

and exclaimed, "Bale drudgery!" (no good).

The others then looked at it cautiously but it was a bale drudgery with them also, no one could be induced to throw it.

Myers asked them why they did not use it, but they could not give a definite answer. It was plain they did not like the way it poised when held in the hand, yet I could not distinguish any difference whatever between this and the other weapons.

Burleigh then walked to a distance of 200 feet or more from the blacks, and Cariboo threw to them. The native looked at him a moment rather curiously, then comprehending what was wanted, he selected one of the heaviest of the missiles, and turning round, threw it with great force in a direction almost opposite from that where Burleigh stood.

The weapon sped smartly for 60 or 70 feet then tacked in an instant and flew directly at Burleigh, and had he not most expeditiously ducked, he would have received a hard blow, if nothing more. It struck the ground about 80 paces beyond. The feat brought out a broad grin and something like a chuckle from the whole of them. Cariboo even intimated that he would like to try another cast, but Burleigh expressed himself fully satisfied.

Mr. Smith, however, offered to take a shot but not at too short a range. We were standing in front of one of the storehouses. Cariboo placed Smith in front of the door and stood with his back to him, with Smith's hand on his shoulder.

None of us knew what sort of manoeuvre he had in mind, not even Myers. Standing in his position, the black threw the boomerang straight ahead. Immediately it curved in the air. Then it disappeared around the corner of the building, and before we had time to guess what was meant, it came around the other end, having passed completely around the storehouse, and gave him a sounding slap on the back, which made his eyes snap.

THE HUNTING MANIA IN ENGLAND.

We may here notice one of the most anomalous features of hunting etiquettes, which consists in this, that if a man does not hunt at all, hunting men do not consider his conduct strange; but, should he hunt only once a week, they look upon his doing so as a sort of disgrace. They seem to imagine that, if any one hunts, he would certainly like to hunt at least four days a week, and that his not doing so arises either from stinginess or from the slenderness of his purse. Some men are miserable if they cannot make up the quota of days' hunting every week which they consider sufficient. Five days' hunting, and a considerable sense of fatigue will not prevent them from going a long distance, and that at considerable personal inconvenience, to hunt on the sixth. And this they do for the sole object of being able to say that they hunt every day. In fact, some men hunt six days a week with the regularity of the tread-mill, and would doubtless hunt on the Sundays also were it possible to do so. We certainly hope that the day may be distant when hunting shall cease to be a national sport; for even when carried to some excess it forms a better pastime for the wealthy than many of the diversions of our continental neighbors; but when we find wives stunted on account of the studs of their husbands, the whole course of society deranged by the reason of hunting arrangements, and the bulk of conversation for months to this one topic, we cannot help wishing that, in the pursuit of our favorite sport, a little of that moderation might be used which is advisable in all things.

A OARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, etc., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, Station D, Bible House, New York City. 250-2m

of Englishmen. There is as much difference between the United States citizen and the Canadians as between the Englishman and the Frenchman. By blood the American is of a strange mixture of all the Old World races—European, Asiatic and African. He is famed and feared all over the world for his cleverness and shrewdness, or cuteness. But even the least observant traveller cannot fail to discover that he has cultivated his brains at the expense of his body. The citizen of the United States has also fought against and conquered the wilderness; but he has done this not with his own strong arms, like the Canadian, but with the hands of the Chinaman, the African and the Irishman.

I suppose in considering the future of the two peoples, an ethnologist would study the women more than men. There is quite as great a difference between the American women and the Canadian women as between the men. American women who have not to work for their living object to any sort of exercise, except, perhaps, dancing. They neither walk nor ride. They go by rail and drive in carriages. They object even to the work of looking after and superintending a house, and on that account prefer to live in hotels. Those who are obliged to work for a living do so as school teachers, as clerks in post offices, in telegraph offices, in shops, in any way in fact where physical exertion can be dispensed with. The American women have perfectly regular, though rather sharp, features, and when very young is undoubtedly very pretty; the bloom, however, rapidly fades away, and she is an old woman at thirty. She has only one, or at most two, children. The Canadian woman is a marked contrast. She is, in appearance, quite the Englishwoman—generally a blonde. Canadian ladies are fully as much addicted to outdoor pursuits and amusements as are English ladies. Even in the depths of winter they have their daily walks or their snow-shoeing, tobogganning, or skating parties. Thanks to this more healthy mode of life, to their robust constitutions, and to their healthy climate, they preserve their good looks to the last. As to the poorer women in Canada they have no Chinamen, negroes, or Irishmen to work for them, and so they are compelled to attend to their households and dairies, and this seems to agree well with them. Unlike the Americans, there seems to be no limit to their families and no end to their good looks, and the middle-aged Canadian women (if such an expression can be applied to the fair sex), present as great a contrast to the worn-out and faded American women of a similar unmentionable age as can possibly be imagined.

KANSAS DOGGEREL.

The Seneca County Courier is responsible for this prosaic rhyme: "Annie has a little dog as black as any crow, and wherever Annie goes her dog is sure to go. On Sundays to the church he goes and sits down by her shoe, and watches Annie play the organ—just like Henry used to do. Last Sunday when the preacher-man had taken off his text, O. H. came bolting in with his little black-and-tan. As soon as Annie's little dog had spied O. H.'s cur, he coiled his tail into a hoop and skooted for his fur. O. H.'s cur is spunky-like, and briffled up for fight—and then the two dogs clench-ied all in the aisle so gay, and mercy I how they chawed each other, that holy Sabbath day. When Deacon Sambo heard the fuss he clo-ied his book, and in each hand a black-and-tan he vigorously took—and showed them to the door. Now, the moral of this story is, when you come to worship go, please leave your black-and-tan at home—for they always act just so.

Mr. Rickett, Mr. A. Campbell, and Mr. J. Skelding, of North Yarmouth, caught a gray fox and a red one a few days ago. The discovery accounted for the disappearance of so many fat fowls in the neighborhood lately.

I have found actors as a rule, to be a female, said the Rev. Fred Ball in his sermon at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on Sunday, 21st ult, to be noble, honorable, studious, high-toned, benevolent, and exceedingly sensitive, and any one who knows anything about the drama knows that the profession requires a poetic nature which is far removed from coarseness and the animal nature which is essential to sensuality, but dear to high art. The ass may put on the lion's skin, but his bray betrays him whether it is on the stage or in the pulpit. If this is true, and it is, the wholesale denunciation of the stage is unjust. The stage is under disadvantage. It is friendless, when we consider that the dramatic forms an element of success both in stage and pulpit. I go further, and say that one might learn of the other. The pulpit would be more effective if it underwent the discipline of the stage, while the stage would be advantaged by the purity and influence of the pulpit. I do really hope that preaching is not considered altogether a profession, though I know a great many preachers have been made to order. We fix up preachers any time, anywhere, no matter what the quality may be. If you will show me a man who has failed as a lawyer, a mechanic, a tradesman, a merchant, a laborer or a farmer, or at selling tea, even, I will show you a man, as a rule, who will fail as a preacher. Show me a successful preacher and I will show you a man who would excel at anything. Preaching would not be powerless if it were more seriously studied from the actors' point of view. Nay, it would be far more effective and grand in its accomplishments, more souls would be saved, people would listen more attentively. There would be no complaining about their audiences and no going to sleep, and sinners would be saved by hundreds if we had live men in the pulpit. You remember the reply of Garrick to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who asked the great actor:—"How is it that you gentlemen of the stage can affect your audience so much?" "Oh, well," said Garrick, "we actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real, while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."

This is the great trouble. I think it is a fact that no one will deny that the drama has a foothold and patronage next to the pulpit and the press. You may as well tell the sun not to shine as to hope to stop the drama by denunciation. It will never stop its career, and why? Because there is too strongly developed in man the dramatic element of both tragedy and comedy. Men will have the drama—rest assured of that. It is one of the powers of this present world. It has fought its way to human recognition as an art. It has gained the field in human esteem as an agreeable pastime, and I hold it to be persecution to oppose it further. (Applause). Since this is a fact, and I hold it is, let the pulpit face it. Let it do it manfully, not with unfriendly criticisms, but with intelligence and rational piety. Who is going to deny that the American theatre needs reforming? It does. It needs reforming by the standard of all true lovers of the drama. I know some actors are unfortunate and dissipated and a disgrace to the profession. These are dark spots which are regretted by the majority of actors. I stand here this morning to say that the theatrical profession will compare favorably with any other in the world. Further, I emphatically deny the statement that there is more drunkenness and sensuality in the theatrical profession than in any other. I deny it. (Applause). Stop! Do you wish to have proof? I am making no mistakes. If you will take the trouble to examine the police records you will find the names of as few actors as of any other profession, not even excepting the preachers of the Gospel.

Then, what should be done to reform the theatre? I reply, "Reach down the hand of charity and take it up. Throw around it the safeguards of morality. Take it out of its bad surroundings and Christianize it. Bring it up to the level of itself, make it as auxiliary in the great work of making men better. Make it safe, honorable and thoroughly clean. Let us instruct men in the proper use of it. Let us defend youth against dissipation in the use of either time, morals or money. And so I ask this morning, does the pulpit propose to drag the drama before the tribunal of the Church, and, taking it by the throat, ask for its condemnation? In the language of the Saviour I reply to church members, I reply to ministers of the Gospel, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone." There is more harm done to the cause of Christ and religion by the inconsistency of its professors than all the theatres put together, and in the name of God I

destroying the industry of the people, it is sapping the morals of all who engage in it. The merchant, the manufacturer, the artisan, the clerk or laborer who deals in stocks is upon dangerous ground; and the women who dabbles in the dirty pool is upon the brink of moral degradation, if she is not in the depths. The merchant who gambles should be distrusted, the clerk who gambles should be discharged, the woman who gambles should be shunned. If an individual must gamble let him or her skulk into a secret faro den where honest cards are turned, where there is some show of a fair deal, where the player may at least see the game, can shuffle and cut, and on demand can draw the cards; but shun this stock business, which is a one-sided, deliberate swindle—open, undisguised robbery. The diamond drill, the mill where ores are crushed, the timber, the tailings, the chemicals, the water, the machinery, the bullion, the essays, the books, the superintendents, the secretary, the assessments, the dividends—everything above ground and underground—tunnel and incline, shafts and drifts, cross-cuts and airholes—all are means of stealing. A pack of playing cards has but fifty-two elements for dishonest combination; but, even adding wax and marks and dexterous manipulations, and the mine will double discount the pasteboards, for in the mining-pack every card is a knave. Our community is just now being milked for the fortieth time. Out of this chaos we shall have a few more mansions for our rich bonanza nobles. Nob Hill will be crowned with a few additional palaces; a few more blocks of ele buildings will be added to our city; a new equipages, with cipher and monogram will roll through our streets, a few shoddy women will figure in our aristocracy of wealth, and the names of a few beery-faced solid men will be added to list of millionaires. In a few days it will rally, and a new crop of fools will gathered to the slaughter when next fool-killer comes this way.

THE POWER OF AN UMPIRE.

A decision of some importance was given by H. J. Stoner, Judge of the Wentworth County Court, England, on Tuesday, December 19, in the case of Brain vs. Wheeler. The defendant was a stakeholder in a racing match between Job Brain and John O'Neil, rowed on November 16, from Brentford Ferry to Richmond Bridge, for £5 a side, which race Mr. McKenny, the umpire, Brain had won by two lengths; but the partisans of O'Neil alleged that a foul occurred, which was claimed by him, but disallowed. Ambrose Haynes, who appeared for the defendant, called a number of witnesses, who deposed to witnessing a foul, as they alleged, but his honor refused to interfere with the decision of the umpire, and ordered the stakes to be handed over to Brain.

CAMPBELL'S QUININE WINE.—Report from Dr. J. Baker Edwards, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Professor of Chemistry and Microscopy.

I hereby certify that I have carefully analysed the samples of "Quinine Wine" submitted to me by Messrs. Kenneth Campbell & Co., with the following result:

No. 1—Dark in color and turbid, deposits a muddy sediment on standing, has a sweet and acid taste, Orange Flavor and scarcely bitter, yields on evaporation a thick syrup of inverted sugar, contains only a microscopic trace of Quinine and Quinidine. Is made with Orange Wine.

Sample X—Dark color, with dark muddy deposit on standing, has an acid and slightly stier taste, contains Cinchonine but no Quinine. Is made with an acid wine, not sherry.

No. 3—Campbell's—Light color, clear, with no deposit, contains Disulphate of Quinine in the proportion of 1 grain to two fluid ounces. Is made with sound sherry wine.

N.B.—The latter (Campbell's), is the only genuine "Quinine Wine" of the three samples examined.—Signed,

JOHN BAKER EDWARDS, Ph. D. D.C.L. F.C.S. Prof. of Chemistry and Microscopy Bishops College and College of Industry, Montreal.

upon that weakness and woman's place on the uncertain tenure by which a bachelor holds his freedom, on the common lot, and how nobody is safe. "I never would have believed it of Sawyer," in the gut, as I turned meditatively into the night, but then I did not know he had been on gall-rings votes in a seductive company, with his arm in a sling.

Turned into Sam's library, with out not to secure a stall at the French play for my niece, I politely awaited the hour of a very smartly dressed lady examining the plan of the Opera House, and bending studiously over the same at the counter. Her cavalier, a thick-set man, attired with considerable splendor, was engrossed in a volume which he had taken up, as it would appear, to wit away a long and tedious interval of consultation between his companion and the shopman. The lady looked up first, and under her little white bonnet with its innocent bride-like lilies of the valley, I discovered a pretty dark eyed face, such as even this has tempted many a son of Adam, long-tail of his progenitor's mishaps, into the commission of matrimony.

"Ain't you ready yet?" she inquired, addressing her cavalier with just the slightest possible turn of asperity, to give piquancy, as it were, to the dregs of honey still remaining from the moon. "Ain't you ready," she repeated in a sharper key, perceiving the student so engrossed as to be unconscious of her observation. This time there was more of the vinegar and less of the honey, and he

I shall expect to hear of Sawyer's buying two or three hunters yet, before November.

THE END.

FROZEN BITS FOR HORSES' MOUTHS.

The following is from the Boston Herald "Let anyone who has the care of a horse these cold, frosty mornings, deliberately grasp in his hand a piece of iron, indeed, let him thrust the bit into the mouth of his horse, if he has the heart to do it. The horse is an animal of nervous organization. His mouth is formed of delicate glands and tissues. The temperature of the blood is the same as in the human being, and, as in man, the mouth is the warmest part of the body. Imagine, we repeat, the irritation that would be caused to the human, and consider that, if not to the same degree, still the suffering to the poor animal is very great. And it is not a momentary pain. Food is eaten with difficulty, and the irritation repeated day after day causes loss of appetite and loss of strength. Many a horse has become worthless from no other cause than this. Before India rubber bits were to be had, I myself used a bit covered with leather, and on no account would have dispensed with it in freezing weather."

A committee of Nevada miners are codifying the laws of poker.