

Milburn's

Facts and Figures . .

Wit and Wisdom . .

Rhyme and Reason .

Magazine

Short Stories by
the Best Authors

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EDITORIAL

An earnest desire to confer mutual benefit upon all classes of the people, consumers, producers, merchants and manufacturers' leads us to publish this journal. Reading matter of a high class, information of interest, wit and humor of the brightest will be found in its columns.

We trust to have it a welcome friend in every household.

Of the remedies mentioned in its columns we need only say that there is scarcely a home in Canada where some one of them, at least, will not be found, holding an honored place, worthy of confidence as a friend that fails not in time of need. These medicines are indeed all that skill, long experience and scrupulous honesty in preparation can make them.

THE LEGEND OF THE LITTLE WEAVER

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

You see, there was a Waiver lived, wanst upon a time, in Duleek here, hard by the gate, and a very honest, industrious man he was, by all accounts. He had a wife, and of course they had children, and small blame to them, and plenty of them, so that the poor little Waiver was obliged to work his fingers to the bone a'most, to get them the bit and the sup; but he didn't begrudge that, for he was an industrious crayther, as I said before, and it was up airy and down late wid him, and the loom was never standing still. Well, it was one mornin' that his wife called to him, and he sittin' very busy throwin' the shuttle, and, says she, "Come here," says she, "jewel, and ate the breakquest, now that it's ready." But he niver minded her, but went on workin': So in a minit or two more says she, callin' out to him again, "Arrah! lave off slavin' yourself, my darlin', and ate your bit of breakquest while it is hot."

"Lave me alone," says he, and he dhruv the shuttle faster nor before.

Well, in a little time more, she goes over to him where he sot, and, says she, coaxin' him like, "Thady, dear," says she, "the stirabout will be stone cowlid, if you don't give over that weary work and come and ate it at wanst."

"I'm busy with a pattern here that is brakin' my heart," says the Waiver, "and intil I complete it, and master it intirely, I won't quit."

"Oh, think of the illigant stirabout, that'll be spilt intirely."

"To the devil with the stirabout," says he. "God forgive you," says she, "for cursing your good breakquest."

"Aye, and you too," says he.

"Troth, you're as cross as two sticks this blessed morning, Thady," says the poor wife, "and it's a heavy handful I have of you when you are craked in your temper; but stay there if you like, and let your stirabout grow cowlid, and not one o' me'll ax you agin," and with that off she went, and the Waiver, sure enough, was mighty crabbed, and the more the wife spoke to him the worse he got, which, you know, is only nath'ral.

Well, he left the loom at last, and wint over to the stirabout, and what would you think but when he loked at it, it was as black as a crow; for you see it was the height o'

summer, and the flies lit upon it to that degree, that the stirabout was fairly covered with them.

"Why then bad luck to your impidence," says the Waiver, "would no place sarve you but that? and is it spiling my breakquest yez are, you dirty bastes?"

And with that, being altogether craked-tempered at the time, he lifted his hand, and he made one great slam at the dish of stirabout, and killed no less than threescore and tin flies at the one blow. It was threescore and tin exactly, for he counted the carcasses one by one, and laid them out on a clane plate, for to view them.

Well, he felt a powerful spirit risin' in him, when he seen the slaughter he done at one blow, and with that he got as consiated as the very dickens, and not a stroke more work he'd do that day, but out he wint, and was fractious and impidint to everyone he met, and was squarin' up into their faces and sayin':

"Look at that fist! that's the fist that killed threescore and tin at one blow—wahoo!"

With that all the neighbors thought he was craked, and faith the poor wite—herself thought the same, when he kem home in the evenin', after shpendin' every rap he had in drinkin', and swaggering about the place, and lookin' at his hand every minit.

"Indade an' your hand is very dirty, sure enough, Thady jewel," said the poor wife, and throve for her, for he reasle into a ditty comin' home, "you'd bether wash it, darlin'."

"How dare you say dirty to the greatest hand in Ireland," says he, going to bate her.

"Well, it's not dirty," says she. "It's throwin' away my time I have been all my life," says he, "livin' with you at all, and stuck at a loom nothin' but a poor Waiver, whin it's Saint George or the Dhraggin I ought to be, which is two of the sivin champions of Christendom."

"Well, suppose they christened him twice as much," says the wife, "sure, what's that to us?"

"Don't put in your prate," says he, "you ignorant shtrap," says he, "your vulgar, woman,—you're vulgar—mighty vulgar; but I'll have nothin' more to say to any dirty snakin' trade agin—divil a more waivin' I'll do."

"Oh, Thady dear, and what'll the children do then?"

"Let them go and play marvels," said he. "That would be but poor feedin' for them Thady."

"They shan't want for feedin'," says he, "for it's a rich man I'll be soon, and a great man too."

"Usha, but I'm glad to hear it, darlin'—though I donna how it's to be, but I think you had bether go to bed, Thady."

"Don't talk to me of any bed, but the bed of glory, woman," says he—lookin' mortal grand.

"Oh, God sind we'll all be in glory yet," says the wife, crassin' herself, "but go to sleep, Thady, for this present."

"I'll sleep with the brave yit," says he.

"Indeed, and a brave sleep will do you a power o' good, my darlin'," says she.

"And it's I that will be the knight!" says he.

"All night, if you plaze, Thady," says she. "None o' your coaxin'," says he, "I'm determined on it, and I'll set off immediately, and be a knight arriant."

"A what?" says she.

"A knight arriant, woman."

"Lord be good to me, what's that?" says she.

"A knight arriant is a rale gentleman,"

says he, "goin' round the world for sport, with a sword by his side, t. kin' whatever he plazes for himself, and that's a knight arriant," says he.

Well sure enough, he wint about among his neighbors the next day, and he got an owld kettle from one, and a saucepan from another, and he took them to the tailor, and he sewed him up a suit of tin clothes like any knight arriant, and he borrowed a pot lid, and that he was very partikler about, becase it was his shield, and he wint to a friend o' his, a painter and glazer, and made him paint on his shield in big letters.

"I'M THE MAN OF ALL MIN THAT KILLED THREESCORE AND TIN AT A BLOW."

"When the people sees that," says the Waiver to himself, "the sorra one will dar' for to come near me."

And with that he towld the wife to scour out the small iron pot for him, "for," says he, "it will make an illigant helmet;"—and whin it

(Continued on page 2.)

WONDERS OF SCIENCE.

Gradually the ideas of men are changing as the search light of science illumines their minds with progressive discoveries. Columbus, Galileo, Newton, Harvey, all had to fight against the prejudice of their kind before their discoveries were generally accepted as truths. And now some of the theories of these great men are supplanted by the work of later investigators.

For many years it has been an accepted idea that there could be no life upon the surface of the moon, yet this is now quite disproved, for by late researches it appears that a highly intelligent race inhabits our beautiful satellite. At one period the narrator states that through a too steady diet of the green cheese for which the moon is so famous, almost the entire race became afflicted with dyspepsia, but that through their secret means of communication they were able to procure a bottle of B.B.B., the recognized remedy for this disease upon the earth. It being then the first quarter of the moon there were of course two horns for everybody, and it is stated upon good authority that there is now no dyspepsia to be found in the moon. The wisdom of the moon men and women sets a bright example to all sufferers upon earth. Let all follow it.

THE MISSION FIELD IN FAR ALGOMA.

The Missionary's Companion.

Mr. Geo. Buskin, missionary for the International Mission to Algoma and North-West, who is one of the best known and most respected gentlemen in that immense Territory, attributes his escape from severe illness through summer complaints to the timely use of Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, which he has kept at hand for several years. He writes as follows: "I wish to say that Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry has been to me a wonderful, soothing, speedy and effectual remedy. It has been my companion for several years during the labors and exposures of my missionary work in Algoma. Well it is for old and young to have it in store against the time of need which so often comes without warning. Yours truly,

GEO. BUSKIN,
Missionary.

Toronto, Jan. 25, 1895.

WHERE THE CORN JUICE FLOWS.

My son, afore you lave yer home, I wanter say ter you, Thar's lots of pitfalls in the world to let young roosters through. So keep a pad ock on yer mouth and skin yer weather eye, But never advertise your self as being monstrous "fl." Don't run to dress—of all the orts with which the airth is strewed, The most consarned useless thing is what they call a dood, An' don't be forever loafin'

Whar
The corn
Juice
Flows.

I know you think I don't know much, but take a fool's advice, An' never go to a saloon to play at cards or dice,

For tho' I don't hold playin' cards itself as any crime, I know these bar room games use up a heap of cash an' time; An' ev'ry little while ye know, the reg'lar drinks must come, Until yer head goes swimmin, on a reservoy of rum.

Sometimes you'll jaw about the game an' likely come to blows, Fer ye don't know what will happen

Whar
The corn
Juice
Flows.

They say a wise man takes his drink and goes about his biz, Tho' I think he's a wiser one who let's it be whar 'tis.

Still bar room talk an' sich does more than drink ter spoil a man, For the mind absorbs more pizen than the stomach ever can, So ef you will indulge, my lad, don't hang about the bar,

But down yer booze an' plank yer dues and git away from thar, Fer, barrin' liquor men themselves, thar's no one ever rose

That made it his headquarters
Whar
The corn
Juice
Flows.

I s'pose this kinder talk from me may seem a little odd, Bein' as how I've allus drank my share of forty rod, But if I had to live again the years that's past an' gone, I'd undertake to organize a temperance club of one, Fer now that you are leaving home ter steer yer own canoe.

Some theorees I hev allus held is sorter fallin' through, An' I'd feel a good deal better ef my son afore he goes

Would boycott all the places
Whar
The corn
Juice
Flows.

Mr. Dooley—"Gimme a bar of soap, please." Shopman—"Yes, sir. Do you want it scented or unscented?" Dooley—"Aw, niver mind; I jist take it wid me."—*Boston Budget.*