

majority of the people. And every man who votes must stand in a thoroughly independent position to give his verdict as a jurymen upon the doings of the Government and its supporting majority. But if voters will vote continuously with one party or the other, just because their fathers voted on that side, or because they have done so in the past, and they dread the name of turn-coat, or if they will allow any party to drag them down to the level of what is doubtful or mean, then practically there is no appeal from the majority in Parliament, no matter by what arts it may be maintained. Our Governors are not in a position to exert any influence in favor of the people, even though it should ever turn out that to their knowledge the majority was maintained by corrupt methods. There is no resource but that held in the hands of the electors themselves. If they will cleave to a party name, irrespective of the principles with which it may be associated, or even when it represents no principles, they will deliver up their country to be preyed upon by any unscrupulous men who can manage, by any art, to control a majority of votes in the Commons. Instead of "measures, not men," with such electors the principle of action followed is "men, not measures." When measures are overlooked, and men set up, there is an end to any discrimination between right and wrong as a rule of action. There is not now nor has there ever been, any set of men in any land worthy of being trusted without close watching, over any considerable period of time. The electors must themselves do the watching.

The history of the past furnishes many illustrious examples in England, the United States, and Canada, of men changing from one party to another, as well as of the formation of new parties around questions for the first time pressing themselves to the front.

To make party government worthy the standards of the present age, before every general election each elector should determine upon his party alliance, not upon old and dead issues, but according to the attitude of parties at the time.

It is quite common to say that there is no choice between the two parties, that one is as bad as the other, and that neither cares for anything but the advantages of office. That is an argument which will only be used by a person who is trying to push forward something for which he has no reasonable defence. Then he will try to turn attention away from himself by setting forth the badness of others.

The records of the past, and the issues of the present, furnish abundant data from which any intelligent voter may make his choice between the eminent men who lead the parties, as his own leader.

TORONTO, Ont.

#### A Warm Pillow.

A lady in a country town left her child in her buggy while she stepped into a house on business. When she came out, horse, buggy and child were nowhere to be found, no trace was discovered all through a bitterly cold night. Next morning it was discovered that the horse had wandered into the woods, and, becoming tired, had lain down. The child, a bright little girl, was found by some boys, snugly sleeping against the breast of the horse, with its head lying on one of the animal's forelegs. The little one had evidently become cold, and, when the horse lay down, went to make it get up, when, the boys think, the sagacious animal managed to place it with its head on its arm, so to speak, to keep it from freezing to death. The mother was overjoyed to recover her child and will keep the faithful horse as long as she lives.

Husbands of actresses always have other men to manage the latter, it being unnatural for husbands to manage their own wives,

#### DRINKING HIS OWN BLOOD.

A Tale of Horror From the Maroon Pass—Terrible Sufferings of the Men Barred Beneath an Avalanche.

There is great excitement in Aspen over the loss of life by the recent snow slides. When the heavy snowstorms of Saturday, Sunday and Monday occurred, and Tuesday morning brought no cessation, a party of rescuers left for the purpose of saving, if possible, the lives of any one who might have been foolhardy enough to attempt a passage of Maroon Pass. The other evening a portion of the rescuing party returned to Aspen, bringing additional information of the disaster of Tuesday, previously reported. The party also brought information regarding another slide, which presumably occurred at about the same time, and

IN WHICH EIGHT MEN WERE CAUGHT, three being killed. The bodies have been recovered. The storm has been raging at Maroon so fiercely, and slides occurred at such short intervals, that the rescuers ceased their work without knowing how many more unfortunates met their death in the Pass. As the party left the scene, the storm was raging fiercely and slides were thundering down the mountain in all directions. The half-way house between Aspen and Crested Butte, occupied by a man named Larsen and wife, was swept away Thursday, together with several head of stock. The weather now is such that

IT WOULD BE IMPOSSIBLE for a party to attempt to rescue any one who may be in danger in the Pass. As yet there are fifteen men between Aspen and the Buttes unaccounted for, and the gravest apprehensions are entertained for them.

#### A TALE OF HORROR.

A special from Aspen says: The Maroon Pass road has been the scene of fearful loss of life during the recent storm. The horrors of Thursday have been intensified by more recent developments, which show the pass to be a snow-bound tomb. While men were hunting for the bodies carried down in Thursday's snow-slide, word was received of another avalanche farther up the canon. The avalanche struck the latter place at midnight on Tuesday. Clayton Gannet, Sol Camp, Charles Tuttle, Martin Riley, Jap Farris, August Goodwin, Al Sema and Martin Patterson were asleep at the time. The cabin where they were was supposed to be safe, as it was built of heavy timbers, but when the slide came down it snapped the timbers

THOUGH THEY WERE PIPE STEMS, hurling them against the cabin and crushing everything in a mass. Martin Riley and August Goodwin had their backs broken, and Riley was suffocated. When the slide struck the timber it was divided, part rushing across the gulch and burying a cabin on the opposite side, occupied by three men, without injuring them. These men worked their way out at noon, and started to rescue their friends. On Wednesday evening, after cutting through numberless fallen trees, they effected an entrance to the cabin and found three of the men dead and the other five

SUFFERING TERRIBLY FROM SUFFOCATION. Sol Camp lay on his face dead, and the body of Jap Farris was pinned across the back by heavy timbers. Riley died in five minutes after the disaster. His dying convulsions nearly caused the death of the man underneath him. Camp had sustained a terrible cut on the head from which the blood flowed profusely, and before he died he became terribly thirsty, and being in a position where he could hold his hands under his bleeding head and lift them to his mouth he

QUENCHED HIS THIRST WITH HIS OWN BLOOD! All the men alive were nearly crazy when found. All were undressed, and had bitten their hands and arms in their delirium, presenting a sickening spectacle. They may all recover, but in the case of one or two it is extremely doubtful.

Student—"I have been thinking upon the subject of the alarming prevalence of divorces, and I almost believe I have discovered the cause." Professor (delightedly)—"Yes, yes; what is it?" Student—"Marriage!"

The blissful elasticity of spirit which a self-made man is supposed to possess, is despondency itself compared to that ecstatic buoyancy of soul which permeates the being in the street arab who has learned to play a tune on the mouth organ.

#### Young Folks' Department.

##### "Go-Ahead Tim."

"He said it, and I guess he knew," muttered little Tim James. "He wore better clothes than any of that crowd. He said twice over, he did: 'A boy isn't the same as his father, and never need be; a bright fellow like Tim, here, can be a first-class man if he tries.' Yes, he said it, and I am going to try."

Tim's father was a drunken loafer, and because people treated ragged little Tim without any sort of respect or kindness he had felt that a boy was only "what his father was. The day before a man had said: 'Tim is no good; he is old James' boy.' Another man answered: 'Tim can be as good as anybody's boy; a boy need not be what his father is.'"

This day there was a fierce snow-storm; the house was cold and cheerless, the little children hungry and his mother heart-sick.

"I'll go to work," thought Tim, "like the smartest man's son I ever heard of," and off he started with an old shovel. He soon got a job at cleaning a sidewalk, and he went at it so vigorously that a man across the road, thinking he must be "worth something to work," set him next at his walk. It was early, and before slower cleaners came along Tim had earned fifty cents. Then he rushed home again, only stopping to buy some sausages (Tim was so hungry and thought sausages fit for kings), a little coffee and a big loaf of bread. His mother's face brightened at the sight of the food; the little boys shouted with satisfaction; and when they were enjoying their unusually good breakfast, Tim said: "Mother, I am going to do something and grow up to be some body. I will work, and I won't loaf and drink. You see if I do! Mr. Willis—the rich Mr. Willis—said: 'Go ahead, Tim!' and I'm going to do as he said."

His mother had to laugh. Tim looked so little and yet so wide awake; but Tim had a will, and he was in earnest.

From that day he snowed snow, run errands, sold papers, carried a shoeshop advertisement, blacked boots and cleaned out office stoves. The boys nicknamed him "Go ahead Tim," and people began to know his rosy face and funny, business-like way. The next winter he got a place in a grocery and went to night school.

One day his Sunday-school teacher asked him why he worked so much harder at everything than did the other boys. Tim did not like to say that they had better fathers than he had, but he quoted Mr. Willis and amused her by his admiration of that gentleman.

Perhaps she told Mr. Willis of Tim, but perhaps he only noticed as others noticed how Tim was trying "to be somebody." At any rate, people now had a good word for him, and they were ready to help him in little ways.

Old Tim really began to get ashamed when he heard his boy prated for industry and honesty. He was persuaded to go into the country and work on a farm away from temptations to drink. He was a poor workman and got poor pay, and he made his living, and his family was better off without him.

At fifteen Mr. Willis put Tim in a carriage manufactory—a place he had been long wishing for; and, as years went by, Tim, by doing his best, became an intelligent, well-to-do carriage-maker. His mother's old age was passed in comfort, and his brothers grew up, with his help, sober, hard working men.

If any boy has a worthless father let him remember that a son need not follow his father in bad ways.

##### He Couldn't Get the Angel Out.

Eddy Johnson was very fond of music. His Uncle Henry was spending his college vacation at Eddy's home, and had brought an accordion. Eddy had never seen anything of the kind, and was much delighted while his uncle played college songs and Sunday-school hymns.

One hymn was always Eddy's favorite, and he soon asked his uncle to play "I want to be an angel." Eddy was much pleased; and as he watched his uncle it seemed so easy to play the tune, that he jumped from his seat and eagerly said, "O, uncle, do please let me take it! Let me play!"

His uncle laughingly consented and gave the accordion into the little boy's hands. Eddy took the instrument with an air

of great satisfaction, and began to play. He pulled the accordion out and pushed it in. He put his fingers upon some of the keys, and then upon others. Of course he made a great noise; but there was very little music.

Very soon he stopped and looked quite hopelessly at the accordion as he handed it back to his uncle, saying, "Uncle, I can't get the angel out!"

No, Eddy; the music doesn't come until after many failures and much practice. I think that you will be a musician some day; but the angel of success does not come at our untutored bidding.

You will also learn that which so many of us have learned with disappointed hearts—that time, trial, and patience are needed to make successful Christian workers, even as these are needed to make successful musicians.

##### The Romance of a Coal Stove.

One day last fall, after talking until his throat was sore, a Detroit stove dealer succeeded in selling a widow a coal stove, but it was with the proviso that if everything did not work satisfactorily he was to make it. Two days after delivering the stove he got his first call. A boy entered the store and said:

"Mrs. — wants you to come up and fix that stove. The house is full of smoke."

A man went up, and he found the trouble to be with the chimney. Only three or four days had passed when the boy came in again and said:

"That stove is puffing and blowing and scaring the widow to death. She wants the same man to come up again."

He was sent, and it was discovered that she didn't know how to arrange the dampers and drafts. Everything seemed to run well for a week, and then the boy walked in to announce:

"She sent me down to have you send that man up again. The house is full of coal gas."

The man went up and applied the remedy, but inside of the three days the stove got to puffing; two days after that the fire wouldn't draw; then it drew too much; then gas escaped again. At length the dealer went to the house and said:

"Madam, you gave me \$30 for the stove; how much will you take for it?"

"I wouldn't sell it."

"But I can't be sending my man up here every two or three days all winter."

"You won't have to. I've concluded to marry him in order to have some one here in case of accident."

And three days ago they were quietly and happily married.

##### ITEMS OF INTEREST.

French flats are becoming very popular in Boston.

The largest American cannon throws a 1,080-pound ball.

It is estimated that there are 1,000,000 cattle in Montana.

The census of 1880 places the number of Mormons at 110,377.

The oldest newly-franchised laborer in England voted in the village of Repton. He was 93 and he walked a long way to vote, of course.

King Solomon, in Arab literature, as well as in the writings of the nations they subdued, appears as the greatest magician the world has ever seen.

The Paris municipality are about to hold a lottery, from which they expect to make a million and a half francs for the relief of distressed workmen.

At the island of Innisboffin, Ireland, the whole population, about 5,000, are verging on actual starvation. At least 500 are subsisting solely on seaweed.

For \$2,481 there was recently sold in Boston a single ticket from that city to Denver, good for a party of nine, in a special car, with privilege of loitering on the road.

A German geographer and statistician, Dr. A. Fisher, estimates that an annual slaughter of 40,000 elephants is necessary to supply the ivory exported from Africa.

In Lincoln county, N. M., near the Patton Mountain, can be traced what were once walls of a large city. Inside the walls are growing monster cedar trees, said to be thousands of years old.