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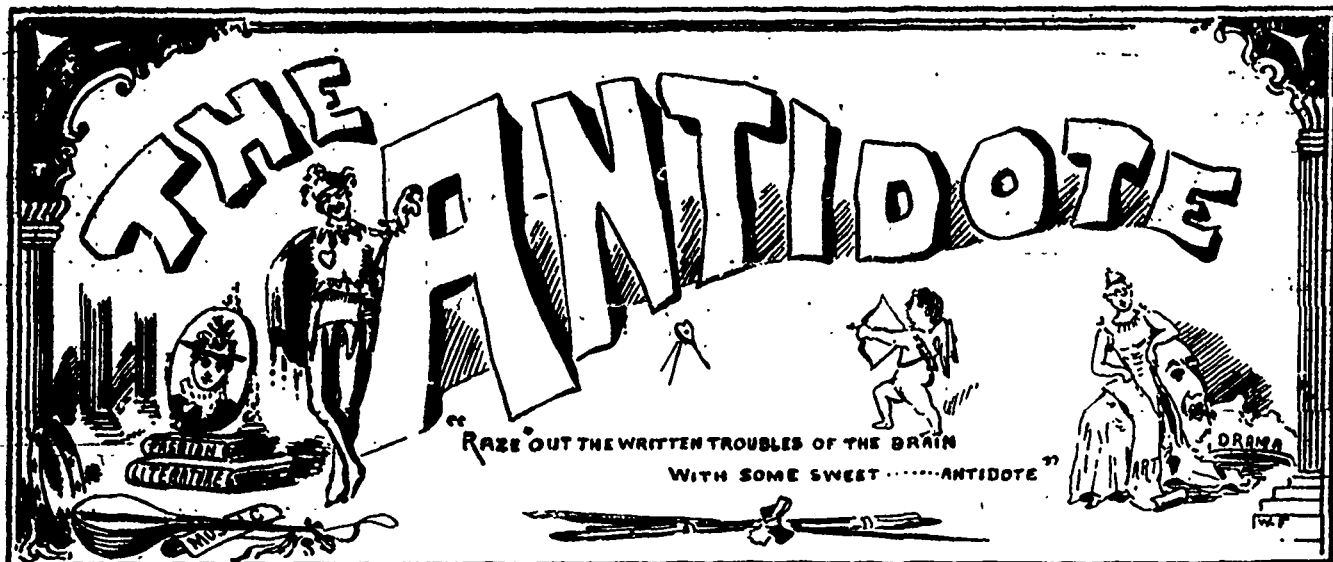
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YOKE FELLOWS.

Once upon a time in an English village Bill and Jane, George and Martha—if these were not their names they might have been—went to the parish church on a Monday morning to get married. Clergyman and clerk were ready to the appointed hour, and the wedding service went on satisfactorily till the clergyman, joining the hands of the first couple as they stood where the clerk had placed them, began "I, William, take thee Martha," "Ho, sir," interrupted William, "Mine is Jane." "It's me, sir, for George," said Martha. The clerk averred that his sorting was right, and that Bill and Martha, George and Jane had to be respectively joined in holy matrimony. The young people protested; the clergyman shut the book, for the banns had got mixed and there must be three new "askings" in church with the right names coupled before the marriages could take place. So the disappointed bridegrooms and brides withdrew to the churchyard and the clergyman went to the vestry to take off his surplice.

But behold, before the clergyman had had time to go away, there were the brides and bridegrooms at the vestry door. "Please, would he be so good as to marry them the way the bans were?" They had talked it over together, they explained, and they had settled it would do just as well that way, they were all friends and came from the same place, each young man would do equally as well with the other young woman, each young woman would do equally well with the other young man; they had come a long way and had to get a holiday on purpose, and they did not want to have all the trouble over again. They should be just as happy with the exchange, they unanimously assured their pastor, so he put on his surplice and went on again at "I, William, take thee Martha." And true enough the exchange did just as well.

Now these were sagacious young people who judged themselves and life rightly. Marriage goes by the word at least it generally does in civilized countries—but then, chance makes sholes. There really is no reason why in most of the marriages that take place between respectable persons of fairly decent tempers, another bridegroom or another bride would not have answered just as well. There is generally a certain romance about courtships and wedding, but generally it does not go very deep; the gilt of the gingerbread does not last, and is never expected to last; the gingerbread is the important part of the matter, and the gilt but an embellishment, which has to come away and let substantial stuff be reached. So the superficial romance wears off; and a sound, wholesome, stodgy affection is left for use. As soon as ordinary people have done getting married and being surprised at it they recover from sentiment as if it had been the measles and are safely restored to their normal state of matter of fact.

What husband and wife, then, need of each other is the performance of their respective shares in the business of family life and a reasonable good nature, and we need not think so badly of human nature as to suppose that the majority of persons, with this ideal of marriage—that is to say, the majority of persons who marry—are not qualified to behave comfortably in the partnership with another partner, Martha as well as Jane, George as well as William.

Persons with higher requirements for happiness in marriage are, of course, harder to suit, and more likely to be disappointed, but there is no need of taking them into consideration here, where we are not concerned with lovers in wedlock, nor with any sort of head and heart companion, but with yoke-fellows—people in harness together with their jog trot to perform in step.

Dull couples usually get on together the most affectionately, for, though dull people like to be amused, they are not quick to discover that their lives are dull, and also they take each other's uninteresting nature as a part of the order of things in this world, and are not conscious of a want; if, however, only one of the couple is dull, the cheerfulness of their lot is less assured, for the brisker partner is

apt to feel a responsive animation to be his or her due, and to feel the absence of it at once as a wilful neglect and an incompetence, while the dull partner is apt to be suspicious of not being respected at her due worth. Two passionate persons are more likely to achieve a mitigated harmony, with no mischief in its little agitations, even than one passionate and submissive, for they keep each other within limits, and so have a domestic clearing-house in lessons of self-control.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A Violet Attack of Violets.

The craze for perfume is increasing daily, and the ever fashionable scent is that of violets. A first-rate modiste always sends her dresses out with sachets sewn in around the hem, tucked away in the bodice and hidden in the skirt. Then gloves are scented to match; also the muff, and of course the handkerchief, the effect being an all-pervading sweetness.—New York Tribune.

AT THE PLAY.

Behind the beautiful maid I sat,
And my heart at the memory grieves,
For although she kindly took off her hat,
She failed to pull down her sleeves.

WOMAN'S ONLY SARCASM.

"Women seldom indulge in sarcasm."
"You think they do not?"
"As a rule they are too kindly-hearted to be sarcastic."

"H'm! Did you ever hear one of them say from the top of the stairs, 'This is a nice time to come home.'"

DYING WITH MEDICAL AID.

Doctor (to patient)—I do not wish to frighten you, but if you have no objections, I'd like to call in a couple of my brother physicians."

Irascible Patient—All right! If you need any assistance in murdering me, call in your accomplices.

JEALOUSY.

"Yes, sir," said the actor airily, "I tested the capacity of the house."

"Which," inquired the envious brother-in-art, "do you mean—capacity for seating or suffering?"—Washington Star.

The World's Fair.

Swinburne has composed the following ode on the prosaic subject of the approaching fair in Chicago.

EAST TO WEST.

I.

Sunset smiles on sunrise; east and west
are one,
Face to face in heaven before the sov-
ereign sun.
From the springs of the dawn everlasting
a glory renews and transfigures the
west.
From the depths of the sunset a light as
of morning kindles the broad sea's
breast.
And the lands and the skies and the wat-
ers are glad of the day's and the
night's work done.

II.

Child of dawn, and regent on the world-
wide sea,
England smiles on Europe, fair as dawn
and free.
Not the waters that gird her are purer,
nor mightier the winds that her
waters know,
But America, daughter and sister of Eng-
land, is praised of them, far as
they flow;
Atlantic responds to Pacific the praise
of her days that have been and shall
be.

III.

So from England westward let the
watch-word fly,
So for England eastward let the seas
reply;
Praise, honor and love everlasting be sent
on the wind's wings, westward and
east,
That the pride of the past and the pride
of the future may mingle as friends
at feast,
And the sons of the lords of the world-
wide seas be one till the world's
life die.

It would require the affidavit of the
artist himself to convince some people that
the very fresh signature on many modern
paintings was affixed immediately after
completion, and not by another writer
later on. The signature alone may cost
more than the picture. "Caveat emptor."

Drill Sergeant (gallant Umpty-ninth)—
Now thin, Cassidy, what is the first
movement in "bout face?"

Recruit—When the command is given
you advance the right foot three inches to
the rear.

IN SOCIETY'S REALM.

Ditchwater, a fluid which is proverb-
ially deficient in sparkle or effervescent
qualities, may be said to be, comparative-
ly speaking, fairly bubbling with life when
contrasted with the somnolent state of
the local world of fashion. It is, indeed,
rather a trial, and quite enough to make
one blush, for a self-respecting scribe to
have to put so patent a statement into
print after the deadly dullness of Lent
has fairly settled down upon the social
swim, but as there must be a statement
made as to the condition of affairs
the chestnut is given publicity with the
deepest apology for its necessarily moss-
grown appearance. Society, in short, has
swathed itself in its sackcloth and re-
tired beneath the Lenten ash heap, whence
it will not emerge until the Easter-tide
begins to flow.

There has been a pretty complete scat-
tering of the forces, too, and the merry-
makers have trotted off to all the card-
inal points of the compass, some seeking
the charms of the States, and others the
sunshiny allurements of the South and dis-
tant West, or the similar charms of the
trans-Atlantic winter resorts of Italy,
France and the land of the Pharaohs. It
may be said that this state of affairs ex-
ists to a large degree in New York society
also, but there has been an unusual amount
of suburban and country club gaiety there
to set off the dullness of the city, and even
in town one fashionable set has decided
to keep up its weekly dances all through-
out Lent, and snaps its fingers at the
storm of adverse criticism which has nat-
urally followed.

Society Notes.

Mrs. J. C. Holden, Belmont Park, will
hold a large reception this afternoon.

Mrs. Hugh Glassford, of Shuter street,
held a reception on Thursday evening
which proved a decided success.

Mrs. Hanson, Dorchester street, held a
very enjoyable progressive euchre party
at her residence on Thursday evening.
About fifty guests were present.

A youth of 91 married a girl of 96 sum-
mers the other day in Indiana, and it is
reported they did not ask the con-
sent of their parents.

The many friends of Mr. David Burke, of
Peel St., were glad to see him near the
first place of the tandem drive last Satur-
day, apparently fully recovered from his
late illness.

His many friends will rejoice to hear
that Mr. Chas. Cassigis, of University St.,
is again convalescent after a severe at-
tack of laryngitis, which also prostrated
Mrs. Cassigis at the same time. Mr. Cassigis
contemplates leaving on a trip to Europe
early this month.

Mrs. Dobbin, of Hutchison street, gave
a charming little luncheon on Tuesday
last. The circular table was tastefully
decorated and the arrangements left noth-
ing to be desired. A feature of the occa-
sion was the unanimous vote of thanks
to the genial hostess for her hospitality.
The following evening Mrs. Dobbin enter-
tained her guests to a very enjoyable pro-
gressive euchre party.

Last week's very brilliant conversation
held at the McGill was a pronounced suc-
cess. But spacious as the building is, the
floors were taxed to the utmost by the
absolute crush of a throng of people that
represented the fashion of Montreal.
Every one of note seemed to be there.
The costumes were lovely, the music good
the supper daintily served, the conversa-
tion delightful. As a rule, a reception
is more enjoyable when it is not a "crush"
but in this case it was the traditional
exception that proved the rule, and the
very density of the brilliant and notable
throng added to the enjoyment.

The palatial mansion of Sir Donald and
Lady Smith was on Saturday evening last
the scene of a pleasant and highly suc-
cessful social gathering in honor of the
visiting mining engineers. The spacious
rooms, architecturally beautiful in them-
selves, were lavishly adorned with gi-
gantic palms and masses of flowering
plants. The coup d'oeil presented was ar-
tistic and most effective, and met with
the general admiration of the large and
fashionable assembly. The ante-rooms
very much admired, the rose-tinted lights,
the banks of flowers, and the comfortable
lounges, rendering them ideal resting
places. The picture gallery was especially
admired, with its many gems from the
best modern painters. Enfin, the whole
entertainment went with a charm rarely
equalled in social life.

Recipes.

Sweetbread Croquettes—A large cupful of minced sweetbreads, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one salt spoonful of white pepper, a dash of cayenne, a teaspoonful of lemon juice and a very little of the grated rind. Mixed with the following sauce, and when thoroughly cold, shape into croquettes and roll first in cracker crumbs, then in beaten egg, and again in the rolled crackers.

Sauce—One pint of boiling cream, two even teaspoonfuls of butter, four heaping tablespoonfuls of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, and a pinch of white pepper. Melt the butter, and when it bubbles stir in the flour; cook for a few minutes, but do not allow it to brown; then pour upon it slowly the boiling cream and stir till perfectly smooth. Add seasoning and mix with the sweetbreads. The sauce must be very thick, otherwise the croquettes will absorb the fat. The croquettes are fried in deep fat like doughnuts. Tomato sauce, such as is served with chops and fish, is an excellent accompaniment to these croquettes.

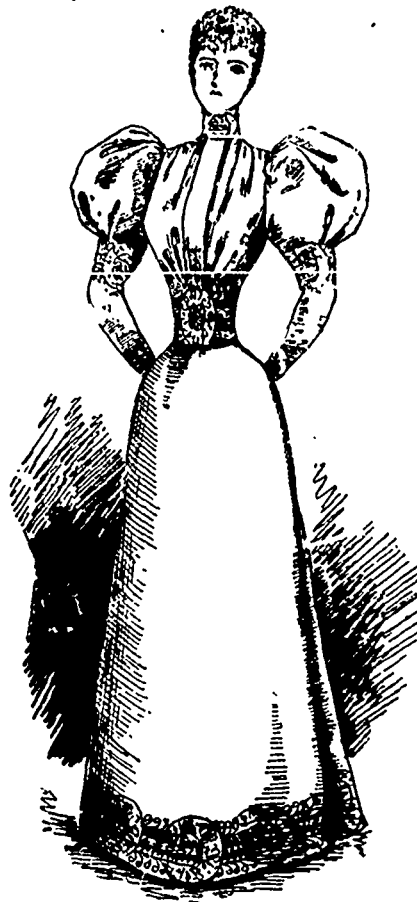
Orange jelly is apt to be an insipid dish if it is served alone as a dessert, or if it is made of a mixture of orange juice and water, as it so often is. If, on the contrary, it is made with sweet-rinded Mediterranean oranges, of pure orange juice, well flavored with the grated peel, it is as delicious as it is brilliant in appearance. It forms an attractive garnish to Bavarian creams and other cold desserts; or a mould of the jelly filled with bits of orange pulp, preserved and flavored with cherry, makes a simple, excellent dessert in itself. The best rule for the jelly includes two cups of orange juice, the grated rinds of three oranges (using only the yellow part), a cup of sugar, and a third of a box of gelatine soaked in half a cup of the orange juice and melted with half a cup of boiling water; mix all these ingredients, strain the jelly through a flannel bag two or three times to make it bright and shining.

COMPENSATION.

All things, at whatever price they come,
Must find their equilibrium—
You'll see the proof all over town,
As coal goes up, the soot comes down.

WIDOWS GRAVE AND GAY.

The observer who heeds
What goes on the world over,
Will see widows in weeds,
And grass widows in clover.
It's fair to suppose that the man in the moon
Secured a most wonderful pull,
Because of the habit the moon has long
had
Of getting decidedly full.



From London Queen.

THE FASHIONS.

While the Empress dress still remains in vogue for evening toilet and costumes of ceremony, there is a curious turn of fashion towards the modes of the reign of Louis Philippe for walking and visiting dresses. Skirts are a good deal more ample than they were at the commencement of the season. Sleeves are high at the top, but no longer puffed up over the shoulders. They come tapering down to the wrists, and are sometimes finished with a frilling which comes down over the hand. The most distingue street gowns are short and quiet in color and cut; often they are brightened by sleeves and bodice trimmings of contrasting velvet or silk, but the wrap conceals these. To sum up in general, the skirts are much gores to give width at the base, and to be close-fitting on the hips; they are short for walking and day wear, long for the house and trained for evening toilettes. Never in business history has there been such a call for laces. This extraordinary activity is due to the popularity of these goods for veiling and trimming pur-

poses. No hat can scarcely be complete without a veil. Purple is a favorite for current wear, while Chantillies in black, cream and beige, are subjects of the largest orders. Black is preferred in the ratio of five to one.

Skirts are either lined throughout or arranged over an underskirt, it depends upon the style of material. Velveteen, or thick cloth, of course, requires neither lining or underskirt, nothing but a deep hem lined with stiff muslin.

New velvet sleeves are cut entirely on the bias, so as to cling to the wrist, while they are moderately high and very full above the elbows. At the top the front half of the fullness is laid in over-lapped inch plaits turned upward, and the other half is gathered over the shoulder.

Our sketches show a toque in dark violet velvet, ornamented with black feather trimming and tips.

No. 2. Tam O'Shanter toque in dark violet velvet, trimmed with pale shaded violets and ospreys.

The Stage.

That sprightly little actress, Fanny Rice, will begin a week's engagement at the Academy of Music Monday night, where she is sure of a cordial welcome. Her special feature during this engagement is styled "A Jolly Surprise," a popular and absurdly laughable musical comedy, in which Miss Rice will be seen in her favorite character of Violet Gray, a young society lady with histrionic aspirations. While in Europe last summer Miss Rice made a tour of the London music halls, and was impressed by some very clever impersonations given by the noted Chevalier. Miss Rice's imitations of various specialty people are said to be so natural that they please even the originals.

The Manola-Mason combination, says the New York "Herald," closed their engagement in "Friend Fritz" at Hermann's Theatre last night. They will open a new theatre in Schenectady, N. Y., on Wednesday night. On Monday night, March 6, they will open in Montreal for a week's engagement. They play next in Albany and Troy, and a month from now will open in Brooklyn.

"Here's a hand for any task,
Here's a heart for any fate,"
So he cried when from his flask
He had downed a whiskey straight.
But next morning, with a "hic,"
He in feeble accents said:
"Here's a stomach mighty sick,
Here's a throbbing, bursting head!"

A DEADLY DILEMMA.

Concluded.

As he thought it, half aloud, a sharp curve brought the train round the corner close to where he stood, great drops of sweat now oozing clammy from every pore with his exertion. He looked at it languidly, with some vague, dim sense of a duty accomplished, and a great work well done for Netta and humanity. There would be a real live accident in a moment now—a splendid accident—a first-rate catastrophe.

Great heavens! An accident!

engine only as a hateful, cruel, destructive living being. He had forgotten the passengers, the stoker, the officials. He had been conscious only of Netta and of that awful thing, breathing flame and steam, that was rushing on to destroy her. For another indivisible second of time Ughtred Carnegie's soul was the theatre of a terrible and appalling struggle. What on earth was he to do? Which of the two was he to sacrifice? Should it be murder or treachery? Must he wreck the train or let it mangle Netta? The sweat stood upon his brow in great clammy drops, at that dread dilemma. It was

himself this question, too vaguely, instinctively, with the rapid haste of a life-and-death struggle, asked himself with horror, for he had no strength left now to do one thing or the other—to remove the obstacle from the place where he had laid it or to warn the driver. One second alone remained and then all would be over. On it came, roaring, flaring, glaring, with its great bull's eyes now peering red round the corner—a terrible, fiery dragon, resistless, unconscious, bearing down in mad glee upon the pole—or Netta.

Which of the two should it be—the pole or Netta?

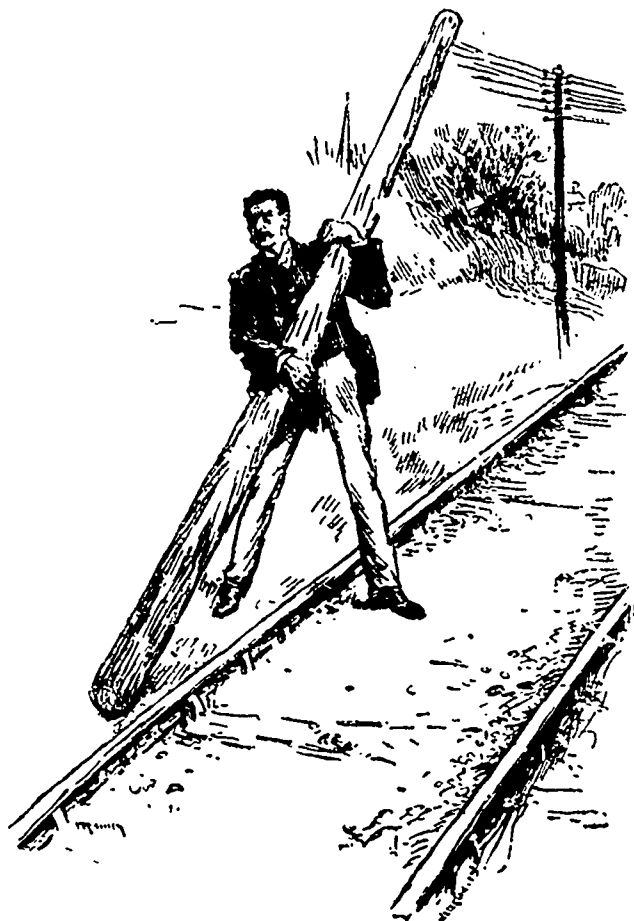
And still he waited; and still he temporised. What, what could he do? Oh heaven! be merciful. Even as the engine swept, snorting and puffing steam round the corner, he doubted yet—he doubted and temporised. He reasoned with his own conscience in the quick shorthand of thought. So far as intent was concerned he was guiltless. It wouldn't be a murder of malice prepense. When he laid that log there in the way of the train, he never believed—nay, never even knew—it was a train with a living freight of men and women he was trying to imperil. He felt to it merely as a mad engine unattached. He realised only Netta's pressing danger. Was he bound now to undo what he had innocently done—and leave Netta to perish? Must he take away the post and be Netta's murderer?

It was a cruel dilemma for any man to have to face. If he had half an hour to deliberate and decide, now, he might perhaps have seen his way a little clearer. But with that hideous thing actually rushing red and wrathful on his sight—why—he clapped his hands to his ears. It was too much for him—too much for him.

And yet he must face it, and act, or remain passive, one way or the other. With a desperate effort he made up his mind at last just as the train burst upon him, and all was over.

He made up his mind and acted accordingly.

As the engine turned the corner, the driver, looking ahead in the clear evening light, saw something in front that made him start with sudden horror and alarm. A telegraph pole lay stretched at full length, and a man, unknown, stood agonised by its side, stooping down as he thought to catch and move it. There was no time left to stop her now; no time to avert the threatened catastrophe. All the driver could do in his haste was to put the brake on hard and endeavour to lessen the force of the inevitable concussion. But even as he looked and wondered at the sight, putting on the brake, meanwhile, with all his might and main, he saw the man in front perform, to his surprise, a heroic action. Rushing full upon the line, straight before the very lights of the ad-



"IT WOULD THROW THE TRAIN OFF THE LINE."

And then, with a sudden burst of inspiration, the other side of the transaction flashed in one electric spark upon Ughtred's brain. Why—this—was murder! There were people in that train—innocent human beings, men and women like himself, who would next minute be wrecked and mangled corpse, or writhing forms on the track before him! He was guilty of a crime—an awful crime. He was trying to produce a terrible, ghastly, bloody railway accident!

Till that second, the idea had never even so much as occurred to him. In the first wild flush of horror at Netta's situation, he had thought of nothing except how best to save her. He had regarded the

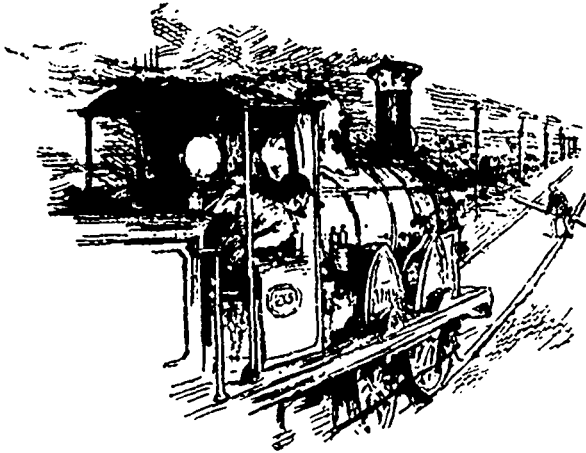
an awful question for any man to solve. He shrank aghast before that deadly decision.

They were innocent, to be sure, the people in that train. They were unknown men, women, and children. They had the same right to their lives as Netta herself. It was crime, sheer crime, thus to seek to destroy them. But still—what would you have? Netta lay there all helpless on the line—his own dear Netta. And she had parted from him in anger but half an hour since. Could he leave her to be destroyed by that hideous, snorting, puffing thing? Has not any man the right to try and save the lives he loves best, no matter at what risk or peril to others? He asked

vancing train, the man unknown lifted up the pole by main force, and brandishing its end, as it were, wildly in the driver's face hurled the huge balk back with a terrible effort to the side of the railway. It fell with a crash, and the man fell with it. There was a second's pause, while the

many were shaken or slightly bruised. Even the carriages had escaped with a few small cracks. The Holmbury smash was nothing very serious.

But the man with the pole? Their preserver, their friend. Where was he all this time? What on earth had become of him?



"THE DRIVER'S HEART STOOD STILL WITH TERROR"

driver's heart stood still with terror. Then a jar—a thud—a deep scratch into the soil. A wheel was off the line; they had met with an accident.

For a moment or two the driver only knew that he was shaken and hurt, but not severely. The engine had left the track, and the carriages lay behind slightly shattered. He could see how it happened. Part of the pole in falling had rebounded on to the line. The base of the great timber had struck the near-side wheel, and sent it off the track in a vain effort to surmount it. But the brake had already slackened the pace and broken the force of the shock, so the visible damage was very inconsiderable. They must look along the carriages and find out who was hurt. And above all things, what had become of the man who had so nobly rescued them? For the very last thing the engine-driver had seen of Ughtred as the train stopped short was that the man who flung the pole from the track before the advancing engine was knocked down by its approach, while the train to all appearance passed bodily over him. For good or evil, Ughtred had made his decision at last at the risk of his own life. As the train dashed on, with its living freight aboard, his native instinct of preserving life got the better of him, in spite of himself. He couldn't let those innocent souls die by his own act—though if he removed the pole, and Netta was killed, he didn't know himself how he could ever outlive it.

He prayed with all his heart that the train might kill him.

The guard and the driver ran hastily along the train. Nobody was hurt, though

They looked along the line. They searched the track in vain. He had disappeared as if by magic. Not a trace could be found of him.

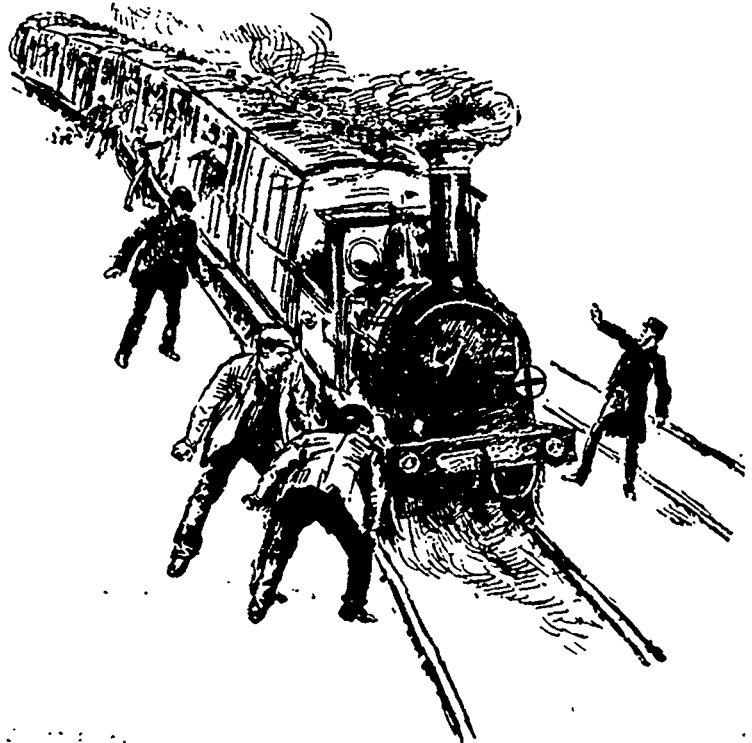
After looking long and uselessly, again and again, the guard and the driver both gave it up. They had seen the man distinctly—not a doubt about that—and so had several of the passengers as well. But no sign of blood was to be discovered

along the track. The mysterious being who, as they all believed, risked his own life to save theirs, had vanished as he had come, one might almost say by a miracle.

And indeed, as a matter of fact, when Ughtred Carnegie fell on the track before the advancing engine, he thought for a moment it was all up with him. He was glad of that, too; for he had murdered Netta. He had saved the train; but he had murdered Netta. It would dash on, now, unresisted, and crush his darling to death. It was better he should die, having murdered Netta. So he closed his eyes tight and waited for it to kill him.

But the train passed on, jarring and scraping, partly with the action of the brake, though partly, too, with the wheel digging into the ground at the side; it passed on and went over him altogether, coming, as it did so, to a sudden standstill. As it stopped, a fierce joy rose uppermost in Ughtred's soul. Thank heaven, all was well. He breathed once more easily. He had fallen on his back across the sleepers in the middle of the track. It was not really the train that had knocked him down at all, but the recoil of the telegraph post. The engine and carriages had gone over him safely. He wasn't seriously hurt. He was only bruised, and sprained, and jurred, and shaken.

Rising up behind the train as it slackened, he ran hastily along on the off side towards where Netta lay still unconscious on the line in front of it. Nobody saw him run past; and no wonder either, for every eye was turned toward the near side and



"THE HOLMBURY SMASH."

the obstruction. A person running fast by the opposite windows was very little likely to attract attention at such a moment. Every step pained him, to be sure, for he was bruised and stiff; but he ran on none the less till he came up at last to where Netta lay. There, he bent over her eagerly. Netta raised her head, opened her eyes, and looked. In a moment the vague sense of a terrible catastrophe averted came somehow over her. She flung her arms round his neck. "Oh Ughtred, you've come back!" she cried in a torrent of emotion.

"Yes, darling," Ughtred answered, his voice half choked with tears. "I've come back to you now, for ever and ever."

He lifted her in his arms, and carried her some little way off up the left-hand path. His heart was very full. 'Twas a terrible moment. For as yet he hardly knew what harm he might have done by his fatal act. He only knew he had tried his best to undo the wrong he had half unconsciously wrought; and if the worst came he would give himself up now like a man to offended justice.

But the worst did not come. Blind fate had been merciful. Next day the papers were full of the accident to the Great Southern Express: equally divided between denunciation of the miscreant who had placed the obstruction in the way of the train, and admiration for the heroic, but unrecognisable stranger who had rescued from death so many passengers at so imminent a risk to his own life or safety. Only Ughtred knew that the two were

one and the same person. And when Ughtred found out how little harm had been done by his infatuated act—an act he felt he could never possibly explain in its true light to any other person—he thought it wisest on the whole to lay no claim to either the praise or the censure. The world could never be made to understand the terrible dilemma in which he was placed—the one-sided way in which the problem at first presented itself to him—the deadly struggle through which he had passed before he could make up his mind, at the risk of Netta's life, to remove the obstacle. Only Netta understood; and even Netta herself knew no more than this, that Ughtred had risked his own life to save her.—Grant Allen in *Strand*.



Smiles.

Mrs. McShantee (triumphantly)—I see ye are takin' in washin' again, Mrs. McProudee!

Mrs. McProudee (whose husband has lost a paying job)—Sure it's only to amuse th' childers. They wants th' windies covered wid steam, so they can make pictures on thim.

Is all this talk about "woman's enlarged sphere?" to end in the revival of the hoopskirt?

Weak men are upset by small things. Strong men upset the small things and go right on to success.

He knew she couldn't make a pie,
But much to his surprise,
He found that she was very quick
At making tart replies.

"I can dispose of a boat load of sailors" remarked the whale, "but it's when I swallow their yarns that I feel worsted."

Rock-a-bye baby in the top flat,
When the morn comes we know where
you're at;
When the dawn breaks, and we're anxious to snore,
Down comes your squawking voice right
through the floor.

With his insidious Lenten squibs,
The mirthful paragrapher,
Pokes grave solemnity's short ribs,
And finds a willing laugher.

First Drummer—How far is it from here
to NEW York?
Second Ditto—Twenty-four games of
whist.

He—This is lovely, and I suppose all hand
painted?
She—Mercy, no! I used three different
kinds of brushes.

Barber (facetiously)—On which side do
you part your hair?
Baldheaded Man (sadly)—On the out-
side, you drivelling idiot.

"Tennyson's Maud."

In a paper on Tennyson, in the new "Century," written by the Rev. H. van Dyke, we find this glimpse of the poet: "He held a volume of 'Maud' in his hand, and was talking about it as he loved to do:

"I want to read this to you, because I want you to feel what the poem means. It is dramatic; it is the story of a man who has a morbid nature, with a touch of inherited insanity, and very selfish. The poem is to show what love does for him. The war is only an episode. You must remember that it is not I, myself, speaking. It is the man with the strain of madness in his blood, and the memory of a great trouble and wrong that has put him out with the world."

"Then he lifted the book close to his eyes and began to read:

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the wood"

"It was the strangest reading in the world, ignoring all the formal rules of elocution, going straight to the heart of the matter, yet unconsciously creating his own form and art, obedient to the inevitable law of all true passion, which always makes the sound fit the sense. The voice was raised a little higher than the speaking tone; sustained at the same level through line after line, almost monotonous in its measured chanting. It was not melodious or flexible. It was something better, it was musical as the voice of the ocean, or as the sound of the wind in the pine trees is musical. In the impassioned lines it rose and swelled like the roar of the tempest through the woods; in the passages which expressed grief and loneliness it broke out and fell suddenly like the rolling of low waves on the beach.

A sculptor being directed to engrave on

a tombstone the words: "A virtuous wife is a crown to her husband", and finding himself somewhat pressed for space executed his task as follows: "A virtuous wife is 5s to her husband".

Madge (At the play)—Is it Ophelia that always goes mad? I never can remember. "No, half the time, it's the audience."

From little tastes of brandy
A man won't always fall,
But it's sure to make his hat next day
Feel most confounded small.

AGAIN.

Yabeley—"Miss Passey seemed offended at you last evening. What did you say?"
Mudge—"Blessed if I know. I only asked her if she didn't dread having to wear hoops again."

A TRUE STORY.

CHAPTER I.—PREPARING TO START.

Waking from a pleasant after-dinner snooze, I was startled by an astounding query from my hopeful eldest-born, "Can you cut hair father, and were you ever a barber?"

"Can you get a Charterhouse scholarship, you young rascal and where did you get your cheek from? I'm sure it isn't from me; it must be from your mother," said I.

"I wish, dear, you wouldn't drink port; I'm sure it's not good for you," said a gentle voice. "It always makes you talk in your sleep, and you have been talking about cutting hair and humping your swag, whatever that delightful occupation may be; but there is the gong for prayers."

I fear my thoughts wandered, and that on that night even a glorious chapter of Isaiah, breathing the divine spirit of poetry of an inspired and enraptured prophet, moved me but little; my thoughts wandered,—

"My heart, my heart beat back
On the dead year's shadowy track,"—

and I was leaving Melbourne by night, "humping my swag" in company with poor Frank Terry, on the Wallaby track—

"Viator vacua crumena."

I could not go to bed—a train of the right of days long ago, of memories almost forgotten, had been aroused. I went to my sanctum, and from the recesses of a long unopened drawer pulled out a dingy photograph of Jack, the shepherd. Could this rough in moleskin trousers, Cookham beetle-squashers, and a ragged shirt, be the highly-respected squire of Marlingscote, chairman of the Harbury Board of Guardians, and of a host of local committees, a magistrate for two counties, an owner of broad acres—in a word, could it be myself?

Ah, but myself it was, sure enough; and as I turn to the glass and compare the present with the past, I cannot say that the squire has it all to the good compared with the rough. Reckless as the old portrait of 20 years ago looks, there is more determination in the face, more strength in the chin, now waxed so double—above all, there is a hopefulness of youth, and a certain fire in the eye, which, I fear, is sadly lacking in the somewhat smug, easy-going visage of the comfortable-looking, middle-aged gentleman reflected by the faithful looking glass.

How vividly the old days come back to me to-night! Shall I let this spirit move me? Shall I break my rules and for once take a few hours from the night and jot down some of my own colonial adventures? or shall I keep up the dull



ON HEARING THAT LAGER BEER HAS BEEN
PLACED ON THE LIST OF TEMPERANCE
DRINKS.—Adapted.

routine, one pipe and a skim over the local paper (where my name figures so often, and I am such a "worthy chairman, "energetic magistrate," and "good type of country gentleman") and to bed before eleven? or shall I take a night with Jack, the shepherd, very hard up, not at all unlike the tramp to whom I gave twenty-one days this morning for the Marcus crime of sleeping in an outhouse? To be sure, he lit his pipe, and lit the straw too, and the police constable swore he was drunk. Jack never slept in an outhouse (there were but few in the bush). Did he ever get drunk? Nescio toipsum, good reader, and don't inquire too much, and I will tell you how he carried his swag over a hundred miles in a burning December sun, with the glass over 100 degrees in the shade, and got work at last, though the hardest work he ever did before was a good pull up to Monkey Island in old Eton days, or when only half trained stroked a heavy Torpid on the Isis.

We ought not to have been in Melbourne, Frank and I, but there we had been some three months doing no good, to put it mildly, and varying nightly dissipation by a daily attendance "under the verandah," in Collins street, where we thought to make our fortunes speculating in mining shares.

How well we did at first! What rare old times when we were bulls of Band and Albion Consols, and they were running up half a crown every five minutes. And how sadly we crept back to our lodgings when the tide had turned, and we possessed a pile of scrip in some of the most nefarious swindles that ever deluded weak-minded adventurers. What boots it to tell the old tale? Youth must learn ex-

perience—youth fools, ah! and old ones, too, sometimes, have been gulled, and will be gulled so long as man continues a money-getting animal. Niniun ne crede colori. Lots of color, though, and solid gold we saw in the specimens from our mines in the brokers' offices, but when they washed up for sale, where was it all gone? The crash came. "Let us sell out and cut the beastly Verandah," said Frank one bad morning, "and start up the bush. I have all our scrip in my pocket."

"My word," said I, proud of my newly acquired colonial slang, "I'm your man."

We entered the office; our broker—once so smiling—barely said "good morning," and turning his head, cursed his clerk.

"We want to sell out," said Frank.

"What's the lot?" said the broker.

Fumbling in his pocket, he produced a pile—Great Eldorados, Little St. Mungos, Lucky St. Blaizes—what a sum they meant at par!

"Fifty shillings for the lot, and I don't care to have them at that," said the broker—"rubbish, all of them."

Frank cast a ghastly look at me, and met a sympathetic eye. "They weren't trash when I paid you over £200 for them, Mr. Butters," said I indignantly.

"Well, take it or leave it, sharp's the word, and I'm very busy this morning, so,—

"Take it, Frank," said I, "and let us get out of this swindling hole." So he took it, and two sad, dejected souls walked out of the office—never, oh, never again, to speculate in Eldorados—*denf*, thank heaven, evermore to the bland voice of the promoter, blind to quartz specimens budding all over with gold. Urged alike by an irresistible impulse we bent our steps swiftly to the Criterion, and strove in nobblers oft renewed to drown our hapless fates.

And in less than an hour ten shillings of our all—our poor £2 10s—was gone.

"Henceforth I cease to be a gentleman," said Frank, as we emerged from that prince of restaurants slightly flushed with fiery draughts.

"A spade, a rake, a hoe,
A flail or what you will;
And here's a ready hand,
To ply the needful tool,"

said I bravely; "but hanged if I know how to ply it. Still, here goes. Let's pawn our clothes, pay for our lodgings, and start to-night on the Wallaby track."

"What's the use of pawning?" said my mate, mournfully. "We shall never want gentlemen's clothes again; let us sell them outright." And so we did; and if Poo's only knew how a gentleman of Jewish race ran down his works of art, and compared them unfavorably with the moleskins for which we changed, he would weep tears of just indignation.

"The shades of night were falling fast, when, sans coats, sans collars, but with our blankets skilfully rolled up like horse-collars, and swung in colonial fashion over our right shoulders and under our left arms (our Jewish friend kindly showed us the way), two unhappy outcasts slunk by back streets out of Melbourne.

CHAPTER II—ON THE ROAD—HE WOULD AND HE WOULDN'T BE A BARBER.

We did not get far that night. A continued course of noctes caenaeque deum—exercise limited to "doing the block" in faultless attire, in those unexceptionable tight-fitting habiliments once the envy of every Collins street swell, now the property of a dirty Jew—was not calculated to bring us into good training, and we had made but very few miles out of Melbourne when we were fain to unburden ourselves of our swags, pull off our heavy Cookham boots, and prepare to pass our first night sub Jove. We lay down in a paddock supposed to be grass, but burnt to the color of a ploughed field, and as we had paid for our lodgings before we left, slept let us hope, the sleep of the just; at any rate, Frank did, but my couch was an ant-hill, and their kind attentions, added to the unceasing barking of the dogs at a neighboring farm, forbade all rest to me.

Hot as the night had been, a cold dew just before dawn chilled us to the marrow, and we quickly rolled up our blankets into swags, somewhat "tokening" of the "new chum," and started on the road to Castlemaine. First, however, we counted our possessions, and found in our joint purse the grand total of seven shillings and sixpence, chiefly in fiddler's money. Then we made mutual vows that we would stick to each other through rough, through smooth, and never either of us take a billet unless the boss would take us both together. "Together we sink, together we swim, Jack," said Frank. "You, as a new chum will probably have some difficulty in obtaining work. I shall get it easily; but never mind, I'll stick to you through thick and thin." Ah, Frank, old man, how long did your words hold good? I refused a good berth the third day out of Melbourne, to help a mineral-water manufacturer at 15s a week and my "tucker," because he wouldn't take the pair; but by the time we reached Castlemaine it was each for himself with you, and the devil take the hindmost. And now a few words as to my mate. A very good-looking fellow he was, but not nearly so good looking as he thought himself. The son of a clergyman of very good family in one of the home counties, he had been sent out to New Zealand as a cadet on a sheep station, and was going on steadily when his father died, and being of age, he inherited his share of the few thousands the

old parson had laid by for his family. To cut his station even before his letter of credit had arrived, to knock his money down in Melbourne, Sydney, and the "Island," was only colonial; and to do him justice, he did not simply wallow in the mire, like so many of "the old colonial school," but took his run of illegitimate pleasure with all the gentlemanly taste of a refined voluptuary. He had come to the last £100 just before I met him in Melbourne, and had begun to think it was time to pull up. So he inserted the following advertisement in the Argus: "£100 bonus—A gentleman of good birth, position and appearance, will give the above sum to any one who will procure him permanent remunerative employment."

This handsome offer only brought three replies. One was from a company starting to fit out a vessel to get birds' nests from certain islands (for the Chinese, who make soup of them), asking him to go with the vessel as supercargo, and take a sixteenth share in the venture. He was always seaisick, and hated the sea, so this was thrown aside.

The second was from a new building society, offering him the secretaryship, if he would take shares to the amount of £100. A friend told him that if the building society got such a windfall as £100 it would infallibly wind up, and where would be the permanent secretary.

The third was from a widow lady, to join her in boiling down mutton. This looked like business, though possibly matrimonial. He called on the lady, and a pretty little widow she was, and when she had seen Frank she was quite ready to enter on a life partnership. So far he would not go—a boiler-down, a tallow merchant, ah! even a lover he would be, but a husband, not for Joseph!—and so, after several meetings, in which they talked more tender nonsense than business, negotiations were broken off. "If only she had not dropped her h's, I might have come down to Mrs. Shandler," said Frank to me one day, "for she was pretty enough; but fancy being addressed 'Dearest 'ubby, 'ow I dotes hon you?'"

Finally he had joined me in mining specs, with what results, the reader knows, and now he had no expectations beyond a dreary life of awful dull monotony in the bush as a shepherd or stockman, varied with the annual run down to Melbourne or the nearest town to knock down his check; at least that was his first idea, and very gloomily we tramped along the burning track. We bought a loaf at a little shop on the road, and some strong cheese and this was our daily food all our journey.

At first I carried the bread, he the cheese, in our swags under our blankets close to the sweating skin. What a state our "tucker" was in at sundown! I could eat my bread; but not his cheese. He

swallowed his cheese with a relish, but could not stomach my bread. So, wiser grown, we bought and ate, in future, on the spot, and very hungry we sometimes were before we reached a blissful spot where we could buy, borrow, or, with the rights of an Australian swagger of early days, insist on "tucker."

From some rising ground we looked back on Melbourne. There lay the pleasant city, there the forest of masts beyond, and Hobson's Bay stretching far away into the distance. As Lot's wife might have looked back on the cities of the plains with a hankering after their pleasures—sinful and delightful—so we looked back, and then strode manfully forward under the scorching sun. Onward, onward, onward, day after day, striking off a little ever and again to some farm and asking in vain for work. Lying down at night under some huge gum tree, wakened every morning by the eerie cry of the laughing jackass, as one bird would start into its wild laughter close to us, and another and another would take it up till it faded away with an echo in the far distance. Surely no bird in the universe has such a cry as this. It is like the mocking laughter of Holy Writ; it is as if uncharitably and unhappy spirits were jeering at their fellow sufferers on earth. One evening, more tired and footsore than ever, we drew near Castlemaine. For nearly a mile we had passed rows of wooden shanties on our left, diggings, many of them worked out, on our right, when, after a long silence, my mate broke out with a bright idea,—"Jack, have you noticed, we've passed houses for over a mile, and shop, but not one hair-cutters? I'll start one."

"But can you cut hair?" said I.

"No," was the prompt reply, "but I can shave."

I smiled a sickly smile, but never a word spoke I.

"I'm dead beat," said Frank; "let us put up at the next shanty; we've got a bob or two left."

We entered a tidy-looking little inn, with the sign of "The Welshman's Home," and a kindly, homely-looking woman welcomed us.

"Are you Welsh?" said she. "All Welshmen on the swag pay us a visit, and there's a whole colony of Welshmen just round here."

We could only say that we had not the honor to belong to the land of bards and roasted cheese, but were two swaggers, hardish up, and begged to be allowed to shake down, and we could just pay for our supper. What a kindly soul she was! We asked for water with our bread and cheese, and she gave us a foaming tankard of ale apiece; and Frank was moved to consult her as to his grand project of starting as a hair cutter.

(To be continued.)

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Don't Be Too Positive.

"Don't be too positive," said a business man. "I used to be. I am now not quite so sure about things. You would naturally think that one's life—in business and other avenues of its devious course—tends to make a man careful, not to say conservative. but it does not, as a rule. To most men experience serves as a sternlight rather than a headlight.

"Take a case of recent occurrence: A friend of mine, who is in business on North Market Street, recently thought he had made a deposit of \$115 in his bank. I say 'thought,' he himself was cocksure he had made it.

"His bank book had been left with the bank for settlement, and my friend merely made out a slip and handed it in to the teller. A few days later, when he received his bank book 'settled up,' behold you, that deposit was not entered! He at once took the book to the young man who was teller on that day and said:

"You have not credited me with \$115, my deposit of such a day."

"The teller obligingly looked over his slips and book, and, said he, I have no entry of it; neither do I remember a deposit of such an amount."

"Then arose a dispute. My friend was positive he had made that deposit. He was going to have it credited, or he would know the reason why. He felt aggrieved; in fact, his feelings were venomous.

"The bank held a special board meeting to consider the matter. They decided they could do nothing. The teller had always borne a good reputation. Could my friend remember whom he saw in the bank on the day he made his deposit?

"Oh, yes," he said. "I will swear I saw so-and-so as I entered the door."

"Hunt him up, then," said the bank people; "see if he remembers seeing you."

"The person could not recollect such an event.

"Said the bank people: 'Can you recollect who else was near the teller?'

"Oh, yes," said my friend, "that young man (pointing) there."

"But the young man merely smiled, and suavely said that he had no remembrance of the occurrence.

"My friend was angry; he grew warlike. He consulted a prominent lawyer in Boston. The man of law said, laconically:

"You have no redress. The bank's word is as good as yours. Go slow. Are you sure you made the deposit? We men do queer things at times. Look about your desk and office."

"Suffice it to say that the \$115 did not turn up. My friend, in the interim, grew still more positive.

"Some two weeks elapsed. One day, going through an old overcoat hanging in his office, he found the deposit—slip, money, and all. Tableau! Imagine his feelings. Retractions were in order. He went to the bank and explained all in a very crest-fallen manner, and vowed contrition to the teller.

"Now he bemoans the sad fate that should have caused him, a shrewd business man at his time of life, to lose confidence in himself and his actions. His favorite aphorism to-day is, 'Don't be too positive.'"—Boston Herald.

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PHENIX FIRE INSURANCE CO'Y.

LONDON.

ESTABLISHED IN 1782. CANADIAN BRANCH ESTABLISHED IN 1801.

No. 35 St. Francois Xavier Street.

PATERSON & SON, Agents for the Dominion

CITY AGENTS:

E. A. WHITEHEAD & CO., English Department
RAYMOND & MONDEAU, French "

PHENIX INSURANCE COMPANY

OF HARTFORD, CONN.

FIRE INSURANCE. | ESTABLISHED 1854.

Cash Capital . . . \$2,000,000.

CANADA BRANCH,

HEAD OFFICE, . 114 ST. JAMES STREET, . MONTREAL.

GERALD E. HART, General Manager.

A Share of your Fire Insurance is solicited for this reliable and wealthy
Company, renowned for its prompt and liberal settlement of claims.

CYRILLE LAURIN, } Montreal Agents
G. MAITLAND SMITH. }

NORTHERN ASSURANCE COMPY

OF LONDON, ENG.

BRANCH OFFICE FOR CANADA:

1724 NOTRE DAME ST., MONTREAL.

INCOME AND FUNDS (1890),

Capital and Accumulated Funds.....	\$34,875,000
Annual Revenue from Fire and Life Premiums, and from	
Interest upon Invested Funds.....	5,240,000
Deposited with the Dominion Government for security of	
Canadian Policy Holders.....	200,000

ROBERT W. TYRE. MANAGER FOR CANADA

NATIONAL ASSURANCE COMPANY

OF IRELAND.

INCORPORATED 1825.

Capital.....	\$5,000,000
Total Funds in hand exceed.....	1,700,000
Fire Income exceeds.....	1,200,000

CANADIAN BRANCH, 79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET,
MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW, Chief Agent.

ATLAS ASSURANCE COMPANY.

OF LONDON, ENG.

FOUNDED 1808.

Capital.....	\$6,000,000
Fire Funds exceed.....	1,500,000
Fire Income exceeds.....	1,200,000

CANADIAN BRANCH.

79 ST. FRANCOIS XAVIER STREET, MONTREAL.

MATTHEW C. HINSHAW,

BRANCH MANAGER.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

ESTABLISHED IN 1824.

HEAD OFFICE, BARTHOLOMEW LANE, LONDON, ENG.

Subscribed Capital, . . .	\$25,000,000
Paid-up and Invested, . . .	2,750,000
Total Funds, . . .	17,500,000

RIGHT HON LORD ROTHSCHILD, Chairman. ROBERT LEWIS, Esq., Chief Secretary.

N. B.—This Company having reinsured the Canadian business of the Royal
Canadian Insurance Company, assumes all liability under existing policies of that
Company as at the 1st of March, 1892.

Branch Office in Canada: 157 St. James Street, Montreal.

G. H. McHENRY, Manager for Canada.

GUARDIAN FIRE AND LIFE

Assurance Company, of England

WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED

THE CITIZENS INSURANCE COM'Y OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA:

Guardian Assurance Building, 181 St. James Street,
MONTREAL.

E. P. HEATON, Manager.

G. A. ROBERTS, Sub-Manager

D. DENNE, H. W. RAPHAEL and CAPT. JOHN LAWRENCE,
City Agents.