Listowel Standard.

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THE STORY OF A LIFE.

A child in a nursery crying—a boy in a cricket field "out!"
A youth for a phantasy sighing—a man with a fit of the gout—
A heart dried up and narrowed—a task repeated in vain—
A field plowed deep and harrowed, but bare and barren of grain.
Some sense of experience wasted, of counsel misunderstood,
Of pleasure bitter when tasted, and pain that did him no good.
A future hope half-hearted, for dim is the future now,
That the ripple cord is parted, and death is damp on the brow.
And the debt to pay by the debtor—a doctor, a lawyer, a nurse,
A feeling he should have been better, a doubt if he could have been worse;
While the ghostly finger traces its ghostly message of doom,
And a troop of ghostly faces passed on in a darkened room;
With ghostly shapes to beckon, and ghostly voices to call,
And the grim recorder to reckon, and add the total of all.
A sum of life expended—a pearl in a pig-trough cast—
A comedy played and ended—and what has it come to at last?
The dead man propped or a pillow—the journey taken alone—
The tomb with an urn and a willow, and a lie carved deep in the stone!

AROUND THE WORLD.

—Many ladies in Paris have abandoned the riding habit, and go boldly to the Bois in semi-masculine attire.

—Crown trimmings for bonnets will be of soft satin duchesse, or satin sublime, in cashmereffects, changeable and plain colors.

—Black chip bonnets for the coming season have the crowns only of chip, while the brim and curtain are formed of lace straw.

—Some of the Yeddo foulards have solid grounds of pearl gray, cream and pure white, on which appear small and graceful designs in flowers and set figures.

—W. E. Sheridan, who plays *The Parson* in "The Danites," was a captain in the 6th Ohio, and his old comrades gave him a magnificent floral tribute in Cincinnati the other night.

—At Porchester, Hants, the other day, a roll of bank notes, confined by an elastic band, amounting to £225, was found among the seaweed washed up by the recent gales. The notes were issued by an English county bank.

—Harten overheard his wife telling Cox at Eaton, O., that she would marry him as soon as her husband died, which would be speedily, as he was almost gone with consumption. Harten spoiled the plan at once by shooting Cox through the heart.

—The Earl of Dysart attained his majority on the 3rd of March. His grandfather, who died last year, left estates worth £40,000 a year and more than £1,000,000 in personal property for the young man's benefit. The late Earl was eccentric, almost to insanity.

—Colonel Synge, who has been captured by brigands, is not a colonel in the British army, but a colonel of gendarmes under Baker Pacha, and his wife is not an English lady, but a Greek of property. Mr. Synge was formerly a captain in the Fifty-eight regiment.

—When Walker Kilgore left the jail at Mexico, Me., to go to the scaffold, Nat Faucett, who was soon to be hanged with a companion, said earnestly: "Walker, intercede with the Almighty for Muldrow and me, and for our sakes do all you can in heaven for us." Kilgore promised.

—An unpleasant little family scandal has arisen in a western county in England. The elder daughter of a county gentleman was engaged to the owner of an estate in the neighborhood—an excellent match in every way. But a week before the wedding day a family friend arrived to break the news that the bridegroom had just married the younger sister, who had been absent from home a few weeks visiting friends.

—The Russian government have just made an unpleasantly significant discovery. For years past the private sales of gunpowder throughout the Empire have not exceeded in value 700,000 rubles. In 1879, however, the returns reached the sum of 1,000,000 rubles. The impression not unnaturally is that the revolutionary party is secreting large stores of the explosive somewhere or other, and a searching investigation has been begun.

—Personally Sardou is the most charming of men, thoroughly *gamin de Paris*, and free from affectation, and quite one of the most brilliant men in conversation of which France—the country *par excellence* of *causeurs*—can boast. If there is any fault to be found in his charming society it must be that he is a little too quick, nervous and effeminate, for he flies about the room like one possessed when excited by conversation, letting off fireworks of wit every half a second.

—A well-known clergyman was crossing Lake Erie, many years ago, upon one of the lake steamers, and seeing a small lad at the wheel, steering the boat expressed surprise that so small a lad should be placed in such a responsible position. At the request of the clergyman he boxed the compass, and then boxed it backward. He then asked the clergyman to repeat the Lord's Prayer backward, and the latter was compelled to admit that he could not do it. The boy added: "Now, you see, I understand my business a great deal better than you do yours." The clergyman acknowledged himself beaten, and retired.

—The Emperor of Russia is not the only potentate in Europe in fear of his life. The Odessa *Vestnik* is persuaded that Her Majesty the Queen of England is in the same predicament, and that she is seriously suffering from a nervous disorder brought about by her fears. In this case the would-be assassins are not nihilists, but "Goamruleoff," which is the Russian for "home rulers." It seems, from the *Vestnik*, that when Parliament was opened the government had such apprehensions of an attack on the Queen by the London Irish that she was escorted by 4,000 policemen. Owing to this precaution on the part of the "Lord Disraeli Beaconsfield" no outbreak took place, but still the demeanor of the crowd was such that since then wherever she goes the Queen is always "followed" by an inspector from Scotland Yards.

—The Prince of Wales knows how to do a kindly action. During the Afghan debate in the House of Lords he noticed among the spectators Lieutenant General Sir Samuel Browne, who commanded the Khyber column during the operations in Afghanistan last year. Sending for him the Prince said:—"We are going to have a quiet dinner in one of the private rooms here, and if you have nothing better to do the Princess and myself will be delighted if you can dine with us." Sam. Browne, a rugged soldier, was somewhat nonplussed, for he left one arm on a battle field in the Indian mutiny, and occasionally feels a little awkward when cut off from his own combination knife and fork. However, hearty assistance was offered by the Princess of Wales, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Frederica of Hanover, who were present.

—Some time ago an English lady purchased some diamonds and some "Queen Anne" silver. She had occasion to have the setting of one of the diamonds looked to. When the bill for this was sent to her it was couched as follows:—"For refixing the setting of a Cape diamond." On this she took her diamonds to an expert, who declared that they came, not from Brazil, but from the Cape. She thought, therefore, that she would inquire into the authenticity of her "Queen Anne silver." It was soon discovered either that the Queen Anne hall mark had been forged or that it had been taken from smaller articles and introduced into the larger pieces of plate. The Goldsmiths' Company threaten to impose a fine of several thousand pounds on the silversmith of whom she purchased the silver.

—Good authorities do not augur a brilliant Royal Academy this year. Mr. Millais' "Cherry Ripe" would have been a star had he not favored the Graphic Gallery with it instead; and his "Princess Elizabeth," which was to have been a last year's picture, but was not finished in time, is promised to a private exhibition. Mr Fildes will not exhibit anything this year at Burlington House. In revenge Sir Frederick Leighton, the president, has shown double energy in behalf of his academy, and will have the full complement of eight works. Among them will be the lovely group of a woman and a child kissing, which he has decided to call "Sisters," and which was almost ready for the Academy of 1879; a single figure of a nymph of the sand seated with her face to the ocean; two or three other Greek subjects and several portraits.

ANNEXATION.

What an American Correspondent Has Discovered at Ottawa.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Boston *Post* says:—"Representatives from all parts of the Dominion are to be met here during the session, and among them may be found as intelligent men as one will meet anywhere in the States. In conversation with many, I have yet to find one who favors annexation. Indeed, when the subject is mentioned they usually appear to be somewhat amused, and seem to think that the project has never been seriously entertained by either government. It is the rule to hear complimentary remarks about the business enterprise of Americans, and our daring, speculative style rather compels admiration, but I imagine the more conservative class still consider our system of government experimental, and who fear to link their fortune with the foremost republic of the age. It is not strange that they seem much in our political disturbances, and in the constant strife for party supremacy, to menace American institutions, but it is a fact equally patent that we are not alone in our misery. Among the men of prominence with whom one comes in contact, will be found those born in old England, those of English descent, born here, and the better portion of the French Canadian element. In the Province of Ontario, the English preponderate, and, in fact, it is essentially an English community. Quebec has the great portion of the French Canadian population, and really in many characteristics the two Provinces are very dissimilar.

FIGHTING WITH WOLVES.

A Farmer's Desperate Struggle With Famished Animals.

OLEAN, N. Y., March 9.—During the present winter, farmers living in sparsely settled portions of Bradford County, Penn., have suffered much loss by the invasions of wolves. The encroachments of civilization have rendered them exceedingly shy, yet upon occasions when rendered desperate by hunger or seeing no chance for escape, they fight furiously. The animals have played such havoc among cattle for the past few months that the inhabitants rose in arms and determined upon a policy of extermination, but thus far the attempts have met with poor success, as the animals baffled pursuit. Valentine White, one of the oldest settlers of Bradford County, resides a few miles South of Clermont. He has cleared a good sized farm, and is to some extent isolated from his neighbors. Around Mr. White's farm is a dense forest, almost untouched by the pioneer. Bear, deer and wolf are abundant, notwithstanding which they are seldom disturbed by hunters. In the rear of Mr. White's house is a huge frame barn, with great cracks, caused by decaying boards. A few mornings ago White went out to feed his stock. As he reached the barn he heard an unusual commotion inside. Thinking some of the animals had broken loose, he did not open the front door, lest they should escape, but squeezed himself throgh a large aperture left by a broken board. As soon as he entered the uproar increased, and he saw in the middle of the barn floor a heifer which had torn herself from the stanchion by main force, and broken one horn in the act. Clinging to her muzzel was a large grey wolf, with its long, sharp teeth fastened in the animal's nose with a bull dog grip, while another was trying to hamstring the poor creature.

The bellowing of the heifer, the snarling of the wolves, and the rattling of the loose barn floor made a deafening racket, and the human intruder was unnoticed. The new shock the wolf like a limp rag, and pounded the sides of the stable with it, but in vain. Old White's anger at the attack on his stock overmastered all feelings of prudence, and, seizing a pitchfork, he prepared himself for an attack. No sooner did the wolves perceive him, than, maddened by the taste of blood, they turned from the heifer and attacked him. As one of the infuriated animals sprang towards the old man, he delt it a mighty blow with the fork, sending it into a corner. But the other animal caught its teeth in the old man's right coat sleeve, and in such close quarters that the weapon was of no avail. After kicking uselessly at the animal, he grasped its throat with his left hand and choked the wolf until it let go. Then seizing again the pitchfork, he dealt a well directed blow, and broke the leg of one of the animals, which then dodged through the hole behind him, and limped off howling dismally. The other wolf held its ground, and whenever opportunity was offered sprang at the old man, now and then fastening its teeth into his arms. Though bleedingly profusely, White continued the fight, and finally, with a well directed thrust of the pitchfork, sent the tines through the animal's heart, killing it almost instantly. The dead wolf was of large size, gaunt with hunger, and with a shaggy coat of light gray. White's clothes were tore into shreds, and his face, neck, and breast were scarred deeply by the claws of the animal.

A SAVER OF LIVES.

Sketch of W. D. Andrews.

The Owen Sound *Times* has procured and published a sketch of W. D. Andrews, who has become a hero in the saving of many lives from drowning. Mr. Andrews was born in Kingston on May 18th, 1853. On the 9th of May, 1870, when but 16 years of age, he rescued a man named George Campbell, who was seized with cramps while bathing opposite the Waterworks wharf. On May 27th, a few weeks later, while in the employ of Messrs. Gurney & Gliddon, forwarders, old Commercial wharf, he saved three Frenchmen, who were capsized off Point Frederick by a squall striking and upsetting their skiff. June 23rd, same year, while writing in his office, he heard a cry, and running out he took in the situation, and plunging in, with all his clothing on, he saved the life of a younger brother, Frederick M. Andrews, who fell off a raft at Richardson's wharf. In September, 1869, Mr. Andrews removed to Toronto. He was employed on April 22nd, 1873, upon the steamer Waubuno (since lost), and diving off it at Owen Sound, he succeeded in rescuing an old man who unsuccessfully attempted to cross the river upon floating timber. In 1874 Andrews returned to Toronto. In 1877 (28th of May) he won a swimming race in 23 min. and 56 seconds. June 25, 1878, he rescued a young man named Edwards Burns, who got beyond his depth, and being unable to swim was drowning in the Don. July 10th, 1878, he rescued near the same place an Englishman named William Waghorn, under similar circumstances. Again on the 26th August, 1878, Andrews saved J. L. Thompson, aged 36 years, who, while bathing in the Don, would have perished had our hero not come to his assistance. Mr. Thompson, learning of the service which Mr. Andrews had rendered at different times, was instrumental in having him presented with a gold medal. Mr. Thompson also communicated with the Royal Humane Society of England, stating the full particulars of the case, properly witnessed, which proving satisfactory, the officers of that institution sent their testimonial to Mr. Mayor Beaty, Q. C., who presented it to Mr. Andrews at the regular meeting of the Council on the 13th Oct., 1879. Last year Mr. Andrews participated in two swimming contests, winning one by 45 yards; time, 27 min. 30 sec.

A KISSING MATCH AND THE STRANGE RESULTS.

At a party of young people in Paris conversation happened to turn on the subject of kissing, and the question was propounded, who of the young men present could boast of having or being able to give "his girl" the most kisses. Various were the replies this question called out. Finally a young man and the girl to whom he was betrothed bet 200 francs that they could kiss 10,000 times in ten hours, providing they would be allowed to take an occasional glass of wine "between." Two persons were appointed a committee to count the number of kisses, and the work began. During the first hour they counted 2,000 kisses. During the second hour the kisses were not nearly as numerous, for the committee only counted 1,000. After the third hour, during which they managed to score but 750, further operations were brought to a sudden standstill. The lips of the young man were seized with a cramp, and he was carried off in a fainting condition. The girl a few days later was stricken with brain fever, which nearly carried her off to a land where kissing of any form is unknown. When the people who had won the bet demanded their money the parents of the girl refused to pay their share of it. The matter was then taken to the courts, and there it was decided that the bet must be paid.

—A veiled figure entered a sick woman's room at Grand Rapids, handed her a phial and said mysteriously, "That is the boss medicine—take it—it will cure you." Notwithstanding the slang, the woman regarded the visitor as supernatural and took the prescribed dose, but it proved to be poison, and her life was barely saved. The poisoner has not been discovered.

FACTS FOR GOSSIP.

Types of Girlhood in a Ball-Room—What a Distinguished Man May See.

It may be assumed that the ball-room is the peculiar province of a young lady, says an English magazine. When she is attending a dance she is treading her own ground, and so may be expected to appear to decided advantage. Does she? We are afraid that the majority of ball-room *habitues* of the male species would not answer the question in the affirmative. They would possibly be inclined to say that the girls whom they have met at evening parties, have, on the whole, been rather a disagreeable, uninteresting, or stupid lot. There would be some excuse for severe critics. At one time and another they have, no doubt, suffered something very much like downright martyrdom at the hands of those whom they have essayed to pilot through the mazy intricacies of the waltz They have unpleasant recollections of Miss Brown. Yet Miss Brown may, in a general way, be the most charming and amiable of creatures. But, unfortunately, so far as you and other male dancers are concerned, she is desperately enamored of Mr. Black. Consequently, when she goes to a party, the only individual with whom she cares to dance is the fortunate Mr. Black. You may see her looking at him with radiant face, whispering into his ear, and showing the keenest appreciation of everything that he says. You may also notice that she allows him to clasp her a little more tightly than is absolutely necessary, and that she leans on him for support more heavily than is really called on to do. It is easy to perceive that she would dance all night if it were not for

THE WHOLESOME RESTRAINING INFLUENCES

of etiquette, even though she may not be absolutely "engaged" to him. When, however, she is constrained to resign herself to your clutches, her demeanor undergoes a wonderful transformation. The radiance vanishes from her countenance, and her manners become frigid, especially if you evince the least desire to be friendly and confidentially conversational with her. She holds you at arm's length, and, probably, professes to be weary before she has gone more than twice around the room. She forgets that with lucky Mr. Black she is able to keep up from the beginning to the end of a long waltz, but you do not, and your humilition is, therefore, all the more complete. In case you should have some excuse for not thinking that you are regarded as a bore, she listens to what you have to say with a *distrait* air, and receives your neatest things in grim silence. When you fancy that you have said something particularly smart, she will crush you by rousing herself as if from a reverie, and saying, evidently in defence of the laws of politeness, "Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. So-and-so, I believe you said something. What was it?" You reflect that she will not break her heart if you refrain from telling her what it was, and you are right. But her behavior is very hard on you, for to have to tell a joke twice over is very much like explaining the point of a witticism on which you particularly pride yourself.

Having escaped from the hands of Miss Brown, you may possibly be handed over to the tender mercies of Miss Green. Now, Miss Green prides herself upon.

THE STRENGTH OF HER CHARACTER

and the power of her mind. She would have you believe that she has a soul above the conventional twaddle of the drawing-room, and is able to talk to men on their pet subjects. So she will ask your opinion on metaphysical and philosophical works on which you may not even have heard the names and arch her eyebrows in disdain as you flounder about in a quagmire of difficulty, and indicate your own lack of information. If you venture to pay her a compliment she will frown, but if you ask her what are her daily amusements she will smile, for she will then be able to declare that she loves reading German and Greek, or tackling the theory of evolution as propounded by that most misty philosopher, Mr. Herbert Spencer. Under proper treatment she will lead you to understand that she is ashamed of the frivolity and empty-headedness displayed by the majority of her sex, and deeply feels the stigma which is undeservedly cast upon herself in consequence of their misdeeds. The results of your efforts to entertain her is, nine times out of ten, that you are made to feel exceedingly small.

But, perhaps, the greatest trial which a male dancer has to endure is Miss Lackadaisical. She is of a sentimental turn of mind, and thinks of little except of sweethearts. She is ready to dance through an evening, almost without a break, regardless of the aching arms of her partners and the sweat upon her partners' brow. She never dreams that she is heavy. She certainly does her best to be amiable. You may tell her that the moon is made of green cheese, and she will not contradict you. Indeed, she will smile and nod her head, as she might be expected to do, if you were

RETAILING GOSPEL TRUTH.

But while she is ready to endorse everything which you have to say she has very little to talk about on her own account. After supper it is true, she may attempt to rally you about your flirtations. But there is not much "go" in her chaff, and you have an impression that she would be glad if you would make love to her. You have an idea that she could, upon very slight provocation, constitute herself the victim of an unrequitted attachment. When you begin operations as far as she is concerned, you may feel amiable and be full of spirits. But somehow or other she "dries you up." At the end of the first figure of the quadrille, having exhausted the weather, the common affection for dancing, and such inspiring topics, you come to a stop, and wonder what in the name of goodness you are to say next. You begin to think that, after all, you are the greater portion of a fool, and are demonstrating the melancholy fact to your partner. But you need not humilitate yourself. She is prepared to be very merciful. She does not mind long pauses. No suspicion that she is a simpleton, because she fails to supply you with matter for conversation, dawns upon her mind. She is content to stand placidly while her hand is in yours. It would appear as if she had said to herself, "if he speaks well and good, if he does not speak, well and good also; there is really not so much in conversation as some people appear to imagine." But unfortunately, you are not like her and are so self conscious that, in your misery, you wish you were at home.

HEELS AND EYES.

A Boston Oculist's Astonishing Theory—An Argument Against French Heels.

(Correspondence of the Providence Journal.)

There has been a little fresh impetus given to the small social tea parties of which I spoke some time ago—a sort of making up for the little dullness which the cessation of the big fairs and the dearth of big things generally had caused; and added to these, or as a sort of postscript to the same parties, there have been brought forward some of the old-fashioned games—not the childish games of romps, but something of the sort as "What is your thought like," and "Consequences," though of an older origin. There have been some minuet parties also, where pretty girls put themselves into the prettiest new-fashioned old-fashioned clothes they could muster, and move through the stately old dance with what comfort they could on their torturing little high heels set in the middle of their feet.

By the way, now I am on the subject of these wicked heels, I want to tell a story that ought to scare every one of these pretty little sinners out of her insane fancy. The story was told to me by one of these girls who had a foot small enough not to be tempted into the French heel folly. One of her companions, however, not so wise, went one day to an oculist with a trouble with her eyes that threatened all manner of frightful results. She was already in a state where reading was out of the question, and other entertainment was fast becoming a torment. "I can walk and ride and drive and do anything within my strength; if it wasn't that my eyes are in such a condition I could enjoy nothing," was her woeful complaint. The oculist looked at her with his professional wisdom, asked her various questions, and then suddenly amazed her by asking her to put out her foot. This sounded like the most extraordinary request. Had the good doctor lost his wits? and, thinking something of this kind, the foot in the smart kid boot with the wicked tall, little heel the young lady was so proud of, was thrust forth. The doctor eyed it a moment with a stolid face—then—"Go home," he said, "and take off those heels—keep them off for a month and then come to me again, and we'll see how the eyes are!"

In a month they were well, and the young lady learned by her experience and a little wise talk how near she had come to having no eyes at all. It may not follow that all young women equally devoted to wicked heels will be affected in a like manner, but it serves to show that there is the possibility, and always the certainty, with that instrument of torture constantly at work in the centre of the foot, where all these delicate nerves and tendons lie that are so intimately connected with all the other delicate nerves of the body, there must presently come some disarrangement and disease that may work fatal mischief with the health, and consequently, with the enjoyment and good looks of the wearer.

A HUMAN MISSILE.

A Girl Shot From a Catapult Goes Crashing Through the Safety Net to the Pavement.

The catapult is simply a platform of a size to hold a human body. Rubber springs are concealed beneath and at one end is a hinge on which the platform makes a partial revolution. I describe the thing as I have seen it; complications may exist, but they can't much affect the principle. The force of the spring, I was told, had been calculated to a fraction; it was far safer than the flying trapeze, or other contrivances where a momentary failure of the nerve or presence of mind of the gymnast would be fatal.

On this platform, raised some twenty feet above the floor, Zæo places herself, lying on her back at full length. When she has adjusted her body to her liking, with a number of preparatory hitches and undulations, she gives the word to her assistant by her side, and she pulls a lever. The springs beneath thrust the platform and its human freight suddenly upward as if about to describe a complete circle. The human part of the machine, not being in any way attached to the rest of it, does in fact describe a complete circle, and something more. The momentum and direction imparted to the body by the upward thrust are sufficient to cause it to perform a somersault in the air during its progress forward; and the body is expected to fall flat into a net about fifty feet from its starting point, and some ten feet lower than the catapult. When I saw this exploit everything worked smoothly, and the female missile was accurately projected into the net. But it happened the other afternoon, accurate calculations to the contrary notwithstanding, that the missile was flung through the net and down ten feet on to the floor. The good-looking young woman who a moment before had been smiling at the spectators was a heap of quivering and apparently lifeless flesh and broken bones.—*Smalley's London Letter to the New York Tribune.*

THE ORIGINAL JOE MILLER.

(From the Globe.)

There seems to have been some mystery about the immortal Joe. One account has it that he was a favorite low comedian at the time when Congreve's plays were fashionable. Others maintain a Betsy Priggian skepticism, and "don't believe that no such person ever existed." In an edition of his work published in 1836 it is stated circumstantially that he used to frequent a public house in Portsmouth street, Clare Market, called the Black Jack, frequented by the tradesmen in the neighborhood. No joke ever moved Joe's imperturbable countenance, hence when anything particularly good was recounted it was derisively attributed to him. After his death, his family being left unprovided for, advantage was taken of this badinage, and John Motley, the historian and dramatist, was employed to collect all the stray jests then current to which Joe Miller's name was prefixed.

The title page of the first edition sets forth that the wit's vade mecum was published "by his lamentable friend and former companion, Elijah Jenkins, Esq., most humbly inscribed to those choice spirits of the age, Captain Bodens, Mr. Alexander Pope, Mr. Professor Lacy, Mr. Orator Henley and Job Baker, the kettledrummer." The first edition only comprised 198 jokes. "But that the volume might have some substance and be a good table or travelling book, serviceable as well as curious, copious additions have been made from the volumes of facetiæ previously and since published, and other sources." Of these 198 jests scarcely half a dozen are really good. "Here is a specimen for the benefit of the present generation, who do not appear to appreciate Mr. Miller: "An Englishman and a Welshman disputing in whose country was the best living, said the Welshman, 'There is such noble housekeeping in Wales that I have known above a dozen cooks employed at one wedding dinner.' 'Ay,' answered the Englishman, 'that was because every one toasted his own cheese.'"

THE LIGHTING OF PULPITS.

From the Philadelphia Ledger.

In the lighting of churches, the problem of how properly to light the pulpit is a very serious one, and has been considered over and over again, with only partial success. The requirements are that it shall be arranged to use either in night or daytime, and efficiently light the rector's manuscript, while at the same time it shall not incommode the rector himself, or his congregation, and in general appearance shall be artistic and in harmony with the architecture and purpose of the building itself. The low reflector lights often used in front of the desk, while not seen by the congregation, throw a very uncomfortable glare and heat on the rector's face, and endangers his manuscript. The side light, with black opaque globe, also used for this purpose, while giving a good light to the preacher, has nothing else to recommend it, being exceedingly commonplace and positively ugly. They are also very much in the way, an inadvertent gesticulation of the speaker of produces serious consequences. The question has met in an admirable way at St. James's Protestant Episcopal Church, in this city, whose elaborate memorial pulpit, lately erected by Mr. John Struthers, has been recently noticed. The lamp, invented and designed by Mr. Joseph M. Wilson, is hung over the pulpit, leaving the whole area perfectly free and undisturbed, and placing the source of light in the most natural position for comfort to the speaker's eyes and for the illumination of his manuscript. To protect the congregation the light is surrounded by an opaque screen, which is made sufficiently low even for the pews directly under the pulpit. This is accomplished by reducing the lowest opening to a diameter of only six inches, just large enough for a circle of light on the desk of the pulpit; and in order not to allow this to diminish the quantity of light on this area, but rather to increase it, the screen or covering has been made in shape an ellipsoid, scientifically and mathematically worked to the proper form, so that the light itself being placed in the upper focus, the rays are concentrated by reflection on to the lower focus, and through it to the desk below, throwing a brilliant light just where required. The interior of the upper half of the ellipsoid is highly polished, while the lower half is blackened to absorb all rays which would be disagreeable to the congregation. The whole is made of polished and chased brass, very beautifully worked up, and entirely appropriate to its position.

—A colored brother who was considered too pompous and too voluminous in his prayer-meeting exhortations was remonstrated with on account of his many inconsistencies. The official who administered the rebuke reminded him of the many sins he had committed and the disgrace he had brought upon the cause of religion by his frequent lapses into immorality. But the erring brother responded: "Yes, boss; I owns squar up; I'se done broke every one obe de commandments, but, bress de Lord I'se nebber lost my religion." This shining light was permitted to continue to blaze forth in prayer-meeting with his wonted brilliancy.

KITCHEN ECONOMY.

A Batch of Useful Recipes.

CUCUMBER SALAD.—Slice them and sprinkle freely with salt; put a plate on it with a weight; after an hour draw off the juice that has drawn; dress with parsley chopped fine, small onion chopped fine, pepper, oil and vinegar.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Grate one cocoanut, roll soda crackers fine, add a little salt, butter size of an egg, pour over it 1 quart of skimmed milk. When cold add 3 eggs well beaten, and 1 coffee-cup of sugar and the juice of 1 lemon. To make pies, add 2 more eggs to the above which will make two pies.

BAKED LOBSTER.—2 medium sized lobsters, 1 small onion, 1 pint of milk, yolk of 1 egg, 1 teaspoon of flour, butter size of half an egg, bread crumbs, salt, pepper. Chop the lobster fine, scald the milk with the onion chopped fine in it, add the flour (made into a paste with a very little cold milk), add salt, pepper and butter. Put the lobster in the dish in which it is to be served. Pour the dressing over it and sprinkle bread crumbs on the tops. Bake about half an hour.

MEAT PIE.—Two pound of veal, ½ pound beef, ½ pound of salt pork, chopped fine (which can best be done by the cutcher), 1 teacup of cracker, rolled fine, 2 eggs, ½ teaspoon fine majoram salt, a little red and black pepper, nutmeg, and juice of half a lemon. Mix thoroughly together and put into a pan used for baking bread, first wetting the pan, place a dripping pan over the top and turn it over, when the loaf will readily slip out; then pour in a little water and put it in a moderately heated oven; baste it frequently, and bake one hour and a quarter.

OX-TAIL SOUP.—Take three tails, have them divided at the joints, put them in warm water to soak; put into a gallon kettle eight cloves, three onions, a few allspice, pepper and the tails; fill with water and let boil as long as any scum rises; take it off, cover the pot and let it simmer two hours; take out the meat and cut in small mouthfuls; set the stock away until the next day; remove all the grease and put all on to boil, adding two tablespoonfuls of brown flour mixed with butter; let simmer half an hour, then add two tablespoonfuls of catsup and two glasses of wine and salt.

APPLE CHARLOTTE.—Butter a deep baking bowl; line it with thin slices of wheaten bread which have been soaked in sweet cream; fill the bowl to within one inch of the top with sliced apples in layers, with beef marrow; sugar and grated lemon or orange peel; cover the apples with thin slices of bread soaked in cream; cover the bowl closely with an ordinary earthenware pie-dish, in which place water to prevent its cracking; bake in a rather brisk oven from one hour to one and one-half hours, according to the size of the charlotte.

TO BOIL A HAM.—Scrape and wash carefully in plenty of cold water. Put it to cook in boiling water enough to cover it entirely, hock end up; let it remain on the front of the stove till the ham begins to boil, then put it back and let it simmer steadily for three hours. Take it off the fire, and let the ham remain in the water it is boiled in till cool enough to handle; then skin it; put in a baking-pan, and sprinkle with about three ounces of brown sugar; run your pan in a hot oven, and let it remain a half-hour, or until the sugar has formed a brown crust. This not only improves the flavor of the ham, but preserves its juices.

BAKED PORK AND BEANS.—A request comes from a Virginia housekeeper that we tell how the "Boston baked beans that are sold in the stores are prepared." We have had no experience with store baked beans, and do not know just how they are cooked, but for the best way to cook pork and beans in the New England style (we never could see the propriety of the prefix of Boston) we may help her, if not expect to find it in a cook book; there are as many ways as there are books, and neither of them the way—which is our way. Beans, some; pork, a piece, and a pot or pan big enough to hold them is required. Pick over and wash the beans, cover them well with water and let them soak all night, or longer. Place the beans in a pot or saucepan, cover with water, and heat slowly; when simmering shows an approach to boiling, pour and drain off the water; cover again with hot water and boil the beans slowly until done. The pork, selecting a rather lean piece, is to be boiled in a separate vessel, while the beans are boiling. When the beans are so soft that they crush readily between the fingers, place them in an iron or tin pan, or an earthen bean-pot; remove the rind from the pork; score the top of it both ways into half-inch squares, and press it into the beans, the top of it only exposed; put in the water in which the beans were boiled, more or less as they are wanted moist or dry; the quantity varying with the kind of beans, is to be learned by experience—nearly to the surface of the beans will answer for a first trial; put into the oven and bake slowly, at least five hours—6, or more will do no harm. Variations which may be tried: A tablespoonful or two of molasses put in the pan with the beans gives a fine color and a flavor liked by most persons. Sprinkle a little pepper with the beans. Ordinarily the upper layer of beans will be browned, and often hard and parched; to prevent this place slices of raw potato over the beans, but not on the pork. Leave out the pork altogether, salting, and putting in a tablespoonful or two of beef drippings. Variations not commended: Boiling the beans without first soaking; boiling them without changing the water; boiling the pork with the beans; baking the pork without first boiling; using the pork with the rind on. In the days of brick ovens the bean-pot was put in towards night, and taken out the next morning. Those were park and beans! At the present day such can only be found where the bakepan and wood fires prevail, or in lumber camps. To either place the beans and pork are put in the bake-pan, and this completely covered with coals and ashes. Taken out in the morning! Talk about Boston baked beans!

THE FAR WEST.

News and Notes From the Prairie Province and Northwest Territories.

WINNIPEG.

Mr. John Haverty has received a letter from Mr. C. C. Cavanagh, of Cross Lake, who reports that he has collected $342.45 for the Irish relief fund.

According to the opinion of Mr. Thomas Truthwaite, of St. Andrews, who has resided in Manitoba for the last fifty years, there is little to be feared from a flood. He has seen more snow than even this year, and yet no flood until June. He says the great width of the channel suffices to carry away the local waters before those of the sources of the Red River can reach Winnipeg. Much, he says, depends upon the action of streams in Minnesota and Dakota.

Ham McMicken will carry the mails between this city and St. Boniface station for $999.

The McDowell troupe are expected to arrive here for a short season in May.

A couple of well known land speculators of this city started for Minnesota recently to secure a quantity of land. On reaching that place they went to the land office to ascertain the numbers of the sections that were vacant, and then started out to prospect before purchasing. Two days behind them another speculator left here for the same destination, and by having relays of horses provided, got into Minnesota not far behind those who had preceded him. He stepped into the land office, and found that the others had been there a few minutes before, whereupon he quietly secured all the coveted land while the others were out prospecting it.

BATTLEFORD.

Several of the Mounted Police whose time will expire in the spring intend to stay west and farm.

There has been great fatality amongst Indian horses at Eagle Hills, owing to the usual feeding grounds having been burned over last fall.

An agent of the Canadian Pacific Express Company will visit Ottawa to endeavor to get from the Government a subsidy to establish a passenger line.

The Finlayson Brothers have obtained the contract for putting posts for the stockade around the barracks. They expect to get nearly the required number off the island in the Saskatchewan, opposite the barracks.

The Cypress mail arrived on the 4th. The buffalo are going south, the Indians following, and getting enough meat to maintain themselves. Many of the Sioux have gone across the line. About four hundred Indians—chiefly those who were unable to go to the plains—are being fed daily at and near Fort Walsh.

SELKIRK.

A gentleman named Mr. Patterson was in town recently, prospering for a bonus for the steam flouring mill in Selkirk.

Rumors still fill the atmosphere in regard to the C. P. R. crossing of the Red River. There is nothing new in opposition to the Selkirk site. Anything that leaks out is favorable.

A meeting was held here for the purpose of aiding the Irish Reilef Fund. There was a small attendance, but the best of feeling. It was considered that $100 could be raised in town by subscription. Mr. F. W. Boles and L. S. Vaughan were appointed to obtain subscriptions.

EDMONTON.

Twenty-seven flat sled loads of grain arrived at the mill on the 25th from White Fish Lake and Lac la Biche. One hundred and twenty and one hundred and seventy miles is quite a piece to take a grist mill.

Upwards of a hundred persons attended the execution of the cannibal at Fort Saskatchewan on the 20th. It is said that the reason the condemned man acted so carelessly was that he supposed he had a soft thing, thinking the executioner would be obliged to pull him up, which he knew he would be utterly unable to do.

The night of the 22nd February was the coldest ever known here. The thermometer said fifty-six below zero. Although it did not prevent out-door work it was decidedly chilly.

A Government meteorological observatory has been established at the telegraph office here.

Moose leather is worth six dollars a hide here.

Colin Fraser's barley weighed fifty pounds to the bushel as it came from the thresher.

EMERSON.

Dr. Young, pastor of the Canada Methodist Church, is holding a series of revival meetings.

Our butchers and others are harvesting their "ice crop." The ice is two feet thick.

Rev. S. Anderson, pastor of the Baptist Church of this place, conducts divine service in the Presbyterian Church at Pembina on Thursday evening in each week.

Our merchants are beginning to receive their spring stocks, and to judge by appearance expect a rushing trade next season.

Mr. Leacock, of the Crown Timber Department, was at the Portage during the past week, and made some of the boys hop out of the bush.

James Campbell, a young man who had been residing a short time at the Portage, was charged before Thomas Collins, J. P., with having entered the shanty of James Carroll, about three miles from the Portage, during his absence, and stolen therefrom a silver watch, a plated chain, and about $3.50 in money. The prisoner has been committed for trial.

GLADSTONE.

Messrs. Whimster & Roberts have 8,000 logs at the Big Bend ready for sawing this spring.

Mr. Edward Burnell, of Westbourne, has taken up land at the Big Bend, N. W. T., and intends starting a stock farm at that place.

Mr. J. H. Beck left Gladstone on Monday morning at 4 o'clock, a. m., for Minnedosa, arriving at that place the same morning at 8.30, making the trip of fifty miles in four hours and a-half.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.

There is now some talk of forming a club at the Portage.

The congregation of St. Mary's Church (Episcopalian), at the Portage, subscribed $20 toward the Irish Relief Fund.

"GENTS."

One day, several years ago, when I was rather a young man, the editor of one of the great New York dailies, for which I was doing occasional articles, called me into his sanctum. He held a manuscript of mine in his hand, and on his countenance was an expression which I hastily and inaccurately translated into "declined with thanks."

"I notice the word 'gent' here," he said, thoughtfully tapping the paper with his forefinger; "have you spelled it correctly?"

"Haven't I spelled it g-e-n-t?" I asked, in astonishment.

"I believe so; but won't you have the goodness to look it up in the dictionary."

I turned confidently to Webster's Unabridged and presently became rather red in the face at not being able to find the word in that bewildering storehouse.

"Perhaps there is no such a word in the English language," slyly suggested the editor; "in which case we had better strike it out of the article."

This little lesson made so deep an impression on me, and instilled into my heart such a hatred for the word "gent" that I believe if I were naked and starving I would refuse to be clothed gratis at a "Gents' Furnishing Store," or accept a complimentary dinner in a "Gents' Saloon." Mr. Richard Grant White wittily remarks that "gents" and "pants" belong together, for the former always wear the latter. If "gents" is to be tolerated by careful writers, then let us accept "pants" for trousers, "transpire" for happen or occur, and in brief, adopt all the variegated and wonderful vocabulary of the average newspaper.

The word "gent," however, does describe a class. When you see a greasy young fellow who seems a cross between a rustic and a negro minstrel off duty—a person with a cap set far back on his closely cropped head, tight trousers that grow suddenly full at the ankle, and shoes with turned-up pointed tips (where does he get those shoes?)—when you see this vulgar little object, you see a "gent." You will encounter him on street corners, in shabby neighborhoods, gazing admiraby at the lithograph of some famous clog dancer or cheap blonde in a drinking shop window; you will meet him there, but Heaven preserve you from ever meeting him in decent literature!

—*Atlantic Monthly.*

ABOUT VISITING CARDS.

Some Facts and Suggestions Regarding Their Use.

Visiting c