A Comparison.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

I'd rather lay out here among the trees,
With the singing birds and the bum'l bees,
A-knowing that I can do as I please,
Than to live what folks call a life of ease,
Up thar in the city.
For I really don't 'zactly understan'
Where the comfort is for any man
In walkin' hot bricks an' usin' a fan,
An' enjoyin' himself as he says he can
Up thar in the city.

It's kinder lonesome, maybe you'll say,
A-livin' out here day after day
In this kinder easy, careless way
But a hour out here is better'n a day
Up thar in the city.
As for that, jus' look at the flowers aroun',
An' the fruit a-bendin' the trees 'way down.
You don't find such things as these in town,
Or, rather, in the city.

As I said afore, such things as these,
The fl'wers, the birds, an' the bum'l bees,
An' a-livin' out here among the trees
Where you can take your ease an' do as you please,
Makes it better'n the city.
Now, all the talk don't 'mount to much,
'Bout this kinder life a-bein' rough,
An' I'm sure it's plenty good enough,
An', 'tween you an' me, 'taint half as tough
As livin' in the city.

Looking Back.

Looking back into the bygone, there we see deep floods of crime,
And the hosts of guilty wretches that had long defied the grave;
There we see steel-faced injustice drinking human blood like wine!
But there is a ray of comfort—love the present man may save.

Save from rivalry and hatred, save from greed that hath no bound!
From corruption and injustice, in each dealing, man with man!
To co-operative accord, like the hosts beneath Him crowned—
Then will be the true millennium, based on the Redeemer's plan.

J. R. ARMSTRONG.

ADOPTED BY THE DEAN:

A TALE OF TWO COUNTRIES.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Bertha and Esperance were in their room dressing for Lady Worthington's dance; they were both of them quiet and a little depressed, for Bertha naturally thought of the ball in the summer, when George had been staying with them and all had been so different, and Esperance had her own troubles. It had been a harassing day. Mrs. Mortlake was in bad humour and Bella was suffering from the effects of her Christmas dissipation, and was more than ordinarily peevish; then, too, she had been hindered writing to Gaspard, and had missed the mail, and, though, as Mrs. Mortlake had reminded her, the letter could go the next day via Brindisi, yet the weekly postage told so heavily on her purse that this was an expense she did not at all care to incur.

The uninterrupted quiet of the room was at last broken by a knock at the door, and Cornelia entered in her black velvet, carrying some sprigs of holly.

"I am so vexed," she said, putting down her prickly burden on the dressing-table. "I wanted you to have one of those white camellias in the conservatory, Esperance, but Christabel has taken them both, and declares that they are the only things she can wear."

Esperance was a little disappointed; she had set her heart on one of the camellias, but she was too grateful to Cornelia for thinking of it at all, not to make light of the matter.

They did what they could with the holly sprigs, but even Esperance's clever fingers could not effect much with them, they would look stiff and uncompromising. The ivy, too, was large-leaved and ugly, and altogether, the decorations were unsuccessful, which was the more provoking because she was entirely dependent on them, having no jewelry.

Her vexation was but momentary, however; she soon forgot it in helping Bertha, and she arranged the white camellias in Mrs. Mortlake's hair without the least tinge of envy.

Then they all started, and her spirits rose high with the prospect of this novelty and excitement; she chattered uninterruptedly through the two miles' drive, till even Bertha was a little roused and began to take some slight interest in what was going on.

There was no one in the cloak-room when they arrived, and Esperance had just taken off her wraps when Frances' little maid appeared—"Miss Neville would be very glad if Mademoiselle de Mabillon would come into the school-room for a moment."

"To say good-night to the children, I suppose; you will not wait for me, Cornelia? I can come down with Frances."

Cornelia nodded assent, and Esperance followed the maid to the school-room; but none of the children were there, only Frances and Claude Magnay, bending over a most lovely basketful of ferns and flowers.

"I am so glad you have come early," Frances said, kissing her. "Mr. Magnay has been spoiling us all; he walked over to the nursery gardens this morning, and brought home the most beautiful flowers, and we want you to wear some of them."

Claude was glad to have it put in this way, for having spent the morning in scouring Rilchester in search of these flowers for Esperance, he now hardly liked to offer them.

Her delighted gratitude was very charming; and Claude colored deeply, as, for a moment, her beautiful eyes met his.

"How kind of you! and how lovely they are!" she exclaimed, rapturously, "you can't think how much I wanted a flower—holly is so prickly."

Frances began to take the flowers from the basket, and Esperance struggled to take off her sprigs of holly, but could not manage it with her gloves on. Claude was delighted at this excuse for helping her, and took away the sharp leaves and scarlet berries with unmixed satisfaction.

"You must enact Monsieur Worth, Claude," said Frances, looking up. "Now, Esperance, stand still, and we shall hear exactly where your flowers are to be placed."

She obeyed half laughingly, and Claude surveyed her in silence, thinking but little of the flowers it must be confessed. She had never looked prettier than at that moment, standing in her unadorned white dress, her lips just parted, her eyes smiling half shyly, her cheeks glowing with rich brown-red colar, and the outline of her shapely little head not at all veiled by the short, tendril-like curls which clustered round her neck, and overshadowed her low, smooth forehead.

Claude was recalled to his duties by he clear, ringing laugh.

"It is as bad as having one's photograph taken," she said. "I am sure Monsieur Worth does not keep his ladies so long."

"The oracle is dumb," said Claude, smiling. "Shall we try the effect of Christmas roses and maiden hair, Miss Neville?"

So the dress was beautified with the exquisite white flowers, and drooping ladyferns, and light, feathery maiden-hair; but "Monsieur Worth" had stipulated that the curls should be left as they were, in their unadorned beauty.

Then they went down stairs to the great drawing-room, which had been turned out for the occasion, and where many of the guests were already assembled. Lady Worthington was at the door and came to meet them, stooping down with the distance of custom.

[illegible] the character of the [illegible] glancing at the [illegible] will be just in [illegible] Claude will take [illegible] to you at Christmas quite unhinged me—it was a revelation to me, and now I am wild to get to Rilchester once more. You know what I mean?"

"I think I do," said Lady Worthington, kindly, "and I am very glad, Claude."

"You think, then, there is really some hope for me?"

"I do not see why there should not be," said Lady Worthington; "but you will not do anything in a hurry. If you will let me give you a little piece of advice, I should say write to her brother before you breathe a word to her about it, for I know the French are very particular about such things."

"I thought I could speak to the dean; but the worst of it is, I don't think it will be any use, she would only be startled and repulsed. I must see her again. If only I had the faintest shadow of an excuse for going to Rilchester I would start to-morrow, but there is none; and she will forget me, or some one else will——"

"Come," said Lady Worthington, smiling, "I don't think you need make yourself miserable about that. I suppose if I were prudent I should tell you to wait till next Christmas, and then to come down to Worthington and see if you were in the same mind."

"I have waited all these months already," said Claude, pleadingly; "and you don't know what it is to think of her in that wretched place, among people who don't care for her."

"She is fast making them care for her," said Lady Worthington; "but for all that I can understand that it is hard for you. Suppose I am imprudent, and ask you to go down to Rilchester at once, and paint me a very beautiful picture in the cathedral. I think I should like it to be in the south aisle."

"You are too good," said Claude, earnestly; "but I ought not to have everything made easy for me."

"No, seriously, I should like the picture; I commission you now, Mr. Magnay, if it is not trespassing too much on your valuable time. Shall I stipulate how many feet of canvas you are to cover, like that interesting manufacturer we heard of the other day, who ordered pictures by the yard?"

Claude laughed and reiterated his thanks and Lady Worthington spoke more seriously.

"I do wish you all possible success," she said, earnestly. "I shall wait very anxiously to hear of the result, and you will come and see me when you return."

Claude promised to do so, and just at that moment some visitors arrived, and he hastily took leave.

To have an excuse for a fortnight's visit to Rilchester seemed to him the greatest bliss. He longed to start that very moment, but a perverse engagement on the next afternoon prevented this, and he could not possibly reach Rilchester before the last train; but he should see her in two days' time, and with this he might be well be content.

CHAPTER XXX.

The arrival of the post-bag at the deanery was a source of mingled pleasure and vexation; the dean always disliked letters, and Cornelia thought them tiresome though necessary evils; but the other members of the family regarded them in a very different way, and were apt to grumble if Cornelia was late in bringing the key, and dispensing them to their owners.

It was Monday afternoon, and Esperance was waiting impatiently in the drawing-room expecting the arrival of the post with her weekly letters from Gaspard; she was reading aloud to Bertha, not very well it must be confessed, for her eyes and ears were alive to the slightest sign that might indicate the arrival of her letter, and when Cornelia at last entered the room, she sprung forward, waiting with eager impatience while the bag was opened. There were only two letters, one from Ceylon, which Esperance seized eagerly, and another for Bertha.

"It is from one of the Palgraves, I think," said Cornelia, glancing at the envelope; Bertha took it, coloring deeply.

"Yes, from Adelaide," she said in a low voice.

Cornelia did not reply, but locked the bag again, and left the room, while Bertha nervously opened her letter; she gave an astonished exclamation when she unfolding it, it proved not to be from Adelaide at all but from George. She trembled violently—ought she to read it? The temptation was too strong for her, however; she moved further from her cousin, and with her heart throbbing painfully read the few hurried lines. George was coming to Rilchester, but no one must know of it; he begged to see her once for a few moments, and proposed that they should meet in the garden that evening as soon as it was dusk. It was a short, and an austere sort of letter without the least approach to sentiment, and Bretha could not realize that the interview spoken of in such a business-like way was a clandestine meeting, or if the thought did occur to her she stifled it at once. George was in Rilchester at this very moment and that evening she might—she must, see him. It was all decided in a moment; she dared not stop to think; she disregarded all the arguments against such a step, while a train of arguments in favor of it passed through her brain; she was of age, she had a right to rule her own actions; George was her cousin, why should she not speak to him for a few moments? If it was in a secret way, that was only because he had been forbidden to come to her home—it was her father's fault not hers. The idea having been once admitted, she began to feel that life would be intolerable without just this one meeting, and remembered with terror her startled exclamation on opening the letter. Had Esperance noticed it? She glanced across the room and felt relieved, for Esperance was smiling over her own letter in happy unconsciousness, looking so bright and innocent that Bertha felt a sharp sting of remorse, as she contrasted that happiness with her excited, half guilty pleasure. While she was still musing Esperance looked up.

"Such a long letter, Bertha, and do you know, Gaspard's salary is to be raised!"

Bertha murmured something like a congratulation, and left the room abruptly, avoiding Esparance for the rest of the afternoon, for fear she might allude to that exclamation which she might have heard.

Never had the hours seemed so long as on that day. Bertha was miserably restless and frightened, but she did not waver. Soon after nine in the evening she excused herself on the plea of having some copying to do, and stole away to the dining-room, wishing that she had not been so conscious that she was doing wrong. She lighted a candle, sat down to the desk and for a few minutes made some pretence of writing; then she softly drew aside the shutters, opened the French window and looked into the dusky garden. The night was fine, but cold. She shivered a little as the fresh breeze played upon her burning cheeks; the cathedral clock chimed a quarter past nine, and she started with a sudden fright, and then recovering herself trembled to think that she was guiltily afraid of being discovered. For a moment she hesitated—her hand was raised to close the window. Should she not, even now, give up this stolen pleasure? But while she paused a dark figure stole silently across the lawn; it was too late! The next moment her hand was clasped in her cousin's, and the power of willing anything seemed to have passed from her. In the drawing-room the dean had fallen asleep over his paper. Cornelia read a volume of the "Bridgewater Treaties," and Mrs. Mortlake talked snappishly to Esperance. It was very dull; Esperance caught herself yawning repeatedly, and was not sorry when her cousin was roused to an expression of annoyance.

"Really, if you're so sleepy, you had better go to bed; perhaps it would wake you up to go to the dining-room and fetch me my book of knitting receipts."

Esperance gladly hailed the opportunity of escaping from the hot drawing-room, and walked leisurely across the hall, indulging in fantastic arm exercises on the way to relieve herself; then she opened the dining-room door, and a little cry of astonishment escaped her as she saw Bertha in her white dress standing by the open window. Bertha herself started violently, and hastily moved back into the room.

"Oh, you are doing the copying," said Esperance, recollecting; but Bertha in her fright fancied that she spoke satirically. She resolved to brave it out, however.

"Yes, I am very busy; do you want anything?"

"Only Christabel's knitting-book," said Esperance, and she make haste to find the book and leave the room, seeing that Bertha did not wish to be interrupted.

(To be Continued)

Dangers of Badly Handled Milk.

The conclusion reached in reference to the recent case of ice cream poisoning in an uptown quarter is that the bad effects produced were due to the subtle poison tyrotoxicon, which develops itself in good cream (not ice cream after the freezing process) upon slight provocation. The cream in this case had been allowed to stand for forty-eight hours before freezing in a damp and rather dirty cellar. The milk inspectors connected with the health department have been ordered to make frequent inspections of all ice cream utensils hereafter. This will increase the public confidence in an important summer luxury. Another point made evident by this investigation is that ice cream is more likely to be wholesome when purchased from the large manufacturers, who procure their cream directly from the dairy farms and make use of it promptly, whereby the opportunities for the development of tyrotoxicon are greatly reduced.—*New York Tribune.*

A True Christian.

Ferguson—People accuse me of imbibing too much, but I defy them to say that I ever had any words with my wife's mother.

McCusick—Guess she don't live in the same house with you.

Ferguson—Yes she does, but she's dumb.

Nineteen years ago a Gratiot, Mich., county farmer refused to let his daughter go to a candy pull. She went though and remained away. Last week she drove up to her father's door, lifted out her eleven children, coolly took off her wraps and astonished her father by declaring that she had concluded to return and stay home, and hereafter be an obedient daughter.

"The presidency of most South American republics is a life office, is it not?" "Nominally not. Practically it is. Few men live through one term."

A THRILLING ADVENTURE.

Sporting Advantages in the Wilds of Northern Canada.

LED BY AN "IDEAL GUIDE,"

Some of the Peculiar Ways of an Eccentric Backwoods Character—Fishing in the Bush Country—A Night of Fun, for the Bear.

I went up into Northern Canada for rest and change! Both came in decided measure. There were three more or less kindred spirits in our party—the doctor, the lawyer and the writer, whom our "phagos" dubbed the professor—and Cooper, the guide, that "phagos!"

Ah, the guide! He was a specimen, to be sure. His business was guiding the guileless American nomad to places where would be secured the maximum of sport, with the minimum of work—for him! His stories of what he and "them odder gentlemen did a ketchin' fish las' summer just a little furder on" was more than stereotyped—they were gold-plated and studded with great gems. He was the greatest fellow to what a sportsman's appetite that the Dominion ever produced, and when the season was over he could assume, with rare tact and grace, the genuinest regret that "we hadn't had better luck," and that next year sure she "run" would be "the odder way."

SPORTING OPPORTUNITIES AFFORDED.

A day's ride due north from Hamilton, or Toronto, brought us near midnight at North Bay on the Canadian Pacific Railway. After leaving Gravenhurst, a great lumber mill town, at the foot of the Muskoka lakes, the country is rough and unshaven. Ten years ago it was a bleak wilderness of rock and woods. North Bay is on Lake Nipissing and has grown up within half a decade. Here are the repair shops of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. Three miles northeast in the bush is Trout Lake full of the finest trout and bass and muskallunge, with a gorgeous fringe of black flies, loons and bears. At South River just below North Bay, several good trout streams go a pulling through thick underbrush and bush, and in the broad, shallow island-filled Lake Nipissing all manner of fish abound in their native simplicity as yet unvexed by the wiles of the voracious Waltonites. Pierce the bush in any direction in the season and moose, deer and bear pay generous tributes to the sportsman who knows their habits and how to hunt them successfully. The Canadian Government very wisely has prohibited the shooting of moose and deer for several years to come. It is hoped, moreover, that such prohibiting, it proved not to be from Adelaide at all but from George. She trembled violently—ought she to read it? The temptation was too strong for her, however; she moved further from her cousin, and with her heart throbbing painfully read the few hurried lines. George was coming to Rilchester, but no one must know of it; he begged to see her once for a few moments, and proposed that they should meet in the garden that evening as soon as it was dusk. It was a short, and an austere sort of letter without the least approach to sentiment, and Bretha could not realize that the interview spoken of in such a business-like way was a clandestine meeting, or if the thought did occur to her she stifled it at once. George was in Rilchester at this very moment and that evening she might—she must, see him. It was all decided in a moment; she dared not stop to think; she disregarded all the arguments against such a step, while a train of arguments in favor of it passed through her brain; she was of age, she had a right to rule her own actions; George was her cousin, why should she not speak to him for a few moments? If it was in a secret way, that was only because he had been forbidden to come to her home—it was her father's fault not hers. The idea having been once admitted, she began to feel that life would be intolerable without just this one meeting, and remembered with terror her startled exclamation on opening the letter. Had Esperance noticed it? She glanced across the room and felt relieved, for Esperance was smiling over her own letter in happy unconsciousness, looking so bright and innocent that Bertha felt a sharp sting of remorse, as she contrasted that happiness with her excited, half guilty pleasure. While she was still musing Esperance looked up.

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HOW MILK IS MADE.

A Process Which is of Interest to Others Than the Farmer.

(From an address by Prof. Jas. W. Robertson at a convention of dairymen at Belleville, Ont.)

After the very amusing address to which you have just listened, filled with sparkling gems of literary value as well as scientific instruction, I find it rather hard to know what to say, because after having your palate tickled with sweet honey, I don't think you will relish a big draught of skim milk. The programme says the meeting is to be on milk and honey. After a little pleasantry regarding the queer ways of bees, the speaker said: I am delighted to have a joint meeting of the Beekeepers' Association and the Dairymen's Association, because we have much in common for the good of our country. When in London in 1886, on behalf of the Government, I found no department attract so much attention, provoke so general interest and advertise the country so well as the display of honey. At the same time I recognized that in our line our main natural advantages arose from the fertile soil and abundance of sunshine. These two facts give me hope that this Province and Dominion will be among the most thickly populated and influential of the strongest nations. Sunshine we can boast of most. We can beat England all hollow in that respect. We therefore can have better products. The plants that feed the diary animals need the active work of the bees. They do some of the chores for dairymen. The more we help beekeepers to keep the bees the more milk we will get. If a man recognizes the holiness of labor for the good of the whole race, the more he enjoys his work. He becomes a better citizen. I am to look after the dairyman and talk on "How a cow makes milk." A young man at a meeting in Lucan was asked to read a paper—an address on, "raising a calf and keeping a bee." He dilated so long on the first part of his subject that an old Scotchman rose up and said, "Gude Lord, mon, gie us some honey or sit doon." (Laughter.) All the milk of cows is made in a most mysterious way. The elaboration is effected in two glands called the udder. These two glands lie together lengthwise of the cow's body. You can take one gland from the other without rupturing the remaining one; there is no organic or distinct division between the two quarters of each gland. The milk in the gland is elaborated from the blood, a physiological process imperfectly understood. If that be so, and doubtless it is so, it becomes necessary for every dairyman to so treat, feed, water and shelter his cow that she will have wholesome, vigorous blood coursing in her veins. If the nervous system be deranged, then the milk pertains to a low quality. The blood from which the milk is formed enters the glands by two large arteries. Alongside the arteries runs a large vein and nervous cord.

Numerous ducts rise from the milk cisterns at the top of the teats; they spread through the whole structure of the udder. A small portion of the blood exudes or percolates through the membrane that lines these ducts and becomes milk. Between these ducts and the bottom of the teat, there is an opening which stays closed without any effort on the part of the animal, therefore the milk does not leak. If this muscle relaxes the milk will drop out. At the top of the teat there is another valve over which the cow exercises some control. She can close it and hold the milk above that valve; then a man may tug all he likes and get nothing while the cow holds up her milk. When the cow has this valve closed it is mainly owing to undue excitement. When the cow is much excited the lack of nervous equilibrium will make her close this valve and shut off the milk flow. Sometimes if the cows and the dog try races for home, when the cow is beaten by the dog she becomes excited and holds up her milk.

There are a great many tiny cells on the inside of the ultimate follicles of the milk ducts. They are so small that if you measure a row of them not one inch in length you will find 3,000 or 5,000 of them.

Each cell grow a bud; that bud grows larger and larger until it becomes a globule, and these globules constitute the fat of the milk. These tiny globules drop and trickle down inside these milk tubes and come down with the rest of the milk. The first milk is richer than the first. Some men consider it to be an honest transaction to give the factorymen the first fruits of the cow and to keep the last quart for she coffee. The law of last session is a common found guilty of any of these tricks, adding water, removing cream, holding back strippings, sending in impure milk, shall be liable to a severe penalty. I would like to see that law made imperative for the punishment of a few of the sinners that the rest might be kept righteous. It is within the province of the Dominion Dairymen's Association, of which a convention is to be held, to look after these sinners for the good of the land. I think I'll say something on that point; I shall help to make that law go right down on the deeds of the few for the good of the rest who make honest milk. These fat globules are represented here on this chart. There are ordinarily about 1,000,000,000 of these globules in a cubic inch of milk. I drop the remark that there is nothing made in vain in this world. There is no man made in vain in this world; every man has his little or big job to do in life. The man who had the job of counting these globules, a laborious thought, would count them one by one. If he spent his lifetime at that, he would require over fifty years' constant application and then not get a very accurate account. If a man would first apply himself with his head, and secondly with his hands to do his work, he could do it in a scientific way, for 1,000,000,000 could be counted safely by a few hours' effort. Otherwise he might spend fifty years doing what he might do in a few hours. The possible saving of time in this job by thoughtfulness might be forty-nine odd years; we are always going hand first, back first, instead of head first. Think how to do things, and then do them in the best way—head first.

A Compressed-Air Hospital.

Many of the men employed in the caissons of the Forth bridge were greatly affected by their work in an atmosphere of compressed air and were in the habit of relieving the pain by spending their Saturday afternoons and Sundays in the air chamber. Mr. Moir, the engineer for Messrs. S. Pearson & Sons, of London, and who is now in charge of the Hudson tunnel works, has, acting on the same idea, constructed a compressed-air hospital for the men employed on the tunnel, among whom there have been several severe cases of "bends," although the air pressure is not particularly high, never, indeed, exceeding 30 pounds per square inch. The hospital is a cylinder 18 feet long by 6 feet in diameter, constructed of steel plates 3 8-inch and ½-inch thick, and divided into two chambers by a transverse bulkhead. One of these chambers acts as an air-lock for the other, and both are fitted up with beds and everything necessary for the comfort of the patients. The air pressure is maintained by a pump, a constant supply of fresh air being secured by keeping a cock in the shell of the hospital open, through which the air continually leaks out. A safety valve is also supplied to prevent over pressure should the pumps run away.—*Engineering.*

Strange, But True.

Wife—Now, this is a nice time for you to come home from the lodge! Here it is half past 2.

Husband—What of it? If I hadn't gone to the lodge at all it would be half-past 2 just the same, wouldn't it?

Love and Business.

Ethel—Did Harry seem very much put out when you told him you didn't love him well enough to marry him? Agnes—No, the brute. He merely said, "Well, business is business," and left the house.

"The plaintiff says," recited the judge, "that you often deserted her; that you subjected her to shameful treatment, that even you often struck her brutally. You call yourself a man and strike a woman of 25?" The wife, who is in the court room, weeping, with her face in her hands, raises it suddenly at this and exclaims: "I beg pardon, judge, only 24 years."

—The South American political and financial troubles have been instrumental in drawing thus far this week through London six and one-half millions of gold from New York.

—A poor washerwoman at Fayetteville, Ark., who a few days ago was notified that she had been granted a pension, and would receive $5,000 back pay, was so overcome with joy that she died.

Killed in Battle in the Last 35 Years.

"Did you ever think how few people are killed during wars?" asked Thomas Sloane, of Boston, as he sat in the colonade last evening. "Well, here is a memorandum I made recently regarding deaths in battle since 1856. The entire number killed during these thirty-four years—exclusive of those who died from disease—is about 2,253,000. In the Crimean war 750,000 were killed; the Italian war of 1859 resulted in the slaughter of 45,000; in the American civil war 500,000; in the Danish war, (1864), 3,000; in the Austro-Prussian war, 45,000; in the Franco-German war—France 155,000, Germany 60,000; in the Turko-Russian war, 250,000; the South African wars, 30,000; the Afghan war, 25,000; the Mexican and Cochin-Chinese expeditions, 65,000, and the Bulgarian-Servian insurrection, 25,000."—*Philadelphia Press*

For Our Volunteers of 1837.

Mr. George Merrill, of Belleville, writes to the *Ontario* as follows:

Re rebellion of 1837-38, I have secured the services of several of the members of the Dominion Government, who will lay the claims of the old volunteers before the government at Ottawa. I want every one of the old volunteers in Canada to report to me as soon as possible stating when they enlisted, where they served and when discharged. This long vexed question is in a fair way of being settled. I anticipate little or no opposition at Ottawa. It will be great satisfaction to the people of Canada to have this matter settled, and have justice done to the old volunteers.

What the Farmers Have to Suffer.

Miss Angela Sillibilly (fresh from the city)—Oh, oh! Just look at those dear little cows.

Brutal Rustic—Aw, them ain't cows; them's calves.

Miss Angela Sillibilly—Indeed! How awfully nice. And can't we all go out and remove the jelly from their feet before it spoils?

A Western paper's definition of the term volt: "The volts give one blow of a specified force. As the volts are added together the force of the blow is increased until the endurance limit is reached. It takes about 25 volts to make a perceptible tingling sensation. When 50 volts pass through the body the tingling sensation becomes unmistakable, but not strong, while 100 volts feel lively, 200 volts strong, 300 volts powerful, 300 volts Titanic, and 500 volts will knock a man flat."

Between April 1st, 1889, and April 1st, 1890, the Prussian department of forestry sold at cost to Prussians 35,387,244 young trees; 2,807,288 of them were shade trees and the rest evergreens. The department is making strenuous efforts to increase the amount of standing timber on private ground.

THE LATEST PERFUME FAD.

A Habit More or Less Pernicious Based on a Physiological Principle.

This is a wonderful age in which we live, says a New York correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal*. But the coming one will be still more amazing, for scarcely a year goes by that we are not called upon to rewrite our fairy books, and transfer their supposed tales of the imagination to the realms of fact. The Eiffel tower is but a walking stick compared to what we shall have in the coming century, and Edison's phonograph will ere long become trite and commonplace beside the newer triumphs which science has in store for us. In the meantime we must content ourselves with petty marvels such as I am about to describe. You are doubtless aware that scientifically considered, a bit of musk or ambergris is quite as persistent, solid and lasting as a mass of granite. A thousand years have no appreciable effect upon it. It continues to give off its melting perfume with the same vigor and strength.

A single drop of attar of roses will perfume a hogshead of water. And you no doubt know what a hypodermic syringe is, especially if you are subject to neuralgic attacks. Well, for those who don't know, let me explain that it is simply a tiny syringe, with a needle-like nozzle, which the operator merely thrusts under the skin, and then presses the button, so as to express its contents. Nature does all the rest. If morphine happen to be in the syringe, nature takes up the drop of quieting or benumbing fluid by means of her absorbents, and transfers it to the mouths of the countless veins, hair like in fineness, which, in turn, bear it along until they pour it, mixed with the stream of venous blood, into the furnaces of the lungs. There the intense heat volatilizes it, and it streams forth from the mouth with every fall of the chest.

"Well, what of that?" you say.

Now, supposing, instead of giving the absorbents this drop of morphine you substitute a drop of bergamot, or violet, or rose; can't you see that the lung furnace of that person would send out perfumed breath? But more than that, these wonderful absorbents would carry that infinitesimal supply of perfume to the very tips of the fingers. The hands and the face, in fact the whole body, would exhale a deliciously faint suspicion of rose or violet. In other words, by means of the hypodermic syringe it is the simplest thing in the world for a woman to send her favorite perfume literally to the very core of her heart. Every word she speaks, every motion she makes, nature will give back this delightful odor which the tiny hypodermic set afloat under her skin. The coming woman will be perfumed through and through. She will be sweet to the bone. There will be no need of stifling poor mortals, who happen to sit next to her, by the use of pungent odors on the handkerchief. That custom will fall into the innocuousness of merited desuetude. Invitations to dinner will contain an additional word printed in the corner of the card in this way: (Violet), or (Rose), or (Heliotrope). This will be necessary in order to avoid the presence of several ladies all exhaling the same perfume in conversation. The possibilities of artistic combinations of perfumes, arrangements of odors, symphonies in scent, will be endless. Naturally the absorbent systems of some women will be found to take up and distribute certain perfumes better than others.

Hence, it will not be unusual in enumerating a woman's points of beauty to formulate them in this manner: "Dashing blonde, tall and Diana-like in her motions, skin of exquisite texture, hands and feet of very aristocratic shape, teeth and hair perfection; whole cow has this valve closed it is mainly owing to undue excitement. When the cow is much excited the lack of nervous equilibrium will make her close this valve and shut off the milk flow. Sometimes if the cows and the dog try races for home, when the cow is beaten by the dog she becomes excited and holds up her milk.

There are a great many tiny cells on the inside of the ultimate follicles of the milk ducts. They are so small that if you measure a row of them not one inch in length you will find 3,000 or 5,000 of them.

Each cell grow a bud; that bud grows larger and larger until it becomes a globule, and these globules constitute the fat of the milk. These tiny globules drop and trickle down inside these milk tubes and come down with the rest of the milk. The first milk is richer than the first. Some men consider it to be an honest transaction to give the factorymen the first fruits of the cow and to keep the last quart for she coffee. The law of last session is a common found guilty of any of these tricks, adding water, removing cream, holding back strippings, sending in impure milk, shall be liable to a severe penalty. I would like to see that law made imperative for the punishment of a few of the sinners that the rest might be kept righteous. It is within the province of the Dominion Dairymen's Association, of which a convention is to be held, to look after these sinners for the good of the land. I think I'll say something on that point; I shall help to make that law go right down on the deeds of the few for the good of the rest who make honest milk. These fat globules are represented here on this chart. There are ordinarily about 1,000,000,000 of these globules in a cubic inch of milk. I drop the remark that there is nothing made in vain in this world. There is no man made in vain in this world; every man has his little or big job to do in life. The man who had the job of counting these globules, a laborious thought, would count them one by one. If he spent his lifetime at that, he would require over fifty years' constant application and then not get a very accurate account. If a man would first apply himself with his head, and secondly with his hands to do his work, he could do it in a scientific way, for 1,000,000,000 could be counted safely by a few hours' effort. Otherwise he might spend fifty years doing what he might do in a few hours. The possible saving of time in this job by thoughtfulness might be forty-nine odd years; we are always going hand first, back first, instead of head first. Think how to do things, and then do them in the best way—head first.

A Compressed-Air Hospital.

Many of the men employed in the caissons of the Forth bridge were greatly affected by their work in an atmosphere of compressed air and were in the habit of relieving the pain by spending their Saturday afternoons and Sundays in the air chamber. Mr. Moir, the engineer for Messrs. S. Pearson & Sons, of London, and who is now in charge of the Hudson tunnel works, has, acting on the same idea, constructed a compressed-air hospital for the men employed on the tunnel, among whom there have been several severe cases of "bends," although the air pressure is not particularly high, never, indeed, exceeding 30 pounds per square inch. The hospital is a cylinder 18 feet long by 6 feet in diameter, constructed of steel plates 3 8-inch and ½-inch thick, and divided into two chambers by a transverse bulkhead. One of these chambers acts as an air-lock for the other, and both are fitted up with beds and everything necessary for the comfort of the patients. The air pressure is maintained by a pump, a constant supply of fresh air being secured by keeping a cock in the shell of the hospital open, through which the air continually leaks out. A safety valve is also supplied to prevent over pressure should the pumps run away.—*Engineering.*

Strange, But True.

Wife—Now, this is a nice time for you to come home from the lodge! Here it is half past 2.

Husband—What of it? If I hadn't gone to the lodge at all it would be half-past 2 just the same, wouldn't it?

Love and Business.

Ethel—Did Harry seem very much put out when you told him you didn't love him well enough to marry him? Agnes—No, the brute. He merely said, "Well, business is business," and left the house.

"The plaintiff says," recited the judge, "that you often deserted her; that you subjected her to shameful treatment, that even you often struck her brutally. You call yourself a man and strike a woman of 25?" The wife, who is in the court room, weeping, with her face in her hands, raises it suddenly at this and exclaims: "I beg pardon, judge, only 24 years."

—The South American political and financial troubles have been instrumental in drawing thus far this week through London six and one-half millions of gold from New York.

—A poor washerwoman at Fayetteville, Ark., who a few days ago was notified that she had been granted a pension, and would receive $5,000 back pay, was so overcome with joy that she died.

FAMOUS BATHERS.

Some Feats of Swimmers Which Are Timely Reading.

Few young people require urging to go into the water at this season, but many of them need to be reminded that they can bathe too often, swim too far and stay in the water too long. Some of them returned from the seashore last summer half sick, and were not in their usual health until after Christmas. Too much bathing in cold water was, in many instances, the cause, says the *Youth's Companion*.

The celebrated swimming feats of which we read were mostly performed in southern water. Last summer the Queen of Spain walked down to the beach of the Bay of St. Sebastian, accompanied by one of her ladies and four stout bathing men, and swam out to a man-of-war lying at anchor half a mile away.

The lady who accompanied her soon gave up and was taken on board one of the small boats that went with the party. The Queen, however, being one of the best female swimmers in Europe, accomplished the feat with considerable ease in three quarters of an hour. But the water was of semi-tropical warmth. Off Mount Desert, on the coast of Maine, she might have failed.

Probably, as she is a woman of sense and knowledge, she would not have attempted a swim of forty-five minutes in the cold water of Bar Harbor.

Byron swam the Hellespont in an hour and ten minutes after having once tried and failed. The distance, as we told his mother, was not more than a mile in a straight line, but to accomplish that mile in such a tide he had to swim two or three miles.

Compared with the performance of some of our swimmers of to-day it was not extraordinary, and is was done in rather warm water, in the month of May, which is one of the hot months in that part of the world.

Dr. Franklin, who was, perhaps, the best American swimmer of his time, lived so near the warm and tranquil Delaware at Philadelphia that his garden extended quite down to the shore. We must bear this in mind when we read of his remaining in the water "two hours" and "an hour or two," and when he recommends "much swimming" as an excellent and almost sure remedy for the most common of summer maladies.

He evidently had the river Delaware in his mind when he spoke of "rivers that have been thoroughly warmed by the sun." In July, as Philadelphia boys know, the Delaware along its banks is very warm.

Dr. Franklin would doubtless have greatly modified his remarks upon bathing if he had been in the habit of going into the cold water that washes all parts of the New England coast north of Cape Cod.

To do so, indeed, would cut one of his correspondents to avoid plunging into cold spring water, and mentions an instance of four young men who did so when they were heated by harvesting. Two died upon the spot, another the next morning and the fourth recovered with great difficulty.

Many observant parents who live or spend their summers on the Northern seacoast have come to the conclusion that it is better for most young people to bathe not oftener than every other day and