MY JOSIAR

hings has come to a preity pass The whole wide country over, When every married woman has To have a friend or lover; taint the way that I was raised. An'I hein't no desire o have some feller pokin' round Instead of my Josiar.

Instead of my sodiat. I never kin forget the day That we went out a walkin' An' sobdown on the river bank An' kep' on hours a talkin' He twisted up my apron string An' folded it together. An' sold he thought for harvest time Twas cur'us kind o' weather.

The sun went down as we sot there-Josiar seemed uneasy, An mother she began to call : "Looweezy oh. Looweezy !" An' then Josiar spoke right up, As I was just a startin, An' said. "Looweezy ! what's the use Of us two ever partin'?"

It kind o' took me by surprise, An' yet I knew 'twas comin'-I'd heard it all the summer long In every wild bee's hummin'; I'd studied out the way I'd act, But law I I couldn't do it, I mean't to hidd my love from him, But seems as if he knew it. An'lookin' down into my eyes He must have seen the fire, And ever since that hour I've loved An' worshipped my Josiar.

I can't tell what the women mean Who let men fool around 'em, Bellevin' all the nonsense thet They only say to sound 'em ; I know for one. I've never seen The man that I'd admire, To have a hangin' after me, Instead of my Josiar.

PIPPO'S REWARD.

"If I could but buy it ?" He was only a little brown-faced, barefoot-ed Italian lad, and he stood with his wistful eyes fixed on the window of a dingy shop in a still more dingy London street. Above his head the hot sun poured down its burning inys, but he did not mind that ; it reminded him of his own land on some dim cloudless attennon, when he had had nothing to do save to be under the shade of the vines on the mountain-side, or to listen to the music of some rill of water babbling under cool green that hose who sought its shelter might also yie due reverence to its patron saint. There give due reverence to its patron saint. There were no vines here, and no babbling fountains, and sculptured Madonnas; only hot streets and countless roofs, and but chance glimpses of blue sky far up above the house-tops. Neither were there market days and feast Neither were there market days and feast days, for innocent merry-making; nor any rest or peace for his little weary body, since the cruel black-browed padrone had brought him from across the seas to this country of want, and work, and endless misery. No. There was never any peace for him now; any pause of time when he might dream day dreams of all things beautiful. All was

ise, and turmoil, and ceaseless clangour, and ending strife, and life was a sordid, pitiful thing that left him only too often sleepless, and hungry, and foot-sore, and with a tired aching in his heart that he could not put into any words; that even if put into words would have won for him nothing but mockery, and jeets, and perhaps blows.

Blows-was that a blow now that fell on his shoulder from which the ragged little shirt had partly fallen? He started and shrank back with the timid, frightened gesture of a beaten dog. But it was no blow this time, only the pressure of a strong hand on his little shrinking form. "What are you staring at so earnestly?"

asked a kind hearty voice in the language which the child as yet only imperfectly under-

which the child as yet only imperfectly under-stood. "Nothing, Signor Inglese," he answered timidly, and shrank away with his little broken fiddle under his arm, as though he had done something to be ashamed of. "Nothing? Why, your eyes look as if they would start out of your head. If it had been a cook shop now, or a baker's, I could have understood it ; you look half-starved. But this old rubbishing bric-a-brac place. What the deuce could you see there ?" He was a young man who spöke, dressed in Naval uniform, but his loud, hearty voice bewildered the little lad, whose scant know-ledge of English prevented his understanding what was said. He stood looking helplessly at the stalwart frame and sunburned face of his interrogator, but something in the kind

"Of course," answered the young man loft-ily, though when the violin and bow were in his hands he knew nothing of how to use

Oh, yes : I know all that," interrup d Fordyce impatiently. "Never m blessings. I have heard them so off the biessings. I have heard them so often, and found the more numerous they are the less of gratitude goes with them. Run along, now, little chap, and don't lose my card. I never make empty promises, and if you want me you'll know where to find me." "I used to see old Jack Barber play the them. "I used to see old Jack Barber play the thing on board ship often enough," he said ruefally; "but I'm blest if I know how to clap sail on myself. Here boy," he added, un-heeding the Jew's remonstrance, "see what you can make of it." The child took it with reverent, tender hands, and without an instant's hesitation began to play. Something in the little rapt face and earnest eyes, as well as in the in-stinctive grace with which he used the bow, and brought the long-silent music from out of that old time-worn instrument, silenced the Jew's remonstrances, and changed the young sailor's laughing curiosity to a deep attention. " By Jove1 the little chap understands

"I had a rare lark to-day," said young Fordyce, as he sat at dinner with his mother and aisters," that evening. "I meta little Italian beggar boy, and what do you think he was breaking his heart about?" "Polonies or macaroni," suggested pretty Edith, the elder of the two girls. "Not a bit of it," said her brother, laugh-ing. "He wanted a fiddle—I beg pardon, I believe I ought to say a violin. He was a rum little chap, but couldn't he play just !" "Did you hear him, then ? What new act of philanthropy have you been coumit-ting?" "By Jove! the little chap understan

ting?" The young man looked a little confused, "None-at least, not exactly," he replied. "I couldn't bear to see his poor, wistful little face there against the window, and

"By Jove ! the little chap understands what he's about," he said in surprise. "Cu-rious, how natural music seems to these South-em birds. What do you think of that, eh ?" he asked old Jacobi suddenly. "Tink ! Why, that he vill spoil my vio-line, and I shall hold you responsible," was the strictly professional reply. "The sailor gave a prolouged whistle. "Stow all that trash," he exclaimed indig-mantly. "That lad knows more about the instrument than you do. Spoil it? Those clever little fingers? Bosh ! I'll tell you what, though : I'll give you five pounds for the old fiddle, and a deuced good offer it is. Take it or leave it as you like. I can soon pick up another. I saw some in Levi's, in H.— street, and he's an old friend of mine." "I tevi ish mine cousin, and he is rich, and I am vonver poor dealer," screamed the old He-brew excitedly ; "but Levi has not in all his shop von single violine that is in the least de-gree so goot as that. No, sare; you would not rob a poor old man; you vill give me for him ten pounds." little face there against the window, and so..." "Oh, yes, I quite understand," said Mrs. Fordyce. "You took him in and bought him what he wanted. If it had been a twenty-guinea affair you would have done just the same. You are just like your poor father. His hand was always in his pocket. I think all the beggars in London knew him." "I am sure it is a good thing Ned does not stay very long when he is on shore," exclaim-ed Edith, "for the number of crossing-sweep-ers, beggar-women, blind men, organ-grinders, white-mice sellers, and image-dealers that flock to this street—well, it's something quite too dreadful. Ned is as well known as the Prince of Wales, I think." "What a compliment to an obscure indi-vidual like myself !" laughed her brother. "Well, but what did you do about the boy this morning ?" asked his younger sister, Gertrude.

not rob a poor old man; you vill give me for him ten pounds." "Five, and not a halfpenny more," was the resolute answer, as the young man took the violin from the child's reluctant hands and placed it on the counter. "Seven—sit.-five pound ten," persisted the Jew in a most broken voice, as each abatement was steadily ignored. "Vell, vell, if it must it must. I make von great sacrifice, but it shall not be said that you ver imposh-ed on by one of my Cousin Levi's bad violines. No : sooner vould I suffer myself than that, and von day you may again see a leetle in-shtrument you like—also it shall be a bargain Ned told his tale in a few words, making

Gertrude.
Ned told his tale in a few words, making so light of the purchase of the violin that none of them imagined it had cost him more than a few shillings.
"I hope, however, yon did not tell the child to come here?" said his mother as he concluded his story "We have quite enough pensioners of yours already."
"Besides, it is really not safe," put in prudent Edith. "One hears such dreadful things nowadays about thieves' kitchens and the like, and I dare say Ned would find all his deaf, lame, and blind beggars in full possession of all their faculties and limbs if he only knew where they congregated."
"Well, 'what the eye doth not see the heart doth not grieve for," laughed Ned, as he rose from the table to open the door, 'and I am sure my poor beggars have never done any harm as yet."
"But there's no knowing 'what they may do," persisted Edith, pausing behind the others as they passed out of the dining-room. "I'm sure when you're away, Ned, I'm always in terror lest some of those creatures should rob or murder us, or set the house on fire. I really am." and you day you may again see a recter in-shtrument you like—also it shall be a bargain —if you go not to Levi. He is noting of a dealer, noting. I should not like to see a goot young shentleman like you imposhed on by him." The young man laughed heartily at this ti-rede and draw his nurse out

"All right. I won't go to Levi," he said. "All right. I won't go to Levi," he said. "Now, put that fiddle in a case and hand it over, will you?" "Shall I not send him for you?" asked the dealer, persuasively. "It shall come to-day, certain."

certain." "Thanks," said the young sailor cautiously. "But.you see I'm not a good judge of instru-ments, and—ahem—I might forget what it "as like !" The Jew had to confess himself worsted in

The Jew had to confess himself worsted in the encounter, and soon after his strange cus-tomer left the shop with the little Italian lad carrying the case, and trotting beside him. "And I thought it mosh be all sailors are so confiding," murnured the old Israelite re-gretfully, as he returned to his dingy den. "I have heard it said so. But still"—and he rubbed his dirty hands gleefully—" still, it has not for me been so bad a bargain. Five shillings I gave for that old fiddle two years ago, and now five pounds I sell him for ; and then, I have secured a customer from mine ver goot cousin Levi !" This last reflection seemed to give him al-most as much satisfaction as his bargain—not quite ; for a Jew's pocket is usually his most sensitive point, and what affects it is in con-sequence his primary consideration.

eoft and lingering grace that woke them into harmony with his own voice. And as he sang he was once more in his own land, and above him beamed the cloudless blue of an Italian sky, and he saw glowing waters and dancing waves, and the brightness of the morning sun-light, and the little grassy paths where the river ran by his side and— He woke from his dream with a start of fear and the snap of a broken string. A shadow fell across the white moonlit road, and a harsh voice mut-tered in his own tongue: "Thou hast sung enough; go, ask for money now."

"Thou hast sung enough ; go, ask for money now." The child shrank back as from a blow. "Oh, no," he entreated ; "not money to-night. I gave you the money of the kind stranger. I did but come hither to play to him in gratitude ; he will understand, he is so noble and good and strong, just like the Archangel Michael in the picture on the chapel walls, and—" "Carramba," hissed the man fiercely. "I have not asked these to prate of archangels and chapels, silly fool. Go, do what I bid thee, or fifty stripes and no supper on thy re-turn home."

thee, or fifty stripes and no supper on thy re-turn home." The child answered never a word. With proud mute dignity he put his violin back in its case and walked away, leaving his task-master to follow or to beg in his place. Perhaps the man had a reason of his own for choosing the former course of conduct. In any case, the group at the window were not beset by any request for alms, and only Ned For-dyce's sharp eyes wondered why that slouch-ing shadow followed on the meels of the little lad, who was a flitting down the quiet street with the pale moonrays shining on his bare brown head, and a look of patience and courage in his eyes strangely at variance with

with the pale moorrays shining on his bare brown head, and a look of patience and courage in his eyes strangely at variance with his tender years. He took his stripes and went hungry and for any and gave no word of conplaint even to pitying Netta. In his own simple childish fashion he thought he deserved such chas-tisement for his disobedience, but in his heart he said : "I could not have begged of him. I never will beg of him though I saw him wenty times a day. He heard me play to night he disorestand? They were all talking over the beautiful singring in the grant donations. "I should like to have that boy in my chart was succeeded by no solicitation for the usual donations. "I should like to have that boy in my chart was succeeded by no solicitation for the usual donations. "He is better in the streets," said Ned ab-docs cage nighting less. "Was Pippo dreaming? The sat up in his bed of straw and rubbed his eyes. There was a dim hight in the room, in sun y forms huddled up in different cor-porters. It was close and pestilential and un-to it now, and, indeed, was often too weary wholesome, but the little lad had grown used to hay his little aching limbs down on his any of the succease of the seleep of utter ex-ange of straw and sleep the sleep of utter ex-ange of straw and sleep the sleep of utter ex-ange of straw and sleep the sleep of utter ex-ange to notice anything only too glad to hay his little aching limbs down on his ang of straw and sleep the sleep of utter ex-ange to notice anything only too glad to hay his little aching limbs down on his ange of straw and sleep the sleep of utter ex-ange to notice anything only too glad to hay his little aching limbs down on his ange of straw and sleep the sleep of utter ex-ange to notice anything only too glad to hay his little aching limbs down on his ange of straw and sleep the sleep of utter ex-ange to notice anything only too glad to hay his little aching limbs down on his ange of straw and sleep the sleep of utter ex-

and was like !"
The bey had to confess himself worsted in fire. I really an."
"And so I am in the prod position of acting as a safeguard against robbery, murder and or service and to the barrying the case, and trotting beside him.
"And I thought, it nosh be all saliers are in an in the prod position of acting as a safeguard against robbery, murder and incendiarism." langhed Ned, merrity in the adjoint grow, but through the thin most ing as a safeguard against robbery, murder and the same, or had somebody said it really it would apy better than the Navy I do the safeguard against robbery in the adjoint grow, but through the thin for ; and incendiarism." I have secured a customer from mine vere age, and now five pounds I sell him for ; and to be samible, "cool in Levi."" "This last reflection seemed to give him al-mot a now inverted to in stragament.
"The secure d a customer from mine vere ingot o cust Levi."" "This last reflection seemed to give him al-mot sequence his primary consideration.
"Meanwhile, the young sailor, Ned Fordyces by mane, and his strage companion went out of prestly Edith. She coloured his difficult to prose his with the agony of an in-tenso face and greatness of a heroig purpose, string of incoherent passionste thas, with the words, but her agony of an in-tenso face and greatness of a heroig purpose, string of incoherent passionste thas, with the agony of an in-tenso face and greatness of a heroig purpose, string the words, but her words What had awakened him now? Had he

nging, and the people praying in their own

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"What is it?" she asked. "I must go back—last night—and then to forget! Oh, the wasted time! Netta, dear Netta, let us hurry home; we may be in time yet. Oh! how could I forget? How could I?"

the flash of lights, the sound of voices, filled the room. The scene told its own tale, but the sound of the voice he loved, the presence of the friend for whom his loyal little life had been sacrificed, recalled Pippo'sscattered senses, and through the dim haze of death he stretched out his hands to Ned Fordyce. "It is all safe, signor," he said. "I kept it. I meant to—to warn you, but I came too late for that—only—I said they should not rob you, and they—have not." time yet. Oh! how could I forget? How could I?" "What are you talking about?" asked the girl crossly. Her slumber had been very pleasant, and she did notlike to bedisturbed. "Oh, Netta ?" cried the lad, his white ter-rified face bent pleadingly toward her. "Let me go home. I know what they are going to do to-night, those wicked men. Netta, if anything happens tohim I shall never forgive myself. I ought to have warned him. I meant to, and then—this afternoon, and it was all so beautiful, and I forgot till now, and it is late, and—" "Don't be foolish, Pippo," interrupted the girl. "I know what they are going to do, and I was told to keepyou out of the way. Rest contented; you cando nogood now; it is too fate." The little lad turned on her with such a look of horror, shame, agony in his great

look of horror, shame, agony in his great wild eyes as struck her to the heart. "You

The heavy lids opened, and the glazed eyes seemed to smile. "You were so good," said the child softly. "I had always been unhappy till I—saw you. Perhaps you will remember me a little —sometimes—and help some other child like myself—just for Pippo's sake. The violin is out there—on the balcony. I should like to take it with me, because—you gave it—for, though doubtless the Madonna will give me one in heaven, it will not be quite the same —as yours—" know !" It was all he said. Then, with one appeal It was all he said. Then, with one appeal-ing glance to the calm, wide heavens that looked so bright and pitlless and far above, he sprang away like an arrow from a bow, and with fleet feet that baffled the girl's in-stant pursuit, he traversed the field-path by the riverside, and was lost to sight in a few

-as yours-" Then his head fell back like a tired child's and his eyes saw the face he loved no more. So Pippo found his reward.-All the Year Round. SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

the riverside, and was lost to sight in a. few moments. Netta's senses, though drugged by drink and sleep, were yet quick enough to warn her of the danger in store for her should Pippo succeed in his attempt; but she was no match for him in speed, and when she reached the landing-stage she found there was no sign of him, and that the last boat had left an hour before. "He will have to walk all the way," she thought to herself. "He cannot be in time." But Pippo had no intention of walking. He had noticed the position of the railway lines, and he knew they must lead to a station, and as soon as he was out of Netta's sight he made his way to the little town, and asome ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE ONTABL

BRANCH OF THE ROYAL CALEDONIAN CURL-ING CLUB. and as soon as he was out of Netta's signt he made his way to the little town, and some curious chance or blind instinct guided him direct to the spot he sought. Yet here a fresh difficulty awaited him. He had no money wherewith to buy a ticket. The clothes on his back and the violin in his hand were his other according to the accidence of the source of the source

ING CLUE. The annual general meeting of the Ontario branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Club was held yesterday afternoon in the Walker house, and was attended by the representa-tives of thirty-nine clubs out of the sixty en-titled to be present. Ald. Walker, president of the branch, occupied the chair, and Mr. J. S. Russel was secretary. The SECRETARY presented his reports as secretary and treasurer, and also the re-port of the Executive Committee, in which records of the past season's competition games were included. The first report covered the result for 1881 of the Annual District Medal competition in the province. Twenty-two on his back and the violin in his hand were his only possessions. The engine was scream-ing and puffing, the passengers were already taking their places. The child dared not hesitate, 'He sprang into a carriage where the people were humbly dressed, and which he thought would be cheapest to travel in, and sat trembling in a corner at his own temerity until the train was fairly started. Then he rose up and stretched out his little hands in competition in the province. Twenty-two clubs competed :

scene with photographed on his brain. Two black masked figures were bending over a heap of plate that they had taken from the sideboard; and as the boy's entrance startled them, the light of a bull's eye lantern flashed full on his face. An oath and a blow follow- ed in quick succession, but the lad slipped like an eel through the fingers that sought to detain him, and, throwing open the door, raised a shout of alarm that roused every imate of the house. Then with equal har pidity he sprang on the heap of plander that the two men had been fastening in a leather case, and with his feeble arms flung round it, and his little frail body interposed between them and their booty, he strove to defend it. " The whole house is up. We shall be caught. Fly."
The little lad did not answer ; his strength wasnearly gone, his breath only camein pititing apps. He had but the mute dump persist.

Secretary and Treasurer-J. S. Rus

Toronto. Toronto. Chaplain—Rev. Dr. Barclay, Toronto. Executive Committee—Wm. Rennie, To-ronto Caledonian; Capt. Perry, Toronto Club; Wm. Badenach, Toronto Granite; Robert Crawford, Scarboro'; James Simpson, Hamil-ton Thistle; and W. R. Climie, Bowman-ville.

Auditors—F. McLaw and James Pringle. Committee on the Annual—W. F. Davison, S. Russell, and W. D. Macintosh. Committee on Protests and Appeals-R. H. Ramsay, H. Fysh, and Wm. Ramsay. THE ANNUAL DINNER.

In the evening took place the first annual dinner of the association, in the Walker house. Ald Walker was at the head of the table, which was substantially set. About fifty gentlemen were on hand, almost without exception all lights in the curling firmament.

AQUATICS.

TRICKETT CHALLENGES BOYD. LONDON, April S. --Trickett, the Australian oarsman, has challenged R. W. Boyd to a single-scull match, to take place on the Thames on a date hereafter to be decided. It is thought the challenge will be accepted.

YACHTING. THE AMERICA'S CUP.

The following letter from the Secretary of the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club to a gentleman connected with the New York Yacht Club is the first official information as to the deter-mination of that club to issue a challenge for the America cup :--· EDITORIAL NOTES Extensive preparations are being Halifax for the development of a meat trade with England, France, the America cup :--"BELLEVILLE, April 1st, 1881. "DEAE SIR, --Captain Cuthbert has handed me your letter asking information as to the Bay of Quinte Yacht Club, which you will find inclosed. * * The club, I may add, has a membership of seventy-five. The officers are those of 1880, as our annual elec-tion does not take place until the first Wednesday in May. Captain Cuthbert de-sires his compliments to you, and says you may fully calculate on seeing him in New York this summer. His new sloop is nearly in frame, and will be pushed forward to com-pletion as rapidly as possible. The challenge will be forwarded at an early date. * ** "RICHARD S. BELL, "Secretary B. Q. Y. C."

many. It is proposed to export to London, Antwerp, and other Europ In consequence of the fierce weat prevails on the North Atlantic d

extending it.

winter months, a writer to the Lon-Telegraph suggests that the transport the should be prohibited between the of October and April. Our barley trade with the United

AGRICULTURA

THE CATTLE ORDE ELSEWHERE will be found

ler-in-Council on the subje

ttle trade. It provides in the that all vessels carrying cattle American port to another sha

hibited from loading cattle in Ca

period of thirty days thereaf without reference to whether been disease or not. In place, it provides that vesse have carried cattle infected

and mouth disease from any

States port shall be i from loading cattle in Canada

days thereafter. In the third provides that vessels which have cattle infected with pleuro-p

from any United States port sha hibited from loading cattle in (a period of ninety days thereaft order may, and doubtless wi trouble to shippers of cattle by

vessels, but it is an absolute sary measure. The feeling land is so strong, and the

stringent, that there is no tive left but to follow the Englis

It is necessary to the preservatio Canadian cattle trade with Engl

these measures should be adopted were not adopted Canada woul rigorously "scheduled" in Engla United States or any other

country. The common sense of t in cattle will recognise the absolu

sity of the measures now adopted. has had a bitter and costly exper

the meaning of "cattle disease," not tolerate the slightest risk in

it. No English Government wo for a day that neglected to take a tions in this matter. Canada must the example of England if we wish serve our trade and have a

growing to almost enormous pr During the last six months no less th 660 bushels were exported to Oswe wonderfully rapid, in spite of the twenty per cent.

THE memorandum of the Hon. which we publish in another colum ing to the Imperial Government a promoting Irish emigration to Can be particularly interesting in view o filment of Mr. Pope's proposals by visions of Mr. Gladstone's Land bill i to this matter.

> During the winter settlers in Neb Dakota were obliged to burrow in lars to keep warm. Now they are co to roost upon their roofs to keep dry are the places to which some peop have us believe that Canadians are fl comfort and safety. This statement the banks of the Dakota rivers—it held water

Writing of the annual return States of men who have been er lumbering all winter, a contempo would be interesting to ascertain h thousands of acres of Canadian la been cleared with the proceeds of th of such men, who yearly bring back able sums of money. This is a sort odus" that does no harm. The Foley township corresponden Parry Sound Star sends the followin that paper : "A letter reached here from Dako March 16th, from Wm. Rankin, that he had to get through the roc stable to feed his cattle as he could the door for snow, and his cattle I without water for two days. He has lumber he had on hand for building to keep them from freezing. Green is \$30 per cord, and coal \$28 per ton. Mr. Rankin is probably sitting on t pole of his house by this time, provid escaped death by drowning. Who emigrate to so delectable a country ? We have heard enough and to spa attractions of the Western States. only beginning to learn that there an the ointment of those who have settle A correspondent of the Cincinnati T recently made the journey from Dodg Las Animas, Col., a distance of 175 m describes the region as a sort of catt tery :--- "Thousands upon thousand casses he within sight of the railr thousands of emaciated creatures, s that they can scarcely stand, and are u rise if they fall down, totter about i effort to find food. At Lakin, a stat way between Dodge City and Las the people estimate that at least 45,0 were crowded in and around the to ing the prevalence of the severe sto weeks ago."

THE WEEKLY MAIL, TORONTO, THURSDAY, APRIL 14, 1881.

blue eyes gave him courage at last. He drew "I look but at-this," he said shyly, point-

ing to an old violin lying among a heap of rubbish in the window

"That ! and what do you think of it ?" asked the young man wonderingly. "It makes music," faltered the child. "Music !" laughed the young Lieutenant, " and what of that ?" The little hed?"

"and what of that ?" The little lad's eyes grew soft and dreamy. "What ?" he murmured in Italian ; "only that I love it ; only that in all this great city that I love it ; only that in all this great city

that I love it; only that in all this great city it is the one thing that speaks to me of the home I have lost." "Poor little chap," said his interrogator regretfully. "I don't understand your lingo, but I dare say you're a victim of one of those rascally padrones who make a living by send-ing women and children into the streets to work for them. Would you like that fiddle?" he added slowly, pointing to the instrument as he spoke. The child did not understand the question

so to make it clearer the young man walked into the shop, making a sign to the little lad to follow. An old Jew rose up from behind the counter and peered through the gloom at the counter an his customer.

"Vhat you pleashe, sare ?" he asked, rub-bing his dirty hands slowly together as if he scented business.

" Let me see that fiddle youhave in the win

dow," said the young man. "That—violine," corrected the dealer. "Well, I don't know that the name makes

"Well, I don't know that the name makes any difference," returned the customer, impa-tiently. "Haul it out of your hold, and let's have a look at it. It doesn't seem up to much, to judge by its appearance." "It ish one var fine inshtrument, sare," exclaimed the Jew, indignantly. "It ish an old Italian violine, of fine make, and of tone wonderful. Try it sare." "Try it!" exclaimed his customer, con-temptuously. "You don't suppose I should play on a dirty blackened old thing like that? If I ever perpetrated anything in the musica? ime," he added, laugning, "I should take care to have a fine brand-new instrument, at all events."

The Jew looked with unfeigned commisera-tion at this display of musical ignorance. "A new violine!" he exclaimed ; "play on a

"A new violine !" he exclaimed; "play on a new violine ! Ah, sare, it is plain you know not much of music." "You're right there," laughed the young sailor; "but I want to try what this young-ster does. I found him looking very covet-ously at that rubbishing old piece of wood and catgut. Just hand it over here a minute." "Let that dirty little vagabone touch my Italian violine ? Novare !" exclaimed old Jacobi with indignation. "Do you take me for yon fool, sare ? I thought it vas you that needed the inshtrument for yourself; but that street brat-" He turned away contemptuously, and

that street brat-He turned away contemptuously, and thrust the violin once more into its old place among the cracked china, and dull brasses, among the cracked china, and duil brasses, and timeworn bronzes, and bits of genre, as he called them. The little lad, who had im-perfectly understood the dialzgue, clasped his hands despairingly together as he saw the coveted treasure put once more beyond his reach, but his new protector was not to be easily baffled, and he sternly ordered the Jew to mise the instrument to bim and tell him e the instrument to him and tell him

to give the instrument to him and tell him its price. "Twenty pounds," was the cool response. "Twenty pounds ?" exclaimed the sailor indignantly. "Do you take me for a fool ?" "No, sare, for a shentlemans," answered the Teutonic Hebrew with a grin ; "but if you vere a connoisseur, you vould know that the is a fine old Italian instrument, and worth every peuny of vhat I ask you." "Put some string on it, and let me hear what it's like," said the customer shortly. The old man obeyed, and presently handled the void man obeyed, and presently handled the violin to its prospective purchaser with its bridge fixed and its strings in playable con-dition.

ou vant a bow too ?" he asked with a

ed the selling of white mice and plaster im-ages, the dancing in heavy shoes in the muddy streets, the fighting of black-browed brigand-looking padroni; and amid all and through all these varied occupations, hearing the soft sad wail of a violin, whose sounds nothing could stifle nor silence. These counds were still in his ears as he woke with a start and sat up-right in his chair, in that very self-evident, wide-awake manner peculiar to people on whom slumber has stolen unawares in an au-spicious moment. The child looked a little awed and surpris-ed. "Not mind the Madonna," he thought; "well, that certainly could not be a right thing to say. Truly the Madonna was neglectthing to say. Truly the Madonna was neglect-ful sometimes or hard of hearing; for had he not prayed and besought her unceasingly to send him back to his own land again, and was he any nearer going now than when he had begun the first of these petitions a twelve-month before." Nevertheless, he did not cease praying, for he had been reared in that blind, ignorant faith which is so hard to shake off, and had the strong poetic reverence for saints and priests that all his nation possess in a greater or less degree.

"Where do you live ?" he asked him sud

sion of his talk. The child was long in understandin

in a greater or less degree. "And now, what will you do with this ?" asked his new friend, as they reached the end of the street. "Play on it," answered the lad readily "I may make money now, and the padrone will not beat me so much. This has beautiful music in it, and the other was so old and bro-

whom slumber has stolen unawares in an au-spicious moment. Was it fancy, or was there really a face peering at him through the window—a sallow, evil-looking face with fierce black eyes that glowed through the semi-darkness with covet-ous and vindictive longing ? He sprang to the window in a second. It was a French window opening on to the balcony, and that in turn led by a flight of steps to one of those squares or gardens so often found in London suburban houses. The window was fastened by an or-dinary hasp or lock, which did not yield quite freely to his hand. With an impatient effort he flung it open at last, but there was no one on the balcony, and all the square was solitary and deserted as was usual at that time of the evening. music in it, and the other was so old and bro-ken, it was no use, and the people used to drive me away when I played in the streets; and as for money, they never gave me any for playing, only when I sang." "You poor little chap," said Ned Fordyce pityingly. "What a life !"

evening. Half angry at his own sudden alarm, he re-

"You poor little chap," said Ned Fordyce pityingly. "What a life !" "The life I would love in my own country," said the child in his eager, imperfect English; "to wander through the fields in the moon-light and play while the stars are shining and the nightingales singing in the thickets. Ah i" He drew a long, deep breath ; he knew what he felt, but he could not express it in this cold and unfamiliar tongue. The young sailor looked down on him with wonder. The child was a mystery to him. That he should desire a piece of wood and four strings in preference to toys or some-thing to eat was in itself a surprise. That he should rhapsodize in this fashion about it, regardless of bare feet and ragged clothes and scorching sun, was a cause of greater aston-Haff angry at his own sudden alarm, he re-turned to the room, taking care, however, to shut and bolt the window securely. "I mustn't tell my mother or the girls," he said to himself, " or they will be more ner-vous than ever." Then, with one more search-ing look around he left the dining-room and rejoined the femiline members of the family in the pretty lamp-lit drawing room beyond. When he reached the door he pansed. Was it only fancy, or was his dream still haunting him, for, floating through the air and up to the open windows came the self-same plain-tive, sorrowful strains that had been ringing in his ears a few moments before. Impatient-ly he turned the handle and entered. A group of figures stood at the window overlooking the street—his mother and sisters, the now ubi-quitous curate, and a pretty girl from next door, who was Gertrude's bosom friend, and possessed a charming voice and a passion for orching sun, was a cause of greater aston-

"Where do you live ?" he asked him sud-denly. The child mentioned a low street in the neighbourhood of Soho, and to the further in-quiry whether he had any parents, told all his pitiful little tale about having been stolen away from his own country and brought here to earn a living for a task-master as pitiless as he was unprincipled. It was a common enough tale in the mouth of an Italian beggar, but the simple pathos of this child's delivery touched his warm-hearted acquaintance with a deeper compassion than he had ever felt be-fore for any friendless, homeless outcast, and there were many such who had experienced the benefit of his generous and large-hearted charity. door, who was Gertrude's bosom friend, and possessed a charming voice and a passion for dancing. "What are you all looking at?" exclaimed Ned in wonder. "Hush !—Is it not beautiful?" said Ger-trude softly, and pretty Ada Singleton held out her hand in silence. "He took it, and stood by her side looking out over the heads of all the group into the quiet lamp-lit street. He could see nothing, though still the soft slow strains floated up, simple as a child's prayer, but sweet with the pasionate sympathy of a loving, longing soul, that poured into the music what words were too feeble to declaim. Ned stood quite still ; instinctively he knew who the player was, and felt that the little friendless lad had travelled all those hard stony streets to pay this tribute to his young benefactor. The delicacy of feeling which had prompted this ignorant and untutored child was recognized and understood, even as he would have had it charity. "Will your master allow you to play on that violin ?" he asked the boy at the conclumeaning of the question, but when he did, a sudden fear flashed into his eyes. 'I don't know," he said hesitatingly ; then ignorant and untutored child was recognized and understood, even as he would have had it understood, and Ned stayed his sister's hand as

'I don't know," he said hesitatingly ; then his face brightened. "Netta is very good," he added, "and I will pray her to speak to the padrone. He minds her always." "Who is Netta ?" asked his companion. The child looked perplexed. "She is with us-there," he said nodding in the direction of the street he had named, "and she is just Netta ; but she is very good, though sad-always sad; and when she dances her feet are, oh, so heavy ; but she says her heart is heavier still, and I think it must be," he added with a sigh. "Well," said the young man, giving him she was about to toss out some coins to the

she was about to toos out some coins to the hidden player. "No," he said, hastily ; "there are some cases where money is an insult. I know why this child is here." Just as he spoke a sweet young voice lifted itself up, seeming as if it must find its way straight to heaven, with its rich far-sounding notes. On many a spints' day the box hed straight to heaven, with its rich far-sounding notes. On many a saints' day the boy had walked in the procession with hundreds of other c.ildren, singing what they had been taught to ing, and glad to sing it because the music was beautiful and the saints would be pleased with their service. At least, Pippo had always felt this, but then music was in his head and his heart, and nothing could drive it thence. He sang on now, forgetful of the flinty streets, of hunger, and fasting, and blows ; he sang on in the passionate gratitude that filled his heart for this one human being who had had a kind word and look for him to-day when no other had noticed him ; who had given him an inexhaustible source of hap-piness in this long covsted instrument, whose strings he touched now and again with a must be," he added with a sigh. "Well," said the young man, giving him some loose silver as he spoke, "go home now, and I hope your new treasure will outlive the padrone's anger, and you will not weary of it very soon. And look here. This is my card; I live here, and if you get into any trouble with your master, just you come round and let me know, will you ?" "The signor is too good," exclaimed the boy, raising his great soft eyes to the bronzed and manly face above him. "I shall never forget him—never; and may all the saints and the blessed Madonna herself.—"

fashion. Once he had been wandering through the streets on a Sunday, morning, and had found his way to the doors of a great cathedral. The sound of the singing and the sonorons swell of the organ had made him forgetful of shyness and strangers, and he had crept nearer and nearer, until at last he pushed open the swinging doors and stood within. He had been lost in a dream of wonder at the beauty he saw—at the marble pillars and the open the swinging doors and stood within. He had been lost in a dream of wonder at the beauty he saw—at the marble pillars and the moulded roof, and the flood of light that pour-ed itself in every rich and varied hue through the stained glassofthe windows, but it was the music that he thought of most. The tuneful harmonies of trained and perfect voices en-tranced and awed him. It was so beautiful —oh, so beautiful—and he stood drinking it all in in a passionate extany of delight, think-ing that this must indeed be the heaven his priests had told him of. He was a little rag-ged footsore child, with bare head and shoe-less feet, sun-tanned and not over clean, for the padrone cared little for such trifles, and water was a luxury to be prayed for in the dingy crowded room where head many of his country-folk were all huddled together. Only a little ragged child, a beggar who play-ed on that tuneless broken violin for a liveli-hood; and it was no wonder that when a great personage with sweeping robes and the majesty of official dignity on his brow saw him standing there, he waxed wrathful and indignant at such audacity. In an instant he bore down upon the delinquent, and fiercely ordered him out. The child looked in wonder at his angry face and disgusted ges-tures. True, he was only a little becoar hut

bore down upon the delinquent, and fiercely ordered him out. The child looked in wonder at his angry face and disgusted ges-tures. True, he was only a little beggar, but might not beggars go to church if they so wished? In his own land the bare feet of peasants and lazzaroni trod the same floor that was swept by the silks and laces of great ladies. He had never been turned out of chapel or cathedral there. But he was too timid to expostulate, and so shrank away at the great man's bidding, and left the musio and the services behind him again ; nor ever after that dared venture in any place of wor-sing, for in his heart grew a fixed idea that the English God was only for the rich and prosperous; that He did not want beggars and wanderers to worship at His shrine. So now on this bright Sunday morning he heard the sound of ringing bells, and pictured to himself the scene of that one effort of his to penetrate into an English church, and then he crept away into a corner, and took out his new treasure, and wove fresh melodies out of hing in misery, cruelly treated, and hungry often, and with never a living being to speak softly and tenderly in his ears. The music carried him away into a land of forget-fulness, and his eyes brightened and his lips smiled, as the lips of a child who slumbers and dreams of beautiful things that his wak-ing moments never know.

Netta brought him a dry crust and an apple for his Sunday meal, and he washed it down with a draught of water that was warm and dull-looking, and bore little affinity to the clear sparkling mountain streams from which he had once been wont to drink.

Then the girl, who pitied the gentle dreamy little lad, and saw how unfit he was or such a life as he now led, bade him wash his face and come out with her. The padrone had given her leave to take him away, and they would not return till the evening, and she would go in one of the river steamers and get out at some place where there were green fields and shady trees and the noise and dust fields and shady trees and the noise and dust and glare of the city might be forgotten for even a few hours. Pippo started to his feet in delight. Such a holiday as this Netts had often spoken of and planned, but they had never been able to accomplish it. He could scarcely believe it was possible even now. His preparations were soon made, and his little win face was flushed, with excitement, and his hig brown eyes literally dancing with delight, as he ran down the dark and crooked stairway to where Netta awaited hum a

The part of the train by based of the field have and stretched out his little hands in an agony of appeal to the wondering passenger.
"Oh, good people," he cried, "I am a poor little lad, and I have no money, and some one I know is in great danger to night, and I must get to him and warn him. It will kill me if I cannot. I thought the iron way would carry me quickest, and so I came in here, but they may turn me out, for I have no money to pay them. You know how much it is, and I will play to you all the way for just so many copper pieces as it may be. Oh, good people, it is for more than charity, it is for a life I pray. Do hear and help me, for love of the God you serve!"
The passionate appeal, the sight of the little face and tear-blinded cyes, stirred may hearts there to sympathy. Before the child had touched a string, or played a note, ager hands thrust the money into his own, and kindly voices were uttering assurances of sympathy in his ear. He thanked them with he patronus ecstacy of southern grace that for once overcame his natural shyness, and then, the noise of the train bewildered him; the sparks of fire and coloured lights of signals flashing by dazzled his eyes; the dark ness and clamour, as the carriages rushed him, she all him he could get no near-fit to the place he wanted that night, he bade them all farewell and got out, and as he stood on the platform, his brown curis glistenig in he amplight, his voint clasped in his arms, his eyes gazing bewildered and frightened and they to see allow and strange rush the sore of the train whiled off, and his follow place has stored to them and a stead for the train the mass filled with a brave of the place he wanted that night, he bade them all farewell and got out, and as he stood on the platform, his brown curis glistenig in he langlight, his violin clasped in his arms, his eyes gazing bewildered and frightened and the way was strange, and there were but few mouth in the cash. an agony of appeal to the wondering

Hamilton, Jan. 6th... London, Jan. 7th. Woodstock, Jan. 12th. Burlington Bay, Jan. 18th. Welland, Jan. 18th. Unoknow, Jan. 18th. Brantford, Jan. 21st. Gneiph, Jan. 21st. Toronto, Jan. 21st.

Pation Bright Berght Georgeto Balt Peterboy Peterboy Peterboy Peterboy States Meaforth Weland States Meaford Meaford Meaford Meaford Meaford Meaford Meaford Meaford Many Meaford Meaford Many Meaford Many Meaford Many Meaford Many Meaford Many Meaford Mea

The competition for the Ontario silver tankard took place in Toronto on the 25th and 26th of January. Thirteen clubs were entitled to compete by the preliminary scores required under the conditions governing the competition. Of these, one club, the Scar-boro', retired under a misapprehension, and the Walkerton club also withdrew before the contest opened. The remaining eleven drew contest opened. The remaining eleven drew off as follows :--

r Thistle Caled'ni

Lost.

nians.

CURLING.

Won. Bowmanville......Scarboro' Maple Leaf...... Ottawa Granite.....Toronto....... Hamilton Thistle...Orillia............. Port Home........ There was a long walk still before him. There was a long walk still before him, and the way was strange, and there were but few people of whom to ask it, and those few either ignored or misdirected him. The sultry heat of the day which had portended a storm now began to fulfil its promise, and the roll of thunder overhead and the heavy plash of raindrops on his face warned him of its ap-proach. Still he battled on mechanically, though a vague terror shook his little soul, for he held all storms and warfare of the elements in superstitious dread. A clock was striking midnight when he at last discov-ered the street he wanted and had searched for so long. He was drenched to the skin Hamilton Thistle..... Port Hope.... Toronto Caledonians.. Whitby Second Round. Ottawa Granite Bowmanville Final.

(Ottawa Granite retired.) Hamilton Thistle.....Port Hope.. The Hamilton Thistle thus winning the Tan

was striking midnight when he at has discov-red the street he wanted and had searched for so long. He was drenched to the skin with the heavy rain, and his brain seemed dizy and bewildered by the shock of the thunder's roar and the flash of the vivid ightning. Still, that one purpose was in his and to that his patient fidelity points as steadfastly as the needle to the not. When he reached the house it was all in farkness. He had formed no plan, had no had learned that a plot was on foot to roh perhaps to murder, his generous young ben-fector, and he must warn him of it. He orept round the house. All was quiet. It was a semi-detached villa, and a small gar-den ran round it leading to a large square at from the back an entrance would be effected ; he had overheard the men say so. Silent as a shadow he flitted up the steps, and mount-et dhe backony on which two long French windows opened. They were closely althe and he shutters had evidently been infastened, and through the crack this ray shone at intervals. Even as he looked it was deart and face white as death he out, and all was dark again. The child passed his hand over the window, and found that a whole pane of glass had been removed. He then timidly pressed the shutter, and found it gave way at once. The men were here them, and their dastardly work had be gun. Without an instant's hesitation the lad threw back the shutter and dashed into the prom, In that second of time the whole The Hamilton Thistle thus winning the Tan-kard. The competition for the Tankard was pre-reded by a grand bonspiel, the expense of which was borne by the Toronto clubs. Twenty-two clubs entered for the bonspiel, but only sixteen turned up. On being paired of, Bowmanville defeated Barrie; Toronto, Fergus; Hamilton Thistle, Brampton; Wood-stock, ——; Toronto Caledonian, Cobourg Waverley; Scarboro', Toronto Granite; Port Hope, Scarboro' Maple Leaf; Scarboro' Heather, Ottawa Granite. In the second round, Bowmanville defeated Scarboro'; To-ronto, Scarboro' Heather; Port Mope, Ham-iton Thistle, and Toronto Caledonian. Wood-stock. Port Hope then defeated Toronto, and Bowmanville the Toronto Caledonian. Wood-stock. Port Hope then defeated Toronto, and Bowmanville the Toronto Caledonian. Wood-stock. Port Hope then defeated Toronto, and Bowmanville the Toronto Caledonian. Wood-stock or the prizes left by Lord Dufferin, the report pointed out that ottawa this season, the Toronto Caledonian and the Blue Noses of New Glasgow, N.S., had travelled over a thousand miles to meet

and the Blue Noses of New Glasgow, N.S., had travelled over a thousand miles to meet each other. An enquiry by Mr. Climie, of Bowman-ville, as to what action was to be taken regard-ing a protest put in by his club in the Tank-ard competition, resulted in a motion being passed to sustain the action taken at the time by the Executive Committee, and dis-missing the subject. A motion of Mr. Russell's, to the effect that henceforth the office-bearers and standing committees of the branch should be elected at the general fall meeting instead of in the

It scarcely comes under the heading of sport, but sinte it appertains to horses this item must be excused for finding its way into this column. Mr. William Hendrie, of Hamilton, has purchased a fine bay heavy draught stallion colt, 9 months old, weighing 1,260 lbs. This is believed, with good reason, to be the fixed with good reason, to be the finest colt of his age in this country. He has five good crosses. He is going to Mr. George Hendrie at Detroit.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"RICHARD S. BELL, "Secretary B. Q. Y. C." The yacht which is building as the champion of the Bay of Quinte club, and with which the club hopes to win back the America Cup, is a centre-board sloop, to be called the Atlanta. She is to be 63 feet long and 19 feet beam, and will measure 84 tons.

BASEBALL

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE MAPLE LEAPS

RE-ORGANIZATION OF THE MAPLE LEAFS. GUELPH, April 12.—A large and enthusias tic baseball meeting was held at the Queen't hotel this evening for the purpose of re-organ-izing the Maple Leaf Baseball club for the year 1881. The following officers were elected :—G. Sleeman, Mayor, president ; Thomas Goldie, vice-president ; J. W. Ogston, secretary ; Alf. Burrows, treasurer ; F. B. Skinner and H. Smallpiece, auditors ; M. Conway, G. Bookless, and J. Wayper, field directors.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

FIREMAN, St. Catharines.-No record. A SUBSCRIBER, Fort William.-They were stationed at Hamilton.

R. R., Port Hope.— On January 10th, 1859, the thermometer in Toronto registered 26.5 below zero.

B BATTERY, Kingston.-Warren Smith beat Wallace Ross on Bedford Basin in a race of three miles and turn for \$1,000 a side on Sentember 1st. 1879.

CONSTANT READER, Port Hope.-Great Britain's debt at the end of 1880 was £774,-044,235. The United States debt on July 1st, 1880, was \$2,119,596,046, or £423,919,-

GATEWAY HOUSE, Emerson, Man.-Two hundred and forty-eight horses are employed in drawing street cars in this city. There were 249, but one died the day your question was received.

A SUBSCRIBER, Lansdowne.—What do you think of a fodder called the prickly comfrey? Would you recommend it as a fodder for cattle, sheep, and hogs? Answer—We can-not recommend it.

W.A.H., Orillia-The question was finally settled at Quebec four or five years ago. A native of Canada can neither own, sail, nor command vessel property in the United States without first becoming a naturalized citizen of the latter country.

M. J. R., Brockville, Ont. — You win your bet. Your friend is very far from right. No horse in the world ever weighed four thou-sand pounds. London and Liverpool horses will weigh from 1,800 to 2,000 lbs. A horse would be extra heavy to top the scale at 2 100 lbs. bourg 49 to 31 bronto Granite.. 60 to 22 Valkerton wik over 2.100 lbs.

J. J. M., Uxbridge.—What would cure the mange in two Broncho Rock Mountain ponies ? Answer—Have the ponies closely clipped and apply a small quantity of weak mercurial ointment to the parts where the greatest irritation exists. We would recommend you

ontment to the parts where the greatest irritation exists. We would recommend you to place your case under the care of a quali-fied veterinary surgeon. JAS. FELL, Fenelon Falls.—The rule govern-ing the sale of cattle in the Toronto market is twelve hours' fast, or 5 per cent. off for dis-tillery cattle, or those fed in the immediate vicinity of the city. Those coming by rail or from a distance are taken at the weight shown by the scale without any deduction. This rule is in force all through Western On-tario. tario.

Errss Cocoa.—GRATEFUL AND COMPORT-ING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful ap-mination of the fine properties of well-select natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful ap plication of the fine properties of well-select-ed Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our break-fast tables with a delicately flavoured bever-age which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such arti-cles of diet that a constitution may be gradu-ally built up until strong enough to resist tvery tendency to disease. Hundreds of cub-ele maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—Civil Service Gazette. Sold only in packets labelled "JAMES EFFS & Co., Homeopathic Chemista, London, Eng." Also makers of Epps's Choco-late Essence for afternoon use. 101.35

VEGETINE.-By its use you will prevent any of the diseases prevailing in the spring d summer season.

The Berlin News has always look Iowa as one of the most desirable States for those who desired to Western States. But the News has its opinion after reading the followin from a letter written home by Mi Springer :

"The more I see, hear, and learn western country, the greater is the to me how in the world some of thes prosper; they look to every little ac of beating a person, are tricky and can be, but if anyone chances to better of them they kild, and more can be, but if anyone chances to better of them they kick and raise cry; in fact it appears to me that sharpers, divorced men and wom scoundrels of all description, locats wonderful State, consequently so m cality. In this small town of 1,500 tants there are situated ten or more with ten or more of their employes." The author of the letter from which The author of the letter from which the excerpt is taken is the son of Mr Springer, M.P.P., of North Waterloo fore it cannot be attributed to a Cons-source. Mr. Springer is not the firs Canadian who has been disappointed Western States, nor is he likely to last. But they generally come how fied.

A big blue-book has recently been England containing the result of the of the Duke of Richmond's Irish Lan mission. It gives no less than this sand questions and answers. Among nesses examined was Lord Duffer always mindful of his experience in referred to our country in flattering a field for emigrants. Asked what could be found for the deplorable things proved to exist in Ireland, h lency recommended emigration. H The descendants of these unfortuna are doomed to continue in the same province distress to the world's en