SABBATH SCHOOLS.

nvention of the Dominion Association.

, Oct. 23.—The eighteenth annual of the Sabbath School Associa- ada assembled in the Presbyterian re this afternoon, the pre- W. Beynon, B.A., in the he attendance, though never at the opening session, was newhat smaller than usual, only a delegates from the different dis- g yet arrived. The opening ser- conducted by Rev. D. L. McRae, he church. A committee was then nominate the officers and Executive for the ensuing year, the following Nominating Committee:—Rev. nWyck, Fisnburn, Rice, and Burns, rs. Williams, Johnson, Bellsville, and Graham, Cobourg.

committee retiring to select the r. Beynon, the outgoing president, the annual address.

COUNTY REPORTS.

cGILLICUDDY, Goderich, reported nce of a county convention in Huron st eight or ten years. The last s was largely attended, and was in every way. After testifying to he had derived personally from at- abbath school conventions, he t the danger arising from waiting r great things in Sabbath school not being willing to employ in the such means and facilities as are at he furtherance of this great work. me over two hundred miles to at- gathering, and he expected to be paid for the sacrifice by the stimulus uction he would receive.

. BARRASS said he had the pleasure ling almost every Sabbath school n from the first, and he thought done a great deal of good. Among s they had secured uniform les- they had given a great impetus to tional schools and the organization inational district conventions and ns. In the Methodist Church too it me the custom in many places for the o occasionally vary his preaching by holding an open meeting of the chool, at which the children, previ- structed on some special topic, pected to attend. The existence cess of local Sabbath school ns in particular districts was gener- o the indefatigable efforts of some end or two of the work in the dis- he counties of Peel and North York mples of this, the work in the lat- y being marked by the formation ying on of teachers' institutes by a n there who was well known as an riend of Sunday schools.

THE NOMINATIONS.

ominating Committee then presented ort, nominating the following officers tion the report was adopted.

usiness of receiving reports from associations was then resumed by Johnston, Belleville, Rev. Messrs. Ottawa; Fisbburn, York, and Van Hamilton, and Elder Sherman, of the f the Disciples.

etiring president then vacated the d introduced Mr. McHenry, the -elect.

cHENRY said he would not speak y if he did not acknowledge his em of the great honour which had aced upon him. With this also sense of the great responsibility e office entailed, and in this he that he would receive valuable aid e officers of the association. The of the association were now being ed by all who had any experience in . The way to remove the prejudices lurked in some quarters against the school was to remove the ignorance hich they feed, and to diffuse stead information in reference to k the Sunday school is doing signed to do. It seemed to him po appropriate that they had met this a union convention, at a time so keeping with the spirit of union. ould not look abroad on Sunday work without feeling that through d study, and in other ways, it had ted greatly to this stronger feeling n. He pointed to one dangerous idea gaining ground, which was that the school was not for the children of of the Church, but for those who n gathered in from the streets, and erwise received no religious training. ted the convention would show the ation existing between the Church and ol, and that all would go away in- and benefited.

ADDRESS OF WELCOME.

oseph Henderson, Cobourg, deliv- address of welcome to the associa- behalf of the citizens and on behalf of gregation of the Presbyterian church, the convention is being held. He that in particular, Sunday- teachers and parents of children to be thankful for the visit association. He referred in a manner to the loss to the con- n of the Presbyterian church by the Mr. Alexander Fraser, who was one dest and most active members.

IAM JOHNSTON, of Belleville, replied lf of the association to the address me in an earnest, practical speech, ncouragement and counsel to Sunday workers, and of grateful acknowledgi the people of Cobourg for their efforts the convention a success.

a service of praise,

Principal NELLES, D.D., president oria University, delivered an address he Sabbath School an Authorized and l Field for the Working Power of the ." After paying a passing tribute to emory of the late Mr. Fraser, me to his theme, and re- that he thought it was hardly hile to discuss the question of au- in the face of the abundant authority as in every page of the Bible, both by and example, for religious training. he fruitfulness of the field, he could better than follow the advice of the losopher and take the consenting tes- of the wise on the subject. It was cessary to go about the country and people as to the usefulness of the school, and there would be a very expression from all the Protestant es in Christendom proclaiming its im- able value. Indeed the Sunday was their chief reliance just systematic religious instruction in tematic and thorough form. Relig- aining, it was well known, was sadly ed in many homes, and this was not lt of the Sunday schools, for this evil to just as great an extent before Sun- hools were founded.

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knot, or nautical mile, is variously ed at from 6,075 to 6,125 feet. Accord- the standard of the British Admiralty ot is the length of one minute of longi- the equator, or 6,086 feet 1.1527 sta- ches, or 1.855 metres. The mean length titude, sometimes reckoned as a knot, 76 feet 1.151 statute mile, or 1,852 . A marine league is three of these iles.

s's COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORT- "By a thorough knowledge of the l laws which govern the operations of on and nutrition, and by a careful ap- on of the fine properties of well-selected Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast with a delicately flavoured beverage may save us many heavy doctors' bills. the judicious use of such articles of that a constitution may be gradually up until strong enough to resist every cy to disease. Hundreds of subtle ies are floating around us ready to wherever there is a weak point. We scape many a fatal shaft by keeping ves well fortified with pure blood and ly nourished frame."—*Civil Service* e.—Made simply with boiling water or Sold only in Packets and Tins (½ lb.) by Grocers, labelled—"JAMES EPPS , Homœopathic Chemists, London, 26

FALL FAIRS.

WEST YORK AND VAUGHAN.

WOODBRIDGE, Oct. 17.—The annual exhibition of the West York and Vaughan Agricultural Association, which was commenced yesterday at this town, has been a very gratifying success. The weather has, fortunately, been very favourable for exhibition purposes, and as a natural consequence large numbers of visitors put in an appearance on the grounds. The show was brought to a happy conclusion to-day. There were 400 entries of horses, 100 of cattle, principally Durhams, 100 of sheep, and 100 of pigs. The entries of roots and vegetables exceeded 200. There was also a large display of buggies, and an extra large number of entries of butter. There was a grand display of heavy draught horses, and the speeding in the ring, as our Toronto exhibitors would say, was excellent. There was a splendid display of ladies' work, and a very fine exhibit was made of fine arts.

NORTH ONTARIO.

UXBRIDGE, Oct. 17.—The second and closing day of the North Ontario County Fair was much more successful than the opening day. The weather continued favourable, and the presence of the live stock to complete the exhibition added to the interest and drew a good attendance of visitors. In all the departments of stock, and particularly in cattle and draught horses, there was a good show.

HULLETT.

CLINTON, Oct. 18.—The Hullett Branch Agricultural Society held their fall exhibition here yesterday and to-day. The weather yesterday was favourable, but this afternoon about three o'clock a steady rain commenced to fall and continued till after dark. To-day the attendance was very large, far in excess of that of former years. The exhibition was very good and the quality of the articles excellent in every particular. The show of all kinds of live stock was excellent. The display of carriages were really good. Vegetables were in great quantities and of excellent quality. The show of fruit was first-class for this season. The ladies' work and in fact everything inside the rooms were far superior to that of any previous year. Musical instruments were exhibited by Thomas & Kearns, of Woodstock; also largely by Wm. Doherty & Co., who were awarded a gold medal.

SOUTH MONAGHAN.

The annual exhibition of the South Monaghan Agricultural Society was held at Centreville on Wednesday, the 10th inst., and was pronounced by all to be one of the best shows ever held here. Every department was well represented, except the poultry, which seem to be rather scarce. Horses, cattle, sheep, and pigs were both numerous and of a superior quality. The Durham cattle were especially good. The fine arts were well represented, and the ladies' department shows a better result than usual. The number of entries far exceeds that of last year.

KING TOWNSHIP.

SCHOMBERG, Oct. 19.—To-day, the second and closing day of King agricultural fall fair, has been one of grand success. Notwithstanding the unfavourable weather there were over three thousand people in attendance. Entries in the different classes exceeded any previous year. In the class of sheep and thoroughbred cattle there is a marked improvement. The show of horses in all classes was in advance of any previous year in this place. The receipts at the gate were larger than ever before. Visitors expressed themselves highly pleased.

DREAMING DREAMS.

Curious Instances of Dreams Coming True

Galen tells of a man who dreamed that his left thigh had become stone, and who soon after lost the use of it by a dead palsy; another, one of his patients, who dreamed that he was in a vessel full of blood, which he accepted as a sign that the man ought to be bled, by which means a serious disease under which he laboured was cured. Breakfasting with some ladies on November 25, 1779, at his house in Hill street, London, Thomas Lord Lyttelton spoke of a very curious dream he had dreamt in the night. In this dream a bird flew into a room where he was, and while he looked at it it changed into a female, who told him to prepare for another world, as in three days he would die. He was then well, and, as he laughingly said, did not look like a man so near death. On the Saturday he also told the same ladies that he felt perfectly well, and believed he should "bilk the ghost." Some hours afterwards he went with Mr. Fortescue and Capt. Wolsey to Pitt Place, Epsom, ate for supper an egg, went cheerfully and talkatively to bed, hoped he would have good rolls for breakfast, and

SUDDENLY EXPIRED,

while Stuckey, his servant, was assisting him to remove his under-waistcoat.

About 300 years ago the town of Swaffham had among its inhabitants an industrious, hard-working tinker, named John Chapman. One night the tinker dreamed that if he went to London and stood on the London Bridge he would there meet some one who would make his fortune and put an end to all his weary wanderings over hill and dale in search of work. Despite the remonstrance of his friends, the tinker set out to travel all the way afoot, a distance of not less than ninety miles. At the close of the third day he reached the end of his journey, and early in the morning stationed himself on London bridge, at a spot which he remembered was that pointed out to him in his dream. And there he remained all day. The experiment was repeated on the second day, and after he had passed a third day on the bridge, one of the shopkeepers ventured to ask him what possible reason he could have for standing there every day and all day long. The tinker confessed that he had been induced to make a fool of himself by a very singular dream. The stranger laughed at him heartily. "If I had been as credulous as you are," said he, "I should be on just such another fool's errand; for three nights this week I dreamed the same dream, and in it I was told to go to a place called Swaffham, which I find is ninety odd miles away. I thought in my dream that under an apple tree in an orchard on the north side of the town I was told to dig, and that there I should discover a box full of money."

After some further questions and answers on either side, they parted; and the tinker, saying nothing of the place he had come from, went away, again hopeful; and, with restored cheerfulness and

FAITH IN HIS DREAM,

set out early the next morning for home. One of the first things he did on reaching it was to visit the orchard indicated by the stranger's dream. He recognized at once, by certain peculiarities, the tree he had asked the London dreamer to describe; and, digging under it, soon laid bare the top of an iron box. To unearth this, and convey it to his home unobserved, was his next task; and, this accomplished, it was opened, and found to be full of money. On the outside of the box were some words, which, being unable to read, he did not know the meaning of. He placed the box at the door of the Grammar School, and the boys soon gathered round the box, and one, scraping the dirt and rust from the inscription, read, doubtless amidst much laughter, the apparently meaningless lines:—

Where the casket stood
Is another twice as good.

John Chapman went away, and early the next morning he was again digging in the deserted orchard, where his efforts were rewarded by the discovery of a second casket, twice as large as the first and equally well filled.

One dreamer—an old woman of Marseilles, who visited church every day and passed almost her entire time before a certain altar—dreamed that she had been transformed into a lamp eternally burning before it, and herself made as sure of its realization as she could by leaving in her will the money for suspending there a silver lamp; but this was hardly a fair case of prophetic dreaming.

A remarkable dream-story is told by the present German Emperor. He dreamed one night that, standing at the Kur Spring, Karlsbad, a man gave him a small china cup to drink from, which contained a deadly poison. He laughed in the morning at the remembrance of this dream, and mentioned the fact that every morning when he drank at the Kur spring the cup was presented to him by a charming young girl, whom he was sure could never contemplate murder. For the first time, however, on that morning, instead of the girl, a man appeared and handed him the cup. The Emperor hesitated, but, looking into the man's kindly face, he smiled to himself and took the draught. "Of course it did not harm me," says Emperor William, "but on the contrary, my stay at Karlsbad, instead of proving fatal, was very beneficial."

A CAREER OF CRIME.

Life of the Convict who was Shot at Port Hope.

McCabe, the convict who escaped from the Kingston penitentiary and was shot by a police officer at Port Hope last week, was born at Trenton in 1844. He did very little work. When about 13 years of age McCabe and another boy, named Lynch, robbed a gentleman from Peterboro' in Trenton. Lynch told some parties that McCabe did the job. McCabe was arrested, brought to Belleville gaol, and got clear. About two months after this at Trenton he robbed another man, but nothing was ever known of this. A few weeks later he

STOLE A SATCHEL

from a vessel at Trenton, was arrested, convicted, and sentenced to two years in Kingston penitentiary. After serving about one year and a month of this sentence he made his escape while at work with a gang outside, was captured, brought back, and received twenty-four lashes, and for the remainder of his sentence, eleven months and four days, he carried a 14 lb. chain attached to his ankles. On being liberated he stopped a short time around home, after which he went to Cobourg. About six months later he joined a gang of cracksmen, and several small raids were made. One of their jobs being brought to light he was again captured, convicted, and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary. Of this sentence he put in three years and nine months, being liberated at the end of that time on account of good conduct. He next went to Oswego, where, he said,

"HE WOKE UP THE BOYS."

He and a couple of other men of his gang were arrested for burglary, and sentenced to five years at Auburn. After serving three months and nineteen days he again escaped in broad daylight, by climbing over the walls, and took refuge in a crowd watching a procession passing at the time. On being chased he dodged his pursuers, and getting around a corner plunged into a mortar pile, eluding the vigilance of the guards. After dark he came out of his hiding place, his skin in many places being badly burned with mortar. He afterwards came back to Canada, and placards were sent all over offering a reward of $600 for his capture. His next haul was in a jewellery store at Port Hope, and he was arrested at Trenton. He was taken to Cobourg gaol, convicted, and sentenced to ten years in the penitentiary. After serving four years and nine months of this sentence, during which time he had charge of a gang of men in the stone shop, he was again liberated, his conduct being so very good as to merit

EXECUTIVE CLEMENCY.

His liberation on this sentence took place on the 16th September, 1878. Afterwards he burglarized the residence of Capt. Porte, Trenton, and then went to Belleville, where he remained until captured for the offence in 1879. The offence for which he was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary in May, 1879, consisted in McCabe having burglarized three houses in Belleville during one night—Mr. J. B. Robinson's, Mr. Gordon's, bookkeeper at Ritchie's, and Mr. Anson Van Norman's house on Taylor's hill. Chief McKinnin arrested McCabe. The police magistrate sentenced him to ten years in the penitentiary. McCabe was engineer on the engine that drew the stone from the quarry. He procured a cap and a pair of overalls, and on the second day of the fair started for the station, getting on the trucks between two cars. He terrified the men on the train by threats of violence and rode to Trenton. While in Trenton he said one night he entered Mr. Whittier's residence by means of a skeleton key, but he left without taking anything, saying it was too near home. He took up quarters in Port Hope, and as Constable Rankin pursued him and laid his hand on his shoulder, he threatened Rankin's life, cocking a revolver at the same time, but Rankin was too quick for him and shot him dead. McCabe's pistol was found cocked in his hand after his fall. A coroner's jury acquitted and commended Rankin for his brave conduct.

THE MOHAWKS.

Some Interesting Reminiscences of the Six Nation Indians.

Rev. R. F. Dixon, of Bothwell, has recently paid a visit to the Grand River Indians. Writing to the Bothwell *Times* regarding his visit, he says:—While away in the Grand river country I had the pleasure of twice visiting Chief Johnstone, a prominent man among the Mohawks and Government interpreter for the Indian agent, Mr. Gilkison, of Brantford. Mr. Johnstone has a beautiful residence on the banks of the Grand river, which at this point is at least three times as broad as the Thames, upon which he has bestowed the name of Chielswood. He has a fine farm of 200 acres, in a high state of cultivation. I enjoyed a very interesting chat with the chief and his accomplished family. To give you some idea of what the better class of Indians are capable, I may mention that his two sons now occupy positions of trust in Hamilton and Montreal, at salaries of $3,000 and $1,500 per annum. His wife is an English lady of good family, and his daughters are as beautiful and refined young ladies as anyone would wish to meet anywhere in the Dominion. Chief Johnstone showed me

SOME INTERESTING RELICS.

One, a solid silver pipe, bearing date about the middle of last century, and curiously chased, he especially values. It was presented by one of the Georges, in the old colony days, to the tribe, and, it is said, has been smoked by no less a personage than George Washington when a British officer, and engaged in negotiating one of the numerous Indian treaties which the British in those days made jointly with the Indians against the French. I was also shown the remnant of an old idol, round which Rev. A. Anthony danced in his childhood, and many other interesting relics of the old Pagan worship and savage warfare. There are now only three of the old

WARRIORS OF 1812-14

left, one of whom is father to Chief Johnstone. Recently these old veterans were photographed in full warlike equipment. One of them is still a pagan, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be induced to sit for his photograph, being under the idea that he was to be forcibly Christianized. Talking of pagans reminds me that there are still several hundred pagans out of the total population of over 3,000. The greatest hindrance to the evangelizing of these people consists in the inconsistencies of professing Christians, and the low tone of morality among many of the whites. It seems the special misfortune of the Indians that they are too often brought into contact with a low, degraded class of whites, whose vices they only too often learn. These pagans are, however, under the zealous ministry of the present missionaries, steadily decreasing in number. Ven. Archdeacon Nelles has a record of

WORK AMONG THE INDIANS

that few can boast of. For many years he lived with his wife in a small three-roomed log house on the banks of the Grand river, about a mile from the site of the village of Onondaga. Here it was that he entertained Sir John Colbourne, then Governor of Upper Canada, with his secretary and two sons. Sir John was holding a council with the chiefs of the Six Nations, and stayed at the backwoods parsonage several days. Mr. Nelles then moved to the present parsonage, a beautiful old quaint homelike house, about half a mile further up the river. I never saw a place that so forcibly reminded me of one of our old English vicarages as the old Tuscarora parsonage, with its winding passages, low ceilings, spacious rooms, cosy little nooks and corners, vine embowered windows, and general homelike appearance. It is one of those houses which seems like an old friend, and with which one strikes up an acquaintance at once. Houses in this respect are a good deal like individuals. There are some houses just like there are some people—stiff, stern, precise, which say, "hands off." Again there are those cheery, comfortable, easy-going houses that make you feel at home in spite of yourself. Mrs. Elliott, widow of the late Rev. Elliott,

A DEVOTED COLLEAGUE

for many years of Archdeacon Nelles resides here. The archdeacon now resides in Brantford. A few years ago he was presented with a very handsomely illuminated address on the occasion of the fiftieth anniversary of his pastorate among the Indians. While at the archdeacon's I was shown the communion plate of the old Mohawk church, which, when the tribe emigrated to Canada from the States, was brought here. It is of very plain but very solid make, and must represent a large cash value in bullion. It bears date about 1720, and is therefore at least 160 years old: the Bible also dates from the same period. In it are the autographs of Sir John Colbourne, Lord Dufferin, Prince of Wales, Marquis of Lorne, and other notabilities. I may remark (in passing) that Governor-General Lorne and Princess dined at the council-house of the Six Nations, and expressed themselves as highly pleased and surprised at what they saw.

MILITARY MATTERS.

A meeting of the Federal and Confederate veterans who participated in the battle of Bull Run was held at the pension office, Washington, recently to complete the arrangements for a visit to the historic battlefield.

A Western United States paper says:—Chief Ju, of the thieving and murderous Apache gang that our army is too small to suppress, has at last been disposed of. He eluded General Crook, but a greater conqueror of Indians—to wit, whiskey—got control of him and caused him to fall into water, the ways of which were so unfamiliar to him that they caused his death. His followers are full of gloom, but so short of ammunition that they are offering one pony for ten cartridges. Of course they will get them—Indians always do—and then they will proceed to unload their gloom on such white people as they can find.

The *Jewish Chronicle* contains an account of two veterans of the Napoleonic wars who died in the United States last month. Wolf Meyer, for whom the age of 106 is claimed, was born in Western Germany, and served in many of the campaigns of the Emperor. He was over six feet high, and leaves an eldest son six feet four inches high. He was a great smoker. Aaron Goldstein, "the oldest inhabitant" of Paterson, New Jersey, died in his 105th year. He was born in West Prussia, and was a tinsmith. He went through the Russian campaign, and was at Waterloo. He was till within two months of his death an inveterate smoker and a moderate drinker. To what an age these two veterans might have attained had they never smoked!

Although the question of the military strength of France is not of such a paramount importance to England as it is, for instance, to Germany, still it would be unwise not to take notice of the steady increase of her forces since 1870, especially as the proposed foundation of a colonial army appears to be only a matter of time. Those who have followed the development of military events during the last decade in France will have observed that the reorganization of the French army is now almost completed, and that there remains only a few additional changes, but which both executive and legislature are anxious to accomplish. A number of important measures are still waiting for settlement, owing principally to the frequent changes of Government. Amongst them may be mentioned the new law of conscription, which has undergone repeated discussion and amendment, and which is to determine finally the question of the length of service. At present the time for which the French soldier must be with the colours is fixed by law at five years, but in reality it fluctuates between three and four years.

The victories of the army of the German Empire in the war of 1870-71 with France are commemorated by a colossal monument erected in the valley of the Niederwald overlooking the Rheingau, and which was unveiled September 28 by the German Emperor, amid impressive ceremonies. The structure occupies the most commanding position that could have been selected along the picturesque banks of the Rhine. One of its most notable features is a bas-relief placed in front of the pedestal. It contains no less than two hundred figures of the prominent characters of the war. The base is surmounted with a bronze statue of Germania. The figure represents the German goddess in an attitude of victory. The statue is thirty-six feet high, thus being a third smaller than the largest statue in the empire, viz., that of Bavaria, which is fifty-four feet high. The total cost of the casting and the removal to the site of the monument was about $55,000. Unique in design, bold and grand in conception, and located in a region famed for its wild beauty of scenery, this national monument is in every way worthy of German patriotism and enterprise.

Some curious ceremonies are still kept up in the Tower of London. That of locking up the tower o' nights is the most ancient, and certainly the most stately one. A few minutes before the clock strikes eleven, the porter, with an attendant, appears before the main guard-house, carrying a lantern, and calls out, "Escort Keys." The guard, supplied always from the Queen's Household Troops, then turns out and escorts "Keys" to the outer gate, called the "Spur," each sentry challenging as they pass his post, "Who goes there?" "Keys." After the gates are securely locked and barred, the procession returns, the sentries exacting the same explanation as before. When they come in front of the main guard-house the sentry stationed there gives a loud stamp on the ground with his foot and demands, "Who goes there?" "Keys." "Whose Keys?" "Queen Victoria's keys." "Pass, Queen Victoria's keys, and all's well." The porter then calls out, "God bless Queen Victoria!" to which the main guard responds, "Amen." The guard then presents arms, the officer kisses the hilt of his sword, and the keys are deposited in the lieutenant's lodging. After this all ingress and egress is impossible.

Apropos of the return to England on leave of absence of Sir Evelyn Wood, an officer who served with him says:—"As an instance of quickness, vigilance, and resource, I am reminded of an anecdote told me by the late Lady Wood, Evelyn's mother. During the height of the mutiny in Central India, and when he was in command of a troop of Beatson's horse, it was necessary to send important despatches through the heart of the enemy's country. Wood volunteered for this dangerous duty, and, possessing a fair knowledge of Hindostanee, disguised and darkened himself as an itinerant merchant. Attended by only one sepoy, also disguised, he travelled by night and rested by day, until he arrived near the camp of the rebel forces. Here he was detained and examined, but allowed to sleep in a tent under surveillance. In this night, as he expected, some native soldiers entered stealthily, and, crawling silently in the dark, carefully searched his saddle bags, his wallets, and the pockets and folds of his clothes, but found nothing but sundry small articles of merchandise, the packet of despatches, in his leather case, having been carefully unsewn by Evelyn from his turban and buried underneath the spot where he slept in a hole dug with his clasp-knife. The next morning he and his attendant were allowed to proceed, carrying with them the letters which, if discovered, would have brought short shrift to the messengers."

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT

Punch and the Serious Little Boy.

There was once a serious little boy,
Who never smiled, and who rarely spoke;
Arithmetic was his only joy,
And he could not be made to take a joke.

If ever any one chanced to read
Or tell him a joke, in accents chilly,
To an older person he said, "indeed?"
To a younger person, "that is silly."

It happened one day when he went to school,
That his tender mother wrapt up his lunch—
Though such was not her general rule—
In a leaf from a recent number of *Punch*.

When noontime came, and he spread it out,
The picture attracted his notice at once;
And he said, with scorn, "Beyond a doubt,
There are people who like to play the dunce!"

Now, what this picture was, my dears,
I would gladly tell you, if I knew.
For I should not be troubled by any fears,
That what happened to him might happen to you.

He read the joke—'twas a brand-new joke—
And then for a minute sat perfectly still;
Then he went as if he were going to choke,
And he said with an effort, "That is sill—"

A violent chuckle stopped him here;
He did not know what to make of it.
He said to himself, "This is very queer—
I wonder if it can be a fit?"

"The sensation is singular and new,
I cannot be laughing; I've too much sense,"
Once more a chuckle shook him all through,
And he tumbled abruptly off the fence.

He had never laughed in his life before;
He was just eleven years old, and so
When he tried to stop, he laughed the more,
For he had all that time to make up, you know.

His mother chanced to be passing by;
She was sensible, as well as kind,
So she did not stop to scream and cry,
But showed at once her presence of mind.

She leaned him up against the fence—
For to stand alone he was quite unable—
She put him through pounds, shillings and pence,
And then the multiplication table.

By the time he got to ten times ten,
He had almost recovered his self-command;
He was only smiling a little then,
And by twelve times twelve he was able to stand.

But his mother was fully convinced that day
That it's safer to laugh as one goes along,
For if it accumulates in this way,
It acquires a force that is terribly strong.

So now she keeps telling him little jokes,
And he's learned an almost agreeable smile,
He may some day laugh as do other folks,
But she cannot expect that yet awhile.

The moral is plain to be seen, of course—
We should all learn laughing while we are small;
If we don't, it may come with alarming force,
Or—more dreadful still—never come at all.

PUNCHINELLO.

HIS EXTRAORDINARY LIFE AND MARVELLOUS ADVENTURES.

(Continued From Last Week.)

The next day, early in the morning, Punchinello came on deck to see the sun rise.

"A storm is rising," he announced.

The captain laughed at Punchinello's prediction, and so did the crew.

But suddenly the sky became black, the waves grew larger, and the ship commenced to roll dangerously.

"I told you, sir, that you would be drowned," said Punchinello.

The captain, furious, instead of attending to the management of his ship, thought only of revenging himself on Punchinello.

"You scoundrel!" cried he, "if I am going to be drowned, you shall be so first."

Immediately poor Punchinello was lifted up and held between the sky and the sea. But even in this terrible situation he did not lose his presence of mind.

"Mercy on you my good people!" said he. "You will not have long to rejoice over my death, for I see some one coming who will avenge me."

All eyes were turned in the direction which Punchinello indicated.

About a mile off, the fire of the cannons of a Turkish pirate ship was to be seen.

"Horror upon horrors!" screamed the captain, "we shall all be killed."

So saying, he rolled about the deck weeping.

"As I happen to know the Turkish language perfectly," said Punchinello, "I shall be able to save you."

He then withdrew to his cabin and dressed himself like a Turk, which gave him the most extraordinary appearance you can imagine. This done he saturated his garments with a strong and disagreeable odour that he had obtained from the juice of a sickly plant.

In this guise did he approach the Turkish vessel, and was hoisted on board.

At the sight of this mountebank, or on account of the horrible odour, the pirates showed not much surprise, and could not resist holding their noses.

"It really is nothing," said Punchinello. "Friend Pasha, I have come from that miserable Spanish ship, which I trust you will soon take possession of."

"But," interrupted the Pasha, "brother hunchback, whatever is this dreadful smell?"

"It is nothing, my lord," replied Punchinello. "A number of the men on the Spanish vessel are ill. The physician has said that it might be the plague. Thus we use these ill-smelling things to protect us from the disease."

"The plague!" roared the Pasha, rising hastily. "The wretch has the plague. Throw him into his boat. Let us get away as fast as we can. Friends, they have all got the plague."

The Pasha had not said this before Punchinello jumped into his boat and returned to his own quarters, where he was received with transports of delight, for the pirates had already fled, and were soon out of sight.

Directly he landed at Marseilles, Punchinello sought for a horse to take him to Paris. While he was purchasing his animal a big black cat came and rubbed itself against his legs.

"That cat," said the owner of the horse, "knows the way to Paris as well as any one; and I have given him as guide to several travellers."

"Ho, ho, I shall take him with me then, if that is the case, just to find out what a rogue you are, my fine fellow."

Punchinello galloped at full speed toward Paris, and was much astonished to see the big cat run on before him with marvellous rapidity. But his surprise soon changed to uneasiness when he observed the speed of the cat was rapidly increasing and that his horse was following it at the same rate. Both seemed to have gone mad.

"This is horrible," cried Punchinello. "Friend puss, good creature, are we not going to have some dinner somewhere? What is the matter with you? Whoa! Faith my clothes are all falling off me."

But this discourse only spurred on the cat.

Suddenly, when they were going at the same rate through a dark forest of chesnuts, all at once the whole cavalcade sank into the earth, and disappeared as if enchanted.

Punchinello now found himself with his feet in the air, in the midst of about thirty persons of the most forbidding appearance possible. They were in reality thieves of the worst character.

"Lord Punchinello," said the captain of the band, "I hope you will consent to remain with us; for if you refuse I shall have you put in a pot and boil you alive."

"I understand that I should not be worth much boiled," said Punchinello; "therefore I am at your service, sirs."

Punchinello saw at once that he was a prisoner, and therefore began at once to plan how to escape.

The captain, whose name was Ronflard, departed that very evening, thus giving him an opportunity too good to be lost.

The next day he said laughing:

"Comrades, you lead a jolly life down here, but I confess that I can't help regretting the delightful amusement that always enchanted the Neapolitan Court after dinner."

"What was it?" cried the whole band at once.

"It consists," said Punchinello, "in descending a steep hill in little sledges, going one after the other, and running on rails. Nothing would be easier than to arrange the same sort of thing on the slope that I descended yesterday evening to get here."

"That is the thing to suit us exactly," cried the brigands on all sides. "friends, to work at once and build some sledges."

Soon all was ready. Each of the twenty brigands got into his own sledge upon the platform that was just at the top of the staircase underneath the trap-door.

Punchinello remained at the bottom of the staircase. The brigands in their twenty sledges set off, descending the slope with terrible rapidity; but, lo and behold! as soon as they were going at full speed, Punchinello drew a huge skewer, about thirty feet long from behind his back, and held the point toward the tops of the sledges, which were descending with terrible rapidity. Horror was depicted on the faces of the brigands. Their cries were piteous. However, whether they would or no, they were obliged to fall upon the skewer. They went rolling down zigzag; the first brigand arrived like lightning, and thirty feet of steel went through his body. The others came rolling down, impaling one after the other—a horrible death, but a fitting death to their guilty lives.

Punchinello then put the skewer, with his extraordinary game on a cart, harnessed six horses to it, and arrived in less than two hours at the town of Chartres.

He immediately inquired the address of the magistrate.

Directly Punchinello entered the low room where this personage awaited him he was almost dazed at recognizing in the nose of his official the counterpart of the one he had seen the night before on Captain Ronflard's face. Indeed such a nose was not soon to be forgotten when once seen. Its length was so great that it made its appearance, so to speak, about a quarter of an hour before its owner. It stretched straight out like a staff, or the shaft of a carriage.

Of course Punchinello understood at once that the magistrate, by a bold appropriation of two offices, united the power of justice with his horrible trade of chief of a band of robbers.

With great self-command he pretended that he did not recognize Ronflard in his magistrate's robes.

The latter had the account of Punchinello's escape related to him, and caressing the big cat, he complimented Punchinello upon his courage, and begged him to sup with him.

What passed during the meal was never quite cleared up, as Punchinello confessed that he did not know himself. Some have concluded that he must have swallowed some terrible drug. What is known for certain is that the next morning Punchinello found himself in a damp prison.

He began to think over his past life, until, remembering the look of regret that his donkey had said good-by to him forever, tears fell from his eyes.

"Who is that that is complaining over there?" said a voice suddenly, quite close to Punchinello.

"It is the poor son of a fisherman," replied he. "who is deformed in front and behind. But who are you?"

"I am the goodman Patience," replied the voice, "and my trade is to show puppets gratis to amuse poor people and little children."

"By my wig—" cried Punchinello.

But he was cut short by the prison door groaning on its hinges; and the magistrate entered, followed by his black cat.

By the light of a torch Ronflard read their sentence, in which they were condemned to be hanged in an hour's time.

When Punchinello wished to remonstrate, the magistrate withdrew, grinning.

Punchinello, enraged, noticed that the big cat that was going out after its master, and shut the door with such violence that the tail of the animal was cut clean off at the root. Immediately it was transformed into a long rope.

"Ha, ha!" cried Punchinello. "I move that we make this tail useful. I see my way to an escape."

Punchinello mounted the tail, of which he held the tuft as a bridle, while Patience placed himself behind.

"Good!" cried Punchinello. "One, two, three—and away to Paris."

Punchinello had hardly time to realize that he was travelling when he was set down with his companion, in the middle of the Champs Elysees. It was on a beautiful day in spring, about noon.

"Listen," said Patience; "I have an idea in my head. I will establish my little theatre here, and if you will appear as an actor, it cannot fail to prosper. There is no question but that your wit, added to your funny appearance, will attract numbers of spectators."

"Well, perhaps so, said Punchinello; "and I confess that I thought of that myself. As I have only found envy and malice amongst the great, what better use could I make of the wit that has been given me than to employ it in amusing poor people and little children who are always innocent and good? I am poor myself and of lowly rank. I will make them laugh, and I will bring roses to the cheeks of all the sweet little children that pass, for in so doing I shall reap a blessing."

In the course of time Punchinello made the acquaintance of Judy, and married her. She has been a great help to him in his performances, as you will all allow.

If you are puzzled as to how he manages to be in so many countries and at so many different places at the same time, it is because he still retains the rope made of the cat's tail, which carries him anywhere at a moment's notice.

THE END.

THE BEST HALLOWEVE'.

Written for The Weekly Mail.

"Two weeks to Halloweve.'"

Thus spoke little Tommy Jenkins, showing by face and manner that Halloweve' was looked forward to with no small amount of pleasurable anticipation.

"Well, and what then?" quietly asked kind old Uncle Josh from his cosy nook in the arm-chair behind the stove.

"O, lots of fun," replied Tommy, still smiling joyfully.

"What kind of fun?" persisted Uncle Josh.

"O—O—well, anything that comes along, uncle."

Uncle began to look very grave, as he always did when going to talk seriously, as Tommy very well knew by past experience, and now feeling a little uneasy the youngster inwardly braced himself for a lecture, feeling that the matter was gone so far that there was no chance of escape.

"I am afraid," began Uncle Josh, who, by-the-bye, was a great favourite with nephews, nieces, and all young folks, notwithstanding his way of "lecturing," as they called it, when carried away by youthful spirits they sometimes overstepped the bounds which should govern young and old in their treatment of others, and were apt to be, though not always intentionally, somewhat unkind. "I am afraid that you youngsters are not always so thoughtful of the feelings of others, both on Halloweve' and other times, as you should be, when you think you see a chance for a little fun. Let me tell you a Halloweve' I remember many years ago."

Tommy brightened a little now at the prospect of a story from Uncle Josh's own life, such stories being always full of interest for the young folks.

"Three or four years before your grandfather died your father and I were both working at home on the old farm, your father being 18 and I 15, he being equal to a man on the farm, while I might have been nearly as much use but for my unfortunate propensity for getting into mischief. I was a good enough boy to work, father used to say, if he could only keep me at it, but I was such a mischievous, lively piece of goods, into every bit of practical joking that came handy, that I frequently vexed poor old father by the valuable time wasted in my pranks, which somehow seemed generally to be most frequent when business was most pressing. Well, on this particular Halloweve' some six or eight of us village lads met about seven in the evening at the corner of the waggon-shop, as if by previous agreement, but not really so, for it seemed an understood thing that something in the way of mischief must always be done on this particular night of the year."

"'Well, boys have you thought of anything,' asked Eph. Raymond, a general favourite with us lads as indeed with everybody. Eph. was one of those kind of lads you meet with sometimes, but more frequently read about, honourable, truthful, kind-hearted to a fault, yet thoroughly 'one of the boys' in his sociable disposition and liking for a bit of harmless fun.

"'I know a good thing,' replied one bright-eyed little fellow, 'the lock on Farmer Hopkin's hen-roost is broke, let's get in and spot his white Leghorns all over with black paint, I can get some at home.'

"'Pooh! that's nothing,' said Phil Wheeler, the general leader of our crowd, 'I know a better trick, lower the old fellow's new waggon into the gravel pit and turn it over, eh! Eph.!'

"'I don't like either of them,' gravely responded Eph. Raymond, 'but I know a splendid joke, only it will cost us about twenty-five cents each, what do you say to that?'

"We all agreed that was no item at all, if there was any fun to be got out of it; we had all made a good harvest and had a little money to spend.

"'Well boys,' continued Eph., 'I want you to promise me to take hold and go through with it, before I tell the trick, and you must also promise not to let on who proposed it.'

"The promises were quickly given, as we all had confidence in Eph, and were eager for further information.

"'Well you all know poor old Lou Simons, the lame man, down by the school-house; well as I was coming home to-night, I saw the poor old fellow sawing up his last stick of wood, and 'I am sure he doesn't know where his winter supply is coming from. Now the old man goes to bed early, and he and the old woman are pretty deaf; now let's go up to Davis' and buy a load of maple and pile it outside his door, just where the last pile stood, and won't the old lad open his eyes in the morning when he comes to the door.'

"We all 'caught on' to the idea, and by nine o'clock the last stick was quietly deposited on the top of the pile, a good cord and a quarter, without sight or sound of life from the inside of the house. Next morning I was in the store getting some rivets to mend the single harness, when old Lou came limping in, and commenced to tell about what Halloweve' brought him. The poor old fellow was crying before he was half through, and I should have been crying, too, if I hadn't run out of the shop