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THE TRIP HAMMER.

VOL I.

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The Trip Hammer.

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THE TRIP HAMMER.

OUR February issue will complete the first year of the Trip Hammer. It is not yet decided whether the enterprise shall be carried on another year, or evaporate in a rose colored tableau to slow music next month. The Trip Hammer was not launched as a money making adventure, but “to do good and impart pleasure.” We are not quite sure that it has succeeded in either attempt, and in the absence of evidence on these points, there is some uncertainty in the editorial and managerial minds as to the future. Financially we may claim a

success, having been able to make ends meet, and have a few cents over. But have we been of any use? that is the question. If we have, although the labor has been considerable and outward marks of appreciation not overwhelming in their intensity, we shall be glad to go on for another year, hoping to improve and become more useful as our experience enlarges. We did not expect, of course, to exert any great influence on the world outside our own circle, but we confess we had cherished the hope of doing more than is now apparent within it. We have endeavored to live up to our promises. We have done our best to kindle a desire for improvement in the minds of our readers. We have eschewed everything doubtful in our selections of literary matter, and have strongly desired to foster a taste for useful and elevating reading, for innocent amusements as opposed to those of a contrary character, and for those purer pleasures which leave no sting behind. If we have benefitted even one person in this particular during our brief career, our work has not been altogether fruitless, and we would be willing, as we have said, to go on a twelvemonth longer, if we could be sure of even one more. But if there is none the better for our coming, and no likelihood of of any being the better for our staying, we propose to purchase a through ticket for Oblivion, by the first March train. This has been the fate of countless amateur ventures and will be the fate of many more, therefore we shall not attempt to claim the merit of being singular. Hosts of people are to-day mounting chariots of high anticipation, which will be found tomorrow by the road side, crippled and deserted. Not that our equipage has yet come to grief. Not at all. Our steeds are fresh as ever; our charioteer lavish in his descriptions of the good things yet to come—but—what a terrible word that “but” is—if we are not going to arrive anywhere—if our journey is going to be fruitless, we had better dismiss the establishment at the next post house, and travel by regular accommodation train. In our next issue we shall make our decision known.

HOME RULE.

WHY should not a measure of Home Rule such as Canada enjoys be conceded to Ireland? In reflecting on the many woes which seem to be the heritage of poor old Ireland; her evictions, her rack-rents, her absentee-landlordism, her famines, her poverty, her agrarian outrages, her dynamite scares, and her miserable state generally; Canadians sometimes ask themselves what is the cause of all the trouble, and why, if Home Rule would have the effect of allaying it, is Home Rule not granted? Canada has Home Rule; why should not Ireland have it also? It would almost seem at first sight that no honest reason could be found for refusing in the one case what is freely and fully granted in the other. In Canada we make our own laws, even discriminating against the Mother-land, where it seems to be our interest to do so. With the exception of the Governor-General we appoint all our own officials, collect our own taxes, and spend the money for our own purposes, and barring the treaty-making power and representation in foreign courts, we are to all intents and purposes practically independent. Why should not Ireland occupy the same position? It is claimed by the advocates of Home Rule, that under its benign influence Ireland would more than regain her ancient prosperity in the days before the Sassenach—that her fields would blossom like the rose, her manufactures renew their youth, her people be once more contented and happy. “Only give us the control of our own affairs, and poverty and misery and vice and crime shall take their departure forever: our landlords shall become again attached to the soil, our farmers shall laugh behind their ploughs, our labourers sing the merry songs of yore, our cities shall be renovated, our villages prosperous and busy. Ireland, in short, shall become the Ireland she might be with her fertile soil, her brave and hearty people, and her many natural advantages.” If all this be so why should not the remedy be applied at once?

There is this difference between Canada and Ireland—Canada is and always has been loyal to the British throne: Ireland is and always has been disloyal—or rather the majority of her people have been so. If Canada were to use her freedom, as she might, to throw off her allegiance to the throne of Britain the position and influence of the Mother country as one of

the great powers of the world ~~would not be~~ materially effected thereby. But supposing Ireland to possess the same freedom and to use it in the same way what would be the result. Most certainly that she would become at once the stamping ground of England's numerous enemies, the theatre of conspiracies against her, the convenient centre whence should emanate all manner of annoyances and dangers to her people. No doubt it is a pitiable state of things that on account of their contiguity to a stronger neighbour a people are to be kept to some extent in a condition of vassalage, but how is it to be helped? With Ireland her own mistress, free to take what position she pleased in the parliament of nations, how long would England be safe? One of her strongest defences, her insular position, would be a defence no longer because on the soil of her neighbour her enemies would be welcomed and given the freedom to prosecute their schemes against her. In view of these facts, and no one will deny, we presume, that they are facts, how can it be supposed that England can possibly grant the demand of Ireland for Home Rule. To do so would simply be to apply the knife to her own throat, and Mr. Gladstone now begins to discover that the English people will never sanction any such suicidal measure. He is already beginning to recede from his alleged compact with Mr. Parnell. The letter of the Duke of Bedford, a life-long Liberal, to the *London Times* in which he says: “There is a growing belief that Mr. Gladstone seeks to abandon the loyal Irish to the domination of the disloyal,” and “This obliges me to ask myself whether the party alliance to which I have ever adhered is not strained to the breaking point. Many Liberals beside myself are eager for assurance to the contrary”—has opened Mr Gladstone's eyes to the fact that although the Liberals of England will go with him a long way there is a point at which they will mutiny. The opening of Parliament on Thursday 21st is awaited with intense anxiety. Lord Salisbury is to attend Her Majesty at Osborne to-day, 19th, with a draft of the Speech from the Throne for her approval. On his return he will receive a deputation of Irish Loyalists who have prepared an address appealing for protection for the loyal subjects of the Queen in Ireland to which his reply is looked forward to with “phenomenal eagerness” No Parliament convened in late years has had graver questions under consideration than those to be faced by

liament to assemble on Thursday, and it is to be hoped that patriotism rather than party will take the reins and guide the chariot of state, on what now bids fair to prove a rough and dangerous way.

QUEBEC.

THE agitation in the Province of Quebec over the Riel matter seems to have settled down, but we are assured that its subsidence is merely temporary, only the calm before the storm. Time will tell. One thing is certain; if the French Canadian members, who profess to believe that Riel was unjustly dealt with, have determined to wreak their vengeance on the Government who refused to obstruct the course of justice in that matter, by defeating them when Parliament meets, the gravest issue ever placed before the people of this country must immediately arise. And it will be a plain issue. Politicians may endeavor to becloud it, may think to surround it with a mist of verbiage so dense that its true significance shall not be apparent to the people, but they will fail. If the Government should be defeated by the vote of the French Bleus, combined with that of the legitimate opposition from Ontario and the other provinces, there can be but one meaning drawn from their fall. They will have fallen because they dared, in support of authority and law, to run counter to French Canadian ideas on the subject of the late rebellion, because they declined to stand between a criminal of a particular nationality and his just doom. There can be nothing plainer than this. If it be said that the Government will not necessarily be tried solely on the question of the rebellion and the execution of Riel, but that their policy prior to these events will form an important count in the indictment, we reply that their arraignment comes too late. Up to a certain day in March last it was open to the most consistent patriotism to have found fault with the North-West policy of the Government, and to have condemned them if they deserved condemnation, but its voice must have been silenced in a moment by the rifle shots of Duck Lake and the tramp of our citizen soldiers. Principally by the action of the French Canadians themselves the smaller question has been so merged in the larger that it is impossible to separate them. Depose the Government now by the votes of French recalcitrants on any question relating to the North-

West and you depose it because Riel was executed.

In such a contingency the questions will immediately present themselves, and must be answered:—Are the French to rule this country? Is there to be a law which the English speaking race are bound to obey, but which may be overridden by the people of any other nationality when it suits their purpose? We believe the people will answer with no uncertain voice, and will be prepared to sustain their opinion, if necessary, to the death. This is the extreme view. We cannot bring ourselves to believe that French Canadians are so blind to their own interests as to drive their fellow countrymen to the necessity of a choice between evils of such magnitude—race domination, or resistance. We trust, therefore, to see the Government sustained. Whatever be their sins they are entitled to gratitude for the manner in which the insurrection was stamped out, and while there may be room for difference of opinion as to the expediency of hanging Riel, there can be no honest difference as to the justice of his punishment.

SCOTCHED, NOT KILLED.

THERE are rumors of further trouble in the North-West with the approach of spring. Letters from Battleford and other points agree in the statement that the Indians are acting in a suspicious manner, and that there is something wrong among them. There is said to be about 75,000 Indians in the North-West, of whom some 20,000 are capable of bearing arms in the field. United action on the part of such a number against the power of the Dominion would be a serious matter, and is rendered more so by the possible contingency that the enemies of the Dominion are not all within sound of the Saskatchewan. It is to be hoped the Government are on the alert, and that any indications of rebellion will call forth prompt and decisive action. The Indian, it is said by one authority, sees that he is doomed, and is resolved to make a last effort to prolong his existence. Another asserts that the red man's misery has become insupportable. His country is lost to him—he is almost naked—he is poor, wretched, cold and hungry. Death would be to him a welcome change, and it may come sooner and more honorably on the war path than amid the throes of starvation. This last would be indeed a pitiable

condition if it existed. There can be no darker incentive to recklessness than a feeling of despair. We hope the poor Indian, bad as his condition may be, is not yet reduced to utter hopelessness. And we trust the Government will use every means possible to allay the natural resentment of the man, savage though he be, who sees his inheritance passing irrevocably into the hands of an alien race, his people fading from the earth to make room for the stranger, his hunting grounds obliterated, himself an intruder and despised in the land which once was all his own. We are bound to take care of him; bound by every dictate of honesty and humanity, and there can be no doubt that He who created the red man as well as the white will require an account at our hands. If we invade his country, take possession of his heritage, wrong him, teach him evil such as he never knew, dishonor him, despise him, and leave him to die in his wretchedness and despair, the Great Spirit who watches the fall of the sparrow will not allow him to perish unavenged. Let us not fight him then until every other alternative has been tried. It is cheaper to provide food for him, and perhaps under a better system there is yet hope of his reclamation and civilization. It may be that all this is visionary and impracticable, and that the law of force is the only law he has any respect for. But we would fain hope that his good traits might be cultivated, his vices repressed, his conscience aroused, his religious tendencies rightly directed until he has at last attained to some measure of growth in the direction of Christian life.

NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

IT has become the custom to sneer at the turning over of "new leaves," which some people whose old leaves do not hold a quite satisfactory record, are prone to indulge in. Still the new year is a good time to review our past lives. We have checked off another mile on the post road to the unknown and it is by no means a bad thing to seat ourselves for a few minutes beside the milestone, and take some account of what we have been doing, and what we are going to do. How have we travelled our latest mile? Have we come in fresh, ambitious, hopeful for the remainder of the journey, or are we blown, jaded, dispirited? Are we better men, stronger, heartier, manlier, than we were at the last milestone? Have we used our powers of observation? Have we added to our stock of

knowledge? Have we lent a friendly hand to the unfortunate, who are all about us on the highway of life? We have not done as well as we might; it is safe to say that; some of us have done infinitely less than we might; some can scarcely point to a record at all, some have made a record which were best obliterated. We all arrive at our mile stones. It is not a good thing to pass them heedlessly without a retrospective glance; for retrospect is all we have. We may try to strain into the future but it is useless. We may think we see ahead but the prospect is a mirage. We fancy fair fields and flowery walks beyond, and while our eyes are filled with the visions of beauty close at hand the inevitable chasm opens at our feet closer still, and we are gone. It is well, therefore, to make good resolutions at our New Year's milestone, and it is better to keep them. Bad habits that have clung to us for many miles—shall we leave them here behind us, or shall we not? Profane speech, ill temper, drunkenness, lewdness—shall we make a grave for them here beside the stone, and bury them forever; or shall we bear them with us still? Would that we were wise and strong as we ought to be, as we might be! We should go more lightly on our way, if we could only free ourselves from the self-imposed burdens we bear, burdens which handicap us, weigh us down and bring us to our last milestone weary and footsore, glad to be done with a profitless, fruitless, journey.

CONTRIBUTED.

LETTERS FROM AN ESCAPED LUNATIC.

BELL, sir, of course I hadn't a word to say: I was kinder struck dumb like y' know, and I jest pulled up Sultan at the door and sot there looking as foolish as a feller thats bin caught robbin' a hen-roost. Now you might a' supposed Mirandy would a' made some sort of a fuss over it, considerin' 'at she 'n me 'd bin as good as engaged almost sence we was boy an' gal. I know ef I had seen Mirandy in sech a fix—ef I'd ever caught enny other feller snoodin' up to her the way that critter Lizzie was to me, I'd a felt like twistin his head off—when I was young—that is—when I was young." And the old man clasped his hands about his knee and looked away among the stars in search of the time "when he was young!" "But you don't know Mirandy. Why y'd'a thought Lizzie was some long lost relative come home back to the bosom of her family from the confines of the grave or some other unexpected place, she made so much of her. Threw her arms round her neck, she did, and positively kissed her! Yes, sir, I don't go much on big words as a rule, but there ain't no word

big enough to describe the artfulness of a woman when she wants to be, and so I say *positively* kissed her. Its nigh on thirty years ago, Mr. Rex, but whenever I think of that there embrace I allus smile to myself and say 'women is artful critters when they want to be.'

"Aint ye a spinnin' it out a leetle, Nathan?" said the "artful critter" referred to, so she arose to attend to some household duty.

"Wall, mebbe I am Mirandy, mebbe I am, but when I think of that there—wall, never mind. An' she was jest as friendly to me as she was Lizzie. Of course she didn't throw her arms round *my* neck or kiss *me*, but she was jest as polite as a dancin' master. My, but wa'n't she polite!"

"Why how do you do, Mr. Walker," says she—it was the first time in all her life she'd called me 'Mr. Walker,' and that was the straw that broke me right down. 'Jump out, Mr. Walker, and I'll send some of the men to take your horse; you're a leetle airy but they'll all be here soon, and you and Miss Stephens can amuse yourselves in the parlor while I'm a gittin' ready.' Wall I could only jest set an' stare at her. I couldn't a fetched a word if anybody 'd a offered me a five dollar bill. I jest hit Sultan a cut o' the whip and went back through that gate into the road as if I was a hose reel driver, and the alarm had jest rung."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the good lady, returning at the moment. "I can see you yet as you swung into the track on one runner; half an inch more an' you'd a' bin over!"

"Wall, I druv down the road, and I was so excited and felt so bad at the way Mirandy had treated me I went further'n I intended, so't by the time I got back it was about dusk, and they was all in the sleighs ready to start, and consarned if Mirandy wasn't in with the rest on 'em, and they'd paired the Stephens gal off on me! At first I made up my mind I wa'n't a goin' to stand it; ef I couldn't drive Mirandy I was goin' to shake the hull thing and go hum. I had arranged as I druv back all I was goin' to say to her; explanin' how it warn't my fault; how it was all along of wantin' her to see me and my new rig that I came out fore I orte, and so felk in with Lizzie, etc., etc. I'd got it all by heart and was already enjoyin' beforehand what some feller has called the 'sweets of reconciliation' And now to find that my little school-mate, the gal I loved better'n anything else in the world was a goin' to gin me the mitten in this right-out-before-the-meetin' kind o' style, jest took the kinks right out o' me, as the sayin' is, and I sort o' wilted right there in the cutter! It was a good thing for me it was dusk, for I guess if the boys could a' seen my face they'd a called me a softy. I know I was as pale as a ghost, and though I fought it back for all I was worth, I know there was one tear forced itself right out in spite o' me."

'Don't be a consarned fool, Nath. Walker, because y' know how,' said I to myself through my clenched teeth. 'You haint deserved to be used this way, and if Mirandy's mean and cruel enough to use you so why I guess it's better to find it out right now.' All this passed through my mind as if I'd winked like, and gatherin' up my wits I jumped outen' the cutter; helped Lizzie in, pulled the robes round her with a brotherly care and got in beside her, bound to show the party that some folks could be jest as cool and unconsnarned as other folks right along. Of course I know'd they was all

a wonderin' and jest a brimmin' over with anxiety to find out what had come 'tween me and Mirandy. All the boys an' gals know'd well enough 't she 'n me were as good as engaged and they were jest a dyin' to find out what was the matter of us. And I couldn't help but notice even in the dusk that one or two of the fellers looked mighty well pleased over it.

Well, away we went, an' I made up my mind I was goin' to let Mirandy know that I wa'n't worryin' a mite over her, so I kep' a laughin' and talkin' to Lizzie jest as natural as if everything had happened as I wanted it. We was right behind Mirandy's sleigh and I could hear her voice now and agin' among the rest, and every time I heerd it a knife went plum through my heart. But I never let on and Lizzie said I was the best company she'd ever bin out with, which seein's her experience had bin pretty extensive, wa'n't no slouch of a compliment. Bye-and-bye we started a tune, one of the old tunes we'd larnt in singin' school, "See our Oars," or "Hail Smilin' Morn," or something like that. I forget now what it was, and I tell you it sounded nice. Jest fancy a bright moonlight night, with sleighin' first-class—three or four big sleighs full and a lot o' cutters all in a string on the frosty road, the bells a jinglin' and the runners playin' an accompaniment, all harmonizin' with the hundred voices that rang out in the good old tunes of thirty years ago! And they could sing 'em too. There wa'n't no discount on that music I tell *you*. Talk about your operas and your high fandangle screamin' such as is the fashion now-a-days. There ain't no sech music in it as in the old sleighin' choruses we used to sing when I was young. Why the very dogs used to stop their barkin', and the trees even seemed to hush themselves to listen as we went by!

"Wall, to make a long story short we druv out where we intended and got back to Miller's on time, where they'd made big preparations for us. The horses were put out and the gals went up stairs to slick themselves up ready for the dance. I'd bin to a good many parties but I never'd bin to one before where I didn't dance the first dance with Mirandy. What was I goin' to do? I had brought another gal, an' by rights I must dance with her. But if I did why it was jest the same as standin' right up in the ball-room and tellin' all the neighbours 't all was over 'tween me an' my little gal. I couldn't do it, so I sneaked off to the stable and pretended somethin' was the matter with Sultan's foot and I worked at it till I heerd the fiddles well agoin' before I went in. Lizzie had'nt waited for me—no sir, she was too fond of dancin' for that, so I jest sot down on a chair an' watched 'em. That is I watched one of 'em, an' I guess I needn't tell you who that one was. She was dancin' with Eph. Parsons (his farm's down the next line about two miles), and he was the only feller I had ever felt jealous of. I could see he was mighty pleased at the way things was workin', an' though him an' me was good friends I'd a been willin' right at that moment to a' stepped into the middle of the room right among the company and dared him to fight it out like a man there an' then. But I knew that would a' bin foolish an' I fought down my passion instead, an' got cool again by the time the dance was over. Bye-and-bye Marilla Davis seen me a settin' there so quiet-like, an' she come over to see 'whatever had got into me anyhow,' as she said. Now Marilla was Mirandy's brother's sweetheart and next to Mirandy was the finest gal on our line. Her

an' Mirandy were as thick as hops, as the sayin' is, an' whatever one knew t'other wa'nt long in findin' out.

"Why whatever's got into you, Nath. Walker?" says she, "I never know'd you to miss the first dance before; come along with me, I want to talk to you." Wall, I went along an' I told her the hull story, an' how mean Mirandy had used me. She didn't say much but bye-and-bye I see her a talkin' to Mirandy in the corner of the room, an' pretty soon I missed 'em altogether an' I felt sure they were somewheres talkin' over the affair. When Mirandy came in agin', I noticed that she looked over where I was and there was a somethin' in her eye that seemed to ask me to come an' be friends. But I made up my mind that as she had got mad at me for nothin' and treated me like a horsethief she'd got to do the comin' over herself. Wall, she was too proud to do it, and so the night went on and we didn't come a mite closer together. I saw Marilla a watchin' us, and bye-and-bye she comes over to me again 'long towards breakin' up and asked me why I didn't speak to Mirandy. I told her Mirandy had been in the fault, and not me, and I wasn't goin' to admit I was by makin' any advances. "If she kin stand it I kin," said I, and I thought as I said it if she wa'nt standin' it any better'n I was there was two mighty unhappy people in that festive scene.

"Wall, bye-an'-bye the party broke up and there was a rush for horses and wraps, and the sleighs an' cutters came round to the door, and everybody was a scramblin' in; and when all at once one of the gals tumbled over in the snow in a dead faint. I didn't pay much attention at first till I heerd some one say it 'twas Mirandy Allen, an' they thought she was goin' to die. I was beside her before you could count two, 'most scared to death. Marilla Davis was holdin' her head and chafin' her hands, while everybody was givin' directions about the best thing to do."

"Stand back," I shouted, "and give her air. Hadn't we better carry her inside, Marilla?"

"No. she's comin' to, we must git her home as soon as possible. Who's got the fastest horse here?"

"I have," said Eph. Parsons, "I'll take her home in forty minutes."

"Eph. Parsons," said I, in a voice that seemed to belong to somebody else, Miss Allen is goin' home in my sleigh, and ef your the man I've always took you for, you'll not try to prevent it."

"Eph. was a man, every inch of him, and would have fought for Mirandy in a minute, but he knew it was no time for wrangling. 'I guess you're right Nath.,' said he, 'Where's your cutter?'

"Right by the door. You fix the robes and un-hitch Sultan while I carry Mirandy over."

"I lifted her in my arms; (I don't think I'd like to undertake the job now; laughed the old man) and put her under the robes before you could have said Jack Robinson; Eph. let go of Sultan's head and you jest ought to have seen that colt put for home! He seemed to know there was somethin' wrong an' that I was callin' on him to help me. I saw his ears go back jest as if he expected me to tell him what it was, an' he told me over the reins as plain as if he'd spoke it, that I could trust him while he had a leg. Poor old Sultan! He was over twenty when he died, Mr. Rex, and as Mirandy and I stood beside him in his last hour, we both of us shed tears, didn't we Mirandy?"

There was no reply.

"Well, I hadn't gone far before I felt Mirandy

move among the robes by my side, and I heard a sort of faint sigh. I turned to her quick you may be sure."

"Are you better, Mirandy," said I, "and waited breathlessly for an answer." She tried to set up and began to move her hands.

"Where am I," at last she said, "where is the rest?"

"They're all right, all comin' behind. What in the world happened you!"

"How did I get in your sleigh, and what's been the matter?" Said she.

"Why, don't you know you fainted dead over in the snow?"

"And you're takin' me home. Where's Lizzie Stephens? Why didn't you let me come in the sleigh with the rest! You had no business to take me. You brought her to the party and you ought to have taken her home. She ought to be here with you now instead of me."

"Mirandy," I said, "you've not used me well, but I'm not goin' to say anything about that now."

"Why havn't I used you well? How have you used me, I should like to know? If a young man thinks so much of a girl that he drives round the country with her head layin' on his shoulder, I'm sure he oughtn't to be surprised if folks thinks they understand each other. But of course that's none of my business, and I don't know what you mean by sayin' I hain't used you well."

"Mirandy," says I.—

"Now, Nathan, you'd better jest cut that story short. It's gittin' near bed-time an' I'm goin' in," and the good lady vanished.

"Wall," said the old man, "I guess Mirandy's right. I'd better cut it short. It wouldn't interest you to hear all the ins and outs of our talk that night. We talked the whole thing over and the upshot of it was that her and me were engaged to each other right out there under the stars, and I'm sure I never saw *such* stars as shone that night. And would you believe it? Though I'd never spoken to him, nor noticed how he was a goin' since the minute Mirandy begun to come to, that 'ere horse had jest come down to a dead walk and was slouchin' along as if he knew the trouble was over and everything was all right! And it *was* all right, an' Mirandy and me was married the next month and the best joke of the hull thing happened after the weddin'. I could see that Marilla Davis had something on her mind, and bye-and-bye it came out. The young folks were dancin' and enjoyin' themselves, and I was sittin' by my wife as happy as a king."

"Happy as what?" said I. "Well, never mind, go on."

"Happy as a king; happier 'n a good many kings, I guess, ef all I read on's true, when Marilla came over and sot down in front of us."

"You'll have to be awful careful of Mirandy," said she, with a queer smiling look in her eyes, 'she's subject to fainting fits you know.'"

"Now 'Rill you jest clear out," said Mirandy, as she plumped her hand over Marilla's mouth and stopped her right there."

"It's no use, Mirandy, I've got to tell it. I *can't* keep it any longer. If you don't let me tell Nath. I'll get right up on the floor and spout it out before all the company! Ha! ha! ha! Oh dear! oh dear! what fools men is anyhow!" And she laughed till I thought she would have took a kink."

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Sept. No., Page 111.

IX.



Tommy almost gobbled up

To be continued from month to month till
the completion of the series.

TRIP HAMMER SUPPLEMENT,
JANUARY, 1886.

EVENTFUL HISTORY OF TOMMY AND THE LION.

BY THE LATE RICHARD DOYLE.—See Sept. No., Page 111.

X.



The Lion licks his lips afterwards.

To be continued from month to month till
the completion of the series.

TRIP HAMMER SUPPLEMENT,
JANUARY, 1886.

"Why, what's the matter of you Marilla," says I, "what you got to tell?"

"Wall what d'ye 'spose it was? Why, that the whole faintin' business had bin a done thing between them two gals, the night of the party—that Marilla had made up her mind she was goin' to bring Mirandy and me together that night, and she had persuaded Mirandy to it, and engineered the hull thing so well that not a soul except themselves two know'd anything about it. Mirandy was awful sorry she'd done it, and told me afterwards she'd cried many a time when she thought of it. But I put my arms around her and looked down into her eyes and never said a word. She knew it was all right. It may have bin a trick, but it gave me a good wife, Mr. Rex, as any man ever had, and I have never regretted the result of the reconciliation out on the wintry road, under the stars."

G. R.

SELECTED.

ENSIGN EPPS, THE COLOR-BEARER.

ENSIGN Epps, at the battle of Flanders,
Sowed a seed of glory and duty
That flowers and flames in height and beauty
Like a crimson lily with heart of gold
To-day, when the wars of Ghent are old
And buried as deep as their dead commanders.

Ensign Epps was the color-bearer--
No matter on which side, Philip or Earl:
Their cause was the shell—his deed was the pearl.
Scarce more than a lad he had been a sharer
That day in the wildest work of the field,
He was wounded and spent, and the fight was lost;
His comrades were slain, or a scattered host.
But stainless and scatheless, out of the strife,
He had carried his colors safer than life.
By the river's brink, without weapon or shield,
He face the victors. The thick heart-mist
He dashed from his eyes, and the silk he kissed
Ere he held it aloft in the setting sun,
As proudly as if the fight were won.
And he smiled when they ordered him to yield.

Ensign Epps' with his broken blade,
Cut the silk from the glided staff,
Which he poised like a spear till the charge was made,
And hurled at the leader with a laugh.
Then round his breast like the scarf of his love,
He tied the colors his heart above,
And plunged in his armour into the tide,
And there, in his dress of honor, he died.

Where are the lessons your kinglings teach?
And what is the text of your proud commanders?
Out of the centuries, heroes reach
With the scroll of a deed, with the word of a story
Of one man's truth and of all men's glory,
Like Ensign Epps at the battle of Flanders.

—John Boyle O'Reilly in *Outing*.

"What are the last teeth that come?" asked a teacher of her class in physiology. "False teeth, mum," replied a boy who had just waked up on the back seat.

A CELESTIAL HEADLIGHT.

A RAILROAD engineer, recounting his experiences, said that he had thus far escaped smash-ups, but that he thought he was "in for it" one night. Said he: "It was a clear autumn evening, and I was running a passenger train in Virginia. We were a little behind time, and I was whooping the old machine along at a good pace. There was a strip of cypress forest to go through; and the road, on clearing it, took a sharp turn to westward. Just as we made that turn, my liver came right up between my teeth; for there coming straight down the track, was another engine, with her headlight flaming in my eyes. I blew 'down brakes,' and had my engine reversed before I'd drawn half a breath, and sent the train back on a dead run to the switch station about a mile behind us. I got it on a siding, and waited for the other train, that I supposed to be just on the top of us; but she didn't show up. I got the agent to wire up the line to see if there were any specials or wild engines in the way, but the answer was that the line was clear. The passengers got out and began to talk and ask questions; and, as for me, I was stumped. I thought of runaway locomotives and train-wreckers and tramps. Everything was quiet around the bend, so far as I could see and hear. While standing on the station platform, I happened to glance westward across a clearing. There was the headlight shining through the cypresses as serene and steady as you please. It was the planet Venus. Well, if any man had offered fifteen cents for me, he could have had me just as I stood. I got away from there in a hurry, and I didn't allow the passengers to discover what was the matter. Lor'! if it had got around that I had laid over to let the evening star go by, I'd never have heard the last of it."—*Editor's Drawer in Harper's Magazine*.

A CLERICAL JOKE.

OLD Dr. — was not often outwitted by his people. On one occasion he had invited a young minister to preach for him, who proved rather a dull speaker and whose sermons was unusually long. The people became wearied; and, as the Doctor lived near the bridge, near the commencement of the afternoon service he saw his people flocking across the river to the other church. He readily understood that they feared they should have to hear the same young man in the afternoon. Gathering up his wits, which generally came at his bidding, he said to the young minister: "My brother across the river is rather feeble, and I know he will take it kindly to have you preach to his people; and, if you will do so, I will give you a note to him, and will be as much obliged to you as I would to have you preach for me. And I want you to preach the same sermon that you preached to my people this morning." The young minister, supposing this to be a commendation of his sermon, started off in good spirits, delivered his note, and was invited to preach most cordially. He saw before him one-half of Dr. —'s people, and they had to listen one hour and a-half to the same dull, humdrum sermon that they had heard in the morning. They understood the joke, however, and said they would never undertake to run away from the Doctor again. — *Exchange*.

"PLEASE LET ME IN!"

POOR Liz was a feeble, dwarf-like child,
Who grew in our streets, as the grass grows, wild;
Never for her had a mother's love
Pointed the pathway that leads up above.
Never for her had a father's care
Sheltered a nook from the cold winter's air;
Ragged and homeless, a pale, wan face,
Yet beauty that sorrow could not erase.

Poor Liz sold papers—I'm grieved to say
She vended her wares on the Sabbath day—
And stood at the Church door with stock-in-trade
On Sunday, surveying the pew-parade.
Ladies and gentlemen passed her by,
And many would cast a reproachful eye—
For newspaper peddling's a horrible sin,
When God-fearing people to church straggle in.

As she stood, the organ's trembling tones,
Swelling and sobbing, in sanctified moans,
Came to her ear, and they seemed to say,
"Without it is night, within it is day."
Hiding her papers beneath her torn gown.
She stepped to the usher, a liveried clown,
And whispered beseechingly. "Please let me in,
I want to see Heaven, I hope it's no sin!"

"Out, you strumpet! I've watched you all day,
Selling your papers, while pious folks pray."
He pushed her away, while tears of shame
In sympathy rushed to her cheeks aflame;
For even a street waif has a heart
That insult from some folks may cause to smart,
And some who think themselves free from sin
May yet stand outside and say, "Please let me in!"

Mayhap you'll think my tale incomplete,
As Liz was left wand'ring out on the street,
But candor compels me to tell you a fact
Your sermon on Sunday, I'll wager, lacked;
Poor Liz is outside, waiting to see
Some kind soul who'll say, "Come in, child, with me;"
If you'll receive her, He'll count it no sin,
And perhaps will say "Yes" to your "Please let me in!"
— William Elliott Todd.

A Freshman in the University of Toronto, writing upon the examination in English, said, in answer to the question, "What is an epigram?" that it was "something written on a tombstone."

WORKMANS' LIBRARY ASS'N.

The concert of the W. L. A. on the 12th inst., for the benefit of Mr. Edmand was an admirable success both artistically and financially. The several numbers were well received, some, of course, with more enthusiasm than others—and everything passed off well. Prof. Bohner and his pupils, Miss Donnelly and Miss Morris, it is quite unnecessary to say were greeted with the applause they always command, while

Messrs. Curran, Pope and Wood, scored unequivocal successes. The latter gentleman made his bow for the first time to a Memorial Hall audience, and his singing was a delightful surprise. The readings also went well, Mr. McBeath in declamation as well as in humorous selection being particularly happy. On the following Friday evening the Committee presented Mr. Edmand with an elegant portemonnaie, appropriately inscribed, and containing enough of money to —, well we are not going to betray confidence, so we will simply remark that Mr. Edmand expressed himself as more than satisfied, and immediately began to inquire as to the selling price of town lots in the vicinity. Below is the programme:

Thursday January 12th, 1886.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Overture The Orchestra.
2. Solo Prof. Bohner.
3. Duet (Vocal) Misses Donnelly & Morris.
4. Solo Miss Watt.
5. Solo Mr. Pope.
6. Reading Mr. Harris.
7. Solo Miss Donnelly.
8. Recitation Mr. McBeath.
9. Solo Mr. Curran.

Intermission.

Part II.

10. Instrumental Duett... The Misses McCuaig.
11. Recitation Mr. McBeath.
12. Solo Mr. Wood.
13. Duett (Vocal) Miss Donnelly and Prof. Bohner.
14. Reading Mr. Stanton.
15. Solo Mr. Wood.
16. Solo Miss Morris.
17. Recitation Mr. Stanton.
18. Solo Prof. Bohner.

NIGHT SCHOOL.

The night school in connection with the W. L. A. is progressing—not so favorably as was hoped from the enthusiasm with which the proposition to open the school was received, but still progressing. We understand that many of those who signed their names to the requisition or proposal, have become irregular in their attendance, and some do not attend at all. The result, we fear, will be that the school will be closed. We regret that there should be any necessity for hinting at such a possibility, but we presume the city authorities will scarcely be willing to pay the teachers, unless there should be in the future, a more satisfactory attendance.

If the men allow the school to go down, its collapse will be the last straw of discouragement, and if the camel's back is broken thereby there need be no surprise. We do not anticipate such an inglorious ending, and we trust all who gave their countenance to the school in the first place, will for their own sakes and for the sake of those who are anxious to improve themselves, be more punctual in their attendance. It should not be necessary to point out the benefits to be derived from the school, they are self evident. We hope to have a more favorable report regarding this matter for our next issue.

SABBATH SCHOOL.

The Sabbath School being held in the Massey Memorial Hall, every Sunday afternoon, is reported to be in a very satisfactory and prosperous condition, the attendance being all that could be expected at the beginning, and continually on the increase. If the happy faces of the children, good lively singing (under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Johnston), and the animated and genial tone of the school generally, are any indications of what its future will be, we think it safe to predict a continued increase in attendance and interest.

On Thursday evening, 14th instant, those interested in the working of the school, met at the residence of Mr. W. F. Johnston, for the purpose of further organization. Thus far the school has been conducted as an independent and self sustaining one. And until the question be decided as to whether it will continue to be carried on in this shape, or become attached to some one of the neighboring churches, the workers resolved to form themselves into a provisional staff, and made the following appointments accordingly, viz.: Superintendent, Mr. J. G. Turton; Secy-Treasurer, Mr. W. T. Bambridge; Teachers, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Johnston, Mr. and Mrs. Sheridan, and Mr. Alex. McKee.

Last Sabbath, 17th inst., an adult Bible class was formed, to which all persons taking an interest in the school and preferring to be pupils rather than teachers, will be cordially welcomed.

MUSICAL.

The band continues to be so fully engaged that its musical life is one long business trans-

action, and the members of the orchestra are helping the band. There is nothing therefore to record except very windy weather, in fact a perpetual "blow."

HISTORICAL DIARY.

DECEMBER.

1st....King Thebaw of Burmah surrenders his army and forts to the British forces=Heavy fighting at Lima, South America.

3rd....Col. Harvatovich, appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Servian forces=Renewed fighting between Servia and Bulgaria.

4th....Thirty-two persons killed by an earthquake in Algeria=Archdeacon Farrar sails for England=A British force defeats 4,000 rebels in Egypt.

7th....1,500 Tailors locked out in New York.

8th....Opening of the United States Congress=Death of Wm. H. Vanderbilt=Morse's Soap Works, Toronto, burned. Estimated loss, \$100,000.

9th....Bulgaria rejects Servia's Peace Proposals=The remains of Louis Riel, removed from Regina to St. Vital's.

10th....Forty Servians shot for mutilating themselves to escape military service. The British elections result in the return of 334 Liberals, 248 Conservatives, and 81 Nationalists, with 7 seats yet to be declared.

11th....Intense cold prevails in England.

13th....The will of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt provides that each of his eight children shall receive \$10,000,000=Fourteen lives lost in a burning tenement in Plymouth, England.

14th....Extensive gold deposits discovered in Zululand.

15th....Fearful railway accident in Georgia, 12 persons killed=More fighting between French and Black Flags in Tonquin=The Pope protests against the French Government stopping the stipends of priests interfering in the recent elections.

16th....The French Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs sustained by the Chamber of Deputies in his action against the priests=The International Commission to survey a provisional boundary between Servia and Bulgaria goes to the scene of its labours=Startling assassination plot discovered in San Francisco.

18th....The Singer Sewing Machine Co., close their works at Elizabethport, N.J., throwing 2,500 hands out of employment

19th Hydrophobia scare in Jersey City.

21st....Meeting of the Orange Grand Lodge in Dublin.

22nd.. Peace concluded between Madagascar and France

23rd....Seventy-five miners killed in a Colliery explosion in Wales=Magee who attempted to blackmail the Prince of Wales, committed for trial.

24th....The French Chamber of Deputies vote the Tonquin Credit=Twenty-seven deaths from small-pox reported at Longue Pointe Asylum.

25th....The Pope proclaims 1886 a year of Jubilee.

26th....Terrible gale on the Atlantic=Death of the Archbishop of Armagh, Primate of Ireland.

28th....About twenty men and women wounded in

a desperate riot in Limerick = Death of the Hon. Adam Crooks, late Minister of Education for Ontario = M. Grevy re-elected President of the French Republic.

29th....Mr. Gladstone celebrates the 76th anniversary of his birthday.

30th....Queen Christian takes the oath as Regent of Spain.

31st....President Grevy accepts the resignation of M. Brisson, the French Premier = United States troops have an engagement with Mexican revolutionists.

LETTERS AND QUESTIONS.

To the Editor TRIP HAMMER.

DEAR SIR.—In last issue under the caption "The Religion of Humanity," you roll out an "apple of discord," apparently with the object of drawing your readers into controversy. Whether a discussion of this topic will be beneficial or not will in a great measure depend on the spirit in which it is carried on. If we approach the subject with a desire only to find the truth and not to sustain a position we shall be gainers; but if a wish be father to a thought and the sole object of discussion be to support that thought then bitterness is likely to be the result. Sincere seekers after truth do not hesitate, though it cost a struggle, to throw off old prejudices when the facts are against them. The subject is a broad one and may open up unexpected lines of thought. In any case, I trust you will not regret giving it an opening. One thing may be depended on, and that is, truth is never permanently injured by investigation.

That there are individuals who uphold the doctrine of the self-perfectability of human nature we do not doubt, and the fact that the stanzas referred to were handed in for publication by one of ourselves would indicate that even among your readers are some whose thoughts and words run in that direction.

It might be interesting to know what are some of the planks of the platform upon which they stand.

There are some ideas embodied in those lines which I like very much, and about which no discussion is likely to arise, but in others the doctrine to me appears fallacious.

I will not commence at the beginning and analyze the thought of each sentence in succession but content myself with touching upon this one line.

"Let actions be your saviour."

The man who upholds the doctrine herein embodied either accepts the Bible as inspired or he does not. If he does he is bound to take it in its entirety, and what then will he do with Christ's atonement, or how explain Acts iv. 12. Man's good actions are therein commended but nowhere are they regarded as his saviour. (See Galatians ii. 16).

If he does not accept it as a Divine revelation, why talk about a saviour at all? A saviour from what?

The term saviour as generally understood is associated with a salvation from misery and to happiness after death, but where do we get any knowledge of the unseen world except from the Bible?

When these questions are satisfactorily answered I may ask a few more.

ORTHODOXY.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Mr. Harris' little boy Norman is recovering from an attack of typhoid fever, and his daughter, Florence, is progressing favorably under the care of Dr. Ogden.

Mrs. W. Lambert continues to suffer with inflammatory rheumatism. She has not been able to leave her bed for some weeks past. We extend to her and Mr. Lambert our sincere sympathy.

Mr. Robert Davy, we regret to say, is no better, and we fear his case has gone almost beyond the skill of the physician. Still there is always hope while life remains, and we should be exceedingly glad to know that hope in Mr. Davy's case may not be totally barren.

We lately had the pleasure of a visit from Mrs. A. P. Cameron, of Winnipeg, formerly a respected resident of Oshawa. Many Canadian mothers sent out their sons to the field during the late insurrection, but few can say as she can that she had three soldiers in arms for her country, her husband and two sons.

We understand that a concert for the benefit of a deserving family will be held about Friday, Feb. 11th, at which it is expected Mrs. Andrew and daughter, of Streetsville, will sing. Several other ladies and gentlemen are to be invited, among them the Misses Ecclestone, of Parkdale, and Mr. James Fax, who has quite established a reputation by his humorous delineations. We predict a success.

We are sorry to record the death by accident of Mr. J. A. Williams, father of Mr. George Williams, of the M. Mfg Co. Office. Mr. Williams resided in Lindsay and was Librarian of the Mechanics' Institute in that town. On the evening of December 28th he was about to close the rooms as usual when some gentlemen absorbed in a game of Chess, wished to remain. Mr. Williams left them his lamp and proceeded down the stairs in the dark, but missed his footing, and falling forward on his head was killed instantly. The deceased gentleman will be much missed by an extensive circle of relatives and friends. He leaves a large family all grown up and holding good positions in business. There is much sympathy manifested for Mrs. Williams, who is understood to be highly connected in England, her relatives holding important offices of trust in the Government. Mr. Williams always paid us a visit when Parliament met, he being a Sessional writer for the Local House, and it is with much sadness we reflect that we shall see his cheery face no more. The funeral took place on Wednesday, December 30th, to Riverside Cemetery, and was largely attended. The Directors of the Mechanics' Institute were present in a body, and the many marks of respect and esteem shown by the people generally must have been extremely gratifying and comforting to his friends.

NOTICES.

DIED.

WILLIAMS.—At Lindsay, Ont., December 28, 1885, Mr. J. A. Williams, Librarian of Mechanics' Institute, aged 65 years.