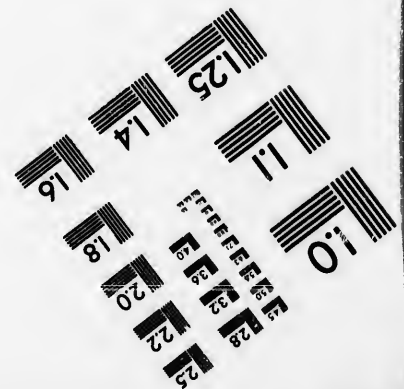
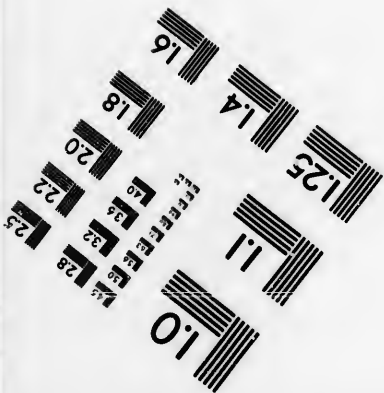
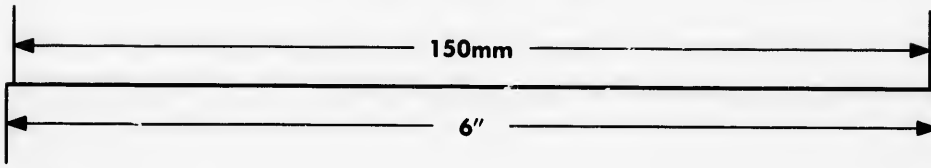
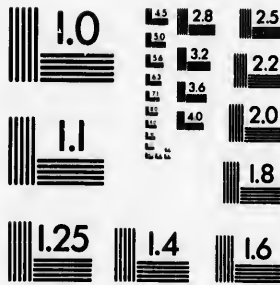
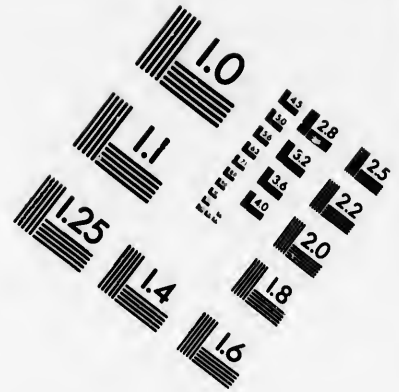
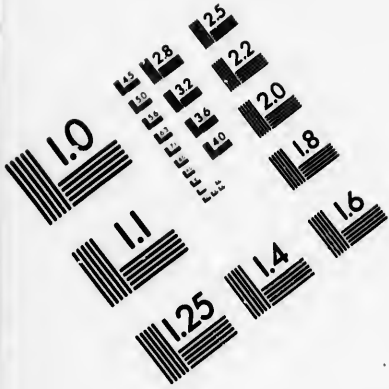


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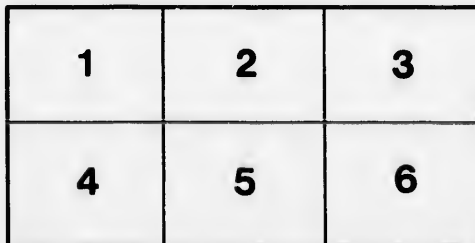
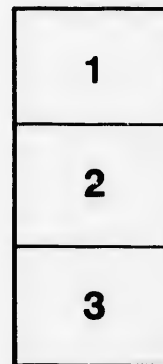
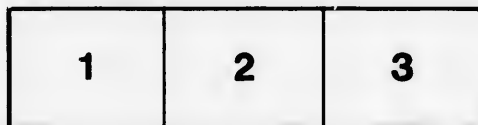
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M. J. Griffin is
his fatuous
Griffin (thin) Admirer

HASH

(Wholesale to Boarding Houses)

3

BY

F. C. EMBERSON, M. A., D— F—

(Happy inmate of that jolly place The Verdun Hospital.)

Wine philosopher

AUTHOR OF

*The Art of Teaching (2 Editions), The Love-Sick Jap,
Gold and Silver, The Rights of Man, Flowers,
&ca., &carer., &carerer.*

3

CONTAINS:—(1) A HAPPY FACE, (2) THE QUATRAINS OF OMAR KHAY-
YAHM, SEEKER AFTER GOD, ARRANGED IN CANTOS SHEWING
THAT THERE IS A GOD AND THAT MAN IS IMMORTAL.
FOR IF NOT, THE TRUEST WISDOM IS DRUNKEN-
NESS, 'WHICH IS ABSURB,' (3) BOTANY
IN 2 PAGES, (4) RULES
FOR HAPPINESS

He.

FOR SALE BY

WILLIAM DRYSDALE ONLY

AND

ALL BOOKSELLERS.

AC901

P3

C.2

h.c. 1659

* * *

I know EWING'S Seeds to be utterly and entirely reliable.



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ADD END A.

All's well that ends **BEGINNING.** well and has a good

Omar Khayyam was a "seeker after God." His quatrains show this. "If there be no God," they say, "and no Future Life, "then drunkenness is wisdom;" which is absurd. "Therefore" (by strictest logic) "there is a God and another life."

My dearest friend, a Bell ville lady, asked me to show this in print. And I found that the Rubaiyat, taken out of the alphabetical order of their first words (!) in which, like the 119th Psalm, they were originally disarranged, works into two parts of about 15 Cantos in all, each on a well-defined subject, with about 5 stanzas to the Canto. The first part begins in a Tavern and ends in God. The second part begins, where Uhland's yearning after God began, in

"The Wilderness, where all is still,"

and ends in "Issos," or Jesus Christ.

I got this set up by the best printer in Canada, Desbarats, and electrotyped by Mr. Joseph Lovell, and went to bed.

For when he was a boy my brother was so assured that a (sick) bed afforded nearest access to heaven that we used to say his address would end in being

The Hon. Horace Emberson,
In Bed,
Bedford,
Bedfordshire.

When he became Governor of Levuka, and practically—he was so beloved by the natives—King of the Cannibal Islands, he had to hustle up so to avoid being eaten, that to keep up the family honor I try to spend my life in bed too. After being a "bedder," as florists call my variety of plant, for a year or two, I got up, on May 26 last, to find I had lost the plates of the Rubaiyat somewhere in R. & J. Lovell's vast publishing and electrotyping establishment, of which I have the run. Part of my fun in life is to lose things and wait joyfully till they turn up. I lost my head about 20 years or so

ago, and I have not found it yet. The plates are all right. They'll turn up some day when I intend to print them with those notes on *The Grandest Poem ever Written*, that I wish to add to them.

Meanwhile I suppose I must palm off some other matter on an unsuspecting public which *those who have any brains* will think far superior, being all *my own*. The pictures which were to illustrate the World's Masterpiece—which, if you are wise you will lose no time in picken up at Picken's, Beaver Hall Hill, unless you already know its 416 lines by heart—I have printed with the new matter.

S. I've found the Plates - They were hidden
by the Cups & Saucers.

Immortal Memories.

TO DEAR JESSIE.

O harvested in Beauty's Bloom,
Ere Sin could soil or Sorrow fade !
How bright our Hopes beyond the Tomb
With thee in Silver Light arrayed.

Truthful thyself, Thou seest Truth :
Blessing all else, Thyself art blest.
In deeds of tenderest love and ruth ;—
An Angel's work that's perfect Rest.

VERDUN.

F. C. EMBERSON.

My Daughter's Face.

A face where tender shadows fleet,
 Responsive to the passing mood—
 Sweet memories, promises more sweet,
 Nay—*certainties* of endless good.

A face that courts the wildest breeze,
 And woos the sun in summer hours;
 Lies chequeredⁿneath the flickering trees
 And vies in tint with vermeil flowers.

And as some little lakelet clear
 Reflects the sky's unmeasured whole—
 So heaven's unnumbered charms appear,
 All mirrored in this single soul.

Wouldst *thou* have *such a face*? Then say
 Due orisons at rise of sun,
 At evensong, recall and weigh
 Each deed the passing day has done.

Cast out *all* fear and *all* desire,
 Fear God, fear nothing else beside;
 Thy life-song—"Higher! Ever Higher!"
 Like spray-snow on the vaulting tide.

My darling! Sun thyself in GOD,
 His *mother-comfortings*, His grace,
 His guidance, Voice—His *loving* rod—
 And enter Heaven with such a face.

F. C. EMBERTON.

247 Charles St., Belleville,
 Nov. 10, 1900

Bookbinder— B. Plow.

Box Manufacturer— G. & J. Esplin.

FITZGERALD'S RUBAIYAT.

Most of the thoughts of which are taken, from the Persian of Ghiyathuddin Abulfath Omar bin Ibrahim al-Khayyami, Seeker after God.

Cigars, like eggs and Cæsar's wife, should be above suspicion.
HYMAN'S are.

PART I.

The Tavern.

" We came to Appii Forum and the Three
Taverns."

—LUCIUS.

" And thence to Appii Forum did we come.
To us a two days' trip; to hustlers, one."

—HORATIUS.

I

Awake ! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight :
And Lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

II

Wake ! For the Sun who scatter'd into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n, and
strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

III

Before the phantom of False morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
" When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshipper outside ?"

IV

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—" Open then the Door !
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more. "

* * * * *

V

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape,
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and
He bid me taste of it ; and 't was—the Grape ;

II

The Grape.

" See how the Wilding Grape with clusters fine,
Mantles the cavern—home of Nymphs Divine."

I

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and Seventy jarring Sects confute :
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal can to Gold transmute :

II

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul,
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

III

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who DARE
BlaspHEME the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not !
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there ?

IV

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some Bigots' rubbish ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust.

V

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some, not unfrequented, Garden-side.

VI

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True-belieber passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

VII

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute ;
Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.



OMAR KHAYYA'M.

Fresh from Alexander's Feast of Medes and Seeds.

I know EWING'S Seeds to be utterly and entirely reliable.

The Carouse.

Barrington tells of a Squire's house warming in Ireland in honor of the handselling of a new room in which the plaster was not yet dry. A belated guest arrived to find the host had tilted back his chair against the wall in drowsiness and all the guests dead drunk on the floor. The plaster had hardened round his scalp and had made him a prisoner. A piece of the scalp was cut off in getting him out.

I

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house ;
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

II

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong :
Have drown'd my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

III

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,
'T was only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

IV

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—Well,
I wonder often what the Vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

V

For "Is" and "Is-not" though with Rule and Line,
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

VI

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore



MRS. KHAYYAHM.

(By a Morgantic marriage.)

MORGAN'S is the only place where I can buy Goods with complete satisfaction. For I know that what I buy will be good.

The Rose

"The Rose has but a Summer's Reign.
The Daisy never dies."

—JAS. MONTGOMERY.

I

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jomshyd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the water blows.

II

And David's lips are lockt ; but in divine
High-piping Pehlevi, with " Wine ! Wine ! Wine !
Red wine !"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers to incarnadine.

III

Come, fill the Cup and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling :
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

IV

Whether at Naishapur or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

V

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say ;
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday ?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobad away.

VI

Well, let it take them ! What have we to do
With Kaikobad the Great, or Kaikhosru ?
Let Zal and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hatim call to Supper—heed not you.

VII

Look to the blowing Rose about us—"Lo,*
"Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
"At once the silken tassel of my Purse
"Tear, and its Treasure ou the Garden throw."



MAY SAUNDERS AND MISS KHAYYARM.

Well-bred Girls. Bred on Aird's bread.

For exuberant health buy AIRD'S Whole Wheat Bread. When bought, eat it.

Go, Lovely Rose.

E. WALLER, (1605-1687).

Go, lovely Rose!
 Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
 That now she knows,
 When I resemble her to thee,
 How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
 And shuns to have her graces spied,
 That hadst thou sprung
 In deserts, where no men abide,
 Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
 Of beauty from the light retired:
 Bid her come forth,
 Suffer herself to be desired,
 And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
 The common fate of all things rare
 May read in thee:
 How small a part of time they share
 That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

[To this poem H. Kirke White added the following beautiful lines, whose only fault is that they utterly spoil the original.]

"Yet tho' thou fade,
 From thy dead leaves yet fragrance rise,
 And teach the maid
 That Goodness Time's rude hand defies,
 That Virtue lives when Beauty dies."

The Rose.

To ALICE.

NIPHETOS.—Niphetos in the Greek means "A snow flurry." It is the name of a rose grown by my friend, Mr. Hopton.

Creation scarce could further go!
 Each fragrant leaf of creamy snow
 So perfect is and fair,
 Nature herself would seem to say:—
 "Thou art not sprung from earthly clay,
 Nor built of cosmic air;
 From highest heaven's holiest shrine
 Came soul-like waftings all divine,
 And left thee growing there."

Now I pluck it, now I own it,
 And high in costly vase enthrone it,
 It pales—and droops—and dies—
 But wheresoe'er it blushed we find
 A rare aroma stays behind,
 A scent celestial lies.

So—Alice—long as time shall last,
 Each spot wherein a saintly maid
 Hath but a fleeting moment strayed
 Is fragrant with her presence past,
 And holy in my eyes.

F. C. EMBERSON.

Life fleeting as the Rose.

"Life is so short that many men are like one who keeps making and remaking his bed to suit him all night, till suddenly morning comes."

—ALPHONSE KERR.

I

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

II

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultan to the realm of Death address;
The Sultan rises, and the dark Ferrash
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

III

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
The Eternal Saki from that Bowl has pour'd
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

IV

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

V

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reach'd
The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

VI

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too!



OH! MA'S BONES.
(Rari sunt boni.)

Jos. Lovell, Electrotyper, 23 St. Nicholas st. Promptness and
good work



THE LAST SEEN OF OMAR KHAIYARM.

consider THE MONTREAL STAR to be the best-managed Paper in
the world.

God Remains.

"God is a Spirit whose body is Truth
and whose shadow is Light."

—PLATO.

I

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains ;
Taking all shapes from Mah to Mahi ; and
They change and perish all—but He remains ;

II

A moment guess'd—then back behind the Fold,
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama roll'd
Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

III

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unravel'd by the Road ;
But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

IV

There was the Door to which I found no Key ;
There was the Veil through which I might not see :
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

V

Earth could not answer ; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn ;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his signs reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

VI

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness ; and I heard,
As from Without—"THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND !"

VII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, reveal'd,
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field !

PART II.

VII

The Wilderness.

"Oh for a Lodge in some vast Wilderness . . .
Where air might bathe and soft leaves cover me,
Where the tide of grass breaks into foam of flowers,
And the wind's feet glance along the sea."
—SWINBURNE.

I

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

f. c. Where flow'rs as white as Moses' hand put out,
And Earth as sweet as Jesus' breath suspires.

II

With me along the strip of Herbage strewn
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultan is forgot—
And Peace to Mahmud on his golden Throne!

III

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

IV

Some for the Glories of this World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumbling of a distant Drum!

V

The Wordly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

VI

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

The Dead.

Dir. "But are you sure they're dead?"
Fus. "Dead as herrings that are red."

—*Bombastes Furioso.*

Think in this batter'd Caravanserai,
 Whose portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
 Abode his destin'd hour and went his way.

They say the Liön and the Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep;
 And Bahram, that great hunter—the Wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
 That every Hyacinth the garden wears
 Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green
 Fledges the river-lip on which we lean—
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
 From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past regret and future fears:
 To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with yesterday's sev'n thousand years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his vintage rolling Time has prest,
 Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we that now make merry in the room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves, must we, beneath the couch of Earth
 Descend—ourselves to make a couch—for whom?

IX

The Dead—Where.

"Here lie the remains of Deborah Dent;
She kicked up her heels and away she went;
But WHERE SHE IS GONE and how she fares,
Nobody knows and nobody cares."

—EPITAPHIUM.

I

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

II

Alike for those who for TO-DAY prepare,
And those that after some TO-MORROW stare,
A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

III

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

IV

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

V

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

VI

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

VII

WHAT (without asking) hither hurried *Whence*?
And (without asking) *Whither* hurried, hence!
Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

God Knows.

"Judge Not,"

—JESUS CHRISTOS.

I

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

II

What! from his helpless Creature he repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-alloy'd—
Sue for a Debt we never did contract,
And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

III

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

IV

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And ev'n with Paradise devise the Snake:
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

V

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

VI

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days:
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

VII

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows!

The Pot.

"A little Pot and soon Hot."

—EMERSON.

I

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I lean'd, the Secret of my Life to learn :
And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—"While you live,
Drink !—for, once dead, you never shall return."

II

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
And drink ; and Ah ! the passive Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give !

III

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay :
And with its all-obiterated Tongue
It murmur'd—"Gently, Brother, gently, pray !"

XII

The Potter.

"Hath not the Potter power over
the Clay ?"

—PAULUS.

I

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazan away,
Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

II

Shapes of all sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall ;
And some loquacious vessels were ; and some
Listen'd perhaps, but never talk'd at all.

III

Said one among them—"Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
And to this Figure moulded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

IV

Then said a Second—"Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

V

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly make ;
"They sneer at me for leaning all awry :
What ! did the Hand then of the Potter shake ?"

VI

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Sufi pipkin—waxing hot—
"All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot ?"

VII

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marr'd in making—Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 't will all be well."

VIII

"Well," murmur'd one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry :
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

IX

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking
The little Moon look'd in that all were seeking :
And then they jogg'd each other, "Brother! Brother!
Now for the Potter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!"

* * * * *

Tabak.

—
 “*Nicotiana Affinis*, the Poor Man's Comfort and the Rich
 Man's Joy.”—*Montreal Witness*.
 —

Why, be this gift, the growth of God, who dare
 Blaspheme the fragrant leaflet as a Snare?
 And if a Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
 And if a Curse—why, then, who set it there?

The Leaf that can with Logic absolute
 The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute :
 The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
 Life's leaden metal can to Gold transmute :

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord,
 That all the misbelieving and black Horde
 Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
 Scatters before him with its whirlwind Sword.

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
 Scared by some Bigot rubbish ta'en on trust,
 Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Smoke.
 Hereafter—when I'm crumbled into Dust !

We are but helpless Pieces of the Games He plays
 Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days ;
 Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
 But Here or There as strikes the Player goes ;
 And He that toss'd you down into the Field,
 He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows—

XIV

The Soul.

"The Chief Enjoyment of the Saints
in Heaven will be to watch the Suffer-
ings of the Damned in Hell."

—QUIS? (A Scotch Theologian)

I

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

II

The Revelations of Devout and Learn'd
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burn'd,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep,
They told their comrades, and to Sleep return'd.

III

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul return'd to me,
And answer'd—"I myself am Heav'n and Hell."

IV

Heav'n but the Vision of fulfill'd Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire
Cast on the Darkness into which, Ourselves,
So late emerg'd from, shall so soon expire.

V

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame, for him,
In this clay carcase crippled to abide?

VI

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in What All begins and ends in—Yes.
Think then you are TO-DAY what YESTERDAY
You were—TO-MORROW you shall not be less.

VII

So when the Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the River-brink,
And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff—You shall not shrink.

Life 'How Short.

"Man's Life's a Vapor and full of Woes,
He cuts a Caper and down,
down,
down,
He Goes.

—H. CORRAN.

I

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

II

The Wordly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—was gone.

III

You rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

IV

And when like her, oh Saki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

V

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise:
One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

VI

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heav'n's unopening Door,
You gaze To-DAY, while You are You—how then
To-MORROW, You when shall be You no more?

The Vision of God.

"He that has once seen the King
in his Beauty, sees in earthly things
nothing but TYPES of an Invisible Love-
liness, TYPES which he is well content
should break and fade away."

—FRED. R. ROBERTSON.

I

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop'd we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for it
As impotently moves as you or I.

II & III

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heav'n,—Parwin and Mushtari they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul
The Vine had struck a fibre :—Which about
If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout ;—

Of my Base metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

IV

And this I know : whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath consume me quite,

One flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

The fears of Death from your Illusions rise,
 For Death is but the Door to Paradise,
 The Breath of Jesus hath revived my Soul,—
 The Tales of Everlasting Death, are Lies.

—*Gayner.*

Death's terrors spring from baseless phantasy,
 Death yields the tree of immortality;
 Since Jesus breathed new life into my soul,
 Eternal death has washed its hands of me!

—*Whitfield.*

THE 7 RIGHTS OF MAN.

If a man is born it may be presumed that he has a right to live. And if to live then to

LOVE.

Also he has a right to

**HEALTH,
HAPPINESS,**

for without health we die—and to

which is a great element in health.

INTELLECT,

A man has also the right to cultivate his
and can therefore claim a plain education.

Also he should not surely be forced to be in circumstances where he cannot improve his

MORAL CHARACTER, for the betterment of our character (in other words, our SOUL) is the one thing we were put in the world for.

HONESTY. To better yourself, or make yourself more Good, cultivate the GOODNESSES or Virtues, particularly **HONESTY**, whose chief enemy is **DEBT**. Owe no man anything. Die first. To prevent debt there should be no suing for debt. Then there would be no borrowing and no usury.

Every son of Adam has also the right to

HIS OWN LITTLE BIT OF LAND, if he can pay a fair price for it which can be settled by arbitration

Lastly, none now, happily, refuse to any one the right claimed by the Pilgrim Dads, viz :—

TO WORSHIP GOD according to the dictates of his conscience and then burn the Quakers alive for doing the same.

FLORA'S WORKS,—VOL. I.

PLANTS WITHOUT LEAVES

"The basest things do quickest propagate."

Bacon's Othello.

[Quoted in a letter to me from my brother on the birth of my first child.]

Book I.—Pt. 1 or Root-stem-leaf Plants.

Chapter 1—Red and Green Snow Plant.

" 2—Yeast: Mould: Mother-o-Vinegar: Scarlet-fever
Plant-animal, etc.

" 3—Sea-weeds, "The sapless foliage of the Ocean."

" 4—Lichens; which glide almost imperceptibly into
Mosses.

Book II.—Pt. 2 or Root and Stem-leaf Plants.

Chapter 5—Funguses.

" 6—Mosses; which glide almost imperceptibly into
Club Mosses.

Book III.—Pt. 3 Plants with Root and Stem and Leaf distinct.

Chapter 7—CLUB MOSSES.

" 8—LIVERWORT.

" 9—HORSETAILS or EQUISETUMS.

E. Arvense. Common H. with fertile and then
barren stems.

" Hyemale, Scouring Rush.

" Limosum, Smooth H.

" Scirpoides, Filiform H.

" Variegatum, Green and Black H.

In Book II. are Plants with two parts—Root and Stem-leaf plants. Such are, Chap. 5, Funguses, and 6, Mosses.

In Book III. are Plants with Root and Stem and Leaf, all three. But not *true* leaves. Such are, Chap. 7, Club-mosses; 8, Liverworts; 9, Horse-tails (*Equisetums*); and 10, Ferns.

Volume II. has 3 Chapters:—1, Lilies; 2, Grasses; and 3 Links. By Links is meant such Flowers as *Tradescantia*, or Spider-plant, *Smilax*, &c.

Volume III. contains 3 Books, 61 Chapters and an Appendix. These 3 Books are each subdivided into 2 Sections, viz.,

a. UNDERSEEDS, *i.e.*, Flowers in which the petals are in their natural position under the Ovary or womb containing the seeds, and

b. OVERSEEDS, or Flowers where the petals are round or over the Ovary.

P₀ or Book I. contains the tribes of Flowers with no Petals, only petaloids. These are

a. UNDERSEEDS.

Ch. 1 & 2, Amaranths, Four-'o'clocks.

b. OVERSEEDS.

Ch. 3-10, Knotweed, Goosefeet, Beg., Daph., Laur., Birthwort, Nettles and Euphor.

(The abbreviations stand for *Begonia*, *Daphne*, *Laurel* and *Euphorbia*.)

P₄, 5, n, or Book II. contains the tribes of Flowers with 4, 5, or n Petals. N.B.—The letter "n" means any indefinite number.

UNDERSEEDS.

P_n, Ch. 11-14, Ranuncs, Moonseed, Poppies, *Fumitories*.

P₄, " 15, Crucifers.

P₄ or 5, " 16-18, Flax, St. Johns Wort, Rue.

" " 19-21, Maples, Milkwort, Mignonette.

P₅, " 22-24, Mallows and Rock-roses, Teas.

" " 25-27, Sundew, Pinks and Orangees.

" " 28-30, Geraniums, Vine and Violet.

OVERSEEDS.

- P₅, Ch. 31-34, Roses, Butterflies, Loosestrife, *se'dums*.
 " " 35-39, Cact., Myrtle, E. Primrose, Umbells, Cums.,
 i.e., Cucumbers.

P₁ or Book III. contains the tribes of Flowers which have 1 petal, or what is rather 4 or 5 petals welded into one.

UNDERSEEDS.

- P₅, Ch. 40-43, Waterleaf, Primrose, Sea Pinks, Phlox.
 " " 44-47, Borages, Convol., Sols. and Dogs., (*i.e.* Solanums
 and Dogbane.)
 P₄, " 48-51, Milkweed, Gentian, Jasmine, Heath-bloom.
 " " 52-55, Plantain, Acanthus, Verbena, Broom.
 " " 56, 57, Flowers of Mouth and Lip,
 P₅, OVERSEEDS, and Bell.
 " " 58-61, Lobelia, Valerian, Madder, Honeysuckle.

APPENDIX.

THE COMPOSITES.

The only thing worth living for is:—To know the Love of God. This list of Flowers is pretty well arranged in the order of their creation. What joy to see in it that their evolution was pre-arranged by a Mathematical Mind according to a fixed Mathematical law. I mean, of course, the funny phyllotactical series:—

$$\frac{0}{1}, \frac{1}{1}, \frac{1}{2}, \frac{2}{3}, \frac{3}{5}, \frac{5}{8}, \frac{8}{13}, \&c.$$

which gives the leaf and stem fractions. Here we see the fungus and mould-plant pass through ever-improving forms of plant-life, till (with some "missing links," of course, to oblige Dr. Darwin,) it glides into the surpassing loveliness and perfection of a double Rose and double Daisy in accordance with a pre-arranged mathematical law.

DEBT.

"Owe no man *anything*, but to love one another."

SAUL afterwards called PAULUS.

Debt, nothing else, puts the working man's neck under the heel of the capitalist.

Debt is flatly forbidden in the Bible. Men and bodies of men, claiming to be Christians, who are in debt, are Bible-breaking. St. Paul despising fools whom it wd be rank flattery to call scoundrels and knaves.

No man need evvr be in det. We can go without *anything* earthly, thank God, till we have the cash to pay for it. Hunger itself is a comparatively painless deth. 'T is only thirst that agonizes, and, in this Canada of ours, water is everywhere.

Let us assume that no Canadian owed anything, either personally, denominationally, provincially or federally. Then boodling wd cease. No man ever boodled unless it was off borrowed money. Borrow, Borø; Sorrow, Soro.

Nor, if people were once plucky enuf to face Direct Taxation, would there be any boodling to speak of. Let a man be made to pay directly—not *insensibly* as men do under Indirect Taxation—for what his Government or Aldermen are to spend for him, and he 'ill look so jolly sharp after them that they won't boodle worth 's cent.

Let rich men know that their street won't be asphalted till there is money in the civic purse to pay for it, and they will subscribe eagerly—as eagerly as the rich men in Athens paid for every public purpose—to asphalt it, themselves.

This is the way taxes were paid in Grease. Rich men found out what their City or State wanted, and were only too glad to clutch the honor of giving it.

One built a warship. Another paid its crew. Others supplied the crew with honey-cakes and boarding-house mince, so that the rowers might eat as they rowed, if in a hurry, as when the life of every *living soul* in Mitelene hung on the Athenian oar blades.

One paid the expenses of getting up a series of Dramas, to which every man, woman and child in the whole city—in Athens there were only 8,000 barring slaves—went for two or three days consecutively from morn till dusk.

I wish there was a theatre like the Coliseum, or the rock-hewed theatre at Miletus (?), hewed out of the side of our Noble Western Mount, so that my kind friend Lady Smith might get Lord Strathcona to coax out my fair correspondent, that "*domina beata et bella con angelica voce*"

ALBANI

to "bring Heaven before all" Westmount at once, with her angelic voice.

Voluntarily, nay with eagerness in some cases, will taxes be paid in the future, when people obey instead of misinterpreting and prating their Bibles, and debt is no more.

Every one will then be even exultant to give all he can afford to his Municipality, his County and Country, to *tear down his fences*, and free and beautify the surroundings of his home.

* * *

Without debt, 'capital' will go a begging. What demand will there be for capital if nobody borrows. Capitalists, to divide their risk of fire or theft, will be only 2 glad to get honest friends to take care of their money, use it and return it if they can.

Aristotle, as usual, was right, and all those minds astray,—who turned not to the Source of all Light to illumine their path,—were wrong.

Coin—Capital—"IS barren and *ort* to bear no offspring, in form of usury or interest;"—TOKOS, the word Aristotle uses, meaning both offspring of animal and interest of money.

Without a det in the world, how lovely it would be! No man
being goose enuf to be in tick, how hi will hang the snowy-feathered
goose! How serene the blue ethereal sky!

Why! Will not Canada be drawing breezy draughts on the
Banks of Newfoundland—*my* bank, the Bank of Montreal, is
the best—and be fishing for the teeming Sea, O Dee.

Then may we even be able to answer the best of all riddles
ever composed, excepting one—I hav of course a *Heavenly*
allusion—the riddle whose answer is,—

C. O. D.

"I am a word of letters 3;
A unity in trinity.
Were I adopted everywhere,
Farewell to Sorrow, Frown and Care.
All worries, debts and duns w'd cease.
To usher in Eternal Peace.

Cut off my head and SINGULAR I am,
Cut off my tail and PLURAL I appear,
Cut off my head and tail and naught remains.

My head is the hissing sea,
My tail is the flowing river,
And in their mingled depths I swim,
Parent of Sweetest Sounds
Tho' mute for ever.

F. C. EMBERSON Author of **MEHATLEH** } Poeta.
ANON & CO.,

HOW TO BE HAPPY.

We are the most fortunate of men. We inherit the wisdom of the ages. Focus the wisdom of the wisest men of the past upon the best way to be happy, and it is simple enough. It can be reduced to a merely mechanical process.

All it needs is that you should try it.

All it asks is five minutes a day

The way to be happy is this:—About the middle of each day retire and ask yourself this question:—What have I done during the past morning to make myself or anybody else unhappy? Then frame some brief rule to prevent your ever being so foolish again. Enter these rules into a little book kept for the purpose, with a blank space in it for every day in the year.

Then say over to yourself, aloud or half aloud, the following

Dogget.

Pray.

Invincible Good Humored be ; and cool

ALWAY.

Eat,—sleep,—retire from all away,

At some fixed hours, by rule

(And PLAY

TWO HOURS at LEAST)

Each day.

Cast out all fear and all desire,

Be fiercely honest, not a liar,

For e'en in jest

The truth is best.

Say *nothing* ill of old or young ;

And when you're angry hold your tongue :

Owe no man ought but the gift of love.

Seek bliss in blessing others here,

And find it up above.

Or, every other day, say in prose these

DOZEN RULES FOR HAPPINESS.

1. Praise.
2. Preserve *Irresistible* Good Humour. Say the initial letters of the four words (the letters P I G) over to yourself every time you sit down to a meal.
3. Keep cool whatever happens. There is nothing in this little world worth worrying an immortal soul's viscera into fiddle-strings about.
4. Keep fixt and immovable hours for all the functions of nature.
5. Set aside two hours a day for fun.
6. *Desirez fort peu et desirez-le fort peu.*
7. Never tell a lie, *even in jest*. A man who tells an untruth in jest is often not believed when he speaks in earnest.
8. If you are a fool speak ill of a man to his face: If a knave as well as a fool say it behind his back.
9. When angry hold your tongue.
10. Don't owe a sixpence, rather die.
11. You may look for your own happiness everywhere. You will never find it till you stumble across it in trying to make others happy.
12. Be much in the society of your BEST FRIEND, and your best friends' books, and noble women, and your heart-friends among men.
13. Never be in a room by night or day without a window being more or less open in it, or unless it communicates by open doors into a room with an open window.

The last rule is one of the most important. There was always, seemingly, meant to be clear access between us and heaven, physically as well as mentally. Read Drummond's "Natural Law in the Spiritual World." and this will be explained.

O KURIOS NEANIAS! O curious young man! You seek happiness, and when St. Paul urges self-examination, You say:

"If the prophet had asked some great thing....."

But ten minutes a day!

That's too much!!"

P.S.—Don't try and grab all that you can, but try how much you can do without. Of course you must be a teetotaler; it is no use borrowing the Devil's own swill-pleasure at high interest, and then grumbling because it turns to ashes of Sodom, and *wet Jamnution*, in the mouth. "A man maun ha 'a vara lang spune to sup parritch wi' the deevil."

A winsome Winnie once said; "Papa dear! it's no use making resolutions. I break 'em faster than I make 'em. The road to L," (with an arch look), "You know where, Papa, is paved with good resolutions."

"And so is the road to Heaven, chick."

"But how *can* I keep my resolutions, Dad dear?"

"Easily enough."

"Take one rule at a time. Take one cent from your purse and put it in your pocket, to give to the Verdun Hospital or any other well managed charity, every time you break this rule. That will cure any bad habit."

And then I told her of the "Five Cent Oath Box," which checked the swearing at the officers' mess at Toronto. But I did not think it necessary to tell her of the *enormous* sum found in the box every month when it was opened!!!

P.S.—Are you trying to get all that you can?

Turn about; —

Find out—

What a number of things you can well do without.

Alvarice—The Annuity.

("The funniest poem ever written.")

GEORGE OUTRAM.

(He was editor of the *Glasgow Mercury* about 1850, when my friend Mr. Thynne McGavin was office boy.)

One year I spent a week in Fife—
 An unco week it proved to be—
 For there I met a woesome wife
 Lamentin' her viduity.
 Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
 I thought her heart wad burst its shell ;
 And—'I was sae left to mysel'—
 I sold her an Annuity !

The bargain lookit fair enough—
 She just was turned o' saxty-three—
 I couldna guess she'd prove sae tough,
 By human ingenuity.
 But years have come, and years have gane,
 And there she's yet as hard 's a stane—
 The limmer's growin' young again,
 Since she got her Annuity.

She's crined awa to bone an' skin,
 But that it seems is nought to me.
 She's like to live—although she's in
 The last stage o' tenuity.
 She munches wi' her wizen'd gums,
 An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
 But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
 To call for her Annuity.

I read the tables, drawn wi' care,
 For an Insurance Company;
 Her chance o' life was stated there
 Wi' perfect perspicuity.

But tables here or tables there,
 She's lived ten years beyond her share,
 And like to live a dozen mair,
 To ca' for her Annuity.

If there's a talk o' cholera
 Or typhus—wha sae sharp as she?
 She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
 In sic a superfluity!
 She doesna need, she's fever-proof—
 The pest walked o'er her very roof—
 She told me so—an' then her hoof
 Held out, for her Annuity.

One day she fell—her arm she brak—
 As compound fracture as could be—
 Nae leech the cure would undertak,
 Whate'er was the gratuity.
 It's cured!—she handles like a flail—
 She works as weel in bits as hale—
 But I'm a broken man mysel',
 Wi' her and her Annuity.

Her bruised flesh and broken bones
 Are weel as flesh an' bones can be.
 She beats the toads that live in stones,
 An' fatten in vacuity!
 They die when they're exposed to air—
 They canna thole the atmosphere—
 But her!—expose HER anywhere—
 She lives for her Annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
 Sma' crime it wad appear to me—
 Ca't murder— or ca't homicide—
 I'd justify't—AN', DO IT TAE.
 But how to kill a wither'd wife
 That's carved out o' the tree o' life—
 The wooden hussy dares the knife
 To settle her Annuity.

I'd try a shot—But whar's the mark?—
 Her vital parts are hid frae me.
 Her back-bone wanders through her sark
 In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.
 She's palsified—an' shakes her head
 Sae fast about, ye canna see't—eh?—
 It's past the power 'o steel or lead
 To settle that Annuity.

She might be drown'd ;—but go she'll not
 Within *a mile* o' loch or sea ;
 Or hang'd—if cord could grip a throat
 O' sic an exiguity.
 It draws out like a telescope—
 It's fitter far to hang the rope,
 'Twad take a dreadfu' length o' drop
 To settle that Annuity.

Will poison do it?—*Hush!* It's been tried,
 But, be it in hash or fricassée,
 That's just the dish she can't abide,
 Whatever kind o' taste it hae.
 It's needless to assail her doobts—
 She goes by instinct,—like the brutes,—
 An' only eats an' drinks what suits
 Herself and her Annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
 Threescore and ten *had* ought to be,
She's ninety-six!!! (96!) Let them who can

Explain the incongruity!
 She should ha' lived afore the flood—
 She comes o' Patriarchal blood—
 She's some auld Pagan mummified
 For me and her Annuity.

She's been embalm'd inside and out—
 She's salted to the last degree—
 There's pickle in her very snout
 So vinegary and cruetty.
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her—
 They've Kyanized the useless cur—
 She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accursed Annuity.

The water drap wears out the rock
 As this eternal jaud wears me,
 I could withstand the single shock,
 But not the continuity.
 It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
 An' pay me, pay me, evermair—
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—
 With her, and her Annuity.

RIGHTS TO BE CLAIMED AT NEXT ELECTION.

1. To make "honesty" the test, regardless of party, at the next election. In all cases, that is, to vote for the most honest, or least dishonest candidate that offers himself.
2. "Out of debt, out of danger." Our first duty is, of course, to free our country and city from debt. To run into debt is to snatch the bread from our own children's mouths before the very wheat is grown. To pay our debts, we must gradually raise or lower the taxes on luxuries till we have found the rate at which they yield a maximum revenue income. Expenses will fall to the lowest point directly we have a parliament of honest men. Be it remembered that it is public and municipal debts that keep the neck of the workingman under the heel of the usurer. Without such debts interest would drop to 2 or 3 %.
3. No taxes on books, (that is, on light and learning) on agricultural implements or workmen's tools.
4. No excise on tobacco. Places to be licensed for its sale, though we may raise our own tobacco; the most profitable crop there is in the world.

7. All street car rails to be of uniform width, and so made that they can be used, throughout the country, by all wheels at the right distance apart
8. A Tenants' Rights Association to secure fair judicial rents. Why should Canada be worse ruled than Ireland?
9. Any one guaranteeing to occupy it, to be able to expropriate any half-acre of land not less than 100 yards from a dwelling-house. The price to be fixed by arbitration. Allowance to be made for annoyance, &c., to original owner. "What clause in Adam's will, left the earth to one man," or to a mere handful of men?
10. Prohibition of the manufacture, sale, importation and habitual consumption of all drinks containing more than 1 % of alcohol.
11. All Schools to be bi-lingual; English to be spoken in the morning, French (or German) in the afternoon.
12. Cases of boodling by any member of the Government or Council to be tried by the Courts and punished by the penitentiary, and in gross cases by life imprisonment. There is no greater crime.
13. The penalty for all forms of gambling, lottery-mongering, betting on races, &c., to be imprisonment without option of fine.

Presidents of the Societies named above are earnestly invited to open these propositions to discussion and vote; and forward the results of the voting to F. C. EMBERSON, M.A., Author of "The Yarn of the Little Parsee," &c., *Witness Office*, Montreal. And all seeing this Platform are urged to put a "yes" or "no" to each proposition on this paper and forward to the same address.

14. That every one who is required to work on a Sunday has one whole day off in the week.
15. That wages be paid weekly, or 5 % added to them if paid fortnightly, and 10 % if paid monthly.
16. That all employees in factories be paid in cash, and that dismissal because they do not deal at any particular store be a penal offence.
17. That in all marriage licenses the bond givers be required to state that the candidate for marriage has never to the best of their knowledge been an inmate of a lunatic asylum or a jail.
18. That every municipality be required to engage and pay part or whole of the salary of one or more doctors and lawyers, their chief duty being to prevent disease and litigation.
19. That every town, city or municipality have an officer who shall have power to enter any premises between fixed hours to see if proper precautions are taken against fire, and if water is illegally running to waste.
20. That rents for the future be fixed at such a rate that farm properties rented become the property of the renter in twenty years, and that so long as the rent is paid the renter or sub-renter cannot be evicted from the premises.
21. That the Mayor, Town Council or a Committee selected by such Council (with or without vote of ratepayers) be a Board of Arbitration, to whose friendly advice all disputes between employer and employee be in the first place submitted.
22. That there be a Dominion Minister of Education, and that one of his duties and those of the Minister of Justice be to try and arrange by compromise or otherwise that the educational and other laws of the Provinces be approximated.

ADDENDA.

1. That all Stock Exchanges be open to the public.
2. That a form of "Ulster right" prevail in Canada.
3. That every one who is required to work on a Sunday has one whole day off in the week.
4. That wages be paid weekly, or 5 % added to them if paid fortnightly, and 10 % if paid monthly.
5. That they be paid in cash, and that to dismiss an employee because he or she does not deal at any particular store be a penal offence.
6. That in all marriage licenses the bond-givers be required to state that the candidate for marriage has never to the best of their knowledge been an inmate of a lunatic asylum or jail.
7. That the Mayor, Town Council or a Committee selected by such Council (with or without vote of ratepayers) be a Board of Arbitration to whose friendly advice all disputes between employer and employee be in the first place submitted.
8. That every municipality be required to engage and pay part or whole of the salary of one or more doctors and lawyers to attend its inhabitants gratis or partly gratis, and that one of their chief duties be to prevent disease and litigation.

Rules for Clocks and Watches.

1. When your time-piece is going well, and you know its "regular rate of error," and that it is not more than a minute a day, keep it 21 miles from a watchmaker.
2. It is *safer* not to move the hands of a *clock* backwards.
3. It is safer with some clocks that strike not to move the hands after it has "given warning of striking," which they do about 8 mins. before the hour.
4. When the glass of your watch is broken, get it replaced at once, otherwise atoms of glass will find their way into the works and play the mischief with them.
5. A watch should not go more than a year and a half without being cleaned. A clock may go a little longer.
6. When your watch needs repairing, take it to a man to whom other so-called watchmakers (!) send them to be done, a man who is a regular and apprenticed master of the trade like A. E. NORRIS, PETER WOOD, &c., and not to a one who is evidently a mere salesman.
7. Above all things beware of the fraud who pretends to do it at "half the USUAL PRICES," which are:

New Main Spring,	\$1.00
Cleaning Watch,	1.00
Cleaning Clocks,	from 50c. upwards.

My Singing Lesson.

Frances Ridley Havergal, (1836—1879)

HERE beginneth,—Chapter the first of a series,
 To be followed by manifold notes and queries;
 So novel the queries, so trying the notes,
 I think I must have the queerest of throats,
 And most notable dulceness, or else long ago
 The Signor had given up teaching, I trow.
 I wonder if ever before he has taught
 A pupil who can't do a thing as she ought!
 The voice has machinery (now to be serious),
 Invisible, delicate, strange, and mysterious.
 A wonderful organ-pipe firstly we trace,
 Which is small in a tenor and wide in a bass:
 Below an Æolian harp is provided,
 Through whose fairy-like fibres the air will be guided
 Above is an orifice, larger or small,
 As the singer desires to rise or to fall;
 Expand and depress it, to deepen your roar,
 But raise and contract it, when high you would soar.
 Alas for the player, the pipes, and the keys,
 If the bellows give out an inadequate breeze!
 So this is the method of getting up steam,
 The one motive power for song or for scream.
 Slowly and deeply, and just like a sigh,
 Fill the whole chest with a mighty supply;
 Through the mouth only, and not through the nose;
 And the lungs must condense it ere farther it goes.
 (*How to condense it I really don't know,*
 And very much hope the next lesson will show.)

Then, forced from each side, through the larynx it comes,
 And reaches the region of molars and gums,
 And half of the sound will be ruined or lost
 If by any impediment here it is crossed.
 On the soft of the palate beware lest it strike,
 The effect would be such as your ear would not like.
 And arch not the tongue, or the terrified note
 Will straightway be driven back into the throat.
 Look well to your trigger nor hasten to pull it,
 Once hear the report, and you've done with your bullet.
 In the feminine voice there are registers there,
 Which upper, and middle, and lower must be
 And each has a sounding-board all of its own,
 The chest, lips, and head, to reverberate tone.
 But in cavities nasal it never mus. ring.
 Or no one is likely to wish you to sing.
 And if on this subject you waver in doubt,
 But listening and feeling the truth will come out.
 The lips, by the bye, will have plenty to do
 In forming the vowels Italian and true ;
 Eschewing the English, uncertain and hideous,
 With an *o* and a *u* that are simply amphibious.
 In flexible freedom let both work together,
 And the under one must not be stiffened like leather.
 Here endeth the substance of what I remember,
 Indited this twenty-sixth day of November.

TO A FEMALE FOOL.

SHERBROOKE STREET.

“There are only two things worth living for:—1. The constant service of others, and 2, To walk and talk with God.”—JAP.

O restless, craving, eager soul,
On fashions, froth and folly tost!
Why not ensue a Heavenly Goal?
Why drift among the lost?

Within thee lies a garden sweet—
The Garden of the Mind—
Oh! Till its flowers with culture meet,
Be thoughtful, patient, kind.

Around thee close the blackening fates,
Confusions, DEATH, alarms;—

* * *
For thee a Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
—Fly to His *loving* arms!

COTE ST. PAUL, F. C. EMBERSON.

X'mas Day, 1894.

TO THE SAME.

“Look how the world its veterans rewards:—
A youth of frolics;* an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose; artful to no end;
Young without lovers; old without a friend;
A fop her passion, and her prize a sot;
In life ridiculous, and in death forgot.”

* Pope wrote “frolics;” I prefer “follies.” A. POPE.

MORAL—CONSULT THE INNER VOICE.

A Threnody.

—"The Akhoond of Swat is dead." London papers of
January 23, 1901.

What! What! What!
What's the news from Swat!
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the Cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea, and the Med-
iterranean—he's dead,
The Akhoond is dead!

For the Akhoond I mourn;
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Akhoondn't.
Dead, dead, dead!
(Sorrow Swats!)
Swats, wha hae with Akhoond bled,
Swats, whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow, Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water:
Your great Akhoond is dead!
That's Swats the matter!

Mourn, City of Swat,
Your great Akhoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone; his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Akhoond),
Up to the bosom of Mahound.

Though earthly walls his frame surround
 (Forever hallowed be the ground)!
 And sceptres mock the lowly mound,
 And say, "He's now of no Akhoond!"

His soul is in the skies—
 The azure skies that bend above his loved
 Metropolis of Swat.
 He sees with larger, other eyes
 Athwart all earthly mysteries—
 He knows what's Swat!

Let Swat bury the great Akhoond
 With a noise of mourning and of lamentation:
 Let Swat bury the great Akhoond
 With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!
 Fallen is at length
 Its tower of strength—
 Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned:
 Dead lies the great Akhoond!
 The great Akoond of Swat
 Is not!

Festina lente—Fast in Lent.

"A Hi-Church Anglican sed that his library was thin be-
 cos his boox kept Lent."

Can any man of common sense
 Think a bit of pork gives GOD offence,
 Or that red herring hath a charm
 Eternal Vengeance to disarm.
 No!
 Rolled in Eternal Majesty He shines,
 And careth not how mortal dines.
 Dean JONATHAN SWIFT, (1667-1745).

God's Goodness.

W. PALEY, D.D., of Cambridge, clergyman. Born of a schoolmaster, at Peterboro, 1743. Wrote: Moral and Political Philosophy, (Utilitarian); 2, *Horæ Paulinæ*; 3, *Evidences of Xtianity*; 4, *Natural Theology*. Died 1805.

It is a happy world after all. The air, the earth, the water, teem with delighted existence. In a spring noon or a summer evening, on whichever side I turn my eyes, myriads of happy beings crowd upon my view. "The insect youth are on the wing." Swarms of new-born *flies* are trying their pinions in the air. Their sportive motions, their wanton mazes, their gratuitous activity, their continual change of place without use or purpose, testify their joy and the exultation which they feel in their lately-discovered faculties.

A *bee* amongst the flowers in spring is one of the most cheerful objects that can be looked upon. Its life appears to be all enjoyment, so busy and so pleased; yet it is only a specimen of insect life, with which, by reason of the animal being half domesticated, we happen to be better acquainted than we are with that of others. The whole-winged insect tribe, it is probable, are equally intent upon their proper employments, and, under every variety of constitution, gratified, and perhaps equally gratified, by the offices which the Author of their nature has assigned to them.

But the atmosphere is not the only scene of enjoyment for the insect race. Plants are covered with aphides, greedily sucking their juices, and constantly, as it should seem, in the act of sucking. It cannot be doubted but that this is a state of gratification. What else should fix them so close to the operation, and so long.

Other species are *running about*, with an alacrity in their motions which carries with it every mark of pleasure. Large patches of ground are sometimes half covered with these brisk and sprightly natures.

If we look to what the *waters* produce, shoals of the fry of fish frequent the margins of rivers, of lakes, and of the sea itself. These are so happy, that they know not what to do with themselves. Their attitudes, their vivacity their leaps out of the water, their frolics in it (which I have noticed a thousand times with equal attention and amusement), all conduce to show their excess of spirits, and are simply the effects of that excess. Walking by the seaside, in a calm evening, upon a sandy shore, and with an ebbing tide, I have frequently remarked the appearance of a dark cloud, or rather very thick mist, hanging over the edge of the water, to the height, perhaps, of half a yard, and of the breadth of two or three yards, stretching along the coast as far as the eye could reach, and always retiring with the water. When this cloud came to be examined, it proved to be nothing else than so much space filled with young *shrimps*, in the act of bounding into the air from the wet sand. If any motion of a mute animal could express delight, it was this: if they had meant to make signs of their happiness, they could not have done it more intelligibly. Suppose, then, what I have no doubt of, each individual of this number to be in a state of positive enjoyment; what a sum, collectively, of pleasure have we here before our view!

[I remember once at my favorite boating place near Godston and the underground passage to Fair Rosamond's Bower, seeing, when at Oxford, a sight more suggestive of the happiness GOD has contrived in the world than any aduced by Paley above.

It was a beautiful evening, calm and free. The level sun was sinking in the West. From an acre at least of the wide Thames, fish about 6 or 8 inches long were leaping some 12 or 18 inches from the water in sheer exuberance of joy. They were just the right distance apart—about a foot—to make each fish clear and distinct, and yet give the impression of an innumerable host. This “sport,” for “sport” it was, lasted till I had my fill and passed on.

Young Paley's joy was perhaps greater still when, in my time at Cambridge, he headed his Exam. Paper on his ancestor's “Evidences” with the words, “Tales of my Grandfather,” and came near being plucked for it.—ED.

Carpets.

"Who ever heard of Carpets in a Hospital?"

—*Emerson's Essays.*

They are full of bacilli ;
 They reek and stink illy ;
 With a foraminiferous,
 Filthy, foul sniff for us ;
 Cock-roaches feed in 'em ;
 Hen-roaches breed in 'em ;
 June bugs, they sprawl on 'em,
 Blackbeetles crawl on 'em,
 The carpet-moth hides in 'em,
 Arachné abides in 'em ;
 One cuss he sits on 'em,
 Every one spits on 'em,
 Moths they are riddling them ;
 Lumkin is diddling them.

As long as the carpets are down in our hall,
 We'll never get well, no, never at all.

Those who wish to know what sweet air is should wax or paint
 their floors with JAMIESON'S paints, and have *washable* rugs, mats,
 &c., thrown down where feet do rest or most do tread.

F. C. EMBERSON, M.A.,

J. V. ANGLIN, M.D.

(I call him Isaac Walton, coz he's always an 'anglin.)

Countersigned,

The best place to buy Carpets is MORGAN'S, the *only* place in
 Montreal where you can buy Sermons and other Dry Goods with
 any *certainty* of satisfaction. At least that is my experience.

The Half is Greater than the Whole.

MRS. CHARLES.

Is thy cruse of comfort failing,
 Rise and share it with another;—
 And thro' all the years of famine
 It shall serve thee and thy brother.
 Love divine will fill thy storehouse,
 Or thy hands! still renew;
 Scanty fare for one will often
 Make a royal feast for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving,
 All its wealth is living grain,
 Seeds which mildew in the garner,
 Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 Is thy burden hard and heavy,
 Do thy steps drag wearily?
 Help to bear another's burden,
 God shall bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains,
 Would'st thou sleep among the snow?
 Chafe that frozen form beside thee,
 Then shall both together glow.
 Art thou stricken in life's battle?
 Many wounded round thee moan,—
 Lavish on their wounds thy balsam,
 And that balm shall heal thine own.

Emberson's Rules for Health.

Endorsed by my friends, Drs. OSLER & STEWART.

"Throw physic to the dogs.

I'll have none of it "

—*Bacon.*

"Ozonic air is the Secret of Life."

—*Love-sick Jap.*

1. FRESH AIR.

Out of doors.—Two hours each day *at least*. A walk before breakfast on an empty stomach—your *own* empty stomach—is the *real* secret of the notorious German "Bath-haus" cures. My friend Dr. Burgess, kindest of men, reminds me of our rule when training for the Eights at Oxford, which was "If walking on an empty stomach makes you faint, walk on a biscuit."

In doors.—Have a window open, as the Empress of Austria does, day and night, with a heavy curtain, if necessary, to prevent draft. It is by this that Sir Andrew Clark has kept Queen Victoria alive and sane so long. Temperature :—68 by day, 60 by night.

2. DIET.—Light and somewhat laxative ; full of phosphate ; e.g., milk, eggs, whole-wheat bread, fresh hard-tack, Epps' cocoa, fruits, raw and cooked, ~~Lyman's Fluid Coffee~~, fresh apple-cider, oysters, no candies.

3. OCCUPATION.—Nearly continuous, to prevent brooding. Not exhaustive ;—useful, to inspire self-respect and put a man in harmony with God's good providence,—pleasant and, if possible, ornamental.

*contains
alcohol*

4. SLEEP.—Should, like charging, discharging, prayer and all the other functions of nature, be, as much as possible, at exactly the same hour every day. Sleeplessness may be cured by a long swim in tepid water, like that at the lovely Turkish Bath Hotel, 140 St. Monique Street, Montreal, or by cold or hot baths. By loafing in the open air all day long without fatigue. By a *long* drive in the open air and then straight to bed. Avoid drugs.
5. GODLINESS AND MORAL TREATMENT.—What use are sickly people? Kill 'em. Kill 'em with kindness. Let 'em have their own way in everything, with a smile, so far as you can without injury to themselves or others. Encourage 'em to prayer, song and gymnastics.
6. CLEANLINESS, of course, comes next to Godliness.. Bathe daily, or wash yourself all over with wet hands. Rub and slap the body. *Turkish-Bath*.
7. SOCIETY.—Pleasant smiling faces. Old friends, and people we can trust, and with whom we are quite at our ease. Avoid disagreeable people, don't go near them.
8. EXERCISE.—Gardening and horse-back riding are sovereign. Walks, with an object if possible, such as Botany, &c., are indispensable. To ride horse-back one day and take a walk the next is perfection. Those too weak to walk far should drive. Those who can afford to give wife, child or sister such drives and do not do so are worse than the *ordinary* variety of murderers.
9. BOOKS.—Those which will make you laugh—Aristophanes, (Frere's \$1, at W. Foster Brown's.) Dickens', Dumauiet, Hood, Plautus. Molière, Gil Blas, Don Quixote and "THE YARN OF THE LOVE-SICK JAP," *X* the most ridiculous book in the world.

-NB

out of print

10. CURES.—For a cold!—Stay in bed till it is well. Cough!—Gargle with luke warm milk and honey and ~~Gray's Syrup of Red Spruce Gum~~. Check the coughing.

*contains
opium*

11. DRESS.—As light as you can stand. Let it be comfortable above all things, and porous. "Lacing" is worse than wicked, it's vulgar. The real blue blood of England got sick of wasp-waists with resulting red noses and waspish tempers and cold feet and hands long ago; even before they began to play Lawn Tennis, the best game in the world for girls who wish to be girls.

12. REST.—The nervous and exhausted should lie down an hour at noon daily, and think what they have done during the past twenty-four hours to vex themselves or others and *write down* some rule to prevent their ever being so foolish again.

13. DOCTORS.—

Dr. Ease and Dr. Diet,
Dr. Trust and Dr. Quiet.

No others need apply.

P.S.—The longer I live the more sure I am that the real secret of Life, Health and Happiness is Open Windows. Air is Life. The want of it death. Ozone is Health and Happiness. Night air is the purest air. So sung Miss Nightingale.

Buy "Immortality Proved for 10c.," by F. C. Emberson. The most wonderful book in the world, of the Canada News Co., Montreal.

*out of
print*

Beauty depends on the skin. "THE TURKISH BATH is the secret
of Health and Beauty."—Dr. Sir Andrew Wilson.

JOSEPH B. LOVELL

ELECTROTYPYER

25 St. Nicholas St.

**First Class Work at
Moderate Prices.**

...Montreal.

THE BEST.

Men against whom the breath of slander, itself, dare
not even wag its tongue.

- Advertising Agent—E. Desbarats.
 Architect—E. Maxwell. 1890.
 By far the best on this Continent.
 Baker—Jas. M. Aird.
 Boarding House—Mrs. Duncan, 61 Osborne st.
 Established 1875.
 Booksellers, &c.—Foster, Brown & Co. Est'd
 1888. Eben Picken.
 (Wholesale)—H. Brophy.
 Boots & Shoes—Ronayne Bros. 1856.
 Butcher—Henry Russell. 1880.
 Carpenter—Tom Halsey. 1875.
 Chemists—Herb. W. Reynolds. 1890.
 H. A. Gourlay. 1894.
 It is often vitally important to know of a
 thoroughly reliable Dispensing Chemist.
 Chemist, (Wholesale)—H. Miles, from Lyman,
 Knox & Co. Est. 1800
 Clothier—Chas. S. Shorey.
 Confectioner—Alf. Joyce. 1851.
 Dentist—Fred. Stevenson. 1882.
 Dressmaker—Miss Hale, Verdun. 1895.
 Doctors—Dr. Osler. Dr. T. J. W. Burgess.
 Dr. Air and Dr. Diet,
 Dr. Prayer and Dr. Quiet.
 Druggist—W. Kerry.
 Dry Goods—Henry Morgan & Co.
 Electroplates—Jos. Lovell. (Family, 1885.)
 Florist—Geo. Hopton. 1890.
 For Burns, Scalds, Wounds, &c.—VASELINE.
 Fruit—Wm. Maitland. 1884.
 Farrier—John Henderson. 1842.
 Sporting Goods—A. R. Wightman.
 Grocer—Henry Russell. 1880.
 (Temperance, of course. No Soul-Eater.)
 Gardener—Wm. Cagney.
 Hardware—David Drysdale.
 Hospital for Nerves—Verdun. 1890.
 Hotel—The Bath Hotel. 1837.
 The Best Temperance Hotel in the World.
 Job Printing—R. White, Gazette Office. 1837.
 Lawyer—W. D. Lightl II.
 Locksmith—J. K. Maedonald.
 Lunch Room—Chas. Alexander. 1842.
 Lumber—J. Grier. E. Maxwell. 1862.
 Machinist—Henry Harrison. 1869.
 Newspaper—Witness (of course). 1845.
 Notary—G. R. Lighthall.
 Painter—Walter Keys. 1885.
 Paints—A. Ramsay & Son.
 Paper—John Macfarlane. 1860.
 Parsons—Revs. E. I. Rexford, 1876. Dr. Jno.
 Ker. Robert Campbell, D.D.
 The Great Botanist.
 Photographers—W. Notman & Sons.
 The Best in the World.
 Photogravures—W. Desbarats.
 (The family started printing in Canada in 1681.)
 Plumber, &c.—Geo. R. Prowse. 1856.
 Publisher—Jno. Lovell & Son. 1835.
 Rare Books, &c.—David Waters. 1864.
 Seedsman—W. Ewing. 1867.
 Tailor—Currie.
 Tea—Salada.
 Tobacco—ROUGE QUESNEL.
 Tobaccoist—S. Hyman.
 Typewriter—"The Oliver," G. H. Flint. 1865.
 University—Bishop's College, Lennoxville.
 Watchmaker—Peter Wood. 1849.

