

"Uncle Ben."

"Of all the disagreeable people, of all the horrible, cross old men that ever lived," said my angry Dolly,—"the very meanest is 'Uncle Ben'! You needn't look at me, I'm in earnest; just wait till I tell you what he said, and what he did to poor Rip Van Winkle; and see, then, whether you'll shake your head!"

"Horrid, hateful!"—the naughtyspeeches came tumbling over each other so fast, that instead of shaking my head at Dolly, it was Dolly herself I shook at last!

"Don't you know, oh, you little tempest! that 'Uncle Ben' has his work to do, and is bound himself by regulations which he has no right to break for you?"

He's employed to keep the park in order, and dogs are never allowed, you know; so what can the poor man do, I wonder, when naughty children bother him so? You shouldn't have taken Rip Van Winkle, and you are the one that is to blame."

"But he shouldn't have kicked him!" sputtered Dolly.

"He shouldn't have called him a horrid name."

All in the heat of her indignation, flushed and defiant Dolly stood, and Dolly's mother was morally certain that scolding would do no sort of good.

But Adam, the gardener gray and wrinkled, Adam the man whose words are wise, looked up from the grape-vine he was pruning, with grave rebuke in his honest eyes.

"We're all poor creatures," said he, "poor creatures! Accordin' to Scrip'ter we're prone to err;

An' Ben Bogardus is no exception. So mebbe Miss Dolly is right—so fur. But we oughtn't to be too quick in judgement until we know what a man's been through."

You wouldn't be quite so ready, I reckon, to rail at Ben, if you only know."

"Knew what?" cried Dolly. "It's no use, Adam" (tossing her curls with a stub-born air),

"To talk like that, for it doesn't matter. Whatever it is I shouldn't care. I think 'Uncle Ben' is perfectly horrid. I always shall, whatever you say.

So you needn't tell me!"

But Adam, regardless, kept right on in his quiet way,

"—You never heard tell of *The Swallow* did you? It's nigh upon forty years ago, that she struck on a rock in the further channel, one night when the sky was thick with snow.

There wasn't a chance to reach or help her, though the town-folk swarmed up here in the park,

And we heard the screams, and the splitting timbers, . . . awful sounds to hear in the dark!"

I'll never forget 'em," said Adam, slowly, shaking his head with a look of pain.

"Sometimes in the night, when I wake up sudden, it seems as if I heard 'em again. An' often enough I've dreamed about it—the pitiful sight I saw next day,

When the poor, drowned creatures drifting shoreward, in 'an' out o' the water lay. Men an' women, an' little children! I counted 'em up to thirty-five,

When we laid 'em out in the town-hall yorder; and there wasn't a single soul alive.

Mostly strangers they were, an' traders, bound for York, an' come from the West; But one was a neighbour—a little woman, with a bit of a baby hugged to her breast.

I can see her still," said the old man, gently (he glanced at Dolly and gravely smiled); "And I'll never forget how I felt when I saw it was Ben Bogardus' wife and child."

"Oh, Adam, it wasn't! I can't believe it!" My Dolly's cheeks with her blushes flamed,

And her quick tears sprang. "You want to tease me, and I think you ought to be ashamed!"

But stern was the old man's face, and solemn the look and tone with which he spoke: "It isn't the sort of thing, Miss Dolly, that I'd be likely to say in joke.

No, no—it was poor Ben's wife and baby, just as I told you, that lay there dead. Poor little things!—you can't much wonder the shock and the trouble turned Ben's head.

I'm not denyin' he's cross and cranky; but he's lived a desolate sort of life,

And folks do say he's been kind o' crazy, more or less, since he lost his wife. Mebbe it's true, and mebbe it isn't; but this is the pint I'm comin' to—We oughtn't to be too harsh in judgin', until we know what a man's been through."

He turned him about, this wise old Adam, and clipped at the vines, and said no more.

My Dolly watched him, her bosom swelling with mingled feelings unknown before. She pleaded the ruffle of her apron with restless hands for a minute's space, Then softly whispered, "I'm sorry, Adam!" and ran away with a crimson face.

A little later I saw her plucking out of her own small garden-bed

Pinks and pansies and ragged-robins, and tying them up with a ribbon red.

I never asked, and she never told me, who was to wear this posy sweet,

But I took a turn in the park that evening, and there "Uncle Ben" I chanced to meet.

A festive something in his appearance—a spicy odor that toward me stole—

Made me aware of Dolly's posy carefully pinned in his button-hole;

And from that time forth, I'm glad to tell you before my true little story ends,

My Dolly—(forgive her naughty tempers!) and "Uncle Ben" were the best of friends.

—Mary Bradley, in *St. Nicholas*.

Rules for Simple Hygiene.

WASH the whole body at least twice in every week, either with cold or slightly warm water, and rub thoroughly dry with a rough towel.

At least one can do, with any attention to cleanliness or health, is to sponge the face, chest, and back with water, and dry rub the rest of the body at least once every day.

For a thorough wash of the hands, use warm water, and before soaping them, steep them well in the water for a minute or two, rubbing them the while, then use soap and a nail-brush. End by holding the hands under a tap of cold water, and "give them a shower-bath;" it is refreshing and strengthening to the fingers; or dip them in cold water and rub them dry as quickly as possible.

If possible, get that most cleansing thing, a hot bath, once a week; use plenty of soap, with a flannel over the whole body.

Brush the teeth the last thing every night before going to bed, and comb and brush the hair the wrong way, or any way so as to let the air in upon the head.

Rinse out the mouth, or better still, brush the teeth after every meal.

Tooth-brushes cannot be too soft. Hard brushes make the gums recede from the teeth, and produce premature decay by causing the soft bone of the tooth to be exposed to the air, beyond the part of the tooth protected by the enamel.

Do not plaster down the hair with pomatum or pomade; the hair is meant to assist in carrying off perspiration, and should not be clogged with grease. No appreciable mischief results from oiling it occasionally; nor does sweet oil do any harm to any part of the body, if it is rubbed into the skin before the fire, but on the contrary, it does good, as it renders the limbs supple and more capable of strong muscular exertion.

Beware of drinking any very hot fluids. After fatigue and long fasts, hot fluids, only not too hot, are valuable, and a few mouthfuls taken in such cases before beginning to eat, are useful, especially for elderly people.

Avoid much use of sweets, tarts, pastry, confectionary and sugar.

All clothing, particularly that which is worn next to the skin, should be turned inside out before going to bed, and hung up to above the level of the head.

Open the bed entirely in the morning, lifting the sheet and blanket so as to let the air get underneath; and leave the windows open top and bottom.

Never sit down to breakfast without first going out into the open air for a few minutes. Make the walk longer or shorter, according to health and strength.

If any one is ill with fever, or with any infectious disease, do not visit him the first thing in the morning before eating, but take a mouthful of coffee or tea, and a crust of bread, before entering his bedroom.

In order to avoid infection, or any low fever, look sharp after all drains and cesspools. Keep them in good repair and working order, and flush all sewers and drains now and then, with plenty of water. In a dry season pour a pailful or two of water with about a quarter of a pint of carbolic acid in it, into all drains and cess-pools every other day, to take away any bad smell. If carbolic acid cannot be had, use chloride of lime, or something of the sort. Copperas (sulphate of iron) is a cheap and very efficient disinfecting agent. A handful of this salt thrown down the water-closet three or four times a week answers every purpose.

If troubled with cold feet at night, rub them well before getting into bed; and if that does not answer, sponge them well with cold water and while drying them rub the toes and ankles upwards, and not downwards. In case this plan fails, as it does sometimes, and the feet still remain cold, try putting them in a mustard foot-bath before stepping into bed, and put on a pair of thick dry woollen socks directly afterwards. The socks can be removed as soon as the feet are warm. Feet that are constantly cold at night are never found in persons in the enjoyment of good health.

Avoid all hot and heavy suppers, unless desirous of an attack of nightmare. A so-called "severe tea" late at night is usually unwholesome. Never go to bed, however, with an "empty stomach." This is often the cause of "insomnia," or sleeplessness, especially in elderly persons.—*Dr. Dawson W. Turner*.

Bugle Calls in the English Army.

ALL military matters are brought nowadays much more frequently to the eyes and ears of the general public than was the case formerly, and perhaps hardly a family exists in village or town, but has some connection with members of either the Regular Army, the Militia, or the volunteers. During the summer months, when camps of instruction are so frequently formed, the sound of the bugle testifies to the presence of the civilian army throughout the length and breadth of the land, and the inhabitants of a garrison town are in the same way continually reminded of the presence of regular troops by the notes of the bugle. The calls, being the same whether addressed to the volunteers in camp, or to the inmates of a town barrack, a short explanation of them may be found interesting to those who frequently hear them.

Considering the length of some of the calls, it may surprise the reader to

hear that there are only five different notes played on the bugle, and though that is the case, the language of the instrument is not at all limited. A language with only five words might be thought easy to learn, and yet the different arrangements of these "words" ("sentences," as I may call them) are endless. It is, indeed, a very necessary part of a soldier's training to learn the language of the bugle, and even unmusical men soon acquire it. For, in the first place, the same "calls" sound much about the same time each day—a hungry recruit, for instance, does not take long to recognize the "Dinner Bugle," nor does the careless soldier forget the summons to extra drill, much as he might wish to do so. The men in their barrack rooms, too, often associate words with the notes of the bugle, and that is a help to remember the meaning of the sounds heard.

Beaten.

THE liquor men have been thoroughly beaten in the field of public controversy and fairly driven off the platforms of public debate.

County after county is being carried for the Scott Act, but no advocate is sent out to oppose it as of yore. What is the reason? The funds of the whiskey power are not all spent; they have plenty of cash for certain purposes. It can hardly be that the crowd of stumpers, who recently swarmed into every contest, have refused to take the money, and do the work for which they were lately so eager. No! The men are still available, the money is still on hand, but the anti-Scott wire-pullers have learned by sad experience that there are in our Canadian communities intelligence and discernment enough to see through and despise the miserable falsehoods and sophistries that were retailed as facts and arguments by anti-Scott Act orators.

Besides this, Canadian audiences love fair play, they insist upon free discussion, and the liquor men dare not allow free discussion, knowing that it must invariably ruin their weak and immoral cause.

"Ho that doth evil hateth the light." We ask our readers to consider carefully the fact that the liquor men dread and evade the light that fair and free investigation always sheds. They have not withdrawn their advocates through mortification at their ignominious failure, as some of these were ready to bear the humiliation of constant defeat for the sake of the fees received. They have simply given up all platform work, because platform discussion enlightens and instructs, and enlightenment and instruction are deadly foes to the unholy traffic in intoxicating drink.

We congratulate the Canadian people upon the fact that this liquor power dreads their intelligence and power, and is driven to a policy of contemptible trickery, seeking by smuggled legislation to thwart the public will, and cheat our electors out of the righteous law for which they have worked and voted.—*Canada Citizen*.

We should pray and labour for the salvation of all men.

It is a shame for a rich Christian man to be like a Christmas-box, that receives all and nothing can be got out till it is broken in pieces: or like unto a drowning man's hand, that holds whatsoever it gets.—*Dr. John Hall*.