

YOUNG FOLKS.

A GENEROUS GIRL.

He was a bouncing big turkey, and they hung him by the heels, so that his nose almost touched the walk just outside the butcher's shop. A little girl was standing there watching it. You could see that she was a hungry little girl, and, worse than that, she was cold too, for her shawl had to do for hood and almost everything else. No one was looking, and so she put out a little red hand and gave the great turkey a push, and he swung back and forth, almost making the huge iron hook creak, he was so heavy.

"What a splendid big turkey!"

The poor little girl turned around, and there was another little girl looking at the turkey too. She was out walking with her dolls, and had on a cloak with real fur all around the edges, and she had a real muff, white with little black spots over it.

"Good morning, miss," said the butcher man. You see he knew the little girl with the muff perfectly well.

"That's a big turkey, Mr. Martin."

"Yes," said the poor little girl timidly; "he's the biggest I ever saw in my life. He must be splendid to eat."

"Pooh!" said the little girl with the muff; "he isn't any bigger than the one my papa brought home for Thanksgiving to-morrow, I know."

"Could I have a leg if I came for it to-morrow?" asked the poor little girl softly.

"What! haven't you a whole turkey?"

"Never had one in my life," said the poor little girl.

"Then you shall have this one," said the little lady with the muff. "Mr. Martin, I've got some money in my savings bank at home, and my papa said I could do just as I wanted to with it; and I'll go home for Foxy to help. Foxy is my brother, and I know we can carry him."

The poor little girl's eyes grew so very large you would not have known them; "I shall love you always so much—so very, very much; and I'll go home for Foxy to help. Foxy is my brother, and I know we can carry him."

I have not room to tell you all about it; but the poor little girl got her turkey, and papa his bill.

"What's this?" said he—"another turkey; eighteen pounds; three dollars and sixty cents."

"That's all right," said the little girl who had the muff. "I bought him, and gave him to a poor little girl who never ate one; and the money is in my iron bank."

The bank was opened, and there was just four big pennies in it.

A very generous little girl was this of whom the *New York Tribune* tells us this story; but, like some others of us, she was generous with the money of some one else.

THE DONKEY OF EGYPT.

The Egyptian donkey is a much abused animal. If one were to believe all that travellers say of him you would suppose that his normal attitude was with his heels in the air, while that of his rider was prone in the mud before him. The real donkey is exactly the reverse of this ideal. He is gentle, intelligent, strong, enduring, and almost always sure footed. I have ridden a score at least and seen hundreds more in use from day to day, and I have never yet known one to lift his heels higher than was necessary to get over the inequalities of the soil, refuse to go at a reasonable pace if he was able, or stumble unless in the mud of the Cairo streets, which is excusable, considering that they are profusely watered at

all hours of the day. An infinitesimal donkey will trot patiently along with loads under which he is invisible from any point of view. He will carry a 200-pound traveller to the pyramids and back, apparently without fatigue, the round trip being twenty miles. He will stand any amount of beating with the donkey boy's goad or the traveller's cane with the least possible sign of resentment. He is really altogether amiable, although, like any other animal, or like the worm, he may in extreme cases turn on his oppressor. Neither are the donkey boys as bad as they are painted. Travellers accuse them of malice, and say that it is their delight to make their animals kick and throw riders over their heads. Nothing could be more absurd, for, as no one will re-employ or again use a mean donkey boy or a vicious animal, a good reputation becomes of the utmost importance to both. Besides, the donkeys are usually owned by some well-to-do individual, who employs the young Arabs to drive them, and prompt discharge would at once follow any merited complaint. This, at least, is the rule, though there are doubtless exceptions. Considerable effort is made to take care of those used by strangers for obvious reasons, though as in Italy emaciated donkeys, not much larger than rabbits, can be seen staggering under the heaviest burdens. — *Correspondence San Francisco Chronicle.*

NOVEL WEIGHTS.

We are making some little progress towards a more uniform system of weights and measures. These have been of great variety, as our language sufficiently shows. Some of the units adopted were most whimsical in their character.

The "stone," as a weight, is an example of approximate uncertainty. We know that this was in use until within the present century. It was nothing more than a cobble-stone such as may be picked up on the shore of the sea, and was used as a weight in one scale-pan to balance the article to be weighed.

Such cobble-stones were common in the shops, and often they had rings let in with their weight marked on them. There was a different standard for different articles. At a butcher's stall a stone was fourteen pounds. This is the only meaning which this weight has kept to our day.

In the London papers the weights of the young men who are to row in the university race are always given in "stones," thus:

"G. C. Montgomery, 11st. 3lb."

That is, one hundred and fifty-seven pounds.

But of all the shifts and devices for a unit of weight, nothing was ever thought of more completely absurd than that which is mentioned in an anecdote which is copied from an English publication.

The late John Cook, of Middletown, had sold some seed-oats, and soon after met the purchaser, who told him the grain was short of the weight bargained for. John very innocently replied,—

"You see, we isn't seah verra weel off for weights at our house; we have yan fifty-six and we have a cobbie and a lump of a cart-wheel 'at we know 't weight on; and then we put in a sarved lad. But I've just be thought me 'at 't lad had been badly for about three week, and mappen he'd lost a lit o' weight; seah I mun send ye a how-sterful to mak' 't up." — *Youth's Companion.*

THE GREAT CANALS OF THE WORLD.

The Imperial canal of China is over 1,000 miles long. In the year 1861 was completed the greatest undertaking of the kind on the European continent, the canal of

Languedoc, or Canal du Midi, to connect the Atlantic with the Mediterranean; its length is 148 miles; it has more than 100 locks and about fifty aqueducts, and its highest part is no less than 600 feet above the level of the sea; it is navigable for vessels of upward of 600 tons. The largest ship canal in Europe is the great North Holland canal, completed in 1825—125 feet wide at the water surface, 31 feet wide at the bottom, and has a depth of 20 feet; it extends from Amsterdam to the Helder, 51 miles. The Caledonia Canal, in Scotland, has a total length of 60 miles, including three lakes. The Suez canal is 88 miles long, of which 66 miles are actual canal. The Erie canal is 350 miles long; the Ohio canal, Cleveland to Portsmouth, 332; the Miami and Erie, Cincinnati to Toledo, 391; the Wabash and Erie, Evansville to the Ohio line, 374.

ST. PAUL'S ICE CASTLE.

The great ice castle to be built at St. Paul is to be by far the largest ice structure ever yet built, although not quite as long as the Montreal ice castle of 1885. In form it is nearly square, 152 feet being the greatest length and 144 feet the greatest width. The principal feature is the great donjon tower, which rises nearly in the centre. It is to be thirty-three feet in diameter and something over one hundred feet in height. At each angle of it rise machicolated towers, three of eight feet in diameter and one of eleven feet. The largest of the four is the highest in the castle, and is to be the flagstaff tower. Flanking the donjon tower, and attached to it are four smaller towers, two of which are 16 feet by 19 feet, and 63 feet in height, and two 23 by 19 and 50 feet in height. St. Paul castle is to be built in a large square, and a skating and curling rink are to be formed within its walls.

IT HURT HIM.

"Let liquor alone and it won't hurt you," was the advice given by a gentleman to a young friend—a wide-awake, bright-eyed young business man—who sat beside him on a railway-train.

"But it has hurt me," answered the young man.

"How is that?" inquired his friend, who saw no token on his manly countenance of the blight that so soon makes its mark on the "human face divine."

"Well, six months ago, my employer, when off his balance, signed some notes which he should not have endorsed; and yesterday the firm (a heavy iron firm) went under. So here I am, and nearly two thousand others, in dead of winter, thrown out of employment."

That gentleman's act, because of drink, has touched the comfort, and possibly the subsistence, of not less than ten thousand human beings.—*Ec.*

A STORY FROM CHINA.

A little girl, while playing with two dragon flies, accidentally killed them. At night the girl became feverish, and in her delirious state called out that the dragon flies were dashing about before her eyes. Her parents, on learning the story, were much agitated, and invoked the assistance of a certain priest supposed to be endowed with supernatural powers direct from heaven, and able to drive away all evil spirits. For a given sum he was willing to subdue the genius of the dragon flies. He came with his followers, his musical instruments and his pictures of gods. Three days and nights he banged away at his gongs and drums, calling upon every deity in

the Pantheon, while his assistants disturbed a whole block of neighbors with their shrieking trumpets, tom-toms, and other unmusical contrivances. The girl got no better; the ghosts of the dragon flies still pursued her. The parents were in despair; the priest was at his wits' end, and spurred on his followers to much greater exertions and noise.

A cousin of the girl then heard of the matter and offered his services, which were accepted. He ordered the priest to desist from all incantations and gong-beating. He entered the room where the sick girl lay, showed her two paper-cut dragon flies, and gently told her that they were the spirits of the flies that were bothering her, that he had caught them and was going to burn them. He then applied the paper dragon flies to the light, and in a moment the girl leaped up radiant with joy, viewed the ashes of the paper flies with satisfaction, and declared she saw no more of them. The young man, when asked to explain by what magic spell he had cured the girl, replied that it was her imagination that caused the annoyance, because she had always been told by her parents not to kill insects, as they would demand life for life, and this, no doubt, worried her and brought on her delirium.

Meanwhile the priest packed up his instruments, rolled up the pictures of his gods silently, and as silently stole away.

A HAPPY CHRISTMAS TO YOU.

We wish a very happy Christmas to all our friends, old and young, and hope they will all enjoy rich gifts, especially those which are given by the Saviour in honor of whose birth into the world we commemorate the day.

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