

scow, and as soon they were seen their friends began to cheer, which they responded to by cheering and hoisting their hats on their bayonets.

The enemy now came out from a clump of trees, the battery fired a few shells at them, but they, having their horses tethered behind the trees, mounted and ran. As it was no use for the infantry to follow mounted men, and as the scouts were too few to follow such a number, the Canadians halted here for the night. Double guards were put on that night, and the camp was surrounded with pickets. The last that was seen of the enemy was when, in the night, twenty of them came riding up outside the pickets and cheered. Thus ended the Battle of Fish Creek. Although the Canadians had the most men, they were not used to fighting anywhere, much less on the western prairies, while the Indians had been brought up as fighters and hunters.

The writer of the Best Essay on any item of the May Calendar will receive a beautiful Pocket Magnifying Glass—a most useful companion for boys and girls. Essays received till May 30th.

THE BERLIN STREET URCHIN.

A good story is circling about the Linden Promenade as to a Berlin *Schusterhube*, or cobbler's boy, who was lately waiting outside the Palace to see his Majesty come forth for his afternoon airing. Finding the delay tedious, he suddenly exclaimed—"The booby isn't coming; I shall go." A policeman at once caught him by the collar, and shouted: "Whom do you mean by 'the booby, sirrah?'" "Why, my friend Michel," whined the boy, "he was to have met me here, but he's not come!" The policeman had to let him go, upon which the boy retreated twenty paces, put his thumb to his nose, spread out his fingers, and yelled—"And whom did *you* mean by the booby?"

ANOTHER TUNNEL.

The people living in the dense part of London, east of London Bridge, have had only very distant bridges, or very crowded ferry-boats, to take them across the Thames. A project for a tunnel has been in the air for over ten years, and seems now rapidly coming into definite shape. A free ferry was opened at Woolwich a few years ago, but the traffic is so little relieved that a tunnel is to be built at Blackhall. The County Council has taken up the matter, and has asked for tenders for the work. The tunnel has to give accommodation to two rows of carriages as well as to foot passengers, and will be well lighted throughout. It will take twelve or eighteen months to build.

IN A MINE FOR NINETEEN DAYS.

Four men, on their rescue from imprisonment in a mine a few weeks ago, told a story of their sufferings that makes our blood tingle with horror. The mine was flooded. The water rose. In one corner where some men lighted a fire, the air became exhausted, and all were suffocated. A few crusts of bread were spread over several days. They were reduced to eating the bark of the timbers, and were thankful to kill and eat a few rats. All they had to drink was sulphurous water. They climbed up on ledges of rock, and became too weak to come down again. Their lamps were burnt out. They lay in total darkness. They were at last forced to decide whether they should eat one another. Some went raving mad. Others heard some rescue parties, but were too weak to call out to make known their whereabouts.

When at length they were discovered, all they could do was to kiss the hands of their rescuers. They were too faint to be at once taken aloft. The rescuers lay down beside them and warmed them with their own bodies, eventually carrying them up closely clasped in their arms. At the mouth of the pit a procession of villagers was formed, who sang hymns of praise for the deliverance of their comrades.

This is Labour. Where was the Capital?

A NEW THING IN WHEELS.

An American has invented a petroleum tricycle that will run for forty miles with one gallon of oil, at a speed of from three to ten miles an hour. The diameter of the wheels is thirty-two inches, and the weight of the entire machine is two hundred and eighty pounds. It is compact, easily started, and likely to become a favourite.

FOR OUR MATINEES.

"A company or troupe" of dwarfs and dwarfesses has been entertaining delighted crowds in the Theatres of London. Princes, Princesses, Madames, and Mademoiselles, of Dwarf Land, of very long name, but very short stature, compose the performers. There are Prince Pompéo, the smallest man in the world, height two feet two inches; Madame Giovanna, a very Caucasian lady, fifty-two years old, and two feet three inches tall; Prince Cohlri, a Moravian, and others from every quarter of the globe where dwarfs are procured. As Princes and Princesses are not Princes and Princesses with capital letters unless they have style, dwarf carriages drawn by handsome ponies, drive their little Royal Highnesses of the Kingdom of Dwarfs on to the stage. Songs are sung. Pantomimes are performed. Charades are acted. Funny scenes are presented. And encores are enjoyed by the tiny troupe, and responded to with a grace that fascinates.

THE WORLD MOVES.

Time was when we prided ourselves on our cuteness in reaching the top of a church spire, for repairs, by means of a kite with two cords. So soon as we got the cords over the top, a light chain was attached and a pulley block sent up. The ascent of the workmen then began in a box drawn up by tackle. In a very tall chimney in Liverpool a new method has been tried. A ladder was run up a distance of two and a half feet from the face of the chimney, to which it was pinned at regular intervals by strong iron brackets. The climber, or "Steeple-Jack," as he is called, mounts from the inside of the ladder, which gives him an immense advantage in security and strength of nerve. "Jack" attaches the first ladder, and places a plank on the first pair of sockets. Upon this platform he drives in the sockets for the next stretch of ladder, hoists it up, fixes it, climbs it, and proceeds to the next.

Vauxhall chimney, with a height of three hundred and ten feet, was scaled in this way in six hours.

FOLK-LORE ON NAIL-CUTTING.

A man had better ne'er been born
Than have his nails on a Sunday shorn.
Cut them on Monday, cut them for health;
Cut them on Tuesday, cut them for wealth;
Cut them on Wednesday, cut them for news;
Cut them on Thursday, for a pair of new shoes;
Cut them on Friday, cut them for sorrow;
Cut them on Saturday, see your sweetheart to-morrow.