JUPITER ALL ABLAZE,

And Venus a Thing of Beauty in the Early Morning.

The all-attractive object in the evening sky is, however, the giant planet, which rises earlier and earlier each successive evening, like a gorgeous fabric of the East, which is suddenly raised by some enchanting power where nothing up to that time had been visible. We see a glimmer near the eastern horizon, which soon becomes a beam of light, and out of the mighty blackness bursts forth Jupiter, brilliant, dazzling, fascinating. A few more degrees altitude and we have him in all his glory, lighting up the sky like a small full moon long after our satellite has sunk below the western horizon.

On the 12th, Jupiter and the sun are in opposition, one rising as the other sets.

The early bird not only catches the worm, but he also catches a fine glimpse of fair Venus, as she rises in the small hours of the morning and shines majestically as queen of the heavens, several hours before old Sol thinks of taking a peep at old mother earth.—*New York Times.*

The Wrong Kind of Rape.

SIR,—Some of the seedsmen of England have made a very grave mistake in the rape seed which they sent to our seedsmen in the early part of the season. They have not sent it true to name; hence the larger portion of the rape grown during the present year in Ontario is a variety adapted to the production of seed for oil extraction, rather than to provide pasture for sheep. The rape that has been grown in this country during previous years is known as the "Dwarf Essex." The order was given as usual for the "Dwarf Essex" by our Guelph seedsmen, and the package came labelled "Dwarf Essex," whereas it is another variety of rape which seems to be a hybrid. It is a summer rape, while the "Dwarf Essex" is a winter variety that will not produce seed the same season. It is the same variety as rape grown at this station in a small plot which came to us labelled as the "Broad Leafed Dwarf Essex."

I do not regard it as being anything like so valuable for pasture as the "Dwarf Essex." It pushes up a flower stock about six to eight weeks after it is sown; hence it grows less of leaf and much more of woody matter than the real "Dwarf Essex." It grows tall rather than spreading, in the form of a bush rather than in that of a fodder plant; and at the present time the fields containing it are one mass of yellow bloom.

Letters have reached me from several directions expressing the fear that if the seed or a portion of it were allowed to fall upon the ground it would be troublesome to get rid of, and asking what had better be done with it in the meantime. In the absence of previous experience with this plant, I can only express an opinion on this point. I do not apprehend that trouble would arise to any serious extent if some of the seed should ripen and fall upon the ground, but it is better not to run any risk on this score. There is no necessity that we should do so. We have more than thirty acres of this stuff, and we find that when our lambs are turned in upon it they strip off the blossoms and seed pods before they eat the lower portions. Owing to the upright habit of the growth of the plant the lambs can easily get to every portion of the field. A number of our farmers are ploughing it under rather than run any risk, but in the light of what has been said, there is no real necessity that this should be done, except in instances where the stock had not been turned in upon it before the stalk had become woody.

It is very unfortunate that such a mistake should have occurred, and at such a time, as many were trying to grow rape this year for the first time. These will naturally look upon it as of but little value. But they should try it again, as a mistake of this nature is not likely to occur a second time. Indeed, we will have to take steps that it shall not be repeated. To that end, I would make the suggestion to our seedsmen to lay in their supplies of rape seed this fall and to test it by growing some plants in the greenhouse. In the hope of rendering some service in this work, if the seedsmen of Ontario see fit to adopt the suggestion given above and also to send some of the seeds to our department, we will carry on duplicate tests and report to them in due time. It would then be impossible that a mistake could be made next year.

THOS. SHAW.

Ontario Agricultural College, 24th Sept., 1892.

The Twin-Bed.

The twin-bed seems to have come to stay, and will, no doubt, in time, succeed the double bed in all rooms occupied by two persons. As a matter of economy and space it is not practicable in every family that each member should have a separate room. But it is exceedingly desirable that each member should sleep in a separate bed. So high an authority as the *London Lancet*, in a recent article, condemned the double bed as unwholesome. It is said in effect that no two persons could sleep in this way regularly for any length of time without one or the other feeling evil effects from it. The more lymphatic, robust person is sure to draw nervous force from the more delicate and more nervous person, and it is not uncommon for both to rise in the morning jaded and dull, whereas they would have risen refreshed and invigorated had they slept in separate beds. The twin-beds offer a complete remedy for these evils, while they occupy but a trifle more space than the double bed. This twin arrangement consists of two beds, which are intended to be placed side by side, and the design of which is usually incomplete unless they are so placed. A separate spring mattress and bed clothing are provided for each bed, and the sleeper enjoys the perfect restfulness of a separate bed. A young person may sleep beside an aged one in such an arrangement without the danger of the injurious effects which are the result of their occupying the same bed. This arrangement is recommended by health and fashion at present.

Easy Way to Wash Dishes.

I have an improved plan for washing dishes which has been practised in some households in this city, and which has been pronounced a great success, says a correspondent of the Detroit *News*.

First, have your water boiling hot. This is essential. Provide yourself with a common painter's brush, with a handle about ten inches long. If the bristles are not found convenient tie a piece of soft rag at the end of a stick of the same length. Take the plates, and, after removing all the scraps, pile them on top of each other in the empty dish pan. Pour enough hot water on the topmost dish to fill the dish. Then tipping up one end of the dish with your finger, wash front and back with the brush. In France special brushes trimmed with thin rope about four inches long, instead of bristles, are used for this purpose. Remember, it is not the heat of the plates, but the hot water that pains the hands. When this is completed the water will be in the next dish. Lift the clean dish out and place it on its edge against the wall. Put in more hot water and perform the same operation on all the other dishes, and when the work is finished you will find that the heat has dried the plates and that they do not require to be wiped. By this method you need not scald or wet your hands, and you also avoid the the trouble of wiping, which is half the work.

Now You See It; Now You Don't.

Now that the big exhibitions are over the sharpers who ply their nefarious games are giving the smaller shows their attention and the men who are anxious to make money faster than is usually considered legitimate will do well to keep their pockets buttoned. One of the most taking and successful schemes of fraud—because the necessary implements are so easily handled and conveniently concealed when necessary—is the "pea and walnut racket." Numbers of people who should know better are annually caught by this apparently easy way of making money. At a circus held at Brampton numbers of people parted with $5 and $10 bills to sharpers who manipulate this trick. It is an unfortunate thing in these hard times that men will be found having money which they can't take care of.

Little Johnny on Elopements.

That young man wanted my sister to elope with him. I heard him. He said she could meet him on the corner, and they could take the last car to the depot. My sister told him if he couldn't afford to get a carriage he couldn't afford to keep a wife. My sister is no fool. I guess she takes after me.

Tea should never touch metal. It should be kept in paper, wood, glass or porcelain.

Thomas Chalmers, an eminent Scottish divine, who died in 1847, had seven daughters. The sole survivor of this interesting family group is the wife of Mr. William Wood, C. A., of Edinburgh.

JIM COULDN'T RESIST IT.

Doesn't Know Why He Squeezed Matilda's Waist.

MATILDA'S BUSINESS VIEW OF IT.

A Father Who Slept with One Ear Open—Stories of the Old Sofa—Fun for Lawyers and Audience at the Stratford Assizes.

Matilda Dougherty, a stylishly dressed young lady, residing near Millbank, stepped into the box and told how she had been wooed and her affections won by James Rutherford, a wealthy young farmer, the son of a neighbor. She met him first at a dance, where the acquaintance was formed. They met again at a party, where, after paying her considerable attention, he requested the pleasure of being permitted to visit her at her home. His visits were usually made once a week. The old folks retired early, and on the parlor sofa James and Matilda discussed the marriage question pro and con, whereupon, she alleges, he asked her to become his partner in life. She did not know of any reason for refusing, but would not decide right on the spot. The next visit they occupied the same old sofa, and, to use her own words, she enquired if he meant what he said; that

SHE WASN'T FLIRTING,

and didn't want him to come around doing so; that if he meant business she had decided to gratify his request. Afterassuring her that he was not flirting he begged of her to name the date when true happiness would become a reality. She suggested that Christmas time, which was near at hand, would afford him an opportunity for carrying his promise into effect. He thought it was just a little too soon. The old house leaked, and he wanted a little time to tidy up things about the farm. She urged that all this formed no excuse. They might stay with her mother and spend their honeymoon. James would not forsake the old roof which needed mending, so she acceded to a delay until February. From that time on the visits continued, and in the small hours of the morning upon the same old sofa James and Matilda discussed possibilities.

THE OLD MAN'S OPEN EYE.

The old gentleman, her father, retired early, but when called to-day he explained something that surprised even James Rutherford. He said: "You know I left them to discuss the affair between themselves; but mind you I slept in the room directly over the sofa, and through the old stovepipe hole I could keep track of the movements, do you see?"

Things proceeded much in this way till suddenly a coolness sprung up on the part of James. Matilda got anxious, and wrote enquiring why his visits had ceased. As indicating her condition of mind, she proceeded thus: "Oh, Jim, my heart is breaking, and I dare not say anything. I have not had a night's sleep these two weeks. Jim, you may deceive me, but you cannot deceive God. It is one o'clock in the morning. They are all fast asleep, and I suppose you are, too, but Jim, there is no sleep for me. But, thank God, He is with me in the darkest hour." She concluded with a request that he should come "just once more," if only to explain his mind. When her body was dead, she said, her spirit would take its flight to glory, and she hoped to meet him there. He must excuse scribbling, for her hand was shaking and her head aching. She would close with "Bye, bye, Jim; when hills and dales divide us, and my voice you ne'er shall hear, remember, oh! remember, who penned these lines to you. I will try to go to sleep. Ere long I will go to sleep in Jesus, which will be far better. Oh! do come, Jim, just once."

This epistle was received by James, but the spirit did not move him.

ANOTHER KIND OF LETTER.

Her next letter was of another kind, informing him that if he did not forthwith put in an appearance she would go to Stratford and ascertain the reason why, meaning, as she explained to-day, that she would consult her legal adviser. In response to this business like suggestion Matilda had the pleasure of another visit, and upon the same old sofa they discussed the changed relations, and finally, as she expressed it, James up and said he had never promised to marry her. This is the story of Miss Dougherty's courtship, and because she is not the wife of James Rutherford, who concluded he did not want her, the present action is brought. On cross-examination she said that James had never taken her to church, had never taken her for a drive, had never taken her alone to any party, though on two occasions he and his hired man had called and taken her to a party. She had been engaged before to another man. It had been broken off because the gentleman suggested she would be better off without him. She was 28 years of age, she thought, though she had never enquired till a short time ago. She took no interest in her age, and they kept no family register.

THE GENTLE JAMES' STORY.

Mr. Garrow, acting for the plaintiff, read from the preliminary examination of Rutherford his account of the matter, wherein he says that at the dance where he met her she invited him to go and see her. He did so on several occasions, and she at length suggested marriage, and said, would it not be nice to get married about Christmas? He thought this was pretty swift, and a little strong for him. On the occasions of his visits she took him into the parlor, but he left as soon as he could get away. In the meantime they sat on the sofa, his arm around her waist, but could not tell how many hours he hugged her. Coal oil was cheap. He did not kiss her, but she might have kissed him when he left. He could not tell why he put his arm around her. He just happened to do it, but was likely to have squeezed her tight. When asked why he squeezed her tight he replied, "Because she liked it." He never mentioned marriage unless she referred to it.

Jury after being out the whole forenoon returned with a verdict for plaintiff, placing damages at $200. Miss Dougherty says she is just as pleased with this sum as with a larger one. She only wanted to show that he made the engagement.

How To Go To Sleep.

"If you have never done so, watch yourself go to sleep," said a Delsarte priestess, "and you will be amazed to see how tense your position is. Your knees are drawn and bended, your back is curved, the arms are held more or less tightly to the body and the fingers are folded; the eyelids are held shut, not allowed to droop over the eyes, the neck is strained and the head seems to touch the pillows only at the temples. The points of contact with the bed are really at temples, shoulders, hips, knees and ankles. Now look at a child sleeping. Every muscle is relaxed, every joint is inert and prone on the touch; his little frame finds rest at every point. The features are undone, so to speak, the nose widens, the mouth droops, the eyelids close easily, and with every line of expression obliterated he finds utter and complete repose. That abandon makes him fall out of bed sometimes, such an inert body has he become. You may imitate him even to that degree if necessary. Begin at your toes to relax, loosen all your joints and muscles, unbend your fingers, shake your wrists loose, take the curve and strain out of your neck, go all to pieces, in fact, and see how the day's fatigue seems to slip off from you and the gentle mantle of rest and oblivion enfolds you like a garment."

What is a Bicycle?

At Boulogne-sur Mer a bicyclist was recently arrested on the charge of riding at night without a lantern, was acquitted on the ground that a bicycle is not a carriage. At Bordeaux a bicyclist was arrested about the same time on a similar charge and was sentenced to pay a fine, the prosecuting attorney proving to the satisfaction of the Court that a bicycle is a vehicle. Many persons are now wondering whether a carriage is a vehicle or not.—*Exchange.*

Connecticut quarrymen have found in Portland sandstone many well-preserved foot prints of winged crocodiles 150 feet below the earth's present surface. If the poor things had known that in after ages they would be called Amsichnus deweyanus they would probably have died somewhere else.

"Can your little brother talk, Dorothy?" "Yeth; but nobody but the dollth can understhand what he thayth."

Husband—My dear, we'll have to econo mize. Wife—Well, let's smoke less.

The best cork comes from Algeria, where there are 2,500,000 acres of cork forest.

The English "Primrose League" has 54,000 members, of whom 1,400 compose the Grand Council.

WHERE WOMEN ARE SCARCE.

In Idaho the Women Marry Off Very Rapidly.

Reports received by the Idaho Superintendent of Public Instruction show that the trustees of nearly every school district in the State of Idaho are having difficulty in retaining school teachers. The fair pedagogues marry at an alarming rate, and there is a constant call for new teachers. Young women flock into Idaho from the East—particularly Iowa, Illinois and Missouri—easily obtain situations as teachers, and in from three to six months about 50 per cent. of them are married leaving their schools for their more congenial surroundings of homes. There are in Idaho so many more men than women that a pretty and intelligent girl from anywhere has no difficulty in securing more admirers than she knows what to do with. The school trustees complain because, in many instances, teachers marry and desert their schools in the middle of their terms, thus causing much inconvenience and loss of time. The State Superintendent has on file letters from over 300 women who are desirous of obtaining positions in Idaho, and, the *Argonaut* says, is inclined to believe that about five-sixths of the applicants, having heard of Idaho's fame as a matrimonial field, are more anxious to go there in search of a rich husband than to instruct the hardy youth of the State. If any more women are employed this year they will be compelled to sign an iron-bound contract not to marry during the school terms, and a generous share of their salary will be retained as a surety.

A NOVA SCOTIA TRAGEDY.

A Young Lad Puts a Ball Through His Father's Assailant.

A St. John, N. B., despatch says: A fearful tragedy occurred at St. Mary's, just opposite Fredericton, last night. Fred Titus, aged about 30, and Alex. Atkinson had been drinking all day. Early in the evening they called at a barber shop and small beer saloon kept by Odbur McMichael and his son Charlie (colored). The old man is 74 years old and the son 16. A dispute arose between the old man and Titus as to who was the best man and resulted in a general melee, in which the four took part. Titus and Atkinson went away and returned in an hour and commenced firing stones through McMichael's window. The father told Charlie to get the rifle and shoot. The lad took up a Snider-Enafield rifle and fired. The ball entered Titus' head above the right ear, the skull was broken, and the brains oozed out. The wounded man was taken to the hospital, where he died at 3 a. m. Both McMichaels were arrested and this morning were brought before the court and remanded until Saturday. Titus leaves a wife and six children. The McMichaels lived together back of the shop. They were quiet and industrious.

THE SEASON'S FAST ONES.

In the table below is given a complete and correct list of the season's 2.15 trotters, with their sires and records, and the reductions from last year made in 1891. There are thirty-nine animals in the list, headed by Budd Doble's peerless pair, Nancy Hanks, 2.05½, and Martha Wilkes, 2.08.

Horse.	Sire.	1891.	1892.
Alvin, ch. h.	Orpheus	2.14¾	2.13¾
Alabama, b. m.	McCarthy Hamb.	2.21	2.14
Alex, b. m.	Patronage	2.16½	2.14¾
Belle Vara, b. m.	Vatican	2.25¾	2.14¾
Charleston, ch. h.	Bourbon Wilkes	2.15	2.11¼
Carroloid, blk. h.	Simmons	2.19¾	2.14¾
Evangeline, b. m.	Director	2.19	2.14
Geneva, ch. h.	Leland	None	2.14¾
Globe, b. g.	Almont Jun	2.19¼	2.14¾
Hazel Wilkes, ch. m.	Guy Wilkes	2.20	2.14¾
Honest George, b. g.	Albert	2.17	2.14¾
Hulda, b. m.	Guy Wilkes	None	2.14¾
Instant, b. m.	Startle	2.14¾	2.14¾
Junemont, ch. h.	Tremont	2.16¾	2.14¾
Kentucky Union, ch. m.	Aberdeen	None	2.14¾
Kremlin, b. h.	Lord Russell	2.22½	2.11¾
Lakewood Prince, b. h.	Wilkesonian	2.16½	2.13¾
Little Albert, ch. g.	Albert W.	2.17	2.13¾
Lobasko, b. h.	Egmont	2.16½	2.10¾
Lord Clinton, blk. g.	Denning Allen	2.17	2.10¼
Magnolia, b. m.	Haw Patch	2.27	2.12½
Martha Wilkes, b. m.	Alcyone	2.18¾	2.08
Mattie H, b. m.	Ab Mamb	2.23	2.11¾
Moquette, b. h.	Hilton	2.26½	2.10
Martha Wilkes, b. m.	Guy Wilkes	None	2.14¾
Nancy Hanks, b. m.	Happy Medium	2.09	2.05¼
N.Y. Central, b. g.	Simmons	2.17¾	2.13¾
Nightingale, blk. m.	Os. Patchen	2.27	2.13¾
Nightingale, b.m.	Mam. King	2.18½	2.14¾
Norval, b. h.	Electioneer	2.17¾	2.14¾
Paragon, b. h.	Storm King	2.22½	2.13¾
Pickpanla, b. m.	Pickpocket	2.14¾	2.14¾
Ponce de Leon, blk. h.	Pancoast	2.25½	2.13
Richmond Jun., b. g.	A. W. Richmond	2.20½	2.15
Ryland T., b. g.	Ledger Jun	2.17½	2.13¾
So Long, gr. g.	Ere Long	2.22½	2.13¾
Steve Whipple, b. h.	Chrisman Hamb	2.23	2.14
St. Vincent, b. h.	Wilkes Boy	2.20½	2.13¾
Walter E., b. g.	Patchen Mamb	2.16¼	2.13¾

A Story of a Long-Lost Sixpence.

A somewhat curious incident, and one which perhaps will prove interesting to medical men, has just occurred in Liverpool. It appears that fourteen years ago Police Constable George Bookless, who was superannuated some time ago, put a sixpence into his mouth, and accidentally swallowed it. On Thursday afternoon, together with a fellow-constable who is at present lodging with him, he was sitting at his dinner, and whilst eating felt a choking sensation in the lower part of his throat. He immediately began to cough and spit blood, and eventually the hard metallic substance was ejected from his mouth. On examination it proved to be the sixpence which had found so uncommon a hiding place thirteen years before, and which had during all that time made its home in Bookless' throat without his knowledge. It may be interesting to note that the sixpence when swallowed was brand new, but during the time it had been in the region of Mr. Bookless' vocal organs half of the coin had disappeared, and the remaining part is very thin and deeply corroded. The coin is now at Cheapside Bridewell, where it may be seen by those who feel so inclined.

Grace Cannot Do It.

In fact it is a rather nice question whether any power short of the miraculous can give a man common sense. Grace certainly does not. Grace saves and sanctifies what it finds. If it finds a man a crank it turns him into a Christian crank, but he remains cranky; though, perhaps, not quite so cranky as before. If it finds a man's headsoft his head remains soft, though his heart has been changed. If it finds him without natural ability, he remains rather weak in the upper story. If it finds him a fool, he is likely to remain foolish, though his folly may not be so dangerous as it would have been if grace had never found him.—"*Knoxonian*" *in Canada Presbyterian.*

A String Holder.

String seems to be one thing needful that is not generally provided. Housekeepers, therefore, should hail with joy a convenient little arrangement which is one of the novelties of the season. It is a circular box made to hold a large ball of strong cord, the end of which passes through a hole in the centre. Made of stamped leather or pasteboard nicely covered, it is pretty as well as useful, and a pair of scissors with leather handles is inserted in a pocket at the side, with which to clip the cord the required length.

Professional Etiquette.

A pet poodle belonging to Mme. Lervi, wife of the famous Parisian surgeon, became sick and she sent it for treatment to a noted rat catcher, who also practised as a veterinary surgeon. When the animal was cured Dr. Lervi wrote to the rat catcher for his bill and received the following reply: "Dear Sir,—You owe me nothing. It is not customary for persons of the same profession to charge each other for services rendered."

A Regular Cinch.

Higgs—Are you following the horses now?
Briggs—Oh, yes.
Higgs—Find it pays you any better than it did before?
Briggs—Much. I'm driving a street car.

He Took His Leave.

There are some people who cannot appreciate poetry. The other day James Griffin, of Plymouth, Pa., returned home after an absence of 18 years. When his wife saw him she remarked: "Begone, I will have no Enoch Arden business here," and James departed, feeling that he was a back number, sure enough.

She—Have you a rich uncle? He—Yes. She—Bachelor? He—Yes. She—Let's get mamma to marry him, so as to keep the money in the family.

He—I wish you would lift your veil a moment. She—What for? He—Well—er—I would like to kiss you. She—But I most decidedly object to your kissing me. Beside, my veil is very thin.

SIR JOHN HARVEY,

A NEW BRUNSWICK GOVERNOR.

(St. John Telegraph.)

The presentation of a portrait of Sir John Harvey to the New Brunswick Historical Society by Lieut.-Col. Armstrong recalls the memory of a man whose name ought to be held in high respect in this Province.

General Sir John Harvey was Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick from 1837 to 1841, and he became Governor of Nova Scotia in 1846. In the interval he had been Governor of Newfoundland. These successive appointments show the high estimation in which Sir John Harvey was held by the British Government, for he was not only an excellent administrator, but he was likewise a brave officer who had done good service for his country. It was a most fortunate circumstance that he was Governor of this Province during the boundary disputes which arose with the United States during the crisis popularly known as the Aroostook war. General Scott was then in command of the troops of the United States, and these two old soldiers, who had seen real war and who were on opposite sides during the war of 1812, were able to restrain the impetuosity of the amateur warriors, who were thirsting for gore and who, if they had had their own way, would have set the whole border in a flame. During the war of 1812 Sir John Harvey was deputy adjutant-general of the forces, and no man could have done better service than he. The despatches are full of his achievements, because his ability was always conspicuous wherever important services were to be performed. He served under General Vincent for a time, and the great victory at Stoney Creek was due almost wholly to him. Prior to that the British army had been driven from Fort George on the Niagara frontier, by an overwhelming American force, and compelled to retreat to Forty Mile Creek. In that affair Sir John Harvey, who was then a lieutenant-colonel, commanded the right division after Colonel Myers had been wounded.

The Americans pursued the British in force to Burlington Heights, and this brought on the battle of Stoney Creek, which was, perhaps, the most brilliant affair in the whole war. The American army, 2,500 strong, was lying at Stoney Creek on the 5th of June, 1813. It was commanded by two generals, Chandler and Winder, the latter of whom was afterwards in command at the battle of Bladensburg. The British army was in camp about seven miles away. Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, after reconnoitering the enemy suggested to General Vincent a night attack upon the American camp and offered to lead it. General Vincent fell in with his view, and at midnight five companies of the 8th Regiment and the whole of the 49th, numbering 704 rank and file, led by Colonel Harvey, and accompanied by General Vincent, started on their dangerous expedition. The night was very dark and their approach was not discovered by the enemy, and at 2 o'clock in the morning the British with fixed bayonets, rushed into the centre of the American camp. After a brief conflict the American army fell into irredeemable confusion, and fled in every direction to the surrounding heights. Both the American generals were captured and marched back to the British camp with other trophies of the successful assault, which included 120 other prisoners and four guns. After this defeat the Americans hastily retreated to Forty Mile Creek, and afterwards to Fort George. Colonel Harvey's vigorous stroke had saved the whole of Upper Canada.

At the battle of Chrysler's field, when "Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison, with 800 men, defeated 2,000 Americans, under General Boyd, Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey did excellent service, and was publicly thanked in the despatches for his ability, judgment and active exertions." He was at the capture of Oswego, and was again thanked in the despatches by General Lakewood Prince, who said: "To Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, Deputy Adjutant-General, my warmest approbation is most justly due for his unremitting zeal and useful assistance. The services of this intelligent and experienced officer have been so frequently brought under Your Excellency's observation before that it would be superfluous my making any comment on the high estimation in which I hold his valuable exertions."

Colonel Harvey received equally honorable mention from the same general for his service at Lundy's Lane, the bloodiest battle of the whole war, and a memorable British victory, which freed the Niagara frontier from the enemy, and drove the American army to seek shelter in Fort Erie. Colonel Harvey was again conspicuous in the bloody assault on Fort Erie, which although it failed, because the assaulting party were blown up in the bastion which they had carried, was a conspicuous example of British and Canadian valor. Among the sufferers of that affair were the two flank companies of our own 104th Regiment, which lost 53 men out of a strength of perhaps 80. Of Sir John Harvey's subsequent career we need say that his services had been particularly conspicuous in every affair that had taken place since his arrival in the Province of Upper Canada. It will be seen from this that Sir John Harvey was a governor of whom New Brunswick had good reason to be proud, and whose portrait well deserves to adorn the rooms of the New Brunswick Historical Society. Sir John Harvey served his country in four continents, in Holland, France, Egypt, the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon, India and Canada, and was governor of three British colonies, and yet his name is not to be found in the huge work of British biography in many volumes, now being published.

Why She Didn't Marry.

Would I marry?" laughed a lovely young lady of five-and-twenty, dependent on her own income as teacher for support. "Well, no. When I consider the lot of my married friends, I am thankful for common sense enough to remain single. I thoroughly enjoy my free, unfettered life. To be sure, I go to my work in the schools room each day, but my married friend, have household cares as imperative as mine, with far greater chances of failing to give satisfaction. I have no husband to find fault with the coffee or the state of my wardrobe, no children to worry my peaceful hours; no servants to cater to. I have not to plan for three times 365 meals each year, and no hungry family comes in to devour in one brief hour the results of my hard morning's toil in the kitchen. No stern tyrant of a husband deals out with grudging hand small bank bills to supply my needs and those of his children. If I am engulfed in a whirlpool of extravagance, and purchase a lovely gown, a pair of delectable evening boots, or a morsel of a French bonnet, I can endure the reproaches of my own conscience with some equanimity, but the scowls of an angry spouse would wither my very soul. When the blessed summer vacation comes around, there is a whole continent at my disposal, and according as I have been economical and luxurious, I may choose my summer outing. Old age? Yes, it may come to me. It will come to my married friends, and may find them widows with a half-dozen children to work for. But if the worst comes, and I cannot work or find a snug corner in an old ladies' home, I fancy I could win some gray-haired lover who would offer me a home. There is generally some one around, you know." And the cold-hearted little beauty whisked off around the corner, leaving her married friend to reflect that perhaps all the advantages were not with the matrimonial state as she had been taught to believe.—*Harper's Bazar*

Origin of Quarantine.

The word quarantine, which is now of significant meaning, comes from the Italian, quarantina, says the Cincinnati *Commercial*. The Monkish or the late Latin term was applied by the Anglo-Saxons about Egbert's time. It was then the custom to compute periods of time by forties, and a vessel coming from a suspected or diseased port was prohibited any intercourse with shore for 40 days. Others say that the Venetians first introduced the practice and the name.

Mrs. Ketchon—I'll wager you what you like, the bride will wear the breeches. Ketchon—I shouldn't wonder; I noticed she had on suspenders.

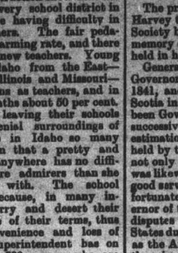
Jim—Padlewski and Flannigan were both kicked out of the Prohibition party. Jam—Why was that? Jim—The former was born in Wien, the latter in Cork.

Young Mother (leaning over the cradle)—James, I think I shall like to call her Isabel. Young Father—Isabel? Yes, but what if she isn't, you know, when she's grown up?

"William," said she severely, "how many more times are you going to ask me to marry you?" "Clara," said he, "I can't answer that question, but I think I'll not bother you much longer. One of the other three girls I'm proposing to shows signs of weakening."

GASTRONOMIC DAINTIES.

Tested Recipes for Cakes, Salad and Mustard Pickles.



EW things are so exasperating to the average housekeeper as to find that after she has compounded a variety of good materials and wasted much time and labor, the dish which she has prepared in careful conformity to the directions in the "cook book" or newspaper recipe has turned out a sorry failure. Who has not at some time or other had this experience? There are quacks in the culinary as well as in the medical line, and it is as hard to guard against them in one as in the other. Of course if a doctor prescribed iron with a vegetable astringent a very little chemical skill would enable us to see that an error had been made. So when a professed cook gravely tells us to use buttermilk and baking powder in one cake we hesitate. But there are many mixtures where blunders are only discovered at the cost of materials, labor and disappointment. Sometimes a typographical error makes trouble, but oftener, I think, the "failures" are the concoctions of those who never cooked, probably some conceited old newspaper bachelor.

I am going to offer a few recipes which I have thoroughly tested and which may be relied upon. If my readers have not used them, they will find them worth clipping. The first is a

SPANISH BUN,

It is made as follows: 4 eggs; 2 cups brown sugar; ½ cup of butter; 1 cup sweet milk; 3 heaping teaspoons baking powder; one teaspoon cinnamon; ½ of a nutmeg; 2 cups flour. Beat the sugar and butter to a cream; add the eggs, well beaten (keeping out the whites of two); then add the milk. Add the baking powder and spices to the flour and sift into the mixture. Bake in a moderate oven.

Use the whites of the two eggs and a cup of powdered sugar for frosting.

A GOOD FRUIT CAKE.

Christmas is coming, and a fruit cake made now will not have too long to season, if it is a good one. If you have in the house now any such cake, made by the recipe I am about to give, that is nearly a year old, and it is better than it was last Christmas. To keep well this cake should be placed in a tin cake box in a cool, dry room. You will find it delicious.

Take 3 lbs. raisins (weighed after they are stoned); 3 lbs. currants; 1. lb. butter; 1 lb. brown sugar; 1½ lb. flour; 10 eggs; 1 wine glass of brandy; 1 tablespoonful cloves; 1 tablespoonful allspice; 2 tablespoonfuls cinnamon; 1 nutmeg; ½ lb. (weight after preparation) sweet almonds, blanched and sliced; 4 ozs. candied lemon; 4 ozs. citron; 1 cupful molasses; ½ teaspoon soda, or if preferred, 1 teaspoonful baking powder.

Beat the eggs; cream the butter and sugar and mix with the beaten eggs; add the brandy, molasses and spices. Have the currants washed thoroughly and dried. Flour the fruit, using flour out of that weighed out for the cake; put the soda (or baking powder) with the flour used on the fruit. Add the flour to the mixture and lastly add the fruit. Bake in a slow oven 3 to 4 hours according to size of loaf. If you have not fruit cake tins with separable bottoms it will be better to line the dishes used with buttered paper to prevent scorching.

SOFT GINGERBREAD.

If you are fond of soft gingerbread you will find this a very palatable one:

Take 2 eggs; 1 cup brown sugar; ½ cup molasses; ½ cup butter; 1 tablespoonful ginger; 1 teaspoonful each of allspice, cinnamon and nutmeg. Next put 1 teaspoonful of soda into a cup three parts full of boiling water and add it to the mixture; sift in 2 cups of flour. Bake in a slow oven.

A CABBAGE SALAD.

Salads are always in in season. They are staples, or should be, with every good cook. Here is a good one:

One quart cabbage, chopped fine; one small tumbler vinegar; two eggs, beaten; one tablespoonful sugar; one tablespoonful butter; one teaspoonful mustard; half a teaspoonful salt. Boil the dressing until it reaches the consistency of cream. Allow it to cool and pour it over the cabbage.

HOME-MADE PICKLES.

If you have not tried making your winter's supply of pickles, now is the time to begin. You need fear no failure if you adhere to the directions I give. I make pickles every year and find no difficulty in securing the best results. My favorite is a mustard pickle, which is made as follows:

White wine vinegar, 3 quarts; mustard, 1½ lb.; Turmeric and bruised ginger of each 2 ozs.; chillies, 1 oz. Boil the vinegar and mustard 30 minutes; remove from the stove and add the other ingredients. Before being put in this pickle, cucumbers and onions should be packed in salt over night, and in the morning they should be washed in clean water and wiped dry. Cauliflower should be scalded in weak [illegible] allowed to cool before being put in the pickle. One advantage this pickle mixture has, it may be prepared early in the season and the several vegetables may be added from time to time as they come in or as opportunity offers. A few horseradish leaves laid on top will effectually prevent mold gathering.

If you try this mustard pickle you will not trade your own for Crosse & Blackwell's best.

EUGENIE M. C.

Mincemeat.

Two pounds of beef (sticking-piece best), two pounds of beef suet, half-pound of candied lemon peel, two pounds of layer raisins, four pounds of apples, two pounds of currants, two pounds of Sultana raisins, one pound of citron, two pounds of sugar, two nutmegs (grated), half-ounce of cinnamon, quarter-ounce of cloves, quarter-ounce of mace, one quart of sherry, one quart of good brandy, juice and rind of two oranges, juice and rind of two lemons. Cover the meat with boiling water, simmer gently until tender, then stand away to cool. Shred the suet and chop very fine. Pare, core and chop the apples. Stone the raisins; shred the citron. When the meat is cold chop it fine and mix all the dry ingredients through it; then add the juice and rinds of the lemons and oranges; mix well, pack in a stone jar, pour over the wine and brandy; cover closely, stand in a cool place. Mincemeat made by this recipe will keep all winter. When ready to use dip out the quantity required and thin with cider or wine.

THE death of Lord Tennyson leaves the office of poet laureate vacant, and if it is to be filled Her Majesty will have some difficulty in finding a fit successor to the late occupant. The early history of the laureateship in England is traditional. The common story is that Edward III., in 1367, emulating the crowning of Petrarch at Rome, granted the office to Chaucer, with a yearly pension of 100 marks and a tierce of Malvoisie wine. Henry Scogan is mentioned by Ben Johnson as the laureate of Henry IV. John Kay was court poet under Edward IV. and Andrew Barnard held the same office under Henry VII. and Henry VIII. Spenser is spoken of as the laureate of Queen Elizabeth. In 1630 the laureateship was made a patent office in the gift of the Lord Chamberlain, the salary was increased from 100 marks to £100, and a tierce of Canary wine was added, which was commuted in the time of Southey for £27 a year. From 1630 there has been a regular succession of laureates. The following is the list: Ben Jonson, 1630-1637; William Davenant, 1637-1668; John Dryden, 1670-1688; Thomas Shadwell, 1689-1692; Nahum Tate, 1693-1714; Nicholas Rowe, 1714-1718; Lawrence Eusden, 1719-1730; Colley Cibber, 1730-1757; William Whitehead, 1758-1785; Thomas Warton, 1785-1790; Henry James Pye, 1790-1813; Robert Southey, 1813-1843; William Wordsworth, 1843-1850; Alfred Tennyson, 1850-1892. After the final derangement of George III., in 1810, the performance of the annual ode was suspended and subsequently discontinued. On the death of Pye the office was offered to Walter (afterwards Sir Walter) Scott, who declined it, and Southey was appointed, with the virtual concession, which has since become the rule, that he should only write when and what he chose. Wordsworth wrote nothing in return for the distinction.

There are about 3,600,000 soldiers in the armies of the civilised world.

Five priests, all brothers, named Hickey, recently officiated at the same altar in a Cincinnati church.

LAUGH AND LEARN.

Oh, Shoutin's Mighty Sweet.

Oh, shoutin's mighty sweet
When yer shout when yer meet.
An' shek han's roun', an' say:
"Bless Gord fur de meetin'!
Bless Gord fur de greetin'!"
Shoutin' comes mighty easy dat a-way.

But ter shout when yer part,
An' ter shout from yer heart,
When yer swine for away, far away,
Wid a lettin' go han',
An' a-feelin' strange in's,
Shoutin' comes mighty hard each a day.

"Glory" sticks in yo' th'oat
At de whistle o' de boat,
Dat cuts ink a knife thoo yo' heart;
An' "Hallelujah" breaks
At de raisin' o' de stakes
Dat loosens up de ropes ter let 'er start.

But ef yo' fix yo eye
On de writin' in de sky,
Whar de "good-bye" is all strucken out,
An' read the promus clair
Of another geth'rin' there,
You kin say far'well, my brothers, with a shout.

Den shout, brothers, shout!
Oh, tell yo' love out,
How neither death nur partin' kin undo yer.
Look fust at yo' loss,
But last at the cross,
Singin' glory, glory, glory hallelujah!

—*Ruth McEnery Stuart, in Harper's Bazar.*

The bunco man is not fastidious. He lives on the simplest things he can find.

No wonder the baseball umpire is stuck up. He is the only man on the field who can make an error and put the runner out at the same time.

It is interesting to learn that Arizona is as large as Great Britain and Ireland combined. But it is not size that has made the "tight little isle" great.

Her Father—The idea of wishing to marry a man without a cent! His Father—Well, sir, you are a bigger fool than I thought you were to fall in love with a penniless girl.

Judge—You are acquitted, only I would recommend you to keep out of bad company for the future. Prisoner—Thanks, my lord; in fact, I have made up my mind not to come here any more.

Day—I hear you have been made a member of the firm. Weeks—Yes; but I find there is one drawback about that. Day—What? Weeks—My salary is larger than I can afford to pay.

An old lady in a western town attended a prayer meeting and always