

Chats with the Children

A WONDERFUL VOYAGE.

I saw a wonderful voyage last night— (A-ring, a-ding, when the sun went down) The ship was of gold and glittered bright, A-hey and a-ho it sailed high o'er town.

"Hello!" cried old Wind To the fairy boat, "It is I who will show you How to float!" And he puffed and he blew such a terrible blast That the foamy billows rose far and fast.

"Tu-whit, tu-who!" screamed an owl from a tree, (A-ring, a-ding, but the night was dark.) "I am glad I am not aloft," quoth he, "Aloft to-night in my fragile bark!" Quoth he, "This oak is old and bare, But I'd ten times sooner be here than there!"

And he huddled close to keep safe and warm And shivered himself from the coming storm. But the gay little boat sailed merry and brave— Now leaving behind it a track of light, And now sinking deep in the trough of the waves— Till a-hey and a-ho, it has vanished from sight, And I thought as I saw it fall and fall.

Now, surely this is the end of all— That little gold boat can never again Rise to the top of the tempest-tossed main!

When lo I up, up would she lightly float. (A-ring, a-ding, on the waves' high crest.) Now, give me a name for this little boat As she plows her way from the east to the west?

"A name? It is given, O soon, so soon— For the little gold boat Is the crescent moon, The stormy sea is the wintry sky, And the clouds are the billows mount-ain high!"

—Mary Josephine Shannon in St. Nicholas.

A PRISONER'S RUSE.

Mr. Frank E. Stockton is telling St. Nicholas readers about "The Buccaneers of Our Coast." In the February number he describes the escape of Roo, the Brazilian, a famous pirate, from captivity among the Spaniards at Campeachy. Mr. Stockton says: "When he was coming into the bay Roo had noticed a large French vessel that was lying at some distance from the town, and he wrote his letter as if had come from the captain of this ship. In the character of this French captain he addressed his letter to the governor of the town and in it he stated that he had understood that certain companions of the coast, for whom he had great sympathy,—for the French and the Buccaneers were always good friends,—had been captured by the governor, who, he heard, had threatened to execute them.

The French captain, by the hand of Roo, went on to say that if harm should come to these brave men, who had been taken and imprisoned when they were doing no harm to anybody, he would swear, in his most solemn manner, that never, for the rest of his life, would he give quarter to any Spaniard who might fall into his hands, and he moreover threatened that any kind of vengeance which should become possible for the buccaners and French united to inflict upon the Spanish ships, or upon the town of Campeachy, should be taken as soon as possible, after he should hear of any injury that might be inflicted upon the unfortunate men who were then lying imprisoned in the fortress. When the slave came back to Roo, the letter was given to him to what he was to do with it. He was to disguise himself as much as possible, so that he should not be recognized by the people of the place, and then in the night he was to make his way out of the town, and early in the morning was to return as if he had been walking along the shore of the harbor, where he was to state that he had been put on shore from the French vessel in the offing with a letter which he was ordered to present to the governor.

The slave performed his part of the business very well. The next day he was through the woods and mud of the coast, he presented himself at the fortress with his letter, and when he was allowed to take it to the governor no one suspected that he was a person employed about the place. Having fulfilled his mission, he departed, and when seen again he was the same servant whose business it was to carry food to the prisoners.

The governor read the letter with a disquieted mind; he knew that the French ship, which was lying outside the harbor, was a powerful vessel, and he did not like French ships anyway. The town had once been taken and very badly treated by a little fleet of French and English buccaners, and he was very anxious that nothing of the kind should happen again. There was no effective Spanish force in the harbor at that time, and he did not know how many buccaneering

vessels might be able to gather together in the bay if it should become known that the great pirate Roo had been put to death in Campeachy.

It was a fearful prospect to have powerful friends so near by, and the governor took Roo's case into most earnest consideration. A few hours' reflection was sufficient to convince him that it would be very unsafe to take risks with such a dangerous prize as the pirate Roo, and he determined to get rid of him as soon as possible. He felt himself in the position of a man who has stolen a baby, and who, when he has been discovered, is to be thrown away the cub and wall off as though he had no idea there were any bears in that forest would be the inclination of a man so situated; and to get rid of a great pirate without provoking the vengeance of his friends was the natural inclination of the governor.

Now, Roo and his men were treated well, and having been brought before the governor, were told that in consequence of their having committed no overt act of disorder, they would be set at liberty and shipped to Spain, upon the single condition that they would abandon piracy, and agree to become quiet citizens. To these terms Roo and his men agreed without argument. They declared that they would retire from the buccaneering business, and that nothing would suit them better than to return to the ways of civilization and virtue. There was a ship about to depart for Spain, and on this the governor gave Roo and his men free passage to the other side of the ocean. There is no doubt that our buccaners would much preferred to have been put on board the French vessel; Roo made no suggestion of the kind, knowing how astonished the French captain would be if the governor were to communicate with him on the subject.

BOBBY'S VOYAGE AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"Oh, my!" said Bobby, getting up on a chair, and looking out of the window. "If it isn't raining!" It certainly was "raining" a steady persistent downpour, that looked as if it would never stop. "His weally too bad, I did want to go out sail my nice new boat on ze pond, an' now—" and the angry tears began to gather. "You certainly cannot sail your boat to-day, Bobby," said his mother, "The rain would fill it and sink it in no time; you must be a good boy and wait till to-morrow, perhaps it will be finer then."

But Bobby was not to be comforted; to-morrow was a dreadfully long way off to a little boy who had rested all his hopes on to-day. Besides, patience was not one of Bobby's virtues; and he would rather have a thing at once than wait even a short time for it, which is really very silly, because the longer you try to wait for a pleasure, the more it seems when it comes.

But Bobby was only five years old, so perhaps he could not be expected to be as wise as older boys and girls. He tumbled down on the hearth rug and pushed the oat away when she wanted to snuggle up to him. "Do go away, you old fink, I don't want you," he said as disagreeably as he could. Pussy looked surprised and hurt, but she stalked solemnly away, no doubt, thinking that her own company was better than that of a bad tempered little boy.

Bobby was thinking hard, not thinking how he could obey his mamma, and amuse himself quietly in the house, but how he could manage to get his boat out of the cupboard, and slip down to the pond in the garden, while his mother was busy feeding the ducks and chickens. "I'm sure it won't hurt if I only goes out for five minutes," he argued. It was nearly three minutes walk to the pond for his short legs, and it would take him another three minutes to launch his boat, but Bobby never thought of that; five minutes was an age when he had to stand in the corner in disgrace, and it must certainly be long enough to try his boat and scamper back to the house, before anybody knew he was out.

"If I can reach my boat down 'om ze shelf, I can put my coat an' cap on it don't matter 'bout my shoes," said Bobby to himself. He got up cautiously and peeped out of the door. His mother was making pies in the kitchen and was not likely to come to the front parlor for a long time. Carefully shutting the door after him, Bobby ran across the hall to a small room used to keep odds and ends in; where his toys were usually kept in a cupboard. He opened the cupboard door. His boat was lying all by itself on the third shelf, too high for him to reach without standing on something. He looked around, there was an old chair with no seat standing against the wall. Bobby dragged it to the cupboard and with infinite difficulty mounted it, and holding to the back with one hand, seized the mast of the boat with the other and drew it out. But it was heavier than he thought, and just as the keel came clear of the shelf it fell with a loud whack against the side of the cupboard, the sail gave way with a tearing noise. Bobby caught the boat with his other hand, slipped, and tumbled through the broken chair seat. He repressed a cry with some difficulty, and listened for a moment. But his mother had just opened the oven door at the side of the kitchen and the hearing noise she made prevented her hearing Bobby. Bobby extricated himself with

some difficulty, and found to his dismay that he had torn one of his stockings from heel to knee, while one of his boots was hanging in ribbons.

However, he had gone too far to retreat, so he got his coat and cap down from the hook, put one arm up and tried to scrawl the other around. But he couldn't manage it, so he pulled the coat over the other arm, and buttoned it at the neck, put his cap on his head, opened the door, and darted out into the rain.

He was a queer looking little figure as he tore long through the muddy garden, a great dash in one stocking, one arm in his coat and the other out, and the tassel of his cap hanging over his nose. But there was nobody to see him. He soon found that it did matter very much his having no boots on, for his hind house shoes were soon saturated with mud, and went slippily slop at every step. Arrived at the pond which was about six yards wide and not very deep, he stepped cautiously into four or five inches of mud and placed his boat on the water. Of course it heeled over directly, because there were no sails on one side of it. Bobby dragged it in by the string, set it up again and pushed it out. Over, it went again.

"Oh bover!" exclaimed Bobby. "What's the matter with it? It always stood all right in the bathtub," and he gave such an angry jerk that the string broke and away went the boat right into the middle of the pond!

"Yere!" exclaimed the boat's captain. "However am I doin' to det it back!" and he was ready to cry with vexation. "It must be nearly five minnits since I come out, muvver will be tomin' after me soon."

In fact it was nearly twenty minutes that he been out, but he knew nothing about time, and had no idea how fast it really flies.

How was he to get that tiresome boat back? It had nearly reached the other bank by this time. Bobby scampered around and tried to catch it, but away it sailed again on its side, with its mast in the water.

Suddenly an idea occurred to Bobby. There was a small tub lying by the pond, if he could get into and push off with a long stick as he had seen his cousin Frank do one day last summer when he was visiting them, he could get his boat back, back to shore and run in, and nobody would be any the wiser.

He forgot all about saturated clothes and the rain in his stocking. Dragging the tub to the side of the pond, he ran and got a broken clothes prop, came back, climbed in, and tried to push off. But it was not so easy as it seemed to be. Bobby got out again pushed the tub further in and in ankle deep in mud, and gave another push. This time the tub slid into the pond, and Bobby nearly lost his balance. He tried to punt with his broken prop, but every push made the tub heel over so dangerously that he began to be frightened. He was drifting out to the middle of the pond, and at last came within arms reach of his boat. He tried to grasp it, but he caught the tub over his ear that with a loud splash he slipped out into the muddy water!

When Bobby came to himself again he was in his own little bed, covered up with half a dozen blankets and his mother was anxiously watching him. He tried to speak and ask her not to scold him, but she burst into tears and put her arms round him so lovingly. When Bobby recovered from the illness he had caught, he never disobeyed his mother again. OUSAIN FRO.

London.

A very sad event occurred here on Wednesday of last week, when John, second eldest son of Mr. E. Monk, proprietor of the Norfolk House, was unexpectedly called away at the early age of thirty-two years. Deceased sustained a severe fall a few weeks ago, receiving injuries which at the time were not regarded as serious, and even up to the last hour were not considered dangerous. Possessed of extraordinary ability in his profession (that of piano making) he was also proficient in several other pursuits. Of a cheerful demeanor at all times he was very popular among those with whom he came in contact. The funeral, which was largely attended, showing the esteem in which he was held, took place Friday morning, the remains being first conveyed to St. Peter's Cathedral, where Requiem Mass was celebrated, thence to their last resting place in the R. C. cemetery. Besides his aged parents, four brothers and a sister mourned the untimely death of a loving son and brother. May his soul rest in peace.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. There is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

"Why have you decided to let your whiskers grow?" "I heard my wife's mother say the other day that she couldn't see a man with whiskers eating without losing her appetite."—Chicago Record.

Farm and Garden

At a Farmers' Institute meeting in Bradford, Stanley Spillet gave an address on the growth of small fruit. He advocated the cultivation of the strawberry, and preferred to keep them in hills. He had gathered 600 quarts of berries from 500 hills. He thoroughly advocated mulching. He recommended the "Buback," "Harverland" and "Warfield," with the "Clyde" as fertilizer. Of all the raspberries he favored Shaffer's Colossal; from 86 plants he had gathered seven pailfuls. Of red currants he favored cherry or Fay's profuse.

The quickest and simplest method of utilizing old bones is to burn them in the kitchen stove and carefully save the ashes. In this way you get in the ash all the phosphoric acid and lime there is in the bone, but you lose the nitrogen, which goes off as gas in the smoke. Where the quantity of bone is small, however, and especially if the facilities required for other methods of using them are not at hand, and if the bones cannot be sold at a fair price, this burning of them is far better than to permit them to go to waste. Bone makes an intense fuel, and as far as it goes is a valuable fuel. Of course, every thrifty farmer saves all the wood ash from the house, for it is so rich in phosphoric acid and potash that not a pound of it should be wasted, but every bit of wood ash (whether containing bone ash or not) should be religiously preserved. Every intelligent and thrifty farmer knows the value of a dressing of rich wood ash and fine bonemeal. Except for the loss of nitrogen by burning, this home made combination of wood ash and bone ash will accomplish nearly as good results as the famous unleached wood ash and bonemeal mixture.

The Missouri Experiment Station has made a large number of experiments during the past two years with the draft of broad and narrow-tired wagons. These tests have been made with the ordinary narrow-tired wheels and with six-inch tires, on macadam streets, gravel and dirt roads in all conditions, on meadows, pasture, stubble and plowed fields both wet and dry. Bulletin, No. 39 of the Station, by Director H. J. Waters, gives the results of these tests. The broad tires pulled materially lighter on the macadam street and the gravel roads. Also on dirt roads in all conditions except when soft or sloppy on the surface, underlain by hard roadbed, and when the mud was very deep and sticky. In both of these conditions the narrow tires pulled considerably lighter. It should be borne in mind, however, that the roads are in these conditions for a comparatively short period at time, and this at seasons when their use has naturally been reduced to the minimum. The tests on meadows, pastures, stubble land, corn land and plowed ground in every condition, from dry, hard and firm to very wet and soft, show, without a single exception, a large saving in draft by the use of the broad tires. It is clearly shown by these experiments that in many instances where the narrow tire is very injurious to the road or field, the broad tire proves positively beneficial when the same load is hauled. When it is considered, therefore, that the average draft of the broad tire is materially less than the narrow tire, and that the injury done to the roads and farms by the narrow tire can be almost wholly corrected by the use of the wide tires, there remains no longer any good reason for the use of the narrow-tired wagons.

Ireland and the Constabulary.

[PALL MALL GAZETTE, TORY.] The reduction of the establishment of the Royal Irish Constabulary is a wise step. To maintain this great military force under the present circumstances at the same point of numbers as in the dark days of 1842 is a needless expense and a reminder of the power of the Executive to a people that is disposed to put behind it the hideous record of a period that can never be repeated in Irish history. The land agitation has been killed most effectively, but less by buckshot than by bill, and legislation has done what the largest police force could not do—if has practically banished agrarian discontent from the country. Now the force is to be reduced gradually, formidable array of staff and divisional officers is to be pensioned off or transformed. But the proposal to convert the three Assistant Inspectors-General into a "Board of Crime," to sit permanently at Dublin Castle, is not a happy one. It is a reflection upon a country that boasts that it has no crime except an occasional political demonstration against the existing order of things, such as we have learned to look upon with more tolerance since we came to know the Irish character better, and to deal with it on common sense lines. If it is necessary to retain the services of three Assistant Inspectors-General, let them keep their titles also. To style them a Board of Crime in these days is but to expose the poverty of the official imagination. It would be a blunder for which even Dublin Castle can scarcely find a parallel.

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