

Pies should be baked hard enough that they can be slipped off while warm upon a folded paper or fresh cloth; if they stand on the plates or tins until cool, they will generally be soggy in the under-crust. Pie-plates should not be used after they become old and the glazing becomes cracked, for they absorb grease and dish-water, and are hardly fit for the children's play-houses.

Here, at the deacon's, we have a good deal of fun about "princes." Now, with us, a prince is no other than any one of these miserable old stragglers who go travelling about over the country; if a young man, he is generally on his way to "Chicago" or Pittsburgh, is a machinist by trade, and longs to reach his journey's end, so he can get to work again. If he is an old man, he is going away East or away West to his "broth-in-law's" or his "cousin's"—has not eaten anything for three days, and sleeps in barns and straw-stacks, and has the old cheesy, greasy smell of an emigrant who has been a steerage passenger.

If we hear a sneaking muffled tap at the door, it will open it and hear the unintelligible jargon mumbled, not understanding anything except, "A little piece o' bread."

"Here is a prince of the House of Haspburg," she will sometimes say, turning to me; "his wants are limited to a piece of bread; what shall I give him?"

"Oh, the best the house affords—we have heard of people entertaining angels unaware," I reply, as sanctimoniously as I can say it. We always call them princes, even if speaking in their presence—sometimes they belong to one line of royalty, and sometimes another.

A few evenings since an old prince came to the front-door, spread out his hands and bowed graciously, saying, "Madam, I am unfortunate. I am stricken with poverty. Can you assist me?"

"What will you have, sir?" I said, very much amused, but self-possessed.

"I stand the most in need of money and tobacco," said he, with the utmost assurance.

"I cannot give you money, and no gentleman will use tobacco, much less ask for it from the hands of a lady," I said, coolly. "Anything else, sir?"

"I am hungry, too, madam."

"Sit down," I said, "and you shall have something to eat."

As I came out of the dining-room door, with a plate containing half a pumpkin-pie and a slice of jelly roll, he waved me back with a kingly hand, saying: "Before I accept your hospitality, I wish to ask a favor, and it is that you will make me a nice lot of good, strong, black, hot coffee."

I was so amused at the prince's impudence, that laughing wasn't half expressive enough.

I put the plate away: "My dear sir, I am sorry that you cannot be accommodated, but the fire is dead in the kitchen-stove, shpper is over an hour ago, we have worked hard all day, and are just ready to sit down and rest and look at our day's mail. You will positively have to excuse us."

He bowed, and rose to depart, saying in his softest tones, as with bared head he made his best bow: "I bid you good-night, madam, and may the Lord bless you, and may you have good luck."

This was the most ludicrous farce I ever played. He seemed to feel flattered with the deference he deemed shown to him. I like to treat these princes ceremoniously, and see them try to show off.

I said to one once: "Your language is good. You should be teaching school. Why not go to Hoop-pole County, in this State, and teach?"

"They've bin a wantin' me down there," said he; and then when he left he turned around, and, thinking to display wonderful educational acquirement, to dazzle me he said: "I wish you would allow me to gather up a few of them apples that lay dilapidating out in your orchard."

It was through Lily that the tribe of shacks first acquired the name of princes.

We had been gathering flowers in the swamps and meadows along the railroad, and were coming home at sunset laden with our treasures, when we overtook a young man carrying a big satchel. I talked to him; and, among other motherly questions, asked him if he had money enough to bear his expense to Pittsburgh. He said he had if he allowed himself to go without eating much, and sleep outdoors.

Just before we parted Lily whispered: "I believe he is a prince in disguise, and that he carries his family jewels in his satchel; do please ask him to stay at our house to-night; why it would be an honor to us, you know."

Lily was old enough then to delight in fairy love and stories of poor girls marrying the king's son, etc., and I thought this would be a good chance to teach her a lesson, and to disburse her mind on all such folly. So I invited him to tarry at our house, and that would save paying out money for supper and lodging.

I introduced him to my family, and told them why I had brought him home with

us; and at Lily's earnest solicitation, I let the stranger sleep in her pretty room among her dolls, and toys, and pictures, and little books.

She talked so much about his jewels, that after he retired I reached in at one of the satchel and drew out the old, dirty, patched, muddy leg of a pair of sheep's gray pantaloons, saying: "Lily, here is a diamond of the first water, second only to the Kohi-noor in beauty and value it has been in the Bourbon family over two hundred years."

She said she knew the stranger's name was Clarence Fitzgerald, or Montrose De Alembert, or something of that kind, and to gratify her, before he started the next morning I asked his name.

"My name is Jacob Snyder," said he, with the utmost pomposity.

My heart was touched with the pitiful words of a poor, shivering prince one cold day. He had stayed here all night and in the morning—the mercury almost down to zero, his old ragged clothes, fastened here and there with pins, and nails, and strings, hung on him like loose shingles. I got the button-box, and everything necessary, and told him to sit down and wait until I had put buttons on his clothes—honest ones on his coat, a row on his vest, and replaced the missing ones on his pantaloons. While I was sewing a suspender-button on his waistband, a tear fell on the back of my hand. I was afraid he'd blubber right out, and I chatted away, and never stopped to even put in a comma. I was telling him that one man was just as good as another; no matter how shabby or patched he was, he had it in his power to be all that any common man was—that

"Many a lad born on rough work and ways Strips off his ragged coat and makes Men clothe him with their praise."

"What made you do this for me?" said he, "no woman ever did the like before; they're afraid o' me, they hate me, and wouldn't touch me or my clothes. What made you do it?"

"I did it because I pity you, and wish you well, and I'll feel so much better now in my good warm home when I remember that you, out in this bitter cold day are made more comfortable from the little work of my hands this morning." And so I did.

These old stragglers are a trouble, and when we do take them in and care for them, sometimes they are very ungrateful, and take us in. Though they do leave our beds dirty, and our rooms smelling like a sheep-pen, still I believe we ought to care for and make them comfortable, if only one out of ten is really an object of charity and a worthy but unfortunate man. So I'll stick to them, and patch up my old theory about "entertaining angels unaware," even if they do impose upon me and go away leaving me with a two day's headache.

Oh, I can do this in remembrance of a thin, haggard, half-starved face that looked sharply up into mine long ago after a wild, adventurous trip home from Denver City, and in answer to my inquiry of, "Why didn't you beg rather than suffer?" said: "Beg! Why even women are sometimes incarnate devils, and will drive a sufferer from their doors as though he were worse than any thief! You don't let know what some women are made of!"

My lips were white and sealed, and every half-mute face that looks up into mine since then seems stamped with his vain appeal for bread.

THE GAMES OF CHILDREN AND THE GAMBLING OF MEN.

AS our elderly and middle aged readers recall their childhood, they can remember but few games of chance or skill that were considered legitimate to the family, and these were such games as *Cheques*, *Fox and Geese*, and *Twelve-men Morris*, played with red and yellow kernels of corn or designs scratched on the opposite sides of a plain pine board. The various games of cards were generally considered contraband, and hence had wonderful charms for the boys who keenly enjoyed the stolen fire in back garrets, woodsheds, and hay-mows. In the youthful days of the younger of our adult readers the game of *Dr. Busby* and the *Mansion of Happiness* were added to the list recognized by the heads of most families, and we will remember our doubts concerning the propriety of repeating at home the fact that we had been exceedingly fascinated with the game of *Dr. Busby* at the house of a playmate, and also our happiness when the game, after becoming a little known in the neighborhood, was introduced to our fireside by parents who had the good sense to believe in making home pleasant to the youngsters.

From these simple beginnings a few other games came into general use, and parents began to learn that it was not beneath their dignity to devote a part of their evenings to making home interesting and attractive to the children.

The word "games" is at present used to denote a wide range of amusements and recreations adapted to the home circle, such as charades, parlor magic, for-

tunes, wax figures, pantomimes, etc., as well as games of chance and skill played with various kinds of cards, or on boards with dice and men, all of which we believe are each year becoming more popular in American homes.

But while this is so, we would not have a parent forget for a moment that the line should be drawn between innocent home amusements and what we understand as gambling. Many are unable to see where this line is and what it consists, and while they admit the necessity of making home the most attractive place to the children, argue that games played at home in childhood tend to gambling in manhood. This is not so; it is the use of the game that decides which side of the line it must be placed. That delight of every boy, the game of marbles, is as innocent as any other childish recreation, and yet many boys have received their first lessons in gambling when playing marbles for gains, and many parents have allowed their sons to count over the contents of their marble-bags at night in their presence, who would have held up their hands in holy horror at a game of *Beisique* around the evening lamp. Here is just the line we would draw. Never countenance any game played for a permanent gain, or in which money or its equivalent is the object played for.

That this must be the one and only distinction between innocent recreation and harmful gambling must be seen from the fact that the simplest recreation or amusement of chance or skill may be used for gambling purposes, and hence no dividing line can be drawn between two games unless, indeed, one of them involves vicious habits or practices in itself.

But if all games are made simply matters of amusement, it is not likely that those boys who stay at home in the evening to play them with their parents and sisters will be attracted in their manhood by the temptations of the gaming tables.

On the other hand, a boy who has been encouraged to be proud of his constantly increasing bag of marbles, as the reward of his shrewdness and skill in playing, will be apt enough to consider it legitimate in after years to keep his purse filled in the same manner, although ivory balls and pieces of card may be substituted for the marbles. It is a matter of satisfaction to all who have given the subject thought, that innocent games and home amusements are fast becoming a prominent feature in our homes, thereby establishing counter-attractions to those of the saloons and haunts of vice that crowd so closely to our doors, not only in the larger cities but in every country village in the land.

MEDICAL MURDERERS.

AN ambitious barber resident in a little Long Island village, becoming weary of shampooing and shaving and curling and dying and pomading, determined, not long ago, to set up in a line of business more respectable at least, if not more remunerative than his own. His aspiring soul was not to be satisfied with the high-sounding designation of "Tonsorial Artist," with which the modern barber sometimes consoles himself for the humbleness of his calling. Possibly he was of an inquiring disposition, and had learned the history of the striped pole, which stands all meaningless now, where once its colors indicated, among other things, that the village barber was also the village surgeon in all minor cases. At any rate, our Long Island barber took off his apron, removed his striped pole, packed his pomades, and announced himself a physician and surgeon. In this capacity he undertook to perform the operation of setting the broken leg of one Charles Sutter, with a success so very indifferent that a jury of his countrymen has decided that he shall pay to his injured patient the sum of one thousand dollars by way of compensation for damages done.

The verdict of the jury was doubtless a very proper one, and just here our interest in this particular case terminates. We have mentioned it only because it affords us a suggestion. If there is anything precious above all other worldly possessions, that thing is our health, and as we are reputed to be a reasonably prudent people, looking pretty sharply after all our interests, it seems incredible that we take almost no precautions at all for the protection of this, our most precious and most easily imperiled treasure. And yet such is the fact. In some of the States there are laws, more or less worthless, nominally intended to prevent incompetent persons from imposing upon the public with false pretensions to medical and surgical skill. In others there are no laws at all upon the subject. In none of them is there any real protection furnished. Practically, anybody whom it pleases to do so may set himself up as a physician, in any State in America, and in fact, men utterly devoid of medical skill do so set themselves up all over the country. Some of them are totally without professional education of any sort, while a larger number have managed to pass the very inadequate examinations upon the strength of which our medical colleges confer degrees, but are still radically ignorant of much that is necessary to make them competent physicians. Some of them—a good many, in fact—are plain block-heads whom no amount of culture could possi-

ly fit for their responsible business, while now and then we see one whose lack of moral character should exclude him wholly from professional standing. For all these facts we have the authority of eminent medical gentlemen, as well as the evidence of our own daily observation.

Now, when one is sick enough to need medicine at all, he certainly needs the advice of a thoroughly competent physician as to what the medicine shall be, as a blunder in this matter may prove fatal. That blunders are made every day by reason of the incompetency and ignorance of men who are themselves physicians, there is no room to doubt. That these cases prove fatal in many cases every year, is also unquestionably true. And when a man dies at the hands of one of these pretenders, it looks to the unprofessional mind very like a murder, even though the doctor of it have half-a-dozen medical colleges at his back. We have laws against murder, but no law which adequately meets cases of this sort. We constantly assume that the medical colleges look to the qualifications of their graduates, and we continue to act as though this were true, while we know perfectly well that it is not. "They make doctors very easily," said an eminent physician to us the other day, and we all know how true the remark is. Men whose preliminary training amounts to just nothing at all, enter medical colleges, and after attending a few brief courses of lectures they pass examinations upon the baldest technicalities, and are turned out upon the world as regularly-trained physicians. No proper effort is made to ascertain their real fitness or unfitness for the important functions they are thus pronounced competent to assume. If they have nominally been medical students during a given period, have attended a specified number of lectures, to which they may or may not have listened, and can manage to squeeze through an examination upon mere technicalities, which anybody may pass with a very moderate amount of "cramming," they are straightway made "doctors," duly labeled and ticketed for the delusion of the public.

Possibly the colleges can not wholly avoid the manufacture of incompetent doctors, but they might certainly manage, by a less technical and more searching system, to turn out fewer licensed blunderers than they do. And the state may do far more for the protection of the public by a little judicious legislation upon the subject. The law might very properly require every physician to practice for a considerable time in the hospitals, under the tutelage of learned principals, before setting up in independent practice; or it might establish examining boards, composed of men of recognized eminence in the profession, whose duty it should be to make real and thorough examinations into the real and true qualifications of all candidates for licence to practice medicine. In whatever shape it is to come, we should have a remedy of some sort, and that right speedily.

The Nebraska Indians are allowed to ride free on all trains they can jump on while the latter are in motion. The tribe is being reduced very rapidly.

The falling of a skylight in a San Francisco church on the back of an empty pew woke up the whole congregation, the other Sunday.

A Memphis girl gets her living with a two-mule dray. She says she likes to drive the animals because they remind her of her old beau who have deserted her in her time of need.

A man in Leeds, Eng., was to play "Santa Claus" for the enjoyment of the children; but he made a mistake in the chimney, and when they pulled him out of the fire, he concluded it was wrong to deceive the children and refused to try it again.

A pair of horses ran away in Iowa the other day, dragging the lines on the road. After going a short distance they met a cow, and were stopped by the lines becoming entangled in the cow's horns. The cow sat down and waited until the driver came up and recovered his property.

An editor out West asks his subscribers to pay him, that he may play the same joke on his creditors.

A Yankee orator is said to have brought tears to the eyes of his audience by his "touching description of an erring Indiana hen, that had recently been discovered in the back part of a hardware shop, where the misguided fowl had struggled for three weeks vainly trying to hatch out a pair of white porcelain door-knobs, without sympathy or sustenance."

An Indiana Sunday school man writes to a Bible firm in New York: "Send me on some Sunday school books and papers. Let the books be about pirates and Indians as far as possible."

Our mailing clerk, says the Peoria "Review," seeing a handsome paste pin glittering on the bosom of a dry goods measurer, has wasted nearly all the paste around the establishment, and has not yet succeeded in making a satisfactory article of jewelry.

Auction Sale OF PUBLIC AUCTION Estate Bank of Upper Canada

The following LANDS will be sold by Public Auction at the places and on the days hereinafter named.

Terms—One-fifth cash; residue in four equal annual instalments at 7 per cent. interest, secured by mortgage on the property.

COUNTY OF LINCOLN TOWNSHIP OF NIAGARA

Part of Lots Nos 6 and 7, on the Niagara River 20 acres as described in mortgage of Dr Joseph Hammon to the Bank of Upper Canada, subsequently foreclosed

At the Village of Chippawa, IN SAID COUNTY,

On Friday, the 21st day of February, next,

At the hour of 12 o'clock, noon, at the British American Hotel

VILLA OF CHIPPAWA

Lot No 2, South side of Welland Street Lots Nos 6, 8, 10, 12, 16, 18, 22, and 28 Welland Street

Lots Nos 13, 14, mortgaged interest, 17, 19, 23, 25, 27 and 29, north side of Welland Street

Lots Nos 16, 17, 18, 30, and 30A, South side of Main Street

All that part of 137, North side of Main Street, not conveyed by Cummings to Bossa

Lots 156, 155, 158, 159, 160, 177, North side of Main Street

Lots Nos 45, 47, 49, 58, 60, 62 nd Water Street

Grist Mill Lot, in rear of Bossa's Lot, North side of Water Street

Lots Nos 35, 36, 41, 45, 47 and 49, north side of Water Street

An irregular piece of land lying between Main Street and Water Street and between Hepburn's and Lyon's Lots and the Creek

Four Lots lying between Water Street and Chippawa River, to the north-east of Kirkpatrick's Lot

No 1, east Church Street

7 full Lots shown on the registered Plan of Chippawa, east side of Church Street, without number

Lots Nos 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, west side of Church Street

Lots Nos 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24 and 26 north side of Mechanic Street

Lots Nos 27, 29, 31 and 33, north side of Mechanic Street

At the Town of WALKERTON IN THE COUNTY OF BRUCE

ON Tuesday, 25th day of February

At 12 o'clock, noon, at the American Hotel

TOWNSHIP OF SAUGUEE

Lot No 6, Con A, 14 acres

Lot No 12, Con A, 100 acres

By order,

C. G. GAMBLE.

Toronto, Jan. 20th, 1873.

THE TORONTO YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

PROGRAMME—TUESDAY EVENINGS— JAN., FEB., MARCH, 1873.

Jan. 7. Meeting postponed on account of the Evangelical Alliance Meeting.

14. ESSAY—E. H. Wallace, "How the Ancients thought and wrote."

15. ESSAY—Geo. H. Moxon, Chairman, "Ambition."

16. ESSAY—John Craig, Chairman, "H. C. Thompson, Chairman."

17. LECTURE—Rev. Arthur H. Baldwin, M. A., "A Canadian Oxford."

18. LECTURE—C. A. Morse, "The Pioneers," T. Dixon Craig, Chairman.

19. An evening of Song and Recitations.—C. A. Morse, Chairman.

20. LECTURE—T. De Witt Talmage, Brooklyn, N.Y.—"Gumboots & Co."

21. LECTURE—John Macdonald, Chairman. (Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the winter course of pay lectures.)

22. LECTURE—Nicholas Flood Davin, of London, Eng.—"Thomas Moore and His Poetry." W. M. Anderson, Chairman.

23. LECTURE—Geo. Hague, "Commercial revolutions and Panics." DANIEL McLEAN, Chairman.

24. An evening of Songs, Recitations and Readings.—Chairman.

25. LECTURE—Rev. W. Morley Furness, L.L.D.—"Wilberforce." Chairman.

Admittance to this Lecture, 50 Cents, being one of the winter course as on 18th Feb.)

WE FURNISH

Boarding Houses, Employment, (if possible, Free Reading Room, Good Company,

Noonday Prayer-Meeting, 12.30 to 12.55

Literary Entertainments every Tuesday Evening at 8.

Young Men's Prayer-Meeting every Saturday Evening at 8.

Bible Class every Sabbath Afternoon at 3 o'clock.

We cordially invite strangers, and ALL who feel interested in our work to attend the above meetings. The undersigned may be found in the Rooms of the Association, between the hours of 9 a.m. and 1 p.m., or from 2 to 4 p.m.

YOUNG MEN, STRANGERS in the city are especially invited.

THOS. J. WILKIE, Secretary.

P. S.—A well-assorted Library of some 1,200 volumes, to which access can be had by becoming a member. Members fee only \$2 per annum.

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."