



Hon. Senator Robitaille is dangerously ill.  
Donald Murray, one of the original Selkirk settlers, died at Kildonan lately, 88 years of age.

Mr. Duncan MacIntyre will pass the winter in Europe. He leaves at the end of October. Mr. Angus will probably accompany him.

Dr. Selwyn, director of the Geological Survey, is on his way through to the Northwest Territories, inspecting the works of the Survey.

The Hon. Victor Stanley, the Hon. G. Stanley, and the Hon. F. Stanley, sons of His Excellency the Governor-General, have arrived from England and gone to Ottawa.

His Honour Chief Justice Allen, this 13th October, celebrates the fiftieth anniversary of his admission to the Bar of New Brunswick. The Barristers' Society presented him with a massive piece of plate.

Mr. Gisborne, superintendent of the Government telegraph wires, is at present in British Columbia locating the route of the proposed cable between Point Bonilla and Victoria, for which service an appropriation of \$15,000 was made last year. The cable will be laid via Cape Beal.

A garden party given, on the 20th September, by the Lieutenant-Governor of British Columbia and Lady Nelson, in honour of the arrival of Lady Macdonald, was highly successful, being attended by nearly 300 guests, many of whom were distinguished strangers from the United States and Eastern Canada. The guests were received by His Honour and Mrs. Nelson and Lady Macdonald at the portico of the Government House.

### NOOKATOOKS BOY.

'Twas about the time of the noon repast,  
An Indian through Calgary passed;  
He paused when he sniffed the grub so nice,  
And said, on his stomach's sage advice,  
Nookatooks Boy!

He saw by the grub-fire's cheerful light  
The Mooncas\* group, with faces bright;  
But the tools of dreaded toil were there,  
So he skipped, yet sighed in sad despair,  
Nookatooks Boy!

"Come hither," the boarding missus said,  
"None here need want for daily bread;  
When some wood you chop, just eat your fill."  
With spirit unwilling the flesh goes still,  
Nookatooks Boy!

A spring cow was found by the Elbow Bend,  
Ripped, Indian fashion, from end to end;  
And Nookatooks stalks off, full as a tick,  
Growling like thunder to hide the trick,  
Nookatooks Boy!

Dorcas, while knitting for his papoose,  
Said: "Wash your slender hands for use  
And hold this yarn for me to wind;"  
He washed his hands—of the job—and whined,  
Nookatooks Boy!

A pilgrim, ploughing at the Indian tarn,  
Sent Nookatooks home with a mule to barn.  
'Twas tough, but it's finished, and o'er its bones  
He leads the cayote's dirge, and groans,  
Nookatooks Boy!

"Farewell!" he cried, "my native soil,  
I'll climb above all whiteman's toil;  
I cannot beg; to dig I'm ashamed;  
Steal—I've no chance, but ever blamed,"  
Nookatooks Boy!

That eve there came from yonder hill,  
Like wasted echo, soft, yet shrill,  
Which to the peak for name has clung,  
The well-known words of th' unknown tongue,  
Nookatooks Boy!

Some missionaries, hunting coal mines,  
Found a frozen good Indian, and thought it hard lines;  
But the parson says he's reached some shore  
That's heaven for an Indian—no work and no more  
Nookatooks Boy!

Yet methinks on hot Chinooks from far,  
Or perhaps through the underground gates ajar,  
Straight from the happy hunting ground,  
Like a wail comes the old familiar sound,  
Nookatooks Boy!

J. ST. LEGER MCGINN.

\*Mooncas means Canadian—literally, green home.  
[These verses were accompanied by the following note to the editor:  
Enclosed I hand you a scrap entitled "Nookatooks Boy," planned  
after Longfellow's "Excelsior." The title term is a common one in  
the West, being the begging expression of the Cree Indians: Nooka-  
tooks, or hungry. The story was written for recitation, and, although  
author again on scenes and sketches of Northwestern life, and in N.W.,  
half-breed or Indian lingo.—EDITOR DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.]

**TO KEEP FLOWERS.**—To keep a bouquet of flowers fresh, put a plate in a vessel of water, on this place a bouquet of flowers weighted at the bottom, so as to stand upright. The bouquet is then covered with a bell glass, the rim of which ought to fit exactly the flat part of the plate, and entirely filled with water and without the least air bubble. Then raise altogether, bell glass, plate and bouquet, and place on a table, leaving on the plate around the base of the bell glass a little water to keep the air from entering. The flowers in this situation will be preserved in all their freshness for several weeks.

**HORSES.**—Russia, 21,570,000 horses; America, 9,500,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Austria, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,350,000; France, 2,800,000, and 300,000 mules; England, 2,790,000 horses; Canada, 2,624,000; Spain, 680,000, and 2,300,000 mules; Italy, 2,000,000 horses; Belgium, 383,000; Denmark, 316,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125,000, and Portugal 88,000 horses and 50,000 mules.

**THE EGG AS FOOD.**—As a flesh-producer one pound of egg is about equal to one pound of beef. A hen may be calculated to consume one bushel of corn yearly, and to lay ten dozen or fifteen pounds of eggs. This is equivalent to saying that three and one-tenth pounds of corn will produce, when fed to a hen, five-sixths of a pound of eggs; but five-sixths of a pound of pork requires about five pounds of corn for its production. Judging from these facts, eggs must be economical in their production and in their eating, and especially fit for the labouring man in replacing meat.

### GROUPS OF BIRDS AND BEASTS.

Birds and other animals, when collected in numbers together, have curious technical names applied to them. It is right to say:—

A covey of partridges.	A flock of geese.
A nide of pheasants.	A cast of hawks.
A whisp of snipe.	A trip of dottrell.
A bevy of quails.	A herd of swine.
A flight of doves or swallows.	A skulk of foxes.
A muster of peacocks.	A pack of wolves.
A siege of herons.	A drove of oxen.
A building of rooks.	A sounder of hogs.
A brood of grouse.	A troop of monkeys.
A plump of wild fowl.	A pride of lions.
A stand of plovers.	A sleuth of bears.
A watch of nightingales.	A shoal of herrings.
A clatter of choughs.	A swarm of bees.

### MEMORIES.

TRANSLATED FROM HENRI MURGER.

Hast thou, Louise, forgotten yet  
That nook within the garden old,  
Where, when the summer sun had set,  
My hand would oft thy hand enfold?  
With beating hearts we sat beneath  
The shadows of the willow trees—  
Few words escaped our trembling breath—  
Dost thou remember still, Louise?

Hast thou, Marie, forgotten yet  
The fond exchange of rings we made,  
The sun-lit meadows where we met,  
The woodlands full of song and shade?  
A fount, that musically fell  
In marble basin, marks the spot  
Where oft we lingered—Marie, tell,  
Is that sweet trysting place forgot?

Christine, hast thou forgotten quite  
Our fragrant room, with roses gay?  
'Twas somewhat near the sky, but bright  
On April morns, and eves of May,  
Those calm, clear eves, when planets pale  
Seem'd whisp'ring to thee, "Earthly Queen,  
Like us, thy beauty's light unveil!"  
Dost thou remember still, Christine?

Louise is dead! Poor fond Marie  
Is worse, alas! than dead, they say:  
And pale Christine across the sea  
To sunnier climes hath sailed away.  
Marie, Louise, Christine—all three—  
Though ne'er forgotten now forget:  
Our loves are dead eternally,  
And I alone remember yet!

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.



The ancients believed that the world was square, but that was before the bankrupt law was invented.

It is doubtful if Edison's new talking machines will ever supersede the old reliable sewing societies.

Photographer—"Everything is ready. Please smile."  
Kentuckian—"Thank you. I don't care if I do."

A yacht containing a party of lawyers was recently capsized among a school of sharks. Total deaths, four lawyers, seven sharks.

Men may come and men may go and express trains be very slow, but did you ever know a three months' bill that wasn't on time.

There are a good many devices for overcoming insomnia, but about the most sensible one yet published is the brief and brusque admonition: "Go to sleep."

Caller: "Isn't Ezekiel rather an odd name for the new baby, Bobby?" Bobby: "Yes'm, I didn't like it myself, but he's named after Uncle Zeke, an' pa says Uncle Zeke's rich."

Next to having her young man come to see her Thursday evening, a girl likes best to stand on the sidewalk and look at the engagement rings shown in a first-class jeweller's window.

Clergyman: "Now which of these were the minor prophets?" Small boy (with an air of magnanimous abstention): "Well, sir, I really don't care to make any invidious distinctions."

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a-courting, I told thee to keep thy eyes wide open; now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

A woman in Georgia, while smoking a pipe, was struck by lightning and killed. Lightning shows very poor judgment, considering the number of boys that may be seen smoking cigarettes.

Teacher—"What is tautology?" Boy—"Repetition." Teacher—"Give me an example." Boy—"We are going to have sheep's head for dinner, and my sister Elsie's beau is coming to dinner also." Teacher—"Go up head."

Customer (to bird fancier)—"My wife wants a parrot. What's the lowest you will take for that bird?" Bird fancier—"Fifty dollars, sir, is rock bottom." Parrot—"Come off; you've tried to sell me for twenty dollars."

Young man (to editor)—"Did you receive a poem from me, sir?" Editor—"I believe I did." Young man—"After looking it over, were you able to do anything with it?" Editor—"Yes, I had just strength left to throw it in the basket."

"Now, Waldo," said a Boston lady, "the minister is to dine with us to-day, and I want you to be a good little boy." "Yes, mamma." "And if the subject of prize-fighting is introduced at the table, you must be sure and say slogger, not slugger."

While the men are jawing away like mad over the tariff, the fishery question and the affairs of State generally, the women keep right on talking about bias folds, box plaiting, and so forth. The women, it should be observed, know what they are talking about.

Little boy—"Mamma, what does this mean: 'Never judge a man by his clothes?'" Mamma—"Oh, it means that men have sense enough to select clothes, and it's always hit or miss with 'em. Women folks are the only ones that can be judged by their clothes."

Minister—"Well, Bobby, what did you learn at school to-day?" Bobby—"I learned that the world is round, and turns on hinges like that globe in the parlour." Minister—"Well, what did you think of that?" Bobby—"I think they're asking me to believe a good deal for a small boy."

"I tell you," exclaimed a slim individual at the corner of Court and State streets, yesterday afternoon, "that water is God's greatest gift to man. As the poet says, it is the summum bonum of human happiness." "Are you a prohibitionist?" asked a bystander, taking him cordially by the hand. "No, sir," was the contemptuous reply, "I sell milk."

Deacon: "I saw you at our evening service last night, sir. Strangers are always welcome." Young man: "Thanks." Deacon: "I suppose you find church-going is a great comfort?" Young man: "Yes, sir. Did you notice the little girl whose prayer-book I helped to hold up?" Deacon: "Yes." Young man: "She's a great comfort too."

The annual picnic of the Chicago wholesale grocers was celebrated in these words:

Sugar in barrels and Coffee in bags  
Accompanied chests of Tea,  
"I'm going with Soap," said a package of Tags,  
"And Soap is a-going with me."  
Molasses went down like a wolf on the fold,  
And crackers went tumbling after;  
Then followed some jugs of Vinegar old,  
And Bacon-Sides shaking with laughter.  
"Allez avec moi, ma chère, je vous prie,"  
A basket of champagne said.  
"Mais non, j'accompagne M'sieu Fromage de Brie,"  
Said Cologne, with a toss of her head.