"The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world"

The Domain of Woman

.....TALKS BY "TERESA"

Canadians are remarkably honest people. At least, so it strikes one coming from the old country where, the ways that are dark, and the tricks that are vain" are apt to be unpleasantly prominent.

It would scarcely be impossible in an English city the size of Toronto to leave hammocks and cushions and chairs in solitary unprotectedness, as Torontonians are in the habit of doing. Even the very cocoa nut matting would run the risk of being neatly and expeditiously "lifted" by some member of the light fingered fraternity who are always prowling around the better class houses, on the look out for spoil, or, as it is somewhat un euphoniously termed, "swag." The quality or variety of the "swag" is immaterial, all is fish that comes to the net of the genuine English tramp. You may take Fido for a walk, forgetting to fasten the door of the backyard: and on your return find that all your garden implements are gone, together with Fido's kennel: and you will think yourself fortunate if the back windows of the house are secure. Perhaps the washerwoman leaves the kitchen for a moment or two, after hanging out a large assortment of clothing; in those few minutes half of it may disappear. Leaving clothes out all night, "to bleach," is an impossibility.

Take a walk down Regent St. or Oxford St., London, in the height of the season. You will pass very elegant and richly dressed ladies and gentlemen, who, if they appeared in unsophisticated Toronto, would probably be eyed with respect They are members of the "swell mob," Londons aristocratic pickpockets. Yes, that dandy, arrayed in glossy broadcloth, with tall hat silver-mounted cane, gold studs, and tan colored kid gloves, is a pick-pocket; so also is that woman, quietly dressed in black velvet, with a bonnet that probably cost five or six guineas at the Bond St. house of Mdlle. Lenso, the famous milliner. If we follow her into that omnibus, we shall see her seated, calm and self-possessed, with her daintily gloved hands in her lap. That is to say they seem to be hers, but in reality one of them is an artificial hand, so cunningly posed as to look like flesh and blood, while the real one is busily engaged with the pocket of the unsuspecting lady next to her. Presently, she hastily signals the conductor, pays her fare, and departs; to enter another 'bus or tramcar, and repeat her nefarious proceedings.

I remember a good anecdote upon this subject.

A Kensington omnibus was standing at a corner waiting for a few more passengers, when a solemn blue-coated guardian of the law poked his head in at the door and deliberately surveyed the dozen or so of passengers already seated. "Beg pardon, ladies and gentlemen," he remarked at the end of his scrutiny, "Better look out for your pockets, there's thieves in this 'bus." A couple of elegantly dressed ladies immediately arose, one of them remarking haughtily; "Let us out, conductor, we have a good deal of money about us and do not wish our pockets picked." They bustled away, and the policeman remarked with a broad grin; "You are safe now, ladies and gentlemen, them two was the thieves!"

Not alone in busses and cars do the members of the swell mob ply their trade. In almost every fashionable church there used to be quite a number of them; kneeling devoutly with their eyes fixed upon their prayer-books, and their hands busy in appropriating neighbors goods! It is more difficult for them to get into churches now, though, because a policeman is usually stationed at the door, or perhaps a detective in plain clothes, and as they are all well known to the police, they cannot often escape this surveillance. Sometimes they disguise themselves, and so effectually too, that they can pass the most vigilant and lynx-eyed "bobby."

On one occasion a gentleman saw a policeman with whom he used to exchange a few words now and then, as he waited for his 'bus, engaged in earnest conversation with a fashionably dressed and aristocratic-looking man, who flourished his cane repeatedly, and surveyed the passers by, through a gold-rimmed eye-glass. Presently the stranger nodded condescendingly to the policeman, and strolled away. Curious to know who the distinguished looking stranger was, and knowing that celebrities often chatted with that particular "bobby," the gentleman asked him if that were not some prominent politician, or other notable. "Bless you no, sir," said the policeman, laughing heartily; "That's the flashiest member of the swell-mob; came out of jail last week; I arrested him. He's picked more pockets than he can count himself; and yet you'd think he was a dook to look at him, wouldn't you!" If it were not for the incessant vigilance of the London police, many careless householders would awake to find most of their movables nonest. One of the most arduous of a policeman's duties when on night beat, is the trying of doors and windows to see that they are securely fastened. Many an irate householder has been aroused from a sweet slumber, about 3 a.m. by a ponderous knock on the street door, followed by the information in the sonorous voice of the guardian of the peace, "The airy winder is unfastened, sir, 'adn't you better come down and lock it?" Perhaps pater familias anathematises the "airy winder" and the "bobby" as well, but he knows if he doesn't fix it he will be knocked up again by the same unimpeachable guardian of property, who is certain to try the window when he comes round again in a quarter of an hour. In the calm light of morning, the policeman's devotion to duty is regarded with thankfulness, and many a "tip" is bestowed by grateful householders who have been reminded in the middle of the night that they had gone to bed without taking the precaution of fastening the front door.

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C. L. L. A. NOTES.

The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association met on Tuesday evening, March 22nd at the home of Miss O Donoghue, D'Arcy street. After the transaction of business in connection with the At Home to be held on the evening of April the nineteenth, two new members were admitted. The twelfth canto of Dante's "Inferno" was reviewed and the thirteenth read and discussed. A violin number, "Ruyawak," second Mazurka by Wieniawski, was rendered excellently by Miss Annie McMahon and had to be repeated. Vocal and piano solos completed the programme. The Association will met on Tuesday evening March 29th at the residence of Mrs. Dickson O'Brien, Huron street. M. O'Donoghue, Cor. Sec'y C. Y. L. L. A., 95 D'Arcy street.

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ORIGIN OF THE BICYCLE.

In the April St. Nicholas, Frank H. Vizetelly has told "The Story of the Wheel," tracing in a profusely illustrated article the evolution of the bicycle. Mr. Vizetelly says:

It has been often said that "to trace the origin of the bicycle we must go back to the beginning of the century"; and as this has not been denied it is probably true. I shall try to show that the bicycle grew from experiments in the fifteenth and sixteen centuries, and that the Celerifere, first invented in 1690, was the earliest form of the "safety" of to day. The first attempts to wheel date back as far as the fifteenth century. True, the machines then made were crude, clumsy and imperfect; they deserve mention, for they were a distinct step in the history of the wheel The first of these was a heavy carriage driven by means of ropes attached to and wound round its axle-tree. To the other end of the ropes a pole was fixed, and this pole was used as a lever in front of the vehicle; and by this means it was slowly drawn forward.

Little was done in the centuary following; yet in the "Memoirs of Henry Fetherstone" it is told that a Jesuit missionary named Ricius, who was travelling down the Ganges, having missed a boat that plied at regular intervals between points he was to visit in his journey, made up for lost time by building a small carriage propelled by levers. Because so few details are told, the truth of the author's account has been doubted or discredited by some.

In one of England's older churches—St. Giles' at Stoke Pogis—is a window of stained-glass on which may be seen a cherub astride of a hobby-horse or wooden "wheel." At the sides, in separate panels, as if to fix the date of the design, stand two young men attired in British dress, one playing the violin, the other, with hands in his pockets, smoking a pipe. Is it from the design that the first thought of the hobby-horse of other days was taken?

Before the Royal Academy of Sciences, in 1693, Ozanam read a paper describing a vehicle driven by the pedaling of a footman, who stood in a box behind, and rested his hands on a bar, level with his chin, attached to the back of an awning above the rider in the conveyance. This may prove that Fetherstone's account was not untrue. Ozanam's vehicle was followed by another, built on a somewhat similar plan, by an Englishman named Ovenden about 1761, for a description of the machine thon appeared in the "Universal Magazine." The vehicle was said to be "the best that hitherto been invented." The distance covered "with ease" by this rude vehicle is stated to have been six miles an hour; with a "peculiar exertion," nine or ten miles. The steering was done with a pair of reins.

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I should not think the peculiar bicycle mentioned above was in danger of becoming very common. Few people could afford the luxury of a footman to do the pedalling, to say nothing of the disadvantage of a mere six miles an hour gait compared with modern "scorching. Yonge street is lively with cyclists now-a-days, and the Street Car Company is beginning to comit its receipts on the fingers of one hand only. Indeed the emptiness of the cars comes as a novelty; it seems as though all Toronto were a-wheeling.

I saw a bicycle advertised for $10 the other day; a lady's wheel, pneumatic tires, ball bearings and all the rest of it. I suppose the second-hand pianoforte selling fakir is turning his attention in the direction of the more useful bike now, the possibilities of selling a cheap and nasty edition of the latter article being far in advance of the chances of disposing of a "nearly now upright by celebrated maker, cost $600, party going to Klondike will sell for $120," etc, etc. Take care how you buy a cheap, or secondhand wheel. Bargains are sometimes obtainable, it is true, but cheap bicycles are seldom reliable, and in the end they usually cost three times the money you have given for them, what with accidents, repairs etc.

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The question of playgrounds for children is being agitated in the "Sunday World." The dangers of the streets, especially to young children, makes the need of some space wherein they can meet during the holidays and play in safety, a very pressing one.

Surely the large school playgrounds might be open to the children during the holidays, a young man being placed in charge to see that they did not get into mischief, and to act as umpire generally. The scheme has worked well in several large American cities, and I do not see why it should not be equally successful in Toronto

Cannot the Local Council of Women take the matter up? TERESA

Can Englishmen Fight?

A Scotchman Says They Can Not.

"Yes!" I hear in imagination a hundred thousand answ rites yell in unison.

"No!" say I.

Look back on the records of the Empire's fighting, and you will find that the buck of it has been done by other Scotchmen or Irishmen. What regiment a few weeks back stormed the Dargai Heights? Why, the Gordon Highlanders, to be sure. And that, too, after at least two English corps had retired baffled and broken.

And as it was then, so it has ever been. You do not believe it? Very well; I will give chapter and verse. Who stormed the heights of Alma? The Black Watch. The English corps followed up behind them, and did the crowning act er the fighting was over. Who saved the day at Inkerman? Why, the 88th Connaught Rangers; the same corps that formed the "forlorn hope" at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo.

Or take the case of the Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers at St. Lucia. So intrepid was their conduct that the French garrison laid down their arms to the brave Irishmen, and the King's color of the regiment was, by order of Sir Ralph Abercromby, displayed on the flagstaff of the fort for the space of one hour prior to the hoisting of the Union Jack. This was an absolutely unique honor. Yet the circumstance is not even alluded to in most accounts (English) of the affair. It was the same regiment that in 1841, near where the town of Durban now stands, successfully withstood for nearly a week the revolted Boer army. What would have happened had it been an English regiment may be judged by what actually did happen exactly forty years later—at Majuba Hill.

It is a matter of common knowledge that Waterloo was won solely through the heroism and devotion of the Scotch and Irish regiments. What student of history does not remember that terrible charge of the Scots Greys, and how the Highland infantry, opening up to let them pass, broke ranks, and, clinging to their stirrups, charged with them to the wild slogan of "Scotland for ever!" It was, too, in the course of this memorable conflict that the Gordon Highlanders, formed two deep only, and reduced to less than 250 officers and men, threw themselves against a French column twelve deep, and broke it. I dare say I shall be told that if the Scotch and Irish corps distinguished themselves on this occasion the English regiments did as much or more. Why was it, then, that of the four regiments specially mentioned in despatches—viz., the 28th, 42nd, 79th and 22nd—only one, the 28th, was English?

If more instances are wanted, let the skeptic turn to Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War," and read how, at the Alma river, the 79th Cameron Highlanders shattered the Czar's famous Sonsdal column; or mark how, on January 7, 1815, in front of New Orleans, the Sutherland Highlanders were practically annihilated, because they refused to follow the example of their British colleagues and run away.

No is it only in battle that the Scotchmen show the sort of stuff they are made of. Who has not thrilled with pride at the story of the loss of the troopship Birkenhead, when 438 of the 91st Highlanders went to the bottom of the sea, and not a single woman or child perished?

Do you ask for instances of individual heroism? Then study the life stories of Major-Generals "Willie" McBean and Luke O'Connor. The one was a Scotchman, the other is—for O'Connor still lives—an Irishman. Both rose from drummer boys to the command of their respective regiments. Both earned their V.C.'s—McBean for killing in the breach at Lucknow eleven mutineers with his own sword; O'Connor for gallantry before Sebastopol.

And all the above instances might be duplicated a thousand times over. No! Speaking generally, the Englishman simply cannot fight. It is the Scotch and Irish regiments, and Scotch and Irish individual soldiers, who have lent to the English name a reputation for courage that it but ill deserves. — The Canadian Military Gazette, March 10th.

[The Scotch modesty of the foregoing article is too entirely unselfish to be suffered to pass without remark. Acting strictly upon the scriptural principle that the "last shall be first and the first shall be last" the writer always puts the Scotch before the Irish, for fear that,had he reversed the order, he might have been misunderstood and his knowledge of common politeness brought into question. Similarly, in the most Christian-like spirit, he refrains from puffing up the Irish unduly by mentioning their most striking victories in the field. He does no say word about Fontenoy, where Marshal Saxe had virtually thrown up the day in despair of breaking the column of the allies—English, Hanoverians, Dutch and Austrians—when the "Irish Brigade" was ordered to the assault. With their wild cry of "Remember Limerick" they broke the strongest column of which military history gives any record, and won a day for Louis XV that had cost 25,000 lives in all At Fontenoy the "Irish Brigade" saved the French from another such rout as Ramillies, where the "Irish Dragoons" by a brilliant charge upon the victorious allies saved a worse disaster. The writer of the article is correct in saying that the English can't fight, especially against disciplined Irish soldiers, and never under any circumstances, as history indisputably shows, without allies There was a poem in in The New Sun a few days that may also be read in this connection. We give it below. - Ed. C. R

THE FIGHTING RACE.

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back,
And Kelly drooped his head,
While Shea—they called him Scholar Jack—
Went down the list of the dead.
Officers, seamen, gunners, marines,
The crews of the gig and yawl,
The bearded man and the lad in his teens,
Carpenters, coal-passers—all
Then knocking the ashes from out his pipe,
Said Burke in an offhand way:
"We're all in that dead man's list, by cripe!
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the Maine, and I'm sorry for Spain."
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble," said Burke,
"Wherever fighting's the game,
Or a spice of danger in grown man's work,"
"And do we fall short," said Burke, getting mad,
"When it's touch and go for life?"
Said Shea: "It's thirty odd years, bedad,
Since I charged to drum and fife
Up Maryo's Heights, and my old canteen
Stopped a rebel ball on its way.
There were blossoms of blood on our sprigs of green—
Kelly and Burke and Shea—
And the dead didn't brag." "Well, here's to the flag!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place,"
Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
In the cradle of our soldier race,
After one good stand-up fight.
My grandfather fell on Vinegar Hill,
And fighting was not his trade;
But his rusty pike's in the cabin still,
With Hessian blood on the blade."
"Aye, aye," said Kelly, "the pikes were great
When the word was 'clear the way!'
We were thick on the roll in ninety-eight—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy,
Said: "We were at Ramillies.
We left our bones at Fontenoy,
And up in the Pyrenees.
Before Dunkirk, on Landen's plain,
Cremona, Lille and Ghent.
We're all over Austria, France and Spain,
Wherever they pitched a tent.
We've died for England from Waterloo
To Egypt and Dargai:
And still there's enough for a corps or crew,
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here is to good, honest fighting blood!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Oh, the fighting race don't die out,
If they seldom die in bed,
For love is first in their hearts, no doubt,"
Said Burke; then Kelly said:
"When Michael, the Irish Archangel, stands,
The angel with the sword,
And the battle-dead from a hundred lands
Are ranged in one big horde,
Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
Will stretch three deep that day,
From Johosaphat to the Golden Gates—
Kelly and Burke and Shea."
"Well, here's thank God for the race and the sod!"
Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.
—JOSEPH I. C. CLARKE, in New York Sun.

Maiden Blushes.

How They Fade When the Hand of Disease and Disorder Lays Hands on Them — What a God-send is a Reliable and Well Tried Remedy—How we Hail the Return of the Pink of Health Under its Influence—If it's Good for the Maiden, It's Good for the Mother.

"My daughter had been ailing for nearly two years with nervous prostration, indigestion and other complaints which girls in their teens are subject to. For days at a time she was confined to her bed, and could retain nothing on her stomach. Our family physician finally declared she was in a decline. We despaired of her recovery. She gradually grew worse. I had found so little benefit from remedies I was skeptical about trying South American Nervine. I, however, procured a bottle and relief came like magic; the pain left her in a day, and after taking five bottles she was completely cured, and as well and hearty as ever she had been.' Mrs. Geo. Booth, Orangeville, Ont.