

In the Garden.
New York Herald:
Come out into the garden, Maudie;
Come out, and watch me make it.
I've got two spades, three pecks of seeds,
And a rake with which to rake it.

Come out, and watch with what deft skill
An Irishman I hire;
And help me sit upon the fence
To watch the man perspire.

When I was young and foolish, Maudie,
I used to do that work myself,
And showed big blisters on my hands
As proudly as a Turk;

But now, although my head is bald,
It's twenty times as foxy,
And when the gentle spring time comes,
I garden it by proxy.

When Johnny Carves the Duck.
We all look on with anxious eyes
When Johnny carves the duck,
And mother almost always sighs
When Johnny carves the duck.

Then all of us prepare to rise,
And hold our ribs before our eyes,
And be prepared for some surprise—
When Johnny carves the duck.

He braces up and grabs a fork
When'er he carves a duck,
And won't allow a soul to talk
Until he's carved the duck.

The platter's always sure to slip
When Johnny carves a duck,
And how it makes the dishes skip!
Potatoes fly amuck!

The squash and cabbage leap in space,
We get some gravy in our face,
And Johnny mutters "Hindoo grace"
When'er he carves a duck.

We then have learned to walk around
The dining-room and pluck
From off the window-sills and walls
Our share of Johnny's duck;

While Johnny grows and blows and jaws,
And swears the knife was full of flaws,
And mother jerks at him because
He couldn't carve a duck.

The Influence of the Methodists in America.
Why is it that the Methodists, both in the United States and in Canada, do not exert more influence for the prevention of corruption and bribery? It is openly asserted at this moment that millions of money have been used in the United States for illegitimate purposes; and there seems to be no doubt that Sir John Macdonald's Government have carried the election, as the editor of one of the leading Conservative papers has said, by "a system of plunder, malversation and robbery without parallel in the country's history." Now, what are the Methodists doing? They are certainly numerous enough in the United States to veto corruption in Congress. Why do they do not understand it is as much a man's duty to promote purity in politics as it is to promote personal chastity? In Canada, again, multitudes of our ministers and people are supporters of Sir John Macdonald. Why do not they put down their foot upon every kind of public corruption? The Marquis of Lorne is reported to have said, some time ago, that the Methodist Church of Canada was the most powerful religious community in that great domain. Our brethren, therefore, must bear the responsibility for public corruption to a greater extent than any other organization. We cannot limit the responsibility of great national churches to the private lives of their members. They must be held responsible to man as they will assuredly be held responsible on the Day of Judgment for cleaning the Augean stable of corrupt party-politicians.—Methodist Times.

Rosina Vokes and her company will open a supplementary season at Daly's Theatre, New York, on April 13th.

Tom's album was filled with the pictures of bolles
Who had captured his manly heart,
From the fairy who danced for the front-row swells
To the maiden who toiled her cart;
But one face as fair as a cloudless dawn
Caught my eye, and I said "Who's this?"
"Oh, that," he replied, with a skillful yawn,
"Is the girl I couldn't kiss."

Her face was the best in the book, no doubt,
But I hastily turned the leaf,
For my friend had let his cigar go out,
And I knew I had branched his grief.
For carousos we win and smiles we gain
Yield only a transient bliss,
And we're all of us prone to sigh in vain
For "the girl who couldn't kiss."

The more woman is put on a plane of absolute legal equality with man the fewer exigencies will be made in her favor by law or social usage. That is a drawback which the progressive woman may be perfectly ready to accept, but it is one whose existence no thinking member of the gentler sex should ignore.—New York World.

THE SALVATION ARMY GILL.
He was something of a soaker, and was pretty sick at peck in the morning;
And could polish off a bruiser any day;
Through the slums he loved to flounder, all his life he'd been a rouser,
And he meant to end existence just that way.

But one night he went to meeting, where a mission gave him greeting,
After gently stirring up a tambourine;
And she bunched him so sweetly that he tumbled down completely—
Now in Salvation Army ranks he may be seen!

Herbert Lake, an unmarried man about 21 years of age, was found dead in a chair yesterday afternoon at his brother's residence in London. Deceased had been working in Galt all winter, and had been there only a week or two. A small bottle was found in his pocket, but as the contents have not yet been examined it is impossible to say whether it was a case of poisoning. The coroner will investigate.

The hardware store of A. J. Fitzgerald of Norwood was broken into Friday night by burglars and goods to the value of \$150 were carried off. The stolen goods consisted principally of jackknives, revolvers, watches and jewelry. Entrance was effected by removing a small pane of glass in a window at the rear of the store. There is as yet no clue to the burglars. J. N. Ackerman also loses slightly in watches taken out of the same store.

Shameiken, the would-be assassin of the Czar, has been induced to make a full confession to the police after, it is reported, two or three applications of a powerful battery, strong enough to inflame pain, but not to destroy life. He will not be sentenced to death, or probably tried. The Czar exercises the authority in special instances of dispensing with the forms of trial for political crimes, and Shameiken will nominally be sent to Siberia.

TEN WERE KILLED.

A Frightful Colliery Explosion in Staffordshire.

ONLY TWO MEN ESCAPED.

A London cable says: A terrible explosion took place about 9.45 o'clock last night at the Gladderhill Mine, belonging to the Midland Coal, Coke & Iron Company, at Chesterton. The disastrous character of the explosion may be judged by the fact that out of twelve men in the workings at the time only two have escaped with their lives. The Gladderhill pit is an old mine, one or two of the seams of which are worked out. The explosion itself occurred in the lowest seam, viz., the Bullhurst. This seam is of an exceedingly fiery nature, and most of the great explosions which have taken place in North Staffordshire have originated in this particular stratum. The mine is connected with the famous Burley Pit, where many serious explosions have taken place in years gone by. The mouth of the latter mine is only about 100 yards away and on the same embankment. Work at the Gladderhill pit, as in many other pits throughout North Staffordshire, has been very slack. Had the disaster occurred when work was in full swing the death-roll would in all probability have been very heavy indeed. In ordinary times fully 250 men are engaged beneath the surface in coal getting and the necessary collateral labor. Very few men were about the colliery. It appears the scene of the explosion is in the top heading, and in a down thirling, which is about four yards down. This thirling was being driven down by a man named Sampson Knight, who, it appears, had done his outing, and it is thought his shot must have caused the explosion. The shot had not got the coal, but it blew out the ramming. The fireman, Warburton, was found with a coil of fuse in his hand. All the persons killed would have been out of the pit in a very few minutes, as some had done, and were already dressed. The number killed is ten.

Deposition of Ministers.

A Dubuque, Ia., despatch says: Three ministers have been deposed from the ministry of the Evangelical Church of North America by the Iowa Conference, which is holding its annual meeting here. The charges against them all are allegiance to the so-called rebel faction of the church, which is headed by Bishop Dubs, of Chicago. Seven other ministers were allowed to leave the conference under charges. They will be forced to go outside of Iowa to get pastorate, for the churches in this State are under the control of the loyal faction, headed by Bishop Thomas, Bowman and Escher. Bishop Bowman is presiding over the present conference. The conference adopted resolutions condemning Dubs as an arch-traitor and pledging their allegiance to Bishop Bowman. The resolutions provoked a stormy debate, but were adopted by a large majority. The conference will be in session for several days.

Accident to Grand Duke George.

A St. Petersburg cable says: The Czarina is seriously affected by the news of the conspiracy against the life of the Czar, which has just been made known to her. She has been suffering great anxiety on account of her second son, the Grand Duke George, who, owing to an accident, was compelled to break off the tour in the East which he had commenced with the Czarowitch. The most reliable account of his accident is that the Grand Duke was wrestling with his cousin, Prince George of Greece, and received serious injury to the spine. He is suffering from attacks of fever. He is at present on board the Russian war vessel, Admiral Nakhimoff, in Algerian waters. On the advice of the doctors sent thither by the Czar, the intended removal of the Grand Duke to Corfu has been abandoned, and he will for the present remain where he is.

A Veteran British Admiral.

A London cable says: On Saturday Sir Provo William Parry Wallis, Admiral of the British fleet, completed his 100th year. He was born in Halifax, N. S., and when a second lieutenant he escorted the captured Chesapeake of Halifax, after Brooke, his superior in command of the Shannon, had fainted from the loss of blood caused by his wounds. Admiral Wallis is living at Funtington House, Chichester. He has possession of all his faculties, and though showing the signs of his great age, he is every inch an Admiral. Congratulations poured in upon him from every part of the kingdom, and, as far as regard for his health would permit, it was a gala day at Funtington House. Admiral Wallis exceeds by several years any surviving officer of the Navy. The next oldest, Captain Peter Belcher, died a few weeks ago at the age of 95.

A Noble Lady's Fidelity.

A London cable says: The devotion shown by Lady Dunlop to her husband in supporting that unfortunate individual since he has been discarded by his father, the Earl of Clanorby, has caused a feeling in her favor even among the higher circles of English society, which had persistently frowned both upon the erratic young lord and his wife. It is said that Clanorby is endeavoring to starve the couple into a separation, having failed to break up the marriage by stratagem. Lady Dunlop has no far kept the household together. Lord Dunlop loves his wife, but can earn nothing toward their living. He has received offers to exhibit himself in various capacities in music halls and cheap shows, but his wife would not permit him to accept them. There is talk of a theatrical performance for her benefit.

As rare as a white blackbird is the woman who can look pleasant without a grin or show of dentine.

Two Conservative members of the British Parliament died Saturday. They were Thomas Keay Tapping, member for Harborough, and Col. C. J. T. Hambro, member for South Dorset.

William White, who was arrested at St. Louis, Mo., on Friday for counterfeiting, turns out to be Charles Jones, a notorious counterfeiter who is known to the police all over the United States.

A KISS IN THE DARK.

Disturbed a Professor Who Was Picturing the Delights of Berlin.

Last evening at Pike's, while Professor Cromwell was in the midst of his elegant entertainment, and was picturing the sights and delights of Berlin, there came a smack, the echo of an osculation that must have pulled like a siphon, so great was the rush of air to fill the vacuum. Of course, the deepest, densest darkness prevailed. A darkness that beat tunnel darkness all to pieces. In fact, well regulated lovers have lost faith in tunnels and regard them as entirely untrustworthy. But here was a darkness that could be felt. A lovers' paradise! for, as Juliet says:

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.

And so this delicious, soul-stirring smack out athwart the darkness and the burst out a laughing, for "all the world loves a lover," you know. It was no mere kiss of the cheek, tender and dainty in its sound, but a wholesome with-all-my-heart-and-soul lip kiss, with such an intensity of pressure that would pull a pretty mouth clean out of shape in the effort to "break away." It was a kiss that would have made Shakespeare's premium love heroine turn pea green with envy, and a kiss that would be possible only where two hearts were beating intensely as one.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

A STRANGE VERDICT.

Committed Suicide at the Instigation of the Devil.

A Newcastle cable says: A youth apprenticed to a tailor, at Warboys, Huntingdonshire, visited the athletic sports at the neighboring town of Ramsey, and on returning at night in a state of intoxication committed a serious assault on a woman. In avoiding the husband, who pursued, he fell into a reservoir, but escaped. He afterwards threw himself in front of a train on the Great Eastern Railway and was cut to pieces. At the inquest yesterday the jury returned a verdict that deceased "committed suicide at the instigation of the devil." He had previously borne an irreproachable character.

The Gambling Episode.

The Prince of Wales, who seems totally unable to rid himself of his painful and harassing cough, has been greatly annoyed by a cartoon recently published in the *Piper of Dundee*, a local print that has bonded into notoriety by its daring shot on the "Baccarat Boy." It is said that several copies of the edition have been intercepted in transit through the post, and if the statement be true it would be interesting to learn by what authority, and at whose instance, this step was taken. The Duke of Cambridge, at the Queen's express desire, has delayed his journey home from Cannes for a few days, so as to be able to communicate personally with Her Majesty on the vexed and vexing question of the gambling scandal. He will, however, be back at Gloucester House by the end of the present week.—Truth.

Ridicule.

We may satirize error, but we must compassionate the erring; and this we must always teach by example to children, not only in what we say of others before them, but in our treatment of themselves. We should never use ridicule toward them except when it is evidently so good-natured that its spirit cannot be mistaken in the New York Ledger. The agony which a sensitive child feels on being held up before others as an object of ridicule, even for a trifling error, a mistake or peculiarity, is not soon forgotten, or easily forgiven. When we wish, therefore, to excite contrition for a serious fault, ridicule should never be employed, as the feelings raised are opposed to self-reproach.

Sweet Revenge.

A bachelor tradesman who has just died in Hamburg adopted a novel method of revenging himself on the woman who once jilted him. In his will he left her a legacy of 12,000 marks, but also included the following letter, which he ordered to be handed to the lady, who is now a widow, with the money: "Madam,—Some thirty years ago I was a suitor for your hand in marriage. You refused my offer, and as a consequence my days have been passed in peace and quietness. Now I requite your goodness."

Shakespeare Very Much Revised.

Buffalo News: Stage Manager—Of course, Mr. Sullivan, it doesn't make the slightest difference and the bloomin' audience can wait; but you'll pardon me if I kind of suggest, as it were, that it's your cue.

John L. (Romeo)—Is Jule on th' balcony?
Stage Manager—She's been there 10 minutes.
John L.—All right. I'm in it. Call time.

Charming Belle.

Chicago Herald: May—Belle Van Leer would have been a martyr in the Dark Ages.

Stella—What makes you think so?
May—Why, you know, when she found that George Bond had lost all his money she said: "If I marry him people will say I am a philanthropist, and I cannot and will not be ostentatious. So I shall give him up, though it break my heart!"

An Appropriate Costume.

Puck: "What was the idea of dressing the little page at the Revere wedding like a Western desperado?"
"Oh, he was to hold up the train, you know!"

What Barnum Did.

Montreal Gazette: Barnum gathered a fortune of five million dollars with his show. Barnum advertised.

Beggar—Can you help a poor man who lost three fingers in a railroad smash-up?
Advertising Manager—Well, if you want to advertise for the fingers we won't make any charge.

Former Pastor—But if your late husband was cruel to you, is that any reason you should change your religion? Widow—Certainly it is. Do you suppose I want to meet him in the next world after what I've gone through in this?

"SHE COMETH NOT," HE SAID.

An Old Gentleman with Whom Cupid is not Dealing Kindly.

John Moon is an old bachelor of Oshawa, but he is the centre of attraction at the Rossin House to-day. The members of the Legislature sink into insignificance compared with him, and it is a matter of question if the advent of the Prince of Wales would create a greater sensation. He has hired the whole first flat of the Rossin bedrooms, parlors, waiting-rooms, never come. He advertised for a wife in the Chicago and Buffalo papers, and got a reply from an alleged young woman stating that she would be at the Union Station some day this week, and he was to meet her. The most pathetic figure in the Union station is this old man with his big hands in white kid gloves and a calla lily which some wag pinned in his lapel—standing grinning at every woman who gets off the train, expecting that one of them will throw her arms round his neck. With the quick instinct of women, although he has only been here five days, every girl from King street to the Union station knows him, and the peaking and grinning behind half-drawn curtains would fill a lake. He meets every train wearing a \$6 overcoat, a dollar hat and white gloves, and he goes home every night hoping for the best to-morrow.—Toronto Telegram.

Spring Assizes, 1891.

Whitby.....Monday.....27th April
Cobourg.....Monday.....4th May
FALCONBERG, J.
Chatham.....Monday.....27th April
Sandwich.....Wednesday.....6th May
MACMURDO, J.
L'Original.....Monday.....27th April
Ottawa.....Thursday.....30th April
STREET, J.
Milton.....Monday.....27th April
Brampton.....Thursday.....30th April
St. Catharines.....Monday.....4th May
Orangeville.....Monday.....11th May
Chancery Spring Circuits, 1891.
BORD, C.
Owen Sound.....Monday.....30th April
FERGUSON, J.
Lindsay.....Monday.....4th May
Peterboro'.....Friday.....8th May
Stratford.....Thursday.....14th May
Whitby.....Monday.....1st June
ROBERTSON, J.
London.....Monday.....27th April
Goderich.....Monday.....11th May
Sarnia.....Monday.....15th May
Chatham.....Monday.....21st May
Sandwich.....Monday.....1st June
MEREDITH, J.
Cornwall.....Friday.....24th April
Kingston.....Tuesday.....28th April

Soon or Never.

Boston Courier: Bullfinch—Hello, old fellow; I haven't seen you for a long time; let me congratulate you.
Jenks—Congratulate me?
Bullfinch—Yes, I hear you're married.
Jenks—Well, that was six weeks ago.
Bullfinch—But it's not too late, is it, to congratulate you on it?
Jenks—Well, you just take my advice, and when you congratulate a man on getting married, do it within two weeks or not at all.

Good Readin'.

Savannah (Ga.) News: The advertiser gets more for his money now than formerly, because the greater attractions of the newspapers increase the number of newspaper readers, and, besides, the newspapers are read more thoroughly now than ever before. The advertising columns are an interesting feature of well-conducted newspapers, and are read about as generally as the news columns.

A Sensitive Tenant.

Indignant Landlord—If you don't pay up, you go. I'll have you fired right out into the street, bag and baggage. You haven't paid a cent in six months.
Delinquent Tenant—Don't do that. I'll be disgraced in the eyes of the neighbors. Rather than have you fire me out, I'd stand your raising the rent from \$20 to \$30 a month.

A Tender Leave Taking.

Albany Journal: She—Good-bye, my dear; take care of yourself, and mind you keep out of harm's way.
He—What would you do if I lost my life on the journey?
She—Do? Why I would first order my mourning, and then put in my claim at the insurance office.
He—Enough, enough, my angel!

She Had to Do It.

Mrs. Numbernine of Chicago—What you have accepted that New York dude? How could you do such a thing?
Miss Numbernine—Well, what could I say? If I hadn't he would have boycotted the fair.

ROBERT GEO. WATTS, M. A., M. D., M. R. C. S., of Albion House, Quadrant Road, Cannonbury N., London, Eng., writes: "I cannot refrain from testifying to the efficacy of St. Jacobs Oil in cases of chronic rheumatism, sciatica and neuralgia."

A gentleman was asked: "Why send money abroad when there is so much to be done at home?" The gentleman replied: "I will give \$5 for our poor at home if you will." "Oh, I didn't mean that!"—Raw's Horn.

At the trial Saturday of the Parnellites charged with having disturbed a M. O. Carthage meeting, three priests, who were among the large number of persons arrested at Carrick-on-Shannon on Friday for refusing to appear as Crown witnesses, were compelled to go on the witness stand. Two of the prisoners affirmed their innocence, but pleaded guilty in order to free the priests, and were bound to keep the peace for one year. The other prisoner was discharged.

When a crowd of men get together they talk about women in general, and when women get together they talk about some man in particular.
The Pope is very simple in his personal tastes, and frugal and economical in his habits. The allowances for his butler each year averaged only \$50 a month.

George (seriously)—At last all obstacles are removed. Father died last night, Fanny—Oh, my darling! How miserably happy we ought to be.

STREET CAR CIVILITY.

What She Got for Minding Other People's Business.

The following incident is noted as a New York happening by the Times of that city. It might have happened in this city just as well as not, so true to nature is the whole matter: "There was but one vacant seat in the car. Two men, an old, gray-haired lady, who was lame in one leg, and a black-haired, black-eyed and extremely pert-looking miss of 14, perhaps, got in at a street corner. The men stood up. The old lady saw the vacant seat and moved slowly toward it. The miss, who was just behind her, also saw the seat. She moved rapidly toward it. She plowed past the old lady and captured the seat. She dropped into it and looked around triumphantly. A sweet-faced young woman, handsomely dressed, and with big and sympathetic eyes, was plainly displeased at the girl's pre-emption of the seat. She rose quickly and gave her seat to the old lady. Then she said indignantly to the miss: 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself!'"

"How much do you get," replied the pert one, with a toss of her head, "for mindin' other folks' business?"

Before the young woman could answer the old lady spoke. "She gets, in this case," she said, "the thanks of a very tired old woman."

Lovely Duchess and Lovely Dress.

At the drawing-room held at Dublin Castle a short time ago, the lovely young Duchess of Leinster wore an exquisite Gainsborough dress, adapted with remarkable artistic skill and taste to her figure, height and wonderful complexion. The long court train was of pale-blue silk of the richest and softest texture, edged all round with a ruche of crepe in the same pale, refined shade. This train was fastened on at the shoulders, curved pieces of the blue being brought round under the arms, edged with a light frill of white silk muslin, the two pieces meeting on the bosom and held together by a very large turquoise. From the shoulders the train hung sheer away from the figure, the dress beneath falling in straight, harmonious lines to her feet. It was made of white silk muslin caught up in folds at one side with a long ostrich feather in pale blue. Two clusters of similar feathers, very long and of great beauty, trimmed the train. Yet another feather was placed on one shoulder. In the hair, above a diamond coronet, rose a single blue feather, the top of it curling over, as though anxious to look down into the beautiful face beneath. The ornaments worn with this were turquoise and diamonds.

A Dust Nuisance.

What an enemy dust is to the good appearance of a woman! Wrinkles are badly accentuated by it. There is nothing like steaming the face for keeping the skin in good condition and thus getting out the grime which clouds every complexion not daily submerged in soap and hot water. Dust is the ruin of the freshness of complexion and is most injurious to the hair and hurtful to the general vigor. During the cold weather hot water is especially beneficial to the skin, particularly if softened by borax, and if some soothing lotion is directly used after it. There is everything in the use of water for the skin, as bathing is worth all the medicines in the world always, of course, when the system is prepared for it. Like the taking of stimulants, there is the use and abuse of the bath, and as many are injured as benefited by the indiscriminate bathing, whereas at proper intervals hot water will be found to war with pimples on the face effectually, but draughts and cold air afterwards must be avoided, just as in the washing of the head, or neuralgia will put in a claim or cause new wrinkles that will make all prior ones insignificant.

How He Judged.

West Shore: Benedict (to editor)—I always thought you were married till you offered prizes for a word contest.
Editor—Well—er—I don't quite see how our prize offer could enlighten you on that point.
Benedict—Don't, eh? Why, man, slive, we married men don't have to offer prizes for word contests; we get 'em free.

Ellis's Latest.

Rochester Herald: Ella Wheeler Wilcox's last poem is "out of sight." The married coquette forces a confession of love from an admirer which she strives to repress when too late. The last stanza is: In the game of hearts, though a woman be winner,
The odds are ever against her, you know.
The world is ready to call her sliver,
And man is ready to make her so.
Shame is likely, and sorrow is certain,
And the man has the best of it, and as it may,
So now, my lady, we'll drop the curtain,
And put out our lights. We are through with our play.

Change the Epitaph.

New York Sun: Old Scrogg—"What did you carve on that tombstone I ordered a while ago?
Monument man—Augustus Scroggs, R. I. P.
"That's all right; but if I am not better by to-morrow just make it G. R. I. P."

An Unavoidable Delay.

Buffalo News: Bingo—I went into the antique furniture dealer's to-day to get that 17th century chair you admired so much and he had just sold it.
Mrs. Bingo—How unfortunate!
Bingo—Yes. He said it would be at least a week before he could turn out another like it.

The very newest things in prayer books are the ones with tortoise-shell covers, the values of which are enhanced by applied decorations in gold.

Denman Thompson will close in three weeks his long stay in New York with "The Old Homestead."

There is a stout matron who has added to her height by a plain princess, which is made to quite touch the floor. The only fullness is in the front of the waist, which is brought to one side with an ornament, the opening being on the left side and invisible. The fit over the hip is perfect, the only movement necessary to the skirt being given by the back plait.