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OUR BOYS MAGAZINE



TORONTO PRINTING CO.

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AUGUST, 1896.

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Send to the SUPERINTENDENT VICTORIA INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, MIMICO, and acknowledgement will be made in the following issue of OUR BOYS.

OUR BOYS

VOL. III.

AUGUST, 1896.

No. 2.

FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION.

NO. II.—HON. GEORGE BROWN.

HON. George Brown was a native of Edinburgh, at which city he was born on 29th November, 1818. In 1838, when the subject of our sketch was twenty years old, his father emigrated to America, and soon afterwards commenced the publication of the *British Chronicle*. In 1843 George Brown visited Canada and was brought into contact with prominent public men of the Liberal party, then destitute of any leading newspaper. Although the Liberal party was in power, liberal principles could hardly be said to be in the ascendancy on account of the obstinate resistance of the then Governor-General, Sir Charles Metcalfe, to measures of reform. As a result of overtures from Canada, Mr Brown moved to Toronto, where the *Banner* made its appearance in 1843 as a weekly paper supporting the Liberal party. The necessity for a purely political paper soon became urgent, and the publication of the *Globe* was undertaken in the following year. Sir Charles Metcalfe was conducting the Government in defiance of parliament and an early dissolution was inevitable. Mr. Brown rendered such valuable services to the Liberals that he was pressed to become a candidate at the general elections of 1844, but he declined to do so. The election campaign fully established his reputation as one of the foremost men in Canada both as a speaker and writer. In 1851 Mr. Brown decided to accept a nomination and become a candidate for Haldimand, but owing to divisions in the Liberal ranks he was defeated. Later on he contested Kent and Lambton as an independent Liberal and was returned by a fair majority. His appearance in Parliament justified the expectations of those who had hoped so much from his great knowledge of public affairs, and at the very start he took rank as a leading man. Not only so, but his influence in the country increased greatly, while the power and influence of the *Globe* were constantly growing. The ministry at that time was nominally a Liberal ministry, and while Mr. Brown freely criticized its course he did not take the position of a regular opposition member.

In 1853 the *Globe* became a daily newspaper, and in its columns a vigor-

ous agitation was kept up in favor of representation by population, the secularization of the clergy reserves, and other measures long demanded by Reformers. In the general election of 1854 Mr. Brown, was elected for Lambton. The result of the election made it necessary that the ministry should be reorganized, and Sir Allan McNab, became Premier of a so-called coalition. The new government was savagely assailed by the *Globe*, and Mr. Brown's influence as a popular speaker at this period has probably never been equalled in Canada. In the general election of 1857 Mr. Brown was elected both for Toronto and North Oxford, and sat for the former. Shortly after Parliament met the ministry was defeated and Mr. Brown was sent for, "as the most prominent member of the opposition," and entrusted with the task of forming a government. Mr. Brown submitted the names of the proposed ministers, which were approved, and they took the oath of office. But the Governor-General declined to accept the advice of his new ministry that the house should be prorogued, with a view to dissolution, and Mr. Brown at once resigned. In 1859 a convention of the Reform members of both houses was held and in the platform laid down for the elections of 1861 was included the advocacy of a federal union of the provinces. To this convention therefore belongs the credit for first broaching the Confederation plan, afterwards to be successfully carried into effect. In the general elections of 1861 Mr. Brown was defeated, and gave himself entirely to the management of the *Globe*. In 1862 on the defeat of the Cartier-Macdonald government, the Governor-General sent for John Sandfield Macdonald, and he succeeded in forming a ministry, which was strengthened in 1863 by the addition of Oliver Mowat. To this reconstructed government Mr. Brown gave his active support, and re-entered Parliament as member for South Oxford. In 1864 the Sandfield Macdonald ministry resigned, and a new Conservative government was formed under Sir E. P. Tache, which however only succeeded in living one day. Mr Brown then considered how this defeat of the Tories could be turned to account in securing the constitutional changes required, and with this end in view he had conferences with Messrs John A. Macdonald and Galt, which resulted in a coalition government being formed, in which Messrs Brown, Mowat and McDougall took office. When parliament met in 1865 the federal resolutions were carried and at the close of the session Mr. Brown, with Mr. John A. Macdonald and others, visited England, and conferred with the Imperial Government on the proposed constitutional changes. The first day of July, 1867, saw the great reform accomplished for which Mr. Brown had toiled so many years. When his efforts for the union of Canada had thus been crowned with success, Mr. Brown desired to retire from parliament, but was dissuaded from taking this course. A few weeks after Mr. Mackenzie's accession to power in 1872, Mr. Brown was offered a seat in the Senate, which he accepted, but subsequently declined the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario, and the title of K. C. M. G.

On 25th of March, 1880, George Bennett, a discharged employe of the *Globe*, went to Mr. Brown's office and demanded a certificate of character. Mr. Brown refused, whereupon Bennett drew a pistol and shot him. It was not supposed at first that the wound was a dangerous one, but when two weeks passed without any improvement in his condition it was realized that his injury was more serious than at first supposed. Gradually he lost strength, and on a beautiful Sunday morning in the following May, breathed his last.

Mr. Brown's Canadian career extended over a period of thirty-six years. He came to the country with little or no influence or fortune, depending entirely on his personal exertions. In one year he established his reputation as a journalist, and from that time climbed steadily up the ladder of fame.

His information on public questions of the day was very extensive while his skill in debate, his rapid utterance and enthusiastic energy, often overwhelmed opponents who were themselves able men. There was no man amongst the public men of the past generation so effective as a political speaker, but he never transgressed by making a purely personal attack, and many with whom he had fierce struggles in the arena of politics became afterwards his warmest friends. He did much to cultivate a national feeling, in the broadest sense of the term, embracing Great Britain and all her colonies, while the cause of temperance and every moral reform found in him a warm friend and courageous advocate.

E. S. W.

FATHER'S VOICE.

Years an' years ago, when I
 Was just a little lad,
 An' after school hours used to work
 Around the farm with dad,
 I used to be so wearied out
 When the eventide was come
 That I got kinder anxious
 About the journey home,
 But dad; he used to lead the way,
 An' once in a while turn 'round an' say—
 So cheerin'-like, so tender—"come!
 Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
 That allers used to help me some;
 An' so I followed father,
 I'm old an' grey an' feeble now,
 An' trembly at the knee,
 But life seems jest the same to-day
 As then it seems to me,
 For I am still so wearied out
 When eventide is come,
 An' still get kinder anxious-like
 About the journey home;
 But still my father leads the way,
 An' once an' a while I hear him say
 So cheerin'-like, so tender—"Come!
 Come on, my son, you're nearly home!"
 An', same as then, that helps me some;
 An' so I'm followin' Father home.

GUNNING FOR WHALES.

IT was not long after 4 o'clock on a raw, windy morning that the little steamer Alma M. tripped her anchor in Provincetown harbor and stood out for the buoy on the end of Long Point. She was bound for the outside of the Cape to hunt for whales, and had on board as passenger a reporter, who had gone to see the big creatures captured by the shore fishermen. There have been quite a number of whales running in lately, and it looks as if it might be a return to the good times of two or three years ago, when sixty or seventy whales have been captured in a single season.

The whales which run in here are finbacks and humpbacks, with once in a great while a right whale. The sperm whales are never found in the cold water round the outside of the Cape. They sometimes come pretty well north, but always keep in the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, unless they are sick, when they wander in shore.

It was still quite dark when the Alma M swung out of the harbor and headed up the other side of the point. The light on Long Point showed clear and bright; the shore was only a dim shadow to star-board. Capt. Ed. Mayo, the commander of the little craft, explained that there was no chance of finding any whales in the bay at this time and that by the time the steamer had reached the point where they were likely to be found it would be broad day. In fact it soon began to redden, and by the time Wood End was overhauled it was so light that the flashing red light there only showed with a dull red glow.

The little boat was kept jogging along, and soon after sunrise was tumbling about in the rough water off Race Point. This was the first spot at which there was any likelihood of seeing any of the quarry, and the binocular was now brought into play, and the sea to the eastward and northward was diligently swept with the glass every little while. For an hour or so the Alma M. bobbed along breaking the rough sea rolling in from the eastward, and round-

ing the curve of the Cape, but nothing hove in sight.

She stood well out at sea, and then Capt Ed. announced that he would run down toward Highland Light, as whales were some times seen down that way. Hardly had he swung the wheel over, however, when a sharp cry from the Portuguese deckhand announced that whales were in sight. It was no sonorous, "There she blows;" but a sharp monosyllable which sounded like "Ya," as he pointed directly astern. How he saw them with the naked eye is something for a student of seaman's eyesight to explain, for to a landsman they were just distinguishable by the glass, two dark, sharply rounded lumps about a mile to the northward, rolling along, sometimes lost behind the waves, then appearing again, all the time.

"Humpbacks," says Capt. Ed., as he swings the wheel over. "Tain't much of a show for 'em when they're moving like that but we'll try 'em."

The little steamer swings around in a sharp curve, and as she straightens up he pulls the jingle two or three times to tell the engineer to get all he can out of her, and she begins to smoke through the waves more than once driving her head into a cross sea. Fast as she moves, however, she does not seem to come up to the whales much. The great creatures rolling along, and apparently not much more than moving, yet the steamer comes upon them so slowly that the gain is hardly perceptible. At length we get up close enough to see that they are whales, and not mountains of black rubber, as they appeared from a distance, but long before there is any chance of lodging a shot. First one and then the other turns leisurley over smoothly and without commotion and with a good flop of the tail disappears from sight. The boat is kept going seaward at the same place in the hope that the whales will follow the line in which they have been going. This is usually the case, but these whales are of freakish tendencies, for one of them

is not seen at all, and the other only for a brief space away to the northward again. The boat is headed for him, but before half the distance is traversed he has "sounded" once more, and is not seen a second time.

After cruising about in search of him some little time, the boat is again headed down the outside of the cape, and runs down within a few miles of Highland Light and then out again in a wide sweeping circle which brings us back a couple of miles north of Race Point. Just to northward is a fishing schooner thrashing through the water close hauled and looking up all that the wind will allow her, for her destination, at the Georges, and Capt. Ed. determines to hail her in case she may have seen anything of whales. In response to a sharp hail, a round Irish face appears near the rail, and, in answer to a request, for whaling information, its owner replies "Yis, seen wan. Back about two miles, feedin' an the wather," Capt. Ed. thanked him with a wave of his hand, and then sets the Alma M. as nearly in wake of the schooner as possible and scans the water with the glass at first nearly ahead, and then, as the boat runs on, in a widening circle to port and starboard. While doing this, he explains that it is worth a good deal to catch a whale feeding, as it then lies nearly still in the water, and is easier approached than when moving about.

He has run on for what seems to be more than two miles and is just about to turn the boat back again, when the glass suddenly stops its sweeping of the water, and, without taking it from his eye, he slowly swings the wheel over until the bow of the boat is pointing for the place on which it rests, a point nearly south of the course on which we have been running. Sure enough, a look through the glass shows another whale, or, what is more probable, one of the same two which we chased a short time ago, but he looks very different. He shows more plainly in the water and has none of the restless shifty motion of the other two. Gradually the speed of the boat is decreased, for care and not speed must be used in getting up with his fellow, and at length she is sneaking along with the screw, turning over just

about fast enough to keep steerage way on her. Slowly she creeps along, making a slight curve in her course, so as to come at him as much from behind as is consistent with placing a shot well, for that makes it more difficult for him to see the boat, and if he once takes alarm he will be off like a shot, and there will be but a small chance of seeing him again.

At length we are close enough up for a shot, and Capt. Ed., signing to the Portuguese to take the wheel, lifts the bomb lance gun and steps out on the deck. The whale is floating high in the water and presenting an excellent mark, an important matter, as the bomb, to be effective, must be lodged either under his backbone or close above it, and there is a vast mountain of flesh and blubber rising above the backbone and serving as a protection. Capt. Ed. draws the bead on him just at the water-line and as far forward as he dares, for fear of missing the vital parts by the forward range of the bomb, and pulls the trigger. There is a loud coarse report, something like that made by a large toy cannon.

Standing at one side of the gunner, the bomb can be seen to strike the whale pretty well down toward the water, but rather too far back to be immediately effective and on the instant the whale darts forward with a writhe and disappears under the water. He comes to the surface again in an instant, rushes forward, dives again, and then coming to the surface starts off at a pace which taxes the little craft to the utmost to keep up with. Soon, however, it can be seen that the bomb has done its work, for the speed quickly slackens, and in a few moments, with a last struggle which reddens the sea all about him, he lies quiet on the surface.

The boat is instantly run for him at full speed, for killing a whale is not getting him by any means, as he almost invariably sinks to the bottom within a few moments after being killed. Lying alongside of the pilot house is an old-fashioned harpoon, and attached to it is a long line and a keg marked E. M. As the boat comes alongside, the Portuguese catches up the harpoon and drives it as deeply as he can in-

OVER THE HILLS.

to the whale's body. The hank is then withdrawn and the line and keg thrown over-board, and the whale is satisfactorily marked for his owner, if he should sink. It is quite evident that he is going to do this, for he is settling in the water, which is already washing over the ghastly hole where the bomb lance entered. There is no possibility of a boat as small as the *Alma M.* keeping him afloat, so he sinks slowly down, the wheel is once more spun over, and the boat's head turned for home. In a few days he will rise to the surface again and the owner will claim him.

Most of the whales are disposed of at

Nickerson's oil works in Provincetown, where they blubber by cutting a strip off round and round the body. This stripe is started with sharp-edge spades, and the end of it hooked in the tack above.

As this tack is hauled upon, the whale turns over and over, and the men standing upon him keep starting to blubber with their spades, so that it peels off as one would peel an orange. In addition to this the sperm whale has a great tank of oil in his head, which holds about half of what the rest of the body will yield and the right whale has the valuable whalebone, but the finbacks and humpbacks have neither of these.--*Er.*

OVER THE HILLS.

Over the hills and far away,
A little boy steals from his morning play
And under the blossoming apple tree
He lies and dreams of the things to be;
Of battles fought and victories won,
Of wrongs o'erthrown and of great deeds done—
Of the valour that he shall prove some day'
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away,
It's oh, for the toil of the livelong day!
But it mattereth not for the soul aflame
With a love for riches and power and fame!
On, O man! while the sun is high—
On to certain joys that lie
Yonder where blazed the noon of day.
Over the hills and far away—

Over the hills and far away.

Over the hills and far away,
An old man lingers at the close of day
Now that his journey is almost done,
His battles fought and his victories won—
The oldtime honesty and truth,
The trustful ness and the friends of youth,
Home and mother where are they,
Over the hills and far away!

Over the hills and far away.

Eugene Field.

HOW TOM BECAME A STOCKHOLDER.

TOM!" called his mother, as that youth stopped just inside the outer door to shake the raindrops from his clothing, "don't take off your things till you have been for Kate; I promised you should call for her if she was not here by nine."

"Humph! where is she?" grumbled Kate's brother, knocking his wet mittens against the door jamb. "Nice night to keep a fellow out in, I should say! Do you know it's raining pitchforks?"

"Of course it's raining, but you knew that when you first went out, didn't you? She is visiting Josie Remby, and you'd better take the big umbrella; I think Kate did not have hers."

Tom knew his mother's decided air meant business, so he ventured nothing further, but plunged moodily into the dark and stormy night once more, keeping his discontent for silent company.

So he found himself before a large frame house, whose well lighted windows seemed laughing at the weather.

He was presently admitted to the most aristocratic boarding house Goshant could boast, and led past the general parlor to a private one reserved for the Remby family.

They were late comers in Goshant, and were looked upon as great acquisitions to the society of that new, and still somewhat raw, Western town.

Mr. Remby gave himself out as an artist, studying the surrounding mountain scenery, and occasionally strolled forth with a jointed easel slung over his shoulders and a portfolio under his arm, much to the admiration of the loungers before the bank and post office, who felt that a "tender-foot" neither staking our claims nor organizing mining companies must indeed be either a genius or a crank.

There were no special evidences of his work in this pretty room, however, and indeed it was understood that Mr. Remby had not cared to remove his masterpieces from his New York studio to the West.

A half finished painting on an easel did hint of the painter's art, but it seemed to Tom that it had not progressed a stroke since he last called for Kate, a week ago. He told himself, however, that Mr. Remby was probably waiting for an inspiration, and then forgot that picture in the prettier one of the two girls rising to greet him.

Beside Kate Avery, in her plain dress, Josie Remby seemed actually dazzling.

Tom did not quite approve of all her bows, bangles, and bangs, nor of her numerous flashing rings—that is, he would not have wanted Kate to wear them—but, all the same, they made her look exceedingly pretty now to his unaccustomed eyes, and he felt both flattered and nervous as she cried out.

"Oh, Mr. Tom, how good of you to come! Won't you sit down? I think you've met my mother. Kate was getting anxious, for papa is out and we had nobody to send with her this black night—do sit down!"

Tom bowed, awkwardly enough, to the pale invalid, well wrapped and sunk in the depths of an easy chair, then seated himself on the edge of the stiffest one he could find.

"Must you go at once?" asked Josie, looking from brother to sister. "It's early yet, I'm sure."

"Yes, I think I must, Josie," returned Kate in her honest way. "Mother likes us to keep early hours."

"And I've got my geometry to learn yet," added Tom.

"Well, if you must, you must, I'm sorry, but I'll get your things. I laid them in papa's room—it's the one I had when we first came, you know, Kate, but papa got me to change with him because it had an outside door and—"

"Josie!" interrupted her mother sharply.

"Well, what have I said now? You're always snapping me up for nothing!" cried the girl in a petulant manner.

The invalid only sighed, closing her eyes

in a weary way, and Josie continued, with a playfully defiant air,

"As I was going to say, papa is so restless, nights, he likes an outside room so he can walk about outdoors if he wishes to. He says restlessness always goes with the artistic temperament."

As she finished speaking she passed into the room at Tom's right, leaving the door ajar.

He could not see inside it as he sat, but happening to raise his eyes he quickly noticed that a mirror hanging opposite him reflected a part of its interior.

It was an ordinary bedroom, but in one corner stood a small wooden chest, bound and clamped with iron, and beside it the easel and portfolio so familiar to all Goshanters.

"Ah," thought Tom, "he keeps his painting things in that chest, I suppose. They must be heavy, for it looks good and strong."

Thus thinking, he saw the outside door, which was at right angles with the chest, open suddenly, and a man, Mr. Remby, enter. He was muffled to the eyes.

"What are you doing here, Josie?" he asked in a quick, sharp tone.

"Getting Kate Avery's wraps, papa," was the unconcerned reply. "Where have you been? You're wet through."

"Oh, to the post office—and so on."

He helped her gather up her guest's belongings with an air of impatient hurry, and almost thrust her back into the parlor, then shut the door to with a slam.

But, like most Goshant doors, it had shrunk since it was hung, and now the rickety latch failed to hold it in its place. The very violence of its closing caused it to spring open once more.

Only a crack, to be sure, but through that crack, reflected in the mirror, Tom could still see a bit of the lighted interior—that bit of it that held the iron-bound chest.

Tom somehow felt interested in that chest, and as nobody noticed him, continued to gaze, while the invalid lay back with wearily closed eyes, and the two girls lingered over their leave takings, as girls will.

Tom, looking, saw Mr. Remby kneel down and unlock the chest, then take from it several articles which he so quickly consigned to various pockets that the boy had but a passing glimpse of them.

They certainly were not palette and brushes, though, indeed, they seemed more like locksmiths' tools, Tom thought, though oddly shaped even for those. Next he drew forth a small, heavy bag, so it seemed; perhaps a tobacco bag, and placed that, with extreme care, in an inner pocket, buttoning his coat above it. Then he approached the door communicating with the parlor, and Tom dropped his eyes and arose.

"Mrs. Remby," said the artist, flinging the door wide, then noticing the young people, he bowed to each with a courteous good evening, and finished to his wife, "I've been wired from Denver on business, and am going to try and catch the 10:10 train. Good by to you all—I haven't got a minute to spare."

He was a good looking man, with a heavy mustache and bright, black eyes, and now smiled pleasantly as Josie ran to kiss him and asked when he would be back.

"Oh, not for several days," he returned carelessly. "Now don't hinder me, dear."

He crossed the room and bent above his wife a moment, and Tom saw the frail hand lying on the arm of her chair clutch it suddenly, as if she had been startled in some way, and he thought Mrs. Remby must be very fond of her husband to so dread his leaving her even for a few days.

Then Josie kissed him again in a loving, lingering way which showed how close was the tie between father and child, and with a sudden thought drew off one of her glittering rings—a diamond set between two emeralds—and thrust it upon his little finger.

"That's for remembrance!" she said prettily, and Mr. Remby, returning her sweet upturned look, answered, "I never forget my Josie!"

Tom thought if all like a scene in a story and said something of the kind to Kate, as they plodded home beneath the umbrella.

"They're so different from the folks

here," he added in his slow way. "They must be awful rich--just look at Josie's rings, and they're real diamonds and things too."

"Yes. She says her papa thinks them a good investment," explained Kate. "I s'pose that's why she has so many."

"But I always supposed artists were poor."

"Oh, no; not New York artists," said Kate, who knew as much about the fraternity as a prairie chicken; "they're 'most always rich. Any how Mr. Remby is."

"Then he must have to work harder than he does here," contended Tom stoutly, "I don't think he's made a single picture since he came."

Kate did not answer. They had turned the corner by the bank, a new brick structure with a door on either street, and two great plate glass windows in front.

It was brightly lighted by electricity, for Goshant would have electric lights and an opera house, though there were no sidewalks to speak of, and only such drainage as nature provided. Kate stopped to peer in.

"Wonder if father's here yet?" she murmured, while Tom began a vigorous three-times-three tattoo on the locked door. "Yes, there he is," she went on gaily; "let's make him go home with us. He's figured up long enough."

"Time's up, daddy!" laughed Tom, as a finely formed, good faced man came forward to let them in; "you'll have a headache to-morrow if you don't quit."

"Got it now," laughed Mr. Avery.

"Now, father--and you know how mother scolds when you will work so late!" chided Kate in a grandmotherly way.

The father patted her cheek fondly, and readily submitted to being led homewards by his adoring children, and as they cozily pattered on, arm in arm, one would have said they were all of an age, and that the golden one--just verging to maturity.

Next morning father and son walked down town together, as usual.

It was delightful after the storm, and the little mountain town looked its best, if you made no account of the deep gullies in

the street, and the red black mud washed up to the very doorsteps. Certainly the air was clean and fine enough to grace a morning in Eden.

A lively squaw, with her bright eyed pappoose set up on its cradle board beside her, was getting her baskets and blankets ready for the day's sale, and a train of well laden burros was setting out disconsolately for a weary tug over the mountains, driven by a sullen half-breed in a wolfskin cap.

Before the groceries and saloons was the usual set of lounging cowboys in sombreros and leather leggings, their sturdy mustangs stamping impatiently under heavy Mexican saddles, waiting for their masters to finish their drinking bouts and ride back to the ranches.

Mr. Avery and Tom exchanged greetings with everybody, Western style, the various "Howdys" returned them denoting respect and good fellowship.

Thus they reached the side of the bank, there to be met by the Chinese porter, with a face the color of ashes.

"Sh! Bank's beer lobbed" he muttered in a hoarse whisper. "Me just find him--you come see!"

"No! When--where--how?" cried Mr. Avery in a breath.

"Him alle blow up--muchee heap lubbish. You see!"

The two followed him closely, only to break into a cry of horror at the devastation committed.

The iron door of the vault was blown from its hinges, and the great safe, supposed to be both fire and burglar proof, was literally torn to pieces.

Its contents were gone. All the hardily won "dust" of the miners, deposited here for security till it could be turned into land and homes, was stolen.

No wonder Mr. Avery grew whiter than the Chinaman, and groaned so heavily Tom's hair stiffened with terror. It was an awful--an almost irreparable loss.

But the cashier soon rallied to his duty, and Tom was despatched to summon the resident officials, while his father sought the telegraph office.

As the boy went tearing down one of steepest streets he nearly ran into a dainty

figure toiling upwards, who gave a laughing exclamation and gazed after him.

It was Josie Remby, in one of her stylish outing costumes, and she seemed disgusted when she found herself not even noticed, continuing her upward climb with a shrug on her shoulders and a muttered remark about "cowboy manners."

Of course the bank robbery soon became known, and the doors were closed, while heavy placards announced that all losses would be made good (though how was a bewildering question!) while others offered rewards for any information regarding the burglars.

By noon a detective from Denver was on the spot, and Tom gazed upon him with awe and wonder.

It had been the dream of his earlier boyhood to be a detective himself, and he was not even yet quite free from the craving. The detective, who was named Silsby, seemed to fancy Tom, too, and let him hang about as much as he cared to.

Together they poked about in the debris, while the stunned bank officials stood miserably around, looking on, and sometimes the detective would put forth a question in an incidental sort of a way.

"Must have been considerable noise here; what did people make of the explosion, eh?"

Mr. Silsby eyes rested upon the president, who answered.

"Well, we're used to the explosions in the mines, you see; then, last night was stormy, with some thunder, and the reverberations are loud among these hills."

"Yes," added a director; "then, the building next door is vacant, and nobody would be in the offices above after midnight."

"And they were having a big blow out in Jack Gill's saloon on the other corner," put in another.

"I see," said Silsby; "any strangers in town?"

"The usual outlay," returned Mr. Avery, "ranchmen, miners, and cowboys, that's all."

"You forgot the new minister!" suggested the teller facetiously.

"And those long haired kodak men al-

ways turning up for a snap shot at the mountains," added the clerk, glad of a gleam of humor at last.

"This thing took a whole gang," said Silsby, "and a gang that knows its business, too. This is no 'prentice work, I can tell you."

So they commented, poked, and wondered, having fresh spasms of excitement as bits of news came in—first, that the baker's spring wagon was gone, and next that Jack Gill's best horse was missing.

Both were found next day, the half starved horse tied to a tree in Platt's woods, and the wagon as empty as the animal, and giving no more signs of what had happened.

It was noon of the third day, and the workmen cleaning away the rubbish had gone to dinner. Tom, waiting for his father, was kicking away in the dust heap when Silsby entered, his brows bent in a perplexed frown.

"See here, Tom," he said finally in a confidential tone, "you're a boy who sees things. Now, haven't you lighted on any strangers about here lately? This job bears the marks of a certain Nat McCormick and his pals, about the slickest craftsman known, and he always works with dynamite and the finest tools. He's never been caught but once, and then he escaped before they got him in hock. They tell me he was born a swell and shows it. Hasn't any gentleman been seen hanging around lately? Try and think."

"Nobody," began Tom, then stopped and looked at Silsby in a dazed way. "A gentleman?" he questioned hoarsely. "A gentleman?"

"Yes," impatiently: "do you know of one?"

Tom's eyes sought the floor. It could not be. Josie's father? Oh no, no! It was out of the question.

Something glittered in a crack of the splintered floor, and to gain time he stooped and poked the thing out with his thumb nail—then gave a cry and stood up, looking so white Silsby reached out a hand to steady him, even as he cried sharply.

"Well, what is it?"

Tom held up the bauble in his shaking

fingers. It was a ring, set with a diamond between two emeralds.

"I know whom it belongs to!" he whispered. "I know who dropped it! He is a gentleman, and his daughter is my sister's friend."

"Whew-w!" whistled the detective. "His grows interesting. Tell us all you know."

Tom obeyed, but before he was half through the man was off on a run, and in less than an hour Tom was ushered into a secret meeting of the bank officials, to give his evidence. As he finished with all he had seen in the Remby parlor Silsby took up the word.

"I have convinced myself this so-called Remby did not leave town on the 10:10 train that night, and am sure he did leave, with your bags of gold, in Jack Gill's wagon before morning. His pals may not have been seen in town at all, but I have no doubt the cowboy who started the drinking at Gill's was one of them. Tom evidently saw him making ready for the job when at the chest, and, as we already know, they bored their way through the wall of the empty store next door. That painting business is a pretty good blind, for the man really is well educated, and can doubtless draw a little. Now, Mr. Avery, your son and daughter are the ones to work this thing up. So long as we keep the Rembys in sight so sure are we to catch the thief."

It was not a pleasant task now set the young people—that of feigning friendship for such a purpose—but no choice was

left them, and they played their part well, though Kate cried over the matter, and Tom feeling like a sneak thief himself, resolved that nothing should ever attempt him to be a detective in reality!

One day Josie informed her dear friend in strictest confidence—mamma did so hate to have their affairs gossiped about—that papa was not coming back, but had sent for them to join him in New York. Obeying orders, both brother and sister went to see the young lady off, and Tom took note that the tickets bought were, indeed, for that city.

He knew, too, as he bade Josie good-by through the window of the parlor coach, that the old miner just entering a common car was Silsby, and wore a detective's star beneath his flannel blouse.

Six weeks later Tom met Mr. Remby, alias Nat McCormick, once more. He was behind the bars of Goshant's new jail, awaiting trial.

He looked Tom over with his keen eyes and said.

"I understand I owe my capture to you and my daughter's ring that I lost that night. Well, it had to come! But I want you to know she is utterly ignorant of all this. Even now she thinks I have gone to study art in Rome—poor little girl!"

His voice broke, and Tom turned away, with a sore feeling at his heart, in spite of his pride in the thought that he had saved the credit of the bank, and had himself been made a stockholder for his "valuable services as a detective!"

—*Argosy.*

DON'T GRUMBLE; KEEP STILL

Each road has its rocks, every pleasure its pains;
This existence no hope will completely fulfil.
But it's useless to angrily tug at your chain—
Don't grumble; keep still.

The world doesn't wish to be gloomed with your weal—
Each soul has enough of its personal ill,
And your troubles pass quicker if nobody knows—
Don't grumble; keep still.

If you want to be called to fair fellowship's feast—
Be received at the board with a hearty good will—
Bring your happier thoughts to the fore; or, at least,
Don't grumble; keep still.

ADRIFT ON A BELL BUOY.

WHEN I was 12 yrs. old, during the summer vacation of 1860, I spent the month of August on the government schooner Ranger, then charged with the duty of supplying oil and provisions to the light-houses between Bazzard's Bay and Portsmouth, New Hampshire. Sometimes the Ranger set buoys and assisted the revenue cutters in taking soundings; so we had a busy time on the whole.

One day early in the month our captain, whose name was Gardner, learned that the bell buoy at Nantucket bar had gone adrift, after having been run into by a vessel. Next morning we sailed from Nantucket to look for it, and found it before long near Vineyard Sound. But it was not now adrift. It was in tow of the Sea Hawk, a tramp "anchor dragger," a sloop, one of a class of vessels that go around derelict ships, securing their chains, anchors, or anything of value, that can be taken from them.

The skipper of the Sea Hawk said he had found the buoy off Tuckernuck Shoals.

He objected to surrendering it without receiving pay for it. Our captain ended the dispute by ordering him to take the buoy into Holmes Hole, now Vineyard Haven, where we would call for it.

"You have to pay for it," cried the Sea Hawk's captain in a squeaky voice, across a wide space of water as we left him! and you'll pay for it yet, was what he squeaked late that evening, when our skipper was leaving the Sea Hawk, after taking the buoy without having made any payment. Whether the lighthouse board did or did not admit the squeaky captain's claim I know not to this day.

The buoy was to be hoisted to our deck and taken to its former position at Nantucket bar. But instead of hoisting it that evening, our captain, as the hour was late resolved to leave it all night moored to the Ranger's stern by the same rope the Sea Hawk had used towing it.

Before long all hands were in bed except

the watch, and as discipline was little observed on such a craft as ours thirty-four years ago, I suspect that the watch was asleep too. At any rate, decks were deserted when I came up from my berth in the steerage to have another look at the buoy.

Somehow it fascinated me. What a weird dismal-looking object it was, bobbing up and down. Then I wondered why its bell did not ring though there was a movement in the water about us.

In the dusk it seemed like a human being and indeed the round cage-like basket on its top, by which it was distinguishable in the day time was very suggestive of a person's head.

An impulse to try to make the bell ring took possession of me. Once I crawled half way over the stern, meaning to lower myself to the buoy by its rope, but of this I thought better and crept back to deck. Then I went to my berth for a while. Still I could not sleep.

"What is the reason that bell does not ring?" kept running in my head. So, after a long time I went up and sat on the skylight. Glancing at the clock, I saw it was 1 o'clock in the morning.

The night was beautiful, though breezy. Our Ranger's mast and rigging were clearly shown against the sky. I lay back and watched the black-painted end of the mast as it traced all sorts of fantastic figures in and out among the stars, for there was a gentle ground swell and the schooner was idly rocking on it.

The tide was running out, and I could plainly see the Sea Hawk some distance astern, for there was a clear, waning moon. The surf, as it broke on the beach could be plainly heard.

Going ahead in the steerage, I took a blanket and pillow from my berth, and spreading the blanket on the deck I lay down and tried to sleep. But it was no use; my thoughts would revert to the buoy and why the bell did not ring.

Giving up all thoughts of sleep, I rose, walked aft and looked at the buoy. There

ADRIFT ON A BELL BUOY.

it was jiggling at the hawser, for the tide had swept it across the stern and off the quarter of the schooner.

Taking hold of the rope, I found I could draw it up closer. The bell was all right—why did it not ring? I must know. So, tying the rope to a cleat that was close at hand, I slid down the hawser until my feet touched the ball like basket on its top.

The cold damp iron chilled my feet, for when I last arose from my berth I had not stopped to put on my shoes and stockings. At first I thought my courage would fail me, but the sight of the bell close at hand renewed my curiosity. Letting go my hold on the rope, I clambered down the iron cage that held the bell.

The buoy, which was made of iron in the form of a hollow pyramid with its apex in the water, had a top surface which was flat and about five feet in diameter. Over this was the pointed lattice framework in which the bell was hung.

A large hole had been stove in the lattice frame-work by the vessel which had set the buoy adrift. As the frame was about 5 ft. high, I had difficulty in crawling inside. Putting my hand on the tongue of the bell, I found that it was tightly covered with canvas sailcloth, which the men of the Sea Hawk had tied there to stop its constant ringing.

When out in the sound and fast drifting toward the open sea, I made another attempt to loosen the canvas. Standing upright, I caught sight of a bright object in the water, which seemed to be following the buoy. What could it be?

It was long, and looked like a snake as it followed wriggling after. I shut my eyes, for I dare not look at it. Still groping with my hands on the canvas, I found a knot at the top, that in the darkness I had not felt before.

It was easily untied, and the muffle was removed. As I struck the tongue of the bell on its side it rang out a sound that caused me to fall flat on the buoy and cover my ears with my hands. Now with the tossing the ringing continued.

My, how its deep tone did strike into my ears! *Dong, dong, dong!*— would it

never stop? Sometimes for a moment it remained quiet, and I uncovered my ears; then it would start ringing again, and its awful sounds penetrated my brain.

It seemed as though I must faint.

For some minutes I was so enraptured with my surroundings that I paid no attention to the Ranger. When I did glance toward her I was amazed to find the buoy adrift.

The rope that held it to the vessel had been much worked by the constant chafing it had received while the Sea Hawk towed the buoy. It had let me pass down safely, but when my weight was added to the tossing buoy, after the rope had been drawn up taut, it gave way, and the tide was sweeping it out of the harbor with myself a prisoner on it.

Terrified at the idea of being carried out to sea under such conditions, I screamed. But the Ranger was now a hundred yards away, the surf was roaring, and no ship-mate heard me. The buoy moved on a course right past the Sea Hawk. Oh, how sweet would that old skipper's squeaky voice have sounded, could I have heard it reply to my screams! But everybody seemed asleep on the sloop.

I thought of throwing myself overboard and try to swim to the vessel but the sight of the phosphorescent water frightened me. The buoy had a piece of cable attached to the sunken end. This, in the shoal water of the harbor dragged along the bottom, and a bright streak in the water marked its course. This scared me, because I could not imagine what it could be.

The land and light ashore appeared like a huge black cloud, with here and there, a little star peering out. It was useless to call for help to that distant vision. God seemed nearer. In the agony of my heart I knelt and prayed fervently for aid.

After that I felt better, and remembered the bell above my heart. Could I call some boat by ringing it? I quickly clutched at the canvas covering and tried to tear it off. But my little fingers bled as I tore my nails in vain attempts to loosen the hard cloth.

By this time I had drifted abreast of West Crop Light, and was being swept out

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

into Vineyard Sound. The waves continually washing over the buoy. I was wet to the skin; and as the morning air was cold I was soon chilled through. Just then I saw something alight on the top of the buoy. One of the owls from the mainland, in its flight across the sound, had sought a resting place on it. As I half arose from my sitting position the bird gave a hoot and looked down on me with its large, bright eyes.

Then it rose from its perch, circled around for a moment, probably wondering what strange creature I was, and flew away. I was glad to see it go, for its eyes seemed to pierce me through.

With the splash of the water, the dong of the bell, my wet clothing, my numb limbs and an occasional screech of a sea fowl, my senses were fast leaving me. Then I caught sight of the fiery serpent and lost consciousness.

When I regained my senses I was lying on the hatch of a fishing vessel, and the captain and officers stood around me. They had seen the buoy at the first streak of daylight, with my unconscious body lying across the top.

They had sent a boat and brought me on board. The buoy they had secured, and were towing it to the Government wharf

at Wood's Holl. Late in the afternoon noon after a long sleep, we reached Wood's Holl. Just as we were moored I saw the Ranger coming to anchor.

She lowered a boat, and soon it was along-side of the wharf. As Capt. Gardner stepped out, I reached out my hand, which the amazed man clasped with joy. He and his crew had supposed that I had fallen overboard.

As he took me back to the Ranger in his boat we passed the buoy, and the memory of the fiery serpent was brought back painfully. Capt. Gardner inquired the reason of my emotion and I told him of the last few moments before I had fainted.

"Well boy," he said, "your story has a strange sound, but let's pull the boat up along side of the buoy, and perhaps I can explain the mystery of the fiery fish."

When beside the buoy he pointed his finger and said, "Yes, I am right. There is your snake, boy."

Down beneath the water, and hanging idly to the broken cable now the buoy, was a long stiring kelpish seaweed. It was alive with a fine animalcule, that had shown in the darkness with a brightness that might well have deceived a more experienced person than I was then—
(Oliver G. Fosdick in *Your Fish' Companion*.)

PREPARING FOR THE FUTURE.

"When I'm a man," said little Tom,

"And big, and tall and strong,
I'm going to keep a drug store and
Drink soda all day long."

"And I," said little Polly Ann,

"I'll tell you what I'll do;
I'll come and make you awful rich
By buying things of you."

"I'll buy toothbrushes and quinine,
And squills and things like that,
And postage stamps and castor oil
For my old pussey cat."

"And maybe I will buy so much
You'll get so rich, you see,
That you will have enough some day
To come and marry me."

—*Home and Country.*

A PANTHER CAME TO HIS CALL.

CAPT. J. C. Whitney, a well-known planter and hunter living at Morrell, met a panther one morning a short time ago at daybreak and very nearly lost his life. He was out hunting wild turkeys, a sport which is engrossing the attention of all the huntsmen in the southern country just now, and reached a point scarcely two miles from Morrel. It was on the margin of the swamp, and hiding behind a log, he began calling for the game, using the cry which has decoyed numbers of the fowls to their doom.

He had been calling only a few minutes when he heard a noise that he thought was made by a turkey coming out of the swamp, and he redoubled his cries, in momentary expectation of beholding it. But to his surprise the noise ceased, although he kept on calling louder than ever. At length he ceased. It was then he became conscious of some other presence besides himself in that lonely glen, and instinctively glancing over his shoulder, he perceived a large panther upon a log behind him. The animal was stretched at full length on the log, and was preparing to spring upon Whitney, who until that moment was unconscious of its proximity.

Quick as lightning's flash, he raised his double-barrelled shotgun and fired, but his nerve had been shaken by the unexpected encounter and the charge flew over the panther's head. Instead of running away

the animal leaped at him, passing over his head and carrying away his hat with a sweep of one of its claws. It lighted just beyond him and crouched for another spring, the motion of its tail knocking pieces of bark and twigs from the log.

Whitney fished out a long-bladed knife from his pocket, and holding it in the left hand, attempted to raise his gun and pull the trigger with his right. But before he could do this the panther was on him. The first onslaught made by it cost Whitney the entire sleeve of his coat, the animal's sharp claws tearing it entirely from the left arm. Whitney attempted to hit it with his gun, but it evaded the blow and bounded over the log. The position of the combatant was now that Whitney was on one side of the log and the panther on the other. It prepared to spring again; it crouched close to the ground, which it lashed with its tail, while uttering a sort of suppressed growl.

Once more Whitney raised his gun, and before the animal could jump upon him, he sent a charge straight between its eyes. With a cry, almost human in its expression, the panther fell dead across the log. It measured seven feet and three inches from the tip of the nose to the tail. Panthers are very numerous in the Beouff River swamps this spring, and this is the third one which has been killed in that neighborhood since the middle of February.

WILD PONIES.

ON Sable Island, off the coast of Nova Scotia, there are herds of wild ponies. The winds are cold and severe on this island, and the coats of the ponies grow long and coarse, almost like wool. The ponies go in herds of from five to twenty-five, and one is always leader. The sand blows into the grass, and the ponies' teeth become worn when they are young. They care for themselves even in winter. No shelter is provided for them, and in the winter storms they huddle together behind

sand-dunes. They fight and sometimes ponies are killed in these fights.

These ponies are caught and shipped to the mainland and sold. The Halifax Herald says that the men go to the island and build a corral of stout logs that has a narrow entrance several feet in length, then mount trained ponies and drive in a dozen or more wild ones toward the corral.

When two leaders are in the corral at once, they usually fight till one is

conquered. The conqueror is then lassoed and thrown and dragged from the corral without being injured. The ponies are brought to the shore and are placed on flat-bottom boats, six at a time. They have on peculiar bridles of rope, and their legs are often tied, so that it is easy to throw them if they become troublesome. Great care is taken to transport the ponies

without injuring them, as they cannot be sold unless in good condition. They are transferred from the small boat to the large one, and when all that the large boat can safely carry are on board, she sails away to Halifax. The ponies are sold at auction, and broken to work by those who buy them.

ODD SKETCHES.

THE death of Harriet Beecher Stowe calls to mind the fact that the original of her immortal "Uncle Tom," an old negro slave, Josiah Hanson, is buried in Canada. For twenty-four years his bones have been resting in an obscure grave in Dresden, Ont., and the man who buried him lives in Buffalo. This man is Mr. S. S. Arnold, who is connected with a large business enterprise in Canada, and is at present stopping at 132 Cottage street. Mr. Arnold says of the history of Uncle Tom's life in Canada: "I can only tell you that Uncle Josiah Hanson lived near Dresden, for many years, and that he was the 'Uncle Tom' of Harriet Beecher's novel. He was a very intelligent old negro, and precisely such a character as well pictured in the book. He was very active in his work to help the negroes who settled in Canada, and was regarded by all of them as their leader. He did a great deal in procuring the 'Institution Farms' which the negroes were given in Canada during the war. He raised a great deal of money for that purpose, and made a trip to England; I remember that he had an audience with the Queen, and she presented a gold watch to him. The Queen had read 'Uncle Tom's cabin,' and when she heard that Josiah was the original Uncle Tom she was greatly interested in him. He died in 1872, and was buried in the little negro cemetery near Dresden. I owned an undertaking establishment then at Dresden and Chatham, and was called upon to bury the old man. I don't remember much about the funeral, except that every negro in the neighbourhood was there,

and seemed to mourn for the old man as if he had been a father to them all.

MINOT J. Savage says that no boy, nor girl, can ever come to be utterly bad, who remembers only love and tenderness and unselfishness, and sweetness, as associated with father and mother in old-time home. Give them manly and womanly example, give them training, give them the inspiration of devoted lives, give them these higher deeper things. Do not care so much as to whether you are accumulating money so that you can leave them a fortune. I really believe that the chances are against that's being a blessing for a boy. But leave them an accumulated fortune of memories and inspiration and examples and hopes, so that they are rich in brain and heart and soul and service. Then, if you happen to leave them the fortune besides, if they have all these, the fortune will be shorn of its possibilities of evil, and become an instrument of higher and nobler good.

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day, the man went to a horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. 'I don't want him,' said he, "He's thirty-two years old." He had counted the teeth.

ALLIGATORS.

ONE of the sights most eagerly watched for by the newly-arrived Florida visitor as he glides over the lakes and rivers of that genial land is the alligator. A few years ago this desire was easily gratified, but the great saurian is comparatively rare nowadays along the older routes of travel. This is due partly to the bullets of the visitor, and partly to the shot and trap of the more legitimate alligator hunter, who finds in that pursuit the chief means of support for himself and family.

It is in the dense fastnesses of the inland swamps that the alligators may be seen in great numbers on a bright day basking in the sunshine. They are gregarious, and love to assemble in such places, where they bring their two rows of strong teeth together with a prodigious clatter, and roar with a noise that resembles thunder.

The female makes her nest in the sand near the water's edge, scraping a hole with her paws and dropping the eggs in a regular layer. Then she scrapes grass, leaves, mud, sand over them, on these places another layer, and so continues alternate layers until the nest contains from thirty to forty eggs. As the hole is rarely deep enough to hold all these, the result is a decided mound, easily detected by the experienced hunter, who finds ready sale for the eggs as curiosities. They are white, hardshelled, and rather larger than a hen's egg. If he prefers to await their hatching, he secures a fine lot of little alligators, for which also there is always a sale.

While she thus leaves her prospective children to the doubtful guardianship of the earth, the mother does not desert them. Patiently she keeps watch over the nest in which they lie, never allowing the mound of sand to be long out of her sight. How she knows exactly when the little folks are ready, like the emancipated chicken to step out of their shells and take their first peep at the world, who shall say? But all the same it is a fact that, however far afield her excursion may previously have been, the day and the hour of that happy event in her family circle finds her on the

spot, ready to gather the little ones under her wing, as it were, and lead them to their future home in the water that lies before them. This watchful care the mother continues until her babies are old enough to forage for themselves and their scales are firm enough to enable them to dispense with her protection.

The extent to which the young alligators or crocodiles require this watchful care can hardly be realized by those that are not familiar with their habits, for the little ones are terribly persecuted by birds and beasts and even by their kinsmen, the bull alligators, which sometimes eat a dozen or two of their own children at a meal. The mother, on such occasions, has been known to turn and fight the unnatural monsters with such fury as to put them to flight. It is not only the bull alligator that she will attack when alarmed for the safety of her young; she often holds the most experienced hunters at bay until her little charges have had time to flee to safety.

The sight presented by the mother, surrounded and followed by a whole brood of her little ones, is a pleasing one, but let an enemy come in view and the scene ceases to be pleasant. In the twinkling of an eye the little ones dash away into the mysterious shadows, and the placid mother becomes transformed into a raging fury, fairly churning the quiet waters into waves in her mad rush to do battle with the intruders. Without this incentive of maternal affection, however, it is but seldom that an alligator attacks a human being.

The lower animals are less fortunate. Cattle in the far South, where the open ranges and shallow waters extend a tempting invitation to roam, are sometimes seen with shortened tails, abbreviation of which the wily alligator is responsible. Pigs rooting too near the water's edge, and unobservant of the log-life form lying close at their side, are often caught by a lightning like, sweep of the alligator's tail.

But the most cherished of all titbits to an alligator is a nice plump dog. The saurian's peculiar attraction toward this ani-

THE CIRCUS PARADE.

mal is so well known to hunters they frequently imitate the yelp of a dog to entice their prey within range, and the call never fails of its purpose. The squeal of a pig is almost as effective.

These dainty bits, however are rather in the line of luxuries; for a steady every day diet the alligator depends upon fish, and it hunts those localities in rivers or lakes

where its natural prey most abounds. It catches the fish by diving swiftly under a passing shoal and snatching 2 or 3 in its open jaws as it passes through the shoal. Then rising to the surface it tosses them in the air, for the purpose of ejecting the water that has entered its mouth along with the fish, and adroitly catches them in their descent.

THE CIRCUS PARADE.

The circus! the circus! the throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band wagon comes;
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat,
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street!

In the circus parade there is glory clean down
From the first spangled horse to the mule of the clown,
With the gleam and the glint and the glamor and glare
Of the days of enchantment all glimmering there.

And there are the banners of silvery fold
Caressing the winds with their fringes of gold,
And their high lifted standards with spear tips aglow,
And the helmeted knights that go riding below.

There's the chariot, wrought of some marvelous shell
The sea gave to Neptune, first washing it well
With its fabulous waters of gold, till it gleams
Like the galleon rare of an argonaut's dreams.

And the elephant, too (with his undulant stride
That rocks the high throne of a king in his pride),
That in jungles of India shook from his flanks
The tigers that lept from the Jujubee banks.

Here's the long, ever changing, mysterious line
Of the cages, with hints of their glories divine,
From the barred little windows, cut high in the rear
Where the close hidden animals' noses appear.

Here's the pyramid car, with its splendor and flash,
And the goddess on high, in a hot scarlet sash
And a pen wiper skirt! Oh, the rarest of sights
Is the "Queen of the Air" in cerulean tights!

Then the far away clash of the cymbals, and then
The swoon of the tune ere it wakens again,
With the capering tones of the gallant cornet,
That go dancing away in a mad minuet.

The circus! the circus! The throb of the drums,
And the blare of the horns as the band wagon comes
The clash and the clang of the cymbals that beat;
As the glittering pageant winds down the long street,

—James Whitcomb Riley.

BORROWED MIRTH.

Jack's mamma: "There were three slices of cake in the pantry, Jack, and now there are only two. How does that happen?"

Jack: "It was so dark in there, mamma, that I didn't see the third one."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Teacher to a small boy—Johnny, what is the greatest mechanical feat in the world?

Johnny, who has just heard the geography class recite.—"Wheeling West Virginia on the Ohio River.

Johnnie—Mamma, this book says knowledge is power. Mamma—And it is my child. No, mamma, it isn't. I know there is a pie in the pantry, but I can't get at it.

PAT'S ANSWER.

A Boston school supervisor has the reputation of being a very widely informed man, and much of his information, according to a Companion contributor, has been gathered by the simple method of asking questions of the man nearest him, wherever he happens to be.

One day, the supervisor was passing some of the large cotton-mills in Fall River. The river near by suggested the idea that water-power was used to run them; but to make sure, he adopted his usual method of questioning the first person in sight. It chanced to be an Irishman, who was trundling a wheel-barrow of coal toward one of the engine-rooms.

"Look here, my man," said the supervisor familiarly, "do they run these mills by water?"

"Yes; so,rr," answered the Irishman. "but they bile it."

"Oh, of course—naturally—that's what I meant!" murmured the supervisor.

Visitor—So your brother is taking lessons on the violin. Is he making progress?
Little Girl—yes'm—he's got so now we can tell whether he is tuning or playing.

Orator—Where else will you find in one spot such products as marble, iron, clay, chalk, copper, lead, slate, glucose, fruits of all kinds, hemp, flax, and all manner of grains? Man in the audience—In my boy's pocket.

An Irish hostler was sent to the stable to bring a traveller's horse. Not knowing which of the two strange horses in the stable belong to the travellers, and wishing to avoid the appearance of ignorance in his business, he saddled both animals and brought them to the door. The traveller pointed out his own horse, saying, "That's my nag." "Certainly, yer honor; I know that; but I didn't know which of them was the other gentleman's.

WHAT EDUCATION DOES.

Jake was heard calling across the fence to his neighbor's son, a colored youth who goes to school at the Atlanta Colored University:

"Look hyar, boy, you goes to school, don't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Getten eddykashun, ain't yer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, it don't take two whole days to make an hour, do it?"

"Why no!" exclaimed the boy.

"You was gwine ter bring dat hatchit back in an hour, waan't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"An' it's bin two days since yer borrowed it. Now, what good's eddykashun gwine to do you thick-skulled niggers, when yer go to school a whole year an' den can't tell how long it takes to fetch back a hatchit?"

The boy got mad and slung the hatchet over the fence and half way through an ash-battel.—*Sez.*

SCHOOL NEWS.

NEW READING ROOM For some time past we have recognized the desirability of having a reading-room in the vicinity of the boys' playground, where, when tired of play, they could go in and rest and at the same time have an opportunity of perusing the daily and weekly papers, magazines, etc. Two difficulties met the Superintendent at the outset—the place for such a reading-room, and the supply of necessary reading matter. The first difficulty in the way was soon met by temporarily fitting up one of the rooms in the new gymnasium. This was found to be just what was wanted, as it opened out directly on the playground. An appeal was then made by circular to a number of Canadian publishers to put us on their list, and with the well-known generosity of the newspaper fraternity of Canada a number quickly responded. We are therefore pleased to announce that within a week after the project was first started we have a reading room well supplied with daily and weekly papers, besides a large number of really excellent exchanges published at institutions both in Canada and United States. We can already see evidences of its beneficial character, and that it is creating a habit of reading among a class of boys who would previously rarely take up a book. Besides this it is keeping the boys in touch with the outside world and teaching them to take an interest in the affairs of the country. We desire on behalf of the Superintendent and boys to thank the publishers for their kindness, and to assure them that could they but see how eagerly the boys look for their publications, and the pleasure and information they derive from them, they would feel amply repaid for their generosity.

☆
A NEW SUPERINTENDENT Mr. Thomas Hassard, who has been Superintendent of the Victoria Industrial School during the past four years, handed in his resignation to the

Board of Management on June 12, to take effect July 1. Mr. Hassard had not been in the best of health for some time past, and finding that the cares of the institution were telling upon him, he decided to take this course, much to the regret of a large number of friends. At a subsequent meeting of the Executive Committee, Mr. G. R. Gauld was installed as Superintendent *pro tem*. Mr. Ferrier, principal of the Huron St school, Toronto, has since been appointed Superintendent, and will assume the duties of the position about the last week in August. He is at present in the United States visiting a number of the best institutions there.

☆

IN SHORT ORDER Several new benches have been made by the carpenter boys and placed under the trees in the playground.

Only one pupil has been received at the school since our last issue. Walter Bromley, of Colbourne.

—Work is again being pushed forward on the gymnasium. With the completion of the tower nearly all the work on the outside of the building will have been finished.

—An excellent floor is being laid in the cow-stable in the basement of the barn. It consists of plank laid in cement and concrete and will make a splendid floor, not a bit of water being able to lie on its surface. The cows will have most comfortable quarters the coming winter.

—Quite a large amount of piping has been laid around the new gymnasium to carry the roof water to an immense cistern which will be placed in the centre of the square facing the gym. entrance. The water from the school roof will also empty into this cistern.

—Two excellent lacrosse matches were played on the school grounds on the afternoon of Saturday, Aug 1. The first was

between the Young Canadians, of Toronto and a team made up of members of the second twelve of the Mimico Stars and the school team. After a struggle of about an hour and a half the game ended in a tie, each side securing one goal.

The Central Y. M. C. A. team then came on the field to try conclusions with the Mimico Stars. This was an exciting and interesting match, and the Stars maintained their reputation for superior stick handling and team play, and proved too much for their opponents, winning the match by a score of 4 goals to 0.

Mr. J. W. Wilcox, of Lyman School, Westboro, Mass., and formerly of this institution, was one of our July visitors. Mr. Wilcox seems to be enjoying life in Uncle Sam's domains and speaks highly of the Westboro School. He was accompanied by Mr. J. W. Mason, another officer of the same school. Mr. Mason was well pleased with what he saw of Canada and almost fell in love with Toronto,

☆

GONE OUT Jas. McClelland has gone to his home, 374 Queen St., E., Toronto, and will work with his father at the coal and wood business.

—Jas Avery has gone to a home in Muskoka.

—Wm. Briggs returned to his home in Orillia on July 18th.

—John Percy left the school on Aug 5th for his home on Isabella St., Toronto. He intends following the trade of carpenter and will work with his father.

—Jas. Dear left the school on July 26th. and has gone to learn to be a painter and signwriter with Mr. J. E. Alexander, Queen St., Toronto.

—Wm. Yeats, one of our expert printers, has secured a good situation with Mr. O. B. McLeod, printer and stationer, 422 College St., Toronto. He starts out in the world with the brightest prospects. With his splendid ability and "go" he will not long remain on the lower rungs of the ladder. He will be much missed from the brass band, and also from the recently organized orchestra.

HIGHEST HONORS Following are the names of the boys who are wearing the red, white and blue ribbon at the date of our present issue.

No. 1—Fred Burnham, Harry Gibb, Hugh Gadfield, Robert Graham, Willie Mason, William Magillivary, Earnest Pearson, Herbert Yates, Frank Wilson, Willie McKay, Jas. Hughes, Joseph Kanakotski.

No. 2.—Denziel Brooks, Arthur Davis, George Edgecombe, Chas H. Crysler, Thos. Hill, Robert Muir, John Cloughley, Thos. Spinks, W Deas.

No. 3—Jas H. Dew, Edward McIntosh, John McArthur, Alex Potter, Edward Ladd, Chas. Taylor, John Thompson, Geo. Fletcher Chas. D. Ryckman, Thos. B. Norton.

No. 5—Parker Franks, John Boyle, John Richie, Alfred Webb, Thos Winfield, Wm. Shellington, Chas. Scrambler, Robert Rowe, John McKay, Willie Grey, Rod Kennedy, Jos. Hendry and Wilbur Hall.

☆

A MERRY PICNIC On Wednesday, July 13th., Mrs. Cameron (now Mrs. Capt. Morrow), of Toronto, treated the boys to a picnic at Long Branch. Many times previously had they been the recipients of her bounty and for a few days before the 13th there was a general refreshing of the memory over past donations, and speculations on what was in store for them. An early dinner was partaken at the school, and at about 12:20 the one hundred and forty boys were lined up and ready to start. Headed by the band they marched to New Toronto and boarded one of the excellent cars of the Toronto & Mimico Electric R'y Co. and were conveyed to the Park gates. Arrived there, they were given the liberty of the grounds and at once entered into all kinds of amusements with much enthusiasm. The boys were of course on their best behavior, and their eager, expectant, sun-burned faces were lighted up with the very best of holiday smiles. At six o'clock an excellent lunch, consisting of sandwiches, cake of various kinds, lemonade, ice-cream, etc., was served and enjoyed with the greatest relish. After more games, wading, boating, etc., they were lined up, and with three lusty cheers for the worthy lady who had been so mindful of them, started on the return home. That the boys thoroughly enjoyed the outing was very apparent.

ON VARIOUS THEMES.

THE present emperor of China, Kongssee, is in the line of the Tartar dynasty which succeeded the Ming dynasty in 1644. The first emperor of Tartar dynasty was Sun-ti, who belonged to Manchurian. One of his "reforms" was the introduction of the queue. All Chinese men were required to shave the forehead and dress the hair in a long braid, according to the Manchurian custom. The queue was made the badge of fealty to the emperor, and not to wear it is to endanger one's head. The queue has no religious or superstitious significance, but is purely political. It is the "old flag" of the Chinese empire, the mark of loyalty to the reigning dynasty. A Chinese without a queue is considered by his race to be a traitor and a rebel.

* * *

'We remember one evening' says a writer in the London Spectator, an Englishman expressing, more forcibly than politely, his abhorrence of the Japanese custom of eating raw fish. It was said in the presence of Mr. Iwakura, the son of the Japanese Minister, and then resident at Balliol College, Oxford. Expressions of disgust were being fluently uttered, when Iwakura interrupted the speaker. "By the way, what shall we have for supper? Wouldn't you like a few oysters? I don't eat them myself, but,"—the rest was lost in laughter at the keenness of the repartee.

* * *

What's the use of diggin'?

The world won't stop
If we take to hammocks
And let work drop.

"Folks as won't labor
Needn't eat," they say,
Like to know who wants to,
On such a day.

Too hot to hoe;

Too hot for fishin'.

Wish you were a pickerel? Pshaw!
I'm too hot for wishin'.

THE phrase "the fourth estate" originated in the British house of commons and is attributed to Burke. When addressing the commons on one occasion, referring to the three estates of the realm, the sovereign, lords and commons, he pointed to the gallery and said, "there sits a fourth estate greater than they all." The press gallery was not slow to adopt the hint and the phrase came into general usage.

* * *

Gladys—"Mamma, my teacher was talking about synonyms to-day. What is a synonym?" Mrs. Catherwood—"A synonym, darling, is a word you can use in place of another one when you do not know how to spell the other one."

* * *

THE DAISIES.

At evening when I go to bed
I see the stars shine overhead,
They are the little daisies white
That dot the meadow of the night

And often while I'm dreaming so,
Across the sky the moon will go;
It is a lady, sweet and fair,
Who comes to gather daisies there.

For, when at morning I arise,
There's not a star left in the skies;
She's picked them all and dropped them
down

Into the meadows of the town.

—Frank Dempster Sherman.

* * *

A man walking down the street came in front of a taxidermist's, in the window of which was an owl with other animals.

"Well," said he, "If I couldn't stuff an owl better than that, I would quit business. The head isn't right, the poise of the body isn't right, the feathers are not right, the feet are not placed right." Before he could finish, the owl turned his head and winked at him. The crowd laughed and the critic suddenly resolved to move on.

OUR BOYS

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THOS. HASSARD, SUPERINTENDENT.

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Number of boys at present at the School.....133

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Shoe-making, Tailoring,
Knitting, etc.

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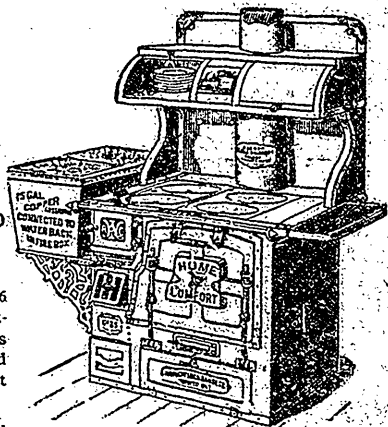
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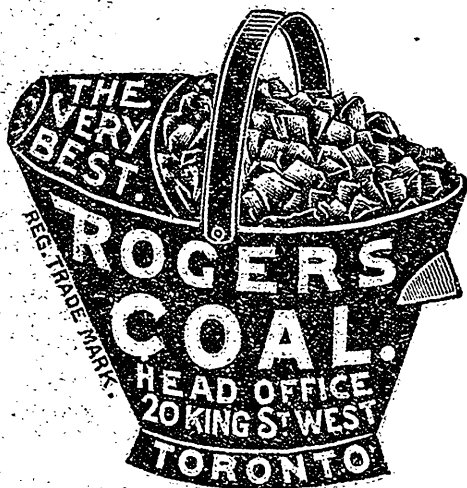
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