

of Edinburgh and the Trossachs; and will treat their untravelled neighbors with a compassionate patronage which may be slightly trying. All right. It is a great matter to travel. If people have money let them spend some of it in looking round them. It may not make them either ladies or gentlemen, but it will brush them up a little and render them somewhat more presentable. One can't go out even to Mimico without being the better for it. It gives one a number of new sensations. It tells that the world is bigger than might have been suspected and that even Toronto is not the whole. It is the best medicine and it is cheap as it is good, and good as it is pleasant. When will railway managers be wise and have cheap trips, not at rare intervals but all the time? It pays first-rate. It would put more money into the railway coffers, and bring brightness and beauty into many a dingy home.

Give the children the country air when ever you can. Even the street cars are something, but why don't they go farther? It is a perfect luxury to see the little ones in the Horticultural Gardens. It is life and health, and joy for the poor wee thing. A picnic oven in the Gardens is a first-rate thing, and with almost no trouble.

Come, you honest, hard working father, try it with the wife and little ones next Saturday. If you think you must go farther to have the idea of a rural feast then rig up your basket and be off to the Queen's Park. Plenty of room and plenty of country there for any number of pic nics.

Why loiter about taverns when half the money often spent there would make the whole household sing for joy? Don't you see that house-mother's poor body is as tired and as faded as it well can be. Come, be gallant and liberal for once and propose, and carry out, a family holiday making.

The greatest pleasure and the greatest work some people seem to have is to level all down to themselves, or if possible below. For any one to be better in any respect than they are, or rather to be thought better, is an intolerable personal offence, which almost amounts to any unpardonable sin. To have more money, to appear more comfortable, to be thought more of, to be talked more about, to have more influence, to have ever a finer face, a more musical voice, or a more eloquent tongue, is something which stirs the whole bitterness that is in their nature, and makes them all but crazy with indignation and dislike. What business have they to have this, or to be that? They may be said to be whatever people please, but they are poor things after all. If it had not been for a mere chance, they would never have been anything. So it goes on, and all the while every word, every look shows a bitterness and a pain on the part of the levellers down. More like the experience of a scalded fiend than the feelings of an ordinary man. Are they at war with the sad and irrational inequalities that prevail all over the world? Not at all. It is merit, supposed or real, that awakens their hostility. It is superiority which they feel but will not acknowledge that is the cause of all their pain. Let any down below the level assert the privilege of common brotherhood, and try to be hand and glove with those denouncers of the wealthy, and those depreciators of the celebrated, and they will soon hear a different story. In theory they are extremists in advocating the absolute equality of man with man, and they are the bitterest and the most eager in plucking the wreath from the brow of the celebrated, but when it comes to practice, and the tradesman gives them a familiar nudge in the ribs, or the butcher's boy confidentially

asks: "How's the wife?" or the negro holds out his hand and looks confidently for the fraternal squeeze how they will draw themselves up, how they will denounce the impudence of some folks, how they could smite all such to the dust as with a thunderbolt, how, in short, they show that while they are most anxious to carry out to the full the process of levelling down, they have not the slightest stomach for the corresponding process of levelling up. It is self all over. "All this availeth me nothing so long as Mordecai sitteth at the king's gate." They have no objection to as many Mordecais sitting at the king's gate, and in as great poverty as may be possible, but that any of these should not rise up to do them honor! That's the mischief. What a knot seems to gather in their throats, when any one is praised! How their hearts throb with agony at the contemplation of the rank they cannot reach! How character itself, and purity, and courtesy "make them mad," as if some insult had been intended by the contrast, and some agony inflicted by the excellence. Are such people capable of an unselfish, generous thought or feeling? One could scarcely say they are, and surely it is not difficult to assure them, if they would but listen, that it is much easier to pluck a whole wreath from the brow of another than to plant a single leaf upon their own.

Cultivate Cheerfulness.

Life is essentially what we make it. A few are born invalids, or by reason of sickness are rendered incapable of coping with the world. But to every ninety-nine out of a hundred individuals is given the prerogative of determining their relative position in the scale of existence. They are "elected" to decide whether they will control circumstances or permit circumstances to control them. Upon the result of their resolution hinges their weal or woe. To be happy one must be on happy terms with others, and the difference between being liked and disliked represents the difference between the cheerful, good humored, and the ill-tempered, acrimonious disposition. The individual who uniformly carries a smiling countenance, and keeps his troubles, if he has any, to himself, is welcomed wherever he goes. He makes hosts of friends, and impressing others with a belief that he must be doing well to be so cheerful, inspires confidence, draws customers, and makes headway in the world, where one with more brains but less buoyancy fails. Some one truly declares that "cheerfulness and diligence are nine-tenths of wisdom." Old Dr. Johnson used to say that "a habit of looking at the best side of every event is far better than a thousand pounds a year." Charles Lamb expressed the same idea in different language when he wrote: "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any state of the market." "Cheerfulness," observes Samuel Smiles, "gives elasticity to the spirit; spectres fly before it; difficulties cause no despair, for they are encountered with hope, and the mind acquires that happy disposition to improve opportunities which rarely fails of success." Hume was wont to say, that "he would rather possess a cheerful disposition—inclined always to look at the bright side of things than with a gloomy mind to be the master of an estate of ten thousand a year." We often hear the remark made: "Such and such an individual is a good fellow," "He must go with the party," or "We can't spare him." Study the character of the individual alluded to and you will find that he is cheerful, full of animal life and spirits, and always ready to join in a hearty laugh. If his face is ever welcome it is because it is full of sunshine and good nature.

Individuals often wonder why they are not liked by their acquaintances; why they are slighted by neighbors. Ten to one it is because they are so selfishly engrossed in their real and imaginary trials that they weary others with their presence. If deception is ever justifiable it is when persons conceal their troubles and make those around them believe that they are happy. Those who do this, who keep depression and low spirits at a distance, and in the midst of trials and reverses, however severe, still maintain a genial countenance and cheerful conversation, will never lack friends. Many think that their wives, their children and friends are morose, cross-grained and ill-natured. But let such persons resolve, on going home for a few evenings, to look smiling if they do not feel so; to speak a kind word to one and all; to abandon all thoughts of the shop; to enter into the sports and enjoyments of the household, and they will soon regard their surroundings in a very different light.

Nothing invigorates the weary mind or body more than cheerful conversation and mirth-provoking amusements. Let those individuals who come home at night feeling worn out by their day's labor and disposed to be ill-tempered, act upon this suggestion, and they will very soon experience a decidedly agreeable change in their morale. As Dr. Griffin, of Williams College, used to have his classes indulge in a round of boisterous laughter, to keep them, as he said, from becoming thin and dyspeptical, so should the man of business, and the brain-worker, restore the tone of mind and body with after tea recreation of a social character. The person who does this, who is not too selfish to devote some time to the amusement and enjoyment of his family, will add to his own enjoyment, and secure that recuperation which is so essential to the mental and physical machinery in resisting the wear and tear of life.

It rests with every one, as we have said above, to determine for himself whether he will, acting upon the above suggestions, insure for himself a happy, contented, and successful life. No disposition is by nature so untoward and unhappy that it cannot be schooled and disciplined. No one is too far advanced in years to develop that cheerfulness which will make him or her beloved in the home circle and in society.

How to Become Deaf by Will.

Some years ago, owing to illness and long residence in the tropics, I became morbid, sensitive to noises of every kind, and procured complete relief in the following way: I placed some spermaceti ointment in the centre of a little square of thin, limp cotton, brought the corners together, tied them with thread, and inserted one of the little plugs well into each ear, and after a little kneading and gentle pressure found that I was absolutely deaf to all ordinary noises, such as the loud barking of dogs and the loud rumbling of heavy carriages in the street. A couple of points must be carefully attended to. The ointment must not be too soft, the quantity about the size of a small pea, and the little bag must be somewhat larger than its contents, to allow the plugs to take the shape of the auditory canal. If the bag be too small, or its contents larger in size than a pea, it cannot be inserted into the ear, and if applied only to that orifice it entirely fails in its object. This little experiment is easily tried, and a daily experience of over twelve months warrants me in saying that it will be found invaluable in the sick room.

Laziness grows on people; it begins in cobwebs and ends in iron chains. The more work a man has to do the more he is able to accomplish, for he learns to economize his time.

Truth's Contributors.

THE BEGINNINGS OF ONTARIO.

No. 2—Other Trails to the West.

BY G. MERCEUR ADAM.

But besides "the pass by Toronto," and that by the waters of the Ottawa and Lake Nipissing, there were other avenues to the north and west which French exploration and the pursuit of the fur trade soon opened up. Just beyond Fort Frontenac (now Kingston) at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, the Bay of Quinte gives access to the Trent river and the line of water and portage communication which connects Ontario with Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay. By this route Champlain and his Huron raiders made their hapless descent upon the Iroquois, and by the same route the great Frenchman, wounded and disabled, was fain to return for sympathy and succor to the missions of the Huron peninsula. By this waterway, also, or by the highway of the Ottawa, the French trapper or missionary would find his toilsome way to the Upper Lakes and the rich mines of Lake Superior; for already the mineral wealth of the region divided with the mission at Sault Ste. Marie the hopes and aims of French evangelization.

As yet little of the vast peninsula of Ontario was known to the French; two hundred years were still to pass ere it began to be reclaimed from nature and the savage. In 1626 Dailion, a Recollet friar, ventured from the mission forte of the Huron district as far inland as the beaver meadows of the Grand River and the Thames. Forty years afterwards came Chaumonot from the same mission, on an errand of love to the tribe of the Neutrals, and with him was Brebeuf, "the Ajax of the Huron mission," who a few years later was to thrill the world with the heroism of his martyr death.

LA SALLE.

But a new name was to be emblazoned on the scroll of French exploration; for, in the year 1669, the eager-eyed La Salle was to decry for the first time nature's lonely solitudes at the *fond du lac*—as the western end of Lake Frontenac (Ontario) was termed by the French. Striking inland from the river St. Clair, and that earthly paradise of Frenchmen of the period, the northern shores of Lake Erie. With the adventurous young Norman, La Salle, was the Salpêtre missionary, Galinee, whose map, published in France in 1670, is the earliest chart to possess of the configuration of the Ontario peninsula. Galinee, who seems to have been an enthusiastic sportsman and leader of good cheer, speaks of the interior of the peninsula as a famous stalking ground for deer, and, he grimly adds, "a bear-land of the Iroquois."

It was not till the year 1679, however, that the more ambitious attempt was made by La Salle to prosecute his discoveries of Ontario and the Far West. In that year, after receiving his patent of nobility from the Grand Monarque, with the first grant of land decreed by the Crown in the western wilds of Nouvelle France—the Fort of St. Ignace and the Seigneurie of Frontenac—La Salle laid