

IS IT POSSIBLE.

WEN weary, footsore travellers,  
All in woeful plight,  
Sought shelter at a wayside inn  
One dark and stormy night.

"Nine beds—no more," the landlord said,  
"Have I to offer you;  
To each of eight a single room,  
But the ninth must serve for two."

A din arose. The troubled host  
Could only scratch his head;  
For of those tired men no two  
Could occupy one bed.

The puzzled host was soon at ease  
He was a clever man—  
And so to please his guests devised  
This most ingenious plan:

A | B | C | D | E | F | G | H | I :

In room marked A two men were placed;  
The third he lodged in B;  
The fourth to C was then assigned—  
The fifth retired to D.

In E the sixth he tucked away.  
In F the seventh man;  
The eighth and ninth in G and H,  
And then to A he ran.

Wherein the host, as I have said,  
Had hid two travellers by.  
Then taking one—the tenth and last,  
He lodged him safe in I.

Nine single rooms—a room for each—  
Were made to serve for ten.  
And this it is that puzzles me,  
And many wiser men.

THE RED SUNSETS.



HAT Canada had experienced, and would experience still further, the physical effects of the great volcanic explosion at Krakatoa, in the Straits of Sunda, was little dreamed of here when in August last the first intimation of that appalling volcanic eruption was received. But the physical effects were experienced, though not recognized here, before the electric wire brought the news of the earthquake—and even yet the evidences of the explosion are visible in our atmosphere. On the 27th of August, early in the morning, Krakatoa and the neighbouring parts of the archipelago trembled under one of the most violent earthquakes recorded, and then there burst forth from the volcano a tremendous volume of stones, smoke, dust, and ashes, streaming up into the heavens at cannon-ball velocity, and spreading out like a pall for hundreds of miles. The direct and serious disturbance covered a large area of the neighbouring islands and seas. Part of the coast sank below the water level, and whole islands and even mountains disappeared; mountains, too, were rent and fell apart, while new islands and even a new mountain rose above the sea. To add fresh horror to the destruction wrought by the earthquake, the upheaved land produced an immense wave,

two hundred feet in height in some places, which swept inland utterly destroying several of the coast towns. Then in a widening circle this great wave spread eastward across the Pacific, and westward over the vast Indian Ocean, and probably was felt more or less over all the seas on the globe. The wave was several hundred miles broad, and travelled to the Mauritius at the rate of 480 miles an hour; to Port Elizabeth at 430 miles; and to Aden at the mouth of the Red

TWO HUNDRED FEET IN HEIGHT

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A TREMENDOUS AIR WAVE.

But before this water wave could reach distant coasts, the more easily agitated ocean of air which overlies and envelopes the globe conveyed a heaving air wave whose only evidences to us who move along the bottom of the atmospheric sea was the rise and fall of the barometric column. This wave circled in every direction from the scene of the explosion, widening to a circumference of 24,000 miles, and again contracting as the antipodes of Krakatoa was reached. This wave has been accurately recorded in various parts of the globe, and a careful calculation given of its breadth and velocity. It moved more slowly against the prevalent west winds of the globe, then eastward with these winds; and more slowly through the cold air of the polar regions than through the warm air of the tropics.

THE KRAKATOA WAVE AT TORONTO.

Mr. Carpmal, Superintendent of Toronto Observatory, has the records of the waves moving over Toronto. The first wave, the crest of which passed over Toronto at 8.30 o'clock on the evening after the Sunda explosion, is well marked on the photographic record of the barometer. This big wave was preceded by a small one, running a little over half an hour in advance, and marked by an intrusion of the white part of the paper into the brown part. Then follows a deep hollow, such as is noticed on the water in advance of a large wave. The great wave is marked by a sudden and great rise, twice as high as the previous hollow, and measuring on the paper .046 of an inch. Then follows a long slope, representing the back of the wave, until the natural level of the barometer is reached.

A SECOND WAVE.

The second wave, or rather the wave which came from the Straits of Sunda in the opposite direction, resembled the first in general character, but was scarcely so high. The crest of the wave passed over Toronto eight hours and fifteen minutes after the crest of the first wave. Then the first wave, sweeping back to Krakatoa, repassed thirty hours later, followed by a return of the second wave six hours still later.

OVER 600 MILES AN HOUR.

The average rate of the wave that passed over Toronto was a little slower than in most parts of the world, owing to the wave having to pass near both the North and South Poles on its march. The general movement of the wave eastward with the prevailing upper winds was 706 miles per hour, and westward against them 674 miles.

The wave swept at least 3½ times round the globe, traversing a distance of 82,200 miles—a fact which indicates how violent was the convulsion. The record of seven passages of waves is distinct at a large number of European stations. The waves were over 700 miles broad.

THE SOUND OF THE EXPLOSION.

It is interesting to notice that in addition to the water and air waves a

sound wave of unusual character accompanied the disturbance. The explosion was heard to the north of Borneo, 1,200 miles north-east of Krakatoa, and in Ceylon, 2,000 miles westward.

THE RED SUNSETS.

More remarkable than those waves is the extended distribution of the dust and ashes poured forth during the eruption. In the city of Batavia, 1,200 miles eastward, ashes fell in a dense shower to a depth of several inches, and the darkness at midday was so great that the street lamps had to be lighted. The shower of ashes was so heavy that the Dutch residents compared the after appearance of the city to a mid-winter scene in holland. But the dust moved faster westward with the trade winds across Ceylon, Africa, Panama and the Sandwich Islands, almost clear round the tropics, producing as early as September and October the blue sun of Ceylon and the red sunsets. From the tropics the counter trades seem to have carried the fine dust northward and southward towards either pole, for from every continent came accounts of the strange after-glow continuing for weeks or months. In Toronto it has been visible since the middle or early part of November, and at times has looked like the glare of a great conflagration. That this after-glow is really due to volcanic dust floating up to a height of at least eleven miles is becoming more and more the accepted explanation of the strange appearance of the heavens, and the opinion is strengthened by the analysis of the snow in Holland, where volcanic ashes were found identical with those taken from Java to Paris for analysis.

RUSTING OUT.

A NEW England manufacturer kept his mills running at a time when trade was depressed and the demand for his goods was intermitted. A neighbour who knew this to be a fact, asked him if he was not running his mills at a daily loss. "Well, that depends on how you count the loss," replied the manufacturer. "I get less money than I pay out every day I run those mills. But, after all, I lose less by running at that loss than I should lose by stopping the mills and letting the machinery rust, and everything about the establishment go to waste from not being used." And the manufacturer stated a truth which is operative in every department of human action. Rust is more destructive than friction. It is very common to say, "It's better to wear out than to rust out." There is nothing that keeps one's strength like tireless activity. There is nothing that wastes one's strength like idleness. This truth is admirably re-emphasized in a recent little poem by Alice Wellington Rollins, where she tells of watching a potter at work, whose one foot kept with "never-slackening speed turning his swift wheel round," while the other foot rested patiently on the ground. When he heard the exclamation of sympathy with him in his toil, "How tired his foot must be!" the potter corrected the common mistake as to the real source of weariness:

"Slowly he raised his patient eyes,  
With homely truth inspired;  
"No, marm, it isn't the foot that kicks,  
The one that stands gets tired."

That's it! If you want to save your strength, keep using it. If you want to get tired, do nothing. As a matter of fact we all know that the last man in the world to go to for a helping hand in any new undertaking, is one who has plenty of time on his hands. (Time on one's hands is a heavy load; so heavy that one with that load can not very well use his hands for anything else.) It is the man or woman who is doing most now who can easiest do one thing more.—S. S. Times.

SWEET TEAS.

"PLEASE wear my rose-lud, for love,  
Said Phebe with eyes so blue,  
"This sprig of myrtle put with it, papa,  
To tell of my love," said Phebe.  
Said Patience, "This heart's-ease shall  
whisper, papa,  
Forget not my love is true."

Papa looked into the laughing eyes,  
And answered to each little girl's surprise:  
"My darlings, I thank you, but dearer than  
these—  
Forgive me—far dearer, are bonnie sweet  
peas!"  
Then he clasped them close to his heart so true,  
And whispered, "Sweet P's—Phebe, Patience,  
and Phebe!"

—St. Nicholas.

SUPPLIES CUT OFF.

WHEREVER the plan, of prohibiting by law the making and selling of liquor has been tried, or has had the ghost of a chance to work, it has done an immense good. Wherever it has been tried, too, it has met with every sort of opposition from the liquor traders, whose favourite plan is first to do everything they can to prevent the prohibitory law from working, and then turn round and say, the law itself is no good—it won't work, nor never will. That is just the same as if all the thieves in the country were to say, what is the good of all your laws against robbery? You are not going to extinguish our business. There are plenty of thieves in spite of all your laws, and there always will be. You may as well repeal your laws. But we are not going, for all that, to repeal our laws against stealing, and we are going, we hope very soon, to make rigorous laws against the biggest thief of all—the liquor traffic.

In a certain town in New Jersey, containing ten thousand inhabitants, no liquor is allowed to be sold. Compare the record of that town with that of another in New England, with a population of five hundred less, in a single year.

In the New Jersey town there was one indictment for a trifling case of assault, one house was burned; the cost of the police seventy-five dollars; for the relief of the poor almost nothing at all. In the New England town there were forty liquor shops; there was a judge, city marshal, four night-watchmen, and six police men, all kept busy. It cost three thousand dollars for a fire department, and for the support of the poor, two thousand dollars. Every man and woman, every boy and girl, ought to make up their mind that the liquor traffic must be stopped. It is certainly the most frightful danger that our country is threatened with. It threatens our destruction.—Rev. J. C. Seymour's *Temperance Battle-Field*.