

Fables and Sketches.

Shall We?

BY MARY O. WADMAN.

We are marching on with the promising year, One thousand eight hundred and eighty-eight. Shall we just leap over whatever is wrong, And come down on the right side true and straight?

and everybody in those parts knows him. He can make a pretty shrewd guess as to when visitors are expected at Ellenleigh, the quaint old house opposite "The George." Indeed, old Joss has so often stopped at Ellenleigh, since it has been lot to these new folks from London, that he knows pretty well when the young masters are coming home from school, when the grandchildren are coming down, and when they are going back, too, for the matter of that, as all these events mean more parcels and packages for him to carry into Canterbury.

and that goose had a story all of its own? Old Joss had had his eye on that goose for months. He had, in fact, bespoken it so far back as August at "The George," whose landlord did a bit in poultry to help pay the rent which his diminished sale of beer ever since that temperance meeting in Ellham school made it increasingly difficult to meet. Three times a week since August Joss had seen that goose waddling about the roadside by "The George," and now as we have said, it was roosting in its own fat before Joss's Christmas fire.

couldn't stand it, so I just scooted, and I expect I'm to blame for her election, too. You know she was not nominated in any of the conventions. About nine o'clock on election day all us boys were feeling gay and agreed to meet at a hall and nominate a candidate to knock out Wilson. Jack Ducker, he's the toughest man in the place, and the undertaker, got up in the meeth' and nominated Mrs. Susanna Medora Salter for Mayor, and the nomination was made unanimous. We rushed into the streets and commenced to work for our candidate. At noon her husband came to us and begged us to quit the racket, sayin' it was an insult to his wife. We wouldn't do it, and then the voters commenced to come our way in clusters. We got full of whisky and enthusiasm, and at 4 o'clock every one was voting for our candidate. Well, you know as how she was elected. We had a jollification, and when she took her seat like a man all our fun was busted. I sent up to Kansas City for some crab apple cider, just to please the boys. She heard of it and asked me to stop it. You can't fight a woman, and she thimayor. Then I started a little poker room, more for sociability than any thing else. Chips were only ten cents. She heard of it and came to me and I had to stop. Then the drug gist, before she was elected, used to keep blue grass bitters, lemon rye, extract of malt, and a few others things like that. He don't do it now. Themayor heard of it. Then the two billiard rooms were running. They are closed up now. The mayor don't think it is fashionable to push the ivory. That's the way it is with everything. I just couldn't stand the town, and so I came up here."

island, and when amid much evil report and after years of absence he does not return, she concealing herself in an outward bound vessel goes in search of him, persistently tracks him, in the hope of finally reclaiming him, till at last he is found dead in an obscure village, the victim of a drunken brawl. The story, though sad, is well told, and has its lessons for adventurers from other islands. Another article, "Through a Womanless Land," draws very largely on the imagination, but it is well worth reading. "Midwinter in the Paradise of England" is a long, lively article on the Isle of Wight as a winter residence for the delicate. Perhaps a little deeper acquaintance would have induced the writer to have looked more favorably upon Brighton or Bournemouth. Still it cannot be denied the "tiny island" has many charms. Mormonism, in "Polygamy Unveiled," gets roughly handled by Kate Field, who tells the story of Caroline Owen with much force. "Hints and Hints for Mothers," "Home Decorations," "The Household," "The Table," are all well written domestic articles, while Edgar Fawcett's serial gives promise of much interest. Amongst the bits of poetry perhaps the best is "Heaven," by E. H. Stokes, D.D., commencing - "Out and away, some where it will be found, The central throne, the palace of the King."

Domestic Department.

KITCHEN RECIPES.

HOTCH POTCH.—Ingredients.—Three pounds of neck of mutton (scrag end), three quarts of cold water, of carrots, turnips, and cauliflower one pint, one lettuce, three quarters of a pint of green peas, two onions or leeks, one teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper, two teaspoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Cut up the meat into small pieces, and put it on in cold water with the salt; let it come to the boil, and well skin it, scrape the carrots and cut them up; peel the turnips and cut them up. Break up the cauliflower into little sprigs, shred the lettuce, shell the peas, shred the beans, and chop up the onions. Put all these vegetables, when prepared, in with the meat and the pepper. Let this boil slowly for three or four hours, according to the age of the vegetables. Just before serving, stir in the sugar, and last of all the chopped parsley.

A Woman's School of Journalism. A woman's school in which girls are taught type-setting, short-hand, the revision of manuscript and proof-reading has recently been opened in Detroit.

A Bright Idea. Two young women of New Jersey have struck well in poultry farming. They were school teachers, but had a fancy for poultry, and invested \$50 in stock, with a result of \$1,000 profit on the first year, and \$3,000 on the second.

Mr Hatchings and the Sons of Temperance. Mr. Thomas Hatchings, P.G.W.P. of the Grand Division of Nova Scotia, has just been retained for a series of mission lectures in connection with the Sons of Temperance, Montreal. The committee ask the help of the friends of temperance to make these meetings successful.

No More Railway Accidents. An Austrian takes credit for having discovered an appliance which will make railway accidents an impossibility. It is a truck to run before a railway train, maintained at a fixed distance in front by the force of an electric current. The current is conducted through glass tubes attached to the pilot truck. If, therefore, it comes into collision, the tubes are broken and the contact necessarily destroyed. The interruption of the current instantly and automatically applies the brakes of the train. It is claimed by the inventor that two express trains thus provided might with impunity be set to run full tilt at each other.

A New Division of Sons. THOS. CARWELL, D.G.W.P., assisted by W. Green, D.G.W.P., organized a new division of the Sons of Temperance in Jubilee Hall, College street west, Toronto, recently. Of 38 persons that had applied for a charter 26 were present and were initiated. The meeting was very interesting. The new division is to be known as "Excelsior" No. 98. The following were the officers elected: W.P., Bro. Frank B. Denton; W.A., Sister Sarah Harris; R.S., Bro. Thos. Pippy; A.R.S., Sister Lizzie Stearns; F.S., Bro. C.S. Chisum; Treas., Bro. Robt. Davis; Chap., Sister Nellie Hanna; Com., Bro. Samuel Weeks; As. Com., Sister Mary Jane Preat; J.S., Bro. John Bush; O.S., Henry Smith.

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Literary Record.

THE SONS OF TEMPERANCE YEAR BOOK.—In a volume of two hundred and fifty pages the proceedings of the several sessions of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance are reported by the Grand Scribe, R. Alder, Temple. The most interesting information to the general temperance reader is contained in the report of the fortieth annual session which was held in the city of Halifax in November of last year. The Grand Worthy Patriarch's report is very hopeful in tone. It notes the steady growth of temperance principles in the province and gives a good account of the prosperity of the Order; while the Grand Scribe shows that though the number of admissions of new members were twenty-five per cent. below the average of the previous year, yet the loss members from various causes was below the general average, and the number of violations of the pledge is far below the average. It appears further that Cumberland has the largest number of divisions, and Halifax leads with number of membership. New Glasgow division is reported to have made the greatest progress during the year. The finances of the Order appear to be in good condition, the year closing with a balance in hand of \$2,131 and the assets showing a balance of \$3,200 over liabilities. The report of the agency committee is of much interest. From this it appears that four of the brothers have devoted their time to this work, Messrs. T. M. Servis, S. Hutchings, G. D. Webb, and the Rev. J. S. Coffin. These gentlemen have addressed 311 meetings attended by 33,000 persons, they have visited 221 day and sabbath schools and thus addressed 7,300 scholars. Travelling in all five thousand five hundred miles, at a total cost to the Order of \$1,800. The general receipts of the Order are less this year by nearly \$300 than last year. The official organ is reported as being in healthy condition, having a circulation of 1,500 copies. The number of divisions in the province is shown to be 304, and the membership nearly 10,000. Besides its adult work the Order does much in the Band of Hope movement. It reports fifty seven bands in working order. Of these about one half have, unfortunately failed to furnish returns, but if the membership of these be equal to those who have supplied figures, then the gross membership of the Bands of Hope in the Province must reach nearly 4,000. The Journal of Proceedings of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of Prince Edward Island is also before us. It reports a membership of 84,379 being an increase of 5,406 for the year. The Order on the Island is generally in a "flourishing condition and has a good balance in hand."

The Only Woman Mayor.

THE Christian Statesman says.—Kansas has the proud distinction of possessing the only woman mayor in the country. It all originated in a joke but the women were too deeply in earnest to joke over serious matter and they helped the thing along to the utter dismay of the jokers. Last spring, the granting of municipal suffrage to women in Kansas suggested to some one in Argonia to put Mrs. Salter's name as a joke on the women, at the head of the ticket. Mrs. Salter is the daughter of the first mayor of Argonia and is only 27 years old. She can beat any man mayor on several points for she can make her own clothes, take care of her children and do her own cooking and washing. She is also an energetic Christian and a working member of the W. C. T. U. When election day approached the W. C. T. U. held a public meeting and invited all voters, urging them, men and women, to be faithful to the temperance cause. They prayed, read the Crusade Psalm, sang "America," and then held a caucus and nominated their ticket—a mayor and four councilmen, all men. On election day, when the news of the joke reached Mrs. Salter in the midst of her housework, her sisters in the temperance cause urged her to accept the situation while they went to work to secure her election. The following clipping from a newspaper tells how the thing was done and how cordially the originators of the little joke don't like her and her quiet assumption of the duties forced upon her and her strict enforcement of the laws. No wonder they do not like her: "Female mayors are no good," said the ex-city marshal of Argonia, Kan. "Why, Mrs. Salter has just killed Argonia. I used to have a hotel there and was the city marshal, but I

"For Her Sake." "Old Joss," or, to give him his real name, Joshua Cragglington, is one of the best-known men in East Kent. And no wonder. For five-and-forty years he has driven straight across the country from Stouting to Canterbury regularly three times every week, without a single break—no, not even in that dark week last March twelvemonth, when his home was shadowed by the death of Susan. Ah, that was a blow to old Joss, if you like! He started off on Monday morning punctually at a quarter past six from the bend in the road by the rectory gate; and on, on he went over the hill, across the common, until he had reached Stone Street, the historic Roman road, fifteen miles in length, along which the murderers of Thomas a Becket had taken their treacherous journey long years before. Every now and then old Joss stopped to pick up passengers and parcels, for there is not a more popular carrier on the road. He knows everybody in those parts,

There was a great to do at Stouting in Christmas week last year. The rector, assisted by the Lady Bountiful of the parish, arranged a Christmas dinner. Every one was free to come, without ticket, and the school room was filled to the doors with old and young, who all sat down together at the three long tables to enjoy the good things provided. The dinner-time was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the roast beef and baked potatoes sent an appetizing odor through the windows, an odor which travelled on the keen frosty air almost half a mile off. It was an odor, too, which gave a good deal of worry to old Joss. For he sniffed it through the broken pane in his cottage window. He sniffed it, too, although his nose was not many inches away from a big fat goose which was roasting before a blazing fire. Yes,