

## The Book Agent.

A SCHOOL FOR THE INSTRUCTION OF WILY CANYASSERS.

From the Cincinnati Gazette.)

Prince—"What is the book for which you canvass?"

Pupil—"The History of the Bible."

Prince—"What does it cost?"

Pupil—"Seven dollars and—."

Prince—"Naw!"

Pupil—"Two cents a day."

Prince—"Yes. How many numbers?"

Pupil—"Twenty-nine. Delivered every two weeks."

Prince—"How many numbers are ready for delivery, and when do you mention the fact?"

Pupil—"Four. After the subscription is taken."

Prince—"Good! Now, how will you carry your prospectus?"

Pupil—"I'll wrap it up in paper and keep it nice and clean."

Prince—"Naw! Clean! They ain't old enough looking. You start out, you see my friend, with a good subscription list already taken. You show it—you needn't say they were taken in Cincinnati—we are ladies and gentlemen—we never lie. Naw! You don't carry it rolled up in a paper or in a sack. You don't carry it in your hand or under your arm—you carry it here."

The Prince slipped it dexterously beneath the breast of his coat, snugly buttoned it in. "Naw! we are gentlemen and ladies on the street. I don't have any one else work for me, and you, miss, will put yours under your cloak. I had one lady who used to slip hers right under her bustle. Now you are going to call. How do you know Mrs. Rose is the lady of the house?"

Pupil—"Oh, I could find that out in the last house."

Prince—"Of course you could, and how many children she has, and what her husband does for a living, and you may get an inkling of what church she belongs to; but cautious, you know cautious. When you ring the bell and the servant comes to the door what would you say?"

First Pupil—"I would ask, is the lady of the house in?"

Prince—"Naw. What would you say?"

Second Pupil—"Is Mrs. Rose in?"

Prince—"Naw! She would tell you that Mrs. Rose is not in, and Mrs. Rose would hear her say so. They teach their servants to lie. Ladies and gentlemen, they all do it. What would you say, Miss?"

Third Pupil—"Be kind enough to tell Mrs. Rose that a lady wishes to see her."

Prince—"Naw! That would be true, but not politic. The servant would tell you to call again when Mrs. Rose was in. You never would find Mrs. Rose. You would, sir, step into the hall, place your hat on the rack, say very coolly to the servant, 'Tell Mrs. Rose Mr. N. J. Hall wishes to speak with her,' then walk into the parlor and take a seat. The servant will be sure you are a gentleman and an old acquaintance. She will say, 'Yes, sir,' with a simper and a smile, and trot off up stairs without a word. Then if you listen you will hear them above:

"Why, who in the world is N. J. Hall? I'm sure I don't remember him. Has he got anything with him?"

"Now, if you had your book in your hand, eh?"

"No, mum; he hasn't got anything."

"She doesn't come and say: 'Mrs. Rose is indisposed to-day, sir,' or, 'Mrs. Rose is engaged.' A lie, you know, but it settles your hash. Naw! She doesn't, but if she is very suspicious the servant will come down and ask the nature of your business upon which you wish to see Mrs. Rose. Now, what would you tell her?"

Pupil—"I would tell her—tell her—I don't know what I should tell her, but I shouldn't tell my business."

Second pupil—"I should tell her that I would rather not mention my business to any one except Mrs. Rose."

Prince—"And she would send the servant down once more to tell you to call again. Naw! You would tell her that you had called upon a matter concerning the welfare of her children. Don't you see, they are at school; she doesn't know but that something very serious has happened or is about to happen—that will bring her every time. She'll come down stairs, if she happens to be a little nervous, with her heart in her mouth. She'll run to meet you. Now what would you say when she comes?"

Pupil—"Why, I should take out my prospectus and begin talking the book."

Prince—"Naw! You wouldn't frighten her

away; you wouldn't shove the book under her nose the first thing. You would engage her in conversation. You are a gentleman; she is a lady. You would bow politely. 'Mrs. Rose, I presume.' 'Yes, sir, I am Mrs. Rose.' 'I have called on behalf of the children (mark you, the children, not your children, now). The country, madam, is flooded with dime novels, sensational stories, an unlimited amount of trash—' 'Yes, sir; but my children are not permitted to read such things.'

"Very true, madam. Pardon me, I can readily see that you are a lady of too excellent judgment to permit it, if you know it; but the temptation is before them always. This literature perverts their emotions, ruins their morality, and sows the seed of religious skepticism, etc. Then you can take out your book and show the beautiful pictures. 'Only two cents a day, madam; think of that. Purely nonsectarian, a grand effort to interest the children in the history of the Bible,' etc., etc. If there happens to be a young child in the room you can turn to this magnificent picture by Gustave Doré of Moses in the bullrushes, and remark upon the resemblance of the child to the youthful Moses, and then go on talking the pictures and the stories. Never ask her to subscribe; she'll do it when you've talked long enough."

## Attitude of the Clergy in Ireland.

Too much praise cannot be given to the Roman Catholic Clergy in unhappy Ireland for the bold stand they (or the majority of them) have taken against the suicidal action of the Land Leaguers. Archbishop McCabe in a recent pastoral strongly condemned the use of violence in obtaining redress of the grievances under which, beyond question, the people are labouring, and quoted the great O'Connell in support of his position. The great agitator—of whom (as was wittily said by Labouchere) Parnell is but a *papier mache* imitation—lost no opportunity of counselling the use of legal means to obtain what the people of Ireland craved, and denounced in the most unsparring manner the use of the very means that Parnell is advocating with all his might. There is the truest wisdom in the policy adopted by the R. C. Clergy in this matter, for in a country where the hatred of the creeds runs so high, the most terrible results would inevitably follow if the movement became identified with Roman Catholicism. It would certainly result in a general uprising, both of Protestants and Catholics, and a repetition of the wholesale massacres that have already stained Ireland's history. In strong contrast to this policy on the part of Archbishop McCabe was the imprudence of Archbishop McClosky, of New York, who identified himself, to a certain extent, at least, with the Irish agitators who visited America, and was said thus to have incurred the anger of the supreme Pontiff. It remains to be seen how the prosecutions of the Parnell party will operate, but there is every indication on the part of the government of adopting the most vigorous repressive measures, and, when they are driven to that course, there can be but one issue—the quenching in the blood of poor misguided peasants of the flame that Parnell has so rashly kindled.

A WONDERFUL BLIND MAN.—A very remarkable blind man, named John Metcalf, a native of Manchester, was living at the beginning of this century; and, strange to say, his occupation was no other than that of a guide, his living being gained by his conducting strangers through intricate routes during the night or when the roads were covered with snow. Stranger still however was the calling which he subsequently followed, and this was told was that of a "projector and surveyor of highways in difficult and mountainous parts." With the aid solely of a staff which he carried, he was often to be seen traversing roads, mountain hills, and exploring valleys. It was under the direction of Metcalf that many of the roads over the Peak in Derbyshire were altered; and he also designed and superintended the construction of a new road in the same neighbourhood, formed with a view to open a communication with the great London road without the necessity of passing over the mountains.

A LADY remained too long on a train to kiss a friend, and, trying to get off after it was started, was thrown violently on her face. "If ever I kiss anybody again!" said she vengefully, as she arose—"any woman, at least," the thoughtfully added.

A BUCKS COUNTY, Pennsylvania, man has just ended a lawsuit of forty-two years' standing, and recovered six cents damages.

## PROMINENT PEOPLE

THE Czar has asthma, and it continues to get worse. He will not likely live long.

THE Prince of Wales has just gained \$25,000 on the turf. It's turf on the other fellows.

EX-KING Amadeus is now on a tour in England, buying up horses for the royal stables of Italy.

WHILE a Leadville lawyer was cross-examining a woman who was in the witness-stand, she exclaimed: "I'm a lady, an', by thunder, don't you forget it."

SNOW has not been so deep in the far west at this early date for years before, and old settlers are arranging to put their whiskey-jugs where they won't freeze.

COUNT Taaffe, the present leader of the Austrian Ministry, is by descent an Irishman, not a Welshman, as his name and the old nursery ballad might suggest.

THE ballad-singer sighs because "there are no birds in last year's nests." It is a great pity. The poet will next cry because there are no clams in last year's shells, no woodchucks in the old-time holes.

PATRIOT don't like Wales because the poachers kill rabbits on her estate and then have the audacity to sell them to her own servants. It only indicates a popular preference for Welsh rabbit over an Italian Patie.

In Russia, all the sons and daughters of princes inherit their title. They are consequently, as numerous as sparrows. It is said that there is a village where every inhabitant is a Prince or Princess Gallitzin. The title of Prince in Russia is about equivalent to that of Esquire in England.

It is wonderful how short-lived is Parliamentary fame in England when the prominence it gives at the time is considered. Thirty years ago Col. Sibthorpe and Joseph Hume were names as familiar in the United Kingdom as Gladstone or Disraeli. To-day not one man in a hundred knows who they were.

THE Czar of Russia, like many of his subjects, has suffered greatly from a nervous affection of the eye, which threatens to become very serious. By the use of a simple remedy prescribed by his oculist some relief has been obtained. The remedy consists in throwing into the eye or upon the lids a tiny jet of water by means of the eye-fountain or douche. The delicate spray is both restful and invigorating to weak or weary eyes.

YOUNG King Alfonso is no sluggard. Up with dawn in winter and before seven in summer, he reads, and works, and holds his councils before noon. He reads foreign as well as Spanish papers, and receives daily the London Times, Independence Belge, Les Debats, and other journals. He likes to read English history, and says very bluntly that he would fain seek his models in countries like England, Italy, and Belgium.

It is reported that Lord Dufferin will shortly be appointed Ambassador at Constantinople. Mr. Goschen's health, never very robust, has been much impaired by the worries and anxieties inseparable from contact with Ottoman intrigue, and nothing but loyalty to duty prevented his return to England long ago. Lord Dufferin is not enamoured of St. Petersburg, though diplomatically a success there, and his nomination to the Persian appointment will give great satisfaction.

THE Prince of Wales and his duns are to become again the subject of British inquiry and legislation. One of the reigning sensations of London is the report that Mr. Gladstone has been requested by the queen to ask parliament for a grant of \$200,000, to help the prince pay all such of his debts as are considered pressing, and for an addition of \$50,000 a year to his royal highness' allowance, which would give him \$200,000 a year, irrespective of the net revenues of the duchy of Cornwall, which amount to \$350,000 annually, and the allowance of the princess, his wife, which is \$50,000.

THERE is joy in Burmah, just now, for one of King Theobald's consorts has quite recently presented that monarch with a son. Mother and child are doing well. The happy father is so elated by the achievement of his spouse, Su Huayah Lut, that he has announced his intention to wed her younger sister forthwith. As he has put to death nearly all his relatives having any claim to the succession, his Majesty cannot be too fervently congratulated upon the acquisition of an heir, from cutting whose throat he will probably be deterred by the

feelings of a father and the interests of a dynasty.

PRINCE ALEXANDER, the present ruler of Bulgaria, having recently come into a legacy of a million and a half dollars left to him by the late Empress of Russia, his aunt by marriage, is about to build a splendid palace in the new quarter of Sofia, at the east end of that city, where several large and handsome houses are in course of erection for the future accommodation of Bulgarian rank and fashion. The youthful Hesperian is just now in a lucky vein. Only the other day Bishop Gligor presented him with a tastefully laid-out park, about half an hour's drive from Rustchuk, eminently suitable for a summer retreat; and the Prince, while gratefully accepting this munificent gift sagaciously seized the opportunity of adding to his popularity by forthwith issuing a decree in virtue of which the park in question is to be thrown open to the Bulgarian public during three hours of every day for all time to come.

## PIANOS!

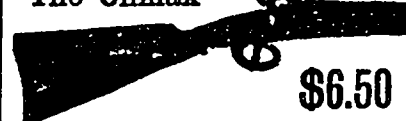
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