

Our Contributors.

SOME HINTS ABOUT HOLIDAYS.

BY KNOXIAN.

At this season of the year a good deal is written about the best way to spend holidays and the best places to go to. Some would-be critic may say a sentence should not end with such a short word as "to," but we propose to end our sentences any way we please this hot weather and our would-be critical friends may enjoy the same privilege. There is not much need for directions about holidays now. If a man has a month and a hundred dollars to spend and does not know where to go he should stay at home and use the money for charitable and religious purposes. Canada abounds in good trips and first-class summer resorts. Anybody who reads the newspapers knows where they are. People who "don't take papers" should not leave home because they might get lost.

A few hints on the best way to spoil a holiday may, however, be useful. If anybody will follow these simple directions he will have the sublime satisfaction of knowing that he has not only spoiled his own holiday but has annoyed a considerable number of his neighbours.

HOW TO START.

Make no preparations of any kind until the day you start. Leave as many things as possible to the last moment.

Begin packing your trunk, grip-sack, and band-box about an hour before train time.

Be sure that a lot of things are where you cannot find them.

Order your cab fifteen minutes before train time and keep it standing ten minutes at the door.

Don't be ready to start when you do start.

Spend as much time as possible saying good-bye to the people at the door.

When you are half-way to the station remember that you have forgotten something and ask the driver to turn back and get it.

On no account arrive at the station a moment before the train comes in. That would be bad form and you would have no chance to attract attention by making a fuss getting on the train.

Just as you are about to get on the train discover that you left something on the bureau or hall table and shout at two or three people to run and get it.

If you have to get a ticket be sure to have some trouble with the agent about the ticket or about your change.

Forget to get your baggage checked or check it to the wrong place.

Make a fuss.

Make more fuss.

If you started away quietly people might not know you were taking a "tower," so don't forget to make a fuss of some kind.

Above everything don't be in time for anything. It is dignified you know to be waited on. Keep everybody waiting that you possibly can.

ON THE TRAIN.

Now you are off. Let the fuss begin on the train.

That man over there is using two seats. Ask him to remove his hat, papers, grip-sack, etc., and let you sit on one of them. If he refuses threaten to tell the conductor. There is quite enough of room elsewhere but if you took an unoccupied seat you would not have the pleasure of annoying that man. Annoy everybody you can when you travel. People might not know you were there if you did not give them annoyance.

Here comes the conductor. Now's your chance.

Ask him if your baggage is all right. Of course it is his business to look after the baggage.

Ask him how far it is to Slabtown.

Ask him when the ten-o'clock train comes in.

Ask him when the six-o'clock train arrives.

Ask him if there is a letter for you in the mail-car.

Ask him if the Smiths are on board.

Ask him anything.

Ask him everything.

If he does not answer all your questions threaten to write to the general manager.

If the window on the opposite side of the car is open order the passenger sitting near to shut it.

If it is shut ask someone to open it.

Make yourself generally disagreeable.

Make yourself particularly disagreeable.

Make yourself intensely disagreeable.

Act as if the chief end of man is to be disagreeable.

If the newsboy has the *Globe* only ask him why he has not the *Mail*.

If he has the *Mail* only ask for the *Globe*.

If he has the *Globe* and the *Mail* ask for the *Empire*.

If he has all three ask for the *London Advertiser*.

Here is the conductor again.

Ask him the name of the next station.

Ask him how far you are from some place.

Ask him what time it is.

Tell him the train is running too fast or too slow.

Complain about the drafts.

Tell him the dust is "awful." Of course he makes the dust.

Ask him again about your baggage.
Complain about some of the passengers.

SOME GENERAL MAXIMS.

Grumble about things generally.

Grumble about things specifically.

Find fault with everything.

Find fault with everybody.

Be disagreeable.

There is more or less "hog" in all human nature. Be sure you develop what is in you when you are on your trip.

But the train has arrived at your stopping place. Now a fine field opens before you. If you keep a sharp look out you may get several things to complain about in going off the train. Then you will have a chance to scold the baggage master for not bringing your things that were left in the bureau or on the hall table. And the bus driver and the porter and the hotel clerk and the waiters; what a field there is before you for your! But we must not enter this inviting field till next week.

DOWN THE CARIBBEAN.

BY REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.

April 11, and midday! and no break in the leaden sky, but the rain that has been pouring from the early hours of the morning still steadily pours, evidently resolved to have the day to itself. How cleansing and refreshing it seems to be as, safely sheltered from its touch, we comfortably drive along through the crowded ways, and how gratefully we are reminded that "April showers bring May flowers" by the grass in the squares and borders of palatial avenues already as green as grass can be; the syringas and lilacs bursting into leaf, and the chestnuts swelling out their glossy, brownly boles, to scatter a reviving fragrance over many a faint and sickly one, emerging from winter chambers, and over a thousand lives in the teeming city, trudging the weary way of daily routine with little that sweetens, and much that wrings the repeated sigh from the sinking heart! The West India dock is quickly reached, and the steamship *Caribbee*, the latest and finest addition to the line, is boarded. To right and left is a forest of masts; the Atlantic floating palaces rise like giants over the multitude of steamers and stately ships bound for all places on the face of the whole earth. A mist is on the river, through which are seen monstrosities of every shape and size from the midge with its golden spread eagle to the huge leviathan with deck upon deck, hurrying to and fro and hither and thither as for very life, or lazily trailing along as if searching for lost treasure, all in wild confusion and filling the heavy atmosphere with the most unearthly screeches, yells and thunderings. The covered wharf presents a busy scene; huge waggons laden heavily, mysteriously crossing each other without a scratch in the narrow passage that piled-up merchandise has left; dainty cabs, like private carriages, constantly arriving with additions to the family that is to tenant the *Caribbee* for the next two weeks or so; scores of men wheeling with a haste and heat that bring the sweat in streams down their grimy faces, barrels of flour without end for St. Croix, Montserrat, Martinique, Barbadoes and the other islands; hunger barrels labelled "Home Comforts," whatever these may be, and barrels whose contents can scarcely be included under such a designation—cognac and things akin. There in that corner are boxes filled with starch, and beside them bags upon bags of Indian corn and beans and peas. Here on the left are kegs of butter and cases of glass and crates of crockery, tins of paint and varnish and bundles of salt fish; while there on the right is a quantity of Georgian pine and 145 hogsheads of dry tobacco leaf for the cigar factory at Guadaloupe. When they will all be stowed away in the capacious repositories of the *Caribbee* it would be rash to say, but it is plainly seen that the hour of sailing advertised, which has quickened the steps and heart-beats of more than one, will long since have struck, and the shadows of night have come thickly down before the anchor is weighed and we turn our backs on the great republic, and the greater dominion beyond, and our faces to the ocean smooth or savage and the sunny lands of the tropics.

OFF.

The exact hour of starting it is somewhat difficult to ascertain. Some of us were steeped in slumber's lowly balm, all unconscious of the doings of men and the existence of self and things, undisturbed by screaming of whistle and groaning of screw. The captain says it was twenty minutes to twelve when the lading was finished, and some, not contradicting, whisper that it was four o'clock this morning before we were loosed from our moorings and given to the winds and waves. To be overwise is foolish; so let it suffice that early on the First Day of the week, not after the custom of Scottish ports and the tastes of Scottish sailors, or Canadian either, we launched out into the deep. The east wind had been blowing all night, but with little effect. No crests are seen on the waves, but a tumultuous heaving, with tremendous rollers at intervals. Overhead are grey banks of clouds with long, light feathery fringes floating into lakes of blue, while down to the rim of the horizon stretches a dappled expanse braided on the east with soft, silky bands of yellow. The breeze is fresh and bracing, cold to the West Indians, who, wrapped in rugs, are congregated in a sheltered corner; but the fulness of health and life to the Canadian, who, moderately clad, paces the deck with steady sea-legs, loving "the wind that

spurns control, that suits his own bond-hating soul," and never weary of watching the ever-changing motions of the great mysterious main. Only one sign of life appears over the vast sweep of waters from horizon to horizon, a wild sea-mew in the wake of the *Caribbee*, now wheeling indefinitely through the air, now skimming like a swallow the surface of the waters, now resting on the heaving breast of the waves. The eye watches the solitary creature, and the mind recalls the pretty verses of Elizabeth Browning, a poetess indeed, and the wife of a philosopher, if you will, but certainly not of a poet, whatever contrary individuals may say:—

Familiar with the waves and free
As if thine own white foam were he.
His heart upon the breast of ocean
Lay burning in its mystic motion,
And throbbing to the throbbing sea.

And such a brightness in his eye,
As if the ocean and the sky
Within him had lit up and nurst
A soul God gave him not at first
To comprehend their majesty.

But the wind grows stronger and the swell increases, and the rollers are towering higher, and the deck, so far as passengers are concerned, is like the deep with its solitary sign of life. They come, those billows, as with overwhelming might, but grandly the *Caribbee* scales them, and cleaves them in twain, dashing them from her sides, foaming, hissing and roaring—and leaving them in a moment far behind, and never to return. The saloon is empty though a most inviting table is spread. How much of labour might have been spared to cooks and stewards had people but shown a little more consideration and duly announced their intention of holding a fast! One might have supposed, however, that the two or three present were endeavouring to make up for the absence of the many, simply to uphold the hands and encourage the hearts of those that had spread such a rich repast. In another condition of things, church would have been in the saloon, but each cabin becomes a church and each inmate both priest and people. So let us believe; and that the ship is a floating church in which hearts, like the hearts of children to a father, are lifted up to Him whom winds and waves obey, for "He walketh upon the wings of the wind; and the sea is His, and He made it."

FAIR AND FORWARD.

No pause, no slackening of speed, no swerving from the course, but unceasingly and straight as an arrow onward we rush through wind and swelling waters, and the darkness of the night, into glorious sunshine and a smoother sea. The stormy petrels, or Mother Carey's chickens, are flying around, but will soon be left behind us. The sea is a dark slate colour, and a blaze of diamonds from the east. The horizon all around is hung with a light grey curtain slightly tinged with pink, and gradually fading into the palest blue that overarches all. The sun shines on the deck, and all the sufferers from *mal-de-mer* are basking in his healing beams. No murmur now of cold; no murmur yet of heat! All seem thankful that an experience, though not enjoyable, yet salutary, is over; and they rest in the thought. Well they may, for here of all places on the way, the tempest might have tossed us high into the heavens and down into the depths, but only a little of its spent wrath had we encountered, and in peace we pass along. A little bird, small as a sparrow, with head and back a glossy brown, its breast snow white, its wings and tail both brown and white, wandering too far from shore, has fallen exhausted, rather than alighted, on that outspread rug. There let the weary creature rest and gather strength, for well we wot he will sorely need all that he can get to bear him home again.

Look at that negro; his face is as black as coal with a purplish sheen; his eyes are large and speaking, more pupil and less white than is usual among his race; his nose is well developed and slightly celestial—quite a peculiarity; his mouth is small and the lips are moderately broad, and over all is an expression of thoughtfulness, meekness and gentleness. His carriage is erect, his movements are perfectly graceful; he is a handsome fellow and the son of ransomed slaves. His attention to his charge, that manly little white boy, is unremitting. They are examining the compass, and the child is asking questions which his swarthy guardian evidently cannot answer. Perhaps the conundrum might be passed round! Who found it out? Well, who can answer? The Chinese say they did, and that they burnt incense before the needle for centuries prior to the Christian era. The Japanese lay claim to the discovery, and so do the Hindoo and the Arab. These from high antiquity. So too the French from recent years. They discovered that the north point on the dial was a *fleur-de-lis*, and straightway concluded that it must be French. It did not occur to them that it is just as like a dart, the very name which the Arabs gave to the needle before a Frenchman was made. Again! Who brought it to us? Was it Marco Polo, as some assert? Oh! we cannot say yea or nay; as likely a wandering Scot, and if we venture to make the assertion who can refute it? But the boy has gone, and with him all puzzling questions, but the train of thought awakened continues, and we behold Columbus watching for three days with unwonted earnestness the compass face, and with closed lips pondering in the depths of his astonished mind the great mystery which first of mankind he has observed—the variation of the needle; familiar phenomenon now but a mystery still.

See these! What are those curious things or creatures, one, two, three, in dozens, floating on the surface of the