CONVERSAZIONE.

Motto for the Week:

It is more disgraceful to suspect our friends than to be deceived by them.—[French Proverb.

A Liberal Jew.

[Christian at Work.]

Certainly, an illustrious example of practical benevolence is supplied by the news that the well-known Israelite and man of wealth, Baron Hirsch, has telegraphed Mr. Jesse Seligman, treasurer of the "Baron Hirsch Fund," that the trustees of the fund may draw upon him for $2,500,000, to be applied to the relief of the Hebrew immigrants to this country. The income of this amount is to be devoted to the work of giving them homes in some fertile farming district of the country. The money is to be used at the discretion of the Baron Hirsch Fund trustees, even if the demands are so great as to compel a part of the principal to be drawn upon. In this case Baron Hirsch has promised to make good the amounts needed. In this Baron Hirsch only emphasizes a work begun some time ago, for during the last twelve months the Baron has furnished on an average of $10,000 a month for the relief of the Hebrews in this country. His charity has not been confined in America, but has been extended to many other countries. The persecution of the Jews in Russia recently has driven out of that county hundreds of these people, many of whom have come to our shores, and have been assisted by Baron Hirsch and their co-religionists here in establishing themselves in comfortable homes. The benefaction is a most noble one and will make the Baron's name, already illustrious, unrivalled in the domain of a giving which is more than princely. Evidently the Baron believes in doing good while he lives and while he can direct what has too often been averted by the icon hand of the law when the testator has gone down to his grave.

Foods for the Brain.

[Juliet Corson, in Harper's Bazar.]

There is a popular idea extant that foods which abound in phosphorus are special brain nutrients, but it has no serious foundation. There are many empirical mixtures based on this idea that are extensively sold as brain and nerve food, without any particular merit or applicability. If a brain tonic is required, let the investigator secure the best available fluid extract of coca, prepared by some responsible chemist, and use it in combination with a pure grape wine in quantities graduated by its effect.

Came Back in a Saucer.

It is usually the owner who tries to find his lost jewels. A lost jewel that tried to find its owner would have a story worthy of the Arabian Nights; and it is pretty nearly that kind of story that Mr. H. L. Constine, of New Orleans, told a reporter of the Seattle Press.

"When I was in Atlanta, Ga., some time ago," said Mr. Constine, "I was invited by a friend to visit a peach cannery in which he was employed. After I had completed my tour of the cannery I missed a valuable charm that I had been wearing on my watch-chain. I was sorry to lose it, for it was a gift from a dead sister. I offered a liberal reward, but to no purpose.

"I returned home and gave up all hope of recovering the charm. About two months ago I came to the Pacific coast in business.

"I arrived in Seattle about two weeks ago, since which time I have been visiting friends who live near Yesler avenue. Yesterday noon I was down town and stepped into a restaurant for lunch.

"After eating a hearty lunch I called for some peaches and cream. I started to eat the peaches, and was in the act of cutting one of them with a spoon, when the spoon struck some hard substance. I worked the substance out and held it up to the light. It was my missing charm.

"The story is a strange one," concluded Mr. Constine, "and I should hardly be willing to believe it myself if told to me by a stranger, but nevertheless every word of it is strictly true. The only way I can account for the mysterious disappearance and recovery of the jewel is that it became disengaged from the chain when I was watching the performance of a new coring and paring machine, in which I was much interested, and fell among the peaches without my noticing it."

An Expensive Chronometer.

Here is a story about old John Jacob Astor, the American millionaire, showing how parsimony and meanness are sometimes rewarded:

One of Astor's best captains had made six voyages to China without accident to his chronometer, but just before sailing on his seventh voyage he suggested to Mr. Astor that it would be safer to have one.

"Get one," said the millionaire, testily. The captain did so, and entered the cost on the account current. When Astor's eye fell upon the item he drew his pen through it.

The captain expostulated.

"I told you to get one," said Astor, "but I did not say I would pay for it."

The old seaman left Mr. Astor's employ at once, and before night was in command of as fine a ship as ever floated. In three days he set sail. At the same time Astor's ship, under a new commander, also sailed.

The race to Hong Kong was at first very close, but the captain who, as has been say, had discharged John Jacob Astor took advantage keeping his men at the brace, and won by three days.

The ship was loaded in the shortest possible time, and before Astor's vessel which had arrived in the meantime, was half loaded, our captain weighed anchor and sailed for New York, with a full cargo of tea sailed to the Yorck. He arrived in good time and disposed out the cargo, which was sold by auction on the spot. The market was thoroughly overstocked, and when Astor's ship arrived the price had fallen.

Some time afterwards, the captain was walking down Broadway, met Mr. Astor.

"How much did that chronometer cost you?" the latter asked.

"A hundred and twenty pounds."

Well," said Mr. Astor, "that was cheap. It cost me £12,000.

Smoking Themselves to Death.

We ask every man, young or old, who reads the ADVERTISER carefully to ponder the following truthful utterances of the Rev. Dr. Talmage, made at a recent Friday evening lecture in regard to the dangerous smoking habits which are now ruining the health and destroying the lives of so many thousands:

"There are multitudes of young men smoking themselves to death. Nervous, cadaverous, narrow-chested and fidgety, they are preparing for early departure or a half and half existence that will be of little satisfaction to themselves or little use to others. Quit it, my young brother. Before you get through this life you will want stout nerves and a broad chest and a brain unclouded with tobacco-smoke. To get rid of the habit will require a struggle, as I know by bitter experience. Cigars and midnight study nearly put an end to my existence at 25 years of age. I got so I could do no kind of study without a cigar in my mouth—as complete a slave was I as some of you are. About to change pastorates from one city to another, a wholesale dealer offered as an inducement to my going to Philadelphia that he would give me all my cigars, and the best cigars in the country, free of charge all the rest of my life. He was a splendid man, and I knew he would keep his promise. Then I reasoned thus: If now, when my salary is small and cigars are high, I smoke up to my full endurance, what would become of my health if I got all my cigars for nothing? Well, I have never touched the infernal weed since. From that time I was revolutionized in health and mind, emancipated by the grace of God. I implore young men to strike out for the liberation of their entire nature from all kinds of evil habits. I see that now in our elevated railroads they have introduced that pig-pen on wheels, the smoking-car (Slaughter), and it is being made easier and easier all the time to sacrifice physical health. All those who break down their health through indulgence and go into graves sooner than they would otherwise have gone are suicides, and the day of judgment will so reveal it."

Made Gentle.

A fine sentiment deeply felt by one person will prove contagious, however insensible his companion may seem at first, and however unobtrusive he may be himself; sometimes, indeed, his influence is all the greater for being unobtrusive and unconscious. The authors of "Blessed be Drudgery and Other Papers" relate a touching little story of how sympathy and affection sprang up in an unlikely place.

A workman in a pottery factory had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. Every night he carried to the bedside of his "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon or a fragment of crimson glass, something that would lie out on the white counterpane, and give color to the room.

He was a quiet, unsentimental man, and said nothing to any one about his affection for his boy. He simply went on loving him, and soon the whole shop was brought into half-conscious fellowship with him.

The workmen made curious little jars and cups, and painted diminutive pictures upon their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit, and another a few engravings in a rude scrap-book. Not one of them whispered a word; this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put the gifts in the old man's hat, where he found them when he understood all about it. Little by little all the men, of rather coarse fiber by nature, grew gentle and kind, and some dropped swearing as the weary look on their patient fellow-worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day someone fitted a piece of work for him, and put it on the sanded bank to dry, so that he might come later and go earlier.

So when the bell tolled and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, 100 stalwart workingmen from the pottery, all in their clean clothes, stood just round the corner. Most of them had given a half-day's time for the privilege of following to the grave that small burden of a child, though probably not one of them had ever seen him.

TEMPERANCE NEWS.

It is every way gratifying, as it is most encouraging to know, that the Royal Niger Company are meeting with signal success in their efforts to suppress the flood of liquor that for years has been pouring into the vast region now under its control. It has totally prohibited the traffic on the great Benue branch of the Niger, where the hundreds of thousands of natives have not yet been debased by trade rum. By means of high duties on spirits it is also greatly restricting the trade on the Lower Niger. The result is that regions not yet visited by the rum-sellers of Germany and Holland are being protected from the curse, and in regions where they have had their own way the imports of spirits have fallen to a comparatively insignificant amount. The spectacle of this large company refusing to make money in the easiest way possible is particularly edifying, in much as most African trading companies are clamoring loudly against any interference with their rum trade. Now if only some one efforts can be mercifully employed to stop the deluge of New England rum and Kentucky whisky that is overflowing Africa, it may be that crime and misery in the land of the Congo will be diminished, and a professedly Christian nation will be relieved of an awful reproach.

Apropos the above, the Bombay Gazette of recent date speaks out very plainly upon the wrong done both to Christianity and to heathendom by the liquor traffic and styles the business "The Devil's Missionary Enterprise." Where we find a missionary in an outgoing vessel, there will has on board hundreds of his lamentable agents in the shape of various kinds of intoxicants. For instance, look at the cargoes of the vessels that sail from European and American ports, bound for West and South Africa. On their way they stop at Madeira. An examination of those passing through Madeira in one week shows a list of spirituous liquors taken from the daily returns posted in Liverpool. There were 60,000 cases of gin, £240,000; 24,000 butts of rum, £240,000; 30,000 cases of brandy, 90,000; 28,000 cases of Irish whisky, 2000; 800,000 demijohns of rum, £2400; 26,000 barrels of rum, £72,000; 300 cases of Old Tom, £60,000; 15,000 barrels of absinthe, £45,000; 47,000 cases of vermouth, £3,000. If one week exhibits such a record, what will a year's trade upon corresponding scale present? And what though a series of years? With gin, rum, brandy, absinthe and vermouth pouring into Africa annually by the thousands of cases what can a few scattered missionaries do?

Wisconsin has paid out $150,000 in bounties on wild beasts since 1866, at the rate of $5 for every wolf scalp and $3 for each lynx or wildcat. The State pays the county when the hunter presents a certificate from the county clerk that the bearer has brought him wolf scalps, and made oath that he has not spared the life of any wolf, lynx or wildcat within his power to kill. The last provision was probably enacted to prevent hunters from sparing the female wolves, but taking away the young. A glance at the statistics of wild beasts slain shows that wolf hunters get large part of the bounty. In the year 18[illegible] there was an exception to the rule, as $[illegible]910 was paid that year for wildcats, $2[illegible]10 for wolves and $1,940 for lynx.

NEW BOOKS.

Among the Millet. By Archibald Lampman. (Ottawa: J. Durie & Son). "Some books are to be tasted others are to be chewed, some few"—what is the rest of the old quotation? Enough has been said of the book under consideration by critics of diverse tastes and nationalities to show that it belongs to the highest class of poetic literature—that it is not made merely to be tasted or toyed with, but that it is a fit companion for one's sternest or saddest or most spiritual mood. What is characteristic of all these poems is their author's sureness of sight. As one speaks of a pedestrian's sure footedness, so it is surely allowable to speak of a poet's sure-sightedness. Here is an example chosen absolutely at random:

"By the miles of the fences warped and dyed
With the white hot noons, and their withering fires,
Where the rough bees trample the creamy bosoms
Of the hanging tufts of the elder blossoms,
And the spiders weave, and the gray snakes hide,
In the crannied gloom of the stones and the briers."

Who has not seen a thousand times a fence warped and colored by the withering fires of white hot noons. And yet we have only half seen it. Only he who can perfectly describe it has perfectly seen it. "Rough bees" and "crannied gloom" are other instances of the felicitous seeing, which must precede felicitous phrasing. Turning the pages of "Among the Millet" one constantly encounters expressions which give new meaning to the commonest objects and actions in nature. With a thrill of appreciation one walks out:

"With the snowshoer's long rejoicing stride,"

Or at another season sees—

"The light wind pass
In long pale waves across the flashing grass,"

Or notes the wind-swayed daisies—

"Serene and gently smiling like the eyes
Of tender children long beautified."

Or beholds—

"With dreaming eyes
Even as a dream out of a dream arise
The bell-tongued city with its glorious towers."

Or feels the little breezes—

"Soft footed children of the gipsy wind."

Or learns—

"How beautiful is gentleness, whose face
Like April sunshine, or the summer rain,
Swells everywhere the buds of generous thought.
So easy and so sweet it is; its grace
Smoothes out so soon the tangled knots of pain."

But it is impossible to indicate by brief extracts the outlines of the poet's range. Everywhere is manifest the deep interior need of telling the subtlest truth—of showing the exquisite grain of the wood, where one looked to find fantasies in paint and paper. "Among the Millet" cannot boast a single ornamental poem. To turn its pages is to be made keenly aware of the realities of life, and of the lasting beauty of those realities. Here is the poet's point of view:

"To most men life is but a common thing,
The hours a sort of coin to barter with,
Whose worth is reckoned by the sum they buy
In gold, or power, or pleasure; each short day
That brings not these deemed fruitless as dry sand.
There lives are but a blind activity,
And death to them is but the end of motion.
Gray children who have madly eat and drunk,
Won the high seats or filled their chests with gold,
And yet for all their lives have never seen
The picture of their lives, or how life looks
To him who hath the deep uneager eye,
How sweet and large and beautiful it was,
How strange the part they played.

A Kentucky Colonel. By Opie P. Read. (Wm. Bryce, Toronto.) The Colonel is a frank, genial, hospitable soul, but he mixes a mint julep in nearly every chapter of the book—occasionally three or four times per chapter—and the style of his conversation is what might be expected from a person of that sort. The fault of the book is not that its characters are commonplace, coarse and slangy, but that the author allows the reader to suppose that they are merely that and nothing more. The most ordinary human life has much in it worthy of record if a writer will only take pains to bring it to light.

The New England Magazine. (Boston: 86 Federal street.) The February number justifies its title by the publication of such articles as "The Old Masters of Boston," "A Model New England Village," "The History of Historical Writing in America," and "Experience of a New England Clergyman During the Revolution," and the odor of reminiscence hangs about "The Old Chair," and "Ghost, Poet and Spinet." Several interesting and characteristic anecdotes of the negroes are related in "Colored Schools and Churches of the South." The writer of "William Morris" thinks that "whether one argues or not with his specific opinions, England may well be thankful that in these days of routine and mammon-rule she has such a healthy, virile, manly idealist in her midst to inspire her people with the hope of a better day, as the poet, artist, prophet and agitator, William Morris."

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February, 1887.

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Remarkable Cure of Dropsy and Dyspepsia.

MR. SAMUEL T. CASEY, Belleville, writes: "In the spring of 1884 I began to be troubled with Dyspepsia, which gradually became more and more distressing. I used various domestic remedies, and applied to my physician, but received no benefit. By this time my trouble assumed the form of Dropsy. I was unable to use any food whatever, except boiled milk and bread; my limbs were swollen to twice their natural size; all hopes of my recovery were given up, and I quite expected death within a few weeks. NORTHROP AND LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY having been recommended to me, I tried a bottle with but little hope of relief; and now, after using eight bottles, my Dyspepsia and Dropsy are cured. Although now seventy-nine years of age, I can enjoy my meals as well as ever, and my general health is good. I am well known in this section of Canada, having lived here fifty-seven years; and you have liberty to use my name in recommendation of your VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which has done such wonders in my case."

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MR. JAMES JOHNSTON, 4th con., 7th lot, Amaranth, writes: "Two bottles of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY cured me of Dyspepsia. Mine was a bad case and I had tried a number of other preparations without getting any benefit from them."

Dyspepsia Had to Go.

MR. W. J. DEVELL, Wingham, carpenter and builder, writes: "Three years ago I was greatly troubled with Dyspepsia; a pain between my shoulders was so bad that I thought I would have to quit work altogether. No medicine gave me ease until I got a bottle of NORTHROP & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY, which gave me relief. I continued using the medicine until I had taken three bottles, when I was perfectly well. I consider it invaluable as a cure for Dyspepsia. I know of several persons who have used it with the same benefit."

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