does not care to have 'Paris fashions' or things of a like nature in his way. Experience will in time prove to any morning paper management, endeavoring to sow where the soil is not suitable, their waste of time and money. They will then see that it is not literature that is required, but that the mercantile and the political news of the day, etc., requires to be looked after and made live, fresh and reliable."

HER SPARE ROOM.

It ain't ev'rybody I'd put to sleep in this room," said old Mrs. Jinks to the fastidious and extremely nervous young minister who was spending the night in B—, at her house. "This room is full of sacred associations to me," she went on; "my first husband died on that bed with his head on these very pillars, and poor Mr. Jinks died settin' right in that corner. Sometimes when I come into the room in the dark, I think I see him settin' there still. My own father died laying right on that lounge under the winder. Poor pa! He was a speeritualist, and he allus said he'd appear in this room after he died, and sometimes I'm foolish enough to look for him. If you should see anything of him to-night, you'd better not tell me; for it'd be a sign to me that there was something in speeritualism, and I'd hate to think that. My son by my first man fell dead of heart disease right where you stand. He was a doctor, and there's two whole skeletons in that closet that belonged to him; and a half-a-dozen skulls in that lower draw. Well, good night, and pleasant dreams.—*The Occasional.*

FACTORY SLAVES.

Wake them up before daylight! Send them, half clothed and half fed, out upon the streets, and away to the factory, the store, and the mill! Scare them, too, into running, for fear the whistle or the bell may tell them they are fined for being late. Then let them work, second for second, minute for minute, and hour for hour, all day with the senseless, nerveless, tireless piece of iron—the machine—driven by steam! If they are mangled, say it was the will of God. If they go home to die, the victims of supply and demand, put them in their coffins and call it Providence. If they don't, but live on, in spite of all, miserable specimens of depraved, stunted, and vicious men and women, look at what they have produced, measure it, count it up in dollars and cents, and figure up the sum total. Then contemplate the cursed pile; and get some yawper upon the grandeur of our civilization to lecture upon it.

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GENERAL NEWS.

Cholera is rife in Desrich, on the Tigris. A sanitary cordon has been placed around the town.

The analysis report on the bombs found in the possession of the captured Nihilists in Paris shows they were merely for experimental purposes.

Peter Lilly, chief engineer on board the steamship Duchess, a collier, dropped dead about an hour after leaving Sorel on Wednesday on the downward trip. A verdict of death from heart disease was returned. Lilly was a native of Shields, England.

The Italian Peace Arbitration Association is about to send to President Harrison an address, congratulating him upon the debates in the Peace Congress now in session, and expressing a hope that other countries will imitate the example set by the United States.

The Right Rev. Edward T. O'Dwyer, Catholic Bishop of Limerick, has issued a pastoral letter, withdrawing from the priests in his diocese the power to grant absolution to persons guilty of boycotting or advocating and practising the "plan of campaign."

In Ontario the Liberal administration of Mr. Mowat has been sustained by the handsome majority of 21 over Conservatives and Equal Righters combined. Two of the Ministry have been defeated, namely, Mr. Gibson in Hamilton and Mr. Drury in Simcoe. The people of Ontario are evidently satisfied with Mr. Mowat and his political creed.

In the British House of Commons Thursday evening Sir James Fergusson, Under Foreign Secretary, stated that the Government was in receipt of official cablegrams showing that there had been no landing of French armed vessels in Newfoundland. No threats had been made, nor had there been any refusal to pay taxes, although resolutions to that effect had been voted.

Chief Justice Allen, of St. John, N.B., sentenced Theodore Watts, found guilty of manslaughter, to one month in jail, His Honor agreeing with the jury that Watts forgot the presence of his knife in his hand when the blow was struck. Frederick Damen, for stabbing another sailor, was given six months in jail, and Albert Moyan, for indecent assault on a young girl, got twelve months in jail and thirteen lashes on the bare back.

The movement for church disestablishment is arousing much alarm among Great Britain's churchmen. The Earl of Selborne, a staunch upholder of the establishment, protests against the proposed disestablishment of the Church of Scotland, on the ground that the act of union with Scotland made a solemn compact to maintain the established church in that country. The English clergy are raising funds for the defense of the church.

Life Convict Bernard Heney, whose sentence was last week commuted to a term of twenty years, fell dead on Thursday of heart disease, brought on by joy over his good fortune. He would have been a free man next October. While telling Convict Oscar Neebe, the anarchist, of his good fortune he threw up his hands and fell to the floor dead. Heney was sentenced for the murder of Policeman Rosenfeld in Rock Island, but persistently denied his guilt.

Cardinal Manning, in a letter to Mr. Wm. O'Brien, says his reading of the latter's novel, "When we were boys together," has more deeply than ever impressed him with Ireland's inextricable sorrows. The Cardinal continues: "The Irish people, the most profoundly Christian on the face of the earth, have been afflicted with every kind of sorrow, barbarous and refined, for centuries. Race and religion is their inheritance, but a day of restitution has nearly come. I hope to see the dawn and I hope you will see the noon tide of the day when they are admitted to the possession of their own soil and the administration, as far as possible, of their own local laws, while still sharing in the legislation which governs and consolidates the empire." John Dillon visited Mr. Gladstone on Thursday.

The village of Bradshaw, nine miles west of York, Neb., was almost destroyed by a cyclone Wednesday night. A number of people are dead, and many others seriously hurt. The storm struck the town at half-past eight, coming from the southwest. Scarcely a moment's warning was given, the roar of the whirlwind being the first notice that the terrified people had of its approach. It struck the town fairly and there was not left standing a single building in the course of the cyclone. Every business house was made a total wreck and the principal street was filled with the ruins. In the extreme western part of the village a few houses are left with a semblance of their former appearance, but they are without windows and doors and their contents are scattered broadcast over the prairie.

GOOD COUNSEL.

Thousands start well, but never finish one thing at a time. They have a dozen things on hand and no one completed. Time is wasted on unfinished work. Always finish what you begin. One thing finished is worth a hundred half done. The completion of an undertaking yields more pleasure and profit than dozens of plans. The man who is always planning or scheming is rarely, if ever, successful. He often furnishes ideas for others, who go persistently to work and finish what his ideas suggested. "That was my idea—my plan," we frequently hear some one say, but the man who carried it out was the one who benefited himself and others. Do not begin what you cannot finish. What you undertake to do, do, and reap the reward of your own ideas and skill. This is good advice both in and out of the shop.

Even non-union men will go on a strike occasionally. The non-union compositors in a New York office struck lately against a reduction of wages and other grievous treatment.

The novelty of "sweaters" going on a strike is recorded as happening lately in New York, where this class of men in sixty-five tenement tailor shops objected to the smallness of the profits in the business. They also "kicked" against being obliged to furnish their own sewing machines.