

THE FIRST FUCHSIA IN ENGLAND.

Mr. Lee, a nurseryman of Hammersmith, in 1789, was the first to obtain and increase this plant for sale, and the traditional account of his good fortune in the matter may interest some of those who now admire the fuchsia as a popular garden flower. A hundred years ago the vineyard nursery garden near Kensington was as renowned for its rare collection of exotics as it had been at a still earlier date for its flourishing vineyard and the good wine made and sold on the premises. One day a visitor fond of plants called and was shown all the floral treasures of the place by the proprietor himself. "Ah, Mr. Lee," said the visitor at parting. "I saw a wonderful plant flowering in a cottage window at Wapping the other day, with drooping crimson flowers, and buds like coral eardrops, and I have seen nothing so beautiful in your greenhouses to-day." The great nurseryman was a little piqued at the idea of anything in a vineyard being compared with his choicest hothouse rarities, and curiosity prompted him to make minute inquiries, the result being that he drove down to Wapping the next day, and there sure enough, in the window of a humble dwelling was the first fuchsia he had ever seen. Half beside himself with the exultation of such a beautiful discovery, he soon introduced himself to the owner of the plant, who told him that her Jack the sailor had brought it home with him on his return from South America, and that, poor as she was, nothing would induce her to part with the plant, or, as she called it "her keepsake." After some persuasion, however, Mr. Lee induced her to let him take away the plant, and in return he emptied his pockets of all the money he had about him (several guineas), at the same time promising that a plant should be returned to her after he had succeeded in increasing it from cuttings or slips. And so from the cottage window at Wapping the first fuchsia was brought to the aristocratic side of London, and the story spread, and the highest and fairest women in England drove to the great nursery at Hammersmith to see the prize.—*Good Words.*

HOW HOT WATER SAVES CHINA.

The entire absence of sanitary arrangements in Chinese towns and villages being well known, it goes without saying that the laws of hygiene are utterly and entirely neglected. There is no isolation of infectious diseases, and no attention is paid to causes of death unless there is supposition of violence. According to our ideas, therefore, Chinese cities ought to be hotbeds of disease, subjected regularly to those terrible epidemics which, with us, are invariably associated with the neglect of sanitary laws. Strange to say, such is not the case. Epidemics come and go without any apparent reason, appearing, perhaps, suddenly, causing a heavy mortality for a short time, and then as suddenly disappearing again, thus affording an endless field of speculation to the foreign savant. But, speaking generally, Chinese towns enjoy an immunity from these dangerous outbreaks almost as complete as that of well-drained European communities, and the cause of this puzzling and curious phenomenon has been variously explained. The fact is all the more striking when taken in connection with the contaminated water supplies of Chinese towns, the effect of which on Europeans has been manifested over and over again in the heavy mortality which overtook them previous to the adoption of precautions enjoined by modern sanitary science. The healthiness of Chinese cities has been ingeniously attributed by some people to the universal habit of fanning, a practice which is said to keep the atmosphere in constant circulation. How far this explanation can be deemed to suffice we must leave to experts to decide, but, so far as a contaminated water supply is concerned, we believe the real secret of immunity from its evil effects to lie in the universal custom of boiling all water intended for drinking. As a matter of fact, the Chinese never drink cold water. The national beverage, which, in a true sense, may be said to cheer but not inebriate, is tea, and this is always "on tap," even in the houses of the very poor. The native aversion to cold water is undoubtedly carried to extremes, and certainly induces diseases which

might easily be avoided by a judicious system of outward application. In the matter of ablutions it must, however, be admitted that the Chinese enjoy facilities which, however little they are taken advantage of, are far in advance of anything within the reach of the poorer classes of our own favoured land. Every little hamlet in China has a shop where hot water can be bought for a trifling sum at any hour of the day or night. Even in a small fishing village on a remote island in the Gulf of Pechili, where the writer spent six weeks under very unpleasant circumstances during a severe Winter, this was the case, and a great convenience it proved.—*The National Review.*

FROM MORDUE TO LANCE.

CALUMET, P.Q.

DEAR LANCE,—You say in your last that you are afraid we Canadians are not as loyal as we used to be, and then you ask how we feel about annexation. Evidently you have been reading some of the wise sayings of Uncle Sam. Confess, now. Was it not that speech of Senator M., who says: "The Canadians are very much in love with our institutions. Of course, they can see the material advantages in our form of government and our system of administration. The contrast is very palpable. The natural tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind, united with the great military controlling power we certainly have, will make Canada our property whenever we want to take it." Or, perhaps, it was that of Congressman F., who, on a certain occasion, said: "In every great crisis in our history as a people, whenever our liberties were endangered, whenever the existence of our institutions was jeopardized and the life of the Republic hung in the balance, let us not forget that England has been our most aggressive, active, dangerous, and deadly enemy. Her Canadian dependency is a menace to our prosperity and peace, and always will be, so long as England's flag floats over that country." Did either of these weighty utterances find their way to your quiet seaport town and so frighten you into the belief that we Canadians were really looking forward to annexation? Let your mind be at peace on the subject, for never were Canadians more loyal, more patriotic than they are now. We are not going to be ruled by Uncle Sam. Queen and mother country for us, or, I was going to say, independence, but that would hardly be possible, for Uncle Sam would be sure to think we wanted looking after, being so young and dreadfully behind in our ways, and so with that deep, friendly interest he takes in our well-being, would ask us to allow him to be our protector, and if we were so silly as to refuse, why, then, you know what would follow. So our earnest wish is to be for ever with the mother country. Of course, there are a few who think otherwise, whose hands long to be heaping up the vast fortunes that are to be made there, who would barter patriotism and every other feeling for the sake of gain. What care they for home or country if they can but achieve their darling wish! Certainly it is a great country for making money; the ways and means are wonderful, such as the manufacture of patent medicines, the different products of petroleum, fancy soaps, sausages, etc. Or, if one happens to be very "smart," he could try his hand at boodles. By the way, we have several boodlers stopping with us at present. Of course, they find our place very slow—miss the excitement of the pleasant life they have been leading, and so to fill up the time they build handsome terraces of houses (as somebody remarked, such houses as only boodlers could build). They might, for the novelty of the thing (and for novelty they have a special fondness), put on the notices, "To Let—Built by a Boodler for Boodlers." It is really amusing to see Uncle Sam trying to look indifferent when he comes over here to "spy out the land," when he sees the wealth, the prosperity, and the progress of commerce and the grand future of our Dominion. It is too much for him. He hurries home, filled with a desire "to possess." "It ain't likely," he remarks, confidentially to his fellow-citizens, "that that air Dominion was ever intended for England. It is plain to be seen that it ought to belong to us. But we ain't a-going to go to war with England about it. Not that there would be any danger of her having any show in the matter, but there is a much easier way to do the thing. You see, when I was over there on my pleasure trip I, with that wonderful prying inquisitiveness with which we are so gifted, soon found out everything worth knowing, and I will be jiggered if those air people ain't the softest and innocent-like as ever you saw. Why, I made them believe that their country was going to rack and ruin as fast as it could. I waxed eloquent and talked about commercial union and the advantages to be derived from it, and I tell you what it is, it is commercial union that is going to take with them. They don't see where the next step will be, so let us work on their feelings a little longer and we will get a prize worth more than our own country. They have the finest fisheries in the world (as we know to our cost), coal mines and minerals in abundance, and a vast area of country still undeveloped. What say you, my fellow-citizens? Shall we go in and win?"

MORDUE.

Good breeding is the art of making all others satisfied with themselves and pleased with you.



The Weather Bureau's work on Tornadoes will doubtless be entitled the Government Blew Book.

Why is it that the fellows who are about to take bachelor's degrees always invite the pretty girls to see them do it?

NOAH might have built the ark of iron had he not been specially directed to gopher wood. He didn't have to go far for it, either.

"YES," she said, "I used to know all about flowers once, but I have forgotten them all except the Aurora borealis and the Delirium tremens."

"WHAT are your charges, doctor?" "Three dollars a visit." "Well, we don't want you to come on a visit, but just to stay ten or fifteen minutes."

SUSPICIOUS CHARITY.—Mother: "Ella, you cannot marry him. He has no money." Ella: "Why, mother, I saw him give \$5 to a beggar!" Mother: "Probably an accomplice."

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Mamma: "Why, Bobby, you are all over ink. Go and look at your face in the glass." Bobby (proudly): "'Course I am. We've had a writin' lesson again this morning."

FIRST WORSHIPPER: "Our preacher is becoming dreadfully tiresome. He doesn't talk about anything but our sins." Second Worshipper: "Yes, we will have to send him abroad again to get some new ideas."

MAMMA: "Bobby, I notice that your little sister took the smaller apple. Did you let her have her choice, as I told you to?" "Yes, I told her she could have the little one or none; and she chose the little one."

A COMMERCIAL PARADOX.—Customer: "Say, Rothstein, who's that man doing all that yelling and screaming and swearing at the clerks in the rear of the store?" Rothstein: "Oh, dot vos Rosenberg, der silent pardner."

"KING MILAN is fearfully short of money and utterly without credit." When Brokley read this he thrust both hands into his pockets up to the wrists, and exclaimed, melodramatically: "Now I know what it is to feel like a king!"

FRIEND MEEK had a very good horse and a very bad one. When seen riding the latter it turned out that his better-half had taken the good one. "What!" said a bachelor friend, "how comes it that you let your wife ride the better horse?" "Friend," said Meek, "when thee beest married thee'll know!"

It would be hard to beat the reply credited to the court chaplain of Sweden to a socialist who was trying to air his theories at court. The socialist insisted that "the Saviour was a communist." "Yes," was the ready reply, "with this difference: Christ said, 'What is mine is thine;' but you say, 'What is thine is mine!'"

"DID you see the beginning of this trouble?" asked the magistrate of a witness against a man who had struck his wife. "Yes, sir; I saw the very commencement of the difficulty. It was about two years ago." "Two years ago?" "Yes, sir. The minister said 'Will you take this man to be your lawful husband!' and she said 'I will!'"

"LOOK at that now," said an Irishman as, in company with a friend, he passed a couple of Italians who were engaged in animated conversation. "Well, what of it? They are talking to each other; nothing more." "Yes, but here's the wan thing Oi want to know." "Well, what is that?" "How can they tell what they're talking about?"

SANDY, after a spree at a village inn, had on his way home to pass through a very dark wood, when on getting clear of it he espied the moon, and addressed her as follows: "Man, you're a guid mune, a brow mune, but I hae the better o' ye, for ye can only get fu' aince a month when I can get fu' every nicht, but wi' this proveeso, that my wife is no about."

IT WAS FUNNY.—Miss Gazeaway: "He's the dearest, loveliest, handsomest fellow you ever saw, and I'm going to get him or perish in the attempt." Aunt: "Aren't you ashamed, Margaret, to throw yourself at a man in that fashion?" Miss Gazeaway: "It's funny, auntie, you're always thinking about men." I was referring to a St. Bernard puppy I saw yesterday."

MRS. HARDUP: "We never see you now, Mrs. Nurich, since your husband was lucky enough to make money. I suppose you are trying to forget all about the days when we lived together in cheap lodgings?" Mrs. Nurich: "O no, indeed, I would not forget those days for the world. The contrast is too pleasant. But, then, you see, the money I have now enables me to move in the society to which I always naturally belonged."

"FAATHER," said little Johnnie Smith, the other night, "I picked up a hauf-croon on the street the day." "Ye did, did ye," cried Smith, sternly, "bit I suppose you returned it to the owner, eh?" "Yes, I did return it," answered Johnnie, "That's richt," cried his father, much pleased, "that's a guid, honest laddie." "Bit I couldna help it," replied Johnnie, looking conscience stricken, "the man had me by the ear."