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Arbitrary English Language.

Arbitrary English Language. We'll begin with box, and plural is boxes, But the plural of ox should be oxen, not oxes. The one fowl is a goose, but two are called gees. Yet the plural of mouse should never be meese. Yet the plural of mouse is houses, not nice, But bow, fir epeated, is nower called men, Why shouldn't the plural of pan be called pen? The cow in the plural may be cows or kine, But bow, if repeated, is nower called bine. And the plural of yow is yows, never vine. If the speak of a foot and you show me your feet, And the plural of the plural of box me your feet, And the plural of the plural of box me your feet, And the plural of kiss ever be nicknamed keese ? Then one would be that and three would be those ; Yet hat in the plural would never be hose. And the plural of cal is cats, not cose. We speak of a brother, and also of brethren, But hough we say mother, we never say mether. Then the masculine pronouns are he, his, him. Then the feminine, she, shis, and shin i So the English, I think, you all will agree, So the English, I think, you all will agree, Then the masculine pronouns are her his, him. nguage you ever did see. _____The Commonwealth.

Ordered to Africa.

All the doors in the corridor were still closed—all except mother's. She had left hers ajar through the night, in case Bob, waking, had called her name. But Bob had not called ; he had slept like a top.

Presently the gray dawn grew pink; and little shafts of light crept through the Venetian blinds, picking out the pic-tures on the walls, the mirror of the wardrobe, and the gallant figure of Bob himself on the mantelpiece, photographed in full uniform.

Mother's vigil was ended. She rose softly, slipped on her ssing gown and slippers, and stole along the corridor to

Bob's room. Boblay, six foot of British manhood, yellow-haired, straight-limbed, deep chested, sound asleep. The few dreams that had visited him had been sweet to the heart of a soldier. Not a shadow of fear had disturbed his slumbers. He had been assisting in killing the enemy by shrap-nel, riffe and bayonet, in thousands, and now they lay around him like corn after the sickle, and Bob smiled and awoke, and haw mother standing looking down upon him. It was no unusual sight to see her there; yet, to-day something stirred in his breast, and Bob put up his arms and drew her head down to his breast. in his breast, to his breast.

"My baby-my boy !" mother murmured. "Oh, my darl-

Bob bore it with admirable grace, but he did not like it— not a little bit; and as soon as he could he wriggled himself free and asked the time.

free and asked the time. There was time and to spare, and mother said, if he did not mind, she would like to read one of the morning Psalms to him; it would comfort her, she said. And Bob consented, like the gentleman he was, and lay still while she read, thinking the gentleman he was, and lay still while she read, thinking that pretty hair she had—it fell in a long plait right below her waist. Then she kissed him again, and went; and when he was quite sure he could count on isolation, Bob got up and wandered among the litter of uniform cases and portmatheauss that hay about the floor. Then he took up his Glengarry, and putting it on, regarded his reflection in the mirror with com-placency. And his pride must be excused, for he was a newly-fledged subaltern of twenty years, recalled from leave to rejoin his battalion, which sailed on the morrow for the seat of war. Having adjusted the cap at every conceivable angle, he Having adjusted the cap at every conceivable angle, he replaced it and continued his toilet. His cheeks were perfectly innocent of beard, and twenty minutes saw him fully attired, immaculate in a brand-new suit, and the stiffest and highest of shiny white collars. shiny white collars. Just at this moment a knock came at the door, and his sister, his junior by three years, entered the room. It was easy to see she had been weeping, but Bob expected as much, and in his heart did not resent it. He put his arm round her waist and bissed her

THE FARMER'S ADVOCATE.

cried, tragically, "as he's strapped his own traps and carried down his own portmanteau, and he off to the war! I'd have lost a whole month's wage sooner than this 'ere should have happened. Supposing he's killed, and I've got to remember that he waited on hisself the last morning!"

"Ain't he cheerful ?" said Mary, the housemaid. don't look as if he meant to be killed."

don't look as if he meant to be killed." "Oh! they none of 'em mean to be killed, but that don't make bullets blank cartridges," Perkins answered, grimly. In the meantime; mother had dressed. She had borne up bravely throughout. Once, though, her lips had trembled; that was when the sound of Bob's gay whistling had reached her ears. But even then, loving pride had flashed into her eyes and choked down sorrow. Her boy was brave - brave and true; and duty, she knew full well, would find him a hero. She wondered if father, who was in the dressing-room.

and duty, she knew full well, would find him a hero. She wondered if father, who was in the dressing-room, could hear the sound. She would like to have called to him, conly she was just a little hurt at his apparent unconcern at his son's departure. But after all, she thought, he was only a man; he could not know a mother's heart; his breast had not millowed the little sunny head in the years gone by; he had not cried with joy when the little feet had taken their first unsteady steps across the floor. How well she remembered that day, and how proud she had felt of her son! He was such a fine big baby. She had placed him against a chair, and he her meaning came to him, he had not hesitated a moment, he had thrown back his little head, and, with a scream of delight, walked bravely forward right into her loving, waiting arms. And now—now—. She brushed aside her tears, for she heard father coming.

And now—now—. She brushed as no her tears, for the here-father coming. Father entered the room quickly, but paused on the thres-hold. To tell the truth, he had thought mother downstairs. He had been trying to remember that day when Bob had ridden the new pony for the first time so pluckily, whether the lad had been breeched or not. He knew the picture was on mother's dressing-table, and he had come in to look at it, and there stood mother with the photograph in her hand. "Humph!" exclaimed father, "so you have not gone "Humph!" and his voice was not conciliatory, for he felt that everyone that morning, himself included, was wearing his heart on his sleeve, and a sense of lost dignity was irritating him.

everyone that morning, nimsen monitor, was wanting the heart on his sleeve, and a sense of lost dignity was irritating Min. Mother's heart swelled at the tone; she put down the photo-graph and looked up at father with a look in which reproach and sorrow mingled, and then suddenly she turned aside, and her hands busied themselves among the brushes and trays on the dressing-table, for her quick eye had detected that father was wearing odd boots – a buttoned and a laced-up one. To think of it! He, the soul of precision, to thus betray him-self. But there his abstraction stood confessed. And oh, how mother loved him for it! He had been such a stoic, too. Well, there was no accounting for man's ways, but, thank God, he had put on odd boots that morning. She no longer felt lonely in her grief. He cared, too; his heart was aching also for their son's departure. Oh, those blessed odd boots! But she knew his nature, and stood for a moment wonder-ing how best to tell him of his mistake without annoying him. And presently mother, on her way downstairs, tapped at the dressing-room outer door. "One of your lace boots," she said. "I stumbled over it; I have put it down outside." Then she waited until she heard father swearing softly to himself. Then she knew matters would right themselves, and went down-stairs. At breakfast somehow nobody had much to say. Bob

stairs. At breakfast somehow nobody had much to say. Bob wanted to talk, but felt that his one topic—his luck at being sent to the front—would not be exactly congenial to his listen-ers. So he refrained, and ate a hearty breakfast. He would carry the memory of his last meal away with him to the far-off land. The tender face of mother, smiling bravely from behind the bubbling, steaming urn; the daintily spread table; the pleasant, luxurious room, with its handsome pic-tures; the broad bow window, from which he could see the dear old garden where he had played as a child; the loving eyes of Nell beaming upon his across the table. Yes, home was home, although he was the luckiest subaltern in the service.

service. By and by the trap was at the door, and the servants gathered in the hall to wish him good luck and godspeed. Bob shook hands with them all and thanked them, and then he stood with mother in the porch—alone. He could not see her face distinctly for the mist across his eyes; and the next mo-ment he and father were walking quickly down the drive, along which the dogcart was going slowly forward to await them at the gates beyond. Father remarked that the new gamekeeper was giving satisfaction, and that there was every prospect of the covers yielding better sport the next autumn. "We shall have you home again before then, my boy," he said.

said. "Rather, sir !" answered Bob; "we shall not take long to

ROINDED 1986

Travelling Notes. AUSTRALIA.

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The name of Australia is so closely connected The name of Australia is so closely connected with gold that a few words regarding its mining interests may not be out of place. The "gold dig-gings," of which one reads, and to which was made gings," of which one reads, and to which was made (many elderly people may remember) the first mad rush for fabulous wealth, have indeed been a wonderful factor in commerce, and have built up an immense colony, much of which commenced with great privation and untold pluck and ingenuity. Think of the vast difference between working with the standard power for the standard power Australian alluvial miners. To quote from an Australian paper:

"Chemical extraction and the application of steam power to alluvial mining constitute two virtual discoveries which are destined to go on from year to year adding to the gold yield of Australasia for some considerable time to come. There is good reason for the hope that the Northern Territory will benefit very largely by the operations of those capitalists who have undertaken to apply the steam dredger to the work of extracting profits from ground hitherto considered too poor for alluvial mining.

"The amount of gold won in South Australia, including the Northern Territory, during the year 1898 was 31,961 ozs. For the past year the exact figures are not yet to hand, but it is regarded as certain that they will show a decrease amounting to very nearly, if not quite, two thousand ounces equal to a value of close upon eight thousand pounds. This unfortunate result is undoubtedly due almost entirely to the suspense and uncertainty caused by the purely speculative concessions granted by the Government for the exploitation of immense areas of land in the territory supposed to contain gold. The privileges granted were hawked about in London (England), and large operations in mere scrip-values were conducted from hand to hand. scrip-values were conducted from hand to hand. Thus the old story was repeated of 'mining on 'Change' seriously retarding legitimate mining on 'the gold fields. More recently, however, not only have arrangements been entered into for the working of alluvial deposits in the extreme north of the Territory, but the returns from the various quartzmining properties at Arltunga, in the extreme south, have been so encouraging and consistent as to give substantial ground for the belief that a large and permanent industry will be built up." It is also interesting to read that "There was a

time, indecd-namely, in the year 1853-when Victoria alone yielded 3,150,021 ozs., or not far from double the rate at which Western Australia is now producing the precious metal; but that was at a date when the other parts of Australasia were adding but very little to the total yield. Roughly speaking, the addition to the wealth of Australasia owing to the augmented productiveness of its gold mines during 1899 may be set down as three millions sterling.

Queensland has long since passed Victoria as a gold producer, and last year the yield of the northern colony was 947,227 ozs.'

There are some towns, at one time prosperous in gold and coal mines, but which are now but sadly reminiscent little places — Newcastle, Bendigo, Ballarat, and Geelong. Bendigo and Ballarat retain some traces of their former wealth, in their heautiful public gradene, and ediffere. The main beautiful public gardens and edifices. The n street of Ballarat is enormously wide, the finest, it is said, in the Colonies. To quote from an account: "Australian towns have not generally any history. Ballarat is an exception. It was there that the miners, headed by Peter Lalor, sustained a bloody siege against the English troops in 1854. They were beaten, but their rights were acknowledged, and their defeat turned into a victory. Peter Lalor, wounded in the shoulder, took refuge in the Bush. A price was put on his head, but he managed to escape pursuit, and, after the general amnesty, he became successively Member of Parliament, Min-ister, and President of the Legislative Assembly of Victoria." In spite of this bit of history, Ballarat is very sleepy. Bendigo, they say, is more lively, but not so pretty. Geelong slumbers heavily, but at one time, it seems, they dreamed of making it the capital of Australia, but that honor slipped onto Melbourne Now perhaps we've given enough about mining and mining towns out here, but, somehow, we in Canada do not seem to hear so very much about Australia. It is easy enough to keep in touch with the Coast or with the States or Europe, but not so with places so very far distant. Much accruing from this immense distance of Australia from all these other places is noticeable with Australians, many of whom concern themselves very little with news in the Old World. Max O'Rell, in his latest book, "John Bull & Co.," recounts as follows: "I was talking one day to an Englishman who had been established in the Colonies nearly fifty years. been established in the Colonies nearly fifty years. We talked about Europe, and I had occasion to mention Bismarck and a few other well-known names. I verily believe he had never heard of any of them before. of them before. Presently I said to him, 'Perhaps you do not take much interest in the things that "'My dear sir,' he replied, 'to tell you the truth, I shall soon have been fifty years in this country, and now I can do without Former alteration "" JONE 15, 1900

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"Nearly time to be off," he cried, with almost brutal cheer-ness, and turned to strap his portmanteau, whistling a fulne

fulness, and turned to strap his portmanteau, whistling a martial ditty. Nell sat down on the edge of the bed and surveyed the array of baggage with mixed feelings. She was very proud of Bob. He was a dear hero; but if only the war were over and he back again, crowned with glory ! Other girls' brothers had gone, and—well, she would not let herself think. She wished she had been kinder to Bob in the days gone by. Now the little unthought-of omissions would be ghosts to haunt her conscience till he was back again. She would laugh at her for a little goose; and, besides, it would look as if she felt this was indeed good-by; so she choked back the lump in her throat and sat with brave eyes stoically watching Bob, who stood in the window examining his revolver. But, strive as she would, she could not check the thoughts hat the sight brought to her mind. Bob with a revolver in his hand—yes, but far away in the midst of the dun and smoke of battle, surrounded by the foe; dauntless, wounded, bloody— dying—dying ! With a little cry she rose to her feet. Bob, who had been taking careful aim at the glass globe, turned at the sound. "Halloo!" he exclaimed, "what's up, Nell You look as if you had seen a ghost. Then his eyes followed her gaze. "Little coward," he cried, teasingly. "I believe you got funky at the sight of this revolver. Nell stopped short on her way to the door, then she gave a queer little laugh. "Well, perhaps I did," she said, and went queer little laugh. "Well, perhaps I did," she said, and went queer little hack and, finished his packing; then he caught

went stopped aught. "Well, perhaps I did," she said, and went quicely from the room. Bob went back and finished his packing; then he caught up his portmanteau and helmet case and went downstairs. In the hall, Perkins, the man-servant, met him, and hurried forward with a scared face. "Oh, sir." he cried, reproachfully. "you shouldn't, really, sir! I wouldn't have had it happen for worlds, sir." he said, pathetically, as he took the case and portmanteau from Bob's hands. " Oh, it is all right, Perkins," Bob answered, with splendid condescension; whereupon one of the housemaids, who was a witness of the scene, hurried off to the kitchen below. " He's down," she exclaimed, breathlessly. " a carrying of his own portmanteau and looking as handsome and cheerful for all the world as if he was a-going to be married, instead of off to the war."

the war." said cook, as she turned the chops, "poor Poor dear!" said off to the war

ocent dear! Perkins hurried down at this moment. "To think," he innocent dear

settle this little affair." At the lodge, the gamekeeper's four boys were standing in a row. They had three-cornered paper hats on their heads, and wooden swords in their hands, and they greeted Bob with sundry salutes and hurrahs. And Bob laughed, and gave them a penny each. "You must keep up your drilling." he said. "We shall be wanting new recruits in the regiment by and by." "We shall be wanting new recruits in the regiment by and by." And then the gate was opened, and Bob climbed to the back seat of the cart. Far away at the house something futtered white from a window, and Bob took out his hand-kerchief and signalled back again. Then the boys cheered afresh, and the trap turned into the lane, and home was already a thing of the past.

a thing of the past. As they drove through the village there was not a doorway that had not someone standing on the threshold to bid him

Tis the young squire off to the war," they cried one to the "Tis the young squire off to the war," they cried one to the other, and the men's eyes flashed and their voices rose; but the women's eyes filled with tears as they saw him drive past, "God keep him," they said, "and comfort his mother's heart!" For they knew that the men gave willingly their lives for their country, but that the gift of the women was something dearer than life. godspeed

country, but that the gift of the women was something dealer han life. And all the while Bob's heart was singing to him : he did not know that the song had come down to him from the long-ago time when the Sea Kings had gone forth with their battle songs to be the terror and conquerors of distant lands. He did not know ; but so it was, and 'twas a goodly heritage, of which Bob in his joy and impatience recked little. So the station was reached and the last good-by spoken ; and father grasped Bob's hand. "You will-do your duty," father said ; "I am sure of it." And Bob's face flushed. "Thank you, sir," he answered, in a husky voice ; "and-my love-to mother."- Clifford Mills, in the Pall Mall Magazine.

Farm Lost, Strayed or Stolen.

The Bangkok Times announces that a large floating island on the Mekong or Cambodia River, in Siam, recently slipped its moorings, and has not been seen or heard of since. There were a number of trees three feet in diameter on the inland, and the and was under cultivation. The owner has been hunting diligently for his property, but has not been able to hear any tidings of it. It undoubtedly went down the river with a freshet and has either stranded or gone to pieces.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a letter from "A Farmer's Wife," relating to a recent article, "Her Money Makers." - EDITOR HOME DEPT.

and now I can do without Europe altogether. Yes, to our minds, all this is due to distance. How often does one come across people in America