COSTAFROLAZ.

HIS LAST MOMENTS.

How he spent the Night.

THE EXECUTION.

Speech on the Scaffold.

HE DECLARES HIS INNOCENCE.

(Special to the TRUE WITNESS and POST.)

ST. JOHN'S, P.Q., December 13, 10 a.m.—Gustave Demirabel, *alias* Costafrolaz, will be hanged to-day at 11 o'clock if something very extraordinary does not take place to prevent it. He has given up all hopes and resigned himself to the inevitable. He has seen the Rev. Mr. Aubrey, and, let us hope, made his peace with his Maker. Since he has concluded that his end has come, he expressed the wish that he might not be disturbed except by those whose absolute duty it was to come near him, and consequently the newspaper men were disappointed. He asked for two cigars yesterday, and got them. He is very temperate in his diet, eating very little, and he, therefore, looks thin and pale. He has given Mr. J. E. Boucher a number of documents written by himself, in which is included his will, which are not to be published till some time after his death, in pamphlet form; but whether it is in the shape of a confession or not, I can't say. As may be supposed, the execution is all the excitement here. The people universally regret the fact. They say that such a thing has never been known in St. Johns before, and they do not wish it now; but, after all, fate is fate and the hanging would, in the nature of things, have to come some time. There are some people here, however, who say they remember having seen men executed for sheep-stealing time and again.

The letter of the Marquis of Lorne, in answer to the petition in favor of Costafrolaz, was courteous, though decided. It said that everything was in the hands of the Minister of Justice, which was, in fact, a refusal. The condemned man ate more freely yesterday, and slept three hours last night. Within the past twenty-four hours he has altogether become more cheerful and resigned. He asked for another cigar this morning. The Mass was celebrated for him in the Chapel by the Rev. Father Aubrey, and contrary to his usual custom, he paid marked attention to what was going on, and joined in the solemn service, making the responses audibly and firmly. The Grey Nun Sisters attend him regularly, and it is in a measure owing to their efforts his present state of mind is due. He confessed last week and again yesterday, but he made no statement of his guilt or innocence up to this that I know of. The execution is to be private, though not strictly private, for cards of admission have been issued. The local papers, especially the *Franco-Canadien*, are indignant at the tone of the Montreal press, for after all, it says, the evidence is only circumstantial. He was asked last night if he would like to have either his confessor or two of the Sisters with him until his death, but he declined, saying he could not think of giving such trouble, but that if some one was placed within call he might like to speak to them.

Two men were therefore put in the corridor to whom he spoke in the intervals of reading his prayer book before he fell asleep. His conversation was something like this, "The night is wearing on a pace, I think it is now two o'clock; after all we all have to die—Thank God, I am prepared." It is now ten o'clock and a melancholy crowd has assembled in front of the jail.

ST. JOHN, December 13, 11:15 a.m.—As the hour approached for the execution, the press at the office of the Clerk of the Peace for tickets was very great, and it was with considerable difficulty members of the press obtained theirs. As a general rule, it is not pleasant to witness an execution, yet, strange to say, there were men who would not hurt a fly, fighting with extended elbows and flashing eye in order to gain access to Mr. Marchand's office and get a ticket. At ten o'clock men began to appear on the roof of the houses overlooking the jail, and the Sheriff appeared immediately after in his robes of office—magnificent robes they were, by the way—of light purple trimmed with the finest ermine. The reporters follow the Sheriff into the jail yard, where the scaffold stares them gloomily in the face, with a black flag flying over it, flapping loudly and angrily in the breeze. The scaffold, which was erected yesterday, is very simple in construction; the platform is seven and a half feet from the ground, and the cross beam from which the unfortunate Costafrolaz was suspended fifteen, a square hole having been dug underneath to receive the body when it fell from the drop. The drop itself was four feet square, and in order that it might not, as often occurs, catch the body in its descent, a rope was attached to make matters sure. Two of the Grey Nuns stopped with the doomed convict to the last, praying and administering comforting consolation, as they always do when death, plague or terrible misfortunes are present. Costafrolaz must have had winning ways with him, as while he and the Sisters were praying during the ten minutes immediately preceding the final, his guardian, Tremblay, was weeping sorrowfully, and, as a great rule, the turnkeys are not softhearted. His counsel, the priest, and, in fact, every one with whom he came in contact, seemed to have been won over by his gentle manners. At 10:45 Costafrolaz sat between the two Sisters, his hands clasped, and with all the outward evidence of wrapt attention visible on his attenuated but expressive face. The jail is a small one, however, and the noise made by brawling seekers for places often made him start awhile. Worse still, a crowd got on the roofs of the stables overlooking the jail, which were plainly visible to the man in his cell. This crowd quarrelled and shouted in spite of the exhortations and the efforts of county constables, who promenaded on the jail walls in vain glorious fashion. Father Aubrey and the Rev. Mr. Bisson visited the prisoner at 10:30 and administered the last rites of the church. When the fatal moment arrived the scene was an impressive one. The hangman was walking up and down in a cell adjoining the condemned one enveloped in a long black gown like that of a Capuchin, and wearing a hood which only partly concealed his face, though he could so arrange it as to conceal the whole countenance at pleasure. He is a young man of about 25, handsome so far as could be seen, intelligent, and wears a small, fair moustache. In the lobby outside are the reporters and officials, including Sheriff Nolin, who, notwithstanding the novelty of the situation, is very calm and polite, in contradistinction to most of the others, who are effervescing with excitement. In the cell itself the last private words are being spoken, the priests exhort, the man bows. The doors are flying open, and somehow or other the crowd rush in. The Sisters all this time are in the background; the Rev. Fathers, in their sacred vestments, look indignant at the interruption, and the man himself more indignant still. The sherift reads his death warrant; he looked at the sheriff, and requested that he be allowed the ten remaining minutes to make his peace with God. The reporters say "certainly," and withdraw. The executioner now enters, and produces the straps to tie his hands; but Costafrolaz turns to the Nuns, and requests them to perform the ungracious office. They weep, comply, kneel down, and remain kneeling. The reporters were now admitted by the Sheriff, and the death warrant of Costafrolaz, alias De Mirabel, was read in due form in both the French and English languages by that functionary. When the death warrant was read, the convict said: "Mr. Sheriff, in answer to the accusation just read, I declare my innocence of the murder of Mathieu Mathevon, and I now appeal to God to bear testimony to the truth of my assertion." He spoke these words in a hurried manner. Once more was the criminal left alone with his religious advisers but this time only for a minute, as the moment had arrived which was to usher a human being into eternity. The Sheriff exactly at ten minutes to eleven issued from the cell with a drawn sword flashing in his hand. Next came the convict with two broad leather straps round his waist, his hands tied to his side, a chain between his legs, and a rope round his neck. The two priests, however, intervened between the last named official and the prisoner as much as the rope allowed. The Litany for the dead was still repeated, and the words "*Miserere Domine*" were mournful to hear as the lugubrious procession debouched in the jail yard. Then it was that Costafrolaz saw the black flag for the first time, and he blinked at it as if it was not to his liking. As an illustration of the character of the man, I may state that, when descending the stairs, He complained that the rope was not adjusted around his neck in such a manner as to utilize it by keeping him warm, and remarked seriously that he might catch cold. He ascended the ten steps that led to the scaffold in the slow manner his situation demanded, and then turned round and faced the crowd in the jail yard. The *dramatis personæ* on the platform were at this time in the following positions:—Father Aubrey in the centre and a little forward, Sheriff Nolan on the left, Dr. Moreau on the left; the turnkey, weeping, behind him, Father Bisson in rear; an individual, completely enveloped in black, in rear of all, with a rope held firmly in his right hand, and the doomed man himself, the principal character in the tragedy about to be enacted, in the centre of all, and immediately under the drop the rope had been deftly put through the bolt by the man in black while the party were ascending to the scaffold, so that very few noticed it. After a hitch to his shoulder he said to the executioner, "this rope is not tight enough, please fix it properly." When every one was placed Costafrolaz addressed the spectators in good French, pretty nearly as follows: "Gentlemen, my friends, I am placed in a singular position, I thank you all for what you have done for me and the sympathy you have expressed in my behalf. I thank my counsel, Mr. Guillott, and I thank the turnkey, Mr. Tremblay, for his kindness. I have not been treated fairly from the first, for they took from me the money I needed for my defence. I thank the people of Iberville, and I die in a strange country; I have seen high life in my time, and now I am going to a low life. (This was intended for an epigram. As he spoke he slightly depressed his eyelids and tapped the platform with his foot.) "*Bon jour, Messieurs*, and thank you." Here he bowed to the officials in turn and ceased speaking, but resumed after a moment: "Gentlemen, these are my last words, "*Je suis innocent;* God, who knows everything, knows this; I am innocent." While the last word was still trembling on his lips, and before the echo of them died away, the Sheriff gave the signal, the hangman drew the rope, the trap gave way, a queer, indescribable crash was heard and the soul of the murderer Costafrolaz was launched into eternity. A rush was at once made by the crowd of morbid sight-seers in order to get a glance at the miserable corpse under the drop. It was found that death had been instantaneous. The lips were drawn from off the teeth and the eyes stared in a ghastly fashion, though only half open, while the head of the dead man inclined to the right. Dr. Moreau felt his pulse and pronounced life extinct, and after the fifteen minutes the law enacts it was cut down and an inquest was held. After a *post mortem* examination the body will be buried in that part of the Catholic cemetery allotted to the infants who die without receiving the Sacrament of Baptism.

It seems to your correspondent that Costafrolaz was a hardened villain, who lied to the very last in the expectation that a reprieve might come. It is well-known here that he was a Communist and an Atheist, that he murdered a man in France, and that he was in jail at Rome for conspiring afainst the life of Pope Pius IX.

THE P. L. B. F. L. O. L.

Mr. Doudiet and His Eloquence—The "Benevolent Ladies" and Their Entertainment—"Behold How These Christians Love One Another!"

The lately established Female Orange Lodge held their first concert Thursday night at the Alexandra Hall, on St. Catherine street. Not being aware of the standard which the members expect, it is, of course, impossible to determine whether it was a success or not, but a slight sketch of the proceedings may serve to interest or amuse our readers.

The ball opened, of course, with the "Boyne Water," played vigorously, if not very artistically by the band of the Orange Young Britons, who considering that their sole instruments were four drums and a couple of wheezy flutes, did not perform their parts worse than might be expected. After the cheering had subsided, the Rev. Mr. Doudiet, having been introduced by the chairman, Mr. Sonne, delivered one of his characteristic orations. The speaker stated that since this lodge had been started, he had received quite a number of letters from various other "benevolent ladies" throughout the country, asking directions how to start similar organizations elsewhere. He defended the P. L. B. F. L. O. L. against the ridicule published in the POST regarding it; such insinuations as that the members were to walk on the 12th being, the reverend gentleman held, extremely improper. The *Spectator* also came in for a fair share of abuse, for having dared to make fun of the "fifty benevolent ladies," but, perhaps, said the orator, that was only to be expected of a paper that devoted a column to the abuse of ministers' wives. These references drew forth loud and prolonged cheering. This association was formed, continued the speaker, to uphold the Orange principles; its members were to have no fellowship with the works of darkness. As for Catholic newspapers, he needn't say anything about them. (Cheers.) It was a disgraceful sin for Protestants to hold their peace when Orangemen were abused in the press or otherwise. The Orange Young Britons he advised to go round to every brother and remark: "Be not dismayed—God himself is on our side." That being the case, they ought not to mind though the EVENING POST was against them. Orangemen would not attack anybody; it was a defensive association, and Catholics who might be loudest in their denunciation of the Order would be the first to apply to them for protection. The speaker concluded by warning his hearers, in a metaphor slightly incomprehensible, to stand fast to their colors, even though the wolves of Rome should be howling at their doors. If they gave up their faith they would be lost here and hereafter. (Great cheers.)

A young lady, whose sex and tender years preclude criticism, then sang a sentimental song of great length, and a youth with red face and hair heavily pomaded, sang a not particularly choice ditty entitled "Johnny Dougall's Mule," which was received rapturously. Then there was some "nigger" business, and a dismal absurdity known as a stump speech, in which allusion was made to His Worship the Mayor, the editor of the POST and other citizens, who came in, of course, for hearty hissing. Altogether the affair was very dull, and it must be added, very vulgar. The attendance, which was composed of a few women, apparently servant girls, who may be supposed to represent the "benevolent ladies," and a number of boys disposed to rowdyism, was not, fortunately, a very critical one.

A Whale's Battle for Life.

A correspondent of the Panama *Star* and *Herald*, writing from Esmeralda, July 2nd, says:—I beg to report our arrival at this port, not quite six months out from Valparaiso, with three hundred barrels of oil. On May 27th, in latitude 4.40 south, longitude 114.40 west, we lowered our boats for whales. Mr. Martin, our first mate, soon fastened to a large one, which stove his boat slightly, but this was soon killed and brought alongside. In the meantime Mr. Hancock had chased the whales a long way off to the leeward, and fastened to an eighty barrel fellow, and got slightly stove in doing so. The whale acted very ugly. At the least noise from the boat, he would rush toward it, lashing the sea with his flukes, and obliging Mr. Hancock to keep at a respectable distance, he being alone at the time, and his boat stove and leaking badly. Every time Mr. Hancock would try to get near the whale, the monster would rush towards the boat. Sometimes he would raise his head out of the water, and appear to be listening for the least noise, turning slowly around, and then all at once down would go the head and up his tail, and the sea would be lashed into foam. In a short time the third mate arrived on the scene of action, and was ordered by the second mate not to fasten to the whale, but to play loose boat, that is, not being encumbered with a line fast to the whale, he could more easily row up to or away from him and watch for a favourable opportunity to shoot the monster with a bomb lance. "In the meantime the ship was running down towards them, and the mate at the masthead reported a boat stove, as Mr. Hancock had set the signal which indicated that fact. Captain Kelly then sent Mr. Martin in the fourth mate's boat to assist in killing the whale. On his arrival at the scene he went boldly on and fastened, when suddenly his boat was badly stove and capsized. Mr. Hancock picked up the crew, and the first mate went into the third mate's boat and again attacked the whale. No sooner did the monster hear the sound of the approaching oars than he made for the boat at great speed, and before they could get out of the way, struck them, staving in the boat and capsizing it. Fortunately the whale was quiet for a few moments enabling Mr. Hancock to pick up the men, but none too soon, for just as they had sterned off a short distance, the whale again attacked the stoven boat, seizing it in his mouth again and again, and shaking it as a dog would a rat; then up would go his tail and fragments of the boat, oars, &c., would fly high in the air. Mr. Hancock went to the ship, and soon returned with another boat. All the time the whale was rushing first here and then there, at one moment on his head and another on his tail. The only thing to do was to lay off and shoot bombs at him, but it was a difficult job to get near enough to him for the bombs to be effectual, his body, most of the time, being perpendicular. The first mate was fortunate enough to shoot a bomb into the right spot, which soon killed the whale. The writer of these lines has followed whaling since 1849, and has never seen but one whale fight so determinedly as this one, who no doubt would have attacked and stove the ship had it been near enough. The "Ann Alexander" and "Essex" were both stove and sunk by sperm whales."

The Yearly Food of One Man.

From the army and navy diet scales of France and England, based upon the recognized necessities of large numbers of men in active life, it is inferred that about two and one-fourth pounds avoirdupois of dry food per day are required for each individual; of this about three-fourths are vegetable and the rest animal. At the close of an entire year, the amount is upwards of eight hundred pounds. Enumerating under "water" all the various drinks, its estimated quantity is about fifteen hundreds pounds per annum. The air received by breathing may be taken at eight hundreds pounds. With these figures before us we are able to see how the case stands. The food, water and air which a man receives amount in the aggregate to more than three thousand pounds a year weight. This enormous quantity shows the expenditure of material required for life.

Fireside Sparks.

(From Punch).

We are going to war by the Koorum Pass! A better road than the Killum—at all events.

Advice to the Gas Companies (easier given than taken) apropos of the Electric Light—"Dont be put out by it."

The Thing is lighting (from Edison, New York to *Punch*, London, England).—Just discovered a method of lighting a drawing-room by means of the electricity generated by a stick of sealing-wax and a tom-cat. Specifications per mail. Keep private. Sell Gas Shares short.

GLASGOW A B C.—A was an accommodation Bill. B Bought it. C Cashed it. D Discounted it. E Eyed it. F Forged on it. G Got it. H H'm'd at it. I Indorsed it. J Jouked to let the jaw gae by it. K Knew it. L Laughed at it. M Misappropriated it. N Negotiated it. O Offered it. P Presented it. Q Queried it. R Returned it. S Sued on it. T Took it. U Utilized it. V. Vouched it. W Warranted it. X Explated on it. Y Z Wisehead fashion, pocketed the profits, and left the bank to settle it.

(From FUN).

If you steal but a single plank you take a deal too much.

Lodging-house Keeper (to visitor about to depart): "When shall we see yer down again, sir?" Visitor: "Oh, I'm sure to come down again directly I'm ill." L. H. K.; "Ope we shall see yer soon, then, sir." The old gentleman thought her most unkind.

OUR "JUDGES."—Alderman Carden was a little while ago reported to have said, "he had often felt tempted to pick pockets—to show how easy it could be done." Now Justice Hawkins speaks of burglaries being committed "by fair means." And the Lord Chief Justice says it is wrong "for a man to call a man a liar"—but "it is worse in the case of a woman—because she cannot knock the man down." What next?

(From JUDY).

Why are naughty children like stair carpets? Because neither can be kept in order without the rod.

A fair damsel of an inquiring turn of mind writes to *Judy* to ask if "Saint Mark's Eve is any relation to Adam's?"—

Mamma: Look, Regy, at the pretty white cow that gives the nice white milk. Little Boy: And does the pretty brown cow give us the nice brown coffee, ma?

One of our druggists was talking learnedly the other day as he was driving up in the street car about the pharmaceutical profession. An honest husbandman in the next seat couldn't help interrupting with "Jes so, sir, jes so; a farm may suit a gal, but how is she to get it?"

A man was earnestly looking in a bunghole of a whisky barrel as if in search of something he could not find. "What are you doing?" asked a bystander. "Why, I'm seeking my reputation in the place I lost it," was the mournful reply.

A Danbury boy asked his father the other day what was a philosopher. "A philosopher, my son? Why, a philosopher is a man who reasons." "Is that so?" said the boy, dejectedly. "I thought it was a man that didn't let things bother him." The father silently patted his son's head.

Domestic Reading.

CHEERFULNESS.—A Catholic should always be cheerful. He should be peaceful and joyful, no matter what troubles, temptations and discouragements he may have. These are sent to him by a loving Father for his good. They are occasions of merit. They enable him to perfect himself with the help of God's grace to overcome his depraved nature, to become virtuous, to get ready for the life of Heaven. So nothing should disturb him but sin. His time on earth is short. His trials and afflictions soon pass away, and if they have been borne with submission they will gain for him a crown of life.

GIFTS TO CHILDREN.—Gifts to children should be always of articles which give them something to do. They like these best, and they are real boons also to mothers and nurses. Give the little girl a work box; perhaps it will carry down your name to her children long after your very grave is forgotten. Give the boy a writing-case well stocked, and then send him a letter asking him some question. What a lot of pleasure you will have added at the cost of a postage-stamp! God bless the little children! As the singing birds live on what can scarcely be missed, so these little ones gather up their pleasures from events which we wearily call "bores." You will never bore a child by giving it something to do, though you may easily bore it by talking to it, or even by kissing it.

Most of the monasteries contained literary treasures, the gift of past centuries, and the schools presided over by the clergy were the only places where instruction could be obtained. Although the monks of old were in the habit of scraping off the original writing from ancient documents, and converting manuscripts into the psalteries and rituals, for, as Gibbon says—"Sophocles and Tacitus were compelled to resign the parchment to missals, homilies and the golden legend," and by doing so, without doubt made us lose many valuable works, now only known to us by their titles still we must acknowledge our indebtedness to them for having preserved and placed in safe keeping many precious ancient documents which otherwise would have perished.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR BEFORE TIME.—It has been well said that industry is of little avail unless it be seconded by punctuality—a habit which may be acquired with but slight perseverance by anyone. Perhaps these combined qualities were never so exemplified in the career of a public man as in that of the Duke of Wellington. It is said that when on one occasion he was making an appointment to meet a famous engineer early on the morning of the following day, the latter remarked, "I will take care to be punctual at five." To this Wellington replied, with a quiet smile, "Say a quarter to five. I owe all I have achieved to being ready a quarter of an hour before it seemed necessary to be so: and I learned that lesson when I was a boy."

WEDDING PRESENTS.—Foremost among the gifts of goodwill stand wedding presents. Now, of course the suitability of these must greatly depend on the means and rank of the bride and bridegroom. Still a few general rules may save many awkward mistakes and some heartburnings. Wedding gifts should be of a substantial and permanent character. Those from mutual friends may well take the form of household adornments, pictures of all kinds, pretty china, or ornamental plate. The bride's relatives and special friends may indulge in gifts of dainty napery, and clever domestic contrivances; they are thus, as it were, helping her to enrich the home her bridegroom has called her to and so testifying their appreciation of the match. But the bridegroom's family and connections will do well to avoid this delicate ground. They cannot do better than bestow some personal ornament on the bride. The new home is, so to speak, founded by their son, and it behoves them to give his choice her welcome to it. His eyes are lovingly turned on her; let them decorate her for his gaze, and so incorporate themselves in his spousal love and pride. Never mind whether the gift be a little watch, a lace collar, a silk apron, a pebble brooch, or a diamond necklace, a Mechlin veil, or a golden bracelet. Either will serve well as a token of welcome and sympathy, which shall set a pleasant impress on the young heart when it is peculiarly soft, sensitive, and shrinking.

CHINESE THEATRICALS.—The Chinese are very partial to theatricals, but the stage is a very different institution with them from what it is in Europe. Such a thing as a theatre, that is a permanent building devoted to histrionic displays, is quite unknown in China, the stage being regarded as disreputable in the last degree, and even prohibited by statute. Women are not allowed to act, boys being brought up to personate them, and men professionals are looked upon as so degraded that they are placed without the pale of the law and rendered incapable of filling office or entering for the literary examinations. The poorest villager would not tolerate the marriage of his daughter to a player. Yet theatricals are a rage, and to satisfy the public appetite troops of strolling players go about the country performing wherever they are wanted, either in temples or on temporary stages erected for the occasion. Every temple has a stage ready provided in the principal court as a main feature in its architectural construction, and there is seldom a festival held but that theatricals form an important part of the programme. No charge is made to the public for the show, and it goes on without intermission all day and through a greater part of the night for several days together, the spectators coming and going as they list. Sometimes a city magistrate or other high official gives an entertainment of the kind to a party of friends, the feasting going on in front of an improvised stage, whilst the mob pass in and out at their leisure. The pieces acted are mostly historical, the representations being generally of an extravaganza character, embellished by gorgeous costumes, and supported by the most frightful din in the way of music that can be conceived. Military displays and sanguinary battles form a favourite subject of representation, and it is remarkable how successfully these are put on the stage, taking into consideration the limited means and confined space at disposal.

Diphtheria and Its Cure.

Mr. P. Lawrence, of West Chazy, N.Y., writes as follows to the Plattsburg *Republican*:—

Allow me to say a few words of the greatest importance to the public, through your journal in regard to the terrible disease diphtheria, which is raging with great destruction of lives throughout the country. It has raged here to a fearful extent, quite a large number of cases proving fatal.

There is a family by the name of Light, who moved here from Rochester this season. Mrs. Light said to some of the neighbors that previous to moving here she had an attack diphtheria and cured herself by the use kerosene oil as a gargle, swallowing some; but the remedy was so simple that our citizens didn't think anything of it until five of Joseph Jelley's children were taken down with the diphtheria. Their throats became swollen and cankered terribly. Mrs. Jelley sent after her neighbor, Mrs. Milliette, who had lately lost a son by the disease, to ascertain whether it was really diphtheria or not. Mrs. Milliette pronounced it diphtheria in a very dangerous form. Mrs. Jelley said she would use Mrs. Light's remedy—kerosene oil—which she gave her children as a gargle; also had them swallow some. The children recovered rapidly, and in a few days were out on the street.

Another neighbor by the name of Lusia, railroad trackmaster at this place, had three children taken with diphtheria, and cured them with kerosene oil.

William Emery had four children taken down, and gave kerosene oil and they recovered.

Robert Gillette was taken with it, and cured himself with kerosene also.

John Reynolds, of Ingraham, had a daughter and niece cured by kerosene oil after they were given up for death by the doctor.

George Gillette had three children taken with the same disease very bad, and they were cured with kerosene.

What is most astonishing is that not a single case where they used kerosene oil has proved fatal. The remedy is simple, and certainly cheap, and always at hand in all families throughout the land.

Special Notice.

A CARD.—To all who are suffering from the errors and the indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., 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.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Hints for Winter Gardens.

Select if possible an east or south window. Our days are short, plants need light, and as we can give them at best only a few hours of light, it is important that there should be as much of brightness and warmeth in it as we can furnish. If an east or south window cannot be had, then a west one is better than a north.

The room should be one where the night temperature does not fall below 40°, and not maintained much above 70° by day; also it should be one not usually occupied by the family in the evening, for at night we draw the curtains, stir up the fire, light the lamps or gas, and increase the temperature several degrees above the average of the day. But plants require that when daylight fades the temperature should decline. Night is their time of rest, but they cannot rest if the temperature be as high or higher than it was through the day. The effect is similar to that produced upon a human being by depriving him of his wonted sleep.

Arrangements should be made for giving the plants fresh air whenever practicable. The most convenient way is to have the upper window movable; let it down at the top, taking care that the plants do not stand in a draught of cold air, and admitting it in quantity proportioned to the weather outside—when it is cold and frosty, very little or none at all, and more when the weather is moderate.

The leaves of plants need washing in order to remove the dust that gathers on them and fills up the pores. Geraniums and like hairy and soft-leaved plants are best washed by taking them to the sink and syringing them thoroughly through a fine hose. Glossy leaved plants such as camellias require to have the leaves sponged off one by one. In all cases soft and tepid water should be used. The washing should be done often, say once a week.

In watering, use tepid water, and learn the requirements of the plants so as to adapt the amount to their need. An Ethiopian lily will rejoice in water that would kill a Cactus.

The drainage of the pots should be perfect so that surface water can escape through the hole in the bottom. If the pots stand in saucers, pour off the water that runs into them and not let it soak into them again. Yet this rule, though of very general application, need not be observed in the case of aquatic plants.

A very common error in window-gardening is that of attempting too much. Too many plants are crowded into the little space at command, so that it is impossible to give each the light and air it should have. Again, plants of too diverse character are brought together. It is no uncommon thing to see tropical plants and those from the temperate zone, if not even Alpine plants, all crowded into the same window, and subjected to the same temperature and treatment. Better far to have one healthy and well-grown plant that will yield its flowers in perfection, than a dozen sickly, feeble, wretched plants, that have no beauty either of leaf or blossom.—*Fruit Recorder.*

Boys on the Farm.

It is a proud day when the average boy gets on his first pair of boots and trudges to school by the side of an older sister. He does not care any longer to take her hand. The leading strings are cut. But this early ambition to be a man is entirely eclipsed, when he has taken charge of his first pair of steers, and started for the fair. Has he not raised them, broken them to the yoke, taught them to pull and to back, to haw and to gee? They are evidence of his skill in subduing brute muscle. He is going up to the exhibition to display the fruits of his triumph, and, as he hopes, to wear the laurels of victory. He is no longer merely a spectator, but an exhibitor, an entertainer of spectators.—There is a difference of native tastes in boys. Some have a natural aptitude to one calling and some to another, but most men have their callings determined by early circumstances, sometimes by incidents so trivial that they have hardly a place in memory. It is not difficult generally for a father who loves the farm to determine the calling of his children. If he makes it a business of thrift, and provides comfortably for his family, they will respect the calling. If he is discouraged and continually shifting his work, or his home, they will not be very likely to make tillers of the soil. One can hardly begin too early with his boys to incline them to the calling that is to give them bread, and the means of their future usefulness. If the boy is to be a farmer, he must begin to have a personal interest and venture in farming while he is yet a boy. Filial affection, in a happy home, is a very strong motive to industry and fidelity, but it does not shape a boy's plans for life like an investment of his own brains and muscles in his daily work. He should have crops and animals, not only that he can 'call' his own, but that *are* his own, to keep, to enjoy, and to sell for his own pleasure and profit. The trusts may be small at first, but they should be absolute, and let him have his own experience of success and failure in managing them. Let him manage poultry, a lamb, a calf, or a colt, and exhibit his own stock at the fairs. We notice with great satisfaction the increasing attention paid to the boys at the fall fairs. Boys did some of the best work at a recent plowing match at one of our fairs. One, a boy of fourteen, held the plow and drove his own team, and made as good a seed bed as his older competitors. These premiums for boy's work are in the right direction; let them be noted in making up the lists for next year.—*American Agriculturist for December.*

Horse-Selling in Cabul.

They have a curious custom in Cabul in selling a horse. A man wanting to dispose of one is desirous that the horse should not be aware of his wish to part with him, the fear being that, if the beast knew that his master wished to get rid of him, he would take it to heart and lose flesh, and consequently decrease in value. From this strange idea the sale of a horse is carried on in silence, so that the animal may not hear. The two men put their hands under their kummurbands, and the price in rupees is indicated by repeated pressure on the fingers, but not a word is uttered during the bargain. This fanciful delusion seems to ascribe considerable sagacity to the horse.

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CANADA,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. } SUPERIOR COURT.
Dame SUSAN A. CLEMENT, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Chillis S. Brown, of the same place, hotel-keeper, and duly authorized to *ester en justice* for the purposes of this writ,
Plaintiff,
vs.
The said CHILLIS S. BROWN,
Defendant.
An action for separation as to property has been this day instituted in this Court.
Montreal, 18th November, 1878.
GILMAN & HOLTON,
14-5 Attorneys for Plaintiff.

CANADA,
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, District of Montreal. No. 2089. } SUPERIOR COURT.
Dame THARSILE STE. MARIE, of the Parish of St. Hubert, District of Montreal, wife of Frederic Brais, farmer, of the same place, duly authorized *a ester en justice*,
Plaintiff,
AND
FREDERIC BRAIS, of the same place,
Defendant.
An action *en separation de biens* has been instituted in this cause on the 18th November instant.
Montreal, 18th November, 1878.
ETHIER & PELLETIER,
15-5 Attorneys for the Plaintiff.

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