

	S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.		S.	M.	T.	W.	T.	F.	S.
Jan'y	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	July	=	=	=	=	=	=	1
	8	9	10	11	12	13	14		2	3	4	5	6	7	8
	15	16	17	18	19	20	21		9	10	11	12	13	14	15
	22	23	24	25	26	27	28		16	17	18	19	20	21	22
	29	30	31	=	=	=	=		23	24	25	26	27	28	29
	=	=	=	=	=	=	=		30	31	=	=	=	=	=
Feb'y	=	=	=	1	2	3	4	August	=	=	1	2	3	4	5
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		6	7	8	9	10	11	12
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		13	14	15	16	17	18	19
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		20	21	22	23	24	25	26
	26	27	28	=	=	=	=		27	28	29	30	31	=	=
	=	=	=	=	=	=	=		=	=	=	=	=	=	=
March	=	=	=	1	2	3	4	Sept.	=	=	=	=	=	1	2
	5	6	7	8	9	10	11		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	12	13	14	15	16	17	18		10	11	12	13	14	15	16
	19	20	21	22	23	24	25		17	18	19	20	21	22	23
	26	27	28	29	30	31	=		24	25	26	27	28	29	30
	=	=	=	=	=	=	=		=	=	=	=	=	=	=
April	=	=	=	=	=	=	1	Oct.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
	2	3	4	5	6	7	8		8	9	10	11	12	13	14
	9	10	11	12	13	14	15		15	16	17	18	19	20	21
	16	17	18	19	20	21	22		22	23	24	25	26	27	28
	23	24	25	26	27	28	29		29	30	31	=	=	=	=
	30	=	=	=	=	=	=		=	=	=	=	=	=	=
May	=	1	2	3	4	5	6	Nov.	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
	7	8	9	10	11	12	13		12	13	14	15	16	17	18
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	21	22	23	24	25	26	27		26	27	28	29	30	=	=
	28	29	30	31	=	=	=		=	=	=	=	=	=	=
	=	=	=	=	=	=	=		=	=	=	=	=	=	=
June	=	=	=	=	1	2	3	Dec.	=	=	=	=	=	1	2
	4	5	6	7	8	9	10		3	4	5	6	7	8	9
	11	12	13	14	15	16	17		10	11	12	13	14	15	16
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The Times, Hamilton, Ont.

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THE MILITIA AND DEFENCE OF CANADA



PREVIOUS to the confederation of the provinces, the defence of this country was entirely in the hands of the Imperial Government, who for that purpose maintained troops in each province, supported by militia had, when called upon, rendered most efficient service in times of trouble. After Confederation the British Government gradually withdrew all the Imperial troops from this country, and at present only maintain a garrison at Halifax, and a naval establishment there and on the Pacific coast.

By the British North America Act the command in chief of all naval and military forces of and in Canada was vested in the Queen, and the control of the same was placed in the hands of the Dominion Parliament. A Department of Militia and Defence was set at the same time established, the first minister being Sir George E. Cartier, and the first Militia Act was passed in 1868, 32 Vic. chap. 40. The Act was subsequently amended in various ways, but is practically embodied in the Militia Act to be found in the Revised Statutes of 1886. By that Act the Militia of Canada is declared to consist of all the male inhabitants of Canada of the age of eighteen years or upwards and under sixty, not exempt or disqualified by law. The pleasant fiction that ours is a civil and not a military country may be dispelled by a reference to the large volumes containing our laws. "In an emergency we could be called from our farms and our offices in as imperative a tone as that employed by rulers in European countries. Our safety lies in this that here the people, and being their own rulers, have to a great extent full choice of peace or war, and experience tell them that when it is necessary to take the field for the preservation of the country the people so fully in harmony with their authorities that no call need be made nor no command issued so spontaneous and general is the volunteer movement to arms. It was so in 1812 when our grandfathers and great grandfathers formed into units and valiant squads and offered by regulars of the line bore the brunt of that long campaign, winning many battles against heavy odds. It was so in 1837 when everybody hurried forward to aid or suppress the rebellion—a rebellion that might have amounted to serious proportions but for the early victory of the militia over a half-arranged up-rising. It was so at the time of the Fenian raids, when every village in Ontario became an armed camp. It was notably so in Louis Riel's last rebellion when every battalion in the Dominion almost, got into battle array and rivalled each other for Government orders to go to the front. Toronto will not soon forget the excitement and there when in the early morning paraded the silent streets calling the men to parade for the Queen's Own Rifles paraded the silent streets calling the men to parade for active duty. The Grenadiers, the Rifles and the York Rangers (a semi-city battalion) turned out almost to a man, and hundreds, perhaps even thousands of undisciplined civilians, besieged the militia headquarters for permission to join for service or to substitute any members who through sickness or absence failed to report for duty. For every substitute this required ten men stood forward, jealous of each other's rivalry, and nine retired in serious disappointment. The middle of battle had the same experience and so had many others. All over the Dominion the county battalions assumed a war footing and waited a call to the front. In many towns where volunteer companies did not exist the young men got together, appointed officers and commenced to drill, sending in a muster roll and an offer of service to the Colonel of the county battalion. All this we know well. It shows that in a right cause, for the defense of home, there will never be occasion for the government to do more than express its need of men, and so long as the supply lasts it will be given. Even the age limit would not debar, for among those slain at Fatoche was a Toronto boy named Moore, aged sixteen, who substituted a friend in the 10th Royal Grenadiers, and men over sixty years of age would have gone to the front but were shouldered aside by sturdier recruits. War may never again come and we trust it never may, but it is neither indelicate nor untrue to say that if it does, Canada will do herself no discredit in the time of trial.

Those required to drill in the Militia are divided into four classes, the first of which comprises those aged 18 or upwards and under 20, being unmarried or widowers without children; the second, those between 20 and 45, being unmarried or widowers without children; the third, those between 45 and 60, being unmarried or widowers with children; the fourth, those between 45 and 60, being unmarried or widowers with children.

The following persons are exempt from enrolment and active service at any time: Judges, clergymen, and ministers of all religious denominations, professors in colleges and teachers in religious orders, the warden and officials of all penitentiaries and lunatic asylums, persons physically disabled, and any other person being the only son of a widow and her only support. Certain other persons are exempt from service except in case of war.

The number of men to be trained and drilled annually is limited to 40,000,

except as specially authorized, and the period of drill is to be sixteen days and not less than eight days each year.

The Militia is divided into Active and Reserve land and marine force. The Active land and marine force is composed of men raised either by voluntary enlistment or by ballot, and the Reserve force consists, practically, of the whole of the efficient men not serving in the Active Militia of the time being. The period of service is three years.

The strength of the Active Militia (including a Permanent Force, limited by the present Militia Act to 10,000 men) was in 1896, as follows: Cavalry, 2,006; Field Artillery, 1,440; Garrison Artillery, 2,352; Engineers, 179; Infantry, 31,733. Total, 37,710. The total expenditure for the year 1889-90 on the Militia, amounted to \$1,287,013.49.

At the time of Confederation a Department of Militia and Defence was constituted by an Act of Parliament which was assented to on May 23, 1868, with a Minister of Militia and Defence at its head. This minister is charged with the administration of all militia affairs on land and water, and has initiatory power in all matters involving expenditure of public money for military purposes. The following have been Ministers of Militia: Sir George E. Cartier, M.P., appointed July 1, 1867, died May 30, 1873; Hon. Hugh McDonald, M.P., appointed July 1, 1873, resigned with cabinet November 6, 1873; Hon. William Ross, M.P., appointed November 7, 1873, resigned September 27, 1878; Hon. W. R. Vail, M.P., appointed September 30, 1874, resigned January 1, 1878; Hon. A. G. Jones, M.P., appointed January 21, 1878, resigned with cabinet October 16, 1878; Hon. L. F. R. Masson, M.P., appointed October 16, 1878, became President of Council January 16, 1880; Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed November 8, 1880, became Postmaster General November 8, 1880; Hon. (now General) Sir A. P. J. Caron, M.P., appointed November 8, 1880, became Postmaster General, January 25, 1892; Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, appointed January 25, 1892.

THE NEXT WAR.

Professor Billoth, the famous surgeon, delivered an address at Berlin recently on the probable effects of the new rifles, bullets and powders. He said that owing to the greater range and propulsive power of the new rifles its effect will be important, and the bullet which used to be stopped when it struck a bone will go through it, and perhaps through two or three more. The range of the new projectile is said to be a kilometre and a half (about fifteen-sixteenths of an English mile). The number of the severely wounded will therefore be much increased. The rapidity of the firing will be still further increased by the circumstance that the smokeless powder will allow the enemy to be better seen. Owing to the greater range of the projectiles, too, the rear hospitals will have to be further back, and the difficulty of transport will be proportionately increased. Professor Billoth then spoke of the effects of the smokeless powder, and pointed out that the storming of the fortified places will be possible only with tremendous sacrifices. "I remember," he said, "at the storming of Gaisberg, at the battle of Weissenberg, a poor Parisian boy, a sub-lieutenant of eighteen, who had fourteen shots in his body, and did not fall till the last of them wounded his thigh. Till then he held his sword and the colors in his hands. An effect of the smokeless powder in such cases will certainly be that the aliening of the guns will be easier, for, as they will not raise so much smoke, the gunners will be much longer and more easily visible, and consequently in much greater danger. Finally, there is a kind of fighting, the most horrible of all—man hunting. That occurs when the outposts, who stand opposite each other, before they can do anything, watch one another, and if a cap or a helmet peeks out over a bush or behind a wall, look out for the soldier will be influenced by the show him down at last. This kind of fighting, too, will be more easily smokeless powder for the soldier not being veiled in smoke, will be more easily visible to their adversaries, so that the shooting and counter-shooting will be more rapid. The consequence will certainly be that the arrangements for the transport of the wounded will have to be increased. Take Gravelotte and St. Privat for instance. Those were two of the largest fronts that ever stood facing one another. The battle began at noon and ended at eight p.m. In these eight hours there were 5,000 dead and 15,000 wounded." Professor Billoth calculates that the Germans would have needed 500 stretchers, and 1,000 bearers on that occasion; and as in the battle victory was with them, and they had to care for the French wounded as well as for their own, they would have needed 1,000 stretchers and 2,000 bearers. "If," he continued, "this progress be made in aerostatics that people will light or throw shells down from the air, or lift electric batteries in balloons and flash down lightning—that is not exaggerated—the fancy it will be necessary to make a change in this respect also, and the thought that the help for the wounded must be proportionately to the increase and the great development of the projectiles has now become general among the people." He then discussed the necessity of lighting battle fields by large reflectors.

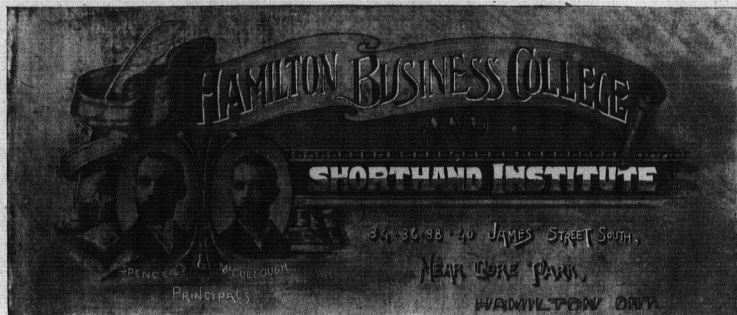
THE WORLD'S FOUR RICHEST MEN.

It is estimated that the following are the incomes in round numbers of the four men who are reputed to be the richest in the world:

	Mackay.	Rothschild.	Vanderbilt.	Duke of Westminster.
Capital.	\$27,500,000	\$200,000,000	\$175,000,000	\$80,000,000
Per year.	1,375,000	10,000,000	7,500,000	4,000,000
Per month.	1,000,000	850,000	675,000	300,000
Per day.	35,000	25,000	15,000	10,000
Per hour.	1,500	1,000	800	450
Per minute.	25	20	18	7

secured, and circumstances any action. Educ observation inform been prof some tho that stand Many hav the great womanho tion that v or busines cine or the paration. should he preparation behindhand that were receive a benefit of Woodme farmers to uneducated farmer wh ing, and was comp been lost the great commerc every y and I ha a great a months' to and forms "Whatev method, n all pursui more, serv of unscrup trade upon

THE CANADIAN ANNUAL



AN EDITOR'S VIEWS ON PRACTICAL EDUCATION.



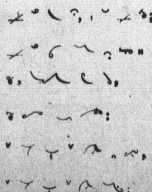
HE farm may be lost by the foreclosure of the mortgage; the money in the bureau drawer may be stolen; a rent in the pocket may let out the cash; jewels may be mislaid or stolen, but a true education, one that has cost its possessor time and labor to

secure, and obtained, it may be, in spite of poverty or other adverse circumstances—can never prove worthless, and can never be assailed by any action at law.

Education commences, or should commence, with the dawn of observation, continuing till life ceases, the capacity for obtaining valuable information increasing with the flight of time. That day has not been profitably spent, in which something useful has not been learned; some thought appropriated with which to aid in removing the obstacles that stand so thickly in our way, rendering life a comparative success. Many have been the enquiries as to what line of study would prove of the greatest benefit to young people just budding into manhood and womanhood. The answer would naturally be: that department of education that would most satisfactorily fit them for their anticipated profession or business. If a youth has set his heart upon the profession of law, medicine or the ministry, he should, in fact, must, attend a special school of preparation. So it is in other walks of life, and no young man or woman should heedlessly enter upon life's duties without ample training and preparation. Thoughtful parents, recognizing this fact, have not been behindhand in affording their children opportunities for improvement that were not available a quarter of a century ago. Farmers' sons receive a liberal education in agricultural colleges, and are afforded the benefit of a practical commercial training in schools of business. Woodsmen do not go into the woods with a dull axe. Neither ought farmers to go into the busy marts of trade and commerce with dull, uneducated heads. The author of this ANNUAL once knew a young farmer who confessed that if he had received a practical business training, and gained a knowledge of notes and drafts five years before he was compelled to do so, he would have saved his farm, which had been lost through pure ignorance of commercial paper. Horace Greeley, the great journalist, himself the son of a farmer, once said, regarding commercial instruction: "I wish every man had such an education—every young man especially, and if either of my sons had lived, and I had trained him, as I should have tried to do, to be a great and good farmer, I should have sent him at least one six months' term to a business school, to give him the aptitude, habits and forms of a thorough business man." Runkle it is who says: "Whatever cultivates care, close observation, exactness, patience and method, must be valuable training and preparation for all studies and all pursuits." A course in business assuredly does this, and, furthermore, serves as a lasting security to its possessor against the attempts of unscrupulous "sharpers" and others who make it their business, to trade upon the ignorance of their fellowmen. Were our agriculturalists as

well versed in such commercial paper as promissory notes, cheques, drafts, contracts, deeds, etc., as those with whom they come in contact, there would not be so many stories of fraud and deception practised on unsuspecting men. No person is exempt from business transactions, and in these days of commercial activity and keen competition, none can claim to be outside the influence of business, much less the farmer. Farmers should be among our most competent citizens—able to understand accounts, to draw business papers, to perform the duties of executor and administrator, to fill local and political offices, and in different capacities to act with confidence and certainty. To succeed in the same degree as those with whom he trades, it is evident that he should be educated in business—trained at the same place and by the same practical teachers as the merchant and manufacturer. The farmer of the future must be more of a politician than the farmer of the past. He must guard his own interests in legislation, and not leave them to others. To do this he must have culture, definite views, and economic information. But why pursue the subject here when we have the permission to refer the reader to Messrs. Spencer & McCullough, the Principals of the leading school of commerce of Canada, the Hamilton Business College of this city, which institution is not only a source of pride to Hamiltonians generally, but to thousands of persons throughout the Dominion? The College has recently issued the most complete and elegantly illustrated announcement yet published in Canada (a fitting sequel to the CANADIAN ANNUAL), and a post card addressed to the Principals will assure you of a copy by return mail, and we hope that it may prove as interesting to its recipient as it has to the author of this journal, who might with advantage to the reader quote much useful information from its well-written pages. However, space forbids. We can only add by way of conclusion, that the gentlemen mentioned are not only experts in their chosen vocations, but are experienced business men of extended office practice, and are assisted in their practical work by a staff of lecturers not surpassed in Canada.

PARTED.



A translation of the above, together with an interesting book on the acquisition of Shorthand, will be mailed to anyone who copies out, in Shorthand characters, and forwards the above poem to C. R. McCullough, President of the Hamilton Shorthand Society, Hamilton, Ont.

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PROPRIETOR.



A FAIR BOHEMIAN GIRL.

TEWIFK AS HAROUN ALRASCHID.



The Khedive, oddly enough for an Oriental, did not smoke, with the result that the palace cigarettes—invariably handed round with coffee—were notoriously the worst in Cairo, and except in the case of absolute strangers it was ludicrous to see how tobacco was avoided in his presence. He always carried a cigarette case, however, and delighted in offering it and little presents of money to the English sentries placed on guard round his palace when first Cairo was occupied by British troops. He loved to tell stories of his experience with these guards.

An early riser, he was in the habit of either beginning his reading of official reports or walking in his garden in the cool sunrise hour. One morning, returning to the palace from a walk in the gardens of Ghizirch, he was stopped by a sentry.

"Ver can't go in 'ere, yer know," said the man of war, with the Briton's amiable contempt for the fat little "furriner."

"But I belong to the palace," faltered the Khedive, delighted.

"Oh, do yer? Got a good place?"

"Very good," said Tewifk, diffidently.

"Ah, yer look like it. Bustin' times, I suppose. Nothing to do and plenty to eat. I wouldn't mind serving yer master. Would he stand six shilling a day? What sort of a feller is he?"

And then, alas, the sergeant coming round recognized and saluted the Khedive, to the vast discomfort of Thomas Atkins and to the chagrin of his highness, who would fain have heard more about himself, and who probably had never received a more sincere offer of service.



SUNSHINE.

I never like to see a man a-rastlin' with the dumps
Cause in the game of life he doesn't always catch the trumps;
But I can always cotton to a free and easy cuss,
Who takes his dose, and thanks the Lord it isn't any wuss,
There ain't no use of kickin' and of swearin' at yer luck,
Yer can't correct the trouble mo'rh yer can drown a duck,
Remember then when by the load your suffering head is bowed,
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

"If you should see a fellow-man with trouble's flag unfurled,
And looking like he didn't have a friend in all the world,
Go up and slap him on the back, and holla 'how'd' you do,
And grip his hands so warm he'll know he has a friend in you
Then ax him what has hurt big, and laugh his cares away,
And tell him that the darkest night is just before the day,
Don't talk graveyard palaver, but say it right out loud,
That God will sprinkle sunshine in the trail of every cloud.

This world at best is but a hash of pleasure and of pain,
Some days are bright and sunny, and some all sloshed with rain,
But that's just how it should be, for when the clouds roll by
We'll know how to appreciate the bright and smiling sky.
So learn to take it as it comes and don't sweat at the pores,
Because the Lord's opinion doesn't coincide with yours;
And always keep remembering when cares your path enshroud
That God has lots of sunshine to spill behind the cloud.

J. W. CRAWFORD, in Kate Field's Washington.

PRESENT COMPANY EXCEPTED.

A late matrimonial engagement is said to be the outcome of a daring little piece of repartee on the part of a young woman who has enjoyed the reputation of being not only a wit, but a beauty and belle as well. Although quite young, she was known to have declined the honor of matrimonial alliances with several so-called catches, and it began at last to be rumored that her mind and heart were set on one of her admirers who had not as yet the tenacity to come to the point.

However that may be, the young man in question was her partner in an assembly, and during the intermission for supper was seated with her in a sequestered nook, "far from the maddening crowd." Apropos of something that had been said, he asked her laughingly if the report was true that she had refused all the eligible men in her set. She blushed vividly for a moment, then suddenly raised her head, looked him full in the face, and said pointedly:

"Yes, it is true—present company excepted."

It is perhaps needless to state that they remained in the "sequestered nook" some time. Rumor also has it that the above conversation was overheard by one of the discarded suitors, who forthwith "gave it away."

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

There's a prejudice allus 'twixt country and town
Which I wish in my heart wassent so.
You take t'y people, jest square up and down,
And they mighty good people to know;
And where's better people a-livin', to-day,
Than us in the country? Yit good
As both of us is, we're divorced you might say
And won't compromise when we could.

Now as nigh into town for yer pap, ef you please,
Is the what's called the sooburbs. Fer there
You'll at least ketch a whiff of the breeze and a sniff
Of the breath of wild flowers ev'rywhere.
Thee's room for the children to play, and grow too—
And to roll in the grassy, er to climb
Up a tree and rob nests, like they ought to do,
But they'll do anyhow ev'ry time!

My son-in-law said when he lived in the town,
He jest natchurly pined, night and day,
Fer a sight of the woods er a acre of ground,
Where the trees wassent all cleared away,
And he says to me onc't whilse a-visiting us
On the farm, "It's not strange, I declare,
That we can't coax you folks without raisin' a fuss,
To come to town, visitin' there."

And says I, "Then git back where you sartin belong—
And Madaline, too—and yer three
Little children," says I, "that don't know a bird song,
Ner a hawk from a chicky-dee-dee."

Git back, I says-I, "to the blue of the sky
And the green of the fields, and the shine
Of the sun, with a laugh in yer voice and yer eye
As hearty as mother's and mine."

Well—long-and-short of it—he's compromised some—
He's moved in the sooburbs. And now
They don't haf to coax when they want us to come,
'Cause we turn in and go anyhow,
Fer there—well, they's room fer the songs and pertume
Of the grove and the old archway ground,
And they's room for the children out there, and they's room
Fer they're gran pop to waltz 'em round!

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

HIS ARM WAS QUITE HARMLESS.



In a crowded railway coach one day among other passengers were a gentleman and young lady, strangers to each other, seated side by side. The gentleman was of refined appearance, and carefully dressed, and was apparently absorbed in his newspaper. The young lady, it was noticed, became somewhat restless after a time, and once or twice moved somewhat impatiently away from her next neighbor. Finally she arose abruptly and asked the gentleman

in the next seat to change places with her, which he promptly did. Her action was noted by other occupants in the coach, and the spirit of rivalry in every masculine breast was awakened and alert, suspecting some annoyance to her. Indignant glances were directed towards the presumably offending man with the newspaper until, through the peculiar magnetism which impels one to return a persistent gaze, he became conscious of the surrounding disturbance. He glanced up from his reading, saw the angry contempt depicted on his neighbor's faces, noted the change of place on the part of the young lady, and rose to the situation. With a bow and a twinkle in his eye, he addressed his recent seatmate:

"Madam, I ask your pardon. This arm can do you no injury," as he spoke he raised it with his other hand, "it is the only substitute I have for the one I left abroad."

All present at once saw that he spoke the truth. Intently reading his paper, the simulated hand and arm had, unconsciously to their owner, pressed against his next neighbor. Everybody smiled a little, and very soon the young woman took occasion to leave the carriage.



extravagant and partner in a firm tastes within the go into debt, wisdom fails to impracticable money should be ments which w kind of a den for have enough left who was someb if he would give to more good the ever the salesm and as she insist he left the hotel to her, he cons handed. She was to visit the pretty "You know, than you are, and by Christmas It was ready ous lands where quite so happy heard his exclamation. His own what she had do red lips, and told little for her and more remote from the tears in Ted what selfish men they have taken

Those tears told her, as words down in your chair and if the shade held her close to which rested again "Do sit down make me feel the see if it will hold are going to have Teddy tried large enough for face pillowd par "how did you eve and dollars? I sh Kittie's hand "No questions, details would be that we have ager perhaps if they k old me because I "Poor old you of twenty-five and

TEDDY'S WIFE.

CHAPTER I.



IT WAS a charming little room, the deep, rich coloring blending with the tasteful decorations, while the furniture in its softly cushioned and brilliantly polished newness was almost luxurious. But I must begin somewhere else. When Mr. J. Tredington Lightbourne married Miss Kitty Gordon their apparent resources did not amount to quite two thousand dollars, and the bride furnished fully three quarters of the not

extravagant amount. "Teddy" Lightbourne was a jolly, good natured soul, junior partner in a firm of architects, and had hardly yet learned to keep his aristocratic tastes within the limits of a very limited income. Of course they decided not to go into debt, what newly married couple with the slightest pretence to worldly wisdom fails to make that excellent resolution? Teddy insisted, in his large, impracticable way, that any sort of a room would do for him and that Kitty's money should be expended in furnishing the drawing-room and the other apartments which would constitute her special domain, while he would fix up some kind of a den for himself, and, after elaborate calculation, he decided that he would have enough left to furnish the dining-room and kitchen. But Mrs. Lightbourne, who was somewhat strong-minded, though a merry and loving little soul, objected; if he would give her his money, she felt certain she could put it where it would do more good than if invested by a great big, silly man, who would buy whatever the salesmen advised. Teddy was not fond of the economies of life and as she insisted that having nothing else with which to fill in the time after he left the hotel for his office in the morning, it would be a source of pleasure to her, he consented. Her proceedings thereafter were exceedingly high handed. She would not permit him to see anything she had bought nor even to visit the pretty little house which they had rented, until all was finished.

"You know, Teddy," she used to say in the evening, "I'm three years older than you are, and I kept house for papa and know all about it; leave it to me and by Christmas I'll have everything ready."

It was ready two weeks before Christmas and no wife through all the joyous lands where Christmas is welcomed as the happiest time in the year, was quite so happy as Kitty Lightbourne as she clung to her Teddy's arm and heard his exclamations of delight while being shown the beauties of their new home. His own room was the last opened for inspection and when he saw what she had done he caught her in his arms and kissed her sweet face and red lips, and told her she made him feel ashamed of himself; he had done so little for her and she had done so much for him. I think an observer, much more remote from Teddy than Kitty was, at that moment might have noticed the tears in Teddy's eyes—tears such as are started in the eyes of even somewhat selfish men when they see the self-sacrifice and love of those for whom they have taken but little thought.

Those tears somewhat disconcerted Kitty Lightbourne, even though they told her, as words never could, that her labor had been appreciated. "Sit down in your chair and try how it fits you, Ted! I want to see how you look and if the shade of leather suits your complexion!" she cried, gaily, but he still held her close to his heart and gently stroked the great coils of brown hair which rested against his shoulder.

"Do sit down, Teddy, and don't look so overwhelmingly grateful or you'll make me feel cheap and silly. After I look at you awhile I'll come over and see if it will hold us both, for you needn't flatter yourself with the idea that you are going to have this room or that chair all to yourself, Mr. Proudie, so now!"

Teddy tried the chair and it proved exactly suitable in color and quite large enough for two. "Kitty," suggested Teddy looking into the loving face pillowed partly on his shoulder and partly on the soft back of the chair, "how did you ever get all this furniture and these pretty things for two thousand dollars? I should think they would have cost twice that?"

Kitty's hand pressed firmly over his mouth stopped further enquiries. "No questions, sir!" she exclaimed archly. "Everything is paid for and details would be tiresome. If other people will only be kind enough to think that we have spent so much money we may be able to pose as capitalists, or perhaps if they know you hadn't any money they will think you married poor old me because I was an heiress."

"Poor old you, indeed," laughed Teddy. "I've reached the advanced age of twenty-five and you must be nearly twenty-eight—"

"Hush, Ted, never breathe that awful number! It is bad enough to dream of it, think of it, and see it written on the walls like that awful, ominous something at Belshazzar's feast, without ever hearing it." Kitty's serio-comic interruption made Teddy laugh, he, man-like, failing to notice the little quiver in the voice, or take to heart the lesson that every man ought early to learn, that no woman cares to see her years reckoned upon one's fingers.

"You remember what the parson said to us, Kitty," continued the oblivious Teddy, "when we gave him our ages, 'that a wife older than the husband brings good luck,' and you know a rattle-brained man like I am needs someone with sense to look after him."

"Don't, Teddy, please don't talk as if I had taken you to raise," cried Kitty, the brave little soul, still keeping the accent of pain hidden beneath her gay laugh and comic grimaces. "If ever you confess to anything more desperate than that we are about of an age I'll get a divorce or do something equally desperate and heartbreaking. And it would be heartbreaking, Teddy," murmured Kitty, as she put her arm around his neck and drew her face close up to his bearded cheek, "if anything ever separated us, for I love you, Teddy, with all my might, and old as I am I never imagined that I loved a man before that night we met at Grantham's hall!" Kitty's voice was serious now, desperately serious but Teddy was gazing at the gleaming beauty of the moonlight on the waterstretch in an etching which his wife had hung over the mantelpiece, and responded with nothing more re-assuring than an abstract hug and a kiss, which would have been effectual only that Teddy's eyes had, in the meantime, become fixed on a pair of very handsome curtains over the window.

"Why, Kitty," he laughed in that light-hearted and horribly masculine way which, when it comes in answer to the heart-appeal of a woman, is interpreted as indifference, "how can you suggest anything so preposterous as the possibility of a separation. If two people on this earth were ever suited to one another then you and I are the two. Now I couldn't have fixed up this room to please myself half as well as you have done it; those curtains are the prettiest I've seen anywhere; the best houses in the city have nothing nicer or in as good taste."

Though Teddy was anxious to change the subject he really had nothing to conceal, his only trouble being that he didn't half understand women; didn't know that an assurance that he loved the one who had done all this for him and had never before anybody else would have won him a thousand times more to her than complimentary endorsements of her taste and generosity. "I'm glad you like it, Teddy," answered Kitty, straightening up and with her face behind Teddy's head, giving her ear a suspicious little dab with the back of her hand, "I—I was afraid I might put something disappointing and out of place in it, and you know how wretched even one little inharmonious thing will make everything look—and feel!" Kitty could not restrain this one thrust at her husband but it was wasted; Mr. Lightbourne was examining a dainty little fire screen and pronounced it lovely.

"You haven't seen the 'larder yet,'" said Kitty, after her disappointment had been partially forgotten amidst the enthusiastic encomiums of her husband, whose eye trained to the appreciation of beauty as displayed in form and color, roved from one pretty thing to another—"and Teddy, you know, I've got some nice things there which you men are said to appreciate more than vases, curtains or sentiment—or even a wife."

Teddy put his arm around her, gaily whistling a bar from the comic opera in which he, as one of an amateur company, had taken a prominent part before his marriage—somewhat to the discomfiture of his *fiancée* who was not theatrical and didn't care to see her Teddy in the role of a lover.

"I'm a never-get-left young man," etc.,

he sang as he danced with her through the dining-room and into the kitchen. "See there!" she exclaimed, "chops for breakfast, a roast for dinner, and celery and cheese and everything! Now isn't this keeping house, Mr. J. Tredington, in real earnest?"

"Well, I should say so," he replied, suddenly becoming practical, "but who is going to cook them, my dear Kitty, and who is going to eat them, my dear, while we are stopping at the hotel?"

"But we are not stopping at the hotel, Mr. Lightbourne, we are staying here henceforward and forever more—or at least till we quarrel or get rich," answered Kitty, airily.

"But we'll have to get our trunks and pay our bill and all that sort of thing, you know, my dear, before we can settle down."

"But that is all done, my Teddy," cried Kitty, triumphantly. "I packed the trunks and they will be here in a jiffy, and I had enough money left over to pay the bill and I paid it."

One might have expected the recipient of this unexpected information and of the satisfactory financial statement of the partnership to have been overjoyed, but he wasn't. He stared blankly at his wife for a moment and his brow clouded.

"Well, I declare, you have been rushing things, Kit. Kind of left me out of the arrangements altogether."

"Don't you like it, Ted," she asked, the accent of pain and disappointment vibrating, without conscious thought, through her sweet voice.

"Yes, of course I like it, Kitty, but I'm not quite used to having my bills paid and trunks moved by someone else as if I were a child." He was gazing at the chops and the roast and did not notice her face or he would not have

continued with an unpleasant laugh: "The hotel people will think sure enough that you've taken me to raise."

Kittie's wide-open eyes, quickly filling with tears, the quivering lips, on which her white teeth were pressed in a struggle to restrain a sob, and the look of reproachful pain partially relieved Mr. Lightbourne to his senses.

"Kittie darling," he cried, seizing her in his arms, "I'm an ungrateful wretch! You have been too good and it has spoiled me! I know I spoke like a simpleton! Forgive me, darling, and dry your tears, they make me feel like taking myself out to the woodshed and giving myself the horsewhipping I deserve."

Kittie for a few moments could not be comforted and sobbed bitterly. Then with a desperate effort she brushed away her tears and tried to laugh. "It is I," she whispered tremulously, "who ought to be whipped for being so silly and crying about nothing. Only—only—Teddy dear, I thought our happiness would be so unalloyed to-night that even a little scolding hurt so that I couldn't help howling a little. You don't mind, do you, dear?"

Teddy was still calling himself desperate names and assuring her that he alone was to blame for having acted like an unfeeling brute, and was brushing away the tears, which somehow wouldn't stop all at once, when the door-bell rang. Kittie sprang from his arms and ran to the wash basin which she filled with cold water, saying hurriedly:

"Go to the door, please Teddy, quick, and see if it is old Mary or the trunks," then as she splashed the water over her eyes she called after him, "if it is Mary, call me."

It was Mary, evidently, for a grim old woman demanded sharply, "Does Mrs. Lightbourne live here?"

"Yes, Mary," cried Kittie, running toward the door, "this is the place, and oh I'm so glad to see you! You dear old woman!"

The grim old face softened as Kittie caught her around the neck, and gave her a kiss.

Mary had evidently made up her mind as to what she would do first, for without speaking another word she took hold of Kittie's face and held it up to the light for a scrutiny which seemed painfully long.

"I hope you be happy," the old body began, "but you don't look it; bin cryin'!"

"Indeed I'm happy, Mary, the very happiest woman in the world, and you only say that because you always told me never to marry, because men—were all alike—bad. But here is one who isn't bad, Mary; I'm sure you'll like him. Mr. Lightbourne, my old nurse, Mary Haines," and with this Kittie caught Teddy's arm and drew him forward to be introduced. Mr. Lightbourne had scarcely relished old Mary's opinion of his wife's happiness but he endeavored to be friendly and—failed.

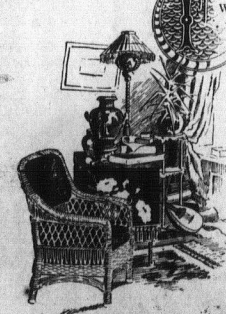
Just then the trunks came and caused a fortunate interruption. He offered to help bring them in but Mary shoved him into the drawing-room and superintended the job herself.

"Of course I don't mind her odd ways, Kittie," he explained, "but she is really a greater oddity than I expected. She seems strong and active if I may judge by the shove she gave me just now."

"Are you comfortable, Mary?" asked Kittie half an hour later as she looked into her old servant's room.

Without deigning to make reply the old woman, in her long flannel nightgown, came over to the door and again taking her nursing's face between her rough hands, looked long and lovingly into the deep violet eyes. "Mable you be, but you don't look it!" she answered, kissing her old charge and then turning into bed, still muttering, "Mable you be, but you don't look it!"

CHAPTER II.



she felt that the well-fed man before her should be able to stand an expression of opinion from his wife.

"Well then I don't, Teddy, and I wish you wouldn't be quite so enthusi-

WAS after their late dinner, Teddy was lying on the lounge in his room. Kittie was buried deep in the soft cushions of his easy chair.

"Do you like that Maud Hetherley?" she asked after a short silence, during which her husband had shown unmistakable symptoms of somnolence.

"Why, certainly," he answered, stretching himself and seeking for a more comfortable attitude. Kittie knew that the old adage about letting sleeping dogs lie applies quite as well to sleepy men, but her heart was too full to philosophize, and though through the dinner just over she had been able to keep away from unpleasant topics

atically good to her when she comes here." Kittie's voice was surcharged with long restrained excitement, and even the none too observant Teddy recognized that something was wrong.

"Not jealous of her I hope?" he exclaimed, as he propped his head up with the cushion and gazed curiously at his wife.

"No, not jealous. I hope I am not silly enough to think you in love with every woman you speak to, and I know you could have married Maud Hetherley if you had wanted to, but I don't like to see you so good to her when she is so mean to me!"

"Mean to you? why Kit you must be dreaming! I thought she was becoming a regular sister to you."

"But I don't want to be 'sistered,' Teddy, particularly by a woman who tries to impress me with the notion that she could have had my place as your wife had she been so inclined," answered Kittie hotly, "and, what's more, I can't endure having a woman trying on my clothes and calling my attention to the places where she is better developed or more trimly shaped than I am, and asking my opinion as to how many inches of difference there are between us. I think she is the rudest and meanest creature I ever knew, and if you keep on making so much of her I shall positively insist—her—I shan't be able to help it, Teddy, I shan't, indeed. I am getting to absolutely hate her and her patronizing ways."

Teddy grinned.

There is only one thing more furiously exasperating than that superior grin which displays itself on the face of a man who thinks he knows everything and is kind enough not to put his reproach of woman's unjustifiable ignorance into words. The other thing—the one worse thing—is when a woman ostentatiously hums or sings while her stronger half is addressing some specially appropriate words of advice, reprimand or warning to her careless ear. Kittie could never have degenerated into the hateful rudeness of refusing to listen, and Teddy had no idea how villainously provoking he looked as he turned that superior smile, that "sorry-you-are-acting-so-silly" smile upon his irritated wife.

"Teddy," she cried, angrily, sitting up straight in the big chair, "scold, scowl, get up and stalk out with an air of injured innocence, swear if you will, but for mercy's sake don't grin. I didn't believe it possible that you could have made me show my bad temper, and in the three months we've been married you can't say you have seen me real angry before, but I can't and won't stand that self-satisfied look of amusement, as if you had carefully calculated everything you and Maud have done with the fixed purpose of annoying me."

Teddy by this time was also sitting up and began looking very perpendicular. "Kittie," he began with dignity, "I confess I am surprised at this exhibition of what I didn't suppose you possessed—bad temper. I certainly shan't stoop to defend myself, for if you are to be so unreasonable I will be impossible to satisfy you. As to the charge of 'grinning' at you I certainly take that as a personal affront and I shan't trouble you with any further efforts to smile at your absurd suspicions until you are in a different frame of mind. I think in the meantime I had better take a walk and give you an opportunity of recovering your composure."

As he rose to go his wife threw herself on his breast. "Oh, please don't go, Teddy, darling," she sobbed, "don't let this be a quarrel—our first quarrel—you know I didn't intend to say as much as I did, but I love you so much and want you all to myself that I am unreasonable. Forgive me—won't you, Teddy, and I will never scold again."

Manlike he thought it would be undignified, if not unwise, to unbend too quickly, but he stroked her hair, told her not to cry and informed her with rage or less gentleness that he would remain if she showed no further disposition to go into hysterics. After he had seated himself by her side on the lounge, and pity for her tears had driven away the resentment he had felt at being upbraided he returned to the vexed subject in a more conciliatory tone.

"You really went off the handle a little too suddenly, Kittie dear. Maud may have shown bad taste in the way she said and did, but I don't think it would bear any such construction as you seem to have put upon it."

"But there were so many things, Teddy dear," answered Kittie, quickly, and then after a moment, for she saw an opportunity of at least quietly stating her case; "you don't mind me telling you what made me act so cross and silly, do you?"

"Certainly not," he replied, resignedly, "though you know I think the least said will be soonest mended, little wife!"

"Yes, but it is always best to keep nothing back—entire confidence between man and wife, you know, Teddy, and I shall feel guilty until I tell you everything I know and have thought about; you won't mind, will you, Teddy: I'll feel better, you know, and perhaps," she added with tearful archness—"I'll be able to behave better."

"Go on, Kittie—out with it, all of it, if it will relieve your pent up feelings, but remember I shall not feel it my duty to enter into explanations. This sort of thing is always best left to explain itself."

Ignoring all but his permission to "out with her troubles," Kittie began. "Now you mustn't be angry, Teddy. I know I'm silly, but I feel just a little too utterly miserable to be told of it"—her violet eyes were luminous with unshed tears, and her voice trembled as she looked up at him. "I was hurt that day I went into your office and found you and Maud talking so earnestly together. Neither of you seemed pleased to see me and though Maud came away with me she turned back and said something to you after I had started down the steps. I know it was silly but I thought you and she had something or other between you that I did not share. Then I met you next day coming out of a store together and you did not seem to think that your wife had any business to know how or why it happened. Then I thought I heard you whis-

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pering together one night when I came back to the drawing-room after I had been out to the kitchen—all in three days, remember, Teddy—and I felt that I was being ignored and whispered about, and I thought I was just as miserable as I could be till this afternoon Maud grew confidential and told me what a lot you always thought of her, and how I ought to manage you, and what a pity it was that I was older than you, and that people were apt to joke about it though 'of course no one would think it to see us together, your whiskers made you look so manly, and all that sort of thing.'

Teddy made no answer, and after a pause, Kitty resumed, "Speaking of people joking about our ages and how careful I ought to be, it struck me perhaps you had told her about me paying the hotel bill and having the trunks sent up. Did you tell her, Teddy?"

"Yes," he answered, reddening with a sense that after having apologized so vehemently for his ill-timed remarks he should not have said anything about it outside of the family."

"And did you say you were afraid 'the hotel people would think I had taken you to raise, sure enough'?"

Teddy's confusion and shame-faced look betrayed him even before he clumsily admitted his guilt and stammered that he didn't think she'd care.

"But Teddy," persisted his wife, "you knew how it hurt me, and might have kept it to yourself."

"I know I might, sweetheart," he admitted, trying the while by caresses to make amends for his mistake. "And if I'd thought that Maud was going to blab it all back to you I'm sure I would have held my tongue."

"It wasn't repeated to me, Teddy; I guessed it. But do you think you should ever say anything which, if repeated to me, would give me pain?"

"No, Kitty, I shouldn't," he replied, to assume when in the wrong and anxious to change the subject, "for now that I've learned a lesson I shall be doubly to blame if I ever err again in the same way."

Kitty knew she had scored a point and with a comical little grimace, she asked:

"What about our Christmas dinner, Ted? Are we to have it alone or do you want to have some friends?"

"A Christmas dinner with no one but you and me wouldn't seem just right, would it, Kit? Sort of lonesome, and unlike the festivities we've been used to, eh?" he answered; the interrogation in his voice distinctly overpowered by the assertion that such a dinner would be a lonesome affair, unworthy of the festive season. If Teddy had been seeking for a chance to wound his wife he could not have found a more tender spot. She had been thinking in that sentimental and loving—perhaps silly—way which women have of a jolly little dinner for two—an initial banquet which they would remember all through life as the sweetest and most memorable feast which two mortals had ever had. She had planned surprises and thought of so many little devices by which the dinner was to be made a success—a never to be forgotten success—that Teddy's suggestion that it would be a dull affair was but another revelation of how stupid and unthoughtful a man could be. Of course men were all alike! Kitty never for a moment felt like blaming Teddy, she felt that would be disloyal and unworthy of a wife. To her he was a prince even among the princes of his sex, and incomparably better than his fellow men, but—how could she resist feeling sorry that men are so different from women in thoughtfulness and domestic impulses? Of course not; I can't blame her myself. However, previous experience warned her not to expect too much or to insist on adherence to her plans, and by way of developing her husband's ideal she asked:

"What have you in your mind as the best way of celebrating our first married Christmas? Santa Claus and illusions of that sort being out of the question, what would you propose?"

"I was thinking the other day, after talking with Bob Marlowe—you remember Bob, don't you—the fellow who used to be so well fixed in the Old Country—that it would be awfully jolly, and an act of humanity as well, to have in a lot of the fellows who have nowhere else to go! Don't you think so, Kitty? A crowd of the poor devils at the club who haven't struck a prize and a happy home like I have—would give a sort of an exhibition of how lovely it is to have a wife and family comforts and all that sort of thing, you know!" Teddy at this point gave a graceful wave of his hand, and his voice took on a tone of magnificent philanthropy which was quite amusing, but it failed to appeal to Kitty's idea of what was either practicable or funny.

"But who would get up the dinner, Ted, or serve it? If we are to have a lot of club men you don't imagine that our limited establishment would be equal to the occasion." She was serious now—Kitty always was when she had to face culinary difficulties.

"Why of course!" answered Teddy, as if the suggestion of difficulty were both unexpected and unhandsome, "old Mary's cooking is a hundred per cent. ahead of her manners, and the boys have had so much hotel and club cooking that a plain family dinner would please them ever so much more than any fancy spurge. Just let Mary throw herself and I'll guarantee that the dinner'll be all right!"

"Ted!" cried Kitty, the horror of the thought growing upon her as she mentally cast her eye over the coming catastrophe, "if you knew Mary as well as I do you wouldn't even suggest such a thing as 'throwing herself.' She's all

right when she is alone and has no responsibility but if I were to tell her that we expected half-a-dozen or a dozen men to dinner she'd take to her bed with a sick headache inside of an hour." The thought of the results of such a thing made Kitty laugh, but her merriment instead of becoming contagious annoyed Mr. Lighthouse.

"I don't see what there is to laugh at! 'Mary can cook a better dinner than anyone I know in the city. It is old-fashioned, of course, but so much the better, it will be a change.'"

"But you silly fellow," interrupted Kitty, "she can't do it. It is one thing to get a dinner for two or three people and a very different affair to prepare one for a dozen. I know just how Mary would act. The very moment I tell her about it she'll sit down and wrap her apron around her hands and say she feels dizzy, and she'll be dizzy and useless till it is all over. You haven't seen her go into a dumb-daze yet, but I have and it is simply awful."

"But you could help her, you know, till just before dinner, and then slip into the parlor, you know, as if you had simply been superintending the work. It wouldn't seem out of place for the lady of the house to



be looking after things, you know," persisted Teddy.

"Oh! indeed, I should like to see myself," exclaimed Kitty, indignantly, "coming into the room with my face all red and ready to burst with the heat and excitement, my hands broiling and my bangs sticking to my forehead, and receive our friends as if I were the cook. No, sir, I won't do it! Now it's no use talking, Teddy, if you want to give your friends a dinner hire a caterer to get it up for them and let him bring his waiters and—"

"But, Kit, we can't afford it."

"Ted," cried Kitty, tragically, at the same moment springing to her feet and assuming a school-of-elocution pose, "I'll go hungry or ragged or take in washing on the quiet, but I won't be cook and hostess on the same night and make an exhibition of myself before your friends. If they were strangers I wouldn't care, but to have Bob Marlowe and that crowd see me steaming with perspiration and jaded with cooking would kill me. No, it wouldn't kill me, I'd kill

myself; I'd commit suicide in advance of the festivities, even if I had to miss the elegant old-fashioned dinner I had prepared for the guests."

"Kit dear—"

"No, Ted, don't 'Kit dear' me! It can't be done. Think of it yourself! What remarks they would pass! I with boiling heads of perspiration hanging from my eyebrows, nose and chin! I'd look forty years old I say, fifty, and if the dinner was good—even gorgeous—they would go away with an abominable idea of me, and Bob Marlowe would say to his chums, 'Deuced queer how Teddy came to marry his cook? Devilish strange, wasn't it, dear boy!' No Tedington Lightbourne, architect and civil engineer, the feast can't be done off under those circumstances! Why Ted, darling, just think of it!" This latter clause was added by Kittie in her most seductive tone as she saw that she had not yet prevailed.

Teddy was stubborn! Men as a rule are stubborn with their wives, firm with their children, conciliatory with their acquaintances and weak with their chums. Anyhow at this critical moment, Teddy was hard in his purpose that old Mary should prepare a Christmas dinner for his friends.

Fortunately he was good humored as well as mulish. This does not often happen, but Teddy's heart and mind were filled with what he thought would be an overpowering surprise for Kittie and he, therefore, felt that it was proper—eminently proper in fact—for him to insist.

"Come here, Kittie," he coaxed, as he made room for her beside him in the great big easy chair—a place that Kittie, sentimental little thing, had thought he would have insisted upon her occupying every evening. "I've something to tell you!"

"Ted!" cried Kittie in alarm, as she bent over him, her hands on his shoulders and her face close to his, "Ted Lightbourne, you haven't invited them already?"

"No, my dear," laughed Teddy, as he caught her in his arms and seated her by his side, "not so bad as that; I wouldn't do anything of that sort without your consent, for I recognize the fact that you and old Mary" (Note—including "old Mary" was a very bad error.)

"are supreme in affairs domestic, and I wouldn't issue invitations without permission, though of course I may, in fact have mentioned to the boys, informally of course, that I intended to have them up if I could arrange it."

The explanatory clause was delivered in a tone large with the idea that really it didn't matter whether he had invited them or not the result would be that the invitations would not be delayed if he insisted upon it. Kittie recognized this and resented it.

"Then really you have invited them—looking very much injured."

"No, not invited them—only with your permission—of course if you won't have them I can explain and—"

"But don't you see, Ted, what a box that would leave me in! As if I were a shrew and cared nothing for your wishes. They wouldn't have thought of coming up here if you hadn't mentioned it; of course they'll have to come now, but we'll have to have some one in to prepare the dinner!"

"Now Kit," exclaimed her husband, half ashamed of himself, "please don't go so fast. It wasn't about the Christmas dinner that I wanted to tell you. I feel awfully mean about what your feelings were when you saw Maud Hetherley and me together—and about our whispering and that sort of thing, you know, and I can't keep the secret any longer. We were conspiring to buy you a Christmas present. It was this way, you see, that Bob wrote on Interior Decorations was quite a success. The old friend-of-yours in New York

you advised me to send it to provide a perfect trum, and ten days ago I received five hundred dollars for it and the promise of a royalty on all sales. Then as you had helped me so much with it, you know, I decided I would spend half of the money on a real splendid Christmas box for you and I asked Maud what she thought you'd like best, she said a sealskin sackage; that yours was getting quite shabby and too small for you, and that nothing ever pleased a woman more than something pretty to wear.

Of course it had to be made as at Maud's suggestion she found out the points in which you differed in size and she was measured for it. Now that's how we came to be together, and why we were whispering! There now, the cat's all the way out of the bag and I feel better. I guess I am like a woman and can't keep a secret over night."

"You extravagant old darling!" cried Kittie, giving her husband an enthusiastic kiss and hug, which surprised him by its suddenness and intensity. Then she caught his face between her hands and looked admiringly into his eyes.

"So it was your jealous, fault-finding, old wife you were thinking of all the time you poor abused Ted. You'll forgive me, won't you, Teddy? I'm so sorry I was unjust to you and I'll promise, solemnly, 'so-help-me-promise never to do it again."

Of course Mr. Lightbourne felt that he could afford to be magnanimous and extended his benign forgiveness, going so far as last at to admit that under similar circumstances he might have been a trifle jealous himself.

"But after all, Kittie, I think you should accept this little experience as a hint that what I do in matters of that sort, at any rate, is all right and above suspicion, even if I do look a little queer, you know."

Kittie did not demur, though in her heart she knew that fully half of her enthusiasm over the sealskin sackage had been simulated, and that while she thoroughly appreciated the goodness of Teddy's motive, Maud Hetherley was not included among the forgiven or unsuspected. She did not care a pin for a sealskin sackage nor feel flattered by the suggestion she had grown too stout for her old one, or that she was one of the women who could be best pleased by something pretty to wear. But Teddy had been thinking of her—that was enough! He must love her or he would not have taken all that trouble to please her and with that thought came more kisses and caresses for her adored.

Rarely indeed is such a sweet, loving heart to be found as beat in the breast of Kittie Lightbourne. No, I retract it, they are not rare among women but they are checked and—and yes snubbed until they have to be concealed to be protected from the bruises which clumsy, good-for-nothing men inflict upon them. At that moment Teddy was feeling that he was a model husband—a thoughtful and perfectly lovely man and Kittie's caresses appeared to him merely a proper tribute to his pre-eminent worth. The rascal was still thinking about his proposed dinner party, and Kittie was not slow to discover that he was not as responsive as she might have hoped. She was about to offer a nominal sum for his thoughts when he disclosed himself thus:

"Now about that dinner party, Kittie. Can't we have it as I said, a real old-fashioned dinner? I've been thinking of a scheme to help you out," persisted Teddy, tightening his arm about Kittie's waist and failing to notice the look of disappointment and chagrin on her face. "A rattling good plan, I think, for keeping the boys from thinking you had to help cook the dinner and at the same time giving you a chance to cool off and not be red in the face or dripping with perspiration."

"Unfold it at once, my arch-conspirator. I am beginning to admire your talent for delightful deception," cried Kittie, with seeming gaiety, her face still resting against his, but in her eyes visions of old Mary having a fit or sitting down in a dumb doze somewhere between the soup and the fish.

"Well then, how would it do for you to sort of superintend the dinner till everything was well under way and then put on your new sackage and slip out the side door and take a little walk, coming in later as if you had been away calling on a friend and had just got back?"

"And have old Mary go to the door?" interrupted Kittie. "all covered with pudding and turkey 'stuff'nin', as she calls it, and short out. 'Well, I hope yer walk cooled yeh off, mebbe it did but yus don't look it!'"

"No," laughed Teddy, "I'll answer the bell myself and insist upon you coming into the drawing-room to see the boys, just as you are, you know. You'll look just lovely with your new coat and they'll see that I haven't seized all the nice things, you know, and it'll give you a chance to tell them about my book and how well it's taking and all that sort of thing, you know, and then you'll pull it off—the sackage I mean—say you must go out and see how the dinner is getting on and rush to the kitchen and everything will seem as natural as anything. Now won't it, Kit?"

Another delusion gone. Her husband's desire to parade that miserable jacket and his own generosity was like a great big piece of ice chilling her affectionate enthusiasm, but she had a keen sense of humor and Teddy's elaborate plan made her laugh.

"Lovely! Ted," she cried, springing from the chair and striking an attitude. "Just like a chapter from a Christmas story. I'll come back unexpectedly like a long lost sailor girl, rush into your arms, sobbing with joy, and exclaiming: 'My le-long le-ost husband! At last we are reunited! Why how your feet and hands have grown! I would scarcely have known you!' and just then Mary, with her hands tightly rolled up in her apron and a stony glare in her eyes, will appear at the door informing me, in loud but broken tones, 'if yus don't come back inter the kitchen an' look after them things they'll all be biled dry an' ruined. The turkeys is gittin' the stuff'nin' all cooked outen 'em' etc. Then I then, oh, then, my countrymen, how shall I feel?"

Teddy was immensely amused at his wife's mimicry, and his peals of laughter might have been heard on the next street, but when they ceased he was still heard adhering tightly to his plan. "You needn't be afraid of Mary; tell her to stay in the kitchen no matter what happens."

But she won't, Tedington. I, unfortunately, had to mind Mary long before Mary ever showed the slightest inclination to obey me, and the old habit is apt to come back on her. Then," continued Kittie, ruminatively, her foot on a chair, her elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, "again, my lover, as I might run up against one of your guests while I dodged from the side door around to the front, I would have to take another route and climb over the ash-barrel into the lane and our neighbor's dog would be aware of the dramatic situation we were preparing might insist upon detaining me and then I would scream pale-blue murder; your friends would rush to the rescue and discover the heroine of the plot mingled in wild ruin with the

remains of a dog making hold of. Her or was rushing "You cou that."

"No, that dogs and ash way you'd mean hand and white and of course cloud or come but one of you snow bank—T hear Mary fall window. How

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"Now, Kit, wanted to be in connection up and making His aggr party, and it w Mrs. Lightbourn brother Mary, of this treat Lightbourne qu on her next d soliloquizing as but this is the o



and no concurren ness on Christ's happy—not a Chris of giving a dinn definable way T mas given to be ban with any supern of yesterday, the usually careful in beauty of a little While Kittie woman who can musical laughter wintry miles of li instead of with a trip in a jolly el told you how pre

remains of a sealskin sacque, in an ash barrel and a hen coop, with an excited dog making a Christmas dinner out of whatever sections of one he could get hold of. What would they think, Sir Ted? That I had been trying to dole out as was rushing surreptitiously to the grocery for a pennyworth of tea!"

"You could get out of the side door all right," laughed Ted. "I'll see to that."

"No, thanks, Teddy," cried Kittie, tragically, "the plot may thicken with dogs and ash-barrels, but I refuse to have you act as prompter. This is the way you'd manage it, tip-toeing to the door, making a speaking trumpet of your hand and whispering in a shrill aside: 'Now's your time, Kit, they're all here; and of course they would all hear you and expect me to float in on an aureole cloud or come in with a bound like a *premiere danseuse*. No, Tedrick, anything but one of your ear-splitting asides! I'd rather risk the dog and the rigor of the snow bank—That suggests that I might walk up and down in the yard until I hear Mary fall in a swoon or you fire your revolver out of the drawing-room window. How would that do?" inquired Kittie, with great solemnity.

"Don't make such fun of it, Kit," smiled Ted, as he lighted a cigar and stretched his legs across the lounge, feeling a little perplexed as to the meaning but sure of the result of his wife's game of fun, "there are dozens of ways of working it out if you only feel like trying it!"

"Yes, Ted, there are plenty of ways," answered Kittie, feeling just a little cross and satirical because her husband failed to see the awkward position in which he wished to place her, "dozens and dozens—but I am not a professional actress and I am afraid I'd fail. I might be arrayed in that gorgeous sacque and stand in the middle of the parlor as Mrs. Grantham does on reception days, or I might come down to dinner in it, or wear it while I pour tea in the drawing-room, or I might put it on and offer to see some of the boys home, or get Mary to wear it while she is waiting on table, or—"

"Now, Kit, I think that real mean of you!" broke in Ted. "As if all I wanted was to have you display the sacque. I only suggested it as an incident in connection with your walk when you spoke about the kitchen heating you up and making your face red."

His aggrieved tone induced Kittie to at once give her consent to the dinner party, and it was arranged, with a number of mental reservations on the part of Mrs. Lighbourne, which led her to exact a promise that her husband should not bother Mary, or go near the kitchen either on Christmas or the day preceding it. This treaty having been signed and Teddy interested in a book Mrs. Lighbourne quietly sat down and wrote a note to a professional caterer to call on her next day and receive instructions for preparing a Christmas dinner, soliloquizing as she wrote, "Yes, 'there are dozens of ways of working it out,' but this is the only one I dare attempt."

CHAPTER III.

WAS Christmas day; not a very astonishing thing to us poor folk who have outlived the illusion of Santa Claus and a great many other illusions which once gave us wonderful pleasure. We all, long since, gave up the idea that Christmas has any intrinsic delight and either try to fill the day with special happiness for ourselves or someone else. Anticipations were once enough to gild the edge of the Christmas sun; memories possibly may be the halo now, but it is a poor scenery soul if it is a poor heart and enough to eat health and enough to rest.

and no cancerous sorrow if it cannot find some love work and consequent happiness on Christ's birthday. On this Christmas morning Kittie Lighbourne was happy—not perfectly, "awfully" happy, for she was thinking of the unknown tortures of giving a dinner party, but still she was happy and had almost forgotten the indignities Mary had acted the night before. It would take a ruddy Christmas dawn to banish all such little irritants and morn does not break on feast days with any supernatural charm, which may be expected to banish the worries of yesterday, though it is barely possible for thoughtful people to be so unusually careful in conduct as to assist the Christmas daybreak with the glow and beauty of a little love light left over from the day before.

While Kittie was standing at her dressing-table she laughed. I love a woman who can laugh and isn't afraid to do it. The peals of a woman's merry, musical laughter are the sleigh-bells which gladden the way over the most wintry miles of life's road. Traveling along this journey with a woman who laughs instead of with one who whines or moopes is just as much more enjoyable as a trip in a jolly sleigh with jingling bells is ahead of a ride in a harness. I never told you how pretty Kittie Lighbourne was. Yes—and is—for the time of this

little story is only in the yesterday of years. Lovely is the word with no possibility of a pen picture of her dark vivacious face and deep violet eyes; though one might catalogue her charms and say she was shapely and graceful yet no hint would be conveyed of the enticing sweetness and rosy gaiety which made her more lovable than other women. When she laughed, everyone had to join in the chorus, but as she looked in her glass and laughed on Christmas morning there was no chorus, unfortunately for the half-wakened world, which could ill afford to lose so sweet and merry a peal. She was thinking about Uncle Donald, who had arrived the day before and would be one of the guests at the impending dinner. He was an uncle by courtesy and not in fact, having been her father's oldest and most trusted friend. He was a publisher in New York, a bachelor, old, and somewhat deaf, and short-sighted, and queer, and would certainly be an odd addition to the club men who were to surround their table. She felt guilty in laughing for she loved the old man and he loved her just as her father had loved her, in a stiff, uncommunicative way, appreciating

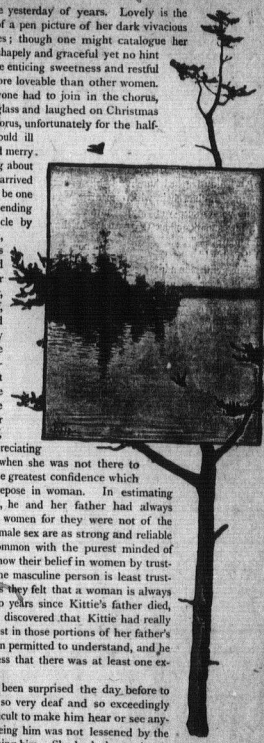
her, always praising her when she was not there to hear and having in her the greatest confidence which it would be possible to repose in woman. In estimating their confidence in Kittie, he and her father had always limited the comparison to women for they were not of the sort who admit that the female sex are as strong and reliable as men are, but they, in common with the purest minded of mankind, were certain to show their belief in women by trusting them in affairs where the masculine person is least trustworthy. In money matters they felt that a woman is always a child—though in the two years since Kittie's father died, Donald MacConachie had discovered that Kittie had really been a remarkable economist in those portions of her father's business which she had been permitted to understand, and he was perhaps ready to confess that there was at least one exception to the general rule.

Mrs. Lighbourne had been surprised the day before to find Uncle Donald grown so very deaf and so exceedingly shortsighted that it was difficult to make him hear or see anything, but her delight at seeing him was not lessened by the prospective task of entertaining him. She had shown the shabby old man over her pretty, unpretentious little house, and had shouted in his ear that everything he saw belonged to her father's old friend as long as he could stay with them. Teddy had also made a brief but apparently futile endeavor to make himself heard. He assured Mr. MacConachie that he was welcome, but either his voice was too hoarse or he was unable to adapt it to Uncle Donald's hearing, for the eccentric old man held his hand to his ear and continued to whisper: "Pardon me, sir, but I didn't catch what you said."

Teddy quit in disgust, and in one of his shrill asides asked his wife if she thought the old mummy would hear him better if he sung it. Kittie's eyes flashed angrily. "Don't take advantage of Uncle Donald's deafness to poke fun at him, Teddy. It wounds me as much as if you were making a jest of my dead father."

Teddy made another effort, and this time succeeded in making Uncle Donald hear him, but hastened to put on his coat and rush off to the office, saying laughingly as he kissed his wife good-bye and shook hands with his guest: "Never mind, Kit, I've done my best and split my wind-pipe trying to be agreeable and I must take the rest for granted."

In the evening Teddy came home in a bad humor and forgetful that it was Christmas Eve permitted his mental condition to be noticeable. Something serious had gone wrong at the office, he explained to Kittie, while trying to excuse his petulance but he would try and "cheer himself up by having a chat with Uncle Donald MacConachie." His satirical allusion to her friend made Kittie march out of the room in high dudgeon, and Teddy was left to entertain the old gentleman who, sitting in the big easy chair with his face close to a newspaper, seemed unaware of Mr. Lighbourne's presence. Some evil spirit must have taken possession of the latter, for usually he was generous and painstaking with his friends and not given to any more serious mistakes than those arising from a lack of that finer feeling which makes us perceive the things that give the most exquisite pleasure or the most subtle pain. But while in his angry mood he watched the unconscious Uncle Donald and a vein of mad drollery suggested itself to him.



"What shall I do to amuse and instruct you, my dear old relic?" he inquired in his ordinary tone, and encouraged by the old man's intonation he continued: "If I could only hire the lungs of a steam piano or the larynx of a locomotive whistle I'd be delighted beyond measure to inquire after your health, and the date and maker of those surprising clothes of yours. How delightful it would be to hear your reminiscences of George Washington, William Tell, Cain and Abel, and all the other prominent and pleasant people you must have known in your youth, when those garments of yours were new. You'll be a revelation to the boys-to-morrow night, and prove that Kittie belongs to our old if not fashionable families. I wonder if we could persuade you to live with us? It would be so jolly to have you to talk to when Kittie is busy polioing old Mary's headache. It would, by jove!"—Teddy laughed harshly at his conceit—"just too lovely for anything to sit in that chair, with one arm around Kittie and the other encircling you to keep you from being blown away while I shriek in your ear a few remarks about the weather or the state of the crops. It would make home—"

"Teddy!"

The gentleman addressed looked up with a start. Kittie was standing at the door, one hand holding back the portiere and the other pressed tightly over her heart.

"Teddy!" she repeated, "aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"What for, wife?" he asked, his face reddening as he crossed the room and put his arm around her. "I was trying to amuse myself, and as he couldn't hear, it did him no harm."

"You are ashamed of my old friend—my only, real friend! You are ashamed of me too, I suppose!" Her tears rather than the words cut him to the heart.

"No, you little goose, I am ashamed of no one but myself. I am ill-natured and selfish, or I would not have behaved so badly. Forgive me, pet, and I'll try my best to be good to Uncle Donald. Say you'll forgive my silly prank. Please do, Kittie!"

He brushed the tears from her eyes, and turning to take her into the room to the old man he found the lenses of Uncle Donald's spectacles fixed upon them with that far-away and unseeing gaze peculiar to shortsighted people.

Teddy held out his hand and shook the withered palm of the visitor, and bending down to the old man's ear he shouted: "Ta's ready!"

"Very well, thank you, for an old man," was the whispered answer.

"Ta's ready," roared Teddy, so lustily that the dishes rattled on the table in the next room.

"Yes, I suppose so, but I haven't been out since morning. It promised a fine day then," Uncle Donald as he spoke folded his paper and leaned back in the chair as if quite well pleased with the turn the conversation was taking.

Teddy looked ruefully at his wife and made one more attempt. Through his almost closed lips he shrilly called, with a sound like that of a bugle, "Ta's ready!"

Rising, with old-fashioned politeness, Uncle Donald offered his arm to Kittie and was conducted to the table where, much to Teddy's astonishment, he related in an uncertain half-whisper a number of remarkably clever things of people he had met.

Kittie remembered these incidents on Christmas morning with a little laugh and was determined not to permit her mind to dwell on the poor reception Teddy had given Uncle Donald, but all day long, whenever she had a moment's leisure her face clouded with the recollection of Teddy's misconduct, and as if to make amends, she sought out the old man and gave him to understand that she had not forgotten him.

In the kitchen old Mary, relieved from all responsibility by the professional cook, had been free from her dizzy headache, and much to the chef's annoyance had insisted on having everything cooked and seasoned to her taste. Kittie had explained to her husband that a couple of waiters had been engaged in order to relieve Mary, but nothing had been said of any further assistance and he enjoyed the pleasure of announcing to his guests as they arrived that they were to be given "an old-fashioned dinner prepared by an old-fashioned servant, who was, perhaps, the most old-fashioned of all old-fashioned servants." The introductions to Uncle Donald were a feature of the evening. Teddy presenting their cards to the old man and explaining the situation something after this fashion:

"This is Uncle Donald MacKonachie, an old friend but no relation of my wife. He is as deaf as a post, and as short-sighted as a politician, and if any of you steal the style of his clothes you'll be infringing the copyright of a deserving old gentleman who, by physical

misfortune, is unable to protect his patents and set the fashions as was his habit a hundred years ago."

When Mr. Marlowe was presented to Uncle Donald Teddy remarked: "I say, Marlowe, you are a perfect exponent of the fashions of to-day but if you want to create a sensation, copy Uncle Donald's raiment and shine as a duke of last century!"

Uncle Donald smiled blandly at all of the young men, thanked them for inquiring after his health when they made remarks concerning the weather and admitted that the day had been all that could be desired when they expressed the hope that he was feeling quite well.

When Kittie appeared all joking at Uncle Donald's expense ceased at once, and they vied with one another in showing her the most polite attention. The rumor had somehow spread abroad that Mrs. Lighbourne was strong minded as well as handsome, but they were all charmed when the gay, blithesome woman, with the fascinating eyes and merry laugh fitted from one to the other and made them welcome, and Teddy congratulated himself with rising pride that no such hostess had ever before been seen.

At dinner Teddy became still more elated. Every dish was perfection and he remarked that one charm about these simple old-fashioned, home-made repasts consisted in the fact that the fish did not taste as if it had been cooked in the same dish as the soup, and that the entrees had at least a different flavor from the ice cream. The guests, it must be said, were not slow in re-echoing these sentiments, and Teddy was in great, exuberant glee.

"Kittie—Mrs. Lighbourne—you know"—he began—"was awfully frightened that our cook would be unable to manage the affair, and wanted me to get in a caterer, but I'll leave it to you if this isn't much nicer."

Kittie's warning look was wasted on the well-satisfied Teddy, who replied by explaining that he had just received "a look" from his wife but was determined not to be suppressed;

she should have the honor which belonged to her. "I don't believe there is another

write in the town like

mine; not one who

has all the graces of

the drawing-room and

the talent of the housekeeper as

well."

The boys all seconded the assertion so warmly and Teddy smiled so serenely, so adoringly at Kittie that she could not be offended but she shook her head warningly at her husband.

"You incorrigible man," said she, "you should not only spare my blushes but make it unnecessary for me to explain that I do not deserve any credit at all. An old servant who lived with father and me when Uncle Donald

here was our best friend is the one who should

receive the vote of thanks."

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make a goose of yourself, or let those club ruffians make fun of Uncle Donald.—KITTEE."

"Give that to one of the waiters, Mary, and see that he doesn't get a chance to read it before he hands it to Mr. Lighthouse."

It was too late. Teddy reluctantly enough had handed a note to Uncle Donald informing him that, as Mrs. Lighthouse's oldest friend, he was requested to propose her hand. Uncle Donald gave a startled look when he read it, took off his spectacles, rubbed them with his handkerchief, glanced towards Teddy, pulled at the shiny satin stock wound many times about his limp turn-over collar and rose to speak just as the waiter handed Teddy Kittie's furious little note. The crimson flush which swept over his face, the excited way in which he bit his mustache, the repressed impulse to jump up and put a stop to the plan for getting Uncle Donald to make a speech, intimated to his friends that he was ill-at-ease, and also suggested to the somewhat hilarious gentlemen, that things had been carried too far, and that at once accorded Uncle Donald a most respectful hearing, while Teddy listened in a perfect agony of self-accusation and shame which did not decrease as the old man proceeded.

"Mr. Lighthouse and gentlemen—I am very sorry, indeed, that the honor of replying to this toast—an honor which comes somewhat unexpectedly on an occasion of this kind—did not fall to the lot of a younger man, whose physical defects did not incapacitate him in rendering honor and homage to the purest, gentlest and most talented woman it has been my pleasure to know. Yet I am glad to speak for I may never again have an opportunity. I am an old man; tomorrow, if God in His goodness permits me to see the dawn of the twenty-sixth of December, will find me eighty years old. And when a man of eighty who, as a publisher and the business associate of many women whose names are almost immortal, says that the woman who sat beside him to-night is his ideal of what is good and beautiful it has a meaning which could not be given to such words by one who in youth and influenced by the warmth and romance of his early days is inclined to believe that the woman he likes best is of all the women in the world best worth liking. She was only seventeen when I was seventy; she was only seven when I was already a queer looking old man of sixty. Her father was my best friend; he was ten years my junior but we loved each other as only Scotchmen in a strange land know how to love, and for men, old men, we grew strangely near to one another. He was as eccentric as I doubtless am; we lived in the past as we grew old together, as I live in the past now, as I grow old, very old, alone. The joy of his life—and of mine—was the little girl who came to my friend when hope of any such light in my own life had died away—had died away long, long years before. In the little home where we lived together little Kittie was the sunshine which reminded us both of the past—she was past when we were not old, nor queer, nor out of joint with the times. She was the mistress of the house, the sweet little woman who knew how to take care of two old men who, though they loved her, did not know how to show their affection to the one they loved, leaving her to guess that they cared for her, as perhaps many younger men do who carelessly accept the devotion of a woman and think it hardly worth while to every day prove that it is appreciated. Up through those years, through the twenty years since her mother died I have seen her grow and develop those merry ways which so often go with a capacity for self-sacrifice, and I came yesterday to feast my old eyes on the happiness I am glad to know she has found in the home of a husband devoted to her and to whom her whole heart has gone out. In a book which I had the pleasure of having published for our host I saw the work of her skillful hand and I congratulate both him and her on the success it has achieved. Perhaps he is unaware that she had already written a work on the same lines which is to-day a text book among the architects and decorators of America. God bless her, ay, God bless and make her life happy and content. She deserves it. I feel my old blood warming in my veins when I think of how her best days were sacrificed to the whims of two 'old relics' of the past, of how she refused to look for society or companionship while she had her father and old Uncle Donald to care for, God bless her, ay, God bless—"

Uncle Donald drew his handkerchief from his pocket and held it tightly against his eyes while a sob shook his withered frame.

"There are few such women, Mr. Lighthouses," he resumed, turning to his host, and still speaking in that intense half-whisper so common with men slightly hard of hearing and anxious not to be loud-voiced, "and you have reason to thank God that you have won the heart of the fairest of them. And when you know that in the days when she had no companions but two old men, those who sought her love could get no hearing, could get nothing but the assurance that she had no love but for her old father, you can be sure that but one image can occupy her heart, and now that you have succeeded to that love it is your responsibility to deserve it and to reward her who has heaped upon you a wealth of affection which asks for nothing but a single-hearted love in return. I know she asks but this, for when she left the dear old home since she was so many of my days were spent, where her father died and where she was born, she would not have it known that she was wealthy, though in her own right she has riches which seldom fall to the lot of women who also have the dowry of beauty and goodness. I am too old to longer keep the secret or to be trustee of what her father left her; I am so old that to-morrow what I have made in sixty-five years of struggle with the world shall be turned over to her. It is not inconsiderable and tonight amidst the friends of her husband I am glad to say that the only pleasure this money has ever given me is in pouring it into the lap of our bonnie little Kittie, the sweetest and noblest of her sex."

"What I say," added the old man after a pause and with perhaps unintentional sarcasm, "may be unconventional, but I feel that this company to-night is not

tied by the rules which, when violated, lead to aatives or breeding. I am too old to be suspected ofade my wealth; Kittie is not a consenting party toment. You are all friends of Mr. Lighthouse married for love, and these remarks, you must made at your suggestion, and if I have surprised has been because I, myself, have been surprised. that when I am dead and gone the one whose now propose will always have a friend in each you, and that you, my dear sir, may cherish her—your wife—as the most glorious treasure which can be given into the keeping of any man—a good and lovely woman whose beauty of mind as well as of face and form is without comparison, and who, withal, can love and suffer, can be wounded and disappointed and yet smile and make the world happier because she lives. Gentlemen, I thank you. Your faces tell me that you do not misunderstand me, that the garrulity of an old man has not bored or offended you, that the virtues of our hostess are appreciated by you. Let us drink her health. God bless her."

While Uncle Donald spoke Teddy's face burned redder and redder. He found that she was wealthy and had married a penniless architect; that she was talented and had espoused a careless dillard like himself, and he was consumed with shame that he had not appreciated true worth. When he listened to the loving sacrifices, and thought of how so much for him and how badly he had repaid thoughtfulness he was dumb and crimson faced. Then, too, he began to suspect that he was not as deaf as he would have people believe.ings as a once overwhelmed him and made him on the earth to open and swallow him. Kittie's nothing to him, he almost hated it. The humiliation invited his keen companions in to witness the revelation. He saw the nakedness made him unable to think or speak, and when Uncle Donald closed his remarks Teddy sat like one discovered in an unforgivable position, and not a word or thought came to his rescue.

Bob Marlowe, in his drawing way, suggested, as he rose to his feet and relieved the embarrassment, that Mr. Lighthouse was not unattractively overcome by what he had heard, and as one of Mrs. Lighthouse's friends—as one of those who had known her but a few moments compared with the gentleman who had just spoken, he wished to say that as their old friend Teddy had given them a sort of old-fashioned Bohemian evening, that each one present would esteem it a part of his duty to consider that they had been for the evening one of the family and as such would respect all that had been said as a chapter of domesticity which belonged to the home where they had been permitted to spend this jolly Christmas night."

"The boys" looked at one another and joining hands as in the festive days of yore they sang:

Oh, yes, we will
Through good and ill,
To-night is to-night,
And tomorrow's lights
Will fade to dusk.
Come joy, come! come!
This for to-night,
This for to-night.

This song in which he had joined many scores of times grated on Teddy's ears and yet he recognized the good intention of it. He was at home, in Kittie's home, and he felt that the Bohemianism of the sentiment jarred painfully on the sincerity of the home idea. He saw the mistake he had made in trying to introduce his old methods into his new life but there was nothing left for him to do but make the best finish he could to a bad job.

"Gentlemen," said he, slowly, "I confess that what I have just heard surprises me. I thought I had married a woman almost as poor as myself—financially, I mean—for I at least recognized that she was richer in every other respect. Richer in all those good qualities which make a woman so much nearer an angel than men ever get. Richer in talent and kindness of heart she could easily be, and now while I speak it with confusion and self-accusation that I remember how miserably poor I am in both. I owe—perhaps we all owe

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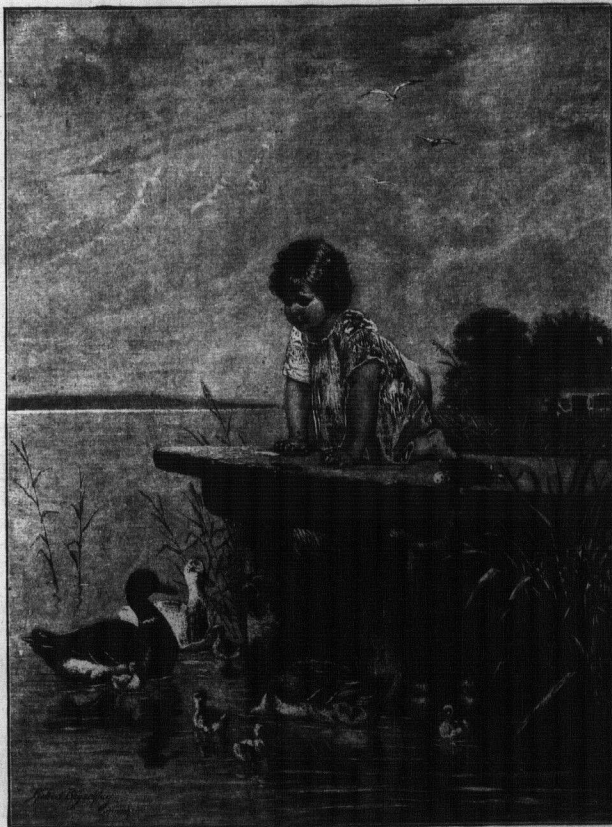
card: "For
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-an apology to Mr. MacKonachie for having insisted on a speech, but I think the surprise he gave us—that he gave me in particular—will prevent in future any such tendencies toward practical joking with one's guests. I feel that I have made a very poor host; that, in fact, I have but had my first lesson in the art of entertaining, and the chief use of it will be the conviction that I am ignorant of many things of which I thought myself possessed. On behalf of Mrs. Lightbourne, God bless her!—and here Teddy's voice became very unsteady.—I can only say that Uncle Donald has not exaggerated her goodness and talent, though perhaps he has shown me how I can better appreciate them. You know how unworthy I am of so good a wife, but boys I will make

think about other people; think about me and how much I love you, Ted, and forgive me for deceiving you and getting you into all this trouble."

"Forgive you, Kittie! forgive you!" interrupted Teddy, almost in tears "Don't put it that way; it is a new reproach to me after I forced you to let me make a holy show of myself. If you can forgive me I will never, never, never, as long as I live, delude myself with the idea that I am anything but a thick-headed, hard-hearted, selfish dolt."

The tears were in sight now, and Teddy's husky voice and woe-begone visage made Kittie feel like joining in and having a good matrimonial cry, but she overcame the temptation by jumping up, standing before



"NICE 'TITTLE BIRDIES."

my life prove to you that a noble woman can make some good out of the worst of us."

His friends had all gone home, Uncle Donald to bed. They were both in the big easy chair; Kittie's arms were around Teddy's neck and she was laughing at his misery, but that repentant man could not be comforted.

"I have not only made an ass of myself to-night, but have proved to myself and my friends that I am a poor, miserable cad."

"Now, Ted, if you go on like this I'll take my slipper to you. Everything went of lovely, except that simpleton Smith getting Uncle Donald to talk. But who cares for that or what they think or what anyone thinks or says. 'If you love me as I love you, no knife can cut our love in two, Teddy mine! Don't

her despondent husband and with great gravity dictating the terms of pardon.

"Tedrington, I will grant the forgiveness you ask on one condition only. Are you prepared to make a vow?"

"Yes, Kittie! Anything, everything!" answered Teddy, looking up with some surprise.

"Don't be hasty, Ted; this is a serious matter, but I want you to promise before I tell you what it is."

"I promise, Kittie; I don't care what it is or how hard it will be to keep my word."

"Then, Ted Lightbourne, solemnly promise and vow never, under any circumstances, to admit either to me or any living person that I am getting stout, or that I am a minute older than you are."

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD.

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THE OLD KITCHEN CLOCK.

IT used to tick away the years upon the parlor shelf,
When first we went a keepin' house—Bein' by
an' m'self—
An' thar fer more'n twenty year, it seemed
to be content
To give the hours in proper time, an' be an
ornament.
An' you'd er thought 'twas made to regerate
the sun,
So stiddy, 'round an' 'round each day, the
wheels an' p'inters run.

But when the girls grewed up, y' see, they had some strange ideas,
They didn't consult us much 'bout things, nor drop an' "if you please,"
But went a hustlin' things round, an' changin' ev'ry room,
An' nothin' had the same old place, less 'twas the kitchen broom.
I didn't much mind the goin's on, but shav' forgot the shock
It gin me, when they rusted out that good old faithful clock.
An' then a little brainz concern was an' jist all its place,
With dragons crawlin' up its sides, an' just above the face
A gal they call Terpsichore is sittin' in a chair
An' playin' on a harp—although I never heard the air—
An' when it strikes the half-hours out, you'd think a fairy sighed,
Or that a little mouse had gin a faint squeak 'fore he died.
Then it sort o' stirs my conscience, when the old clock strikes the time,
With a kind o' ringing music, in its dear old honest chime;
For it seems to be a sayin' in a solemn sort o' way,
"It's jist the way of all the world; we flourish for a day!"
An' onc' I went right out thar an' says I, "Old clock, see here,
You're wuth a dozen fancy clocks wuth complicated gear!"
Though taken as an ornament (as things go nowadays),
Mebbe that tother one deserves a passin' word o' praise,
But when it gets a bally turn—terminated not to go—
I think it's 'bout like folks I've seen—a sort o' holler show;
An' strikes me when a clock, or friend, is faithful out an' out,
'Taint best to change for subin' that you don't know nothin' 'bout.

THE BLACK DEATH PLAGUE.

This great plague, known as the Black Death, was the most deadly epidemic ever known. It is believed to have been an aggravated outburst of the oriental plague, which, from the earliest records of history, has periodically appeared in Asia and Northern Africa. There had been a visitation of the plague in Europe in 1342; the Black Death, in terrible virulence, appeared in 1348; it came in milder form in 1361-2, and again in 1369. The prevalence and severity of the pestilence during this century is ascribed to the disturbed and severity of the elements that preceded it. For a number of years Asia and conditions of the elements that preceded it. For a number of years Asia and Europe had suffered from mighty earthquakes, furious tornadoes, violent floods, clouds of locusts darkening the air, and poisoning it with their corrupting bodies. Whether these natural disturbances were the cause of the plague is not certainly known, but many writers on the subject regard the connection as both probable and possible. The disease was brought from the Orient to Constantinople, and early in 1347 appeared in Sicily and several coast towns of Italy. After a brief pause the pestilence broke out at Avignon in January, 1348; advanced then to Southern France, Spain and Northern Italy. Passing through France, and visiting, but not yet ravaging Germany, it made its way to England, cutting down its first victims at Dorset in August, 1348. Thence it traveled slowly, reaching London early in the winter. Soon it embraced the entire kingdom, penetrating to every rural hamlet, so that England became a mere pest-house. The chief symptoms of the disease are described as "spitting, in some cases actual vomiting, of blood, the breaking out of inflammatory boils in parts or over the whole of the body, and the appearance of those dark blotches upon the skin which suggested its most startling name. Some of the victims died almost on the first attack, some in twelve hours, some in two days, almost all within the first three days." The utter powerlessness of medical skill before the disease was owing partly to the physicians' ignorance of its nature, largely to the effect of the spirit of terror, which hung like a pall over men's minds. After some months had passed, the practice of opening the hard boils was adopted, with very good effect, and many lives were thus saved. But the havoc wrought by the disease in England was terrible. It is said that 100,000 persons died in London, nearly 60,000 in Norwich, and proportionate numbers in other cities. These figures seem incredible, but a recent writer, who has spent much time in the investigation of records, asserts that at least half the population, or about 2,500,000 souls, of England perished in this outbreak. The ravages of the pestilence over the rest of the world were no less terrible. Germany is said to have lost 1,244,434 victims; Italy, over half the population. On a moderate calculation, it may be assumed that there perished in Europe during the first appearance of the Black Death fully 25,000,000 human beings. Concerning the Orient, we have less reliable records, but 13,000,000 are said to have died in China, and 22,000,000 in the rest of Asia and adjacent islands. The plague also ravaged Northern Africa, but of its course there is little known. The horrors of that dreadful time were increased by the fearful persecutions visited on the Jews, who were accused of having caused the pestilence by poisoning the public wells. The people rose to exterminate the hapless race and killed them by fire and torture wherever found.

NOTABLE RECORDS.

Handkerchiefs were first manufactured at Paisley in 1743.
The first geographical map of England was made in the year 1530.
Surnames were first adopted in the reign of Edward the Confessor.
Linen was first made in England in 1253, and only worn by the luxurious.
Books in their present form were first made by Attalus, King of Pergamus, in 837.
The first bread was made by the Greeks and the first windmills by the Saracens.
The first dictionary was compiled by Paout She, a Chinaman, who lived about 1,100 B. C.
The model of the first English steam vessel was laid before the Board of Admiralty in 1789.
The first idea of electricity was given by the friction of two globes of quicksilver, in the year of 1467.
The first navigable canal in England was made in 1134, when Henry Ist joined the Trent to the Witham.
The first balloon was made by a Jesuit about 1620. The idea was revived in France by M. Montgolfier in 1783.
Cricket was first played about the year 1300. It was then, and for a long time afterwards, known as "club ball."
The first London directory was printed in 1677, and contained 64 pages, with the names of 1,799 persons or firms.
The first book containing musical characters was issued in 1495 from the press by the celebrated Wynken de Worde.
Tumblers were originated in 1567, the sum of one penny having to be paid for each wagon passing through a certain manor.
The first record of a judge's salary gives £184 13s. 4d. as the stipend of Thomas Littleton, Judge of the King's Bench, 1466.
The first Italian lady who sang in public in England was Francesca Margherita de l'Epina, who appeared in various operas in 1693.
The Earl of Arundel (temp. Charles I.), was the first person who brought over to England from Italy the new way of building with bricks.
The first voyage round the world was made in the *Vittoria*, a ship which formed part of the expedition that sailed under Magellan in 1519.
The first English almanac appeared about a hundred years later.
1347, and their first printed almanac appeared about a hundred years later.
Woolen cloth was first made in England in 1331, though its making is one of the most ancient arts. It was not dyed or dressed in England until 1667.
The first toll for the repair of English highways was imposed in the reign of Edward III., and was for repairing the road between St. Giles and Temple Bar.
Postoffice were first known in England as early as 1581, and exactly a hundred years later a penny post was introduced for London and the suburbs by an upholsterer named Murray.
The first striking clock was imported into Europe by the Persians about the year A.D. 800. It was brought as a present to Charlemagne from Abtelia, King of Persia, by two monks of Jerusalem.
The first English newspaper was the *English Mercury*, issued in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and was in the shape of a pamphlet. *The Gazette* of Venice was the original model of the modern newspaper.
Spectacles were first used in the latter part of thirteenth century. There is no certainty as to who was the inventor of them, but the distinction is generally claimed for Alessandro di Spina, who is said to have made some about 1285.
The first record we have of coal is said to have been made about 1285.
The Christian era. Coal was used as fuel in England as early as 854, and in 1734 the first charter to dig for it was granted by Henry III. to the inhabitants of Newcastle-on-Tyne.
Pens were first used early in the seventh century. They were, of course, quills, and steel pens did not come into use until 1820, when the first gross of them was sold wholesale for £7 4s. The quality of these pens was greatly inferior to those now made.
The first glass window in England was one put up in an abbey about the year 680. Glass windows, however, did not become general for many hundred years, and as late as 1577 the glass casements at Ainswick Castle, the Duke of Northumberland's seat, were regularly taken down when the family was away from home.
The first coining of money is attributed to Phideon, King of Argos, in 805 B.C. Coined money was first used in England twenty-five years before the Christian era, but gold was not coined there until the eleventh century, and money was not given the round form, to which we are accustomed, until the lapse of another hundred years or so.
Carriages were first introduced in England in 1380, and were for a long time used only for the conveyance of the sick and of ladies. It was made a crime under the English law for an able-bodied man to ride in them, and many were fined and imprisoned for violating this remarkable statute. To ride, other than on horseback, was declared by law to be effeminate and unworthy of a man.
Canada lacks only 237,000 square miles to be as large as the whole continent of Europe; it is nearly thirty times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and is 500,000 square miles larger than the United States, without Alaska.
A colored woman in Missouri only recently discovered that slavery was abolished in her quarter of a century ago. Her master, it is said, had kept the cat from her, and continued to make her work as a slave without remuneration. She is now suing her master for twenty-five years' wages.



LOVE'S MESSENGER.

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TORONTO

A. ALLAN, PRESIDENT.

J. O. GRAVEL, SEC.-TREAS.

F. SCHOLES, MAN. DIRECTOR.



The Canadian Rubber Co.

OF MONTREAL AND TORONTO

CAPITAL, \$2,000,000

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FINEST QUALITY RUBBER BOOTS AND SHOES

Superior Quality Rubber Belting

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The Forsyth BOSTON BELTING CO. Seamless Rubber Belting

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MEN'S D. F. OFFICERS' SHEETING AND FIREMEN'S COATS

Rubber Horse Clothing, Carriage Aprons, Wool-Lined Lap Rugs, Army Blankets, etc. We make all kinds of Moulded Goods. Hard Rubber Goods for Electrical Purposes, including Rod, Sheet, Tube, Telephone Receivers, Battery Cells, etc. All sorts of Rubber Tapes for insulating purposes. Rubber Valves, Gaskets, Wringer Rolls. All kinds of Rubber Hose, including Hydrant, Engine, Suction, Steam, Brewers' Acid and Fire Hose.

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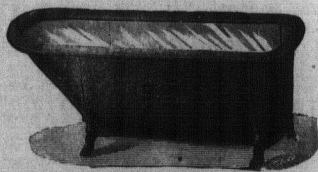
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BOOTH'S

Steel-Clad Bath

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OUR Improved Sanitary Bath is made of an outside shell of steel and an inside lining of planished copper, and stands on ornamental feet, without enclosure.

It is unique and handsome in its appearance, faultless in construction, and for strength and durability unsurpassed.

On sanitary grounds it has all the advantages that can be claimed for a bath tub not encased, and being constructed of metal is impervious to decay.

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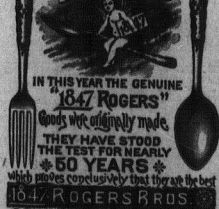
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123 Queen Street East.

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EIGHTEEN FORTY-SEVEN

ROGERS



IN THIS YEAR THE GENUINE
"1847 ROGERS"
Goods were originally made
THEY HAVE STOOD
THE TEST FOR NEARLY
50 YEARS
which proves conclusively that they are the best
1847 ROGERS BROS.

SPOONS, FORKS, KNIVES etc.
ARE SOLD BY ALL THE PRINCIPAL DEALERS
who make a business of selling goods as sometimes substituted
for the genuine "1847" as they sell
at a larger profit
BE SURE THAT YOUR SPOONS, FORKS, ETC.,
have the Prefix "1847" if you wish
GENUINE GOODS.

THE TRADE SUPPLIED BY

Meriden Britannia Co.

HAMILTON, ONT.

THE Manufacturers Life INSURANCE COMPANY

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL



\$2,000,000

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GENERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES—Covering all classes of accidental injuries or death. The most liberal policies issued.

FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF ALL PLANS OF INSURANCE ON APPLICATION.

JOHN F. ELLIS, MANAGING DIRECTOR.

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Little Joe C'e c
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OSTLER JOE.

I stood at eve, as the sun went down, by the grave where a woman lies,
Who lured men's souls to the shores of sin with the light of her wanton eyes;
Who sang the song that the sirens sang on the treacherous Lurley height,
Whose face was as fair as a summer day and whose heart was as black as night.

Yet a blossom I fain would pluck to-day from the garden above her dust—
Not the languorous lily of soulless sin, nor the blood-red rose of lust;
But a sweet white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life where all was parched and hot.

In the summer, when the meadows were aglow with blue and red,
Joe, the tailor of the Maggie, and fair Annie Smith were wed.
Plump was Annie, plump and pretty, with a cheek as white as snow;
He was anything but handsome, was the Maggie's Ostler Joe.

But he won the winsome lassie. They'd a cottage and a cow,
And her matphood sat lightly on the village beauty's brow.
Sped the months and came a baby—such a blue-eyed baby boy!
Joe was working in the stables when they told him of his joy.

He was rubbing down the horses, and he gave them then and there
All a special feed of clover, just in honor of the heir.

It had been his great ambition, and he told the horses so,
That the Fates would send a baby who might bear the name of Joe.

Little Joe 'e'd child was christened, and, like babies, grew apace;
He'd his mother's eyes of azure, and his father's honest face.
Swift the happy years went over, years of blue and cloudless sky,
Love was lord of it all small cottage, and the tempest passed them by.

Passed them by for years, then swiftly burst in fury o'er their home.
Down the lane by Annie's cottage chanced a gentleman to roam:
Thrice he came and saw her sitting by the window with her child,
And he nodded to the baby, and the baby laughed and smiled.

So at last it grew to know him—little Joe was nearly four;
He would call the "pretty gemplin'" as he passed the open door;
And one day he ran and caught him, and in child's play pulled him in;
And the baby Joe had prayed for brought about the mother's sin.

'Twas the same old wretched story that for aged babes have sung,
'Twas a woman weak and wanton and a villain's tempting tongue;
'Twas a picture deftly painted for a silly creature's eyes
Of the Babylonian wonders and the joy that in them lies.

Annie listened and was tempted; she was tempted and she fell,
As the angels fell from heaven to the blackest depth of hell;
She was promised wealth and splendor, and a life of guilty sloth,
Yellow gold for child and husband, and the woman left them both.

Home one eve came Joe the Ostler with a cheery cry of "Wife!"
Finding that which blurred forever all the story of his life.
She had left a silly letter—through the cruel scrawl he spelt,
Then he sought the lonely bedroom, joined his hands and knelt.

"Now, O Lord, O God, forgive her, for she ain't to blame," he cried;
"For I owt I've seen her trouble, and 'a gone away and died."
Why, a wench like her—God bless her!—'twasn't likely as he'd rest
With her bonny head forever on a 'ostler's ragged vest.

"It was kind o' her to bear me all this long and happy time;
So, for my sake please to bless her, though you count her deed a crime.
If so be I don't pray proper, Lord, forgive me; for you see,
I can talk all right to 'osses, but I'm nervous like with Thee."

Never a line came to the cottage from the woman who had flown.
Joe, the baby, died that winter, and the man was left alone.
Ne'er a bitter word he uttered, but in silence kissed the rod,
Savouring what he told the horses, saying what he told his God.

Far away in mighty London rose the woman late famed,
For her beauty won men's homage, and she prospered in her shame;
Quick from lord to lord she flitted, higher still each prize she won,
And her rivals paled beside her as the stars beside the sun.

Next she made the stage her market, and she dragged Art's temple down
To the level of a show place for the outcasts of the town.
And she kisses she had given to poor Ostler Joe for naught
With their gold and costly jewels rich and tifted lovers bought.

Went the years with flying footsteps while the star was at its height;
Then the darkness came on swiftly, and the planning turned to night.
Shattered strength and faded beauty tore the laurels from her brow;
Of the thousands who had worshipped never one came near her now.

Broken down in health and fortune, men forgot her very name,
Till the news that she was dying woke the echoes of her fame;
And the papers in their gossip mentioned how an "actress" lay
Sick to death in humble lodgings, growing weaker every day.

One there was who read the story in a far-off country place,
And that night the dying woman woke and looked upon his face;
Once again the strong arms clasped her that had clasped her long ago
And the weary head lay pillowed on the breast of Ostler Joe.

All the past had he forgotten, all the sorrow and the shame;
He had found her sick and lonely, and his wife he now could claim
Since the grand folks who had known her one and all had slunk away,
He could clasp his long-lost darling, and no man could say him nay.

In his arms death found her laying, in his arms her spirit fled;
And his tears came down in torrents as he knelt beside her, dead.
Never once his love had faltered through her base, unallured life;
And the stone above her ashes bears the honored name of wife.

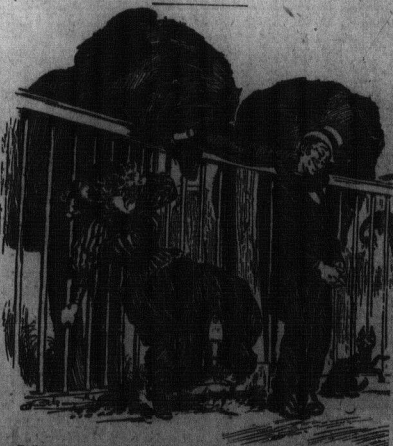
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But a sweet, white blossom of holy love that grew in the one green spot
In the arid desert of Phryne's life where all was parched and hot.

GEORGE R. SIMS.

ARE THE PLANETS INHABITED?

This question is one which very naturally arises, when we think of the planets as worlds in so many respects similar to our own. Many think that the only object God can possibly have in making any world is to form an abode for man. Our own earth was evidently fitted up, although perhaps not created, for this purpose. Coal and oil for fuel and light, forests for timber, metals for machinery, rivers and lakes for navigation, and plains for corn. Our bodies, the air, light and heat are all fitted to each other with exquisite nicety. When we turn to the planets, we do not know but God has other races of beings who inhabit them, or different ends to attain. We are assured that, if inhabited, the conditions on which life is supported vary much from those familiar to us. No human being could reside on Mercury, while no inhabitant could endure the intense cold of polar Uranus. At the sun, one of our pounds would weigh 29 pounds; on our moon the pound would become only about 2 ounces; while on Vesta, one of the planetoids, a man could easily spring sixty feet in the air and sustain no shock. Yet while we speak of these peculiarities, we do not know what modification of the atmosphere or physical features may exist even on Mercury to temper the heat, or on Uranus to temper the cold. With all these diversities, we must admit the power of an all-wise Creator to create beings adapted to a life or land different from our own.

From what is now known of the moon it is certain that if that body is inhabited it must be by beings organized very differently from the human race or any animals on the earth. The moon is without water and without atmosphere; and, owing to the fact that it revolves on its axis but once a month, so that the lunar days and nights are each nearly thirty times as long as our days and nights, the extremes of heat and cold range every month from 400 degrees Fahrenheit above zero to 300 below. In the midst of such conditions, no form of animal or vegetable life known to this planet could possibly exist; and it is generally agreed among astronomers that the moon is utterly barren of life in any form.



Delbany (on his honeymoon)—Doan! be huggin' me in public, darlint! Yer'll hav' the whole circus laughin' at me wid yer foollish Doan! now, doan't. I tink Of hear de elephants snickerin' at us.



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THE PUBLIC DEPARTMENTS AT OTTAWA.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE.—Organized, 1868, by Act of Parliament, with a Minister of the Crown at its head. It was given control of the following subjects: Agriculture, Immigration and Emigration; Public Health and Quarantine; Marine and Emigrant Hospitals at Quebec; Arts and Manufactures; Census, Statistics and Registration of Statistics; Patents of Invention; Copyright; Industrial Designs and Trade Marks. (Its powers have since been enlarged.) The Bill was introduced in the Senate by Hon. J. C. Chapais, who acted as Minister from Confederation, and became first Minister of Agriculture under the Bill. The principal opposition in that House was by Mr. Reesor and others, who objected to the Department as unnecessary. In the House of Commons, on third reading, Mr. Mackenzie moved an amendment to the effect that agriculture was intended by the British North America Act to be placed under control of the Provincial Governments, and the other subjects proposed to be given in charge of this Department could be less expensively performed by being assigned to other Departments. Amendment lost—yeas, 45; nays, 91, and Bill read a third time and passed. The following have been Ministers of Agriculture: Hon. J. C. Chapais, Senator, appointed 1st July, 1867, made Receiver-General 16th November, 1870; Hon. Christopher Dunkin, M. P., appointed 16th November, 1870, appointed Judge of Superior Court, Que., 25th October, 1871; Hon. John H. Pope, M. P., appointed 25th October, 1871, resigned with Cabinet, 6th November, 1873; L. Letellier de St. Just, Senator, appointed 7th November, 1873, made Lieut.-Governor of Quebec, 15th December, 1876; Hon. C. A. P. Pelletier, Senator, appointed 26th January, 1877, resigned with Cabinet, 16th October, 1878; Hon. J. H. Pope, appointed 17th October, 1878, became Minister of Railways September 25, 1885; Hon. John Carling, appointed 25th September, 1885.

DEPARTMENT OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to May, 1869, and given full charge of matters relating to Indians. The Department was given a deputy-head, but it was provided that the Minister of the Interior should also be Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. By Act passed in 1882, it was provided that any Minister might be also Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. Up to that time the Minister of the Interior had been Superintendent-General, but then Sir John A. Macdonald became President of the Council and Superintendent-General; died June 5, 1891; Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Senator, took charge on assuming the Presidency of Council.

PRESIDENT OF PRIVY COUNCIL.—An office created at time of Union. The following have been Presidents of the Privy Council: A. J. F. Blair, Senator, appointed 1st July, 1867, resigned 29th December, 1867; Joseph Howe, M. P., Hants, appointed 30th January, 1869, became Secretary of State for Provinces 16th November, 1869; Sir E. Kenny, Senator, appointed 16th November, 1869, became Administrator of Nova Scotia 13th May, 1870; Hon. (now Sir) Charles Tupper, M. P., appointed 21st June, 1870, became Minister of Inland Revenue 1st July, 1872; Hon. John O'Connor, M. P., appointed 2nd July, 1872, became Minister of Inland Revenue 4th March, 1873; Hugh McDonald, M. P., appointed 14th June, 1873, became Minister of Militia 1st July, 1873; Hon. T. N. Gibbs, M. P., appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet; Hon. L. S. Huntington, M. P., appointed 20th January, 1874, became Postmaster-General 9th October, 1875; Hon. J. E. Cauchon, M. P., appointed 7th December, 1875, became Minister of Inland Revenue, 8th June, 1877; Hon. E. Blake, M. P., appointed 17th October, 1878 (also Minister of Interior), died 5th June, 1891; succeeded by Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, Senator.

OFFICE OF RECEIVER-GENERAL.—This office was established at Confederation. No separate Department was ever assigned to the Receiver-General, and the office was merged in that of Finance Minister, by Act passed in 1886. The following have been Receivers-General: Sir E. Kenny, Senator, appointed 4th July, 1867, became President Privy Council 16th November, 1869; Hon. J. C. Chapais, Senator, appointed 16th November, 1870, resigned 30th January, 1873; T. Robitaille, M. P., appointed 30th January, 1873, resigned with Cabinet, 6th November, 1873; Hon. T. Coffin, M. P., appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 6th October, 1878; Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 8th November, 1878, became Postmaster-General 30th May, 1879.

DEPARTMENT OF SECRETARY OF STATE.—The office of Secretary of State was established at Confederation. The Department was constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 22nd May, 1868, and was given charge of all State correspondence, records not specially transferred to other Departments, and of Indian Affairs. By Act assented to 3rd May, 1873, the Department of Interior was created, and charge of Indian Affairs transferred to it. The following have been Secretaries of State: Hon. (now Sir) H. L. Langevin, M. P., appointed 6th July, 1867, became Minister of Public Works 8th December, 1869; Hon. J. C. Aikens, Senator, appointed 8th December, 1869, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. D. Christie, Senator, appointed 7th November, 1873, became Speaker of the Senate 9th January, 1874; Hon. R. W. Scott, Senator, appointed 9th January, 1874, resigned with Cabinet, 16th October,

1878; Hon. J. C. Aikens, Senator, appointed 19th October, 1878, became Minister of Inland Revenue 8th November, 1880; Hon. John O'Connor, M. P., appointed 8th November, 1880, became Postmaster-General 30th May, 1881; Hon. J. A. Mousseau, M. P., appointed 20th May, 1880, resigned 29th July, 1882; Hon. J. A. Chapleau, M. P., appointed 29th July, 1882, became Minister of Customs January 25th, 1892; J. C. Patterson, M. P., appointed 25th January, 1892.

DEPARTMENT OF MARINE AND FISHERIES.—The office of Marine and Fisheries was established at Confederation. The Department was constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 22nd May, 1868, which gave it control of all matters relating to fisheries and navigation, inland or ocean. By Act assented to 19th April, 1884, the Department of Marine was divided from the Department of Fisheries, each having a deputy head, but one Minister to preside over both. This Bill was opposed by the Liberals, claiming that it would lead to unnecessary increased expense. The following have been Ministers of Marine and Fisheries: Hon. Peter Mitchell, Senator (afterwards M. P., Northumberland, N. B.), appointed 1st July, 1867, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. (afterwards Sir) A. J. Smith, M. P., appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Hon. J. C. Pope, M. P., appointed 19th October, 1878, resigned 10th July, 1882; Hon. A. W. McLean, M. P., appointed 10th July, 1882, became Minister of Finance 10th December, 1885; Hon. G. E. Foster, M. P., King's, N. B., appointed 10th December, 1885, became Minister of Finance, 1887; Hon. C. H. Tupper, appointed 1887.

DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE.—Created by Act of Parliament, assented to 22nd May, 1868, and placed under charge of Minister of Justice. This Minister is the official adviser of the Governor-General and the legal member of the Privy Council. It is his duty to see that public affairs are administered

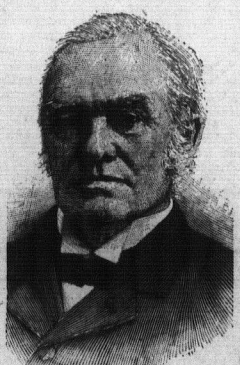
according to law, and he superintends the administration of Justice in matters not within the jurisdiction of the Province, and advises upon the Legislative Acts of Provincial Legislatures, in view of the Federal power of disallowance. The following have been Ministers of Justice: Sir John A. Macdonald, M. P., appointed July, 1867, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Sir A. A. Dorion, M. P., appointed 7th November, 1873, became Chief Justice of Quebec 1st June, 1874; Hon. T. Fournier, M. P., appointed 8th July, 1874, became Postmaster-General 9th May, 1875; Hon. E. Blake, M. P., appointed 9th May, 1875, became President of Privy Council 8th June, 1877; Hon. R. Laflamme, M. P., appointed 8th June, 1887, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Hon. J. McDonald, M. P., appointed 17th October, 1878, became Chief Justice of Nova Scotia 20th May, 1881; Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 24th May, 1881, made Postmaster-General 25th September, 1885; Hon. J. S. D. Thompson, M. P., appointed 25th September, 1885.

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE PROVINCES.

This was one of the offices to which a Minister of the Privy Cabinet was appointed. Bill was passed in Senate in the session of 1870 to constitute the Department of Secretary of State for the Provinces, and it passed that House; but in the House of Commons Mr. Mackenzie (14th April) moved in amendment to the amendment to the second reading, that the exigencies of the public service did not require such a Department. The debate was, on motion of Sir John A. Macdonald, adjourned, and was never resumed. By the Act creating the Department of the Interior, which came into force in 1873, the office of Secretary of State for the Provinces was abolished. The following have been Secretaries of State for the Provinces: Hon. A. G. Archibald, appointed July, 1867, resigned January, 1868; Hon. Joseph Howe, M. P., appointed 16th November, 1869, made Lieut.-Governor of Nova Scotia 13th May, 1870; Hon. T. N. Gibbs, M. P., appointed 14th June, 1873, became President of the Privy Council 1st July, 1873.

DEPARTMENT OF CUSTOMS.—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to May, 1868. Its head is a Minister of the Crown, and it has control and management of the collection of Customs and of matters pertaining thereto. The following have been Ministers of Customs: Hon. S. L. (now Sir Leonard) Tilley, M. P., appointed 1st July, 1867, became Minister of Finance 22nd February, 1873; Hon. (now Sir) Charles Tupper, M. P., appointed 25th February, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. Isaac Burpee, M. P., appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, M. P., appointed 19th October, 1878, became Minister of Militia, January 25th, 1892; Hon. J. A. Chapleau, M. P., appointed 25th January, 1892.

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS.—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 21st December, 1867, under control of the Minister of Public Works. The Act gives the Department wide control over Dominion public works, all of which are placed under its control, unless definitely transferred to some other department. The Minister has power to examine on oath, to expropriate necessary lands upon terms to be fixed (if appeal is doubled) by Board of Arbitrators. The Minister was empowered also to collect tolls on public works, to be fixed by Governor-General-in-Council, and to enforce regulations to be made in the same way for the management, proper use and protection of public works. By Act assented to 15th May, 1879, the Department of Public Works was divided, by the creation out of it of the Department of Railways and Canals,



Hon. J. J. C. Abbott.

under a separate Minister. Dominion railways and all works appertaining thereto, were placed under control of the Minister of Railways and Canals, who was given similar powers to those held by the Minister of Public Works. The following have been Ministers of Railways and Canals: Hon. Wm. Macdougall, M.P., following have been Ministers of Railways and Canals: Hon. Wm. Macdougall, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1867, appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba October, 1867; Hon. (now Sir) H. L. Langevin, M.P., appointed 8th December, 1869, resigned with Cabinet, 6th November, 1873; Hon. A. Mackenzie, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned with Cabinet (6th October, 1878; Sir Chas. Tupper, M.P., appointed 17th October, 1878, became Minister of Railways 20th May, 1879; Sir H. L. Langevin, appointed 20th May, 1879, resigned August, 1891; Hon. Frank Smith, Senator, was temporarily appointed, being succeeded on 10th January, 1892, by Col. Ouimet, M.P.

DEPARTMENT OF INLAND REVENUE.—Constituted by Act assented to 22nd May, 1868, under a Minister of the Crown. It was given charge of Excise, stamp duties (except postage), weights and measures, timber cutting, slide and boom dues, bridge and ferry tolls. The following have been Ministers of Inland Revenue: Hon. (now Sir) W. P. Howland, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1874, made Lieut.-Governor of Ontario 14th July, 1868; Hon. A. Morris, M.P., appointed 16th November, 1869, became Chief Justice, Queen's Bench, M.P., appointed 17th July, 1873; Hon. (now Sir) Charles Tupper, M.P., appointed 17th July, 1873, became Minister of Customs, 22nd February, 1873; Hon. John O'Connor, M.P., appointed 4th March, 1873, became Postmaster-General 1st July, 1873; Hon. T. N. Gibbes, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet, 6th November, 1873; Hon. T. Fournier, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1873, became Minister of Justice, 8th July, 1874; Hon. F. Geoffroy, M.P., appointed 8th July, 1874, resigned 9th November, 1876; Hon. R. Laframme, M.P., appointed 9th November, 1876, became Minister of Justice, 8th June, 1877; Hon. J. E. Cauchon, M.P., appointed 8th June, 1877, appointed Lieut.-Governor of Manitoba, 16th October, 1878; Hon. L. F. G. Haby, M.P., appointed 26th October, 1877; Hon. W. Laurier, M.P., appointed 8th October, 1877, resigned with Cabinet, 16th October, 1878; Hon. L. F. G. Haby, M.P., appointed 26th October, 1877; Hon. W. Laurier, M.P., appointed 8th October, 1877, resigned with Cabinet, 16th October, 1878; Hon. J. C. Atkins, Senator, appointed 8th November, 1880, resigned 23rd May, 1882; Hon. John Costigan, M.P., appointed 23rd May, 1882.

DEPARTMENT OF RAILWAYS AND CANALS.—Constituted by Act of Parliament assented to 15th May, 1879, which divided Department of Public Works into two, one of them being that of Railways and Canals: Sir Charles Tupper, M.P., appointed 20th May, 1879, became High Commissioner in England, 1883; Hon. J. H. Pope, appointed 25th September, 1885, at his death Sir John Macdonald assumed control of the department. Hon. John Haggart, appointed 25th January, 1892.

DEPARTMENT OF MILITIA AND DEFENCE.—Constituted by Act of Parliament assented to 22nd May, 1868, with Minister of Militia and Defence as its head. This Minister is charged with the administration of all militia affairs on land and water, and has initiative power in all matters involving expenditure of public money for military purposes. The following have been Ministers of Militia: Sir George E. Cartier, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1867, died 20th May, 1873; Hon. Hugh McDonald, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. William Ross, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned September, 1874; Hon. W. B. Vail, M.P., appointed 8th November, 1874, resigned 21st January, 1878; Hon. A. G. Jones, M.P., appointed 21st January, 1878, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Hon. L. F. R. Mason, M.P., appointed 16th October, 1878, became President of the Privy Council 16th January, 1880; Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 8th November, 1880, became Postmaster-General 8th November, 1880; Hon. (now Sir) A. P. J. Caron, M.P., appointed 8th November 1880, became Postmaster-General 25th January, 1892; Hon. Mackenzie Bowell, M.P., appointed 25th January, 1892.

DEPARTMENT OF FINANCE.—Constituted by Act of Parliament assented to 22nd June, 1869, with Minister of Finance at its head. To this department are committed all matters relating to the financial affairs of the Dominion, public accounts, revenue and expenditure, not specially committed to other departments. In 1867, an Act was passed relating to the Collection of Public Revenues, etc., which prohibited, among other things, for the establishment of a Board of Audit, to consist of the Deputy Inspector-General, Deputy Receiver-General, Commissioner of Inland Revenue, Deputy Receiver-General, Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and an Auditor, Minister of Finance, to be appointed by the Governor-General, who should be Chairman, and should have the review of accounts, cases of difference to be settled by the Board, subject to the approval of the Finance Minister. The Act mentioned above, constituting the Department of Finance, provided that the Auditor and the Deputy Inspector-General should be officers of the Finance Department. It provided also for the appointment of The Treasury Board, to consist of the Minister of Finance, Receiver-General, Minister of Customs, and Minister of Inland Revenue, as a Committee of the Privy Council with wide powers as to demanding documents and information from the Public Departments. An Act, assented to 12th May, 1870, abolished office of Deputy Receiver-General, and provided that the Auditor-General should be Deputy Minister of Finance and Deputy Head of the Department. Act assented to 10th May, 1878, established a new system of audit by the appointment of an Auditor-General, to hold office during good behaviour, and removable only by the Governor-General, on address to be passed by Senate and Commons—like a judge. This Act provided also that the Treasury Board should consist of Minister of Finance, Minister of Customs, Minister of Inland Revenue, and Receiver-General. It authorized also the appointment of a Deputy Minister of Finance, to be appointed under the Great

Seal, to be *ex-officio* Secretary of the Treasury Board. Under this system an elaborate system of checks was provided to prevent public moneys being spent except in regular and authorized ways, difficulties to be finally settled by the Treasury Board, the Auditor-General to report direct to Parliament on all matters coming before him, including those in which he had differed from the Receiver-General's Treasury Board. By Act, assented to 15th May, 1879, the Receiver-General's Department was merged with that of Minister of Finance, and Minister of Justice made a member of the Treasury Board. By Act, assented to 20th July, 1884, it was provided that the Secretary of State, and one other Minister, to be nominated by the Governor-General, should be added to the Treasury Board, and Minister of Finance should be the Chairman of the Board. The following have been Ministers of Finance: Sir A. T. Galt, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1867, resigned 4th November, 1867; Sir John Rose, M.P., appointed 9th November, 1867, resigned 9th October, 1869; Sir F. Hincks, M.P., appointed 9th October, 1869, resigned 22nd February, 1873, made Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick 22nd February, 1873; Hon. K. J. (now Sir Richard) Cartwright, appointed 7th November, 1873; Hon. K. J. (now Sir Richard) Cartwright, appointed 7th November, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Sir L. Tilly, M.P., appointed 17th October, 1878, made Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick 16th October, 1878; Hon. A. W. McLellan, M.P., appointed 10th December, 1885, became Postmaster-General in 1887; succeeded by Hon. George E. Foster, M.P.

DEPARTMENT OF INTERIOR.—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 1873, with a Minister of the Crown at its head. This Department has charge of the North-West Territories, Crown Lands in every part of the Dominion, Indian Affairs, and Geological Survey. By Act passed in 1880, the Department was divided, the "Department of Indian Affairs" being specially constituted, but with the Minister of the Interior as "Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs," and head of both Departments. This change was objected to by Mr. Mills on behalf of the Liberals, on the ground that it would lead to greater expense, which was unnecessary. In 1883 an Act was passed providing that any Minister of the Crown might be Superintendent-General of Indian Affairs. The following have been Ministers of the Interior: Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. D. Laird, M.P., appointed 7th November, 1874, appointed Lieutenant-Governor of North-West Territories 7th October, 1876; Hon. David Mills, M.P., appointed 24th October, 1876, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Sir John A. Macdonald appointed 17th October, 1883, became President of the Council 17th October, 1883; Sir D. L. Macpherson, Senator, appointed 17th October, 1885, resigned August, 1885; Hon. T. White, M.P. (Cardwell), appointed 25th August, 1885, succeeded at his death by Hon. E. Dewdney, M.P.

POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT.—Constituted by Act of Parliament, assented to 21st December, 1867. The following have been Postmasters-General: Sir A. Campbell, Senator, appointed 1st July, 1867, became Minister of Interior 1st July, 1873; Hon. John O'Connor, M.P., appointed 1st July, 1873, resigned with Cabinet 6th November, 1873; Hon. D. A. Macdonald, M.P. (Glengarry), appointed 7th November, 1873, appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario 18th May, 1875; Hon. T. Fournier, M.P., appointed 9th May, 1875, appointed Judge Supreme Court of Canada, 8th October, 1875; Hon. L. S. Huntington, M.P., appointed 9th October, 1875, resigned with Cabinet 16th October, 1878; Sir H. L. Langevin, M.P., appointed 16th October, 1878, made Minister of Public Works 20th May, 1879; Sir A. Campbell appointed 20th May, 1879, made Minister of Militia 16th January, 1880; Hon. J. O'Connor, appointed 15th January, 1880, became Secretary of State 8th November, 1880; Sir A. Campbell appointed 8th November, 1880, became Minister of Justice 20th May, 1891; Hon. J. O'Connor, appointed 20th May, 1881, resigned 23rd May, 1882; Hon. John Carling appointed 23rd May, 1882, became Minister of Agriculture, 25th September, 1885; Sir A. Campbell appointed 25th September, 1885, became Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, 1889; Hon. John Haggart, M.P., appointed in 1890, became Minister of Railways and Canals, 25th January, 1892; Sir Adolph Caron, M.P., appointed 25th January, 1892.

THE MENNONITES OF MANITOBA.

Morden is a brick town of 1,000 people, and stands just east of the Pembina Mountain district, that is, on the eastern borders of the second prairie steps, of the Canadian North-West. Fine farms surround it, and one source of its prosperity is in trading with the Mennonite settlements.

The Mennonites are a body of immigrants from Russia (though of German origin), who fled from persecution on account of their religion, which is a primitive form of Lutheranism. The Dominion Government, in 1876, set apart a large reserve for them between Morden and the international boundary, and loaned them sufficient money to make a beginning. They have fully justified the wisdom of this welcome and aid, and have overcome, by their industry and perseverance, every obstacle to success. They are a very peaceable, contented and hard-working people, and have prospered so well that their settlement has now become a very important one, extending over 15 townships and including 648 square miles of land, and almost patriarchal form of local government under which the isolation and at first being gradually abandoned, there being no longer any necessity for the mutual protection, which in the beginning led them to combine their property. They have established among themselves schools, stores, and every facility for obtaining supplies from persons of their own nationality; but latterly the English language is being taught in their schools, where formerly only German was spoken.

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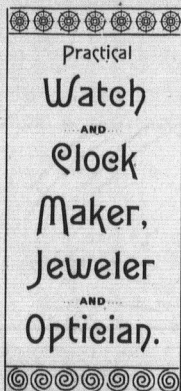
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THE CANADA BUSINESS COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED IN 1862,

AND IS ONE OF THE OLDEST IN THE DOMINION.

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THE HANDSOME ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE COLLEGE WILL BE SENT TO ANY ADDRESS UPON APPLICATION TO THE PRINCIPAL, R. E. GALLAGHER.

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HE KNEW HIM.

Fleecy—Yes, sir; there is nothing like a thorough command of one's self. I can smoke or let it alone.

Downy—Come over to Charley's and let one alone with me, Fleecy.

NOT TO BE CONSIDERED.

As George folded the fair young creature to his heart, a dull crackling sound smote his ear. "Ah! It's good-bye to those imported cigars in my vest pocket," he said, grimly; "but darn the expense at a moment like this."

HORRIBLE.

Reginald—Why, Chappie, what's the matter—are you ill?

Chappie—I have had an awful nightmare, old fel. I dreamt I was a waitah, hah Jove, and had to wear a dwees-suit in the day-time.

SHANTYTOWN COURTESIES.

Mrs. Moloney—Will yez lend me weaz av your flat rons, Mrs. Casey? Me husban' used up me lasht wan in an argymint wid O'Toole.

Mrs. Casey—Wid pleasure, Mrs. Moloney. O'm always willin' to help any honest work like clainin' clothes or poundin' 'thim O'Tooles!

JENNY LIND'S RIVAL.

Here is a pretty story of Jenny Lind. People who never heard nor care about Patti, Albani or Neilson, have fond recollections of the divine singer, Jenny Lind, and have had her name woven in with their childish memories. She won the world's heart as no singer did before or since. One day she was riding in the country with some friends. A bird of brilliant plumage perched on a tree near by as they drove slowly along, and trilled out such a complication of sweet notes as astonished her. The coach stopped, and reaching out she gave one of her finest roulades. The beautiful creature arched his head on one side and listened deferentially; then, as if to excel his famous rival, raised his graceful throat and sang a song of rippling melody that made Jenny rapturously clap her hands in ecstasy. Then quickly, as though she were before a severely critical audience, she gave some Tyrolean mountain strains that set the echoes flying, whereupon little birdie took it up and sang and trilled till Jenny, in happy delight, acknowledged that the pretty woodland warbler decidedly outcaroled the Swedish nightingale.

VAIN REGRETS.



The boys have b-n having a little picnic up the river, and left a memorial tree.

Tired Swazey the tramp, (discovering it)—By Jinks! I wish I'd struck dat tree afore der fruit dried up so!—*Judge.*



Callahan—The lasht drop gone, and me dryer than a bone.



Mrs. Callahan—Phwhustle to th' darg, Jerry! He do be runnin' over to snake wan of Denzey's hins.



Callahan—Come back here, yer terrier! Ph—



—"Wh-ph"—



—"Phwh-p-p-ph"—



—"Phwhust"—



—"S-a-a-ah-ph!"—



—"Phwhustle for him yer self! Me moust is too dhry!"



Clerk—You can't mistake any mistake in buying that cane, sir; it fits you beautifully.

TO THE POLE BY SLEDGE.

M. H. Ekroll, a Norwegian, thinks that the proper way to reach the North Pole is by sledge. He has designed sledges which may be combined to form a boat, and he is now trying to organize an expedition to test his theory. His expedition is to consist of six members, and the sledges are to be drawn by a large number of dogs, so that the speed may be increased and the supply of provisions requisite reduced. Being able to travel over sea or ice, the expedition will, to a certain extent, be independent of wind and weather. From the eastern island of Spitzbergen, somewhere about Cape Mohn, to which place the expedition will be conveyed by ship, in June, 1893, Herr Ekroll will make for Petermannsland, in order to avoid the ice drifting to the west and northwest. To the north of Petermannsland he hopes to find more compact ice, and to be able to travel direct to the Pole. Should mishap occur, or the movement of the ice be too rapid, he can retreat on Spitzbergen, where a depot will be formed; but, under favorable circumstances, he will return from his farthest point to the east or west coast of Greenland, where also depots will be formed. The success of the expedition depends in great measure on the condition of the ice and the progress that can be made against the wind, for in all probability the wind will be adverse. The distance from Cape Mohn to Petermannsland is estimated at about 435 miles, from Petermannsland to the North Pole at about 390, and thence to Fort Conger at 515. This distance of 1,340 miles would be traversed at the rate assumed by Herr Ekroll, 11 kilometres or about 6.8 miles per day, in 226 days. Herr Ekroll has yet to find funds for his expedition.

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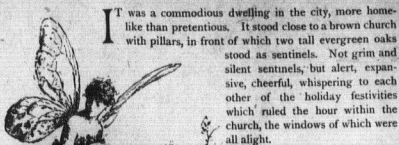
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TO ANY

TURNING OF A NEW LEAF.



It was a commodious dwelling in the city, more homelike than pretentious. It stood close to a brown church with pillars, in front of which two tall evergreen oaks stood as sentinels. Not grim and silent sentinels, but alert, expansive, cheerful, whispering to each other of the holiday festivities which ruled the hour within the church, the windows of which were all alight.

A man in shaggy overcoat and slouched hat, which pretty well concealed his features, was pacing the narrow brick walk which extended between the house and the church. He was watching the windows of the dwelling, longing for just one glimpse of graceful forms through the half-parted crimson draperies and listening to the soft, low music issuing from within, with the feeling, one might suppose, of a repentant angel who had strayed outside the gate of Paradise.

It was hard to be outlaid, and it did not ease the pain to know that he had brought the misery upon himself and others. Those garments of shame which he had worn five years seemed to clothe him from head to foot. The gaslight seemed to make bars and stripes upon his overcoat. He fancied the passers-by were watching him down the dim walk in supercilious recognition.

The church door stood open. He might enter there, but the dwelling beside it was closed to him. Yet why should he be always an outcast? If he had sinned, had he not also suffered? What was that word of the man once cradled in a manger, whose spirit was filling the air at this Christmas season with exquisite vibrations? Was it not: "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more?"

Half maddened by his thoughts, he walked away from the place. But his former home was a magnet. After the streets were quiet and the church and dwelling still and darkened, he was drawn to haunt the spot again. It seemed that this heart hunger would consume him if not satisfied.

There was another less friendly form shadowing the man that night on the other side, but of this Bruce Proctor was ignorant. He did not know that an outside friendly pressure was upon him to guard his loved ones that night, for was not the air full of Christmas angels of peace and good will directing the ways of mortals?

Bruce ventured round at last to the side piazza next the church and sat down on the steps. To be even this near to them was some comfort. Five long years since he had held his Gracie in his arms. She had not then been able to lip "papa," but he remembered her baby fingers creeping over his face and her cooing laugh. She had since been taught that her papa was dead, and already a great wall of separation was set up between them.

There was nothing to hope for from the mother. She was the proud daughter of a high-spirited father, with a stainless record behind her for generations. From the moment of his arrest as a defaulter they had been as strangers. No message had come to him from her during his term of imprisonment, which had been shortened by extenuating circumstances. She shrank from the touch of the hand that had broken prison fare. She put away the thought that this was his expiation and that he might rise on a "stepping-stone" of his dead self, to a nobler life in the future. Her own and her child's humiliation filled her vision. She had yet to learn that souls may be purified by adversity, as by a furnace flame.

He had hoped against hope that when his term had expired she would send this word: "Come home, and let bygones be bygones." Surely her love would at last prove stronger than her pride. But it had not, and his love had so far mastered his pride that here he was creeping around his own home like a thief in the night, because those dear to him were within.

A startling thought came to him and he felt with trembling fingers in his vest pocket. He had a key to this side door! It had been in his pocket at the time of his arrest; it was there still when his own clothes were returned to him with his freedom.

He got up and inserted it in the keyhole. It turned readily. Something seemed urging him to open the door and go in. But wherefore? He had a half-defined thought that it would be good to breathe the atmosphere of his own home for a few moments, even stealthily. He turned the knob noiselessly and stood inside. Soon he groped his way into the kitchen and sat down. In a few minutes he could make out the old furniture in the half light. He leaned back in his chair with a sense of restfulness. The house was in slumber, unconscious of its new inmate. Carter and his wife were yet, of course, in the characters of serving man and housekeeper. Their room was in the second, the Gracie sleeping? There was a dainty little room across the corridor which Agnes had once said should be Gracie's chamber by-and-by. He wondered if she were yet its occupant.

Something of Enoch Arden's thought, "If I could see her face and not be

seen," was working in his mind. He felt again in his pocket, and finding matches there, he groped his way to the side door, which he had locked again, and slipped his shoes off. He then made his way to the front hall. The light from the street showed the broad, winding stairway quite plainly. It was a foolish, haphazard thing to ascend it; the last state would be worse than the first if he should awaken any one, but is a famishing man apt to weigh and measure possible results before he snatches a mouthful from the loaf within his grasp?

He reached the head of the stairway noiselessly and stepped along the upper hall, the carpet deadening his footfall. He stopped at the door of his wife's chamber, which was ajar, and applied his ear to the opening. He could hear the slow, measured breathing of deep slumber.

A little beyond, on the left, another door was partially open, and a triangle of pale light reached from it into the hall. He waited fully five minutes, and, hearing no movement, he advanced to the door cautiously and looked inside.

He was repaid for the risks he had taken. A night lamp burned dimly under a rosy globe. His child lay on her low bed in one corner, breathing softly. Her curls were lying over the lace pillow and one dimpled hand still held a picture book, which lay open on the rose-colored coverlet. Her Christmas gifts were all around. A miniature card holding a dainty doll stood in the corner. A train of cars, with the engine headed for the doorway, was ready to run riot with the roses of the carpet, while puzzles and picture books abounded.

It was a pretty pink and white nest of a chamber. Its sweet restfulness, in contrast with other scenes he knew, made a heartick yearning come over him.

A lump was in his throat. He wondered how he should control the great sob that threatened to break out upon his stillness. He stood as if under a spell. If any one had demanded why this nocturnal intrusion, he could not have spoken.

He moved a step or two forward and started at the first glimpse of his own reflection in the mirror. In his shabby coat and compromising hat, hiding his mirthless countenance, he seemed a blot upon the peaceful scene. But beneath it all a father's heart was beating hungrily. Was he not one with his child? It seemed as if he must rush to the bedside, take her in his arms and devour her with kisses. Yet he dared not press even one light kiss upon her cheek lest she should awaken with a scream of terror.

She was smiling in her sleep. Some tender guardianship seemed to be over her. Evidently she was about to awaken.

Fearful of detection he stepped outside the door and listened. The child was undoubtedly awake and the next moment he glided swiftly along the passage and down the stairs for he heard her jump out upon the carpet in her bare feet. In the kitchen he sat waiting, longing to return and see his child but thinking that she was awake and it would be too risky. Yet he could not make up his mind to leave the house, and recommence his cheerless wanderings in the world outside.

"What's that? A dim vision in white at the foot of the stairs and before he could make a movement little Gracie came straight upon him holding up her hand to caution silence.

"You are Santa Claus," she said in a confidential whisper. "I thought I should catch you round this night. Did you come down the chimney?"

He nodded.

"I heard you up at my room and followed you down awful easy for fear you would get away. Have you carried Christmas presents to the poor little children?"

Another nod from him.

"Oh you're so good, but you don't look like your picture in the book you gave me."

He shook his head.

"Why don't you talk to?" she said, leaning her head on her hands crossed on the table.

"You mustn't stay down here," he whispered. "It's too cold for you. Do you think your mamma is awake?"

"No-o-o. She sleeps as sound as sound."

"Well, let me carry you back to your room and we'll have a talk." And he took her in his arms, that precious burden, with her dear head upon his seared breast, and so noiselessly that one awake would have heard no sound, carried her to her room and sat her in bed, with warm blankets tucked about her.

She sat a moment with her deep, childish eyes searching his wistful ones. "Please shut the door," she said, "so's not to waken mamma. Thank you. How surprised she will be when I tell her in the morning. I'm glad you come to-night again. I like all my things, specially my doll, and I'm much 'bliged to you, Mr. Santa Claus."

"I'm glad you like them," he found voice to whisper.

"Why don't you come here and sit on this chair?" she queried, with an impatient little gesture. "You must be first going round all night. Mamma says it takes a month to get through."

He had obeyed her dictate and was seated close to the bed. The nearest almost took his breath away.

"I've made mamma leave the light and I've laid awake every night in case you should come," she said confidentially. "I do believe I woke up in time to hear your coat brush out of the door the night you brought these things. But mamma said you'd come again. I'm so glad I woke and caught you."

"I am glad, too," he said.

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"You don't wear a very nice hat and coat," she said presently. "but all the boys and girls love you just the same, don't they?"

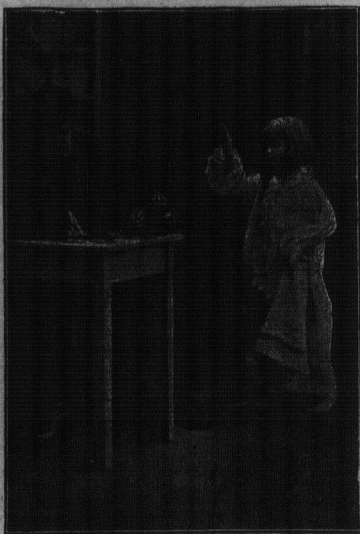
"I expect so."

"And I love you so much. You don't look a bit funny, though; you look sorry; your eyes are crying instead of laughing. What are you sorry for?"

She patted his cheek with her hand pityingly. Her touch made him tremble with the stress of his emotion.

"I look sorry sometimes," he said, bravely controlling himself. "You mustn't mind. Will you be glad if I tell you that I love you better than any of the boys and girls?"

"Why? I am very naughty sometimes," she said doubtfully. "Are you sure you like me all that much?"



GRACIE ADVANCED UPON THE MIDNIGHT INTRUDER.

"Yes, sure."

"Would you like to have me live with you?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"But I expect I couldn't leave mamma," she said slowly, as if fearful of hurting his feelings. "But I do love you a whole bushel, dear Santa Claus," and with an unexpected movement she sprang from her bed and clasped both her arms tightly about his neck.

Bruce was dizzy with the intoxication of the embrace. He strained her to his heart. He kissed cheek and brow and neck. He was conscious of a wild desire to carry her away with him. The little one looked into his face with serious eyes, but he had not alarmed her. She nestled in his arms contentedly.

"I want you to bring me a nice papa next time," she said presently. "All the other girls 'cept me have papas."

Her innocent words were like a stab in his heart.

"I had a papa once," she added, "but he went away when I was a little tot. When I ask mamma about him she sends me off to play. She looks sorry and cries sometimes when I say, 'Will he ever come back?' Oh! with a fresh caress. 'I think I would like you for a papa. But I s'pose the other children couldn't spare their Santa Claus.'"

At this crisis there was the sound of a stealthy footstep outside the door. In a moment it swung open. A man, masked, with a dark lantern in one hand and a sponge and bottle in the other, glanced at the tableau and shut the door quickly. He had evidently reckoned without his host.

"Who was that?" whispered Gracie.

"No one who will hurt you, dear," he said, as he put her out of his arms gently and got up.

"Maybe he followed you down the chimney," she suggested softly. She was quite prepared to see a troop of Christmas elves filing in.

"Perhaps," he acquiesced. He went out into the hall. He could see no one. He stood a moment at his wife's door. Her continued quiet breathing showed she had not been disturbed. The bottle and sponge in the man's hand

had alarmed him. Had the intention been to stupefy Gracie and carry her off? What enemies might there not be around his dear ones in the absence of their natural protector?

While he hesitated between his fear of raising an alarm and his desire to rid the house of the intruder he heard the sound of a scuffle below stairs, in which chairs seemed to be overturned.

"Dear Santa Claus, what is it?" asked Gracie, who, stood, a little white, barefoot figure, in the triangle of lamplight.

Bruce retreated down the stairs as another white figure darted across the passage and gathered the child in her arms.

"Nothing! I dreamed that a wicked man was carrying you off," she said.

"Oh, no," said the child naively. "My good Santa Claus wouldn't 'low any one to do that. Santa Claus," she called, "where are you?"

"What do you mean, dear?" asked the mother, peering through the hall gloom nervously.

At that moment there was the sound of voices, below stairs and the report of a pistol. Mrs. Proctor uttered a startled cry and stood holding Gracie in her arms, with a face white as her night robe.

Steps were coming up the stairs and Carter's face appeared.

"Don't be alarmed, ma'am," with suppressed excitement. "I scared one o' them off and I guess the other is 'done for.' I heard somebody monkeyin' round and slipped down just in time."

"Have you hurt my Santa Claus?" demanded Gracie imperiously. "He was here with me and kissed me just now."

Mrs. Proctor and Carter exchanged curious, apprehensive glances. The latter retreated downstairs and lighted the gas in the dining-room, then stepped to the side of the prostrated figure near the sideboard with face upturned to the light.

"It's him, sure enough," he said in a troubled voice. "I'm afraid I've killed him."

He tore open the clothes on the left side, where a dark stain was slowly spreading, and felt the heart. It was beating feebly. He heard steps. Mrs. Proctor had come down in a dressing robe, followed by Gracie, who would not be pacified.

"Didn't I tell you? It's my Santa Claus, who says he loves me a whole bushel," she said, kneeling down and trying to lift his head from the carpet. "What have you done to him, you bad man, to shut his eyes up? He won't speak to me. Oh, dear!" and she began to cry with her face on his.

Carter looked at Mrs. Proctor imploringly.

"Is he dead?" she asked in a strange voice.

"No, his heart is beating."

"Go at once for a surgeon," she commanded with sudden energy.

"He will live," said the surgeon an hour later, "if he has good care, but his heart had a narrow escape from that bullet."

He opened his eyes after the surgeon had gone, to see his wife by the bedside.

"Forgive this alarm," he exclaimed with difficulty. "I—I was starving for sight of my child."

"Were you going to rob me of her?" she asked calmly.

He gave her a look of piteous reproach.

"I saved her for you," he said. "A man was in the house ready to kidnap her. Gracie will tell—"

He sank away into the deep sleep of exhaustion and Agnes watched by his bedside. Her pride was yielding. The fountain in her soul were broken up and tenderness was swelling in her heart. Was he not the father of Gracie?

"This is your truly papa come back, dear, Agnes said, the next day, as Gracie stood patting the pale face of the invalid.

"Was he only playing Santa Claus?"

"Yes."

"And will he stay with us now?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I'm so glad!" cried Gracie.

"Thank God," murmured Bruce.

And so the angel of peace folded his wings over that household and the New Year began in gladly.

THEY MANAGE THINGS BETTER THERE.

Mr. Godet (surveying the *abattoir* on Broadway)—I wish I lived in Pompeii! Mr. Stillman—Why, that town is as dead as Philadelphia.

Mr. Godet—I know it; but the streets there have only been torn up once in two thousand years.

VERY GOOD AUTHORITY.

Rev. Dr. Thirdly—Is not your bill rather high, Dr. Diagnose? Dr. Diagnose—Yes; but I have Scriptural authority for making it high, and you, as a clergyman, should not object.

"Ah, I am not aware of such authority."

"I will recall the passage to you. It reads: 'Physician heal thyself!'"

Cholly—Did she say she would be a sister to you?

Mr. Sissy—No. She said she'd be a brother to me.



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CAPITAL PUNISHMENT THEN AND NOW.

From an abridged volume of Heworth Dixon's biography of John Howard, the great English prison reformer of the last century, we make the following extracts. The volume from which we quote was published in 1856 and is not very widely circulated. Not enough is known about Howard and his work and few realize the evils that he reformed, but the object here is chiefly to show how light a thing life was held to be in law in the England of George III.

The sanguinary measures of the English government for the repression of offences, date from about the middle of the eighteenth century. At that epoch, the Jacobite troubles had just been brought to a close—armed opposition to the House of Hanover was finally put down—and, in consequence of these events, a vast number of idle and profligate adventurers, for whom the distractions of the times had found military employment, were turned loose upon society, without occupations and without resources. War had accustomed them to license and made labor distasteful. The natural result ensued—they took to the roads, and robberies became more and more frequent. To repress these disorders the executive power adopted a system of terror. The safeguard of the public services obtained its first attention; a provision was introduced into a bill (3 Geo. II. c. 25) making it a capital crime to rob the mail—in those days, it should be remembered, carried by a single horseman—whether violence was used or not; as also the robbing of any house, office, or place used for the reception or delivery of letters.

Another enactment (originally 9 Geo. I. c. 22, but enlarged and draconized by 6 Geo. II. c. 37,—10 Geo. II. c. 31, Geo. II. c. 42), called the Black Act, rendered capital the offences of hunting, wounding, stealing, or destroying any red or fallow deer in any park or forest; killing, maiming, or wounding any cattle; breaking down the head of any fish-pond, so that the fish might be destroyed; cutting down, or otherwise destroying any trees planted for profit, ornament, or shelter, in any garden, avenue, or orchard; and a still more reprehensible law (6 Geo. II. c. 3, 37) denounced the penalty of death against any person who should be found guilty of cutting a hop-band in any hop plantation! A little later on, the legislature—as if, like the lion which has once lapped blood, it longed for it more and more—passed other acts (14 Geo. II. c. 25, and 15 Geo. II. c. 34) making it capital to drive away, steal, or willfully kill any sheep or cattle with intent to steal any part of the carcass, or to be found aiding and abetting therein! Nor were these severities in any way exceptions to the general course of legislation. They were only parts of a uniform system. Every department of our punitive law was gradually and rapidly assimilated to the spirit which actuated these changes. Not only were forgery, smuggling, coinage, and uttering base coin made capital, but likewise shop-lifting, stealing from a barge or vessel on the river to the value of 5s., or from a bleaching-ground to the value of 10s. These diabolical laws were in existence in the time of Howard—many of them in daily process of execution. Tyburn had its weekly victims.

George the Third—determined to walk in the bloody path of his predecessor (when he ascended the throne)—is said to have expressed his resolution never to exercise that prerogative of mercy which the Estates of Great Britain have confided to the sovereign, and his subsequent conduct did little to shame this act of his virgin royalty. The valuable table published by Janssen shows us the working of the sanguinary code, then in full force, in the number of persons tried and convicted capitally, in London only, during the twenty-three years, 1749-71, both inclusive:

Crimes.	Number convicted capitally.	Executed by guillotine.	Executed by hanging, or otherwise.	Actual number executed.
Murder.....	81	9	72	81
Attempt to Murder.....	17	2	15	17
Sodomy.....	17	2	15	17
Bestiality.....	2	2	0	2
Rape.....	2	2	0	2
House Breaking.....	2	2	0	2
Robbing the Freewheel.....	24	40	24	24
Highway Robbery.....	10	13	10	10
Private Theft.....	10	13	10	10
House Breaking.....	10	13	10	10
Shop Lifting.....	83	17	6	83
Forgery.....	12	1	11	12
Coining.....	12	1	11	12
Riot.....	12	1	11	12
Returning from Transportation.....	37	0	37	37
Refusing to Perform Service.....	4	0	4	4
Robberies on the Thames.....	4	0	4	4
Smuggling.....	20	4	16	20
Defrauding Bank.....	3	1	2	3
Defrauding Creditors.....	3	1	2	3
Swearing.....	3	1	2	3
Total.....	1121	443	678	1121

Of the 678 executions, 73 only were for murder; the remaining 606 persons were put to death by the law for offences which the more enlightened spirit of the age pronounced to be unworthy of so terrible a punishment, in one single city of the empire! What a startling comment these horrible lines of figures make upon the "bloody letter of the law" as it then stood! What an awful vista opens up into the arena of the social history of that stunted era, when George the Third was king! But that insipidous reign was, in fact, of one dark, uniform, and sanguinary texture. By laying aside his most royal and revered prerogative, the young monarch had taken, at his accession, the initiative of his rule—had prepared his mind to delegate two great continents with blood in a senseless struggle against the progress of the world, in a futile attempt to put down liberty in America and France! Of the 443 persons who died in jail, were transported, or received pardons, 401 were transported—the

separate numbers of those who died in jail or were pardoned are unfortunately not given; the last of these items would otherwise, we suspect, have been found miserably small; for with the demoniac disregard for the holiness of human life which then characterized the councils of St. James's, it would be in vain to expect clemency for legally convicted offenders.

It has been remarked before that the difficulty of rendering any system of secondary punishments effective was one of the chief causes of this reckless use of death sentences. The administrators of the law were often at a loss what to do with their culprits—so they hanged them out of the way. According to the notions of that day, it was at once the easiest, cheapest, and quickest method of escaping from a troublesome charge; for even then they had some experience of the cost and difficulty of governing a convict population. Judge Heath the great judicial doomsman—used boldly to avow the principles on which he pursued his victims to the halter. "If," said he, "you imprison at home, the criminal is soon thrown back upon you hardened in guilt. If you transport, you corrupt infant societies, and sow the seeds of atrocious crimes over the habitable globe. There is no regenerating a felon in this life. And, for his own sake, as well as for the sake of society, I think it better to hang." Here the assumption is as gratuitous and the logic as false as the inference to which they are made to lead is unjust; we cannot say, however, to argue with his lordship—and will leave his dictum to the moral sense of the reader. If he can admit the force of the reasoning, the practice will of course be intelligible and consistent—not else. And we may fairly suppose that some such sophism impressed upon every mind which then advocated severe punishments a conviction of their political necessity. We must assume that the question was considered by statesmen entirely apart from its morality. No sense or sentiment of justice could however indwell in such legislation; for it is impossible to believe that any man in a healthy state of mind could conceive of the idea of death as a moral equivalent for breaking a hop-band or cutting down a tree! Under the peculiar circumstances of the time, rigor was considered a political necessity. Society was thought to be in peril, and the philosophy of statesmen suggested nothing but terror as the restraining agent. It failed however—failed signally.

The completest evidence of this is to be found in the rapid augmentation of the offences against which these rigorous enactments were directed. The criminal returns for the first few years of the reign of George III. are very striking as illustrative of this remark. In 1760, there were only 14 capital convictions; 1761, there were 22; in 1762, 25; in 1763, 61; in 1764, 52; in 1765, 41; in 1766, 39; in 1767, 49; in 1768, 54; in 1769, 71; in 1770, 91. The results are not a little curious; and without assuming that there was in this case a distinct and necessary connection between the increasing stringency of the law and the fearful accumulation of crime.

For we all know how much local and incidental causes tend to prevent uniformity of effects, even under general uniformity of conditions—considering the changes in the amount of criminality thus indicated year by year, we can certainly led to adopt the converse of the proposition as an indisputable truth; that is, if the increased amount of terror employed did not create crime, the first inference would naturally be, it utterly failed to check it. Some go beyond this, and maintain the first proposition—not without reason either: the whole history of jurisprudence suggests that disproportionate punishments produce the offences which they are enacted to prevent. The human mind revolts at injustice. When the law itself assumes an unjust form and expression, it cancels the sense of guilt in the lower order of mind—sets the example—furnishes the type and the pretext of violence and wrong. The first forged note upon the Bank of England was presented almost immediately after the crime of forgery had been declared capital!

Enough has been quoted to show the condition of things in the days of John Howard and those other reformers who rallied to his aid. The whole theory of criminal justice in England, and in fact in the whole civilized world has undergone a revolution since 1770. It may be interesting to give a table showing the mode of execution yet practiced in every country:

COUNTRY.	MODE.	PUBLICITY.
Austria.....	Guillotine	Public
Bavaria.....	Guillotine	Public
Belgium.....	Guillotine	Public
Prussia.....	Guillotine	Public
China.....	Sword or cord	Public
Denmark.....	Guillotine	Public
England.....	Market	Public
France.....	Guillotine	Public
Great Britain.....	Guillotine	Public
Hanover.....	Guillotine	Public
Italy.....	Capital punishment abolished in 1826.	Public
Netherlands.....	Guillotine	Public
Oldenburg.....	Market	Public
Portugal.....	Guillotine	Public
Russia.....	Sword	Public
Saxony.....	Market, Gallows or Sward	Public
Spain.....	Guillotine	Public
Switzerland, Fifteen Cantons.....	Sword	Public
Two Cantons.....	Guillotine	Public
United States (other than New York).....	Guillotine	Public
New York.....	Gallows	Public
.....	Electricity	Public

In all those countries, with the exception of China and Russia, capital punishment is now only inflicted so, what may be called capital crimes. In Italy it may be seen that capital punishment has been altogether abolished as also in the case in three or four States of the American Union, not mentioned in the above table. Statesmen and students are watching the effect of this venture with anxiety, and studying its bearing upon the criminal statistics of Italy and those portions of the United States where it has been on trial for ten or fifteen years. Deductions disagree, opinion conflicts with opinion, but the important experiment is still pursued and safe ground will one day be reached.

LIZZIE'S LOVER:

OR,
LOVE FINDS A WAY.

There was only one disagreeable thing about going to the picnic, Phoebe thought, with a frown on her pretty face. Her cousin Lizzie was going too, and was just as likely as she to win Burt Williams' heart. Phoebe had made up her mind long ago that she wanted to be mistress of the Williams mansion herself. Suddenly a thought came over her how she might prevent her rival from going. Lizzie had only one pair of shoes besides her slippers, and the latter she was wearing just then, so it was easy for Phoebe to slip up into her cousin's room and take the shoes away and hide them in her own trunk.

In the dining-room Lizzie was laughing and talking over the prospects of the picnic. She hoped to have the young heir by her side all day, but sometimes she thought he preferred her cousin. It was not for his money that she loved him; it would have been the same had he been poor.

"He would show his preference to-day," she said; and as he behaved on this occasion she would judge of his heart. "If he likes Phoebe best, I will stop thinking of him," she said to herself.

"Come, girls, dress yourselves, and pa can drive you over; and take wraps, for it is sure to be chilly after dark; and don't sit down by the river—I misdoit its dangers. And don't stand in the sun."

But the girls were off before she was done speaking, and in a few moments Lizzie was heard to cry in a melancholy way from the head of the stairs:

"Oh, ma! I can't find my shoes."

Phoebe heard, and laughed. The mother ran upstairs. As Lizzie pinned the black lace scarf about her throat with her most becoming turquoise pin, she heard them decide that the shoes had been stolen by a tramp.

"The idea of putting them on the window-sill!" said her mother.

"I thought they seemed damp," said Lizzie.

"Oh, dear, how foolish I was! Now I must stay at home," And she began to cry a little.

They came and told Phoebe, who was all astonishment and commiseration, and who asked if she should stay at home also.

"Of what use would that be?" asked Lizzie. "Oh, no—go. I declare, I am the unluckiest girl! I wanted to go so much."

"Of course you did," said Phoebe to herself. Her uncle drove her over to the picnic grounds, talking all the way about Lizzie's shoes; and Phoebe felt very mean and contemptible. Somehow she could not enjoy herself, and as the time wore on and Burt Williams did not present himself she became utterly wretched.

"Where is Burt?" asked everybody. But Burt came not.

Evening drew on. People began to go home. It had been the stupidest, most wretched day for Phoebe.

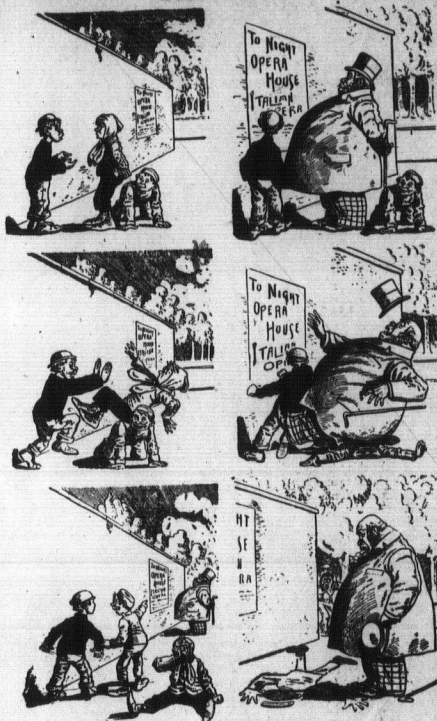
Meanwhile Lizzie, sitting with her crochet work on the piazza, heard a voice at the gate, saying:

"Good morning, Miss Millar!"

She looked up. There stood Burt Williams.

"I met your father in the road," he said, "and he told me you were not going to the picnic."

A FLAT FAILURE.



"Yes; think of the funny reason! I haven't any shoes," said Lizzie.

"Nothing but these slippers; a tramp has stolen mine."

All the world looked bright to her now, and she could laugh.

The mother was busy upstairs; nobody was near. Burt sat down very

close to Lizzie, and placed his arm lovingly around her waist.

She felt her cheeks glow, and she was glad that she had not gone to the picnic.

The bees hummed in the garden; the scent of the new-mown hay came up from the pasture.

They sat silent for many moments.

In all her life, Lizzie would not forget that happy time.

"Lizzie," said Burt, after a while, "I suppose you know I love you. I haven't told you so out and out, but I think you must have seen it."

"No, I didn't know; I was not sure," said Lizzie.

"And I'm not at all sure yet about you, Lizzie," said Burt. "Do you care a little for me? Will you marry me, darling? I shall be wretched if you will not."

They were married and lived happy ever after.

THE MARCH OF CIVILIZATION.



South Sea Island Chief—Now, my dear fellow, its no use bringing out those beads and bits of 'soaking-glass and tin knives; we've done with all that. If you've got any lawn tennis sets or amateur photographic outfits, we might trade with you; otherwise we shall eat you and scot back to our singing school.

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HUMILIZING OF THE COOKERY BOOK.



weakness for roasted pork or an unfeminine solicitude for gravy; and Mr. Timothy Tickler unhesitatingly affirms that such an one, "eating for the sake of eating, and not for mere nourishment, is, in fact, the grossest of sensualists, and at such mouthful virtually breaks all ten of the commandments." This is the language of an ascetic rather than of a *bon vivant*, but we are in some measure reassured when the same Mr. Tickler confesses, a little later, that although roast goose always disagrees with him, yet he never refuses it, believing that to purchase pleasure by a certain degree of pain is true philosophy; whereupon the Shepherd, not to be outdone, gives it as his unreserved opinion that, in winter-time at least, "eating for eating's sake, and in oblivion of its fœnal cause, is the most sacred o' household duties."

From these somewhat inharmonious sentiments we reluctantly infer that gluttony is a vice—or a virtue—for man only, and that woman's part in the programme is purely that of a ministering angel. Adam was made to eat, and Eve to cook for him, although even in this humble sphere she and her daughters have been doomed to rank second in command. Excellent in all things, but supreme in none, they have never yet scaled the dizzy heights of culinary fame. The records of antiquity make no mention of their skill; the middle ages grant them neither praise nor honor; and even as late as Dr. Johnson's day they labored hard for scanty recognition. It is very painful to hear the great sage speaking lightly of our grandmother's cooks, Mrs. Glasse, and declaring with robust content that women were fit to spin, but not to write a book of cookery. Yet for how many years had they modestly held their peace; for how many years had this department of literature remained in their master's hands!

Amid the fast-growing epicureanism of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—for the Plantagenets were noble workers, and gave an admirable example to the kingdom—we find all information on the subject emanating from the pens of learned and perhaps sagely men. The oldest treatise that has been preserved is the work of The venerable Archbishop Neckam, of Saint Albans, written in Latin and highly unintelligible Norman French, and destined as a guide for youthful housekeepers, who, even in that early day, had begun to suffer instruction for their husbands' sakes. The *Form of Cury* is a roll of one hundred and ninety-six recipes, contributed a full century later, by the master-cook of Richard II., and professes to have for its modest object "the preparing of potages and meats for the household, as they should be made, craftily and wholesomely;" though some of the crafty dishes are as costly in their character as those in the Noble Boke of Cookery, so often re-edited and republished, and which is principally interesting as proving to us how much time and money could be expended upon a royal table. Yet the poor were not altogether forgotten, for in 1620 Tobias Venner, a Somersetshire man, gave to the world his little volume called *Via Recta ad Virescentiam*, full of practical and homely advice to the lower rural classes, who must, in many cases, have been unable to profit by it, owing to their education being in as primitive a stage of development as William of Deloraine's. The *Art of Cookery Refined and Augmented*, published by the master of Charles the First's kitchen, gives us also, side by side with wonderful and elaborate "subtleties," such plain and wholesome dishes as hasty pudding and barley pudding, which were as familiar to ploughmen as to kings; while with the advent of the Puritans, cooking, like all the sister-arts, suffered a lamentable eclipse. Those noble pastries, those dainty peacocks, those boars' heads served on silver platters, those soul-inspiring wassail-cups, vanished from saintly England.

"Pun-broth was Pough, and since-ye,

"O, that was fine idleness!"

A significant token left us from these dismal days is a little book, printed after the Restoration, and entitled *The Court and Kitchen* of Joan Cromwell, wherein we learn that the Protector's household was a well ordered and frugal one and that to its master was not permitted the luxury of an orange with his veal, because oranges could not be bought for less than a grant of pardon.

But all this time women were silent, profiting, doubtless, in many a roomy kitchen and in many a well stocked buttery, by the words of wisdom which vainglorious men let fall; and only now and then giving help and counsel to one another by means of little private recipe-books, which were circulated among a few noble families, and were considered as their own exclusive property and pride. Such were My Lady Rennehal's Choice Receipts, which may still be read among the Sloane MSS.; and such, too, was the Countess of Rutland's Receipt for making the rare Banbury Cake, which was so much praised at her daughter's (the Right Honorable the Lady Chaworth's) wedding. And the fame of this distinguished cake was so widespread that, after a while, we come upon it—titles and all—in that weird little volume, *The Queen's Closet Opened*, published in 1662, which contains a hard of "Incomparable secrets in physick, chyrurgery, preserving and candying," all of which, we are assured, were presented to her Majesty the Queen "By the most Experienced Persons of the Times, many whereof were had in esteem, when she pleased to descend to private Recreations." In this company we behold only the most distinguished names. Like Mrs. Jarley, it appears to have been the delight of the nobility and gentry, and many of the recipes are the fair fruits of royal medals. Here, for example, are two perfumes, one the invention of Edward VI. and one of Queen Elizabeth, who had a notoriously dainty nose; also a medicine for the plague, which was Queen Mary's especial secret, and imparted by her to the Lord Mayor of London. And here is a cake, a very plain and wholesome cake, made by the poor young Princess Elizabeth, the daughter of Charles I.; and a strawberry cordial bequeathed to us by Sir Walter Raleigh; and the Earl of Arundel's posset; and Lord Bacon's home-brewed ale; and Sir Kenneth Digby's *agua mirabilis*; and the Bishop of Worcester's "admirable, curing powder," of which the principal ingredients seem to beadder-skins and the "black tips of crab's claws taken when the Sun enters Cancer, which is every year on the eleventh day of June."

Many of the most infallible remedies read as if they might have been concocted in that unholy cauldron which Macbeth saw bubbling in the witches' cave. Dr. Atkin's jaundice powder, made of earth-worms, nicely sift, and washed with white wine; a sadly impotent Plaster of Paracelsus; and An Excellent Snail Water, with five hundred snails in it. The costly nature of the preparations is another warrant for the good society they were expected to keep. It does not lie in the power of ordinary consumptives to take pills made of amber and pearl and coral, if they even believed these substances to be nourishing and digestible. The recipes for Sugar of Roses, for A Delicate Almond Oil to remove the shining of the Nose, and A Carp Pye fit for the Pope, hint plainly at vanity and luxurious living; the very words, A great rich Cake, stir the heart with an echo of past cheer; and A Pulpaton of Pigeons is doubtless the noble and honored progenitor of Lord Beaconsfield's "Pigeons of larks." On the other hand, a leg of mutton stuffed with pickled herrings seems like the invention of a culinary humorist; and How to make a fat Lamb of a Pig is a case of pure imposture, the beginning of that long and melancholy list of "mock" dishes which lose their own honest flavor in an ambitious struggle to be taken for something better. Imagine Elia's disgust at an imitation lamb rising, like a false phoenix, from the ashes of his favorite pig.

Opulence and a taste for display, upon the one side, and the natural conservatism of great Spanish stock, upon the other, fought the battle of the table from the days of the Black Prince down to those of Anthony Trollope, and will, in all probability, fight to the end. "A cod's head for fourpence and nine shillings' worth of condiments to serve with it," was the favorite sarcasm which greeted the growing extravagance of the rich and middle classes. Those costly "subtleties" imported from French kitchens in the fifteenth century met with a sturdy opposition from British freemen, who, even while they gaped and marvelled, resented such bewildering innovations. The pelican sheltering her young, and Saint Catherine, book in hand, dispensing to the doctors, which figured among the dishes at the coronation of Henry V., the hundred and four "dressed" peacocks trailing their plumes gorgeously over the table at the consecration of Archbishop Neville, affording more than one beef-eating gentleman and exasperated more than one porridge-eating churl. From France, too, came certain heresies regarding the fitness of food which Englishmen had for centuries devoured and digested. Queen Elizabeth dined upon whale; Cardinal Wolsey, who was something of an epicure, and who first taught us that strawberries and cream were intended by a beneficent nature to set off each other's merits, did not disdain to have a porpoise's tail; and one of his banquet pieces, Fish soup was so delicate and so new, we are even assured by antiquarians that the grampus, or sea-wolf, was freely eaten by our court-stomached ancestors.

But foreign cooks looked doubtfully upon these national dainties, and, in place of the old-time gravies, which were simply the broth in which meat had been boiled, flavoured with a little ginger and sugar, delicate and highly-seasoned sauces were devised for the tempting of weary appetites. Italy sent forks—those curious and uncanny implements which were received with scornful indignation, as calculated to destroy the simplicity and majesty of Great Britain. Spoons and knives were held in slight esteem, for good soup could be swallowed

from the bowl, only monarch contemptible at foul work and an instrument of hay of his food, his mouth, 50, and custom, and ing out of one ing into rapid pole tells us the Duchess of the last couple retained the youth, Mead dainties and de The ordinary of in Elizabeth's had risen to ten of George I., and to a shilling. tion there were times to lament of the echo of the the modern principles welcome fashion and Trollope at that feeble, impossible, well-nigh destitute conviviality of times that of the Peacock, the livers, with who the intellect a walked amicab has recorded h ment denunciat and abominable hornswaggle, "t dinner, when screen and you

The scorn by the French we might regret provender of a The contempt for eigners, on the greater than that beef-eating is other; in fact, Egypt down, se ished a whole distrust for ea The British of attack on God men: "You En fed upon beef to be beaten by Spaniards who made a stronger nature than did his fanatic "for the reverse of t seen in Talley of England as were twenty-f only one sauce. ligions would showing in the a clever novel one; but success called into belr ber sops" which near to the sto to the mind o hard to rout for they were still when Brillat-Savrenne and his first visited Giv pleasure i it wa and to a gener Mr. Birrell say

from the bowl, and his sacred Majesty Charles XII. of Sweden was not the only monarch who buttered his bread with his royal thumb. But forks were considered affectations. As hostess Master Breton observed, he had done no foul work and handled no unwholesome thing, and consequently had no need of

there is a like earnestness about all of Savarin's recipes; a pathetic anxiety lest some ingredient should be omitted or ill-used. For fish he entertains a profound respect; for game, a manly affection; for pastries, a delicate regard; but truffles are the beloved darlings of his heart.

Cause and Effect;



"Why hast thou slain ye raven, knave?"

"Because—ha, ha, because, ho, ho; because, forsooth he gave me CAVES!!!"

on fiddle-faddles while your meal is behind a screen and you are served with rations like a pauper."

The scorn of the true Briton for alien delicacies was repaid with interest by the Frenchman, who regarded his neighbor's groaning table very much as

Parisian, who declared that among Mme. de Ménéville's chief faults was that of the Marquise de Brinvilliers; "there was only the difference of intention"—Savarin has no words of reproach strong enough for those who debate and shame their noble calling. He is prompt to recognize the exigencies of a slender purse, and unwearied in his efforts to provide menus fitted to its limitations; but his notions of economy are somewhat like those of the little French princess, who said that rather than starve she would live on bread and cheese. The famous *omelette au thon*, for instance, with all its air of pastoral simplicity, contains the roe of two carp, a piece of tunny, an escalot, twelve eggs, and a number of other ingredients which would hardly recommend it to a poor country parsonage, as for the Abbé Chevreton's *sauc*, which was warmed up with butter for seven days before it reached the acme of delicacy, we can only wonder at the admirable patience of the Abbé's cook, who would return seven times with unremitted industry to the consideration of a single dish.

or, Ye Chestnut of ye Olden Time.



"I will forgive thee now, thou callist wretch; but ne'er work off thy minstrel jokes on me again!"

With Savarin eating was more than a mere vulgar pleasure; it was a solemn and quiet exequi duty which man owed to himself and to a generous nature that had yielded him up bounties for this purpose. Mr. Birrell says that Burke's letters on carrots "tremble with emotion," and

least list of recipes in England was, as I have already said, work of the bishop. The Jesuits in the seventeenth century carried the turkey from its native haunts and introduced it to the best French society, who received it with the capture it deserved. The famous *mayonnaise* is not the only delicacy

which Richelieu bequeathed to the world; Talleyrand devoted one hour out of every busy day to the exclusive companionship of his cook; and the Regent Orleans was pleased to give his own name to the bread of his own baking.

What a kindly spirit of good-fellowship we discern in the frank epicureanism of Sidney Smith; what generous sympathy for a *bon vivant* whose lines have led him into desert places! "Luttrell came over for a day," he writes, "from whence I know not, but I thought not from good quarters; at least he had not his usual soup and patii loaf. There was a forced smile upon his countenance which seemed to indicate plain roast and boiled, a sort of apple-pudding depression, as if he had been staying with a clergyman." How creditable, too, is his anxiety to please Luttrell, when that amicable sabbatite becomes his guest! "Mrs. Sidney," he declares, "grows pale with alarm as the rich dishes are uncovered"; and yet so admirable a housewife might have shared the superb confidence of Lord Worcester when cautioned by Sir Henry Halford to leave all such indirect messes alone. "Side dishes," said the great physician, "are poison." "Yours may be," retorted Lord Worcester; "and I should never dream of eating them, but mine are a very different story." So, too, were Sidney Smith's, and the celebrated salad which gained for him nearly as wide a reputation as his wit, was only one of the many famous recipes; and probably no greater in its way than the mysterious pudding whose secret he imparted as an especial favor to the importune Lady Holland. Those who had the happiness of sitting at his table rose from it with tranquil gratitude, "serenely full," and conscious, let us hope, of his own graceful sentiment, "I have dined to-day."

There is one more subject; one more aspect of the case, fraught with tender and melancholy associations. Like the lost joys of our youth; like the taste for apple dumplings, which Lamb recognized as belonging only to those whose innocence was unimpaired; like the vanishing of gentle thoughts with a growing distaste for asparagus; so is the sorrowful blank left in our lives by the recollection of noble dishes that have been, and are no longer. What of that lost recipe of Menander's for fish sauce—an ambrosial sauce whose fame has flitted down to us from dim ages, and the eating of which would have filled to the brim Dr. Johnson's cup of happiness? And what of its modern counterpart, now also gone forever, the famous green sauce which La Coste offered to Sir Thomas Dundas at the Duke of York's table, whispering to him with unctuous fervor, "*Avec cette sauce la, on pourroit manger son grand-père!*" What of the cream-pie that disappeared with the good monks, driven from British soil, and the mere recollection of which caused Peacock to bewail in spirit the too rapid dissolution of the monasteries? And what of sack—Falstaff's sack—that made England the merry England of yore, and that took flight, like some odd-fashioned genius, before the sombre days that were to follow? Surely if we knew its secret, we should learn how to laugh once more.

But alas! this may not be. We have but the memories of past good cheer, we have but the echoes of departed laughter. In vain we look and listen for the mirth that has died away. In vain we seek to question the gray ghosts of old-time revellers:

"Still shall this burden their answer bear,
What has become of last year's snow?"

AGNES REPLIER, in *North American Review*.

COMMON SENSE RECIPES.

SOUPS.—Of all the operations of cookery none is more important nor usually more negligently executed, than the preparation of soups. Setting aside the consideration of economy, to begin dinner with a light soup is decidedly wholesome, and serves to divert the danger of eating too heavily of solid meat. It is as error for anyone to fancy that when he has eaten heartily of roast beef only, he has necessarily made a wholesome dinner. The richest soups are made by boiling several kinds of meat together, as beef, mutton and veal.

TOMATO SOUP.—Put three pints of tomatoes, stewed, strained and sweetened, to two quarts of beef stock; add an onion, salt and pepper.

PEA SOUP.—Take a pint of split peas, and when carefully picked over and washed put them into a pint of water, soak in morning, three hours before dinner, put them into a pot with a quart more water and about half a pound of pork (less if you wish the soup not very rich), boil it steadily and be careful to stir it often lest it should burn. It may need more water before dinner, and can be made of whatever thickness you prefer. If you prefer to have the soup without pork, use the liquor in which the beef or other fresh meat has been boiled instead of water, and use no pork.

BROWN BREAD.—One quart of meal, two-thirds of it rye, one-third Indian, a cup of molasses, a teaspoonful of salt. Mix it very soft with a pint and a half of sour milk, in which is dissolved a teaspoonful of saleratus. Boil three and a half hours.

MUFFINS.—One pint of new milk, four eggs, one teaspoonful of salt, flour enough for a batter.

Buns.—Three cups of new milk, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of yeast; make a stiff batter at night; in the morning mix one-half cup of butter and one and a half cups of sugar, and mix with the batter, flour to roll out, add currants. Cut out buns as desired and raise them light before baking.

CUSTARD.—One-half cup rich milk, yolk of one egg, three teaspoonfuls of sugar. Heat until it thickens, and put between the cakes as soon as baked. Then use the white of the egg for soft frosting, flavored with lemon or vanilla.

TOMATOES WITH RICE.—Scald and peel three large, smooth tomatoes. Cut them in halves, scoop out the juice, without breaking the pulp; scald the juice enough to strain out the seeds; to the juice add sugar to taste, and mix

with it as much warm boiled rice as it will absorb; add salt and a little butter. Place each half tomato on a round of bread buttered. Put them in a shallow pan and bake ten minutes, or until the bread is browned.

COCONUT CAKE.—Two well beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of butter, two cups of prepared coconut, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda; soak the coconut in milk.

GOLD CAKE.—Two cups not quite full of flour, the yolks of four eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, flavor to taste.

SILVER CAKE.—Two cups of flour, the whites of four eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar; one-half teaspoonful of soda, flavor to taste.

OTTAWA CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One full cup of butter, two cups of flour, two cups of sugar, one cup (not quite full) of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, five eggs, leaving out the whites of two; rub butter and sugar together, add eggs, two-thirds of the milk, then flour, then the rest of the milk in which you have dissolved the soda; while hot spread with an icing made of the whites of eggs, one and a half cups of pulverized sugar, two teaspoonfuls essence vanilla, and six tablespoonfuls of vanilla chocolate.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—One quart buckwheat flour, one teaspoonful of salt; stir in water to make thin batter; beat thoroughly four tablespoonfuls home-brewed yeast. Set the batter in a warm place and let it rise over night; add one teaspoonful of soda in the morning.

JOKEES.—Two cups Graham meal, one cup of flour, a little salt, two eggs well beaten added after flour and milk are mixed to a batter thick as pound cake. Bake in a quick oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—Bring to a scald one cup of molasses and stir in one tablespoonful of soda; pour it while foaming, over one cup of sugar, one egg, one tablespoonful of ginger, beaten together, then add one tablespoonful of vinegar; if flour enough to roll stirred in as lightly as possible.

DOUGHNUTS.—One quart flour, one egg, one-half cup of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, six teaspoonfuls of melted lard, two even spoonfuls of cream tartar one even spoonful of soda.

RAISED DOUGHNUTS.—Two cups of milk, one cup of yeast, flour enough to make a batter; make this batter at noon, set it in a warm place and let it rise until night; if light, add a tablespoonful of butter, same of salt, one egg, a cup of sugar and a little cinnamon, half teaspoonful of soda, and let rise until morning.

PETERBORG DOUGHNUTS.—One cup of sour milk, one cup of sugar, one egg, a teaspoonful of soda, two tablespoonfuls melted butter, a little salt and spice.

COOKIES.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, one-half cup of milk, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda, flour to roll quite stiff.

COLLINGSWOOD COOKIES.—One and a half cups of brown sugar, one cup of butter, two eggs, one cup of currants, two great spoonfuls of milk, small teaspoonful of soda, cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg to taste.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Quarter and slice your apples; make a batter of two eggs, one cup of milk, a little salt and flour, or the same as for fried oysters; put in your apples and fry in hot fat the same as oysters. Very nice for breakfast.

POW-OVERS.—Three cups of milk, three cups of flour, three eggs. Bake half an hour in a quick oven in cups.

CREAM PIE.—One quart of milk, the yolks of three eggs, two cups of sugar, two spoonfuls of flour; boil until it begins to thicken; make a rich crust, put in the cream, flavor with lemon, and bake in a quick oven. Beat the whites of the eggs stiff and frost. Put in the oven and color a little.

CREAM OR COCONUT PIE.—Two eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of water, one-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the water, one teaspoonful cream tartar, one and a half cups of flour, a small lump of butter. **CREAM.**—One-half cup of sugar, one-half cup of flour, one egg; beat the egg, stir in the flour and sugar, then stir in one-half pint of boiling milk and two spoonfuls of cocoanut. Make a frosting for the outside; sprinkle thickly with cocoanut before dry. The pie will be delicious.

LEMON PIE.—Two lemons, two cups of sugar, five eggs, two tablespoonfuls of corn starch, one pint of milk; grate the lemons, add the juice, stir together; scald the corn starch with milk. This will make two pies, which must be baked in rich puff paste.

RAISIN PIE.—Boil one pound of raisins an hour, covered with water; add one lemon, one cup of white wine, two tablespoonfuls of flour; for three pies.

LEMON Pudding.—The yolks of three eggs, beaten with nine spoonfuls of white sugar, the juice of two lemons, a teaspoonful of flour, two spoonfuls melted butter, a small tumbler of sweet milk. Make a batter for a pie; after it is baked and ready, beat to a froth the whites of three eggs with three spoonfuls of white sugar; spread it over the top and return it to the oven and brown lightly.



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THE LATE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE

PENITENTIARIES IN CANADA.

There are five Penitentiaries in the Dominion, situated at Kingston, Ont.; St. Vincent de Paul, Montreal, Que.; Dorchester, N. B.; Stony Mountain, Man.; and New Westminster, B. C., and the total convict population of Canada (that is, the total number confined in the above penitentiaries) on 30th June, 1889, was 1,195, being an increase of 101 as compared with the same date in 1888, when the number was 1,094. This large increase is to be regretted, as it cannot be taken to indicate anything but a larger amount of crime, the number of convicts received having been 434, as against 360 in 1889, an increase of 74. Still, however, in proportion to population, the figures, in spite of the unsatisfactory increase, may be considered small, the proportion in 1889 having been 1 convict in every 4,247 persons; in 1888, 1 in 4,639, and in 1887, 1 in 4,206. The convicts comprised 1,170 males and 25 females. The proportion of females to males was about the same, viz., a little over 2 per cent.

To give an idea of the great field for crime presented by the immensity of London, England, we might here say that in 1880 there were 1,782 cases of burglary and housebreaking in the Metropolitan police district; the value of property stolen was £14,156, and the amount recovered £1,280. In a large number of cases the burglars gained an entry through windows or doors left open or insecurely fastened. Pocket-picking is slightly on the decrease—5,516 in 1889 against 5,075, in 1888. In the previous year, 1889, there were 19,544 cases of felony reported to the police. The amount stolen was £114,950, but of this £20,124 was recovered, leaving the net loss £94,826. The number of persons apprehended was 12,946. The felonies were at the rate of 3,425 per thousand of the population.

HANDY ITEMS OF LAW.

A note made on Sunday is void. A note obtained by fraud, or from one intoxicated, is void. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker—he must pay it. An endorser of a note is exempt from liability, if not served with notice of its dishonor within twenty-four hours of its non-payment. A note by a minor is void. Notes bear interest only when so stated. Principals are responsible for their agents. Each individual in partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of a firm. Ignorance of the law excuses no one. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud. It is illegal to compound a felony. The law compels no one to do impossibilities. An agreement without consideration is void. Signatures in lead pencil are good in law. A receipt for money is not legally conclusive. The acts of one partner bind all the others. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced. A contract with a minor is void. A contract with a lunatic is void. Written contracts concerning land must be under seal.

SALARIES PAID TO KINGS.

There is a big difference in the salaries annually paid to heads of governments in different countries. In Canada of course we pay our Governor-General \$50,000 per annum, with a house and perquisites that each year amount to about \$10,000 more. Other countries pay as follows: United States, \$50,000 a year; Persia, \$30,000,000; Russia, \$10,000,000; Siam, \$10,000,000; Spain, \$3,000,000; Italy, \$3,000,000; Great Britain, \$3,000,000; Morocco, \$2,500,000; Japan, \$2,500,000; Egypt, \$1,575,000; Germany, \$1,000,000; Saxony, \$700,000; Portugal and Sweden, each \$600,000; France, \$200,000; Hayti, \$240,000; Switzerland, \$50,000. Some of these salaries are pretty big for these hard times. One is particularly amazed at Persia paying such an enormous sum with a population of only 7,653,600; and Siam paying \$10,000,000 a year to its king with only a population of 5,750,000 and an army of only 2,000 men. It would require a bigger army than that to scare such a salary out of the same number of Canadians nowadays.

POPULATION OF CANADA—CENSUS 1891.

Provinces, Districts, Territories.	Entered Confederation or Organized.	Square Miles.	Population Census 1891.
Maritime Provinces.	Entered Confederation 1870.	74,000	134,444
Quebec, District.	Organized 1867.	160,000	1,040,000
Atlantic District.	Organized 1870.	90,000	90,779
North-West Territory.	Organized 1870.	1,000,000	—
Alberta, District.	Entered Confederation 1871.	181,200	62,967
British Columbia, Province.	Organized 1871.	284,000	91,109
Ontario, Province.	" " " "	101,000	1,317,974
New Brunswick, Province.	" " " "	29,000	450,511
New Scotia, Province.	" " " "	28,000	109,000
Prince Edward Island, Province.	" " " "	18,000	14,658
Quebec, Province.	" " " "	166,000	1,040,000
Territory east of Hudson's Bay.	Organized 1870.	1,000,000	—
Islands in Arctic Ocean and Hudson's Bay.	" " " "	28,000	—
Keweenaw, District.	Organized 1870.	100,000	—
Territory east of Keweenaw and west of Hudson's Bay.	" " " "	100,000	—
Great Lakes and River St. Lawrence east to Long 60° and portions within United States, not included in above areas.	" " " "	47,400	—
Totals.		3,619,400	4,509,411
Labrador.		41,000	4,000
Newfoundland.		41,734	107,411
French Shore, from Cape Ray to Cape St. John, 1891.		—	10,000
			50,411

The Department of Education for Ontario reported that in 1889 there were 5,750 educational institutions of all kinds in operation, attended by 515,000 pupils, and supported at an expense of over \$5,000,000. Of these schools 5,718 were Public (or Common) and Separate schools, with an attendance of 496,545 pupils. In 1890 the Department received reports from 31 Collegiate Institutes and 89 High Schools, with 16,395 pupils.

COST OF CHILDREN.

The average cost of bringing children to maturity is \$500. To bring a child to the age of five years requires on the average \$300. In the United States thirty-five per cent. of the males fail to reach the age of twenty years. Of course, the mortality among infants is much higher than among older children or adults. For every person dead there are two persons sick. It costs less to develop a Norwegian than to raise to adult years an individual of any other nationality. There is less general sickness in this century than in the centuries past. Where the average age of a citizen is now fifty years, in the days of ancient Rome the citizen lived but thirty years. As many live now to be seventy years old as three centuries ago lived to reach the age of fifty years.

PUBLIC WORKS OF CANADA.

Statement of expenditure on construction and improvement of the Public Works of Canada, from their commencement to June 30, 1889:

Name of Work.	Total Government Expenditure.	Expenditure other than Government.	Grand Total Expenditure to June 30, 1889.
Railways.	\$12,375,128 00	—	\$12,375,128 00
Canals.	52,861,882 31	\$6,799,168 77	59,661,051 08
Totals—Railways and Canals.	\$12,375,128 00	\$6,799,168 77	\$19,174,296 77
Public Buildings.	\$18,665,320 45	\$ 41,799 10	\$18,707,119 55
Harbors and Breakwaters.	20,124 21	20,124 21	40,248 42
Improvement of Rivers.	1,000,000 00	10,000 00	1,010,000 00
Dredges.	1,842,000 00	1,600 00	1,843,600 00
Sills and Booms.	1,842,000 00	1,600 00	1,843,600 00
Roads and Bridges.	1,842,000 00	1,600 00	1,843,600 00
Telegraph Line.	1,842,000 00	1,600 00	1,843,600 00
Lighthouses.	1,842,000 00	1,600 00	1,843,600 00
Domestic Steamers.	1,842,000 00	1,600 00	1,843,600 00
Monuments.	1,842,000 00	1,600 00	1,843,600 00
Ottawa, Major's Hill Park.	1,842,000 00	1,600 00	1,843,600 00
Carlisle Square.	1,842,000 00	1,600 00	1,843,600 00
Totals—Public Works.	\$12,375,128 00	\$67,011 80	\$12,442,139 80
Grand Totals.	\$12,375,128 00	\$73,810 57	\$12,448,938 57

A MITE OF A MAN.

The most diminutive magistrate that ever sat on the bench was Samuel Gilmore, the justice of the peace at Cosville, Missouri, who is forty-three years of age, and only two feet nine inches in height, and in weight forty-six pounds. Mr. Gilmore, besides being a magistrate, is a successful farmer and a prominent business man. Mr. C. T. Dyke-Acland, member of parliament for Launceston, is the shortest member of the British House of Commons, and he is a justice of the peace for Devon, Cornwall and Somerset, and may naturally be suspected to be the most diminutive magistrate of all who sit on the English bench. The Right Hon. Arthur McMurrugh Kavanagh, who was M.P. for Wexford 1866-68, and for the county of Carlow 1868-69, had neither arms nor legs, having been born without them. Yet he sat upon the bench as justice of the peace for the county of Carlow, of which he was high sheriff in 1857; and also a justice of the peace for Wexford and Kilkenny, of which he was high sheriff in 1856. He was also lord lieutenant of the county of Carlow.

RABBITS IN AUSTRALIA.

The plague of rabbits in Australia cannot be described without seeming exaggeration to those who have not had experience of it. Originally introduced in a colony of about a score of individuals by a squatter near Melbourne, who thought their familiar presence on his station would "reminde him of home," they have kept the recollection of England so fresh in the minds of pastoralists as to tempt them to very reasonable language concerning her whenever rabbits are mentioned. The fecundity of the rabbit is amazing, and his invasion of remote districts swift and mysterious. Careful estimates show that, under favorable condition, a pair of Australian rabbits will produce six litters a year, averaging five individuals each. As the offspring themselves begin breeding at the age of six months, it is shown that, at this rate, the original pair might be responsible in five years for a progeny of over 20,000,000! That the original score which were brought to the country have propagated after some such ratio, no one can doubt who has seen the enormous hordes that now devastate the land in certain districts. In all but the remotest sections, however, the rabbits are now fairly under control; one rabbit with a pack of dogs supervises stations where one hundred were employed ten years ago, and with ordinary vigilance the squatters have little to fear. Millions of the animals have been killed by fencing in the water-holes and dams during a dry season, whereby they died of thirst, and lay in enormous piles against the obstructions they had frantically and vainly striven to climb, and poisoned grain and fruit have killed myriads more. A fortune of £35,000, offered by the New South Wales Government, still awaits the man who can invent some means of general destruction, and the knowledge of this fact has brought to the notice of the various Colonial governments some very original devices.

Here is a memorandum of a number of the unborn inventions, which offer a splendid opportunity to make money and fame: A piano that is dumb after midnight—or before. An indicator that will tell who is ringing the door-bell. An interpreter for the baby. A cook who knows just what you want for dinner. A changeable bonnet. A name-plate to be universally worn, so that there will be no more trouble remembering people's names. A portmanteau that is never full. Clothes made without cloth, stitches or buttons. A newspaper that will read aloud. A cheerful spirit made adjustable.

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u.	June 30, 1886.
...	\$137,176,128 22
8 77	59,861,049 30
8 77	\$197,037,177 78
...	
10 10	\$18,711,309 64
1 91	12,809,447 38
1 38	1,028,460 08
...	77,464 17
...	1,843,570 37
...	1,509,320 33
...	708,378 63
...	3,112,000 66
...	894,489 46
...	13,400 36
...	12,511 58
...	5,597 22
1 86	\$41,415,000 31
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OPHELIA

MONEY IN STRANGE PLACES.



Australia holds some two hundred millions of British money, most of it payable within the next thirty years. But her solvency is beyond attack.



LADY FREEMASONS

A writer in an English journal gives this surprising information on Freemasonry: I have read that there has only been one lady known to have been admitted into the mysteries of Freemasonry; doubtless others of your readers have read the same and it may be interesting to those who are Freemasons to know that the writer of this article has attended a lodge to which belonged, as subscribing members, several ladies.

During the winter of 1887-8 I was at Port Mahon in one of Her Majesty's ships, and with others received an invitation to visit the Freemason's lodge on shore. We accepted the invitation, and upon being ushered into the lodge after the usual ceremonies, were rather surprised to see several ladies seated in the lodge and wearing the regalia of their order.

In the working of the lodge the ladies took exactly the same share of work as their sterner brethren would have had to have done had there been no ladies to take upon themselves the work, and they did their duty in quite as good a manner as men would have done. Two of the ladies had infants in arms, so there were at least two *convents* in that lodge.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies I conversed with the master of the lodge, who was a Spanish military officer exiled during the Carlist troubles, and he informed me that quite a number of ladies on the island (Majorca) were Freemasons, that the order was working more after the system of our society of Odd-fellows, and that they were peculiarly a benefit society among themselves, helping each other out of the lodge funds when necessity compelled—in fact, working the affair in a manner in which a great many people find that Freemasonry should be worked.

I have been in various lodges in and about the world, but this is the only time that I was ever in the company, or knew of any living ladies who had been regularly initiated into the mysteries of the craft.

The people of Paris, France, during 1890 consumed 21,221 horses, 229 donkeys, and 40 mules, the meat weighing, according to the returns, 4,615 tons. At the 100 shops and stalls where this kind of food is sold the price has varied from twopence a pound to tenpence, the latter being the price of superior horsesteaks.

Money has been found in all sorts of queer places, and some of the finds have been very valuable from an antiquarian point of view. The thigh bone of a horse is rather a strange place in which to deposit money, but on one occasion a man removing rubbish discovered such a bone in England, and accidentally found that it had a silver lining. On examination, this cavity disclosed upwards of one hundred Roman silver coins, and many of them were of a date prior to Julius Caesar.

In another case some workmen digging up the roots of an old tree in a forest had their labors rewarded by a find of one hundred and fifty gold and silver coins. This discovery was made in 1773 and the coins, although of the reign of Henry I, were in a good state of preservation. Sometimes the pulling down of a house will bring a treasure to light. On one such occasion a mason and his laborer found a considerable sum under a floor, but as they quarrelled over their cups about dividing the spoil, the owner of the house heard of the find and demanded the booty. The coins, which were of gold and silver, were of the reigns of Edwards II and III, and looked as fresh as if just issued out of the mint.

Money has also frequently been found in the earth; in fact, this seems to have been a favorite bank with many who had a little surplus cash at command, and it is highly probable that much still remains undiscovered.

In 1761 a gravedigger at a church in Berkshire found some hundreds of an ancient silver pieces under a skull. Many of them, we are told, were "much valued by the curious," but the gravedigger disposed of his share for 16s. 6d., and was probably well satisfied.

In 1822 a number of laborers engaged in clearing away some rubbish discovered several gold coins of the reigns of Charles I and Elizabeth, all of a very perfect state. About the same time, too, a farmer in France discovered a vast pile of pieces of money. The coins numbered about 12,000 and bore the effigies of several Roman Emperors among others that of Augustus. They were said to be of a metal composed of copper and silver, and were of different diameters.

Another curious find of money was made in Dublin in 1807. A man died in that year who had lived in the most abject state of poverty, and when his was removed it was found to contain bank notes amounting to £475—seventy guineas worth.

There is a curious story of a man who had been in the habit of stitching in his trousers pockets a number of guineas worth of bank notes, and who, when he died, was found to have a large sum of money in his pockets.

There is a curious story of a man who had been in the habit of stitching in his trousers pockets a number of guineas worth of bank notes, and who, when he died, was found to have a large sum of money in his pockets.



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POP STATES Alabama... California... Colorado... Connecticut... Delaware... Florida... Georgia... Idaho... Illinois... Indiana... Iowa... Kansas... Kentucky... Louisiana... Maine... Maryland... Massachusetts... Michigan... Minnesota... Mississippi... Missouri... Montana... Nebraska... Nevada... New Hampshire... New Jersey... New Mexico... New York... North Carolina... North Dakota... Ohio...

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BATTLES OF THE CIVIL WAR.

Here is a list of the principal battles of the Civil War in the United States, giving the date of the engagements, the name of the commanding officers, and the number killed on each side: Bull Run (first), July 21, 1861—North, General McDowell; killed, 481; South, General Beauregard; killed, unknown. Shiloh, April 7, 1862—North, General Grant; killed, 1,735; South, General A. S. Johnston; killed, 1,728. Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, May 31 and June 1, 1862 North, General McClellan; killed, 890; South, General J. E. Johnston; killed, 1,800. Antietam, September 16 and 17, 1862—North, General McClellan; killed, 2,010; South, General Lee; killed, 3,500. Chancellorsville, May 2 and 3, 1863—North, General Hooker; killed, 1,512; South, General Jackson; killed, 1,581. Gettysburg, July 1, 2 and 3, 1863—North, General Meade; killed, 2,834; South, General Lee; killed, 3,500. Vicksburg, July 3 and 4, 1863—North, General Grant; killed, 545; South, General Pemberton; killed, unknown. Chickamauga, September 19-23, 1863—North, General Thomas; killed, 1,644; South, General Bragg; killed, 5,597. Wilderness, May 5-7, 1864—North, General Grant; killed, 5,597; South, General Lee; killed, 5,000. Spottsylvania, May 9-21, 1864 North, General Grant; killed, 4,777; South, General Lee; killed, 1,000. The above figures are based on medical official returns, and do not agree with returns of the Adjutant General. No two reports agree. The Adjutant General makes killed at Wilderness 2,361, and at Spottsylvania 2,370; while General Meade's report, based on returns immediately after the battle, states killed at Wilderness at 3,288, at Spottsylvania 2,146.

THE ARMY ROSTER.

The United States Army foots up a grand total of 28,795 men, officers included, who represent a force of 3,174. The entire department costs yearly about \$23,000,000. There are 675 officers on the retired list, and they cost \$1,300,000 a year. The active officers of the army cost the government \$5,073,000 a year, and they form seven and a half per cent. of the force, receiving over fifty-six per cent of the pay. This does not include the retired officers.

THE UNITED STATES WARS.

The war of the Rebellion cost the United States \$6,189,939,000. The number of Federal troops was 3,859,132.

The Mexican war cost the United States \$100,000,000. The number of troops engaged was 101,282.

The war of 1812 cost the United States \$107,150,003. The number of troops engaged is estimated at 471,622.

The Revolutionary war cost the United States \$139,493,703. The Colonies furnished, from 1775 to 1783, 395,604 troops.

POPULATION OF UNITED STATES—CENSUS OF 1890.

STATE.	POP.	NO. MALES.	STATE.	POP.	NO. MALES.
Alabama.....	1,343,927	58,350	Oregon.....	314,975	166,039
Arkansas.....	1,048,719	50,874	Rhode Island.....	287,084	141,413
California.....	1,208,170	139,380	South Carolina.....	1,031,190	204,970
Colorado.....	142,927	7,000	South Dakota.....	35,864	19,800
Connecticut.....	764,811	40,999	Texas.....	1,785,111	85,780
Delaware.....	165,842	8,000	Vermont.....	142,821	70,670
Florida.....	301,448	15,800	Virginia.....	1,051,060	49,430
Georgia.....	1,477,381	82,600	Washington.....	226,997	110,780
Idaho.....	141,350	8,600	West Virginia.....	252,794	124,770
Illinois.....	2,548,125	130,500	Wisconsin.....	1,056,000	50,000
Indiana.....	1,922,864	95,300	Wyoming.....	60,300	27,900
Iowa.....	1,971,260	100,000	Yukon Territory.....	700	
Kansas.....	1,487,061	80,000	Total States.....	61,000,000	3,036,330
Kentucky.....	1,156,000	60,000			
Louisiana.....	1,115,327	47,700			
Maine.....	104,200	5,000			
Maryland.....	1,048,200	52,000			
Massachusetts.....	1,200,000	57,000			
Michigan.....	1,200,000	57,000			
Minnesota.....	1,200,000	57,000			
Mississippi.....	1,200,000	57,000			
Missouri.....	1,200,000	57,000			
Montana.....	1,200,000	57,000			
Nebraska.....	1,200,000	57,000			
Nevada.....	1,200,000	57,000			
New Hampshire.....	1,200,000	57,000			
New Jersey.....	1,200,000	57,000			
New York.....	1,200,000	57,000			
North Carolina.....	1,200,000	57,000			
North Dakota.....	1,200,000	57,000			
Ohio.....	1,200,000	57,000			

THE WORLD'S POPULATION.

Professors Wagner and Supan, the German statisticians, have just published careful estimates of the population of the globe. They placed the total at 2,480 millions, of which Europe has 337; Asia, 826; Africa, 164; America, 122; Australia, 31; the Oceanic Islands, 714. More than one-fourth of the human race is found in China and Japan, the former counting 350,000,000, and the latter 40,000,000; more than one-fifth is in Asia, 324,000,000.

France is not making much progress in the matter of population. The corrected returns of the French census show that the total population of France is 38,343,192, an increase of only 124,389 over 1886. Of this Paris and its suburbs furnish 116,000, the growth of population in thirty-two of the departments being balanced by the decrease in the other fifty-five. The provincial towns of 30,000 inhabitants and upwards have increased by 124,000, the villages and small towns decreasing by about the same figure. The number of foreigners is returned as 1,101,798, a decrease of 13,416, but the explanation of this is that foreigners were more carefully reckoned in 1886, when they had to be deducted from the figures on which the number of deputies assigned to each department was calculated, than in 1891, when the deduction was no longer necessary. There is no reason to suppose that the foreign element has fallen off, even allowing for a slight increase in naturalizations under the facilities offered by the legislation of 1889.

THE WIVES OF COLUMBUS.

Christopher Columbus was twice married. His first wife was Felipa Muniz Perestrella, daughter of an able captain of Prince Henry Portugal, called the Navigator. He married her in 1471. His father-in-law's charts, globes, etc., helped to mature his plans of discovery. Diego, who accompanied his father on the occasion when they were reduced to such straits that Columbus begged at the monastery of La Rabida for bread and water for the child, was the only issue of this marriage. This wife died in 1483 or thereabouts. He next married Beatriz Enriquez, a Cordova in 1486. She was the mother of his second son Fernand Columbus, who in time became his father's biographer.

PRESIDENTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

Declaration of Independence.....	1776	General Zachary Taylor (died 9th July, 1849)	1849
General Washington first president.....	1776 and 1793	Millard Fillmore (elected as vice-president).....	1850
John Adams.....	1797	General Franklin Pierce.....	1853
Thomas Jefferson.....	1801 and 1809	James Buchanan.....	1857
James Madison.....	1809 and 1817	Abraham Lincoln (died 14th April, 1865)	1861
James Monroe.....	1817 and 1823	Andrew Johnson (elected as vice-president).....	1865
John Quincy Adams.....	1825	General Ulysses S. Grant.....	1869 and 1873
General Andrew Jackson.....	1829 and 1837	Katharine (died 1849)	1849
Martin Van Buren.....	1837	Gen. J. Abram Garfield (died 19th Sept., 1881)	1881
General Wm. Henry Harrison (died 4th April, 1841)	1841	Gen. Chester A. Arthur (elected as vice-pres.)	1881
John Tyler (elected as vice-president).....	1841	Crowe Cleveland.....	1885
James Knox Polk.....	1845	General Benjamin Harrison.....	1889

Population in 1776, including slaves, 2,364,000.
Population in 1889, all free, 50,120,000; 1890, 60,620,250.

A BEAUTIFUL POEM.

The following poem was Abraham Lincoln's favorite, and his frequent recital of it evinced the quiet melancholy of his nature. It was furnished the press by a gentleman who took it down in shorthand, word for word, as it was repeated by the martyred President. It is said to have been written by Knox, a contemporary of Sir Walter Scott:

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeing meteor, a fast-flying cloud,
A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passeth from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the younger and the old, and the low and the high
Shall mould to dust and together shall lie.

The infant a mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed,
Each, all, are away to their dwellings of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave,
Are hidden and lost in the depths of the grave.

The peasant, whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman, who climbed with his goats to the steep,
The beggar, who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or the weed
That whither away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes, even those we behold,
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been—
We see the same sights our fathers have seen—
We drink the same stream and view the same sun—
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds from us all, like a bird on the wing.

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the faithful is cold;
They grieved, but no wall from their slumber will come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is dumb.

They died!—ay, they died; y' we things that are now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow,
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage road.

Yea! hope and despondency, pleasure and pain,
Ye mingle together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other, like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath,
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death,
From the golden saloon to the bier and the shroud;
Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

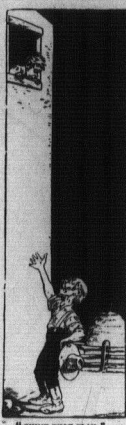


THE FISHERMAN'S DAUGHTERS.

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HOW I VISITED AUNT MATILDA.

AS TOLD BY THE GHOST HIMSELF.



KINDLY allow me to introduce myself. Of course, you will imagine that the somewhat commonplace person who calls himself the author of this story is addressing you. Nothing of the sort. I have rented him for the occasion although I am sensible he makes but a poor vehicle for the transmission of ghostly thoughts and ideas. Still, as it was necessary to materialize myself for this occasion, and he happened to be let, I closed with him at once on the condition that he should have a vacation in space until midnight.

This arrangement will enable me to briefly tell you how I, a disembodied ghost—not that I ever heard of any other kind of ghost—am speaking to you by the voice of a living man—at least he thinks himself a man. I want to tell you how I visited Aunt Matilda, and had it out with her. I admit that the proceeding was rude, but I really couldn't help myself. Any ghost with a shadow of shadowy self-respect would have treated her in the same way.

Only last night I was off duty in Shadowland. Something had disagreed with me. My bones ached; they weren't properly articulated—I believe that is the correct term. One also suffers from rheumatism in 'Ghastland,' but to any great extent, but just sufficiently so to be unpleasant.

"Kindly put out your tongue," said

my professional adviser, still sticking to worldly phraseology from sheer force of habit.

I hadn't a tongue, so I couldn't.

"My dear Biffles," he said (my name is Biffles), as he dug me in the ribs until they rattled, "my dear Biffles, what want we is change of scene. We're decidedly low—pinning for something. We've been here twenty years without a holiday, and it's growing monotonous. We must have a night off. We want tone—bracing up—we want to think of something unpleasant which will instantly dissipate the placidity of Ghastland. Someone who used to quarrel with us in the old days when we were alive. Think, we must think of someone down there."

"No; can't think of anyone down there," I said, after a moment of shadowy reflection; "it's a long time ago."

"Think," my doctor repeated, as he felt for an imaginary watch, and rapped it into a non-existent pocket. "Someone who used to disagree with you very much. Didn't you—eh—ever marry down there?"

Then I remembered Matilda. A shudder ran down my spine. "N—no," I said; "very nearly, but she wriggled out of it." "Is she—eh—still down there?" he asked, in his old professional tones. "We want a tonic, my dear Biffles—we want tone—we want rousing—forcible rousing—we—must look her up if she hasn't married. She'll rouse us. Who was she?"

"Matilda," I said sorrowfully, for I didn't want to be roused (I remembered Matilda's methods of rousing me in the past), "she was very pretty then, but had a—temper enough to make your bones rattle."

"Ah, yes, just the very thing, the very thing for us," he murmured. "Go down and call there to-night. You will be thankful enough to get back again, but it will, doubtless, make a little change for you."

Somehow I had forgotten all about Matilda. She had been one of the dreams I had failed to grasp when I was alive. We were psychical affinities once. How pretty she was then! Golden hair, too, and blue eyes, and a voice like the soft music of the wind among the pine tops when—when she wasn't angry; but when she was angry, it became like the roaring of a gale at sea. Ah, that temper! She said she would never marry a man who smoked, unless he did it in a greenhouse, where it would keep off the flies. And so we had parted. She said I had seemed to think that matrimony was all smoke, and that smoke in the drawing-room curtains was a thing no woman would put up with. So we agreed to disagree.

I caught the ten o'clock Phantom Special, and reached London in forty-five seconds. The guard landed me in Matilda's drawing-room. In another second I found myself confronting two psychical affinities.

Just imagine yourself transferred from the chill shadowy depths of Ghastland to a world of warmth, and light, and love. The fire burned brightly; a cat purred on the hearth. This room was gay and cosy, the air sweet with the fragrance of flowers. Not the scent of cold, dead blossoms, but living incense which floated around what had once been my heart, as I raised my hands in mute benediction over his black curls and her golden hair. They were so

happy—for a moment; the light of truth and loving trustfulness shone in their eyes. To them, the world they lived in was real; life was real; and they talked in low tones of the goodness of God, and of Faith, and Hope, and things of that sort. They woke the chords of memory once more within my shrivelled frame. As they talked now I had once talked, as they kissed now so had I once kissed, and it was all over as far as I was concerned. I was a ghost in the realm of Shadowland, they were alive pressing after ghostly aims and ideals, yet knew it not.

I gathered from their conversation that the golden-haired girl was Matilda's niece. He was called Dick, and her name was Emily. I further gathered that she was dependent on Matilda, who ruled her with a rod of iron wherever she had ruled me in the days of old, when I was expected either not to smoke or to do so without spoiling the curtains. I always used to feel in those days rather like an Israelitish bondsman, with Matilda as the proud Egyptian overseer, who might momentarily be expected to cast my bricks back again at me. Matilda, it appeared, had resolved never to consent to Dick and Emily's marriage, which was just what might have been expected from Matilda.

Matilda had gone to bed with cotton wool in her ears and a cold in her nose. That was her way of spending Christmas Eve. And poor Dick had crept down the area, and cook had let him in to spend a few minutes with the beloved one, just to renew their vows and comfort each other. He was full of hope. The world was hard, he said, but love was stronger than the world, or even Death itself, and he would conquer the world, and they would live happily ever after in a suburban villa without world, and they would live happily ever after in a suburban villa without being afraid of even a tax collector. Then he somewhat sorrowfully, for all his brave words, went away, and Emily, her face buried in the sofa, prayed for something to soften that portion of Matilda's anatomy which she called a heart.

I felt a phantom tear steal down where my nose should have been. Then I laid my fleshless hand on Emily's shoulder, and pressed a shadowy kiss upon her fair, white forehead. "Don't be afraid, my dear," I said softly. "I'll jocke Matilda; she can't hurt me—now, and I was upstairs before Emily could give more than a startled little scream, and hid her face in the sofa cushion."

I suppose it was rather a rude thing to enter a lady's room at that hour, especially as I hadn't been invited to do so, and didn't even knock. But I was very angry with Matilda. She had made me miserable on earth for twenty years and now she was carrying on the same sort of thing with these young people. I perched on the rail at the foot of the bed and tried to prevent my teeth from chattering.

Matilda sat up in bed with the wool in her ears and a stocking tied round her head. As a preliminary proceeding I blew out the wood. It is a favorite trick of you mortals to stuff things in your ears and not listen.

A fire burnt cheerfully in the grate. (Matilda always could take care of herself.) On her little round table stood a bottle labelled "The Mixture. To be taken as before." It smelt (in spite of disguising peppermint) like something I had tasted—something with an aroma—at bachelor parties when I was alive. I reached over and, forgetting my physical limitations, drank some. Yes, I was right, it was much stronger than peppermint. It ran down over the bed, but, fortunately for me, Matilda failed to notice it.

As I scurried back to the bedrill Matilda saw me and growled. (Matilda always was rude.) She appeared to be terribly frightened. "It's only me, Matilda," I said, thinking the endearing diminutive Matilda might soothe her. "It's only me. I've just dropped in for a quiet chat—from up there."

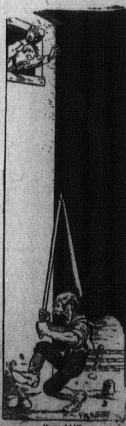
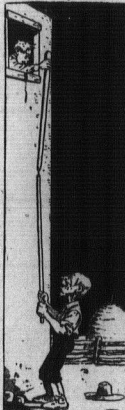
Matilda's wrinkled and ill-tempered old face turned white. She tried to hide it in the clothes but I wouldn't let her.

"I'm—I'm afraid it is rather indelicate, Matilda," I said. "But I'm here on business, and it won't keep. It's no use screaming for anyone. They can't turn me out."

Matilda recovered. (That woman always had plenty of nerve.) "It's you, is it?" she said, as if she didn't think much of me. "I fancied you'd gone to a place where they couldn't give up smoking."

Just like Matilda. Always ungenerous, always unforgiving. It made me feel alive again just to hear her shrewish tones. She evidently wasn't a bit afraid of me now. That made the whole scene seem natural at once.

"Just explain what you mean by coming in



at this hour. If you'd been alive you would not have dared. I'd have scratched your eyes out."

"True enough," I said, meditatively. "I should have been frightened. Time hasn't softened you much, Matty."

"No," she said. "I'm tough as old sandstone. 'If you don't go away I'll throw things at you. What do you want?'"

"Only one thing," I said. "You're very comfortable here, Matty. How do you do it? Two and three-quarter per cent. Goshens?"

"Never your mind," she snapped. "You left me the money."

"Yes," I said, thoughtfully nursing my left leg and balancing myself in an airy attitude on the rail, just to let her see that I wasn't frightened. "Yes, I did. That's what I've come about."

"Well, you can't have it," she replied. "You'd better be off. If you come again I'll prosecute you. You never did have any sense of propriety when you were alive."

"Always hasty, Matty. Ah, me! what an escape I had." She sat up in bed angrily. "If you don't go I'll have you turned out."

"If you're not quiet I'll compromise you, Matty," I said. "You rigid Wesleyans don't like a scandal, and I'll materialize myself. How do you like that?"

"If you take the same shape you once had," she replied, "I shouldn't like it at all. What'd you want?"

"Only one thing—charming turban you're wearing, Matty. There was always something Oriental in your style of beauty. Oh, yes; it was just a trifle I wanted."

"What is it?"

"You must make over your two and three-quarter per cent. Goshens to your niece, and consent to her marriage with Dick, or—"

"Or what?" she inquired.

"I don't like to put it into words," I suggested. "Really, this bedrail is very narrow."

"Or what?" she insisted.

"Well, you see—but I'd rather not explain."

"You must."

"Oh, very well, if you insist I suppose I'll have to. You know where you hinted I came from?"

She nodded until her turban came off.

"Well, I don't want to seem unkind, Matty, but unless you do as I wish about that little matter you'll have to go back with me."

She shrieked. Then she reflected. "I could make it very uncomfortable for you there, I suppose?" she inquired.

"Perhaps, but I'm willing to give up my personal comfort for the sake of those young people."

"You always were a fool," she sneered. (Her rudeness was quite refreshing. I felt ever so much better.) "You always were a fool. But I'll do it, if only to get rid of you."

"It's a promise?" I asked.

"Of course. I never break my word."

"No; you'd rather break someone else's heart. Then we may consider this little matter arranged?" I slid on the counterpane and laid an icy hand upon her heart.

"Yes," she gasped. "I don't do that again; you'll make my cold worse. Only go, and I'll swear to do it."

"No, your promise is sufficient," and I turned to go. "That's all. Good-night."

"Good-night," she snapped. "I'll settle all that to-morrow."

"You—you wouldn't shake hands?" I suggested timidly (I always was afraid of her). "Shake hands before we part. I mightn't get a night off for another twenty years. We've had a very enjoyable *little-a-dile*. Quite like old times."

She held out a hand almost as cold as my own. Then she began to cry. People do cry after taking too much pepperment.

"What's the matter, Matilda?" I asked in astonishment.

"I really did love you," she sobbed. "I—I should like to kiss you just once."

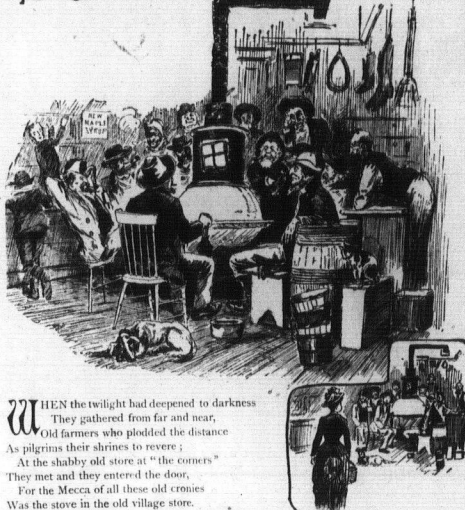
I started back in terror. "Really, Matilda, I have a reputation to maintain. This is a little too much. I'm only an unprotected ghost. You shouldn't, you know, really," and I sped from the room.

"I wonder if the sweet girl will ever know," I thought to myself, as I entered Emily's room.

Enfolded in her golden hair she lay sleeping, a smile upon her lovely lips. Her white eyelids were closed over her beautiful eyes, one little white hand lay on the coverlet. I felt on my ghostly knees, and the warmth and life of the girl's sweet nature stole into me as I lifted her hand to my phantom lips and then faded noiselessly away into the Kingdom of Dreams and Shadows,

longing to take my place again in all the fitful fever and the strife which men call life.

The Stove in the Village Store.



WHEN the twilight had deepened to darkness They gathered from far and near, Old farmers who plodded the distance As pilgrims their shrines to revere; At the shabby old store at "the corners" They met and they entered the door, For the Mecca of all these old cronies Was the stove in the old village store.

It was guiltless of beauty or polish, And its doors were unskillfully hung, But they made a glad circle round it, And the general warmth loosened each tongue;

And they talked of the crops and the weather, And twig subjects to gossip most dear, And the smoke of their pipes, as it clouded, Gave a tinge to the whole atmosphere.

Full many the tales they related, And wondrous the yarns that they spun, And doubtful the facts that they stated, And harmless the wit and the fun;

But if ever discussion grew heated, It was all without tumult or din, And they gave their respectful attention When a customer chanced to come in.

When the evening was spent and the hour For the time of their parting had come, They rapped from their pipes the warm ashes, And reluctantly started for home;

Agreeing to meet on the morrow When the day with its labors was o'er, For the Mecca of all the old cronies Was the stove in the old village store.

MRS. A. E. TREAT.

THE OLD LOVE LETTER.

From the widening gloom of a bare little room
The heart of the poet has fled,
Oh! the wondrous perfume of the roses that bloom—
But in thought—as he holds them dead!

He reclines in a glade that fancy has made
His ear woodland music conceives,
There are phantoms that fade and float from the shade,
The roof is a shimmer of leaves!

There are faces that fill his whole being, until
The sound of one voice that he hears,
Makes the universe thrill, and all nature be still—
He breaks in a passion of tears!

Oh! the exquisite tone of the whisper "My own!"
He sees his beloved—his bride—
Then the fancy is flown and the poet's alone
With Memory veiled at his side!

Such a vision, 'twould seem to enrapture and gleam,
A faded love letter enfolds,
All the wonderful theme of a beautiful dream
Is locked in the rose that he holds!

PEGGY WEBB.

A PARENTAL DUTY.

Mr. Threads (at the head of the stairs)—Sylvia, isn't it most time to retire?
Sylvia Threads—Yes, father. Please set the example.



"Se saying, the patients to their n to see if the patient they all jumped out to flight, as none powder for the be minded, and rec "fresh fields and been so rapid, rel fight and frantic never heard of af


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The census of lation of 28,000,000 under feudatory g 25,000,000, or 29,000 population is 474,000 and 248 in Madras. hurnah has also for new settlers, a As regards the tow

In Canada per will be surprised to find in Great Brit and imports com tured. The ex 775,480,000 candle over in the art of better-class house ous. The article ever, much the sa dips are not super they are not liable to be carried ab

HIGHEST The most ex possession of the p mentioned a knife only an inch long any and illustra tionmen has 220 errraits, landsc provided with fin some of which hav from ten to a very been made. the cutlers of Sher Windsor Castle, which is of solid c constructed in the fin iver mounts cha relief. The price

A CLEVER SWINDLE.



From an old English book, published in 1610, we extract the following curious method of treating patients. An adventurer, by his earnest entreaties and eloquent persuasiveness, induced the authorities of a certain town to commit to his care all the patients in the hospital, whom he undertook to cure there and then for a stipulated sum of money. The strange doctor went the round of his patients, talked about their ailments, got them to put out their tongues, felt their pulses, and spoke words of hope and encouragement. But to each of them he added, in a whisper: "Be of good cheer, your cure is by no means hopeless; only I must tell you that to-morrow the weakest among you is to be burnt to powder, which is to be administered to the rest; but as for you, you are quite strong enough to leave your bed to-morrow at noon, when the authorities come to pick out the weakest."

So saying, the rogue enjoined upon each the greatest secrecy, and left the patients to their reflections. Next day, when the mayor and corporation came to see if the patients had improved under the treatment of the new physician, they all jumped out of their beds, though hitherto too ill to stir a limb, and took to flight, as none of them wished to be taken for the weakest and be burned to powder for the benefit of his fellow-sufferers. The doctor was highly commended, and received a handsome reward, whereupon he hid him away to "fresh fields and pastures new." The patients, however, whose recovery had been so rapid, relapsed into a worse condition than before, through the sudden fright and frantic exertion to escape a horrible death. The adventurer was never heard of afterwards, and it is not known what became of him.

THE FIRST BOOK IN ENGLISH.

So far as known, the first book ever written in English was a poem—A Paraphrase, as it is called—of the creation, the war in heaven, and of the fall of Satan, about the year 657. The author was Caedmon, a convert from paganism to Christianity. After the Norman conquest there seems to have been no books written in English until the reign of King John, which began in 1199. During this reign Layamon, a priest of Worcestershire, wrote a remarkable poem of 30,250 lines called Brut.

INDIA'S TEEMING MILLIONS.

The census of British India, which has just been concluded, shows a population of 286,000,000, of whom 220,500,000 live in British territory, and 65,500,000 under feudatory governments. The increase during the past decade has been 20,000,000, or 29,000,000 if newly acquired districts be included. The density of population is 47.4 to a square mile in Bengal, 44.2 in the Northwestern Provinces, and 24.8 in Madras. In Scinde the growth of population has been very marked. Burnah is also made rapid progress, owing to the abundance of land ready for new settlers, and Lower Burnah is now as densely peopled as Portugal. As regards the towns, Calcutta now stands first and Bombay second.

CANDLES IN ENGLAND.

In Canada people are disposed to regard a candle as a relic of the past, and will be surprised to learn that there are upwards of 7,300,000 of candles still used in Great Britain every year. It can be proven from the table of exports and imports compared with the departmental estimate of the number manufactured. The exact figures for last year, as nearly as can be learned, was 7,284,000 candles. Wonderful progress has been made during the last few years in the art of making candles; those which are now in common use in the better-class houses being of a composition wholly unknown to the last generation. The article used almost universally by the poorer classes remains, however, much the same as it ever was. For certain purposes the old-fashioned dips are not superseded. In the first place they are cheap, and in the second they are not liable to gutter, which renders them most appropriate when a candle is to be carried about.

HIGHEST PRICE EVER PAID FOR A POCKET KNIFE.

The most exquisite and valuable specimens of pocket knives are in the possession of the principal cutlers at Sheffield, England. Among these may be mentioned a knife not larger than a thumb-nail, having twenty blades; another, only an inch long when closed, with seventy blades, all made in a beautiful manner, and illustrating nearly all the shapes ever given to knife-blades. Another specimen has 230 blades, all of which are exquisitely etched on the steel with mountains, landscapes and other subjects; while another has 1,840 blades, all provided with hinges and springs, and closing into one handle. These knives, some of which have ivory and tortoise-shell handles, are valued at prices ranging from ten to a hundred pounds, and no more expensive pocket-knives have ever been made. A knife with more than a hundred blades was presented by the cutlers of Sheffield to George IV., and is now amongst the Royal plate at Windsor Castle. King Humbert of Italy has a hunting-knife, the handle of which is of solid carved ivory surmounted by the Royal Italian crown, accurately executed in the finest cut steel. The sheath is of silver, with massive solid silver mounts chased to match the knife, with the Royal Arms of Italy in bold relief. The price of the knife itself was £20, and with the sheath £35.

MEN WITH WOODEN LEGS.

It has been estimated by a dealer in artificial limbs that 300,000 persons in Great Britain, having lost one or both legs, wear wooden substitutes. At one time cork was largely used for this purpose, but at the present day no good maker uses cork at all. Willow-wood is the basis of all well-made artificial limbs, and as its strength and toughness enable the legs to be made hollow, they are in reality a good deal lighter than the old cork ones. The chief difficulty that manufacturers experience is to obtain sufficient supplies of really good willow-wood. English artificial limbs are absolutely the best in the world, and the main reason for this lies in the superiority of English willow-wood over any other.

ELECTRIC RAILWAYS OF THE WORLD.

It is estimated that there are now 20,000 miles of electric railway in use throughout the world. The first attempt to apply electric power on railways was made by Mr. R. Davidson, who, in September, 1842, tried on the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway an electro-magnetic locomotive, running on four wheels and weighing five tons. A speed of four miles per hour was attained. Electric power was applied in 1881 by Messrs. Siemens & Halske of Berlin on an electric railway, the Lichtenfelde line, near Berlin, and since then they have constructed an electric line one and a-half miles long from Charlottenburg to the Spandauer Bock and a short line in Costerlongen Park, near Amsterdam. At the International Electric Exhibition in Paris, in 1881, an electric line was worked by Messrs. Siemens Brothers, which carried an average of over 1,000 passengers per week. As to Great Britain, in September, 1883, a railway of three feet gauge, six miles in length, was opened between Portrush and Bushmills, in the North of Ireland. Various other short lines have been opened at Bessbrook and Newry, in Ireland, and Blackpool, in Lancashire. In 1893, an electric railway was opened which is carried through a subway and is three and a quarter miles in length, called the City and South London Railway. But all of these together probably do not make a length of thirty miles. Compared with America the progress of electric traction in other countries fades into insignificance. Towards the end of 1890 there were in operation in different parts of the United States over two hundred electrical tramways, chiefly worked upon the Thomson-Houston and Sprague systems, and having a collective length of 1,750 miles, with 2,400 motor-cars driven thereon. In Canada electric street railways are being introduced rapidly and are now operated in Ottawa and St. Catharines, and in Toronto and other cities the change is under way.

LIGHT AND SOUND.

Light travels at the rate of 186,666 miles per second, and takes 8 minutes 18 seconds to travel from the sun to the earth. Any phenomenon, therefore, occurring on the surface of the sun, is not observed by an inhabitant of the globe till that time afterwards.

Sound travels in still air, at the freezing point, at the rate of 1,090 feet per second, and the report of a gun one mile distant would not be heard till nearly 3 seconds after the flash was seen. The moisture in the air and direction of the wind, as well as the temperature, would, to some extent, modify the time elapsing between the flash and the report.

ASTONISHING FACTS ON INTEREST.

Col. Robert G. Ingersoll in a speech before a convention of farmers in Illinois several years ago, quoted Ainsworth R. Spofford as author of these remarkable facts upon interest:

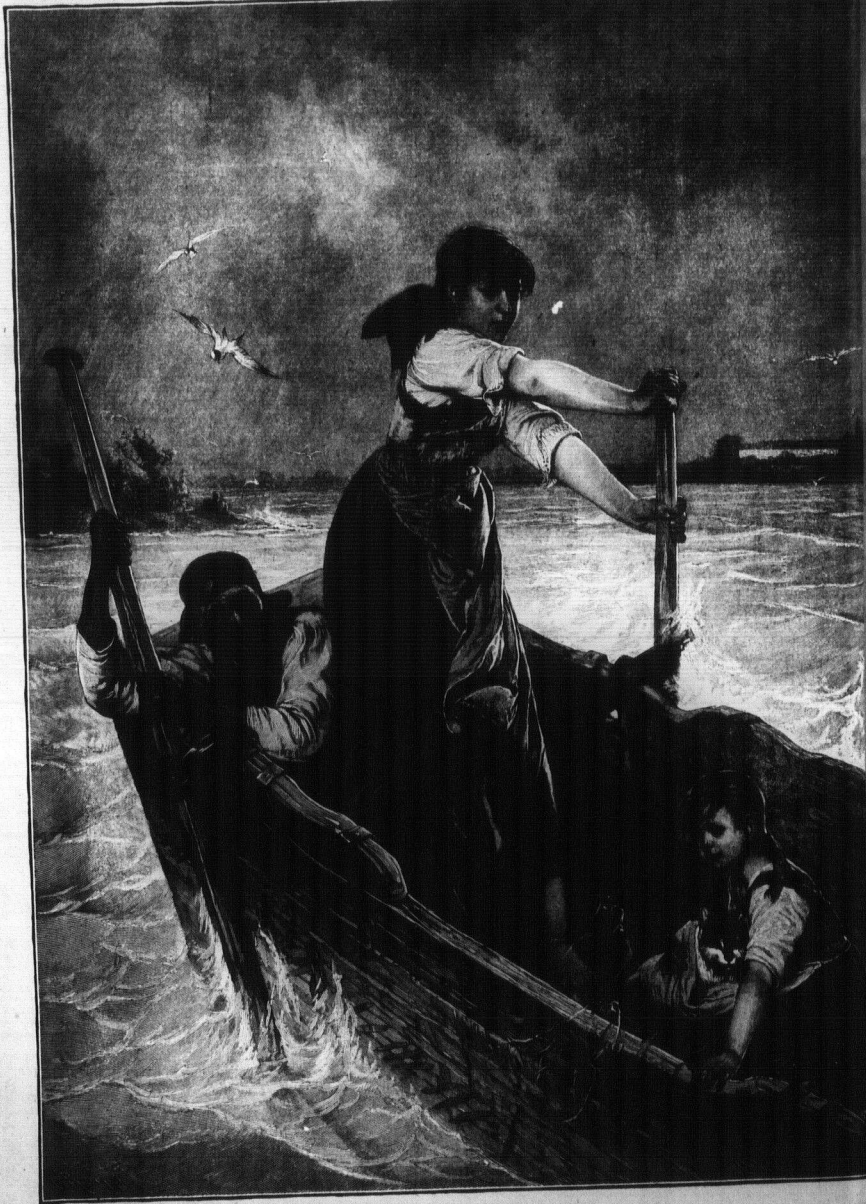
"One dollar loaned for one hundred years at six per cent, with the interest collected annually and added to the principal, will amount to three hundred and forty dollars. At eight per cent. it amounts to two thousand two hundred and three dollars. At three per cent. it amounts only to nineteen dollars and seventy-five cents. At ten per cent. it is thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars, or about seven hundred times as much. At twelve per cent. it amounts to eighty-four thousand and seventy-five dollars, or more than four thousand times as much. At eighteen per cent. it amounts to fifteen million one hundred and forty-five thousand and seven dollars. At twenty-four per cent. (which we sometimes hear talked of) it reaches the enormous sum of two billion five hundred and fifty-one million seven hundred and ninety-five thousand four hundred and four dollars."

If this be true, figuring it shows how little we know about interest, and also should set us thinking on the millions paid every year in interest on mortgages of every sort. Col. Ingersoll, commenting upon Mr. Spofford's figures, said:

"Interest eats night and day, and the more it eats the hungrier it grows. The farmer in debt lying awake at night can, if he listens, hear it gnaw. If he owes nothing he can hear his corn grow. Get out of debt as soon as you possibly can."

MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING.

It is figured that in the United States during 1891 there were manufactured 97,000 pianos and 148,000 organs. In Canada there are twenty-one factories and these turned out 8,631 pianos and 20,340 organs in 1891. Besides there are about a dozen smaller establishments making organs at the rate of one or two per week. One must pause and wonder where on earth all these instruments go, seeing that pianos and organs are veridurable and last almost a generation with fair usage. The output in Canada is much larger than in the United States considering the relative populations of the two countries. The progress being made in Canada in the manufacture of musical instrument is shown in this, that during 1891 there were four church organ factories, one autopiano factory, and one reed organ factory started in the Dominion.



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THE CANALS OF CANADA.



EVER since the geography of the North American continent became known it has been a subject of remark that Nature wonderfully watered it with lakes and rivers. The most notable of these waters is the limpid highway for trade and travel that extends from the Atlantic Ocean to Lake Superior, nearly in the center of the continent. This highway, forming for its length the boundary line between Canada and the United States, the Dominion is particularly interested in it, and from the nature of things has a greater proportionate concern in these navigable waters than the greater people who possess the southern half of the continent. Yet great as were the gifts of nature in this regard, the enterprise of man was needed to make navigation safe, suitable and continuous for the distance mentioned. The St. Lawrence River was marked at intervals from the gulf to the city of Montreal with shoals of sand that made it difficult and almost impossible for vessels of large draught to find their way inland. At other points rapids were encountered, some miles in length, like the Lachine, and others smaller but equally perilous of passage. Greater than all other obstacles was the Niagara Falls. These difficulties made it necessary to build canals, and between 1821 and June 30th, 1889, the sum of \$55,085,712.37 was expended on the Canadian canals, which may be said to number thirteen separate ones in all. During the entire period since the first population of the country there has been a more or less definite purpose entertained by them in authority to make the inland waters navigable to ocean vessels. This end has never been intelligently set about until Confederation, when the Government of the Dominion began to study the interests of the country as a whole. Since then a steady purpose has marked all legislation effecting the canals, and the object is to secure a uniform depth throughout the entire stretch of fourteen feet, or perhaps eighteen. It is thought that in time ocean vessels will ride into Toronto harbor without breaking bulk. In 1891 a triumph was secured when an American wholeboat, loaded with a cargo of grain from the upper lakes to Liverpool, and now about a dozen other boats of the same design are afloat repeating the experiment. These vessels may so revolutionize the carrying of ocean freight that it will seem unwise to deepen canals for larger craft. It costs immense sums of money to build and maintain canals, and if these lighter-draught boats will answer the purpose they can get along very well with the canals as they are. Here is a table showing the expenditures since 1821, divided into periods:

NAMES.	Expenditure prior to July 1, 1867.	Expenditure July 1, 1867, to June 30, 1890.	Total Expenditure to June 30, 1890.
Beauharnois	\$ 1,091,444.54	\$ 124,390.47	\$ 1,215,835.01
Carleton and Grenville	5,500,000.00	2,677,000.00	8,177,000.00
Champlain	6,241,717.25	228,067.07	6,469,784.32
St. Ours Lock	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Cornwall	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Collins	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Lachine	5,508,338.38	6,812,080.87	12,320,419.25
Murray	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Rideau	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Sault Ste. Marie	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
St. Ann's	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
St. Peter's	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Tyng	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Trent	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Union Bay	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Welland	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Williamsburgh	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
St. Lawrence Canals not appropriated for	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Improvement of navigation	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
St. Lawrence Canal survey	1,000,000.00	1,000,000.00	2,000,000.00
Total expenditure	\$55,085,712.37	\$ 124,390.47	\$ 55,210,102.84

The Canadian Sault Ste. Marie Canal has a depth of eighteen feet at lowest, and is about a mile long; the seven canals between Lake Erie and Montreal have an aggregate length of 70½ miles. They were at first designed for vessels drawing only nine feet of water, but it was soon determined to deepen them to fourteen feet. The Welland, 26½ miles long, connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario, and the Lachine, 8½ miles long, have been enlarged to the new scale, but the five canals between them have only a depth from nine to ten feet, and in two of them the depth is reduced to seven feet in low water. Mr. Watson Griffin of Montreal, in his well-known paper on Canada: The Land of Waterways, said: "So sure as any two sides of a triangle are together greater than the third side, vessels from Michigan and Superior will not always circumnavigate the south western peninsula of Ontario to Montreal. The head of Georgian Bay is less than 123 miles from the Ottawa River. Between them stretch French River, Lake Nipissing, Lake Turtle, Lake Talon, Lake Trout and the Mattawan River. Less than eight miles of canalizing would ensure a continuous waterway, but to enable large vessels to reach Montreal the Ottawa River canals would have to be enlarged. From Montreal to Sault Ste. Marie by this route would be 620 miles, as compared with 1000 miles by the lakes and St. Lawrence. From Montreal to Chicago would be 971 miles, and ocean ves-

sels in port at Montreal would be practically as near to the elevators of the great western metropolis as the Erie canal boats at Buffalo. Another scheme to avoid the navigation of Lakes Ontario, Erie and Huron and shorten the distance between Montreal and Georgian Bay is known as the Trent Valley Canal in which it is proposed to utilize the series of bays, rivers and small lakes which stretch across Ontario almost continuously from the Thousand Islands to Lake Huron, beginning with Quinte Bay, which extends from near Kingston to Trenton at the mouth of the Trent River, and ending with the Severn River, which flows out of Lake Couchiching into Georgian Bay. The distance between Quinte and Georgian Bay by this route would be 235 miles. On it considerable money has been expended, and soon passage for vessels drawing five feet of water will be opened. A canal 4½ miles long connects Quinte Bay with Lake Ontario.

The people of Toronto for many years discussed a proposal for a canal connecting Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario at Toronto, but this scheme seems to have been displaced by a project for a ship-railway which Mr. Rival Tully is engineering. The distance from the mouth of the Hunter, at Toronto, to the mouth of the Nottawasaga River, Georgian Bay, is 66 miles. The grades are said to be very favorable, and it is estimated that a ship-railway with three tracks, capable of transporting a ship weighing 2,000 tons, including vessel and cargo, at the rate of ten miles per hour, could be constructed for twelve million dollars. This ship-railway would save hundreds of miles of dangerous lake navigation and 25 miles of canal between Chicago and Montreal, and its promoters claim that a vessel from Chicago, Port Arthur or Duluth, taking this route, could reach Montreal before one going about by Lakes Huron, St. Clair and Erie could reach Buffalo, and that even vessels bound for Buffalo would find it advantageous to pass through Toronto and the Welland Canal rather than go around by Detroit. This ship-railway is figured to cost \$12,000,000.

While the people of Prince Edward Island have always wished to attach themselves to the mainland, they were for many years almost equally anxious to make Nova Scotia an island by cutting a canal through the Isthmus of Chignecto, thus enabling their ships to reach the Bay of Fundy without going around Nova Scotia. But Mr. H. G. C. Ketchum, a New Brunswick civil engineer, suggested that a ship-railway across the isthmus would serve all the purposes of a canal, while it could be constructed at less cost and maintained at less expense. Mr. Ketchum's proposal was approved by the Dominion Government and a large subsidy was granted. This ship-railway runs from Tignish to Amherst, a distance of seventeen miles in a straight line, and is so level that a person standing at one end can see the masts of the ships at the other end. It will carry ships of one thousand tons, and is so designed that with slight alterations it might be adapted to larger vessels. Mr. Ketchum does not anticipate that the railway now being constructed will ever be altered to accommodate vessels of more than 1,200 tons, but he thinks another track will be required in a few years for larger vessels. The Bay of Fundy, at the terminus of the ship-railway, would admit, at ordinary high water, vessels of the largest draught, but at the other terminus the limit would be only eighteen feet draught at high water, a very long dredged channel would have to be made for the approach to the hydraulic lift. The channel now provided is three-quarters of a mile long and admits vessels of only fourteen feet draught. By crossing the isthmus, instead of passing through Canso Strait, vessels bound to St. John, N.B., from all points in the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, will save five hundred miles.

Newfoundland, the sentinel island of British North America, has not yet joined the Canadian Confederation, but is expected to do so before long. It is twelve miles from the mainland of Labrador, from which it is separated by the Strait of Belle Isle, and its eastern point is only 1,640 miles from Ireland. It has been suggested that Newfoundland might be made a part of the mainland, and the ocean voyage from America to Europe reduced to two or three days by closing the Strait of Belle Isle and extending the Canadian railway system to St. John's, Newfoundland. The project has had the support of several eminent engineers and there are said to be no great difficulties to be overcome in carrying out the scheme, as the filling in material lies close at hand. A ship-railway would be constructed across the new isthmus about the railway track, so that vessels bound for the St. Lawrence could still take the short route. It is claimed that the closing of Belle Isle would turn the Arctic current quite away from the Gulf of St. Lawrence and marvellously moderate the climate of the western coast of Newfoundland, the Maritime Provinces and the part of Quebec lying along the Gulf.

The total number of vessels remaining on the register books of the Dominion on the 31st December, 1890, was 6,991, measuring 1,024,074 tons register tonnage, being a decrease of 162 vessels and a decrease of 15,597 tons register, as compared with 1889. Assuming the average value to be \$30 per ton, the value of the registered tonnage of Canada on the 31st December, 1890, would be \$30,749,220. The number of new vessels built and registered in the Dominion of Canada during 1890 was 285, measuring 52,378 tons register tonnage. Estimating the value of the new tonnage at \$45 per ton, it gives a total value of \$2,357,110 for new vessels.

Canada's Merchant Navy stands forth on the list among the nations, those above her being Great Britain, with 7,428,000 tons; Norway and Sweden, with 2,035,000 tons; and Germany, with 1,234,000 tons.

Many years ago a proposal was made that the canals along the St. Lawrence and along the rivers joining the lakes should be maintained at the joint expense of Canada and the United States as they were necessary to the united commercial interests of the two countries. Hon. George Brown opposed the scheme as did Sir John Macdonald at a later day. The suggestion was recently revived

and well argued in a pamphlet issued (November, 1891) by Mr. James Fisher, M.P.P., of Manitoba. His line of argument was this. Take for instance the Niagara Falls which form an impassable barrier to navigation between the lakes which are international waters and constitute the boundary line. Because Canada provided for the necessities of international commerce by building a canal, why should this impose upon her the burden of maintaining that expensive accommodation for all time? By treaty England has guaranteed to the United States forever free use of those canals on the same terms or tolls that Canadian ship-owners pay. This would probably cause the United States to decline to assume any ownership or joint control, which would involve expenditures from time to time. Yet despite that treaty, which was ill-advised and too generous on the part of Great Britain, Canada possesses opportunities for placing disabilities upon American shipping going through the canals, opportunities that Washington statesmen accuse our Government of already using. To escape these the United States might assume a joint control with its attendant expense if accorded the chance. Mr. Fisher contends that if such an arrangement were made the canals would be safe in case of war, while now, the moment hostilities should commence the Americans would seek to demolish the canals to prevent British gunboats from finding entrance to the upper lakes. Unless the canals are made joint property and unless the passage thereof is made neutral this danger will always exist, and each Government will require to keep up a rival system, insufficient for the need of each. There is food for reflection in this matter.

On the other hand the American mind is not at rest on the Canadian canal question. In a now celebrated letter to the *Illustrated American* of January 9, 1892, a gentleman well up in the confidence of his nation wrote showing how the lake ports of the Republic were at the mercy of British gunboats:

"It is quite true that the provisions of the Treaty of 1817 prohibit Great Britain from maintaining a naval force on the Great Lakes: and the same conditions operate to prevent the organization on our side of the line of a State Naval Reserve. But it seems to have been lost sight of by most people that, in the construction of a magnificent system of canals throughout those portions of the Dominion of Canada that lie strategically contiguous to our exposed lake frontier, Great Britain has practically abrogated the treaty. This of itself is ample reason why the United States should not hesitate to give the necessary notice (six months) with a view of making this treaty a thing of the past. But we might go still further. It is advanced, as an offset to the charge of unreasonableness that must always be a standing reproach to our people that there are nearly one hundred fine vessels afloat on the lakes that can easily be armor-plated and equipped with guns, and that thereby we should be able to oppose a powerful force to the foe as soon as he could appear in the inland seas. Without going into the question of the adaptability of the craft referred to, let it be asked, how long will it take to make them fit for such a purpose? It is generally understood that a declaration of war does not always nor even frequently come like a clap of thunder from a clear sky, but that it usually follows on the heels of controversy. Now, while this would give us time to prepare materials for refitting the vessels that are to constitute our Lake Navy, it would not in the face of the existing treaty warrant a single plate of armor being affixed to any of them. And while diplomatic notes were being exchanged, would the enemy delay? It has never been the policy of Great Britain to give her antagonist much advantage in the way of time for preparation. Witness the steps she hastened to take in the Trent affair in 1861. She made ready to strike as soon as the diplomats should lay down their pens. So, at the first hint, would she not collect a fleet of light-draught, swift, and powerful gunboats at Halifax, which, by means of the St. Lawrence and the canals, could appear in the Lakes, and practically seal up our ports long before we, with the present means at disposal, could interpose to prevent? Her canal system not only opens into Lake Ontario by means of the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers as feeders, but also by means of the Welland Canal connects that lake with Lake Erie. Besides this, it is designed to utilize the Ottawa and French Rivers in the constructions of a waterway into Georgian Bay, which will allow a passage from the St. Lawrence northward and westward into Lake Huron above Detroit, whence access may be had through the Straits Mackinac to Lake Michigan. With the exception of Lake Superior, the narrow approach to which by way of the St. Mary's River may easily be sealed up by our people, all of the Great Lakes are now exposed to prompt action on the part of the enemy."

After showing the strength the Canadian canal system would lend to British naval operations in case of trouble the writer proceeds to outline a plan for overcoming the disadvantage of the American situation.

He says: "The Mississippi and Illinois Canal will when completed, open water communication between the Mississippi River and Lake Michigan, but a depth of water should be insured which would suffice for the passage of light-draught armored vessels. In Ohio are two canals which connect the Ohio River with Lake Erie—one from Cincinnati to Toledo, the Miami and Erie Canal, and another from Portsmouth, on the Ohio, to Cleveland, the Ohio and Erie Canal. The capacity of these should be correspondingly increased. A ship canal from west to east, through the southern portion of Michigan, has been talked of; and a project for the construction of a similar water way from a point on or near Buffalo, on Lake Erie, has received consideration. With such a system, the depot-terminus for our Lake Naval Reserves would be on the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, and the restrictions of the Treaty of 1817 cease to be troublesome."

He recommends that this be done although the outlay would be vast, for

immense interests are at stake. In his opinion the menace offered by the canals of the Dominion is such as to warrant a great outlay, for the destruction of one large American lake port would entail a greater loss than the cost of his proposed scheme.

But the tendency of the time is strongly set towards peace, and canals nowadays are built for commercial and not for strategic considerations. It is improbable that the United States will go to the great expense suggested merely to equip for a war that need never come save by its own seeking.

THE LARGEST SHIPS Afloat.

The largest sailing ship under any flag is the five-masted vessel *La France*, which recently took coal from Newcastle to San Francisco. She is 375 feet in length, 49 feet in breadth, and 33 1/4 feet in depth, measured from the upper deck to the bottom of the hold. Her net gauge is 3,600 tons and her burthen 6,100 tons. The principal dimensions of the vessel are as follows: Bowprit, 50 feet long and 11 inches and 30 inches in diameter; mizenmast, in a single piece, 140 feet long; main boom of the mizenmast, 46 feet long; upper throat, 21 feet; lower throat, 23 feet. The lower and top masts are in a single piece, and of the following dimensions about deck: Foremast, 159 feet; foremainmast, 166 feet; aftermainmast, 167 feet. The diameter of the masts varies from 30 inches to 17 inches; that of the topgallantmast is from 16 inches to 10 inches. The length of the lower yards is 82 feet, that of the upper yards from 75 feet to 77 feet, special supervision of the Bureau Veritas. She was built on the Clyde by D. & W. Henderson, and is owned by Ant. Don. Bonté et Fils, Dunkirk. It may be interesting to mention that on her first voyage from Cardiff to Rio de Janeiro the trip was completed in thirty-three days, and although only moderate winds prevailed a speed of 12 1/2 knots was attained, the vessel being laden with 6,000 tons of coal. The fifth mast "very much facilitates the working of the ship, which tacks about with wonderful ease," said the captain at the conclusion of the voyage. Referring to big sailing ships calls to mind the monster Yankee clipper, *The Great Republic*, built in "the fifties" for Law and launched, but she was too big for her time, and she ended her days as a French transport and then as a coal hulk. But in her prime she made the run from New York to Scilly in thirteen days.

The largest British ship is the Liverpool, of 3,300 tons, built of iron by Messrs. Russell & Co., on the Clyde. She is 333 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 28 feet deep. Her four masts are each square rigged, but she is far from clumsy aloft, is easily handled, and has run fourteen knots an hour for a whole day. We were much impressed by her exceptional size, but for beauty she compares unfavorably with such a ship as the *Thermopylae* or a large wooden ship of America, having long bright lofty spars, and decks as white as a hound's tooth. Iron decks do not lend themselves readily to adornment. Next in size is the *Palgrave*, of 3,078 tons. The United States ship *Shenandoah* of Bath, Maine, built by Messrs. Sewell & Co., of that port, is the largest wooden vessel in existence. She is 3,358 tons register, and will carry about 5,000 tons of heavy cargo. She carried from San Francisco, California, 112,000 centrals of wheat, worth \$175,000. This is the largest grain cargo on record. Another wooden vessel, the *Rappahannock*, also built at Bath, Maine, is 2,957 tons register, cost \$125,000, and 706 tons of Virginia oak, together with 1,200,000 feet of pine timber were used in her construction. The largest British wooden ship is the *Three Brothers*, of 2,963 tons register, built at Boston, United States, in 1855. She is 323 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 31 feet deep. A further conception may be formed of the carrying capacity of such ships when we mention that the Liverpool brought 20,000 bales of jute from Calcutta to Dundee, and the *Rappahannock* took 125,000 cases of petroleum from Philadelphia to Japan.

THE SUPPLY OF BABIES.



It has been computed that about 36,000,000 babies are born into the world each year. The rate of production is, therefore about seventy per minute, or more than one for every beat of the clock. With the one-a-second calculation every reader is familiar, but it is not everyone who stops to calculate what this means when it comes to a year's supply. It will, therefore, probably startle a good many persons to find on the authority of a well-known statistician that, could the infants of a year be ranged in a line in cradles, the cradles would extend around the globe!

The same writer looks at the matter in a more picturesque light. He imagines the babies being carried past a given point in their mother's arms, one by one, and the procession being kept up night and day until the last hour in the twelfth month had passed by. A sufficiently liberal rate is allowed, but even in going past at the rate of twenty a minute, 1,200 an hour during an entire year, the reviewer at his post would only have seen the sixth part of the infantile host. In other words, the babe that had to be carried when the tramp began would be able to walk when a mere fraction of its comrades had reached the reviewer's post, and when the year's supply of babes was drifting to a close there would be a rear guard, not of infants, but of romping six-year-old boys and girls.

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CHRISTMAS EVE TALE.

JIBB AND JUBB.

[This fairy story in rhyme (it does not pretend to be poetry) was written for recitation at the request of the little girl who is telling it in Mr. Fraser Bryce's photograph, and I wish long and happy life and many merry Christmas Eves to her and her little audience and to all the little folks who may read it or hear it read to them.—EDS.]

Jibb and Jubb, a boy and girl, were youngsters not many years ago,
And the story's true I tell you, for my auntie told me so.
They were naughty, awful naughty, and wouldn't mind their Ma,
They were fibbers, story-tellers and told whoppers to their Pa.

It was summer, while the steamboats were plying across the bay,
That naughty Jibb proposed to naughty Jubb, "S'pose we run away?"
And girlie Jubb thought 'twould be lovely to get away from Ma,
And Jibb guessed he'd have a jolly time if he could hide from Pa.
So they took their savings bank and shook out a silver dime,
And started on the ferry boat to have the loveliest time.
On the Island they chased each other along the shiny sand,
And paddled in the shallow pools and listened to the band.
Then they got into a sail boat and shoved out across the bay,
The wind sprang up and before they knew they were miles and miles away.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Then rough grew the angry water and Jibb and Jubb got sick,
 And wished that they were home and were sorry for their trick.
 But both wind and wave grew wilder and the boat it faster flew,
 And the low Island and the city sank down behind the blue.
 The sun went down and stormy darkness spread all across the deep,
 And in the sinking sail boat tired Jibb and Jubb were fast asleep.
 Jibb with his arms round little Jubbie had said his bedtime prayer,
 And e'en though they were very wicked God must have seen them there.
 For while the storm was howling and the waters flew mountains high,

The boat still lived, the great God had heard the weeping parents' cry,
 While in their stricken home they prayed in an agony of fright,
 That their Jibb and Jubb might not be harmed that wild and stormy night.

Stand upon the highest cliff and when across the lake you gaze,
 You'll see, where the skies and waters meet, a cloud of misty haze,
 Kept always there by the fairy queen to hide her mystic cave,
 And over its ragged, rocky roof the storm-lashed waters rave,
 For the queen fairy of the lake is not always good and kind,

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

Santa Claus has retired and we are the successors to his business, and Headquarters for all the new and Novel Christmas Goods of the season.

Our elegant line of Holiday Gifts is now open for inspection, and includes the greatest variety of appropriate gifts, at prices which place them within everybody's reach.



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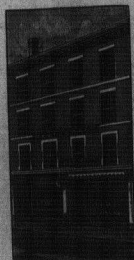
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Prompt attention. Courteous
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GEO. MOORE.



Or she would wreck a ship as she rides upon the wind.
Nor is she always cold, though many a sailor I've heard say
That not a soul who has seen her cave has ever got away.
You'll see that this is wrong from the tale I am about to tell
Of the queer things and adventures strange which Jubb and Jubb-bell.
The queen fairy was out riding on a flying thunder cloud,
And the fierce, hungry waves to please her were shouting loud and loud,
When she saw the leaking sail boat and the youngsters fast asleep.
How's this?" she asked, "If angels a watch over all good babies keep?
These must be naughty ones, or they would not be so far away
From their warm bed in their cosy home and on the lake astray.
If I thought they could be made to mind I'd put them in my cave,
But if they fib or w-h-i-n-e at night such babes I would not save."
Jubb looked so fair with her sunny hair and Jubb as sweet as pie,
That the queen fairy's heart grew softer and she could not let them die.
Taking them both in her arms she dived down to her palace door,
And still dripping with the spray she laid them on the sandy floor,
Gave them a drink of bitter wine made from water-lily leaves,
And covered them with a wood blanket which a fair mermaid weaves.
There they slept till the morning light, shining through the lofty dome,
Awoke them to see with wide-staring eyes their fairy, w-art-girt home.

Everywhere the cave seemed dripping, yet the air was dry and warm,
Everything seemed peaceful, though yet the sound of the raging storm
Through the wide cavern came rolling with a dull and booming sound,
Which echoed through the corridors and kept whirling 'round and 'round.
Jubb was awfully frightened, and Jubb began at once to weep,
As in strange places babies will when awakened from their sleep.
Crowds of fairies came a-flying and gathered around the pair,
Each one wondering and asking, too, "However they came there?"
Jubb said he did not know, and trembling Jubb all the longer bowed,
When the wigh the long and echoing came a stern voice loudly called:
"Throw her into the lake if she don't quit that nasty yelling."
Little Jubb grew silent in less time than it takes in telling,
And well might she be terrified, for Maets the Goblin was there,
With fifty teeth in either jaw and a ton of greenish hair;
A ugly old giant indeed, as tall as the highest tree,
As big as the room and eyes like blazing fires he;
And his two great hands could cover up a hundred little boys,
And his two big horses in the air just as if they were toys.
The queen said, "I'll glare at the babes from the upper world,
That the next young scamp who makes a row shall from the cave be hurled."
And he gave Jubb a poke with his spear which made his bones all ache,
And he did not cry for fear of being thrown out in the lake.
Then the fairies gave them breakfast and some very good advice,
And so they were told, and kept as quiet as little mice,
Side by side they sat, two better children were never seen
Than the noisy Jubb and saucy Jubb while waiting for the queen.

Just Queen Eash-Retaw came, the loveliest fairy she
Of all fairies in the fairyland which lies beneath the sea.
Her eyes were dark and her satin skin was of a reddish hue,
And to her we felt big waves of hair of black just tinged with blue.
Her smile was sweet as honey, but from beneath her sombre brows
Came the light of a haughty spirit which one word could arouse.
"Two naughty little ones," said she, "I saved you from the storm,
And if you're good, I'll have you well fed and keep you dry and warm;
But if you're bad, and the fairy's eyes grow large and dark and flashed,
You'll have Maets to deal with, not your Ma and Pa, and you'll get thrashed.
You may give a dinner to all the fishes and their friends,
You will see many strange beings before the party ends;
Now," said the queen more gently, "the covers have been laid—
The table right next to me and do not be afraid."

And led them to the banquet-hall, which was half full of water,
And introduced them to Mistress Wall-eyed Pike and her daughter,
Who were quite convulsed with merriment while bowing to let them pass.
"No-bred things," said the queen; "Why, how do you do, Mr. Bass?
You see you, Mistress Bass; Master Sunfish you're looking well!
Mistress Trout! to see you gives me more joy than I can tell.
You wore a salmon-colored dress and a lovely speckled sacque—
Your hair and dressing-case were carried on Mister Muller's back—
One day, Uncle Catfish, I never saw you looking better;
And the Pollywogs must be here! I've just received their letter."
And introduced Jubb and Jubb to all in such a pleasant way
They ceased to be frightened though they had not a word to say.

And when his dainty fair was floating on the water,
The maid waitress was Niagara, Mrs. Herrings's daughter,
And Mr. Surgeon took the chair, which was a sunken log,
And after dinner said: "We will have a song from Mr. Frog."
And Mr. Frog rose up to sing he had a snail upon his back,
Which was the low merrily-laid, were sung in deepest bass.
The words, but all the chorus was: "Ker-plunk, ker-plunk."
When the fairies thought him he loved and said, "Ker-plunk, ker-plunk."
And Jubb thought this was funny, and both began to giggle;
And when the maid waitress saw the fish, and they all began to giggle.

The Bluefish hit Jubb with his tail, and the Crab bit Jubb's toe;
And where the row might have ended I am sure that I don't know,
Had not Queen Eash-Retaw begun to sing that weird refrain,
Which quieted the fishes and tells of coming wind and rain:
The tune of her song was like the cold night winds' complaining sigh,
When, W-u-u-W-u-u, around the house you hear its lonesome sigh.
Jubb and Jubb grew weary, for the water was up to their chins,
And were glad when the time came for them to shake the clammy fins
Of the departing fishes, who were exceedingly polite,
Though some of them acted as if intending to stay all night.
Later on they had supper and some more of the bitter wine,
Made by the fairies from the green water-lily's graceful vine,
But when they went to bed that night their pillow was wet with tears.
For they were thinking of their home and parents, poor little dears!
With thoughts of mamma and of papa, their hearts were like to break,
As they knelt down and prayed for God to save them for Christ's dear sake.

Six long, long and weary months have passed since that eventful day
When naughty Jubb and saucy Jubb sailed gaily across the bay.
You would not of known them; they never galled with one another,
Jubb had no one to go to with tales of her naughty brother.
They told no more fibs, and always minded what the fairies said,
And often asked at night if their mamma thought that they were dead.
They didn't know that in her sleep mamma had heard a fairy say
That her Jubb and Jubb would be brought back to her on Christmas day.

It was Christmas eve, and they were sleeping just as sound as sound,
Queen Eash-Retaw stood beside them with fairies all around;
They covered them with sea-weed blankets and carried them away,
And Jubb and Jubb woke up at home on the morn of Christmas day,
To see their dear papa and their mamma weeping tears of joy,
Once again to hold within their arms their little girl and boy;
Though old Santa Claus had been there, and had left them lots of things—
Jubb's arms are 'round his mother's neck, Jubb to his father clings—
Worthless indeed are fine hobby horses, dishes, dolls and drums
If there be no papa, no mamma, when Christmas morning comes.
There now I save you yawning, so I shan't tell you any more,
Except that every night at bedtime they ask about the door.
If it is locked, and if nurse thinks Goblins Maets could get in there
With fifty teeth in either jaw and a ton of greenish hair.
For they'll never forget if they live ever, ever so long
Queen Eash-Retaw's cave or the bull-dog's ker-plunk song;
The Bluefish who slapped with his tail or the Crab who bit their toes,
Or even little Miss Trout who paddled around with her beaus. Don.

REGGIE'S CHRISTMAS GIFT.



AND what does
Reggie wish St.
Nicholas to fetch
him, a sled?
"No-o."
"A sword?"
"No-o."

"A drum?"

"No."

"What then, darling, tell mam-
ma," and the slender, sweet-faced
young mother bent down and car-
ressed the fluffy, blonde head lying on her knee. Reggie was silent a moment,
then looking into his mother's tender eyes, he said, clapping his fat, pink hands:

"Me wants a papa!"

Eleanor's pale face grew whiter yet. She had dreaded this hour: the
hour when her child should ask for his father. And now that the question had
come at this Christmas time, when everything was reminding her of her cruel
loss, it seemed hard indeed.

She did not at once answer her child, but caught him in her arms and held
him pressed convulsively against her stormy breast. The tempest passed after
a little, and she calmly said:

"Reggie, dearest, that is something St. Nicholas cannot bring you.
Choose, instead, some toy, darling."

"If I had a papa he could play viv me," eagerly suggested Reggie.

There suddenly flashed before her mind a picture of what might have been.
Instead of sitting here alone before the blazing fire, there might have been a
handsome, fat-haired man lounging there on the tiger skin, with Reggie
climbing triumphantly over him, pounding him with his tiny fists, pulling his
moustache—blissing him. O heavens! It was too much, she could not bear it.

With a bitter sob, she flung herself upon the low, broad couch and buried
her face in the cushions.

Reggie looked at the sorrowful eyes of his pretty mamma. He could not
understand it. Mamma cried so much. The mamma of the little boys with
whom he played did not cry. They scooped sometimes, which was something

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his mamma never did, but they never cried. There were papa's in all the houses where Reggie was wont to visit.

His childish mind was trying to grapple with this problem. There were papas, the mammas didn't cry? His mamma cried a great deal, and there was no papa. Now if a papa could be found perhaps mamma would not cry.

An idea shortly grew in that busy, little brain. It was nearly Christmas and St. Nicholas surely must be somewhere about. Why should not Reggie go in search of him and finding him, beg for a papa?

St. Nicholas, he had been told, was a kind old gentleman to good little boys and Reggie had been very, very good for such a long time. Yes, that was it! he would set out directly in search of St. Nicholas and a papa.

He stole quietly out of the room into the back hall. Here he pulled on his stout india-rubber boots, put on his overcoat and cap, drew on his fur mittens, opened the door, squared his shoulders and trudged out into the night.

It was a frosty, star-lit evening. Reggie shivered a little but he was a sturdy, brave little chap and not easily discouraged. He hurried down the street toward the railway station. He had been told that St. Nicholas lived away off somewhere, and as he had long wished to take a trip on those fascinating "train cars" which swept through Rosedale, he deemed this a most excellent opportunity.

He entered the station and warmed his small hands at the big coal stove with an air of great importance. The agent noted the handsome little fellow with cheeks like apples and eyes like stars, and long blonde curls falling over his shoulders, and smiled at the little manly airs he gave himself.

The eastern bound train thundered down, and Reggie went forth close behind a man and wife with their four or five children.

The brakeman, supposing him to be of this party, swung him on board, and a little bit frightened and a good deal delighted, Reggie found himself really starting on a journey in search of a papa.

The conductor, passing through, repeated the brakeman's mistake, and the young traveler was not questioned. On and on through the solemn, winter night rushed the train bearing the little boy on his quest. He fell asleep finally and made so lovely a picture that the conductor, who had two fine boys at home, regarded him with approval. It suddenly dawned upon him that there was no striking resemblance between this beautiful child and the snub-nosed, freckle-faced family on the other side of the car, and he began to make inquiries. He was somewhat alarmed when no one was found to lay claim to Reggie. However he could not put the child off the train and decided to await developments.

There was horror, confusion and chaos when Reggie's bedtime came and he was nowhere to be found. The absence of his wraps showed he was not hidden about the house for mischief.

Grandfather and grandmother were in a state of mind which it were idle to attempt to describe. The poor mother passed rapidly from one fit of unconsciousness to another, and stalwart Uncle Rob was the only one to think and act. It was nearly midnight before the child was traced to the station, but once tracked to that point the rest was comparatively easy, and Uncle Rob soon held a precious yellow document in his hand which announced that the little runaway was safe on train No. 10 and would be returned on No. 5 the next day.

Eleanor's agony was relieved, though she could not sleep that long night, and the morning found her too weak to leave her bed.

Reggie would not return from his trip until three o'clock that afternoon. His mother counted the hours and moments till she should hear that merry childish voice again.

The western-bound express rolled into the big station at M—the next forenoon, and a little, mused, disheveled boy of four years was put in charge of the sleeping car conductor. His story was soon known by everybody from porter to the passenger in the last section.

He was so handsome, so mischievous, so bright, that he was soon the center of attraction. The porter brushed him up and even combed his curls. He was petted and cuddled and questioned over and over. To every fresh catechism he returned always the same answers: that he had gone to find St. Nicholas to ask him to bring him a papa so mamma wouldn't cry so much.

This naive answer affected many tender-hearted ladies to tears, and even caused a suspicion of moisture to gather in more than one pair of manly eyes.

The most desirable section in the Caledonia was filled with coats and baggage bearing any quantity of foreign labels. There were piles of books, papers and uncut magazines. However, the occupant of No. 11, did little reading. He occasionally fumbled his books in the most nervous and distrust manner imaginable, and passed the most of his time in the smoking-room, lighting cigar after cigar. He stared steadily through the frost-covered windows, but not at the scenery. Over and over he saw but one picture: A brightly-lighted room, daintily furnished—everything new and fresh and smart. He saw three people there—two men and a woman. One man starting forward with pleading, outstretched hand—he could hear his voice—"Listen, Harry, or must, you shall. Good God, man, it's all a mistake."

He saw the woman, sweet-faced, slender, drawing herself up with superb disdain, and flashing a look of resentment and contempt at the third actor, who mad with rage and jealousy was rushing from the room—away, away from his home, from his sweet, young wife, from his country, to wander for nearly four long years to and fro, hating himself and everyone else.

With a start this man, with the bronzed face and sad, tired eyes, flung his half-smoked cigar away and lighted another. He recalled that morning in

Venice when he received a letter which had followed him all over Europe. A letter from a woman who had hated his young wife and who had sent him that terrible anonymous letter which had poisoned his naturally jealous mind. She was dying and wished to undo the wrong she had done. The allegations she had made were all false.

Stung with remorse he lived again that shocking scene wherein he had accused his wife of her affection for his friend, and refusing to listen to any explanation had left her as he thought forever.

Now he was on his way back to beg forgiveness. Ah! would he find her? Perhaps she was dead.

A childish shape started him.

"O, what a funny little room. Tan I come in?"

He looked up and saw a beautiful fair-haired boy, in kilts and sailor blouse, standing in the door of the smoking-room. Just behind him stood the porter, benign, protecting, smiling.

The man with the tired eyes held out his hand to the child.

"Yes, come in and talk to me. Who are you?"

"Reggie," said the boy, approaching with confidence. "Well Reggie, and who's boy are you?"

"Mamma's."

"And papa's?"

"No; no papa's. I haven't got any papa. I wanted to find St. Nicholas to bring me a papa for Twissmas, but I couldn't find him so I'm going back to mamma now."

By this time he was on his new friend's knee, and playfully patting the bearded cheeks with his chubby hands.

The traveler sighed as certain recollections swept over him, and the conductor passing then, stopped and told the story of Reggie's flight.

The child listened gravely and then announced his errand again.

"Mamma tries all the time so I finked if I dot a wouldn't try."

"By the way," said the conductor, "the child is your destination—Rosedale."

"Is that so?" asked the man, carelessly. "What's name, Reggie?"

"Mamma Nora," said the boy, pulling at his friend's sleeve.

"Nora—Nora what?"

"Not Nora what—dust—Mamma Nora."

"Do you live alone with her?" asked the man, speaking calmly.

"Dare's drama and drama, an'—an'—"

"Yes, yes, *what* else? Speak, tell me," clutching the child, convulsively.

"Uncle Rob—ah! Aunt Hattie, an'——" but he did not finish, for the great sob the man strained the baby to his breast, crying out:

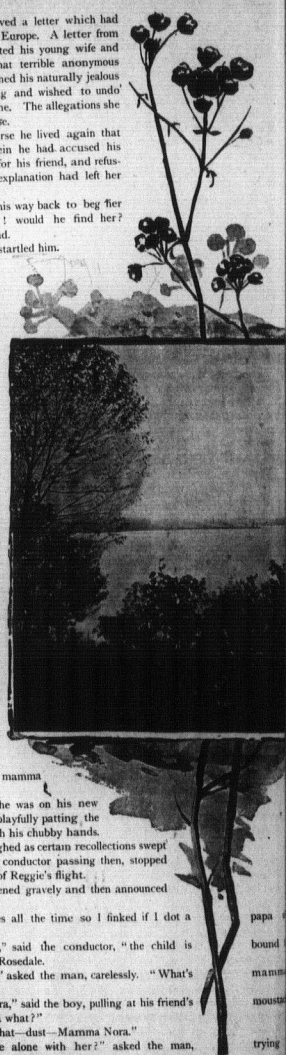
"My boy—O my boy."

It was time for Uncle Rob to be back from the station. Eleanor rose herself on her elbow and listened. Yes, there was his voice, and—oh joy!

—Reggie's. The door was flung open, and the boy ran in leading a tall, thin, some man, and crying, gleefully:

"Mamma, I wanted and finked a papa—an' I bringed him home to me. Eleanor gave one startled, upward glance—then her husband bent and silently took her in his arms.

EARTH SESSONS TURPIN





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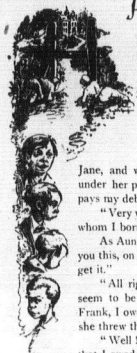
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his voice, and—oh joy!
oy ran in leading a tall, b

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Earth Seasons Turp



THE PREY OF THE WAVES.

DEBTS EASILY PAID.



A PARTY of us were seated at the table one evening when my friend, Mr. Baker, absenting himself in his vest pocket, found a five-dollar note, which he had no recollection of putting there.

"Hello!" he exclaimed, that is no place for you. I should have put you in my pocket-book. Here, wife, don't you want some ready money?"

"Thank you," she replied, folding the note and putting it under the edge of her tea-tray, "money is always acceptable."

As Mrs. Baker was pouring out the tea, it occurred to her that she was in debt to her Aunt Jane, and when the opportunity offered, she pushed the note under her plate, saying: "Here, auntie, this five dollars partly pays my debt."

"Very well," she replied, "I will use it to pay Mary, here, of whom I borrowed five dollars last Saturday."

As Aunt Jane handed Mary the note, she added, "I will give you this, on account, and the balance of the money as soon as I get it."

"All right," answered Mary, laughing, "and since we all seem to be in the humor of paying debts, I will follow suit. Frank, I owe you something for music; here is part of it," and she threw the bank note across the table to her brother.

"Well!" said Mr. Baker, "I wish somebody owed me, and that I owed somebody, so that I might come into the ring."

"You can," said Frank. "I owe Mrs. Baker or you—it's all the same—for my board. I herewith pay you part of it."

Amid general laughter, Mr. Baker took the note and playfully threw it again to his wife saying:

"It's yours, Lucy; what belongs to me, belongs to you. It's completed the round, and we all had the benefit of it."

"And now it must go around again," replied she gaily. "I like to see money circulated; it should never lie idle. Aunt Jane, you take it. Now I have paid you ten dollars."

"Mary, here is another five dollars on my account," said Aunt Jane, handing the money to Mary.

"And you, Frank, this is ten dollars for the music you bought me," said Mary, handing it to her brother.

"And I pay you ten dollars for my board," said Frank, and the note once more rested in Mr. Baker's hand.

"Was there ever so wonderful an exchange?" exclaimed Mary. "It's all nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Baker.

"Not in the least," answered his wife. "It's all right."

"Certainly," said Frank. "When money belongs to you, you dispose of it as you please. I have the same right; it's a fair exchange, though very uncommon."

"It shows the use of money," said Aunt Jane. "It makes the circuit of the world and brings its value to every one who touches it."

"This note has not finished its work yet, as I will show you, if you give it to me again," said Mrs. Baker to her husband.

"I present you with this five-dollar note," said Mr. Baker.

"And I give it to you, Aunt Jane. I owed you fifteen dollars, and have now paid my debt."

"You have, and now Mary, I pay you my indebtedness."

"I take it with thanks, Auntie," replied Mary, "and now the time has come when this note must be divided, because I do not owe Frank five dollars more. How much have I to pay you?"

"Two dollars and sixty-two cents," replied Frank.

"Can you change it?"

"Let me see; sixty-two, thirty-eight, yes, there is the change; the spell is broken, Mary, and you and I divide the spoils."

"How much has this bank note paid?" said Mary. "Let's count up. Mrs. Baker paid Aunt Jane fifteen dollars, which Aunt Jane gave to me. I gave Frank twelve dollars and sixty-two cents. Frank gave Mr. Baker ten dollars—altogether fifty-two dollars and sixty-two cents."

"It's all nonsense, I tell you," cried Mr. Baker again. "You all owe each other what you owed before."

"You are deceived, my dear boy, by a rapid, unbroken race, this little sum has made; to me it is as clear as daylight," replied Mrs. Baker.

Mr. Baker did not see it very clearly, but the rest of us did.

The Russians have discovered an underground city in Bokhara, which dates back to two centuries before Christ. While examining some caves the explorers came upon the city with its labyrinth of streets and squares, surrounded by houses two or three high.

The oldest lawsuit on record perhaps is one now being tried in the highest Russian court at St. Petersburg; it was brought five hundred years ago against the city of Kamenez-Podolsk, by the heirs of a dead nobleman, to recover many thousand acres of his estate, confiscated by the municipality; the written testimony is said to weigh 45 tons.

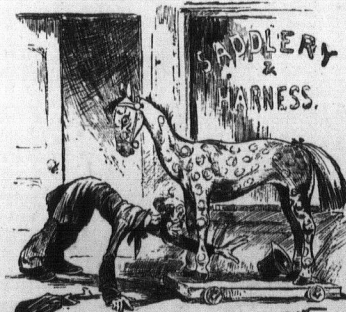
THE JEWS AND THEIR RELIGION.

In their religious observances modern Jews adhere to the rules of the Mosaic dispensation. Their service consists chiefly in reading the law in their synagogues, together with a variety of prayers. They abstain from the meats prohibited by the Levitical law, and they continue to observe the ceremonies of the Passover, as nearly as possible. They offer prayers for the dead, because they believe that the souls of the wicked go to a place of temporary punishment, where they remain under trial a year, and they think that very few will be condemned to suffer eternally. We give a summary of the confession of faith, in which all orthodox Jews must live and die. It is made up of thirteen articles, and was drawn up in the eleventh century by a celebrated rabbi named Maimonides. These articles declare in substance: (1) That there is one God, creator of all things, who may exist without any part of the universe, but without whom nothing can maintain existence; (2) that God is uncompounded and indivisible, but different from all other unities; (3) that God is an immaterial being, without any admixture of corporeal substance; (4) that God is eternal, but everything else had a beginning in time; (5) that God alone ought to be worshipped, without mediators or intercessors; (6) that there have been inspired prophets, and may be more; (7) that Moses was the grandest prophet that ever appeared; (8) that the law of Moses was, in every syllable, dictated by the Almighty, not only in its written letter but in its traditional exposition; (9) that this law is immutable, neither to be added to nor diminished; (10) that God knows all our actions and governs them as He will; (11) that the observance of the law is rewarded and its violation punished in this world, but in a greater degree in the next; (12) that a Messiah is yet to appear, the time of whose coming may not be prescribed or foretold; (13) that God will raise the dead at the last day and pass judgment upon all.

The seventy years captivity of the Jews began 606 before Christ; they about Cyrene, headed by one Andro, murdered nearly 100,000 Greeks and Romans; they ate their entrails, and covered themselves with the skins of those they assassinated, 115 after Christ; above 580,000 destroyed by the Romans, 135; first arrived in England, 1079; every Jew who lent money on usury, was commanded to wear a plate upon his breast, signifying that he was a usurer, or quit the realm, 1274; 267 were hanged and quartered for clipping, 1277; the same year the Jews crucified a child at Northampton, for which fifty were drawn on horses' tails and hanged; all the synagogues were ordered to be destroyed, 1285; all the Jews in England were apprehended in one day, their goods and chattels confiscated to the king, and they, to the number of 15,660, banished from the realm, having only sustenance money allowed, 1287; they remained banished 364 years, till Oliver Cromwell restored them; a general massacre of them at Verdun by the peasants, who, from a pretended prophecy, conceived the Holy Land was to be recovered from the infidels by them; 500 of these took shelter in a castle, and defended themselves to the last extremity, when, for want of weapons, they threw their children at the enemy, and then killed each other, 1317; driven out of France, 1394; driven out of Spain, to the number of 150,000, 1492; they retired to Africa, Portugal and France. It was against them that the Inquisition was there first established. There was not a Jew in England from 1610 to 1624. Act passed to naturalize them, 1753, but repealed on the petition of all the cities in England in 1754.

The average term of human life is said by one authority to have been increased by eight years in the latest half-century, being forty-two instead of thirty-four.

There are more women in British India (124,000,000) than there are men, women and children in Great Britain, France and Germany put together, with the population of several minor European states cast in as well.



McPhagus (whose hat has blown off)—So—ho—now! Sh—now—aisy—hat's a good horse. Whoa, now—whist now—so—ho darlin', so—ho—O! ha! it, yez contrairty culd devil.

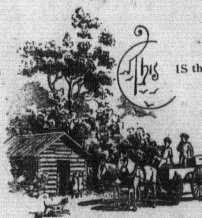


THE LATE RIGHT HON., JOHN BRIGHT.

John Bright was born near Rochdale, England, November 16, 1811, of Quaker parentage. His first appearance in national politics was in 1839, when, with Richard Cobden, he founded the anti-corn-law league. In 1843 he entered parliament, where he sat, with the exception of a brief period during the Crimean War, for forty-five years. Mr. Bright was prominent in the free trade movement, was an active member of the Peace Society, and until near the close of his career an enthusiastic advocate of electoral reform and economy in public affairs. Possessed of a voice which rang like a silver bell, and of a diction sublime in its simplicity and Anglo-Saxon directness, he became one of the foremost orators in a House of Commons which numbered Gladstone and Disraeli among its members. After the passage of the Reform Bill of 1867 he entered Mr. Gladstone's cabinet from which he retired in 1870 on account of ill-health. He held office again in 1873 and in 1881-83, he retired in the latter year as he disapproved of the English policy in Egypt. In 1886 he broke away from the traditions of half a century to oppose the Liberal policy of Home Rule for Ireland, and he died March 27, 1889.



CHAPTER I.



"By the sky-kingdom, shining floor,
By the black wet caverned ledges,
By the waste where windy edgels lie
Kissed by Hana evermore."—(Lake Lyrics)

IS the schoolhouse, young man, if ye want to get out here. I'll take the box on to the house, I suppose?"

The young man addressed sprang lightly from the lumbering wagon called the stage, which had brought him from the landing to the end of his journey, and stood upon the edge of the dusty, winding road. He yawned and stretched himself a little as he endeavored to shake off the effects of an early breakfast, after a night spent in the not over comfortable berth of the tug, which had steamed him and two or three cribs of logs up the bay to the head of the peninsula. Drawing in a breath of the fresh morning air he turned to take a look at the surroundings. Behind him, in the midst of a small clearing in the forest, stood a little log schoolhouse, looking very diminutive indeed against the towering trees in the background. To the left, in the foreground, the broad stretches of white sand beaches and marshy shore land blended into a vanishing line between forest and lake, over which hung a misty veil of shifting vapors. Now the cool grey mist clouds which lie upon Huron's breast, tinged with opalescent light, are drifting slowly outward, and as they lift from off the distant islands of forest-clad rock, wild gulls sweep over the blue waters, waking the morning air with their strange, wierd call. Like a far-off echo, the booming of the billows, as they beat against the rocks, or lose themselves in the rock-walled caverns beneath the towering limestone cliffs which rise like a wall to the right, sound above the splash of the waves on the beach.

Absorbed in contemplation, Richard Burton had not noticed two figures which had emerged from the shelter of the forest, and trudging over the rocky road approached quite near him. The sound of footsteps aroused him from his reverie, and he gazed curiously upon the advancing figures wondering what part they were to take in this new and strange chapter of his life. The foremost figure was that of a young and stalwart man, roughly clad in a pair of blue jean trousers and a checked shirt. His eyes flashed back at Burton's a fearless glance, almost of defiance, as, without touching the broad expanse of straw which served him for a hat, he said in a clear, ringing voice, "Mornin', teacher."

Burton replied to the salutation as the new-comer, turning half round, dragged into sight a little shrinking form.

"I've brought ye a scholar," he said, pulling off the boy's hat, or rather cap, for rim it had none, and brushing back a mass of limp, fair hair, with a not far from the white forehead, beneath which gazed up into Burton's face a pair of wistful eyes of heaven's own blue, in which the wisdom of the sages seemed to dwell, in touching contrast to the quivering baby mouth beneath.

"I found him by the road, skinned to come further, so I bring him along. He ain't more'n a mite, but they're goin' to send him to school, more like to get all they kin outen you than for the young un's sake. Ye'll have a run lot of youngsters, and ye'll do well to let 'em taste the road. They don't understand nothin' else, but this here little chap ain't then sort. He gets lickin' enough to home, I guess. Anyhow, I ain't goin' to stand by an' see him ticked no more ouside home," with again that glance of defiance.

Burton smiled quietly, ignoring the covert threat, and drawing the little boy towards him said, "He don't look like a troublesome subject. What's his name?"

"Benny Creighton they call him, an' I guess it's as good as any. Well, I'll be goin'," then turning again, half apologetically, "No offence, teacher, but you see the little chap ain't got anybody much to keep whether he's knocked about 'r not, and I jest thought I'd come and tell ye."

"All right, I understand, Mr.—"

"Now, I be jest Jo Harris hereabouts, an' I ain't had no call ter be 'shamed of the name. Mornin', teacher," and he strode off.

The day passed with the usual experiences of a new teacher in a new school. The hours dragged slowly, for it was one of those sultry August days which grow more and more oppressive towards the end. There was thunder in the air, Burton thought as he walked to the door to ask some of the lingering, curious scholars the way to the house which had been chosen as his domicile. Benny stood at the door and Burton placed a hand encouragingly on his head.

"Well, little man!"

"Please, dad said I werr to stay an' show ye the road."

"Yes; and am I to live at your house, Benny?"

Benny nodded, and Burton said, "Well, come along, then," holding out his hand for Benny's; but Benny looked from the extended hand to Burton's face and seemed not to understand.

"Give me your hand, Benny, and we will walk along together."

Benny placed a thin little hand in Burton's strong grasp, and together they walked on in silence. Already the sky had begun to darken, and the booming of the waves had a sullen ominous sound. Burton looked anxiously at the lowering clouds.

"Have we far to go, Benny?"

"No, not far now; jest a little ways."

Just then a sudden bend in the road, up which they scrambled, over huge boulders and dusty hollows, brought them into sight of a small vine-clad cottage by the roadside.

"Jo Harris lives there," exclaimed Benny pointing at the house, in the door of which sat a pleasant-faced old woman who smiled at Benny and accosted Burton with a cheerful "Evenin', teacher."

At this moment Jo himself appeared above the corner of the house with an old gun in his hands, of which he was examining the priming.

Burton declined Jo's friendly invitation to come in, and he and Benny now moved on quickly towards a larger house, the roof and chimney of which were now visible beyond the open fields which lay between them and it.

"That's the house," said Benny, pointing with his finger; but before they reached it Burton noticed, with a start, that Benny had mysteriously disappeared.

A tall woman with a hard, stern face and glittering dark eyes came to the door as he approached. She bade him enter, and turning to a girl who stood in the center of the low-roofed kitchen, moving mechanically back and forth beside the spinning wheel, whose motion filled the room with its droning music:

"Lure, had the teacher a cheer?"

As she did so Burton thought he had seldom seen a more ill-favored countenance, and its hideousness increased with the comical grin with which she glanced curiously at him and then resumed her monotonous motion at the wheel. Turning from her, Burton glanced curiously at the older woman, who now sat busily knitting, and wondered if she could be the mother of this girl. Her face was soured and hardened by care and toil, but her eyes were full of keen intelligence and there was a certain dignity in her bearing which surprised and interested Burton as he looked about the humble surroundings. The roof of the kitchen was unplastered, and from the beams hung all sorts of articles. Strings of yellow corn, dried herbs, cooking utensils, and farm implements. There was an inner room a little better furnished, and opening into it one or two doors which Burton supposed led to sleeping rooms, while in one corner a rude staircase led up to an opening in the floor above.

"Dad took yer box up left; ye'll hev ter sleep there, I guess. P'raps ye'll like to go up an' see the place?"

Burton assented, and entering the inner room he mounted the steps into the chamber above. It was a large room, though the walls and sloping roof were of rough boards. In the center of the gable at either end was a small window, opening one of which Burton looked out upon the lake, which was now lashing the rocks in fury, and with a steady downpour. Between the lake and the road was a steep descent over rocks and boulders to the shore, over which descent to the right of the house ran, or rather rushed, a little brook; leaping from rock to rock and dashing its white spray in mimic madness far beyond its limits, and at last plunging into the lake with a seething clamor in astonishing proportion to its size. The rushing, roaring sound of waters, augmented by the rain, was almost deafening.

At last Burton was called to tea, and coming down he was greeted in the kitchen by a small, wiry man, with a countenance seamed and lined into an ex-

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pression of low cunning. Small, restless blue eyes looked out at him from beneath overhanging brows. It was the same sinister look and coarse features, only in a more marked degree, which had first attracted Burton's attention in the girl when he had seen her in the table at the schoolhouse. She had seated herself at Burton's side, and he had been so suddenly attracted to her appearance.

"This is a blank lookin' gals," she said, looking self-consciously at the face of

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my oldest gal, Bess," said Creighton, noting Burton's look; "maybe ye ain't used ter seein' sech fine-down below, eh?" and he chuckled at his own joke. frowned a little, but showed none of the simplicity which this personal remark evoked in the sister.

was evidently expected of Burton. He was in himself, which he did with rest, having dined upon crackers. Several times he involuntarily cast glance in Bess' direction, until after twice meeting upon himself for the remainder of the eyes upon his plate. She looked at him calmly, as if to see what sort of a man he might be, for the second time encountered his eyes, she away with a half contemptuous curl upon her lip. she got up, without apology, from the table and mechanically about the room. Burton had now opportunity of seeing her without being observed. She was a little above medium height. Her trammelled grace was perfect in its proportions. were clean cut and regular, the lips though ical in expression, the eyes, an impenetrable beneath heavy, dark lashes and well marked eyes was coiled in a loose knot at the back of her ment she had none whatever, except her own sur—a beauty which the more marked a difference of expression. She came and stood and as she looked out towards the lake her face and it seemed to Burton that in it lay the possibility, which if touched in time might dominate hardness which the features expressed.

had left the table, little Benny stole in and took a place, helping himself to what was within his reach and doing without what was not. For the time being all were kept to the house by the torrents of rain which fell, and having nothing else to do Burton fell to pondering upon this strangely ill-assorted family into whose midst he had come, from the little villainous-looking man with his gaunt, sour visaged wife, to whom Bess bore some resemblance, down to the shrinking figure of little Benny, whom he fancied Lize was taking a delight in bringing into frequent prominence as she routed him tion to another, also that this too last and that her again into an expression of anglinglanced from the child to her

Creighton asked Burton to come tin'-room," and when they were drew forth his pipe and lit it, watching under his eyebrows as he did so. Then coiled the information that the young smoke, he kept up between the whistle running fire of questions, varied by some with his own career. length, "four hundred dollars is a tidy year sure, an' nothin' much 't' do. Why, a farm outside o' school hours, an' hev them case, there's the long holidays. Hain't a little piece of land round here, hev ye?"

may think on it yit. Who knows, but

ye'll come across a likely gal here an' want t' settle down; not as there's one on the peninsula," he continued, lowering his voice and leaning forward and leaning confidentially at Burton, "as kin hold a candle t' our Bess." Then, after a pause, his voice sinking to a whisper, "Why, young man, I cut lop off a good buildin' lot off the arny with twenty acres o' cleared land an' that bit o' woodland 'round the schoolhouse, an' never miss it."

Burton smiled feebly, and noticing that the rain had stopped, both men arose and went out of doors.

Burton sauntered forth down the path to the road, where he stood looking with never-failing fascination at the lake, upon whose now sleeping bosom the moonbeams were reflected in a thousand shimmering lances. He had stood thus for some moments when he suddenly became aware that Benny stood near him, his little white face now upturned to the sky for a minute, then bent as if watching intently some object at his feet.

"What is it, Benny?" asked Burton, stepping nearer.

"It's the moon," answered Benny softly. "See, there it is up there, and here it is down here," pointing to a pool at his feet. "It is a long way off up there, but down here it don't seem so far away. Ye can't touch it though. It goes away when I put my foot in the water, see?" suiting the action to the word.

"It's like the face in the lookin'-glass, ye know. 'Taint the moon at all, only —" and he stopped as if he could carry the explanation no further.

"Yes, Benny, I understand, but you like to look at the reflection of the moon in the water and to fancy that it is so close that you can almost touch it; isn't that it, Benny?"

Benny nodded assent, then looking up into Burton's face through the moonlight, he said, "I like you, teacher. Yer like Jo. He knows things ye think when ye can't tell 'em. Jo knows an' awful lot; more'n Dad!"

CHAPTER II.

BURTON was in his angriest mood, dashing his waves high against the rocks in impotent fury and wetting with spray the coarse shoes and homespun skirt of the girl on the beach, who, with hand shading her eyes, walked slowly along the shore looking ahead as if in search of some object. At last she stood as if undecided whether to go on or not. Then she turned her face towards the lake. Something in its madness seemed the outpouring of the voice of her own heart, not that she understood it so, but with a sort of dumb instinct she felt drawn towards the sullen, booming lake.

A rattling sound of falling stones over the rocks caused her to turn with a start, and bounding from boulder to boulder, Bess saw the muscular form of Jo Harris

as he came down towards her. When he stood beside her they interchanged a quiet "Good evenin'," then there was a pause in which each looked away from the other.

"I'm lookin' fer the red cow. She didn't come home 'long with the rest, an' I thought she might hev strayed down over the rocks to the shore."

"Lize said ye've down on the beach."

"What is it ter Lize when I be?"

"I dunno, Bess. I asked her an' she telt me the truth."

"Yes, fer once!"

"Well, Bess, what is it ter be this time?"

"Taint no use, Jo; I tole ye that long ago."

"I hain't giv' it up, Bess, an' I hain't agoin' to yit. I've waited a long time an' I kin wait longer, an' what's more, I b'lieve ye like me some."

"I never said as I didn't like ye, Joe—ef ye don't pester me too much," she added.

"I hain't pestered ye nairy a bit, an' ye know it."

"Yer pesterin' me now, an' it ain't no use, as I tole ye before. Marn said once I were made fer better things, an' I dunno but she's right. Anyhow, I mean ter do better o' I kin."

"What's wrong o' me, Bess?" asked Jo, straightening himself up and looking down at her with some reproach in his eyes.

"Taint yerself, Jo; yer well enough in a way, but I want t' be somethin' better, t' git away from this life altogether."

"T' be a lady, Bess?"

"I dunno. P'raps so. I ain't sure I know what that means. P'raps I ain't fit, but I kin be somethin' better'n the wife of a poor farmer, t' live in a shabby all my life, an' grub an' slave indoor an' out with half a dozen squealin' youngsters haulin' at my skirts."

Jo stood back and looked indignantly at her.

"P'raps it 'ud be not so smakin' like ef I were ter take ye at yer word,



"Ye afraid to. I know I ain't like you with yer soft manners an' fine talk. I don't know, Bess. Those are not the only considerations. If you loved me and I loved you it might be thought of."

"Do you mean that? Air ye sure ye don't love me? Ain't I a girl any man could love? Why do ye foller me with yer eyes whenever ye git the chance?"

"You are a beautiful woman, Bess," he said, at a loss for words to answer her. He could not spurn her from him.

"I know it," she said, standing up before him and straightening her figure to its full height.

"Ye needn't tell me that; an' why weel I made different from the rest if I weel not made fer somethin' better!"

There was a world of passionate appeal in her eyes, and as Burton looked at her standing there before him, he pictured to himself what she might have been had she been carefully reared, and then he wondered if there were not yet a chance. She was anxious to learn, and might not a few months' patient teaching efface the sullying effects of a life of coarse toil and rude companionship? She stood before him in all her beauty, noticing the changes in his face. His heart beat quickly, and he rose to his feet.

"I cannot stand it, Bess. No man could. You do not love me. If I thought you did—"

"I could love you. Do you think I have no power of loving? Bah! I see how it is. Ye haven't the courage 't do it!"

Her eyes were full of scorn as she turned proudly away as if to leave him. Then he put forth his hand and drew her towards him. "If I thought you loved me, Bess," his blood tingled in his veins as he bent his head and kissed her unresisting lips. Heavens! what a beautiful face it was.

Just then there was a crunching sound upon the rocks above, and looking up Burton saw Creighton's sinister little face grinning at them from over the rocks.

Then a revulsion of feeling came over him, and he felt like running up and pitching the man over into the lake.

Bess went forward and Burton followed her up to the house.

That night, catching him alone for a moment, Creighton leered significantly as he whispered in Burton's ear:

"It's all right, young man; I expected it. I know ye couldn't stand back from a girl like Bess. She's a stunner, an' no mistake. Ye'll be wantin' ter settle down fore Christmas, an' I'll jest walk out a bit with ye ter-morrow an' we'll look up a likely spot fer a house."

Burton shook him off as well as he could. He loathed the man and yet he felt that he had no right to resent what was said. He made some excuse to get outside, for he felt as if the very atmosphere of the house choked and stifled him. He paced up and down, trying to still the throbbing of his head and heart. Somehow he felt that if he were in a horrible nightmare which he could not shake off. He wished that he had never come to this horrible place, and now he had gone too far to retreat. Then he thought of Bess and his heart beat again.

At last he grew calmer, and when he went into the house he had made up his mind what to do. He would marry her, and in time, when he should have taught her something, they would go away from the place and its hateful associations.

CHAPTER IV.

WO or three days had passed and all hands being busy with the harvesting, Burton had scarcely seen Bess alone.

One afternoon she had been working in the fields all day, and coming out towards evening to the road to look for the cows she fancied she heard a faint cry from over the water. Looking out in the direction of the sound she could just see a small boat in which stood a tiny form wildly waving its arms and calling for help. A moment's glance served to convince her that it was Bess who there alone. The waves were high and the boat was tossed about at their mercy. Every moment seemed as though it must be swamped.

Bess stood for a moment as if spell-bound. Then she ran down to the beach and pushing out a large row-boat which was hauled up on the beach she found that there was only one oar in it and she realized the truth. Benny had seized the oar and pushed himself out in the smaller boat, and had probably lost it. He often amused himself in this way. He could not handle the two oars but would paddle about the shore with one in the smaller boat.

There was now no time to lose, so Bess pushed out and paddled towards the little skiff which now, as the waves increased, seemed every moment to sink lower and lower. The boat was heavy and unwieldy, and with one oar she could

scarcely make any headway against the waves. Suddenly there was a despairing shriek and Bess could see nothing where the skiff had been. Then as she strained her eyes to look, the boat arose upon a wave and, clinging to its side, she could just distinguish Benny's form in the water. She felt that in such a sea he could not long retain his hold, and with a superhuman effort she at last reached the skiff. Even then she had almost lost him, for just as she stretched out her hand he must have lost consciousness and let go his hold. The agony of that moment Bess never forgot. All the past rushed before her remorseful vision, and the mother in her gave forth an agonizing cry for help. Just then a huge wave rushed to her hand the little form which had disappeared from view, and clutching his coat she drew him into the boat. For one moment she pressed him to her bosom, then laid him in the bottom of the boat as she took up the oars, but all her efforts to turn the boat towards shore were futile. All she could do was to keep it from being swamped.

But already help was near. More than one had heard that despairing call. Burton had heard it and was coming fast to the rescue. Jo Harris, too, walking along the road had heard it, and both men reached the shore about the same time. Just waiting to throw off his coat Burton sprang into the water just as Jo Harris did the same. Burton was an expert swimmer and was lightly dressed, while Jo Harris had on a pair of clumsy long boots, and Burton soon gained on him and reached the boat first. Then he discovered what was the trouble. It was almost impossible to navigate such a boat with one oar. Quick as thought he picked up the rope as Jo Harris reached the boat and tossing it to him explained the condition of affairs. It was no use burdening the boat with another passenger when there was only one oar to handle so he paddled as best he could, and Jo, with the rope, struck out for shore. The boat was half full of water by the time they got her hauled up, and all of them realized what a narrow escape it had been. Bess insisted upon carrying Benny herself. She had not even a word of thanks for the two men who had saved her life. She thought only of the child, who hung limp and helpless in her arms.

When they reached the house Burton took him from her by main force. He had had experience under a skilful doctor in such a case before and it was owing to his efforts that Benny at last opened his wondering eyes and looked up into Bess's face, as her hot tears fell on his cheek.

Then Jo stole out. He felt a strange choking sensation in his throat, as if a great lump were there. He saw it all. It was no use now. Burton had saved her life. At least it was he who had reached her first; and then the child, who seemed to have grown so suddenly dear to her, Burton had saved him too. Poor little Benny! Jo brushed away a tear as there flashed into his troubled heart a hope that there were happier days for Benny. But the light seemed to have gone out of his life. As long as there had been hope, no matter how small, he had been brave, but now— Well, he would bear it like a man. Burton had earned her if he loved her. His heart had been full of revengeful deeds before, but now all that was gone.

It was about dusk next evening that Creighton came across Bess standing at the gate.

"Hello, gal, where's yer lover? Ye ain't makin' good use o' yer time, an' I've be'n thinkin' of cuttin' some logs fer t' be saved at the mill fer yer house."

"Tain't no use, dad. I don't want no house."

"What! ye don't mean 'er say that that — young scamp hev' gone back on ye?"

"Naw, dad, he ain't done nothin' only I ain't agoin' to hev' him."

"Ye hain't, he? Y'll see bout that. Ye'll sleep under no roof o' mine till ye make up yer mind 't do as I bid ye. Hain't agoin' to hev' him, and me willin' 't do so much fer ye? We'll see," and with an oath he left her.

She stood for a moment as he had left her, a peculiar smile on her lips, then softly closed the gate after her and went down the road towards Jo Harris' cottage. She walked up to the door, which was closed against the chill autumn air, and entered.

"Good evenin', Bess," said Mrs. Harris, looking up in some surprise from her seat at the window. "Hev' a cheer."

Bess sat down, and her eyes wandered inquiringly about the place, then rested upon Jo's mother. "Jo hev' gone 't fetch his scythe. He left it in the back field."

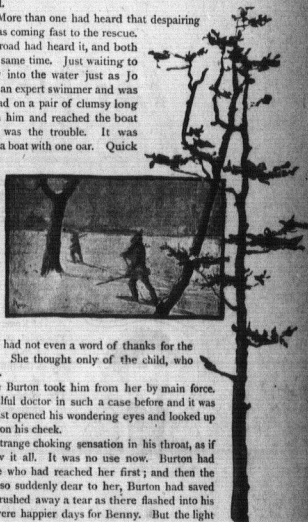
There was silence for a few moments, both women feeling a sort of restraint. Then the latch was lifted and Jo stood in the doorway.

He hesitated, scarcely distinguishing through the gathering gloom the forms of the two women. Then he recognised Bess and stepped forward just as she rose to meet him.

"I hev' come 't stay, Jo," he said, holding out her hands. "Dad hev' turned me out," and she laughed a quiet laugh, which Jo had not heard for a long time.

"An' the teacher, Bess? He saved yer life."

"No more's you, Jo, an' I'm doin' him the best turn I kin fer it."



Then he took her in his arms and the old woman got up softly and left them together.

Next day a young couple might have been seen traveling in an ox cart over a dusty, rocky road, one a beautiful young woman, clad in homely garments, the other a stalwart, young man, the love in whose eyes spread a light of beauty over his weather-beaten face. They traveled till they came to a little hamlet, as other couples had done before them. Then, after a while they returned over the same road.

When they got home that night, after feeding his oxen, Bess saw Jo go off up the road towards her father's house. "What passed when he reached there she did not know but when he returned an hour later he carried little Benny in his arms and laid him upon the low settle in the kitchen.

"He were sleepin' when I came away, so I jist carried him off," he said as he met her eyes.

"I knowed ye would do it, Jo, an' by God's help I'll be the mother to him from this day that I've never been before."

MARY L. CAMPBELL.



HE snow'd laid deep that winter from the middle of November:

The goin', as I remember, was the partiest kind of goin'.

An' as the time draw'd nigh fur turkeys an' mince pie,

The woods, all white an' frosted, was a sight worth showin'.

The snow hung down the woodpiles all scalloped like an' curled.

You'd swear in all the world ther' warn't no fences any more.

The crows kep' under cover, an' the chickens scratched twice over.

The yaller ruck of straw alayin' round the stable door.

'Twas Christmas Eve, in the afternoon, an' the store was jest alumin' When we seen the parson comin' in his pung along the road;

An' as he pass'd the store he call'd out through the door:

"Church to-night at the Crossroads! Come, boys, and bring a load:

'Twas a new idee in these parts, and Bill Simmons made 'n oration About "High Church innovation," an' "advertisin' back to Rome."

But I backed the parson's rights to have church on moonlight nights;

An' I thought of Nance's cute red lips, an' pinted straight fur home.

I wasn't long agittin' the chores done up, you bet,

An' the supper that I eat wouldn't more'n a' feel a fly;

Then I hitched the mare in the pung an' soon was bowlin' along

Down by the creek to Nance's while the moon was high an' white,

She didn't keep me waitin', fur church was at half-pas' seven;

An' my idee of Heaven, as I tucked her into the furs,

Was aridin' with Nance at night when the moon was high an' white,

An' the deep sky all asparkle like them laughin' eyes of hers.

I had a heap to say, but I couldn't jest somehow say it;

An' as fur my heart, the way it kep' jumpin' was a wonder.

So I chirruped to the mare with a kind of easy air,

An' Nance had to do the talkin',—which the same she did, by thunder!

An' I could feel her shoulder, kind of comfortin' an' warm,

Nestlin' agin my arm,—sech a sweet an' cunnin' shoulder.

My heart was all afire, but I kep' gittin' shy an' shy,

An' wishted that I'd been born a leetle sassier an' bolder.

We come to them there Crossroads 'fore I'd time to say a word;

An' I reckon as how I heard mighty little of the service.

But 'twas grand to hear Nance sing "Glory to the new born King";

The' the way the choir folks stared at us, it made me kind of nervous.

I wished the parson'd stop an' give me another chance Out there in the night with Nance, under the stars an' moon;

An' I vowed I'd have my say in the ridest kind of way,

An' she shouldn't have no more call to think me a blame gossion.

At last the preachin' come to an end, an' the folks all crowded out.

'Fore I knowed what I was about we was on the road fur home.

But the sky was overcast an' a thick snow droppin' fast,

An' a big wind down from the mountains got arantin' an' moanin' some.

We hadn't rode two mile when it blowed like all possessed,

An' at that I kind of guessed we was jif fur a ticklish night.

We couldn't go more'n a walk, an' Nance she forgot to talk;

Then I jest slipped my arm around her, an' she never kicked a mite.

Well, now, if the hull blame roof'd blowed off I wouldn't a keered,

But I seen as how Nance was skeered, so I sez, "By gracious, Nance,

I guess if we don't turn, an' cut back fur the Crossroads, darn

The shelter we'll git to-night by any kind of chance!"

Then the mare stopped short an' whinnied, an' Nance jest said, "Oh, Sir!"

An' then commenced to cry, till I felt like cryin' too;

I forgot about the storm, an' jest hugged her close an' warm,

An' kissed her, an' kissed her, an' swore how I'd be true.

Then Nance she quit her cryin' an' said she wasn't skeered

So long's she knewed I keered jest a leetle mite fur her;

But she guess'd we'd better try an' git home, an' "by an' by

The storm'll stop, an' anyways, it aint so very fur!"

My heart was that chock full I couldn't find a word to say,

But she understood the way that I looked into her eyes!

In buffaloe robe an' rug I wrapped her warm an' snug,

An' got out an' broke the mare a road all the way to Barnes's Rise.

'Twas a tallish tramp, I tell you, a leadin' that floundrin' mare

Thro' snow drifts anywheres from four to six foot deep.

An' a "painter" now an' then howled out from his mountain den;

But Nance, she never heard it, fur she must a' fall to sleep.

It wasn't fur from mornin' when we come to Barnes's Rise,—

An' I found to my surprise I'd tramped nine mile an' wasn't tired.

I was in sech a happy dream it didn't hardly seem

As the ride had been any tougher'n jest what I'd desired.

It was easier goin' now, an' Nance woke up all-rosy.

She was sweeter'n any posy as I kissed her at the gate.

The dawn was jest agrowin' so I wished her a Merry Christmas,

An' remarked I must be goin' as it might be gettin' late!

We was married at the Crossroads jest six weeks from Christmas Eve!

An' Nance an' me believe in our parson's innovations;

We aint much skeered o' Rome, an' we reckon he can preach some.

An' we call that evenin' service a Providential Dispensation.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS.

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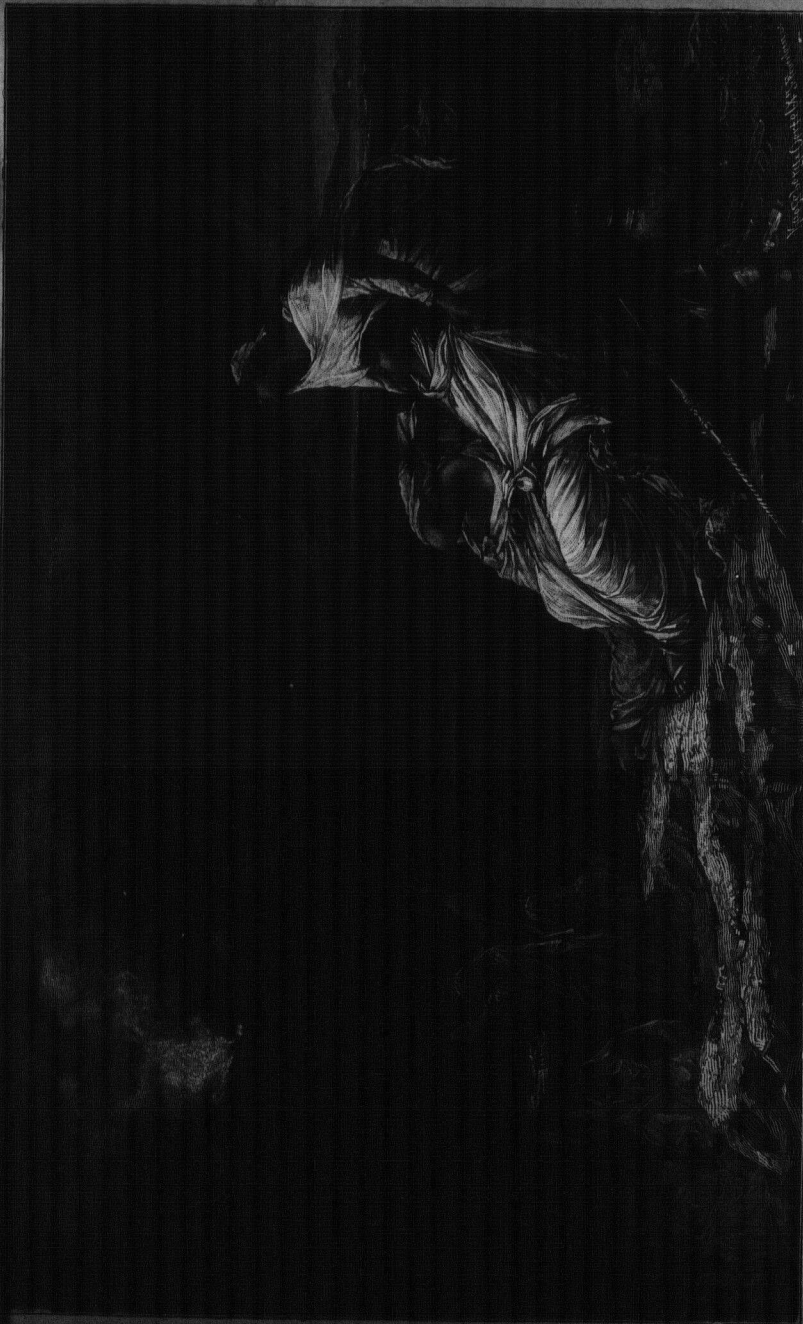
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THE DESTRUCTION OF POMPEII

HISTORY OF CANADA IN BRIEF.

It is convenient to possess for easy reference a list of the leading events of Canadian history. Few are endowed with the capacity to remember dates and names for any length of time after leaving school, and it is a fact that there is no edition of Canadian history in general circulation for library use. The small volumes used for school purposes are not attractive to men who read English history as related by the masterly pen of Macaulay. So it happens that Canadian history is imperfectly understood by Canadians, a thing to be regretted. The average reader has nothing to reinforce his indistinct recollections of those historical facts that were ding-donged into his youthful ear except occasional references to past events made by the newspapers. And the newspapers, in turn, when they do refer to events of the stirring past usually pretend to think it would be a slight upon the intelligence of their readers to enter into explanations. They merely make a passing reference, though were the truth known, the editor to do that much generally requires to consult a friendly schoolmaster. For these and other reasons we give the following table of the leading historical events in the history of Canada:

- 1534—June 19—Landing of Jacques Cartier in the neighborhood of the Miramichi River. The Bay of Chaleurs was so named by him on account of the great heat of the weather.
- 1535—July—Second visit of Cartier. August 10—Cartier anchored in a small bay at the mouth of the St. John River, which, in honor of the day, he named after St. Lawrence. The name was afterwards extended to the gulf and river. Cartier made his third visit in 1546.
- 1542—43—The Sieur de Roberval and his party wintered at Cap Rouge.
- 1603—First visit of Samuel de Champlain to Canada.
- 1605—Founding of Port Royal (Annapolis), Acadia (derived from an Indian word *Cadie*, a place of abundance), by the Baron de Poutrincourt.
- 1608—Second visit of Champlain. Founding of Quebec, the first permanent settlement of Canada. The name is said to be an Indian one, *Kebec*, a strait. 28 settlers wintered there, including Champlain.
- 1611—Establishment of a trading post at Hochelaga.
- 1613—St. John's, Newfoundland, founded.
- 1615—Champlain sailed up the Ottawa River, crossed Lake Nipissing and descended French River into Georgian Bay and Lake Huron, returning by Lake Ontario.
- 1620—Population of Quebec, 50 persons.
- 1629—July—Capture of Quebec by the English under Sir David Kirke. 117 persons wintered there.
- 1632—Canada ceded to France by the Treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye.
- 1634—July 4—The town of Three Rivers founded. August 13—Fort Richelieu (Sorel) founded.
- 1635—December 25—Death of Champlain at Quebec.
- 1642—May 18—Ville Marie (Montreal) founded by Maisonneuve.
- 1647—Frequent and serious wars between the French and the Iroquois Indians.
- 1667—White population of New France, 3,018.
- 1670—April 21—Hudson's Bay Company founded.
- 1679—Count de Frontenac appointed governor. Population, 6,705.
- 1673—June 13—Catawagi (Kingston) founded.
- 1689—August 5—Massacre at Lachine by Indians, and capture of the fort at Montreal, which they held till October.
- 1690—Capture of Port Royal by Sir Wm. Phips, and unsuccessful attack upon Quebec. 1692—Population of New France, 12,431.
- 1698—Death of Frontenac. Population, 13,335.
- 1713—Treaty of Utrecht, by which Hudson's Bay and adjacent territory, Nova Scotia (Acadia) and Newfoundland were ceded to the English.
- 1720—Population of New France, 24,434, and of St. John Island (Prince Edward Island) about 100. 1739—Population of New France, 42,701.
- 1745—Louisbourg, Cape Breton, taken by the English.
- 1748—Restoration of Louisbourg to the French in exchange for Madras by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle.
- 1749—June 21—The City of Halifax founded by Lord Halifax. 2,544 British emigrants brought out by the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, the first English governor of Nova Scotia.
- 1753—March 23—Issue of the *Halifax Gazette*, the first paper published in Canada.
- 1755—Expulsion of the Acadians from Nova Scotia, about 6,000.
- 1758—July 26—Final capture of Louisbourg by the English.
- 1759—July 26—Capture of Fort Niagara by the English under General Prideaux, who was killed during the assault. June 25—Commencement of the siege of Quebec. September 13—Battle of the Plains of Abraham and defeat of the French by General Wolfe, who was killed on the field. Loss of the English, 700, and of the French, 1,500. September 13—Death of General Montcalm, commander of the French forces. September 18—Capitulation of Quebec to General Townshend.
- 1760—April—Unsuccessful attack on Quebec by General de Lévis. September 8—Capitulation of Montreal, and completion of the conquest of Canada. Population of New France, 70,000.
- 1762—British population of Nova Scotia, 8,104.
- 1763—February 10—Treaty of Paris signed, by which France ceded and guaranteed to His Britannic Majesty in full right "Canada with all its dependencies." General Murray was the first Governor General of the Province of Quebec.
- 1764—June 21—Issue of the *Quebec Gazette*. (This has generally been

considered as the first paper published in Canada, but the *Halifax Gazette*, though lasting barely two years, has undoubtedly the claim to priority). In this thing among the Indian tribes, and a general massacre of the British. The plan was successfully carried out in several places, where not a soul was left alive, but finally the Indians were forced to succumb.

1766—General Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, appointed Governor General.

1770—St. John's Island (Prince Edward Island) made into a separate Province, with Walter Paterson the first Governor. The first meeting of the House of Assembly took place in July, 1775.

1774—The Quebec Act passed. This Act gave the French Canadians the free exercise of the Roman Catholic religion, the enjoyment of their civil rights, and the protection of their own civil laws and customs. It annexed large territories to the Province of Quebec, provided for the appointment by the Crown of a Legislative Council, and for the administration of the criminal law as in use in England.

1775—Outbreak of the American Revolution, and invasion of Canada by the Americans; every place of importance rapidly fell into their hands, with the exception of Quebec, in an attack upon which General Montgomery was defeated and killed on December 31.

1776—Reinforcements arrived from England, and the Americans were finally driven out of Canada.

1778—June 3—First issue of the *Montreal Gazette*. This paper is still published.

1783—September 3—Signing of the Treaty of Paris, and definition of the boundary line between Canada and the United States, viz., the Great Lakes, the St. Lawrence, the 45th parallel of north latitude, the highlands dividing the waters falling into the Atlantic from those emptying themselves into the St. Lawrence and the St. Croix River.

1784—Population of Canada, 113,012. (United Empire Loyalists in Upper Canada not included.)

1785—May 18—Date of Charter of St. John, N. B., the oldest incorporated town in Canada.

1784—British population of Nova Scotia, 32,000 (about 11,000 Acadians not included). Separation from Nova Scotia, and erection into a new Province of New Brunswick; population, 11,457. About this time began the migration from Nova Scotia and Nova Scotia of the United Empire Loyalists, as they were called, that is, of those settlers in the American States who had remained faithful to the British cause. This migration lasted for several years, and though it is not possible that the number altogether was not less than 40,000. The Loyalists were well treated by the British Government, and large grants of land were made to them in various parts of the country. The banks of the St. Lawrence and shores of Lake Ontario in particular were settled by about 10,000, on lands allotted to them by the Government.

1785—Re-introduction of the right of *habeas corpus*.

1791—Division of the Province of Quebec into two Provinces, viz., Upper and Lower Canada. Each Province to have a Lieutenant-Governor, and a Legislature composed of a House of Assembly and a Legislative Council. The members of the Council were to be appointed by the Lieutenant-Governor for life, those of the Assembly to be elected by the people for four years. Population of the two Provinces, 161,311.

1792—September 17—First meeting of the Parliament of Upper Canada at Newark (Niagara), under Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe. The House of Assembly consisted of sixteen members. December 17—Opening of the Legislature of Lower Canada, at Quebec, by General Clarke. The House of Assembly consisted of fifty members.

1793—Abolition of slavery in Upper Canada.

1796—The seat of Government of Upper Canada removed from Niagara to York (Toronto).

1798—The name of St. John's Island changed to that of Prince Edward Island, in honor of the Duke of Kent, the change to take effect in 1800. Population, 4,500.

1806—November 22—Issue of *La Canadian*, the first newspaper printed entirely in French. Population of Upper Canada, 70,718, and of Lower Canada, 250,000.

1812—War declared between Great Britain and the United States. August 11—Surrender of Detroit by the Americans under General Hull to General Brock. October 13—Battle of Queenston Heights, and defeat of the Americans. Death of General Brock. November—Defeat of General Dearborn by Colonel de Salaberry at Lacolle River.

1813—April 25—Capture of York by the Americans. June 5—Battle of Stony Creek and defeat of the Americans. September—Battle of Moraviantown. Retreat of the British, and death of the Indian chief Tecumseh. October 26—Battle of Chateauguay. Defeat of three thousand Americans under General Hamilton by Colonel de Salaberry and four hundred French-Canadian militia. November 11—Battle of Chrysler's Farm, defeat and rout of General Wilkinson and the Americans by the Canadian militia under Colonel Morrison.

1814—July 25—Battle of Lundy's Lane, and defeat of the Americans. December 24—War terminated by the Treaty of Ghent. Population of Upper Canada, 99,000, and of Lower Canada, 335,000.

1818—October 20—Convention signed at London regulating the rights of Americans in the British North American fisheries.

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1821—Commencement of the Lachine Canal. First vessel passed through in 1825.

1831—Population of Upper Canada, 235,702; Lower Canada, 553,314.

1833—August 5—The steamer Royal William left Quebec and arrived at Gravesend on September 12th following. This boat was built at Quebec during 1830-31, and was the first steamer that ever crossed the Atlantic.

1836—July 21—Opening of the railroad from Laprairie to St. John's—the first railroad in Canada.

1837-38—Outbreak of rebellion in both Provinces. It was suppressed in Upper Canada by the Militia, and in Lower Canada by British troops.

1840—Death of Lord Durham, to whose exertions the subsequent union of the Provinces was mainly due.

1841—February 10—Union of the two Provinces under the name of the Province of Canada, and establishment of Responsible Government. The Legislature was to consist of a Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly, each Province to be represented by 6 members, 43 elected by the people and 20 appointed by the Crown. Population of Upper Canada, 455,688. May 17—

Land slide from the Citadel Rock, Quebec, and 32 persons killed. June 13—Opening of the first united Parliament at Kingston, by Lord Sydenham.

1842—August 9—Settlement of the boundary line between Canada and the United States by the Ashburton Treaty.

1844—Population of Lower Canada, 667,084.

1845—Large fires in the City of Quebec; 25,000 people rendered homeless.

1847—Telegraph line established between Quebec, Montreal and Toronto.

1848—The St. Lawrence Canals opened for navigation.

1849—April 25—Riots in Montreal over the passage of the Rebellion Losses Bill, and burning of the Parliament Library at Montreal.

1850—The first sod of the Northern Railway turned by Lady Elgin. The road was opened from Toronto to Bradford on June 13, 1853, and was the first locomotive railroad in operation in Upper Canada.

1851—Transfer of the control of the postal system from the British to the Provincial Governments, and adoption of a uniform rate of postage, viz, three pence per half ounce. The use of postage stamps was also introduced. Population of Upper Canada, 592,004; of Lower Canada, 890,261; of New Brunswick, 193,800; and of Nova Scotia, 276,853.

1850—Commencement of the Grand Trunk Railway.

1853—The number of members in the Legislative Assembly was increased from 48 to 150, being 65 from each Province. May 9—First ocean steamer arrived at Quebec.

1854—January 27—Main line of the Great Western Railway opened for traffic. Abolition of Seigneurial Tenure in Lower Canada, and settlement of the Clergy Reserves question. June 5—Reciprocity treaty with the United States, signed at Washington. It provided for mutual rights of fishing in certain Canadian and American waters, for the free interchange of the products of the sea, the soil, the forest and the mine; it allowed Americans the use of the St. Lawrence River and Canadian canals on the same terms as British subjects, and gave to Canadians the right to navigate Lake Michigan. This treaty was to last ten years.

1856—The Legislative Council was made an elective chamber.

1857—March 12—Desjardins Canal railway accident, 70 lives lost.

1858—Adoption of the decimal system of currency. Selection by the Queen of the City of Ottawa as the Capital of the Dominion and permanent seat of Government. April—Gold found in British Columbia. September—Gold found in Tangier River, N. S.

1860—August 25—Opening of the Victoria Bridge by the Prince of Wales. This bridge crosses the St. Lawrence at Montreal, on the line of the Grand Trunk Railway. It is the largest iron tubular bridge in the world, is sixty feet high in the center and nearly two miles in length. September 1—Laying of the corner stone of the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa by the Prince of Wales. These buildings, together with the Department Buildings, have been erected at a total cost, up to June 30, 1870, of \$4,884,678.

1861—Population of Upper Canada, 1,395,091; of Lower Canada, 1,171,566; of New Brunswick, 252,047; of Nova Scotia, 330,857; of Prince Edward Island, 18,857; of Vancouver's Island, exclusive of Indians, 3,024.

1866—March 17—Termination of the Reciprocity Treaty, in consequence of notice given by the United States. June 1—Invasion of Canada by Fenians. Battle of Ridgeway and retreat of the volunteers. June 3—Withdrawal of the Fenians into the United States. June 8—First meeting of Parliament in the new buildings at Ottawa. At this meeting the final resolutions necessary to effect the Confederation of the Provinces were passed.

1867—February 10—The British North America Act passed by the Imperial Legislature. July 1—Union of the Provinces of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick under the name of the Dominion of Canada. The names of Upper and Lower Canada were changed to Ontario and Quebec respectively. John A. Macdonald was the first Governor General of the Dominion, and the first Parliament met on November 3, Sir John A. Macdonald being Premier.

1868—April 7—Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee, M. P., murdered at Ottawa. July 1—The Rupert's Land Act passed by the Imperial Government providing for the acquisition by the Dominion of the North-West Territories.

1869—June 23—Bill passed providing for the Government of the North-West Territories. October 29—Hon. Wm. Macdougall appointed Lieutenant-Governor. Red River Rebellion. November 19—Deed of surrender signed, Indian's Bay Company to Her Majesty.

1870—March 4—Thomas Scott shot at Fort Garry. September 24—

Arrival at Fort Garry of the expedition under Colonel (Lord) Wolseley, when the rebels were found to have dispersed. May 25—Fenians crossed the frontier at Trout River in Quebec, but were driven back by the volunteers. July 15—Addition of the North-West Territories to the Dominion and admission of the Province of Manitoba into the Confederation. This Province was made out of a portion of the newly acquired territory.

1871—May 8—Signing of the Treaty of Washington. July 20—Admission of British Columbia into the Confederation. Population of the four Provinces, 2,455,761; of Manitoba, 16,994; of British Columbia, 32,224; and of Prince Edward Island, 94,021; total 2,635,001. November 11—The last regular troops left Quebec. 1872—Abolition of dual representation.

1873—May 2—Death of Sir George E. Cartier, in London. July 1—Admission of Prince Edward Island into the Confederation.

1876—Opening of the Intercolonial Railway from Quebec to Halifax.

1877—June 20—Great fire in St. John, New Brunswick. November 23—Award of Halifax Fisheries Commission of the sum of \$5,500,000 to be paid by the United States to the Imperial Government.

1879—Adoption of a Protective Tariff, otherwise called the National Policy. 1880—Death of the Hon. George Brown. October 21—Contract signed for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway. This contract was subsequently ratified by 44 Vic. c. 1 (1881).

1881—April 4—Population of the Dominion, 4,315,816. May 2—First shot turned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

1882—June 23—Legality of the Canada Temperance Act confirmed by the Privy Council. August 23—The seat of Government for the North-West Territories received the name of Regina.

1885—March 26—Outbreak of rebellion in the North-West; commencement of hostilities at Duck Lake. April 3—Massacre at Frog Lake. April 14—Fort Pitt abandoned. April 24—Engagement at Fish Creek. May 12—Battle of Batoche, and defeat of the rebels. May 26—Surrender of Poundmaker. July 1—Termination of the fishery clauses of the Washington Treaty by the United States. July 2—Capture of Big Bear, and final suppression of the rebellion. Total loss of the Militia and Volunteers under fire; killed, 38; wounded, 112. The rebel loss could not be ascertained. November 7—Driving of the last spike of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

1886—May 4—Opening of the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London. June 13—Town of Vancouver totally destroyed by fire. June 28—First through train left Montreal for Vancouver.

1887—April 4—Important conference in London between representatives of the principal Colonies and the Imperial Government. Canada was represented by Sir Alexander Campbell and Mr. Sanford Fleming. June 14—First C. P. R. steamship arrived at Vancouver from Yokohama. November 15—Meeting of the Fisheries Commission at Washington.

1888—March 15—Signing of the Fishery Treaty at Washington. August—Rejection of the Fishery Treaty by the United States Senate.

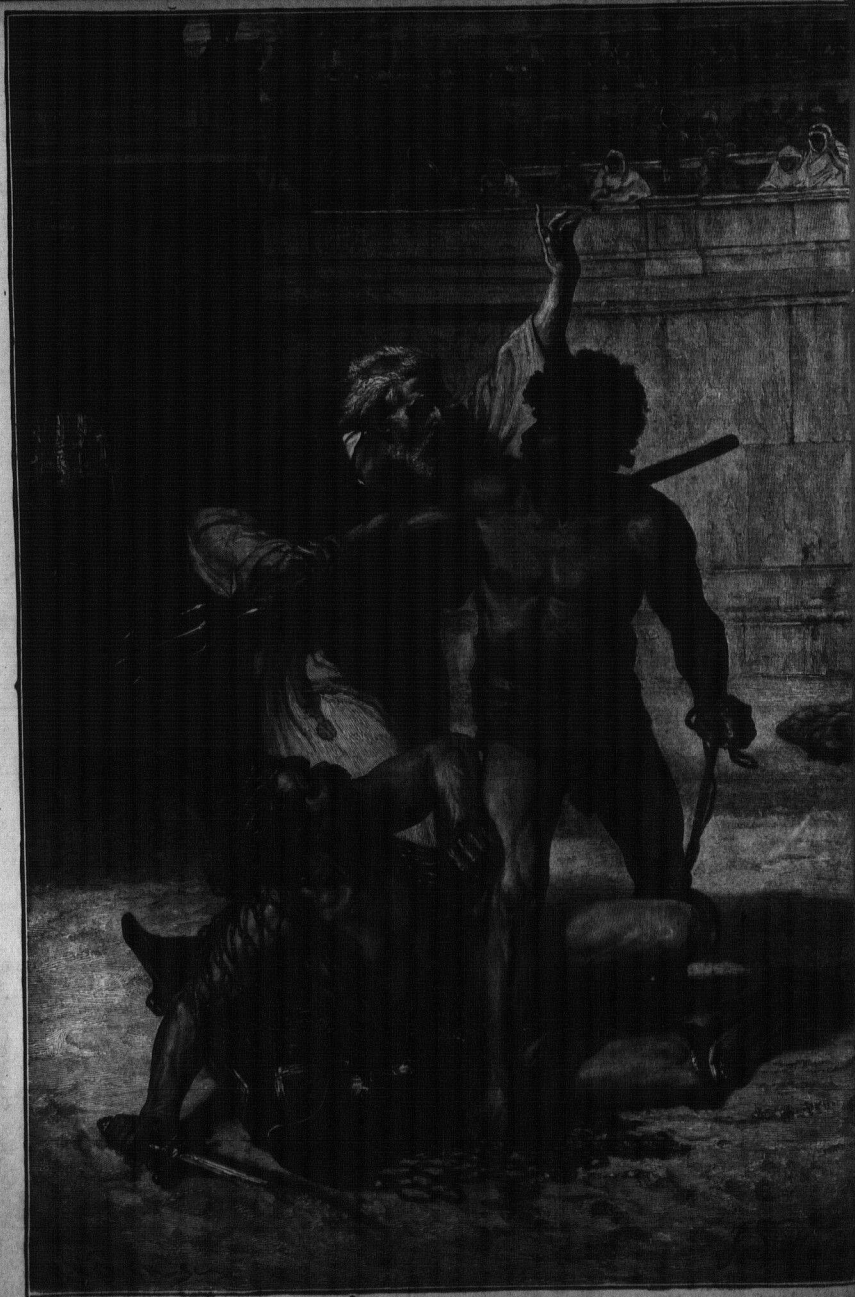
1889—September 19—Landslide (second) from Citadel Rock, Quebec. 45 persons killed.

1890—May 6—Longue Pointe Lunatic Asylum, near Montreal, destroyed by fire; over 70 lives lost. The buildings had been erected at a cost of \$1,133,232. October 6—McKinley Tariff Bill came into operation in the United States.

1891—Sir John Macdonald died.

LIST OF THE GOVERNORS GENERAL OF CANADA.

CANADA.					
VR.	FRENCH.	TITLE.	VR.	BRITISH.	TITLE.
150	Jean Jacques Cartier.	Capitaine General.	194	H. Hope.	1st Lieut. Gov. and Com. in Chief.
151	Marquis de la Roche.	Lieut. Gov. and Vice-roy of New France.	195	H. Hope.	Governor General.
152	Capitaine Frontenac.	Governor.	196	Lord Dalhousie.	Governor General.
153	Capitaine de Champlain.	Governor and La Gen.	197	James Macdonald.	Governor General.
154	Simon Montmorency.	Governor and La Gen.	198	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
155	De La Roche.	Governor.	199	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
156	De La Roche.	Governor.	200	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
157	Sieur d'Argenson.	Governor.	201	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
158	Sieur d'Argenson.	Governor.	202	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
159	Marquis de Tracy.	Governor and La Gen.	203	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
160	Marquis de Tracy.	Lieutenant Governor.	204	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
161	Sieur de Courcelles.	Governor and La Gen.	205	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
162	Sieur de la Roche.	Governor.	206	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
163	Sieur de la Roche.	Governor.	207	John Dacres.	Lieutenant Governor.
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REMARKABLE FEATS OF MEMORY.

On one occasion an Englishman presented himself to Frederick the Great and informed him that he was possessed of such a retentive memory that he could remember, word for word, any speech or treatise of considerable length, after once hearing or reading it. The king resolved to put him to the test, and did so with a somewhat amusing result. Voltaire happened to be announced at the time, and as he was going to read a copy of verses which he had just written, Frederick looked upon it as a favorable opportunity for proving the truth of the man's assertion. He therefore concealed the Englishman in a closet, and commanded him to remember every word he should hear during his incarceration.

The poet read his verses but the king listened with apparent coolness and at the end charged Voltaire with attempting to pass off the verse of others as his own work. Of course, the author was indignant, and asserted that he had only that moment finished the composition of the verses which he had just read. "Well," replied the king, "I have just seen an Englishman who has repeated them to me as his own writing," and he then directed the man in hiding to come forth and repeat the lines. This he did without the variation of a single word, and the performance naturally threw Voltaire into a rage, and led him to remark that the gentleman must have dealings with the Evil One.

At length, however, the king let him into the secret and dismissed the

Englishman with a suitable reward for the amusement he had caused by his extraordinary memory. La Croze seems to have had a similar memory, for we are told that after listening to twelve verses in as many different languages, he could not only repeat them in the order in which he heard them but he could also transpose them. Scaliger, too, was proud of his memory, and he became so thoroughly acquainted with one Latin work that he undertook to repeat any passage with a dagger at his breast, which had to be used against him in the event of any failure of his memory.

Gassendi acquired six thousand Latin verses by heart, together with the whole of Lucretius's poem, *De Rerum Natura*. He thought that a little daily exercise was good for his memory, and consequently he was in the habit of reciting six hundred verses from various languages every day.

Leyden had also a strong predilection for amusement of this nature, and it is said that he could repeat correctly, after having heard it read, any deed or Act of Parliament, or any other long, dry document.

Seneca at one time was equal to repeating two thousand words exactly as he had heard them pronounced, and an actor named Lyon had such a wonderful memory that on one occasion he repeated the whole contents of a newspaper from beginning to end. This was for a bet of a bowl of punch, and we are informed that he accomplished the task without making the slightest mistake. The newspaper was an English daily, and he certainly earned a bowl of punch—or something better and more elevating—after wading through "all the varieties of advertisements, prices of stocks, domestic and foreign news, accidents, offences, law intelligence," etc.

Another case is mentioned, however, in which a man is said to have read a newspaper once through, and then repeated it without omitting a single word. Stranger still, he afterwards repeated it backwards with the same success, but the reader can draw the line at this if he likes.

"Memory-corner Thompson" had also a capital memory for anything he saw, and it is related that on one occasion he drew, in twenty-hours, a correct

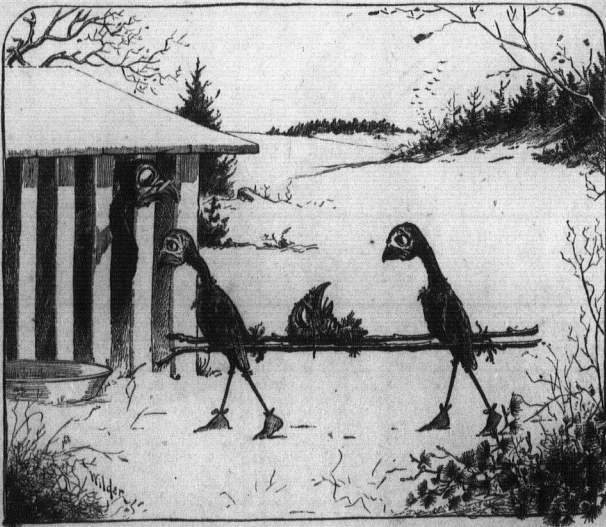
plan of the parish of St. James, Westminster, with portions of the parishes of St. Marylebone, St. Ann, and St. Martin. This plan contained every square, street, lane, court, alley, market, church, chapel, and all public buildings, with all stable and other yards. He also pointed out every public house in the parish, the corners of all streets, and such things as pumps, posts, trees, bow-windows, etc. It was produced entirely from memory, and without any reference to books or papers.

At another time he did the same with respect to the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn, and also undertook to draw plans of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, St. Paul's, Covent Garden, St. Mary-le-Strand, St. Clement's, and three-fourths of Marylebone, or St. George's. He was also able to take an inventory of a house, from the attic to the ground floor, and afterwards write it out from memory. These remarkable feats are referred to in the papers of January, 1830.

The mathematician Saunderson could repeat all Horace's Odes, as well as long extracts from the works of other Latin authors. Pope, too, had an excellent memory, and it is said that he could turn with great readiness to the precise place in a book where he had seen any passage that had struck him—an acquisition which would often prove of great service to him; and a French novelist, a printer, composed a volume in type, and thus printed a book without first writing it.

On the other hand, some people are very unfortunate in the matter of memory, and Lessing seems to have been one of these. At any rate, he once gave three of his friends, at different times, a commission to buy at any price a book which was about to be offered at a public sale. They accordingly bid against each other up to ninety crowns, and then one spoke to the others and it became known that they were all bidding for the same individual. As no person had bid against them after ten crowns this forgetfulness cost Lessing a nice little sum.

THE LAST SAD RITES; OR, A CHRISTMAS TRAGEDY.



PUT ME OFF AT SYRACUSE.

"Now, see here, porter," said he briskly. "I want you to put me off at Syracuse. You know we get in there about six o'clock in the morning, and I may oversleep myself. But it is important that I should get out. Here's a five-dollar gold piece. Now, I may wake up hard, for I've been dining to-night and will probably feel rocky. Don't mind if I kick. Pay no attention if I'm ugly. I want you to put me off at Syracuse."

"Yes, sah," answered the sturdy Nubian, ramming the bright coin into his trousers pocket. "It shall be did, sah!"

The next morning the coin-giver was awakened by a stentorian voice calling: "Rochester! Thirty minutes for refreshments!"

"Rochester!" he exclaimed, sitting up. "Where is that black coon?"

Hastily slipping on his trousers he went in search of the object of his wrath and found him in the porter's closet, huddled up with his head in a bandage, his clothes torn and his arm in a sling.

"Well," says the drummer, "you are a sight. Been in an accident? Why didn't you put me off at Syracuse?"

"Wha-at!" ejaculated the porter, jumping to his feet, as his eyes bulged from his head. "Was you de gen'man what guf ter me a five-dollar gold piece?"

"Of course I was, you idiot!"

"Well den, befoah de Lawd, who was de gen'man put off at Syracuse?"



A MARTYR TO FAITH.

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THE FINANCES OF ONTARIO.

Hon. R. Harcourt, treasurer of the Province of Ontario, arose in the Legislative Chamber on Friday, February 19 last, and delivered the budget speech, which as usual was a very long and complex recital of figures. We have selected from it a number of facts that will interest everybody who cares to know anything about the finances of the Province, and have tried to word those facts in a way that any reader can grasp their exact meaning. During the year the treasury received the sum of \$3,337,570 from all ordinary sources. The subsidy from the Dominion is of course unchangeable. It represents eighty cents per head of the population of the Province according to the census of 1861. According to the census of 1891 it represents fifty-seven cents per head of our population, being \$1,204,403.75. If the subsidy was fixed at the rate of eighty cents according to our present population it would be about \$375,000 more than it is.

Since 1873 the gross receipts from the Crown Lands Department have amounted to \$17,253,250, or an average for the twenty years, including 1891, of \$863,664 per year. The largest sum received during any one year was received in 1879, the amount being \$1,437,392; the smallest receipt, viz., \$445,278, was that of the year 1878. From the gross receipts must be deducted the expenses of the Department, moneys refunded and cost of surveys, etc., which leaves the net receipts for the above mentioned period, \$1,207,143.

During the same period from 1872 to 1891 the sum of \$5,066,293 on public buildings, in the way of schools, colleges and asylums; \$5,655,478 on railways, \$3,334,811 on public works and \$2,146,792 on colonization roads. This gives a total of \$15,233,324.

In 1871 a fund of \$1,500,000 was set apart to aid railways on certain conditions. In the same year \$400,000 was added to this fund, and a railway subsidy fund created by setting apart \$100,000 a year for twenty years. These twenty years in the meantime have swiftly rolled by, and during the past year the very last of these payments of \$100,000 was made, and therefore it is that this year's burden is much lighter than that of previous years. This year our payment is \$141,218 as against the payment last year of \$252,179, or a saving of more than \$110,000 in a single year. At the end of five years the payment will be again reduced by a large amount, while for the next five years there will be annual reductions. Our payments for the last ten years have averaged over \$271,555 a year; during the next ten years the average payment will be less than \$107,868 a year, a difference on the right side of more than \$163,727 a year.

In various ways the Province has directly appropriated to and spent in assisting railway construction about \$7,000,000, besides an indirect appropriation by payments to municipalities under the Municipal Loan Fund settlement of \$1,336,997. This aid stimulated enterprise on the part of the municipalities, the result being municipal subsidies amounting to about \$14,000,000. Since Confederation 4450 miles of railway have been completed. The roads now under construction receiving aid are the Port Huron, Duluth & Western Railway and the Parys Sound Colonization Railway. During 1891 six railroads received their last payment from the Province. They were: The Bradford, Norfolk & Port Burwell Railway; the Canada Southern; the London, Huron & Bruce; the Midland; the Prince Edward County; and the Toronto, Grey & Bruce Railway. There are now fourteen railways receiving moneys from the Province; in 1890 there will be only eight; and in 1904 there will only be two railways, those mentioned above as under construction, receiving aid from the Province.

During the year \$500,000 was received from the Dominion treasury on account of the debt owed to Ontario. This was paid in bonds which were promptly sold at par. This money was spent along with the year's receipts. The reason why the expenditures were larger than usual were explained by Mr. Harcourt to be (1) on account of the \$100,000 paid to rebuild the Toronto University; (2) the payment of \$47,115 to the municipalities on account of the land improvement fund; (3) the granting of \$32,750 to county houses of refuge; (4) and the loaning of \$65,000 to different municipalities on drainage debentures. The expenditure on capital account on the new asylums at Mimico and Orillia and on the new parliament buildings in Queen's Park, Toronto, were also exceptionally large, being \$568,937.

The Province took to itself control of liquor licenses in 1876. Since that date it has received as net revenue from licenses \$4,636,315, or \$164,407 per year. It has paid to the municipalities during the same period \$3,885,922, or \$142,870 per year. The municipalities have therefore during the last sixteen years received on an average \$768,463 more per year than the Province from this source. The Province received during 1891 the sum of \$208,184. Nineteen municipalities had taken advantage of the Local Option Amendment to the Liquor License Law and passed bylaws prohibiting the sale of liquor by retail. To this number five or six municipalities have since been added. Chief Justice Holt quashed bylaws passed under this clause, but the Court of Appeal confirmed the clause, which is really a re-enactment of an old clause embodied in the Liquor License Laws of 1868, and known in 1864 as the Dunkin Act.

The administration of criminal justice in 1891 cost the Province \$176,393, a sum much larger than was expected. In this item the counties bear the smaller part of the expense. In 1890 the counties paid for criminal justice, jail salaries and maintenance of prisoners \$105,258; the Province paid \$142,091.

The sum of \$1,250,000 had been voted for the new parliament buildings, but the Provincial Treasurer speaking authoritatively, as the acting Comptroller of Public Works during the illness of Hon. Mr. Fraser, assured the House that the total expenditure would be less than the amount voted.

The expenditure on education is increasing each year. In 1881 the sum of \$258,287 was voted for public schools; in 1890 the sum voted was \$284,327. In 1881 for high schools, \$83,288; in 1890, \$101,884. In 1881 for mechanics institutes and free libraries, the vote was \$23,850; in 1890, \$39,000. The total outlay on these items in 1891 was \$66,776 more than in 1881. Corresponding with the increased expenses there is increased work. The number of public school scholars enrolled was increased from 476,268 to 494,565. The number of high school scholars has increased from 131,36 to 139,395. The public schools have increased in number from 2,338 to 5,718, and the high schools from 105 to 122. The mechanics institutes increased from 75 to 230. The number of students attending the Provincial University increased from 320 to 504. Mr. Harcourt pointed out that while McGill College at Montreal had received \$1,200,000 in the past five years from private benefactors, the Ontario Provincial University had received less than \$159,000 in the past ten years.

In 1883 the sum of \$78,095 was spent on hospitals and charities and in 1891 \$167,745. The asylum account is growing and the amount of insanity is increasing. During the year ending September 30, 1890, there were 262 more patients admitted than during the previous year. The average daily number of patients in residence last year was 3,506, while for the previous year it was 3,366, an increase of 240. In the new cottages at Orillia and Mimico beds have been provided for 950 patients. The maintenance of public institutions in 1887 cost \$569,744; in 1888, \$721,600; in 1889, \$788,099; in 1890, \$769,905; in 1891, \$820,516, being an increase of \$166,773 in five years. In the estimate a sum was asked for the building of another new asylum at or near Brockville.

There are eighty-seven agricultural societies in the Province and in response to a request made by a representative deputation the Government announced that it would increase its annual grant by \$100; an additional outlay of \$8,700.

In conclusion Mr. Harcourt said: "No British Colony, no other Province can show a balance sheet one half as favorable. . . . If we look about us, a glance at the finances of the sister Provinces will give us additional cause for thankfulness that we have persistently adhered to a policy of rigid economy. The treasurer of more than one of these Provinces each year laments his inability to see a way of escape from the 'gloomy grove of annual deficits.' The large and constantly increasing debt of Quebec is from an Ontario point of view alarming, and all parties there seem to take it for granted that sooner or later the Federal Government must come to the rescue. Prince Edward Island has drawn upon capital account and is still behind. Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have incurred large debts, and they are once more agitating for better terms. Nova Scotia urgently asks the Dominion to relieve her of liabilities to the amount of a million and a half of dollars. New Brunswick, with a population of only 321,294, had at the close of last year a bonded debt of \$2,342,000. And where, sir, we may well ask, is this to end? I do not forget that these three smaller Provinces with an aggregate population of only 880,905, or two-fifths that of Ontario alone, maintain separate Legislatures, each of them having a second chamber, and that because of this the administrative work is trebled, and the expenditures on education, administration of justice and public works is very much larger than would otherwise be necessary. At the same time we may well say, we must insist, that any settlement of these difficulties must concern the future—I do not speak of existing obligations, whether by means of increased annual grants to each of the Provinces, having strict regard to population, or otherwise—should be a comprehensive settlement, arrived at after a careful study of the whole situation, altered as it is in so many regards since Confederation; that it should be an absolute final settlement, made so by an Imperial enactment; that not another dollar of the Federal treasury should thereafter be spent in 'special grants' or 'better terms'; and that it should be in all regards fair, we ask no more, to our own Province. In this way, and in this way only, will the Provinces become self-reliant, make the most of their own resources, and avoid extravagant expenditures. I do not lose sight of the fact that a general increase of Provincial subsidies means an increase of the Federal debt, as well as an increase of the already serious burden of interest to be borne by the Federal taxpayer, and that of these increases Ontario must bear by far the greater half of the burden. If we cannot get an exact measure of justice, we must accept that settlement which will most nearly approach to it. The giving of special grants—in reality, as has been said, increased subsidies in disguise—to this and to that Province, his stifled self-reliance, encouraged needless expenditures and fostered discontent."

"We can also with boldness invite comparison with any one of even the most favored of the States nearest us. Take the great commonwealth of Pennsylvania for example. It has a population of 5,253,014, and its gross revenue for the year ending November 30, 1889, was \$8,645,919. It gives very liberal grants, as we do, to charities, hospitals, common schools and kindred objects. It pays its Judiciary over \$500,000 a year, an expenditure with which we are not burdened. At the same time it resorts to several modes of taxation of which the people of Ontario have had happily no experience. For example, the State collects on corporation stock and limited partnerships, on personal property, on bank stocks and foreign insurance companies exceed our total revenue. And yet this favored commonwealth is compelled to devote one-fifth of its whole annual revenue to a sinking fund to meet interest on and redeem the principal of its public debt. Pennsylvania occupies deservedly a prominent place as one of the most advanced States of the Union. Were I to institute a comparison with many of the other States of the Union as to finances the result would be still more favorable to us."

It is a fact beyond dispute that Ontario is financially better off than any other Province of the Dominion and is as sound in any State of the Union.



HAPPY MORNING.



CONDEMNED TO DIE.



I saw him last
An' now I
but they cun't
He's out on
if ye see
As I long to
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*Christmas Day; or the Christ-Spirit.**Ab'm Link.*

How long gone, I scarcely can tell,
When ole Ab'm Link sed ter me :
"I guess I'll go huntin' a spell,
On the boat-lake marshes, I'm sartin," said he,

"If things is favorable
To be mor'n a week away."
An' he took up his gun, an' well—
He's never been seen ter this day.

A cur'us ole man is this ole Ab'm Link,
With a stupid, slow droop in his eye ;
An' a look as if allus a goin' ter wink.
Folks called him too lazy
ter die,—

An' too cursed ornery ter live,
The reason I cannot tell why
But it's a mighty big pile as I'd give
Ter tell where he's laid himself by.

'Twas a hazy, soft day when he took his depart,
With his ornery dog an' his gun.
'Tis some time agone, an' I wish in my heart,
As the most of his huntin' was done.

An' he'd come back home once agin,
With his wink an' his slink an' his dog ;
An' he an' I would do as we've bin,
Sit sunnin' ourselves on a log ;

An' talk of the partridge an' coons,
An' the ducks in the rice by the
lake.

I guess as he's gone forty moons.
It's a mighty long stay fer ter
make !

Some talked of drownin' or lost,
An' some of a funeral an' stone ;
But they c'n't fool me as they knows ter their cost.
An' I feel it most when alone :

That Abe's still abuntin' out there,
Where the sky stretches misty an' dim ;
An' the far-callin' birds come adrift on the air,
From the edge of the world's distant rim.

An' a scentin' the air he still goes,
Across the wide stretches of grass
An' patches of rice, where the marsh-
river flows ;
An' the clouds cast a shade as they pass.

Folks ses as I'm childish an' old,
But they makes a mistake when they say,
For my heart feels as young, though the seasons hev' rolled,
As that day Ab'm Link went away.

He jest put his gun on his
shoulder,
"I'll be gone mor'n a week,
sure," he sed.

I saw him last out by yon boulder,
An' now folks is hintin' he's dead.
But they c'n't fool me, much as they think
He's out on the marsh's mist-ine.
't' if ye see him, jest tell Ab'm Link,
As I long ter be huntin' with him.
STEPHEN, N. B.

WILLIAM WILFRED CAMPBELL.

He Lied Well for a Boy.

Tommy (proudly)—I got some candies and raisins, and nuts, and a knife,
lots of other things in my stockin' on Christmas. What did you get ?
Sammy (not to be out-done)—Oh, I got heaps of candies and such things
a died, and a base ball and bat, and—
Tommy (excitedly)—Oh, shucks, yer couldn't git all that into yer stockin'.
Sammy (triumphantly)—Yes I did. Dere was a hole in it.

This Christmas day, despite the dearth
Of love and mercy on the earth—
We will believe in human worth,
And faith and hope shall win us ;
For who, at such a joyous time,
Would wade through history's slough of crime ?
The advent of a soul sublime
Wakes all the god within us !

Calls up those mighty men of yore,
That in divinsten living lore
Their very spirits did outpour,
For light and liberty ;
Great souls that in the world's dark night
Stood forth to lead men's steps aright,
And into Chaos bore the light,
That ages all might see,

One spark of that celestial fire !
Which the Christ-spirit doth inspire,
Draws man to man, and lifts us higher
In the immortal scale :
Bursts the bonds which keep men apart,
Unlocks the fountains of the heart ;
'Twill Christianise the daily mart
And love at last prevail.

That spirit doth with love o'erflow,
Those features of divinsten woe,
They haunt us still where'er we go,
So human is the face :
That spirit has not passed away,
Have we not seen it heavenly ray,
Illuminating things of clay,
With the divinsten grace.

Those very eyes, full well we know !
That wept so oft o'er human woe,
Full eighteen hundred years ago,
With an instinctive start,
Have we not in the busy street,
Amid the rush of hurrying feet,
Stood still those very eyes to greet,
That shone into our heart ?

In pity we have seen them swim
Beneath some humble Friend's broad brim,
Seen them in woman's tears grow dim,
Beside the bed of death
Of some weak wanderer gone astray,
In pleasure's ever downward way,
Still bringing hope's undying ray
To soothe the latest breath.

Yet rugged is that spirit's way,
Truth's forms like human things grow gray,
And aye the rebel of to-day
The saint is of to-morrow ;
Then let us never look behind,
But 'neath the banner of mankind
March onward with the march of mind,
To lessen human sorrow.

ALEXANDER MCCLACHLAN.

Watching His Material.

Howell Gibbon—Who is that fellah over there ?
Rossin Howes—That is the man who turns out most of the jokes published
in the papers about dudes being brainless.
Howell Gibbon—Beastly brute ! He has been looking at me and smiling
all evening.

A Partisan Shot.

Mr. Snappy (winding up the quarrel)—Well, I must admit you are very
polite with your abuse, to say the least.
Mrs. Snappy—Thank you, dear. I always make it a point to be courteous,
however contemptible the person with whom I am disputing may be.

Bound to Beat.

Johnny (proudly)—Our folks will get more presents off the Christmas tree
than yours.
Tommy—How do you know ?
Johnny—Well, ma is going to put everything in pa's bureau on for him and
he's goin' to put everything in hers on for her. See ?

THE WATERLOO BALL.

The last of the "fair women" who danced at the famous ball given in Brussels by the Duchess of Richmond on the night of June 15, 1815, has passed away.

The Baroness de Ros (pronounced Roos) whose death has been lately announced, was the third daughter of Charles, fourth Duke of Richmond. She was born on September 30, 1795, and was therefore a young lady of nineteen when that scene took place which inspired Byron to write those stirring lines beginning with—

There was a sound of revelry by night;
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily, and when
Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spoke again;
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hush! a deep sound strikes like a rising gale.

Sir Walter Scott once said: "I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass in vigor and in feeling this most beautiful description." Posterity has fully indorsed this verdict, and recognizes in the lines of Byron just that aid which the art of the poet could lend to the march of facts at once so states and so terrible. There is little wonder that this veritable "dance of death" should have appealed to the genius of poets and prose-writers alike. The poet, although since his day it has been discovered that the ball was not given in a "high hall," and that there was no "windowed niche," has, paradoxically enough, adhered more to the truth than the novelist Thackeray.

For many years the error was current that the British army was surprised while the officers were dancing on the evening of June 15th, two days before the battle of Waterloo. But the facts are these: On June 15th, Bonaparte crossed the Cambré, and advanced upon Charleroi; but this attack was not thought to be a serious one, and it was believed he really intended to open his road to Brussels, the headquarters of the Duke of Wellington, by the valley of the Cambré. Accordingly, the duke waited at Brussels for proof of the attack upon Charleroi not being a feint, which was brought at three o'clock in the afternoon to the duke at his hotel, about one hundred yards from headquarters, in the park at Brussels, which he had taken care not to quit during the morning or the preceding day. Wellington now put his army in motion to his left, the order for this memorable march being given, not in the ball-room at midnight—as reported had for many years—but in the duke's hotel, and at about five o'clock in the afternoon. These orders must have reached most of the corps by eight, and probably all by ten o'clock at night.

The Duke and Duchess of Richmond were living in a fine hotel on the Rue de la Blanchisserie, which stood on its own grounds, and had a fruit and flower garden extending to the city ramparts. Their graces moved in all the society of Brussels, and entertained a great deal. The duchess, who had issued two hundred and twenty invitations for her ball, proposed to recall them when she heard that Napoleon's army was advancing. But the Duke of Wellington, to prevent alarm, requested that the ball might take place. Nevertheless, many English families were frightened away from Brussels, and post-horses were kept harnessed in the Duke of Richmond's stable, in case bad news from the scene of the conflict should make it advisable for his children to be sent to Antwerp.

The majority of the people of Brussels in great style, should he force the British army to retreat, and enter their city in triumph.

So it was that the Duke of Wellington and many of his officers went to the ball after the business of the day had been attended to.

While the merry couples were flying around, a despatch from the front was handed to Wellington. He asked the Duke of Richmond for a private room where he might consult with some of his generals, who were present. The duchess's dressing-room was the only convenient room which was safe from intrusion.

Candles were hastily lit on the dressing-table, at which Wellington sat with a map before him, and having explained certain points to his staff they all rejoined the company. They left the house before ten o'clock, and succeeded in doing so without attracting any attention.

Very few, if any, of the dancers guessed how near at hand was the crisis which was to decide the fate of Europe, and it never entered the heads of the young girls that some of their partners were dancing the "dance of death."

About midnight the general officers were quietly warned, and disappeared from the room. Among those who left the dance was—

"Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first and last the festival;
And caught in time with death's prophetic ear,
And when they called, because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that paid too well,
Which stretched his father on a bloody bed,
And raised the vengeance blood alone could quell;
He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting fell."

Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, had, with his famous Black Brunswickers, joined the British army six years before. His father, Duke Charles, commanded the Prussian troops at Austerlitz, and died soon after of his wounds. The little Brunswicker army went into mourning for their dead leader, whence they received the name of Black Brunswickers. He was one of the first to fall at Quatre Bras.

Sir John Millais's famous picture, called *The Black Brunswicker*, represents one of his officers bidding farewell to his ladylove at the Duchess of Richmond's ball. Millais's model for the lady was Charles Dickens's daughter.

Sir Walter Scott, in *Paul's Letters to His Kinsfolk*, thus describes the scene on the morning after the ball:

"Our two distinguished Highland corps, the grand and grand, were among the first to muster. They had lain in position in Brussels during the winter and spring, and their good behavior had attracted the affection of the inhabitants in an unusual degree. . . . They had assembled with the utmost alacrity to the sound of Cameron's Gathering, a well known pibroch, the corresponding words of which are: 'Come to me and I will give you flesh,' an invitation to the wolf and raven, for which the next day did, in fact, spread an ample banquet at the expense of our brave countrymen, as well as of the enemies. They composed part of Sir Thomas Picton's corps (Sir Thomas was present at the battle and was killed at Waterloo), and early in the morning of the 16th marched out together with the other troops under the command of that distinguished and lamented officer."

Those whose fate it was to see so many brave men take their departure on this eventful day, 'gay in the morning as if for summer sport,' will not easily forget the sensations which the spectacle excited at the moment and which were rendered permanent by the slaughter that awaited them."

It is stated, on Lady de Ros's authority, that the dance was continued all night after the departure of the officers—not by the ladies of the house, but by other young ladies, in a more or less heartless way. Lady de Ros possessed a full list of the people invited. Among them, besides those already mentioned, we find the Princes of Orange and Nassau and Prince Frederick of Orange, Lord Fitzroy Somerset, who lost an arm at Waterloo; the Earl of Uxbridge, who lost a leg at the same battle; Lord Hay, who was killed at Quatre Bras; and Sir William Ponsonby, who was killed at Waterloo. But besides these there were many other officers who fell either on the following day at Quatre Bras or on the 17th of June at Waterloo.

Lady de Ros would often speak of her farewell on the following morning to her soldier brother, Lord George, whose charger was killed under him at Waterloo, and of the terrible anxiety they all felt while that battle was raging. She would relate how her father rode out to see the battle, witnessed the charge of the British troops which scattered the Imperial Guard, and brought back the news of the victory. Then, too, she would describe how the rough country carts came slowly into Brussels bringing the wounded to the hospitals; how the merchants and shopkeepers gave up their stores and warehouses when the hospitals were filled, and how she and her sisters Sophia and Louisa used to carry the little dainties to the disabled heroes of Waterloo.

A few days later the Duchess of Richmond took her daughters to visit the Duke of Wellington, with whom they were great favorites, and Lady de Ros would in her old age recall how sad his face and sorrowful his own words were when he spoke of the loss of so many gallant men. Then came the day of public thanksgiving, when the Prince of Orange, at the head of all his troops, marched through Brussels to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* was sung.

KING OF THE WORLD'S FORGERY.

Henry Davis, alias Stoddard, who is now in the Jersey City Jail for the forgery of a telegraphic order on the Pittsfield Bank of Massachusetts, is probably the most clever, daring, and ingenious forger on record. A New York correspondent relates that Davis is the only man who ever, having been sent to prison for forgery, forged his way out again. The means by which he came to be pardoned by Governor Buchanan of Tennessee reveal a skill and audacity unsurpassed in criminal annals. Davis was arrested in Memphis, Tennessee, on several charges of forgery, the cheques which he had written and passed having been honored by a number of banks and mercantile houses. His skill was exceptional, and every one of the cheques had been paid without suspicion, the signatures being marvellous in execution. His trial was made sensational through a number of letters from respectable people, some of them well known, which he offered or exhibited in his own behalf, all of them ultimately turning out to be forgeries. The result of his trial was a sentence of ten years in the state penitentiary. Davis's attorney worked hard for him and made strenuous efforts to save him from added punishment of hard labor. He did not succeed, however, and the prisoner was sent to Tracy. While he was there Governor Buchanan received a petition for Davis's pardon. It was accompanied by a letter from Mr. Babitt, Davis's attorney, which was most ingeniously constructed and pathetically written. The petition was subscribed to by all the officials of the court in which Davis was tried, the entire jury who found him guilty, and a large number of citizens of Tennessee, among them being many influential men who were intimate friends of Governor Buchanan. It was so ingeniously and sympathetically that the governor, who very rarely grants a pardon without consultation with some of the signers, believed such a course to be unnecessary. He therefore issued a pardon and Davis was set at liberty. The governor had him brought to Nashville and personally presented him with a new suit of clothes and a sum of money. Davis then disappeared. Two weeks afterwards the governor met Mr. Babitt, Davis's attorney, and congratulated him on the success of his efforts. Babitt was amazed, and could not understand what he meant. His excellency then spoke of the pardon, and found that Babitt knew nothing about it. Every name and every letter were barefaced forgeries, and the entire petition had been written by Davis himself while in prison. How he managed the work is not known. From that time nothing was heard of Davis until the Pittsfield Bank forgery came out and Stoddard was arrested. An officer found Stoddard and Davis to be one and the same; and so the whole story has come to light.

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A LONDON MIRACLE.

An Important Statement by a Well Known Citizen.

Dr. E. J. Powell, of 33 Alma street, writes his remarkable experience to an
Advertiser Representative—Testimony by Ballantyne Rheumatism from his head,
his at East Brompton from Artery—A story full of hope for other sufferers.

London Advertiser.

At 33 Alma street, South London, lives Mr. E. J. Powell, a gentleman who
has resided in London and vicinity for about six years, and who enjoys the
esteem of a large circle of friends here and elsewhere throughout the Province.
Those who know him are doubtless aware that he has been a sufferer since his
youth from rheumatism in its worst form. His acquaintances in the city, who
remember the long stage of the illness he stood a year ago last winter, and
who had come to look upon him as almost a confirmed invalid, have been sur-
prised of late to see the remarkable change for the better that has taken place.
The haggard face and almost crippled form of a year ago have given way to
an appearance of robustness, vigour and agility that certainly seem the result of
miraculous agency.

Hearing of this a reporter called on Mr. Powell in order to ascertain by
what magic means this transformation had been wrought. The scribe first
asked if the reports concerning his wonderful restoration to health were true.
"I am thankful to say they are," said Mr. Powell. "My case is pretty well known
about here."

"To what does your recovery?" was asked.

"I owe it to the use of a certain remedy," he replied; "but I would prefer
saying nothing at present. I have suffered nearly all my life with a malady I
began to regard as incurable, and the fact that I am permanently relieved
appears incredible. In common parlance, it seems to me good to last. I want to
be sure that I am permanently cured before anything is made public, so that
when I do give a testimonial it will have some weight. You may call again
on me and I will let you know."

About two months later the reporter knocked at Mr. Powell's door, and
was admitted by that gentleman himself. The latter said he was now abso-
lutely convinced of the permanency of his cure, but being a man who did not
care for publicity, he hesitated long before he could make up his mind to
give his name to be used. Coming from one of his conscientiousness and
modesty, however, his word cannot fail of having the weight he deserves.

"The primary cause of my rheumatism," said Mr. Powell, "I attribute to
my being thrashing administered to me by a school teacher when I was thirteen
or fourteen years of age. I received injuries then which subsequently brought
me years of suffering. The first time I really felt any rheumatic trouble was
one day when carrying an armful of wood up a flight of stairs in Victoria
terrace, Coburg, which institution I was attending as a student. This was in
1872. A twinge of pain caught me, but passed away in an instant. I did not
know what it was. Again, when playing football, I experienced a like sensation
and that marked the commencement. After this I was attacked at various
periods, though it was not until 1875 that I began to grow alarmed. I was
living then in Toronto, keeping books for my brother, who was in the wholesale
business, and as I resided on North Pembroke street and had to walk to
Wellington street every day, I found that my rheumatism was getting pretty
bad. I did not consult a doctor, but took different patent medicines adver-
tised for cure complaints of my nature. I was not benefited, however, the
rheumatism passed away only to return in the fall and spring. In 1878 I
engaged in mercantile business in Essex county. From that out I was at
labor work, but the pain returned at intervals. I suffered from sciatica in the
left leg; it was very acute at times. In taking stock one day it became so
severe that I was hardly able to move around. This was the first acute symp-
tom—that is, where the effects remained for any length of time. I suffered the
most intense pain for days. That was about the year 1880.

"For a number of years afterwards I continued to grow worse and worse.
I went into the real estate business in Toronto, and had a good deal
of talking to do. I experienced the pain constantly that summer. It was all
at and at all times, frequently so bad that I would have to stand on the street,
the muscles of my left leg and it did it so that the spasm was over. At
last, I could walk but three or four blocks and would then have to halt. I
consulted medical men and was advised to try electricity. I took the treatment
regularly for several weeks, getting sometimes two or three charges a day on the
head and feet from an electric battery. It did me no slight good, but I
thought my health became so bad that I decided to quit the real estate business
and enter upon rural life, thinking that the change of air and occupation might
be a beneficial effect. So I exchanged some property for the old Dr. Wood-
house farm near the city. I worked it one year, but found it was fast render-
ing my life a burden. I reluctantly left the farm and came into London three
years ago last May. I did some building here, but my malady prevented me
from actively engaging in business.

"A year ago last winter the first snow fell on December 1; I went out to
the farm, and before I got through I was seized with a pain and had to
return to the house. For fourteen weeks I never left it. The only way in which
I could be moved was by being wheeled around in an easy chair. What I suf-
fered during that period no one but myself can ever realize. I was attended by
the best physician in the city of London. Possibly his treatment was not without
temporary effect; at any rate I gradually recovered until I was able to be
out of my bed for the first time in my life. I decided to try country life again, and went back to
the farm last year, but it still found me as bad as ever. I was living in
the habit of having to go through another ordeal when I read in the papers about
the Marshall miracle in Hamilton. I had then as much faith in Pink Pills as I

had in other patent medicine—and that wasn't very great. I did not bother
with them nor did I think of the matter again until last September. I saw Mr.
Marshall at the Western Fair and he advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink
Pills. I told him I did not think the remedy claimed to cure rheumatism, and
that although I had certainly ocular proof that his own was bona fide, my com-
plaint was different to his. Mr. Marshall said he could not say why his remedy
cure rheumatism or not, but the pills were good for the blood anyway, and at
least would do me no harm to try half a dozen boxes. I neglected his advice
it would be useless to try a medicine, I thought. Many of my friends had
probably read of the remarkable cures accomplished by Pink Pills, kept urging
me to give them a trial.

"At last I yielded and bought six boxes as a sort of fortune hope. I took
four boxes and received no benefit that I could recognize, but while taking the
fifth I noticed that for a period of three or four days I felt no pain. This was a
novelty to me, as for three or four years I had not known what it was to have
a moment's freedom from suffering, whether in bed or out of it. I suppose it was
a temporary relaxation due to natural causes. However, it gave me some hope
to finish the sixth box. Then I knew I was getting better—much better. The
pain which had been constant became intermittent and less severe. My friends
and family told me that I was beginning to look like another man. My face,
which had begun to wear a drawn expression, common with people who are
suffering, commenced to show a better color. My system was being toned up,
and I was beginning to feel more comfortable. I purchased six more boxes from Mr. Mitchell,
the druggist, and continued to take them, and with each box I realized more and
more that it was a cure. I used up thirteen boxes in all, and when the thir-
teenth was finished I had not had a symptom of pain for three months.

"At that time Mr. Mitchell spoke to me about it in the store. I told him
what a blessed change had been wrought for me through the use of Pink Pills.
He asked me if I would object to giving a testimonial to the use of Dr. Williams'
Medicine Company of Brockville. I said I was not a man who cared for no-
toriety of any character, and did not relish the idea of having my name published
in the newspapers of the town. That is one of the reasons why I have been so
loath to make this public. But I am so profoundly grateful for my rescue from
a life of pain to one of health and strength that I feel I would be neglecting a
duty I owe to suffering humanity if I allowed these scruples to interfere any
longer with an avowal of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. I
discontinued taking Pink Pills the first of April last. I started again in June
and have used six boxes, not because I have had any recurrence of my old
complaint, but because I want to show thoroughly did it out of my system. I think
the pills are as good as a tonic.

"Now," continued Mr. Powell, "you have my experience. I know what I
was; I know what I am. I know that from my boyhood I have been a victim
of malignant rheumatism, which has been a torture the last few years. I know
that I have tried every remedy and been treated by the best medical skill, but
in vain; and I know that Pink Pills have succeeded where everything else has
failed and that they have brought me back health and happiness. I feel bound
to be thankful, and I am thankful." And Mr. Powell's intense earnest-
ness of manner could admit of no doubt as to his gratitude and sincerity. The
reporter shook hands and took his leave. "You may say that I am a member
of the Askin street Methodist church, or Rev. G. A. Andrews, B.A., pastor of the
Lambeth circuit, whether I was a sick man or not," were his parting words.

REV. MR. M'INTYRE'S TESTIMONY.

The reporter dropped in on Rev. C. E. McIntyre at the parsonage, 82
Aston street. "I know Mr. Powell well," said the reverend gentleman when
asked. "He was an esteemed parishioner of mine when he lived on
Askin street. He afterwards moved into the country, but he has since returned
and is attending the Askin street church again."

"Do you remember Mr. Powell's illness a year ago last winter?"
"Yes; I frequently called on him. He had a very bad attack of rheumat-
ism which laid him up for a long time. He had to be wheeled around the
house in a chair."

"You notice that he has recovered?"
"Yes; he appears to be a well man now. I heard that he had been cured
by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

"You know Mr. Powell to be a thoroughly honorable gentleman and that
if he says these Pills cured him, he believe that to be the truth?"
"I do. Mr. Powell is, in my opinion a most conscientious person, and his
statement he would make would be perfectly reliable."

WHAT MR. MITCHELL SAYS.

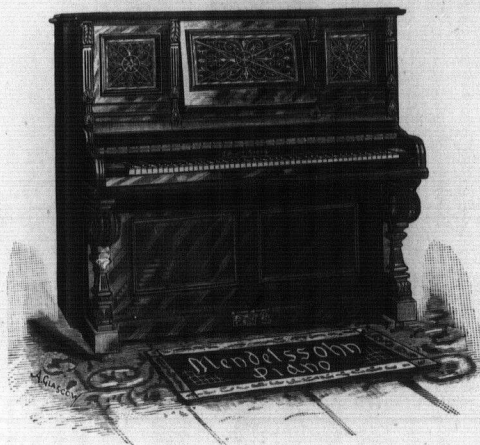
"Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the best selling and most popular medicine
in the store," said Mr. R. A. Mitchell, the well known druggist, upon whom the
reporter next called.

"Do you know of Mr. Powell's case?" asked the reporter.
"Yes, and I consider it a most remarkable one. I remember that Mr.
Powell was a great sufferer from rheumatism. He was a very old man, and
medicine of some sort, but seemed to get no better. Then he commenced to
try Pink Pills. I saw he was beginning to look like a different man, so I asked
him one day about it. He told me that he traced his cure to the use of Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills. As I have already said, the demand for Pink Pills is
something astonishing, and they invariably give the best satisfaction. I know
this to be so from the voluntary statements of customers, and if necessary the
proprietors could get scores of testimonials from people here who have been
benefited by the use of Pink Pills. I have sold thousands of boxes, and have
no hesitation in recommending them as a perfect blood builder and nerve
restorer. Chronic diseases such as rheumatism, neuralgia, joint rheumatism, leu-
cemia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the
trailing feeling throughout the after-effects of the grippe, diseases depending on
humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a
healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles
peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men the effect is radical cure
in all cases arising from mental, worry, over-work or excesses of any nature."

Mr. Hodgson, the head clerk, corroborated what Mr. Mitchell had said.
The sale of Pink Pills was extraordinary and the general verdict was that it was
a wonderful medicine. These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams'
Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold in
boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box, or six
boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in
this form, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this
form is trying to defraud you, and should be avoided. The Williams' Medicine
Company may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine
Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold make a
course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies
or medical treatment.

CANADA'S STANDARD PIANO . . .

The Mendelssohn



LONG and varied experience in the business has taught us that Canadian people, more than all others, require perfection in this art, as in every other art of mechanism.

To attain this requires experience, judgment, taste and resources.

Many years of the most assiduous labor have been devoted to this manufacture in all its different branches by the members of the Company, and, as a result, we claim for our pianos that



**THEY are Unsurpassed in Elegance of Finish,
Beauty of Design, Purity of Tone, Evenness
of Action, Delicacy of Touch, combined with
Greatest Power and General Excellence : : :**

Perfection is the goal at which we aim and "Excelsior" our motto, and we can with pardonable pride point to the large number of Mendelssohn Pianos as live witnesses attesting the superiority of these instruments over all others.

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MORTGAGING THE HOMESTEAD.

From the painting by G. A. Reid.

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THE AREA AND DEBT OF CANADA.

The area of Great Britain is estimated to be 95,453,383 square miles. It is the largest of all British possessions, embracing very nearly one-half of the whole empire. The continent of Australia is the next largest, having an area of 3,030,771 square miles, and the area of Tasmania and New Zealand added to this makes the total area 3,161,457 or 294,926 square miles less than that of Canada. The total area of the British Empire, according to official figures, is 8,116,489 square miles. The combined area, therefore, of Canada and the Australasian colonies, exclusive of New Guinea, comprises rather more than eighty per cent. of the whole Empire. The area of the continent of Europe is 3,575,602 square miles. It is the area of the continent of Asia, 17,829,519 square miles, larger than that of Europe. The area of the Great Britain and Ireland is 95,453,383 square miles, so that Canada is nearly twenty-nine times as large as the area of the United Kingdom. It is 487.76 miles larger than the United States without Alaska. The area of the world is estimated at 51,385,860 square miles, and Canada therefore covers one-fiftieth part of this surface.

Now that we have shown the comparative area of Canada let us turn to our national debt. It is a habit for politicians to afflict us by stating the amount per head of debt we carry. To intelligently understand our position, it is necessary to compare our liabilities and assets with those of other countries, even though we can only guess at the comparative wealth of different countries. In these tables the multiple of revenue shows the number of years and the decimal part of a year that would be required to pay off the national debts of the various countries if the total revenues were applied to that purpose until the entire amounts were wiped out, thus it would take 5 years and .96 of a year to wipe out the national debt of Canada. Here is a table showing the total and per capita debt of the various portions of the British Empire :

PUBLIC DEBTS IN BRITISH POSSESSIONS.

COUNTRIES.	Year.	FISCAL YEAR.		
		Amount.	Per Head.	Multiples of Revenue.
EUROPE.				
United Kingdom.....	1890	\$3,357,757,503	\$82 36	7.51
Italy.....	1889	1,000,545,500	77	5.10
India.....	1889	6,095,545,500	4 19	9.53
Suez Settlement.....	1889	75,000,000	77	1.00
AFRICA.				
Mauritius.....	1889	3,270,500	40 00	0.88
Natal.....	1889	2,700,000	42	3.07
Cape of Good Hope.....	1889	1,000,000	10	0.57
Norw. Leone.....	1890	144,475	3 79	0.65
ASIA.				
Canton.....	1889	537,533,483	41	5.07
Newspowland.....	1889	4,150,000	21 24	3.53
Japan.....	1889	1,000,000	10	0.57
British Guiana.....	1889	3,558,075	17 72	1.07
WEST INDIES.				
Jamaica.....	1889	450,560	43	1.50
British Honduras.....	1889	7,750,000	12 35	2.09
Western Island.....	1889	1,000,000	10	0.57
Lowland Islands.....	1889	313,888	9 57	0.57
Triton.....	1889	18,000,000	43 07	1.00
AUSTRALIA.				
New South Wales.....	1889	2,070,000,000	200 00	5.14
Victoria.....	1889	1,000,000,000	100 00	2.57
South Australia.....	1889	990,000,000	99 00	2.57
Western Australia.....	1889	6,000,000,000	600 00	1.57
Queensland.....	1889	1,000,000,000	100 00	2.57
Tasmania.....	1889	14,000,000	14 00	0.57
New Zealand.....	1889	100,000,000	10 00	0.57
SOUTH SEAS.				
Fiji.....	1889	1,000,000	9 91	3.03
Total.....		\$5,000,000,000	\$70 85	5.59

The total public debts of Great Britain and her possessions amount to \$5,622,002,573 of which Great Britain owes 59 per cent. India 17 per cent., the Australasian Colonies 15 per cent., and Canada 4 per cent. With the exception of the Australasian Colonies, the amount per head in the United Kingdom was higher than in any of her possessions, and with the exception of South Australia and New Zealand the multiple of revenue was also the highest. At the time of Confederation five years and six months of the revenue would have been required to pay off the net debt of Canada; in 1890 it would have taken a little less than six years.

The proportion of debt to population in the Australasian Colonies and also in Cape Colony are very large, but while, as in Canada, the whole amounts have been incurred in the construction of public works, by far the largest portion has been expended on railways, which in those colonies are almost altogether the property of the State, and there is consequently a very much larger revenue available for the payment of interest derived directly from the expenditure of loans, than there is in this country, where the money has been spent on works directly productive to the country, but only indirectly so to the State revenue. In proportion, moreover, to the wealth and general trade, more particularly of the Australasian Colonies, their populations are very scanty.

It is doubtful either the calculations as to the amount of debt per head of population really possess as much value as is generally ascribed to them; what may seem an enormous amount *per capita* for a country to carry may be relatively a far smaller burden than a much reduced amount in another country, and therefore, if possible, the debt of a country should be compared with its wealth and resources, which would afford a far more accurate, in fact, the most accurate idea possible, of its actual financial position; but unfortunately the

wealth of a country can only be estimated approximately, and in no two cases can such an estimate be expected to agree, the absence of certainty therefore doing away with the value of such calculations. If the value of the enormous resources of the principal colonies could be put into figures, the present status quo, as they appear to be, would seem justified by the assets set against them, and it must be remembered that the development of natural wealth in this or any other country is absolutely impossible without an expenditure, more or less large, first being made, in order to provide the means of bringing that wealth within reach of its proper markets. Mr. Mullaull calculates that the debt of the United Kingdom is 8 per cent. of the Australian Colonies 20 per cent., and of Canada 6½ per cent. of the national wealth of each country respectively. If these figures are at all correct, Canada's position is a very favorable one.

The public debts of some of the principal foreign countries are given below :

PUBLIC DEBTS IN FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

COUNTRIES.		Year.	Amount.	Per Head.	Multiple of Revenue.
EUROPE.					
Austria-Hungary	1889	51,359,590.00	\$40 33	5.56	
Bulgaria	1890	3,745,704.00	34 04	1.76	
Croatia-Serbia	1889	10,000,000.00	33 00	1.76	
France	1888	5,745,320.00	33 00	3.04	
German Empire	1889	17,629,000.00	32 00	3.54	
Greece	1890	1,674,470.75	31 35	4.00	
Italy	1889	15,446,000.00	30 00	3.00	
Netherlands	1890	6,441,170.00	30 00	5.00	
Newsp	1889	15,446,000.00	29 00	3.00	
Portugal	1890	5,127,264.35	28 00	1.76	
Romania	1889	5,000,000.00	27 00	1.76	
Russia	1889	9,740,477,000.00	26 00	5.51	
Sardinia	1889	1,000,000.00	25 00	1.76	
Sweden	1888	71,016,367.00	18 00	5.00	
Switzerland	1889	1,000,000.00	18 00	1.76	
Turkey	1889	3,000,000.00	20 00	7.00	
United Kingdom	1889	1,000,000.00	18 00	1.76	
Yugoslavia	1889	30,000,000.00	7 00	3.74	
AFRICA.					
Egypt	1890	1,165,000.00	23 74	10.81	
AMERICA.					
Argentina Republic	1889	684,367,000.00	38 00	4.73	
Brazil	1889	3,745,704.00	34 04	1.76	
Chile	1889	1,000,000.00	30 00	1.76	
Colombia	1889	1,000,000.00	30 00	1.76	
Mexico	1889	1,000,000.00	30 00	1.76	
Peru	1889	1,000,000.00	30 00	1.76	
United States	1889	7,101,636.75	30 00	41.27	
Venezuela	1889	1,000,000.00	30 00	1.76	
Uruguay	1889	7,101,636.75	30 00	5.71	

The national debt of France is the largest in the world, and it is possible that it even exceeds the enormous total given above, as it is difficult to ascertain its exact amount. The debt of the German Empire is the Federal debt alone, exclusive of the debts of the several States, which amounted in 1887 to \$1,813,623,148. Though the amount per head of debt is larger in France, the Netherlands and Portugal, yet the country of Peru is actually in a worse financial position than any other on the list; it would take more than 41 years of its revenue to pay off the debt, while it owes for unpaid interest the sum of \$1,926,768. Of European countries the least burdened with debt is Sweden, whose annual income of 1,000 millions of kroner would suffice to discharge its liabilities; and the only non-European country which possesses assets amounting to \$1,875,935. Persia is the only recognized country in the world which has no public debt. The debt of the United States decreased \$145,348,859 during the fiscal year 1890, but if the cash in the Treasury on December, 1890, be deducted, the amount of debt is reduced to \$873,459,540.

* Napoleon III., who had no fewer poor relatives to help than any other sovereign, was trying one day to convince a cousin whom he had already generously aided that it was impossible for him to increase her allowance. The princess took the refusal angrily, and, as she was leaving, said, in a taunting manner :

"Decidedly you have nothing of the great emperor, our uncle."

"You, mistake, *ma chère cousine*," replied Napoleon, with a cheerful smile; "I have his family."

*JACKASSES REFUSING
HAY.*

At an excited political meeting lately a Mr. Hay was called upon to move a resolution. This gentleman did not suit the tastes of the noisy ones, and they drowned his voice with their tumult. The chairman vainly tried to restore order; at last getting exasperated, he shouted at the top of his voice: "I have only one word to say: Will you hear Mr. Hay?" "No!" yelled the disturbers.

"Then this is the first instance on record of jackasses refusing hay!"



Officer O'Grady (recently appointed)—Shtee ye divil! Where's yer pants?
Fergus McTavish McFash (with dignity)—Pants, mon! I hae none!
Officer O'Grady—Then divil a shtee ye tak till ye go into Levi's store and put up the harmonicon fer a pair o' blue flammings to cover the dacency of yer legs. D' ye think ye're at home in Africa, ye haythen?

"No, I believe
of early days or
"No, I believe
in 1852, I think
dollars in cash.

"Dixon stayed
lived there alone
have many friends
York State fellow
an' Dixon were
body wondered
ing Dixon showed
when Dixon died
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Doubting Dixie
in his claim, a
for one hund
thousand dolla
had left the sh

boardin' at the
Saturday after
Dixon sat wat
billiards in the
an' Monte Bill
AYS :

"'Dixon, outside in a ke
thr see yer.'

"When I got up out of the water, I waved back and forth as if he was going to come over, but he braced up

the carriage was
was a lady the
an' a right ha

"Is this M
 "Yes, m'
 "Well, y

"Dixon se
"She wa

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" 'O, no, I
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sort of thing, I
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"No, no

"'Yes, she

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Nixon had stooped, an' hugged
an' never cried

Dixon spoke up.
"Katie,
"What

"The ga

DOUBTING DIXON.



"No, I believe not," I replied. "You told some very interesting anecdotes of early days on the frontier, but I don't think you referred to Doubting Dixon."

"No, I believe not. Well, Doubting Dixon came on from Massachusetts in 1852, I think, and all he had in the world was about one hundred and fifty dollars in cash and a four-year-old kid."

"Dixon staked a claim fifteen miles out from Denver, put up a shanty, and lived there alone with his kid. I said that he was unpopular, and didn't seem to have many friends. There was one exception. That was a vicious looking New York State feller, a gambler, and the boys all said a skin gambler at that. He and an' Dixon were seen together occasionally, conversing in low tones, an' everybody wondered why Pistol Grip, as this New York State chap was called, an' Doubting Dixon should be so thick."

"When Dixon didn't gamble nor drink either. One day this Doubting Dixon struck it rich in his claim, an' he sold out for one hundred and forty thousand dollars, an' he an' the kid left the shanty an' come into town an' commenced boardin' at the hotel. One Saturday afternoon Doubting Dixon sat watching a game of billiards in the Senate saloon, an' Monte Bill come in an' he says:

"Dixon, there's a lady outside in a kerridge as wants to see yer."

"When Doubting Dixon got up out of the chair, he moved back and forth a minute as if he was going to fall, but he braced up an' went out to the carriage with Bill. There was a lady there sure enough an' a right handsome one at that, dressed up to kill, an' diamonds all over her where they would do the most good."

"Is this Mr. Dixon?" said the lady with a most fascinating smile.

"Yes, m'm," said Dixon, huskily.

"Well, your wife is down at the Tallman House, an' she would like to see you."

"Dixon seized hold of the tire of the carriage wheel to steady himself.

"She wants to take the kid away from me, don't she?" inquired Dixon, with a terrible anxious look in his face.

"O, no, I guess not," said the lady pleasantly.

"She's got a divorce an' big alimony, and the care of the boy, an' all that sort of thing, I suppose. Remember I've got the money an' I'll fight it through every court in the land."

"No, nothing of the kind," said the lady, "but she wants to see you an' the boy. She came here with me from Boston, where she has been working."

"Working!" said Dixon, blankly.

"Yes, she has been living all alone by herself, and working hard for her support. Get into the carriage with me, an' we will drive down to the hotel."

"When they arrived Dixon met his wife with the coolest kind of reserve, an' she, poor woman, was almost broken hearted. The handsome lady and Dixon had stopped on the way an' got the kid, an' Mrs. Dixon cried over the boy, an' hugged an' kissed him, but Dixon, he stood by as cold as an ironclad an' never cried a drop, while the woman washed the boy's face with her tears. Dixon spoke up an' said:

"Katie, where's the gambler?"

"What gambler?" said Katie, looking suddenly up, an' it seemed as if the fire in her eye had dried up all the tears.

"The gambler chap you took up with an' run away from home with."

"It's false," said the woman, "false as hell!"

"Doubting Dixon looked wonderfully puzzled at this.

"Didn't you leave me, Katie?" he said.

"I did, Harry," answered the woman; "I left you because I saw nothing but ruin for you, body an' soul, an' weary poverty for the little boy an' me. You drank the last cent away that you an' I could earn."

"I did bowl up too much," said Dixon, "but then—"

"I left the child with its father in the faint hope that it might work in you a reformation. I knew he was the apple of your eyes, and trusted he might save you. He has. I now come back to take a last farewell of him an' you, an' to thank God for having kept my loved ones so secure."

"Ben Darnley said you eloped with a gambler an' went to Philadelphia."

"He lied!"

"Your wife speaks the truth," said the handsome lady, "I have known her history since she left your humble home, and stole away to trust, to wait, to pray. She comes to you as pure as air as true a wife as the day she left your roof."

"Doubting Dixon leaned against the door-casing for support. The strong man's tears were coming now, dropping full and fast. He looked at the little, wondering kid an' the kneeling mother smothering it with carresses. Then he stepped away from the door-casing, hesitated a moment, as though fearful of a repulse, threw open his arms and said:

"Katie!"

"In another moment the wife, kid and Doubting Dixon were all mixed up in a hugging match, and the handsome woman from Massachusetts, who had at her own expense, brought about this happy reunion, looked so pleased and delighted over the success of her scheme, that she really deserved hugging by somebody on her own account."

"That night Doubting Dixon and Ben Darnley, the vicious New York gambler met."

"You are positive," said Dixon, "that my wife eloped with the Philadelphia faro dealer?"

"Know it," said Darnley. "Why she even hinted once that she would leave home with me if I would come west."

"Say, Darnley, now be honest, didn't you kinder try to take advantage of me an' make love to Kate?"

"Yes, Dixon, since every thing is all over now, an' you know just what kind of a woman your wife is, I'll confess that I did. But, then, to be honest again, I'll just say that she fairly froze the blood in my veins with her indignation. High, ho! This is a d—d curious world, an' very few people ever get out of it alive."

"Right you are," hissed Dixon. "You are right, Darnley. Old man, my wife is as a"

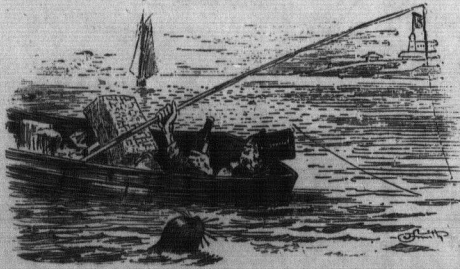
an' sound in her home, with her own boy, and under the protection of her own husband, an' all this in spite of your devilish revenge. Ben Darnley, for years you have kept my wife an' I apart. For years you have daily lied to me, an' worked upon the passions of a weak an' doubtful man."

"Hold hard there, Dixon, or by the gods of war, I'll kill you!"

"I doubt it, Darnley. This is a day of retributive justice. You will not kill me."

"Ben Darnley was quick with his gun, an' a flash an' report was his answer to Dixon. Then Darnley turned an' ran into a saloon. He had missed his man. Cool an' dispassionate Doubting Dixon, standing outside on the sidewalk, looked down the long, brilliantly lighted saloon. He looked along the bright shining barrel of his revolver. At the farther end of the saloon crouched Darnley. Cool an' dispassionate Doubting Dixon took deadly aim, an' down through the ninety feet of glittering light and gilded mirrors he sent a bullet true to the heart of Ben Darnley."

A MISTAKE IN THE GENUS.



Mr. Bulger (at the Fire Island Summer Resort)—You've got the greatest cheek of any nigger I ever seen. Just because I forgot to tip you a quarter this morning you swim out after it and scare all the fish away. I'll jump out of the boat and drown'd you—hic—if you don't leave me alone.

an' sound in her home, with her own boy, and under the protection of her own husband, an' all this in spite of your devilish revenge. Ben Darnley, for years you have kept my wife an' I apart. For years you have daily lied to me, an' worked upon the passions of a weak an' doubtful man."

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According to the report on the strength of the standing army in the German States for 1892-93, just issued, it is estimated that it will be made up of 20,524 officers, 486,983 men, 1,839 doctors, 893 paymasters, etc., 559 veterinary surgeons, 855 gunsmiths, 93 saddlers, and 93,750 horse attendants—a total of 605,495.

A SOCIAL LION.



and, in no two of certain the enormous value of the enor-figures, the present subjects are against natural wealth in expenditure, more as of bringing that plates that the debt tonies 20 per cent, country respectively. favorable one. is as given below:

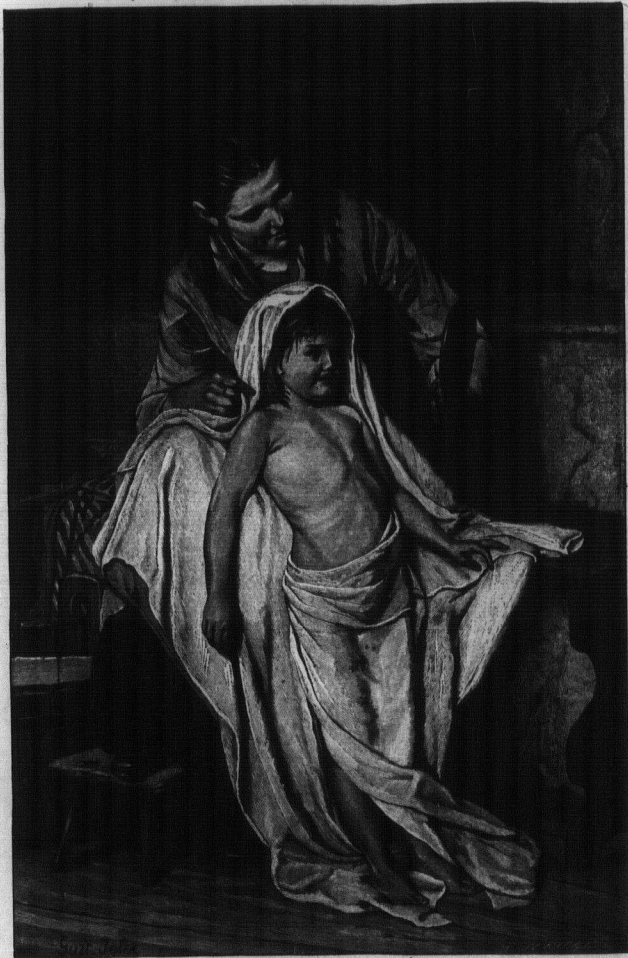
Per cent.	Multiple of Revenue.
33	5.06
34	5.28
35	5.50
36	5.72
37	5.94
38	6.16
39	6.38
40	6.60
41	6.82
42	7.04
43	7.26
44	7.48
45	7.70
46	7.92
47	8.14
48	8.36
49	8.58
50	8.80
51	9.02
52	9.24
53	9.46
54	9.68
55	9.90
56	10.12
57	10.34
58	10.56
59	10.78
60	11.00
61	11.22
62	11.44
63	11.66
64	11.88
65	12.10
66	12.32
67	12.54
68	12.76
69	12.98
70	13.20
71	13.42
72	13.64
73	13.86
74	14.08
75	14.30
76	14.52
77	14.74
78	14.96
79	15.18
80	15.40
81	15.62
82	15.84
83	16.06
84	16.28
85	16.50
86	16.72
87	16.94
88	17.16
89	17.38
90	17.60
91	17.82
92	18.04
93	18.26
94	18.48
95	18.70
96	18.92
97	19.14
98	19.36
99	19.58
100	19.80

and it is possible difficult to ascertain Federal debt alone, entered in 1887, in France, the actually in a worse more than 41 years interest the sum of this debt is Switzerland its liabilities; Persia is the only The debt of the 1892, but if the cash of debt is reduced

elp than any other le had already gen-er allowance. The said, in a taunting uncle."



appointed)—Shtop, ash (with dignity)—divil a shtep ye take are and put up the blue flames to con-legs. D' ye think haythen?



AFTER THE BATH.

"You will sp
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and rugged coun
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MARIE HAZELWOOD'S MISERABLE CHRISTMAS.

"You will spend Christmas day with me, of course, Hugh?"

Marie Hazelwood was standing on the second step of the broad staircase, bringing her lovely, sparkling face upon a level with Hugh McKinnon's stern and rugged countenance—for the steps were shallow, and Marie was a wee, fairy-like creature, and Hugh McKinnon stood six feet and upward, even now when his hair had begun to grow thin on the crown and the subject of baldness seemed to have a personal flavor.

Hugh, with overcoat on and hat and cane in hand, stood waiting, for the footfall of the last reluctant guest, who had attended the Hazelwoods' popular Saturday evening reception, had not quite died away, and Hugh had still to pretend he was about taking leave. For many weeks past he had lingered in the same apparently purposeless way, and though now the time for make-believe might legitimately be considered past—seeing they had been engaged one whole week—the habit of feigning had not yet been discarded.

She was barely twenty, fair and dainty, lithe as a bird, with quick impetuous motions, features never at rest, expression ever changing—demure, defiant, merry, saucy, roguish, sweet, pathetic, she was each by turn but nothing long.

Hugh McKinnon's age was forty. He was dark of skin, with brown hair whitening on the temples, brow bearing traces of hard thought in each deep-worn furrow, mouth firm, with thin lips closely shut, eyes grey and hard as tempered steel—his countenance was in its cold austerity but as a mask to hide his inner feelings. His form was majestic in its proportions, his well-shaped head set squarely upon his broad shoulders, and his grandly modelled chin, held well up and slightly forward, denoted the man's indomitable will and unflinching perseverance. His manners were polished but grave, he was a brilliant talker, a great favorite in society, and in his chosen profession no name stood higher than his, of all Toronto's lawyers none gave brighter promise of success, and few had won such wealth and renown.

He had known Marie Hazelwood, only unmarried child of Roger Hazelwood the millionaire owner of Fairbank, one of Canada's grandest homes, but three months, had fallen in love at sight, and, with his usual success, had won her, and now as her accepted lover was beginning to find that he had encountered a case that puzzled him, a case that law and reason failed to help him to understand.

As he stood in the wide tiled hall, with great skins thrown here and there, and the bright glow from the logs in the fire-place lighting up his face, Marie thought how grand he looked, while he gazed admiringly at her pretty pose and thought how sweet she looked as she spoke so assuredly of his spending Christmas with her, but it was almost indifferently that he replied:

"I won't be able to be with you that day, Marie. I am going home."

Marie's face clouded momentarily, then an amused smile dawned in her eyes, and she said, mockingly: "Imagine Hugh McKinnon, Q. C., the unapproachable, the inscrutable, having a home in the background like an ordinary mortal! How is it we have never heard of this interesting fact before?"

"I don't think you ever inquired anything about my relatives."

"No, dear. It never occurred to me you could have any. You don't look like it. Your get up is that of a lone, torn orphan. I can't at all imagine you in the bosom of a family—the adored mother and sisters, the pride of cousins and aunts."

"You may see fit to make a jest of it, but I assure you my people are very dear to me," he said, with added gravity, discerning ridicule in her smile.

"The feeling does you infinite credit, I have no doubt, but their dearness to you does not interest me a bit," Marie returned, carelessly; her eyes bent upon her fingers, which were busily engaged in disentangling the bangles of her bangles from the rare lace of her sleeve.

"Allow me," said Hugh, reaching an arm over the baluster, but a shake of the head deterred him from assisting. "Perhaps," he went on, lightly, "if you had known this your answer to me a week ago would have been different."

"Well, no-o. I don't think so. Eureka, that thirty-dollar-a-yard lace reasoned without a broken thread! Those bangles are such a nuisance, but I like the jingle. No, I don't believe a mother-in-law, more or less, would have any difference. I did not promise to marry your whole family!"

"I expect you to respect them, though."

"I don't see that it's necessary, but if they are respectable—why then—?"

"I don't know whether that is intended as a taunt or not, Miss Hazelwood, but it is in questionable taste. My people are poor and humble, it is true. I was not brought up amid all the refinements of life as you have been. I was brought up roughly, on a farm, worked harder in my youth than any hired man. Got my early education only by suffering privation, by working by the first faint rays of dawn, and till the last shade of twilight faded. Got through college on a meal a day, one suit of clothes a year, by the hardest work, on borrowed money. My mother and sisters, God bless them, for my sake suffered grinding poverty, did the work of men on our heavily encumbered farm that I might attain my ambition and become a lawyer. If I did not love them, if I were ashamed of their uncultured manners and unfashionable looks, I would be more base than I have ever yet been!"

His cheeks were red, his eyes dim, his manner impassioned as he spoke, his words with feeling, still perverse, said railingly, "As I said before, your feelings do you credit!"

Hugh did not look at her, but with anger and resentment making his face

look like sculptured marble, so hard it seemed, he remarked with icy dignity, that it grew late, and he would wish Miss Hazelwood good night.

"Good morning, rather," she corrected, as she glided down the steps and to the door. "I don't believe you can manage that spring bolt. Let me help you. Now put on your gloves," she said, with her hand upon the lock, and when he had drawn them on in silence and stood waiting Marie suddenly burst into a peal of merry laughter, and placing a slender forefinger beneath his chin, she said roguishly, "Isn't it afraid it will take a chill going out into the frosty air feeling so stiff and cold?"

He looked down sternly at her pretty dimpling face looking up at him now so tenderly and all his coldness melted, and taking her childish form into his great strong arms he folded her to his breast and kissed her hungrily.

"Why do you plague me when I love you so?" he asked. "I am so unversed in girlish ways. I don't know how to take you, and you delight to torture me."

"Seems to me you know how to take me very well," she said in a smothered voice, and with a Hugh Hugh released her and a few minutes later they had entered Marie's cosy parlor, which opened off the end of the grand reception-room, had drawn the portieres, and Hugh was seated before the grate in an easy chair against a background of pearl-grey plush, with Marie beside him on a fender-stool with her hair head resting against his knee.

"Hugh, do you know why I was so nasty? It was to keep myself from sitting right down there on the stairs and crying. I was so disappointed. Christmas day has always been such a happy day with us, the day of all the year. And this year as I can't have you I shall be all alone—for I have persuaded papa to go to New York and spend the holidays with sister Lily and see his brand new grandson. He would feel so out of it if he were here with you and me—and I so schemed that you could have me to yourself the whole happy day! And now you will be off home and I shall be here all dead alone, thinking of the happy Christmases we used to have before mama died or Lily got married, and it will be the most miserable day of my life."

"Poor little sweetheart. I am so sorry. If I had not promised— But they would feel hurt if I did not go now, it is so long since I was home. Christmas is nothing to me, but coming on Monday gives me two holidays together and I lose so little time from business. Work crowds upon me so. I am truly sorry for your disappointment, dear."

"Oh, if it's only my disappointment you mind you need not worry! It was more for your pleasure than my own I was working. Now have I hurt its poor feelings again? You ought to know, Hugh, that it would do me more good to have you crying over your own disappointment than bewailing mine."

"How could I think so? I do not understand girls," he sighed, helplessly. "Now, if it were a mystery," she laughed, then added tenderly, "now, proceed, sir, and tell me where your people live and all about them." Then reprovingly, "You are ruining my hair and making me a perfect fright, Hughie."

"How mild and gentle and good you look with those silly bangs straightened out and put back sensibly. What a sin to hide this fine white brow," he said, bending and kissing her forehead, off which he had brushed the soft fluffy fringe of hair.

"Thanks, I'd rather not look good. You'd never have fallen in love with me if I had not looked frivolous and wicked and nice. Now answer me, 'Have you a father, have you a mother, etc.'"

"I have a mother, a good dear mother, whom I want you to know and love, although she is plain and quiet and her surroundings are unbecoming. And with her, at the old homestead, live my two sisters—one a widow with a crippled child, and Susie, the youngest of us all. The rest are scattered. We have all known poverty, but all that is now past. My darling, I know you are proud and fastidious, but I could not bear to have my life look down upon and despise my people. They have done so much for me!"

"I hope when you have a wife, Hugh McKinnon, she will not be quite a fool. Now tell me when you leave, how you go and where. I want to know every detail that I may follow you—in fancy—every step of the way."

"This is the train he said, I am quite positive, but Hugh is not here," murmured Marie to herself, as she glanced searchingly at every male passenger in the car in which she was seated, while the C. P. R. train pulled westward slowly out of the Union Station. It was the Saturday before Christmas, and a dark, raw morning, and the rain poured down, freezing as it fell, and Marie felt inclined to abandon her rashly-formed intention of going with Hugh to make the acquaintance of his future relatives, and prove to him that though in society she might be proud and exclusive she had none of the silly pride that despises those of humble circumstances or poor surroundings. She wanted her action to say to him, seeing her tongue was stubborn and submissive speech was impossible to her, "Where thou goest will I go, thy people shall be my people." She thought he would be so delighted, she could picture his loving smile when he saw her, and she told him she could not spend Christmas apart from him.

And his people would be so surprised, and they would be a little awkward at first, but she would be nice and friendly, and they would soon take to her and make much of her for Hugh's sake. And his mother would tell her stories of his boyhood, of his likes and dislikes, and give her good advice, and tell her to be a good wife to Hugh. And to that sad-faced, mild and gentle mother she could perhaps open her heart and tell of her great love for Hugh.

She smiled to herself as she thought of these things as the train speeded through the rain and mist and the light increased and sudden fields and naked, shivering woods grew more discernible. She had quite decided that her lover was in the smoking-car, had got interested in conversation or had fallen asleep, but as hour after hour passed she grew afraid, and when the train drew into the rural station and she hurried out upon the platform and found Hugh was not there, her heart sank away down and she wished herself back in her comfortable home.

Three hours and a half to wait before the stage would leave, the ordeal of going alone to a hotel and having dinner, the horrible ride in a stage coach, filled more than half of heavily laden men and women returning from the Christmas markets, the wet skirts that pressed her in and almost covered her, the smell of dampness, of stables, of beer-laden breath, the salutations, the jokes, the hilarity, the jolting of the men, the pelting of the rain against the roof and sides of the vehicle, all filled her with horror and disgust, her heart sank lower and lower, and her courage failed her completely. By the time the stage reached the midway village she had given up all intention of going to Hugh McKinnon's home, and her one desire was to return home as speedily and as secretly as possible.

The jolly stage driver as he watered his horses at the village pump was as Marie, sick at heart and shivering, entered the country tavern she heard him predicting a big snow storm before Monday and a good old-fashioned, white Christmas.

She wanted a warm room for the night, she told the landlady. Oh, yes, she would have supper, but in her own room, please. She did not care what it cost. She was so cold. She had missed her friends. All this and more she said, anxious not to appear nervous, determined not to tell what brought her there, or who she was or whether she was going.

But after she had been warmed and fed and the landlady was making her room more comfortable for her, she asked, casually, "Is there not a family of McKinnon's living not far from here, somewhere off the Sparta road?" "About two miles down? Yes, there's old Mrs. Hiram. A notable house-keeper she is, that strong and active, and past seventy! But she's upstair, real the girls and her. If you go to-morrow you're apt to see them, and Hugh, too, Hugh, he's the son, he lives in Toronto. He came down in a lively last night late and stopped in here for a lantern. He was real pleasant and jolly, asking after all my folks. He's generally terrible stand-off, even though I went to school with him when he wore patched blue jeans, and many's the time I've boxed his ears for teasing me. He's smart and rich now they do say, and he's done well by his career. I mind the time his ma was down with lambs in her back, they had'n't the drawings of a cup of tea in the house, nor the money to buy it, and the cupboard that bare of victuals you'd never believe. They never would neighbor, they're real stiff, strange folks. Do you know them?"

"No," said Marie, coldly, "I had heard of them."

Next morning Marie went early to the village church and took a seat far back, close by the wall. She was heavily veiled, not wishing to be recognized should Hugh be there. Soon the seats began to be filled, placid-faced ladies at the organ, and after striking a few tender chords began to play "Hark the Herald Angels sing." Marie watched her, her expression was so serene, as full of resigned respect and reverence. Then, with a sudden calling of the breath, Marie saw Hugh McKinnon with measured tread walk up the aisle, followed by a tall elderly woman dressed in clinging black, a shawl drawn round thin shoulders that stooped a little, a bonnet of unadorned black, a crown with abundant hair, that scarce showed a trace of grey. She had a face like Hugh's, but with more rugged lines and rough-featured, a face that had hardened under the harsh discipline of life, that had looked trouble and misfortune in the eyes and defied them to make hers flush. Could that be Hugh's mother? Oh, how glad, glad, glad she was Hugh had changed his plans and she had failed to meet him!

The two entered a pew up at the side of the pulpit, where they sat half facing the congregation. All through the service she watched Hugh's face, trying to read his thoughts, trying so hard to recognize in him sitting there, in that country meeting house beside his mother, the man she had met in society, the man she had danced with, flirted with, had teased and tormented and loved, and whose wife she was to be. And a smile that passed between mother and son, spontaneous, thought answering thought, smote her as with a blow. Oh, those forty years of life in which she had no part, in which others had been all in all to her! Could they, reared so differently, with a history so unlike, with tastes and sentiments and thoughts so opposite, be happy together? Could love bridge so wide a chasm? And as she watched Hugh McKinnon's impassive face and asked herself these questions that had never crossed her mind before, the sight of her lover faded and she saw only a stern, grave stranger, who was that woman's son.

When service was over she waited till the church was almost empty, saw cool greetings pass between Hugh and those around him, saw the old ladies organ gather her books and pass out of the door, then, still listening, she saw Hugh step forward and take the books from her unresisting hand, and without the exchange of speech side by side they walked along before her down the hill. Then turning to the left along an unfrequented road they passed on, a little, and then, as if reluctantly, Hugh entered and closed the gate behind them and they were lost to view.

"We had a grand sermon," said the landlady, volubly, "a grand sermon. And I never heard Faith Willson play so well before. She's home for the holidays. She teaches a high school somewhere. She used to play the organ regular when she was at home. Hugh McKinnon and Faith have been keeping company since ever he was a boy, but they'll never get married. Hugh ain't the marrying kind, and Faith she's settled down to an old maid. They do say his mother's at him constant to marry Faith and settle down and make a home. But I allow he thinks too much of making money and getting to be a judge, there's where he'll end, now mark my words."

Marie interrupted her by asking how soon she could have a horse and some all she could bear, and now she could wait no longer. Add soon in a high buggy, beside a burly driver, she was being driven back to the station to take the first train for home, which was not till three o'clock next morning—Christmas morning.

Marie, white-faced, blood-veiled, miserably, sat huddled up in a corner of a chilly car—for the weather had changed to biting cold and a thick white snow mantle covered the ground and air felt, threatening to make the train cold and difficult. There was a hurried entrance to the car as the train started, and a blast of cold air made Marie raise her eyes, to encounter the

astounded gaze of Hugh McKinnon.

"Marie! Is it possible?" he exclaimed bending toward her. "Oh, Hugh, I am so glad," she gasped in her delight at seeing him. He sat down beside her, looking at her intently, suspiciously. "How did you come here? Where have you been?"

"I am going home. I came Saturday. I have been to your village. Hugh, I—"

Hugh's face grew dark, convulsed with passion, and his eyes flashed as he said stinging, "You have been spying upon me! Fool that I was to trust a woman!"

She looked at him, a look of mute reproach changing to smiling scorn, as she said, "You see I was not fool enough to trust a man."

With bitter feelings searing the heart of each they sat side by side for many miles silently, till Hugh seeing she was shivering wrapped his traveling rug about her and with punctilious politeness tried to make her comfortable, and in his most stately society manner began to talk to her on indifferent topics, interesting her in spite of herself by his brilliant descriptions and his subtle wit. She saw him now in a new light, as he would appear to his casual acquaintances, and she wondered which was really himself—this clever man of the world, the ardent wooer who had won her heart, the jealous lover who had her promise, or the man who had sat composedly beside his mother in church the day before, which was really he?

"You will come in?" Marie asked as Hugh helped her to alight from the carriage outside her father's door, and carried her little satchel up the steps.

"No, thank you; not to-day," said Hugh.

"But, Hugh, I want you."

"Thank you, I prefer not to go in to-day."

She looked at him and saw for all his fixity of purpose that one loving look, one pleading word, would melt his resolve—she saw it, knew it, and yet turned away in silence.

That miserable Christmas day; how the hours dragged!

From room to room Marie roamed like an unquiet spirit, trying to keep her anger warm against her heart's love, trying to think him dishonorable, un- worthy, cruel, but only finding out more clearly than ever how well she loved him, how more than dear he had become.

She had watched each lagging hour of that long day, from the midnight chime that ushered it in till now she stood in the vast shadowy hall before the blazing logs and counted out the strokes that told that one more Christmas day was numbered with the past. As the last echo died away she thought she could hear the sound of a muffled step outside the threshold, and then in answer to a single tap upon the pane of the outer door she opened it, and there stood Hugh.

"I could not sleep until I saw you, sweetheart. Forgive me for coming late, for my coming before I have been so miserable. As you are all I have, I cannot let you go, be murmured in broken sentences as he held her to him. And she clung to him with feverish strength, and all she said was, "Darling, darling, darling."

For a while, when explanations were unnecessary, he told her how he had gone home on Friday so that he might surprise her by returning to spend Christmas with her; and Marie told of her abortive scheme to go home with him, and how she had been so little pride could interfere with her adoption of his relatives.

And Hugh muttered a fervent "Thank Heaven," in that her plan was frustrated.

"It was kind of you, my love," he said, tenderly, "but it would not have done at all. I would not have had you come unexpectedly, perhaps to receive a cold welcome, for all the world. They are not like you, Marie; they do not know what impulse means, and, and—"

"So I was. I followed you and Faith Willson home from church. I saw the way you smiled at her, and I wanted to kill her. It was as if you had been used to look at her and smile for whole centuries. Tell me, Hugh, that you do not care for her, or I won't be comforted."

"But I do care for her. I respect her above everything. I can almost say I love her. Nay, sit still little girl, while I tell you about her. Twenty years ago, when I was a great rough lad and she a well grown girl of fourteen, we were great friends and she being the best scholar in our school tried to help me with my studies. Would help me evenings, fired my taste for reading, encouraged me to study, told me of boys poorer than I who had fought their way through college and on to fame and fortune. And later, when I was ready to marry, she had no means to carry me farther, she lent me money—or her brother did, for her sake. Then we became engaged and I went away to college, and soon after her brother died and she had to earn her living and help college, and when she had the money lent me was sorely needed. And then my father died in difficulties, and in my third year, I gave up college and came home to care for my mother and marry Faith. But neither of them would let me have my way. She was forced back to finish my university studies, and she was the result! Just as I began the practice of my profession Faith gave me up, said it was better we should both be free, would no longer be bound, would not let me write to her; but always when I was in difficulty, or in temptation, a letter full of friendly counsel would come to me—wise, helpful, encouraging letters—just when I most needed them. Faith knew, she said, whenever I wanted her. Fifteen years ago if I had known I would not marry Faith I should have been broken hearted."

"Ten years ago," Marie said, "I had been married five years and would have called myself a scoundrel, five years ago I should have laughed had any one said I would ever love or marry anyone, and now, now all my heart belongs to a little girl I have not known for more than twenty years and I cannot, not fairly, her name, one emotion, nothing shall keep me from making her my own."

"And Faith? Oh, I am so afraid Faith will be unhappy," cried Marie.

"Did you tell her of Hugh?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Oh, cruel-hearted! How can women love such cowards? You will write to her at once. After waiting twenty years it would be too infamous to have her love your selfishness from a stranger Twenty years! Long enough to have lived. Oh, Hugh, she has the best claim to you, but—I cannot give you up, I love you so. If we love each other wholly and are true from now on, can we be happy? Can we make each other happy so different as we are, can we not love? But love? Can we, do you think?"

If those who had doubts about their happiness, or prophesied disaster from their union, should visit the splendid home of Hugh McKinnon at this happy Christmas, how low they would see how low they would see their lives and those then, and how more than content they are with each other and their baby son.

KATE EVA WESTLAKE.

Year	Income
1870	\$ 9,598
1875	27,049
1880	82,366
1885	273,446
1890	490,858
1891	547,620

Year	Dividend paid to holders.
1886	\$34,010
1887	34,849
1888	37,511
1889	38,591
1890	42,237
1891	53,273

ECONOMY I

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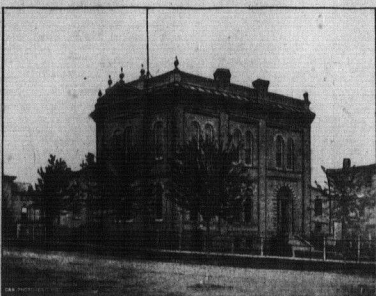
Dominion Deposit, \$100,000

1870 ^{23 YEARS' GROWTH} 1891

Year	Income	Assets	Assurance in Force
1870	\$ 9,598	\$ 6,216	\$ 521,650
1875	27,049	53,682	1,177,085
1880	82,336	217,424	3,064,884
1885	273,446	753,641	8,559,561
1890	460,838	1,711,686	13,710,800
1891	547,620	1,959,031	14,934,807

1886 ^{A FEW PHOEBES INTERESTING TO POLICY HOLDERS} 1891

Year	Dividends paid to Policy holders.	Reserve for security of Policy holders.	Surplus over all liabilities.
1886	\$34,010	\$ 831,167	\$ 57,665
1887	34,849	1,004,706	61,535
1888	37,511	1,192,702	90,337
1889	48,361	1,466,318	95,153
1890	49,297	1,528,960	134,060
1891	53,735	1,786,775	155,553



FEATURES OF THE BUSINESS FOR 1891.

Assurance in force, January 1st, 1891	\$14,934,807
New Assurance written in 1891	1,224,007
Cash Income for 1891	2,694,950
Cash paid to policy holders in 1891	346,800
Assets, December 31st, 1891	347,620
Reserve for the security of policy holders, December 31st, 1891	57,762
Surplus over all liabilities, December 31st, 1891	211,667
	35,456
	1,099,931
	247,345
	1,786,775
	221,816
	155,553
	21,499

LIBERAL CONDITIONS OF POLICIES.

1. Cash and Paid-up Values guaranteed on each policy.
2. All dividends belong to and are paid to policy holders only.
3. Premiums payable during the month in which they fall due.
4. Policies are incontestable two years from date of issue.
5. No restriction on travel, residence or occupation.
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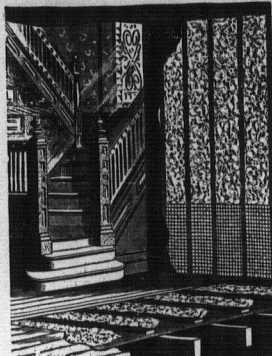
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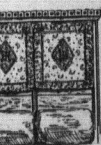
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ST. PETER'S AND COLOGNE CATHEDRALS

The dimensions of St. Peter's at Rome, the largest cathedral in the world, are as follows: Length of the interior, 613½ English feet; of transept, 440¼ feet; height of nave, 131¼ feet; and the diameter of cupola, 193 feet. The height of the dome from the pavement to the top of the cross is 448 feet. Cologne Cathedral is 511 feet long, and 231 feet broad. This famous building founded by Archbishop Conrad, designed by Architect Gerhard Von Riehl, and commenced August 15, 1248, was not completed until August 14, 1880. It was solemnly opened, with august ceremonies, October 15, of the same year.

BARTHOLOMIS STATUE OF LIBERTY.

The figure of this statue, which is made of repousse, or hammered work—that is, thin sheets of copper beaten into shape and fastened about an iron skeleton—is 110½ feet high and weighs 100,000 pounds. The uplifted torch, however, is raised 26 feet, and adding to this the pedestal, the tip of the torch is raised 220 feet from the ground. The pedestal is of stone, 82 feet high. Some idea of the enormous proportions of the statue may be given by the fact that the foreigner is 3 feet long, and 4 feet in circumference at the second joint. The head is 14 feet high and 40 persons can stand in it.

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD.

The Pyramids first, which in Egypt were laid; Then Babylon's Gardens, for Assyria made; Then Mausole's Tomb of affection and grief; Fourth, the Temple of Dan, in Ephesus built; The Columns of Rhodes, cast in brass, to the sun;

Next, Jupiter's Statue, by Phidias done; The Phares of Egypt comes last, we are told, Or the Palace of Cyrus, consumed with gold.

HISTORY OF THE LEANING TOWER OF PISA.

The Leaning Tower of Pisa is one of the oldest and most famous cities of Italy, is a bell tower, commenced in 1174. It is cylindrical in shape, 50 feet in diameter, 179 feet high, and leans about 13 feet out of perpendicular. It is divided into eight stories, each having an exterior colonnade or gallery. The top is reached by 330 steps. It is not purposely built to lean. The foundation settled more on one side than on the other, until it reached the present inclination, which it has maintained with scarcely any perceptible increase for hundreds of years. The defect in the foundation was discovered before its completion, and the upper part of the structure was built in a manner to counteract in part the inclination; and the grand chime of bells, seven in number, of which the largest alone weighs 12,000 pounds, is associated with reference to counteract this fault still further. This magnificent tower is justly regarded as one of the wonders of the world.

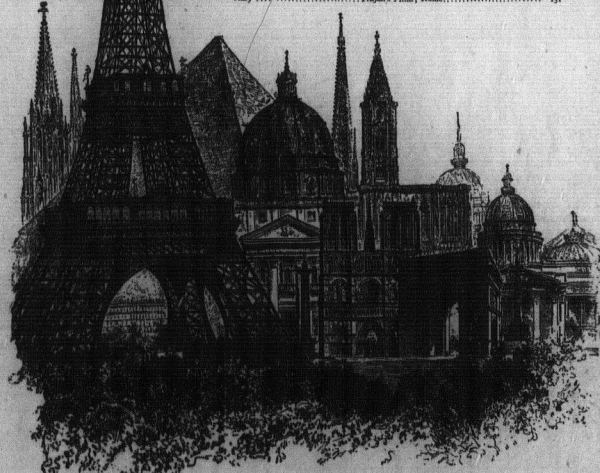
THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.

There are in all seventy of the Egyptian pyramids. Seven of these are at Gizeh, five at Abusir, eleven at Sakkarah, five of Dashur, and the remainder are scattered throughout Egypt. Some of these are built of stone, and others of brick. The principal ones, including the great pyramid of Cheops, are at Gizeh. The great pyramid was erected as a mausoleum for Khufu or Cheops, of the fourth Egyptian dynasty, who reigned about 3,800 B. C. It is constructed of stone, transported, for the most part, over a causeway eight miles long, extending from the quarries to the site, and some of the stones were brought 700 miles from the quarries in Arabia. The construction of the causeway itself is said to have occupied 100,000 men for ten years. Twenty years more were consumed in the building of the pyramid itself, which is 486 feet high, and 746 feet square at the base, and is estimated to contain 6,800,000 tons of stone. The interior contains what is called the king's chamber and the queen's chamber, in which surrounded the bodies of the sovereign and his queen were found, and numerous small chambers. An eminent English architect has estimated that

HIGHEST BUILDINGS IN THE WORLD.

The people of Canada are not generally aware that the spire of St. James' Cathedral, Toronto, comes twentieth in the list of the highest monuments and towers in the world. At the time of its erection it stood about tenth on the list and at the present moment is the second highest on the American continent, being overtopped only by the Washington Monument, which was the highest in the world until the Eiffel tower was built at Paris, France. Here is a list of the thirty-one highest structures in the world:

PLACES.	NAMES.	HEIGHT.
Paris, France.	Eiffel Tower.	1,000
Washington, D. C.	Washington Monument.	555
Germany.	Cologne Cathedral.	496
Egypt.	Pyramid of Cheops.	486
Belgium.	Atomium Cathedral.	476
France.	Strasbourg Cathedral.	474
Egypt.	Pyramid of Cephrenes.	468
Rome.	St. Peter's Church.	448
Germany.	St. Martin's Church at Landshut.	441
England.	Salisbury Cathedral.	400
London.	Cathedral at Greenwich.	397
Italy.	Cathedral at Florence.	386
Spain.	Church at Fribourg.	386
England.	St. Paul's Church, London.	385
Germany.	Cathedral at Seville.	385
Holland.	Cathedral of Utrecht.	385
Egypt.	Pyramid of Sakkarah.	385
London.	Cathedral of Milan.	385
Venice.	Cathedral of Notre Dame, Munich.	348
London.	St. Mark's Church.	348
New York.	Trinity Church.	310
China.	Asiatic Tower, Bologna.	274
Hindostan.	Column at Delhi.	266
Paris.	Parthenon Tower, Nankin.	260
Paris.	Church of Notre Dame.	254
Italy.	Juniper Hill Monument.	241
London.	Leaning Tower of Pisa.	179
London.	St. James' Cathedral.	175
Italy.	Monument Place Vendôme.	153
Italy.	Trinjan's Pillar, Rome.	131



The above sketch shows the comparative height of the Eiffel Tower with the other lofty buildings of the world. On the left of the tower is seen the spire of Strasbourg Cathedral in the background, while on the right is seen that massive monster Cheops; the domes of St. Peter's at Rome and St. Paul in London, Westminster Abbey, the London Monument and many other noted structures that are dwarfed into insignificance beside the 1,000 feet of the Paris Tower of Babel.

The pyramid was built at a cost of not less than £3,000,000, which in Canadian currency would be about \$145,000,000. Some who have explored its interior claim to have found evidences that the building of it began about the year 2170 B.C., about the time of the birth of Abraham.

THE SPHINX.

The word sphinx is from the Greek and means the stranger, and was applied to a fabled creature of the Egyptians, which had the body of a lion, the head of a man or an animal, and two wings attached to its sides. In the Egyptian hieroglyphs the sphinx symbolized wisdom and power united. It has been supposed that the fact that the overflow of the Nile occurred when the sun was in the constellation Leo and Virgo gave the idea of the combinations of form in the sphinx, but this idea seems quite unfounded. The most remarkable sphinx is that near the pyramids at Gizeh. It is sculptured from the rock, masonry having been added in several places to complete the form. It is 174½ feet long by 53 feet high, but only the head of this remarkable sculpture can now be seen, the rest of the form having been concealed by the heaped-up sands of the desert. Numbers of smaller sphinxes have been found in Egypt, and also in the sculpturers of Assyria, Babylonia, and Phoenicia.



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GETTING EVEN WITH THE POLICE.



Herr Platz—It vose a leedle oxensive; but by gimmedly, I geds me mein revenches for geddin' arrested last week.



Officer Mulligan—Sure'n it's a long thirst the horse has on him this day. 'Tis a troifle dhr—O! an meself, but it's no favor O'd ask that fat Dutchman to payt.



(Ninety seconds later)—Wirra-wirra! Av the baste ain't havin' a fit, he's drunk an' disorderly! O've handled enough of them to know the symptoms.

SHIPPING ON THE LAKES.

The history of marine architecture does not furnish another instance of so rapid and complete a revolution in the material and structure of floating equipment as has taken place on the great lakes since 1886. In that year the total valuation of the vessels by Lloyd was about \$30,000,000. In 1889, sixty new steamers and eleven sailing vessels, aggregating 70,000 tons, and valued at \$6,550,000, were added to the fleet. During the four winters of 1886-1890, the tonnage of the lakes was nearly doubled; 206 vessels, measuring 399,075 tons, were turned out of the shipyards with a valuation of \$27,380,000. During the same time the number of steamers of more than 1,500 net register tons increased from 27 to 110. The two valuations of the fleet already presented differ by more than \$9,000,000; but either one emphasizes the fact of the very recent and extraordinary growth of this commerce, and renders it difficult to predict the increase in the tonnage and in the size of vessels upon the lakes during the eight years that remain till the opening of the next century. More than one-half of the vessels on the great lakes are assigned to Chicago, Port Huron, Detroit, Milwaukee, Grand Haven, Cleveland and Buffalo.

The number of Canadian vessels on the lakes is 647; tonnage, 132,971; valuation, \$3,689,130. For further comparison, it may be stated that the total of coast and inland shipping registered in Canada is 7,153 vessels, of 1,040,481 register tons, valued at \$31,213,430.

The increase in population of the lake ports indicates the great increase that must follow, necessarily, in the business of the lakes and also of the railways tributary to them. Buffalo has increased from about 45,000 in 1850 to 255,000 in 1890; Cleveland, from 17,000 in 1860 to 262,000 in 1890; while Detroit and Milwaukee exhibit a remarkable parallelism in growth, the former having increased from 116,340 to 205,876 in the last ten years, and the latter from 115,587 to 204,468. Toronto has increased from 82,000 in 1881 to 189,000 in 1891.

SERMONS IN SATIRE.

If you set up for a growler you can always be busy.

The right kind of a smile never hurts a prayer-meeting.

There is no mansion in heaven for the man who is mean to his wife.

Every time you look at a sin it seems to become a little better looking.

There isn't a bit of religion in making a boy do a man's work with a dull hoe.

People who blow their own horns do not always furnish good music for other people.

The religion that is noisy in church is sometimes very quiet in places where it is most needed.

Praying to the congregation may sound very nice, but it never attracts any attention in heaven.

It is only when a man gets where he has nothing left to be proud of that the devil leaves him.

It is a step toward heaven to find out that we are made of the same kind of clay as other people.

HOW TO WEIGH A HAY-STACK.

Measure the length and breadth of the stack; take height from the ground to the eaves, add to this last one-half of the height from the eaves to the top; multiply length by breadth, and the product by the height, all expressed in feet; divide the amount by 27 to find the cubic yards, which multiply by the number of pounds supposed to be in a cubic yard, viz.: in a stack of new hay, 132 pounds avoirdupois each; if old hay, 154 pounds each.

HOW GRAIN WILL SHRINK.

Farmers rarely gain by keeping their grain after it is fit for market, when the shrinkage is taken into account. Wheat, from the time it is threshed, will shrink two quarts to the bushel or six per cent. in six months, in the most favorable circumstances. Hence, it follows that ninety-four cents a bushel for wheat when first threshed in August, is as good, taking into account the shrinkage alone, as one dollar in the following February.

Corn shrinks much more from the time it is first husked. One hundred bushels of ears, as they come from the field in November, will be reduced to not far from eighty. So that forty cents a bushel for corn in the ear, as it comes from the field, is as good as fifty in March, shrinkage being only taken into account.

In the case of potatoes—taking those that rot and are otherwise lost—together with the shrinkage, there is but little doubt that between October and June, the loss to the owner who holds them is not less than thirty-three per cent.

This estimate is taken on the basis of interest at seven per cent, and takes no account of loss by vermin.

FAMOUS DESTRUCTIVE FIRES.

New York, December, 1835—over five hundred buildings and \$20,000,000 worth of property destroyed; September 6, 1839—\$10,000,000 worth of property destroyed. Pittsburg, April 10, 1845—one thousand buildings burnt; loss, \$6,000,000. St. Louis, May 4, 1851—a large portion of the city burnt; loss, \$11,000,000. Portland, Me., July 4, 1866—almost entirely destroyed; loss, \$15,000,000. Chicago, Ill., October 8-9, 1871—over 2,000 acres burnt over; estimated loss, \$195,000,000; July 14, 1874, another great fire destroyed \$4,000,000 worth of property. Boston, Mass., November 9, 1872—nearly 450 buildings destroyed; loss, over \$73,000,000. St. John, N. B., June 21, 1877—loss, \$12,500,000.



HAPPY CHILDHOOD.



told by our L
day on which

The Roman
for the reason
flames of war
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Julian the
Lord's proph
plenty, but Jul
fiery eruption,
Temple, are a
evidence."

1. Simon Peter
2. James.
3. John.
4. Andrew.

Afterward

The Bible
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The first verse
except the letter
Easter. The s
There are no w

INFORMATION FOR STUDENTS OF THE BIBLE.



THE Temple was built by Solomon, assisted by Hiram, King of Tyre, in the fourth year of his reign, B. C. 1024. Finished, B. C. 1005. This Temple, destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar, B. C. 586. A larger Temple, but not so costly, built by the Jews after their return from captivity, B. C. 520. This Temple was built by Zerubbabel, with the help of Cyrus, king of Persia.

After the decay of five centuries the Temple was restored by Herod, B. C. 20, who employed eighty thousand workmen for nine years, and spared no expense to render it equal, if not superior, in magnitude, splendor and beauty to anything among mankind. Destroyed (as foretold, by our Lord) by Titus, A. D. 70, in the same month and on the same day on which Solomon's Temple was destroyed by the Babylonians.

The Romans had used much of the precious metals and ornaments for the restoration and adornment of Rome. It is a singular fact that the flames of war consumed, almost at the same time, the Temple of Jerusalem and the Capitol of Rome.

Julian the Apostate, Emperor of Rome, in order to cast contempt upon our Lord's prophecy, attempted to rebuild the Temple A. D. 263. Money was plenty, but Julian failed. Gibbon says: "An earthquake, a whirlwind, and a fiery eruption, which overturned and scattered the new foundations of the Temple, are attested, with some variations, by contemporary and respectable evidence."

MIRACLES OF JESUS.

The centurion's servant healed, Matt. 8: 5-13.
The tempter stilled, Matt. 8: 23-27.
The demoniac of Gada cured, Matt. 8: 28-34.
A man sick of the palsy cured, Matt. 9: 1-8.
Jairus' daughter raised, Matt. 9: 18-26.
Two blind men restored to sight, Matt. 9: 27-31.
A dumb demoniac cured, Matt. 32-33.
A man with a withered hand cured, Matt. 12: 10-13.
A blind and dumb demoniac cured, Matt. 12: 22-23.
Five thousand fed, Matt. 14: 15-21.
Christ walks on the sea, Matt. 14: 22-25.
Canaanitish woman's daughter cured, Matt. 15: 21-28.
Four thousand fed, Matt. 15: 32-39.
A lunatic possessed of the devil cured, Matt. 17: 14-21.
Procuress tribute money from a fish, Matt. 17: 24-27.
Two blind men restored to sight, Matt. 20: 30-34.
The fig tree blasted, Matt. 21: 18-21.
A demoniac cured, Mark 1: 23-28.
A leper healed, Mark 1: 40-45.
A man both deaf and dumb cured, Mark 7: 31-37.
A blind man restored to sight, Mark 8: 22-26.
Great draught of fishes, Luke 5: 1-11.
Widow's son raised from the dead, Luke 7: 11-17.
A crooked woman cured, Luke 13: 11-17.
A man cured of the dropsy, Luke 14: 1-6.
Ten lepers cleansed, Luke 17: 11-19.
Malchus' ear healed, Luke 22: 50-51.
Water turned into wine, John 2: 1-11.
A nobleman's son cured, John 4: 46-54.
A cripple at Bethesda cured, John 5: 1-9.
A man born blind restored to sight, John 9: 1-12.
Lazarus raised to life, John 11: 1-46.
Surprising draught of fishes, John 21: 1-14.

THE TWELVE APOSTLES.

(MARK 3: 16-19).

- | | | |
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------|
| 1. Simon Peter. | 5. Philip. | 9. James. |
| 2. James. | 6. Bartholomew. | 10. Thaddæus. |
| 3. John. | 7. Matthew. | 11. Simon. |
| 4. Andrew. | 8. Thomas. | 12. Judas. |

Afterward God chose Matthias in the place of false Judas. Acts 1: 15-26.

CURIOSITIES OF THE BIBLE.

The Bible contains 3,566,480 letters, 773,764 words, 31,173 verses, 1,189 chapters and 66 books. The word **AND** occurs 46,277 times. The word **LORD** occurs 1,855 times. The word **REVEREND** occurs but once, which is in the 9th verse of the 118th Psalm. The middle verse is the 8th verse of the 118th Psalm. The 21st verse of the 7th chapter of Ezra contains all the letters of the alphabet, except the letter **J**. The longest verse is the 9th verse of the 9th chapter of Esther. The shortest verse is the 33rd verse of the 11th chapter of St. John. There are no words or names containing more than six syllables.

ESTIMATE OF RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS AMONGST ENGLISH SPEAKING COMMUNITIES IN THE WORLD.

Episcopalians.....	32,500,000	Free Thought, various.....	3,700,000
Methodists of all denominations.....	15,000,000	Unitarians, under several names.....	1,400,000
Roman Catholics.....	15,000,000	Minor religious sects.....	4,000,000
Presbyterians of all denominations.....	11,000,000	German, or Dutch, Lutherans, etc.....	1,800,000
Baptists of all descriptions.....	9,000,000	Of no particular religious denomination.....	1,000,000
Congregationalists.....	5,000,000	English speaking population.....	377,000,000

English bids fair to become the universal language; already it is more widely spread and more freely spoken than any other tongue. In Europe it is regarded as the language of polite society. On the vast Australian and North American Continents it is the one speech; and in the East fully 15,000,000 of Hindus, Mohammedans, Buddhists, and others, read and speak English. In point of numbers at the present time, it is exceeded by the Chinese alone.

DIMENSIONS OF HEAVEN.

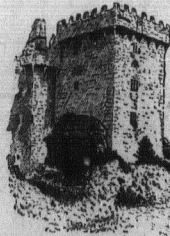
And he measured the city with a reed, twelve thousand furlongs: the length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal.—Rev. xxi, 16. Twelve thousand furlongs, 7,200,000 feet, which being cubed, 376,733,088,000,000,000 cubic feet. Half of this we will reserve for the Throne of God and the Court of Heaven, and half the balance for streets, leaving a remainder of 124,198,272,000,000,000,000 cubic feet. Divide this by 4,096, the cubical feet in a room sixteen feet square, and there will be 30,321,843,750,000,000 rooms. We will now suppose the world always did and always will contain 999,000,000 inhabitants, and that a generation lasts for 33½ years, making in all 2,970,000,000 every century, and that the world will stand 100,000 years, or 1,000 centuries, making in all 2,970,000,000,000 inhabitants. Then suppose there were one hundred worlds equal to this in number of inhabitants and duration of years, making a total of 297,000,000,000,000 persons and there would be more than a hundred rooms sixteen feet square for each person.

SEEK AND YE SHALL FIND.

Blest they who seek,
While in their youth,
With spirit meek,
The way of truth.

To them the sacred Scriptures now display;
Christ as the only true and living way!
His precious blood on Calvary was given,
To make them heirs of endless life in heaven;
And e'en on earth the child of God can trace
The glorious blessings of his Savior's grace!

For them He bore
His Father's frown;
For them He wore
The thorny crown;
Nailed to the cross,
Endured its pain,
That His life's loss
Might be their gain;
Then haste to choose
That better part,
Nor dare refuse
The Lord the heart,
Least He declare:
"I know you not,"
And deep despair
Shall be your lot!
With Jesus plead—
He'll help your need;
Christ crucified—
For you He died.

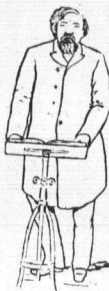


THE JEWISH YEAR.

Month of	Jewish Name.	Corresponding to	Products.	Jewish Festivals.		
Sacred Year.	Civil Year.	No. of Days.				
I.	VII.	Abib of Nisan.....	30	March, April.....	Barley ripe, Fig in blossom.	Purim.
II.	VIII.	Year or Zif.....	30	April and May.....	Barley harvest.	Unleavened Bread.
III.	IX.	Shan or Sivan.....	30	May and June.....	Wheat harvest.	Pentecost.
IV.	X.	Tammuz.....	30	June, July.....	Early sowing.	
V.	XI.	Ab.....	30	July, August.....	Ripe figs.	
VI.	XII.	Kislev.....	30	August, Sept.....	General sowing.	
VII.	I.	Tisri.....	30	Sept., October.....	Ploughing and sowing.	Fest of Trumpets.
VIII.	II.	Hul.....	30	October, Nov.....	Later sowing.	Fest of Tabernacles.
IX.	III.	Chislev.....	30	Nov., December.....	Grain after sown.	Dedication.
X.	IV.	Tebeth.....	30	December, Jan.....	Grain after sown.	
XI.	V.	Shebeth.....	30	January, Feb.....	Winter fig.	
XII.	VI.	Adar.....	30	Feb., March.....	Almond blossom.	Purim.
XIII.		Ve-Adar, Intercalary.....	30			

N. B.—The Sacred Year was reckoned from the month after the vernal, or spring, equinox. The Civil year began in September (the fruitless part of the year.)

IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR.



PROPHETCY.—For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given; and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.—Isa. 9: 6.

BIRTH.—And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.—Luke 2: 10, 11.

BAPTISM.—And the child grew, and waxed strong in the spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him. And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers.—Luke 2: 40, 47.

BAPTISM.—And Jesus, when he was baptized, went up straightway out of the water: and lo, the heavens were opened unto him, and he saw the Spirit of God descending like a dove, and lighting upon him: And a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.—Matt. 3: 16, 17.

PREACHING.—From that time Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand. . . . Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 4: 17; 11: 28.

TRANSFIGURATION.—And after six days Jesus taketh Peter, James, and John his brother, and bringeth them up into a high mountain apart: And was transfigured before them: and his face did shine as the sun, and his raiment was white as the light.—Matt. 17: 1, 2.

MIRACLES.—The blind received their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up, and the poor have the gospel preached to them.—Matt. 11: 5.

LORD'S SUPPER.—The Lord Jesus, the same night in which he was betrayed, took bread: and when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat; this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, This cup is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come.—1 Cor. 11: 23-26.

CRUCIFIXION.—And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha: Where they crucified him, and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst.—John 19: 17, 18.

BURIAL.—Joseph of Arimathea went unto Pilate, and begged the body of Jesus. And he took it down, and wrapped it in linen, and laid it in a sepulchre that was hewn in stone, wherein never man before was laid.—Luke 23: 52, 53.

RESURRECTION.—Now upon the first day of the week, very early in the morning, they came unto the sepulchre, and they found the stone rolled away, and behold two men stood by them in shining garments and said unto them, Why seek ye the living among the dead? He is not here, but is risen.—Luke 24: 1-6.

ASCENSION.—And he led them out as far as to Bethany, and he lifted up his hands, and blessed them. And it came to pass, while he blessed them, he was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.—Luke 24: 50, 51.

PROMISE TO THE GOOD.—In my Father's house are many mansions; if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.—John 14: 2, 3.

DIVISION OF THE TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

NIGHT.	
First Watch—Evening, 6 to 9 p. m.	Third Watch—Cockcrow, 12 to 3 a. m.
Second Watch—Midnight, 9 to 12 p. m.	Fourth Watch—Morning, 3 to 6 a. m.
DAY.	
Third Hour—6 to 9 a. m.	Ninth Hour—12 to 3 p. m.
Sixth Hour—9 to 12 m.	Twelfth Hour—3 to 6 p. m.

BIBLICAL MONIES AND MEASURES.

ROMAN MONEY.	
Mite=about 2 mills.	Denarius=1 penny=16 cents.
Farthing=1¼ cents.	100 pence=1 pound=16 dollars.
JEWISH MONEY.	
1 silver shekel=54½ cents.	1 silver talent=\$1,642.50
1 gold shekel=\$8.76.	1 gold talent=\$26,280.00
Judas sold his Lord for 30 shekels or pieces of silver=\$16.96—the legal value of a slave if he were killed by a beast. Money would purchase about ten times as much then as now. One Roman penny (16 cents) was a good day's wages for a laborer.	

JEWISH MEASURES.	
1 cubit=about 1 foot 6 inches.	1 Sabbath day's journey=¾ of a mile
1 furlong=¼ of a mile.	1 day's journey=about 20 miles.

HOW THE TWELVE APOSTLES DIED.

According to the generally received traditions of the church Andrew suffered martyrdom at Patrae, in Achaia, on a cross of the form known as St. Andrew's cross; Bartholomew was crucified at Albanopolis in Armenia; James, the elder, son of Zebedee, was beheaded; James, the brother of our Lord, was probably stoned to death; Matthew died a natural death; Philip died a violent death at Hierapolis, but by what mode is uncertain; Simon Peter was crucified at Rome; Thaddaeus, or Jude, probably suffered martyrdom in Persia; John, the beloved disciple, lived, according to Jerome, to be about 100 years old, and died at Ephesus; Simon Zelotes was crucified at 129 years of age; Thomas was put to death in India, and Judas Iscariot hung himself.

ORIGINALS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT.

The New Testament was originally written in Greek. It is not claimed that any of the manuscripts written by the Apostles themselves are in existence, but numerous early copies in use in the Christian churches in Europe, Asia and Africa, from which the New Testament was translated into Latin and other languages are preserved in the Vatican library at Rome. In the original Hebrew manuscripts of the Old Testament a division of the matter into paragraphs was early introduced for convenience in reading. Larger divisions into sections suitable for Sabbath readings, were made about the middle of the fifteenth century. The gospels were divided into sections for a similar purpose as early as the third century. The present arrangement of the Scriptures into chapters, however, originated in the thirteenth century with Cardinal Hugo, who devised it while making a Latin concordance. The division into verses was introduced by the celebrated printer, Robert Stephens, in his Greek Testament (1551), and in his Latin Bible (1567-7).

THE RED SEA.

The drowning of Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea had nothing to do with its name. It takes this from a peculiar reddish color remarked at certain seasons of the year in parts of this sea, due to marine plants, or to reddish animalcules, called by sailors, whale feed, which float on it like a scum; or to the reefs of red coral which abound in many parts of it; or, possibly, to the fact that its upper coast was one of the boundaries of Edom, "the red." No Biblical scholar of any repute has ever asserted that the sea took its name from the overthrow of Pharaoh.

THE BIBLE PRINTED IN 300 TONGUES.

The British and Foreign Bible Society reports that the sacred Scriptures were last year translated into 353 fresh languages. The number of tongues in which this Society now publishes the Bibles is thus increased to 300. Fifty years ago it was published in 150 tongues. The Society distributed 4,206,000 volumes during the year.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC BIBLE.

The translation of the Bible by the Protestants at the Reformation were soon followed by translations at the hands of Roman Catholic scholars, intended for those who still adhered to the Roman Church. Accordingly the New Testament appeared at Rheims, in France, in 1582; and the Old Testament at Douai in 1609-10, although it had been prepared before the New Testament. The first complete edition of the entire Bible, according to this recension, was published at Rouen in 1633-35. Says Dr. Schaff: "Its translators were good scholars, but were obliged to take the Latin Vulgate as the basis, and to adhere closely to it." A revision was made about the middle of the last century.

VALUABLE BIBLES.

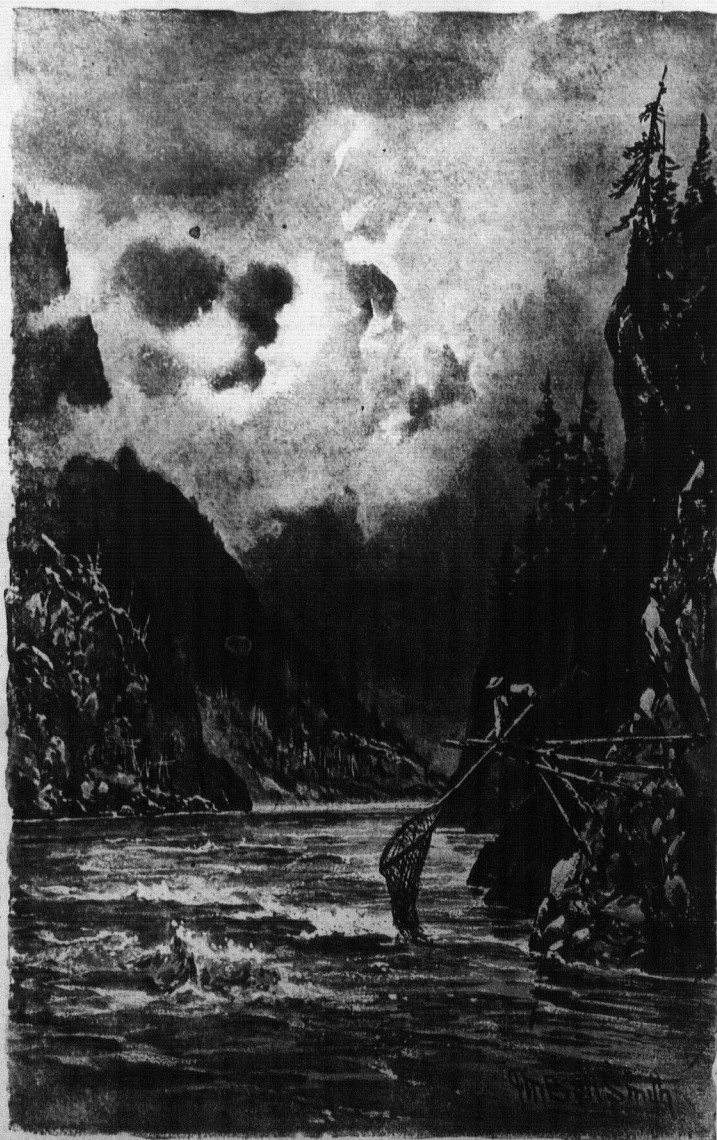
A copy of the Mazarin Bible was recently sold at auction in London, and brought an even \$10,000. This is the fourth of these volumes which has been sold inside of sixteen years, and the price it brought was also lower than those of the other three. One sold for \$19,500, another for \$11,450, and the other for \$13,250. This edition of the Bible was the work of Gutenberg and Faust, and was the first book ever printed with movable types. As an artistic production, it is claimed to have never been surpassed.

PETRIFIED BIBLE.

While cleaning an old swamp, Mr. Martin Flush, living near Pleasant Valley, Ind., discovered quite a curiosity. Several feet beneath the leaves and much he unearthed what appeared to be a stone book. Close inspection showed it to be a family Bible, bearing the date 1773 plainly lettered. It is now solid limestone. Those who have examined the book state that it was originally a real book and is now petrified.

The Church of San Miguel was erected at Santa Fe, New Mexico, seventy-seven years before the landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, twenty years before the founding of St. Augustine, Florida, and fifty years after the landing of Columbus, and is, therefore, the oldest church on the American continent.

The monastery at St. Honorat, on the Island of St. Honorat, near Cannes, France, was founded near the end of the fourth century, and during the fourteen hundred years of its existence no woman has ever been allowed to enter its precincts.



SIWASH INDIANS FISHING IN FRAZER CANYON.

FACTS AND FIGURES ON LIVE STOCK.

In the last annual report of the Bureau of Industries issued by the Ontario Government, it is shown that in the Province there are 318,400 working horses, 131,133 breeding mares, and 210,203 unbroken horses, making a total of 659,736. There has been a steady increase in the number of horses to be found in the Province for many years. The number of oxen used in Ontario is rapidly decreasing with the advancement of settlement and civilization, the number now being 116,600, a falling off of 2,405,559, while a year ago there were but 835,469.

This is an increase in twelve months of 305,060, or about 37 per cent. The wonderful growth of the swine industry just now can only be attributed to the general fact that at last the farmers of Ontario are realizing that there is an almost unlimited market for pork, and that the Western States that too long enjoyed a monopoly of it. Indeed, every year and fall of 1891 tourists turning more attention to stock. During the summer and fall of 1891 outbreaks of hog cholera were reported from Ottawa, Kingston and Toronto, and the authorities immediately took strict measures to suppress so virulent a disease. Some experts claim that the disease was milder in nature than hog cholera; but it was bad enough when, at the Dominion farm, about fifty animals died in two weeks.

The total number of cattle in the Province is 1,894,712, which is 2,813 more than in the previous year, but still is much smaller than in any former year since 1885. In 1880 the total number was 2,018,175. Even since last year there has been a decrease of 1,333 in the number of milch cows. While the largest number of all classes of cattle is to be found in the beef-raising West Midland group, by far the greatest number of milch cows appear in the dairying counties comprising the St. Lawrence and Ottawa District.

The total number of sheep in the Province is 1,339,695, which is less by 4,485 than in 1890, and smaller than at any time since 1885. The decrease has been mainly confined to sheep over one year old, in which class there has been a decline for some years; but the number of growing sheep has increased steadily. This condition of affairs plainly indicates either an increased produce of mutton, or an increased export trade in sheep. In reality it indicates both. In the Lake Erie and Lake Huron counties, sheep-raising is rapidly gaining ground. The total number of fleeces for the past year was 807,486, a falling off of 186,149 compared with the average of the nine previous years. In view of these figures too, we may say that farmers have found to their profit that while all sheep grow wool some also possess breeding and others mutton. In the United States, during the past fifty years, sheep have made a great advance in weight. The average weight of a fleece in 1840 was two pounds, while now it is five pounds or over. The total number of sheep in the Republic in 1840 was 19,311,374, while in 1890 that total was increased to 42,431,136. The was 19,311,374, while in 1890 that total was increased to 42,431,136. The American farmers are now producing mutton for export, and there were 256,711 American exports in 1890, while those engaged in the trade expect to see that figure reach the millions in a few years. Canada will probably take a hand in that business, as she is somewhat tardily about to do in the pork and dead beef trades.

There are 466,742 turkeys in the province, 438,722 geese, and 590,400 other fowl. Every sort of fowl is more numerous now than during any period since 1885, and perhaps there never was so many as now. Last year great numbers of fowl, especially turkeys, were shipped from Canada to Great Britain for the Christmas trade. As Hon. J. A. Chaplaine said in his Providence, Rhode Island, speech: "There was probably, last year, as many tons of Canadian fowl distributed over the British Isles as there had in previous years been individual birds." One thing is sure, English dealers are showing by means of circulars of enquiry, that they have confidence that a mutually profitable trade can be created in fowl between the Dominion and Great Britain.

A revolution is also occurring in the egg trade. Exports of eggs to Great Britain during the three months ending September 30, 1890, were 3,652 dozen, valued at \$388; to United States during same period 5,487,794 dozen, valued at \$817,008. During three months ending September 30, 1891, 1,126,391 dozen were exported to Great Britain, valued at \$157,741; to the United States during same period 1,266,581, valued at \$141,240.

In Ontario there are 817 cheese factories, which turned out in 1890 no less than 67,284,989 lbs. of cheese, having a value of \$6,398,947. This is a total production exceeding the previous year by 6,771,866 lbs., and an increase of \$429,388 in total value. This increase in value would have been greater but there was a falling off of 20 cents per cwt. in the market price received. There was an increase of 1,623 in the number of factories, and of 31,353 in the number of cows sending milk to the factories. The average amount of milk used in the manufacturing of a pound of cheese was about 10½ lbs. (i. e., 10.54). Cheese is one feature of a product of Ontario and Canada, takes especial pride in. It leads the world. A product that Ontario five years ago sent to Canada for a first-class cheese-maker, and as a result that factory has ever since secured one cent a pound more for its cheese; has had more from the same quantity of milk and won prizes at every fair, in competition with the product of other Scotch and English factories. Our market in Great Britain was for a time jeopardized by the fact that a very inferior American article was sold there as "Canadian cheese," but the fraud has been made impossible by Government intervention.

The Ontario Government has long been trying to encourage the establishment of creameries, so that Canadian butter may take a place in the world's estimation not inferior to our cheese. At present it cannot compete with the splendid article turned out of the Danish creameries. In Ontario there are now

thirty-nine of these creameries, five of which also make cheese. Seven of these factories did not furnish reports of their business for 1890, so that figures are necessarily incomplete, but the total made up from available returns is 1,147,955 lbs. of butter, value, \$220,844. In 1889 the total was only 876,003 lbs. The creamery-made cheese amounted to 310,438 lbs. More than 60 per cent. of the creamery-made butter is manufactured in the counties of Grey and Bruce.

HIGH-PRICED SHEEP.

The highest price ever paid for a sheep was 1,000 guineas, paid for a ram at Sydney, Australia, in 1890, at the annual sale of Merino stud sheep, while 1,000 guineas was paid at Melbourne the same year for a pure-bred Vermont ram. In guineas prices did not range quite so high. The highest price—710 guineas—was paid by Mr. Frank Sutton to Messrs. Gibson & Son for their ram, Albert the Third. The second best was 500 guineas, paid for the Colony stud ram, the Metro-animal having won first in his class, and being reserve champion at the Metropolitan International Show. Mr. James Gibson's four-year old ram, Golden Tern II., fetched 370 guineas, while other prices were 205, 200, 285, and 250 guineas. In 1890 Mr. Thomas Gibson obtained an average price of £338 each for seven stud rams, while this year the prices only averaged £188. In 1889 Mr. Bakewell of Blotock received 1,200 guineas for the hire of three rams, and 2,000 guineas for the hire of seven others. The most extraordinary hiring that occurred was that of a favorite ram called Two-pounder, who for the use of which during one season he obtained 400 guineas each from two breeders. The natural life of a sheep is about twelve years, and even for half that term this famous ram was worth over £7,500. Australian sheep seem to find favor in South Africa. About forty rams sent to Cape Colony, not long ago, from Victoria, Australia, averaged \$1.25 per head, the highest price being \$2.75. A Tasmanian ram at the same sale brought \$750. The expense of transportation was \$35 for each sheep.

WEIGHING CATTLE WITH A STRING.

Whitaker's Almanac, that valuable English annual, gives the following method of determining the weight of cattle in the absence of scales. We confess that in this country, where an averagely-conditioned animal intended for the meat market nearly doubles in weight the one used below to illustrate the method, we have doubts, and await experimenting with: "Measure the girth close behind the shoulder-blades, and back to the bone at the tail, which is in a vertical line with the hock. Multiply the square of the girth, expressed in feet, by five times the length, and divide the product by 21; the quotient is the weight, nearly, of the four quarters, in imperial stones of 14 lb. avoirdupois. For example, if the girth be 6 feet, and the length 5½ feet, we shall have 6 x 6 = 36, and 5½ x 5 = 29½; then 36 x 29½ = 1,062, this, divided by 21, gives 50½, and 50½ x 14 = 707½, which is the weight, nearly, of the four quarters exactly. It is to be observed, however, that in very fat cattle the four quarters will be about one-twentieth more, while in those in a very lean state they will be one-twentieth less than the weight obtained by the rule."

SHEEP THE WORLD OVER.

Gustav Jovanovich is the greatest cattle breeder in Russia and possesses more dogs than any man in the world. He owns six hundred thousand acres of land, possesses more than a million sheep, and thirty-four thousand shepherd dogs. The latest return for sheep were made in 1887. It was then estimated that in England there were about eighteen and a half million sheep, Scotland six and three-quarter millions, Ireland about three and a half millions. In Russia were found twenty-two and a half millions, in Germany nineteen, in France forty-seven and a half, and in Italy about ten millions. In Great Britain there are seventy-six sheep to every one hundred inhabitants, in France sixty, in Germany forty-two, in Russia fifty-five, and in Italy twenty-eight. The countries relatively richest in horses and horned cattle are the Argentine Republic and Uruguay, while Australia leads in sheep, and Servia and Roumania in pigs. The poorest in horses and cattle are Italy and Spain; in cattle, Portugal; in sheep Belgium; and in pigs, Greece.

HARVEST TIME OF THE WORLD.

The following shows the months of wheat harvest in the different wheat growing sections of the world. It will be seen that in the great economy of nature wheat is being harvested somewhere in the world every day of the year: January—Australia, New Zealand, Chili and Argentine.

February and March—East India and Upper Egypt.

April—Lower Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, Persia, Asia Minor, India, Mexico and China.

May—Algeria, Central Asia, China, Japan, Morocco, Texas and Florida.

June—Turkey, Greece, Italy, Spain, Portugal, South of California, Oregon, Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, Kentucky, Kansas, Arkansas, Utah, Colorado and Missouri.

July—Rumania, Bulgaria, Austro-Hungary, South of Russia, Germany, Switzerland, France, South of England, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Ohio, New York, New England and Ontario.

August—Belgium, Holland, Great Britain, Denmark, Poland, Quebec, Colombia and Manitoba.

September and October—Scotland, Sweden, Norway and North of Russia.

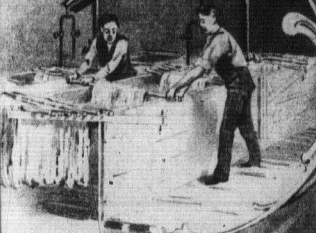
November—Peru and South Africa. December—Burmah.

Toront Carpet Mfg Co

ESPLANADE & JARVIS STS.
TORONTO.

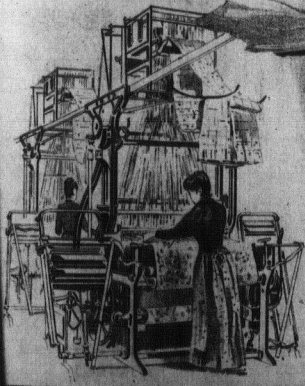
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CARPETS & RUGS.

GUARANTEED FULL WEIGHT.
FAST COLOR.
CLEAN GOODS.



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HEAD OFFICE

Canada Life

ASSURANCE CO.

HAMILTON

ESTABLISHED 1847.

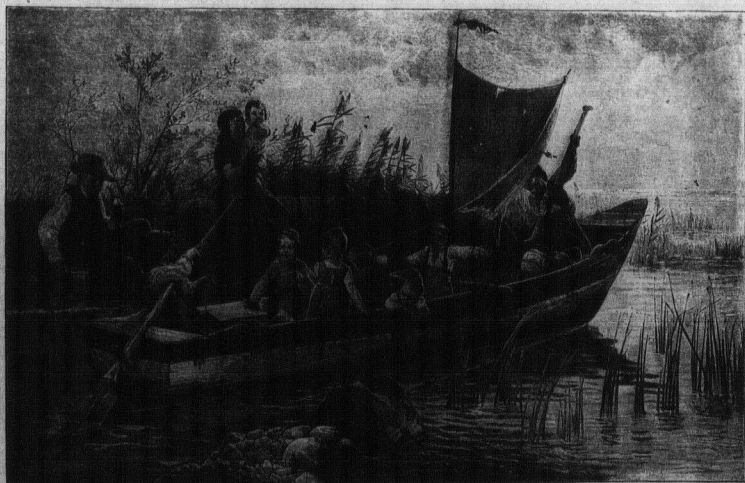


PROGRESS OF THE COMPANY.

	SUMS ASSURED.	INCOME.	ASSETS.
1870	\$ 6,404,437	\$ 273,728	\$ 1,090,098
1875	13,430,037	582,735	2,412,363
1880	21,547,759	885,856	4,297,853
1885	34,690,225	1,386,681	7,044,940
1890	54,086,801	2,096,205	11,082,440
1891	56,218,318	2,218,096	12,074,125



A PASSING FLIRTATION.



EXPLORING THE MARSH.

The Story of a Skull.



AM about to tell you a story that I have never told to a human being before, and it is one of the most extraordinary incidents that ever came under my personal observation. You will be filled with wondering thoughts when you hear it, and some of those who read it will be disposed to doubt the authenticity of the facts now for the first time made public. But the parties interested are alive to-day, or rather two of the chief actors in the tragedy are, for tragedy it is, involving the shedding of human blood and a confession which is even more mysterious than the crime itself.

I must preface this strange tale by telling you that twenty years ago two young men were in love with the same young lady in a country village in England, down in Herefordshire. The name of one was Merrifield and the name of the other was Torrens. Torrens was a wild young fellow with little to his credit except that he came of a wealthy father, while Merrifield was a quiet, unassuming, studious young man, whose chief delight was to wander over the fields and commune with nature. Many a time he would leave home in the morning and ramble along by the hedges and over the fields, without either dog or gun, listening to the singing of the birds and plucking the flowers that grew by the wayside, thinking little of the practical things of life and forgetting that such a thing as a dinner table had ever been invented. On one of these rambles he met the pretty daughter of a neighboring squire, with whom he speedily became acquainted, then to whom he became greatly attached, the attachment being mutual. They were a handsome-looking, ruddy-faced couple, and no better match could have been arranged, if love could have had its way. But Torrens had for some time been prosecuting his suit in the same quarter. I will not go over this part of the tale. It is the old story over again.

CROWS.

They stream across the fading western sky
A sable cloud, far o'er the lonely leas;
Now parting into scattered companies,
Now closing up the broken ranks, still high
And higher yet they mount, white, carelessly,
Trail slow behind, athwart the moving trees
A lingering few, 'round whom the evening breeze
Plays with sad whispered murmurs as they fly.

A lonely figure, ghostly in the dim
And darkening twilight, fingers in the shade
Of bending willows: "Surely God has laid
His curse on me," he moans, "my strength of limb
And old heart-courage fail me, and I flee
Bowed with fell terror at this augury."

SOPHIE M. ALMON.

The young lady, Kate by name, was urged by her parents to marry Torrens and bid farewell to Merrifield, and this she did, though with a heavy heart. After the wedding, Merrifield went away and it was said that he had gone to America, although nobody knew to what particular part of it, further than that he had friends in Canada. Two years after Merrifield disappeared, Kate died. It was said by some that she had died of a broken heart, and by others that Torrens had used her harshly and ill-treated her owing to jealousy of

Merrifield. It was said, indeed, that he had come across some letters of Merrifield's written after the marriage, but those who knew that the letters were old ones which she had put away of a dead but happy past, and that they were of a buried love. Be that as it may, Kate did not let her friends admitted to be her unfortunate marriage were the expressions of sympathy on regrets that she had not taken Merrifield's

Torrens came to Canada after his wife's death and by a strange freak of fortune ran across Merrifield at a country-supper resort, which you would at once recognize by name if I told you where it was, but which he had come. The news came that they were speedily forgotten. He was going to take a look at the beautiful scenery for which the place was noted, he disappeared. Nothing was ever heard of him afterwards—nothing but this, that a young doctor who had come to the town to practice during the season called at the hotel one day about a month afterwards and showed a letter which he said he had received from Torrens, or some friend of Torrens, and claimed the valise. These fragments of the story were all that was known and they were so unimportant that they were speedily forgotten.

Merrifield, who was always known since leaving England to be a moody fellow, was moodier than ever and spent his idle hours wandering over the fields and plucking the flowers and listening to the birds, but with a lifeless, listless air, as of one who had sorrows of his own. From words he had dropped it was suspected that he had been the victim of a love affair, but of this he never spoke directly. But gossip had put this and that together and made up their minds that Merrifield would never marry and that he must have been jilted in his youth. What I have told you of his love affair was not known at the time, but I have mentioned it here in order that you may possess the thread of the story. Now listen to what follows.

One day I sat in the office of a doctor twenty years after the time at which the love affair in England had occurred. The doctor was a man of fifty years of age. He was a firm believer in mesmerism, or hypnotism as it is now called. We were discussing hypnotic influence and the doctor was impressing upon me the soundness of the theory. He was as certain, he said, that the will of one man could be made to dominate and control the will of another as he was of his own existence. He had tried it over and over again and he firmly believed that hypnotism would yet play an important part in medical science. During the discussion a middle-aged man came into the surgery, as I supposed, to consult the doctor, but he seemed to be interested in what was being said. He did not express dissent from what the doctor said nor yet did he intimate his approval of it. He simply listened, but a queer

doctor said nor yet did he intimate his approval of it. He simply listened, but a queer

look in his eyes attracted me and caused me to ask myself the question whether such a one would be a likely subject. After repeating his belief in the theory of hypnotism the doctor suggested by way of a joke, as I thought, more than for the sake of convincing me, that the new comer should subject himself to an experiment. The proposal was laughingly accepted, and the new comer placed himself in the doctor's chair. After holding the subject's hand and looking steadily into his eyes for a time the doctor ordered him to close his eyes. This the subject did.

The doctor looked at "I have him," and the man was really influence which, looking at the time some other power I saw with my own eyes?" was the question picked a skull off the of the man you killed special importance.

At this moment molten lead on his came at once." The before he wakens." man who held a skull would fall off into about him in a rest excitement. I instilled The air of the room What could be the secret spring in his But before I had this terrified times that is it you?" I could winter's night, not beating against the went on: "You took you from the day from your lips that harsh treatment he never quit my sight me. I recalled the me, while I almost tugging at my heart around past the ground on the pretence of I struck you down writhing on the ground matched a stone from Oh, it was a happy shout to the dun you had done me, brains coming out, a sweet revenge! think that at last hopes and wrecked stream I waded, did all through the long knew who you were And as the hypno he sprang to his feet with a shriek that I

To tell the ph founded to be able the perspiration sthing must be done it over the prostration Happily the doctor draught which soos say, not one question of the surgery. I occurred? I can looked upon his fa kept it to himself, I know is that this confess his own cri That question different forms. I of the doctor? W me the details of the doctor's will, he tell me of a cr deater I know, for by the hypnotised paper, which lie b the creek enters t way he had descr told me? And he body after the ice carried away the appeared?

I have met the

The doctor looked over at me with a triumphant look on his face, as if to say, "I have him," and to tell the truth I felt myself being rapidly convinced that the man was really hypnotized, or at least that he was under some peculiar influence which left him powerless in the doctor's hands. I remember half suspecting at the time that perhaps the doctor had administered chloroform, and some other powerful drug without my knowledge, and yet this could not be, as I saw with my own eyes everything that had transpired. "Is it really mesmerism?" was the question that I asked myself over and over again. The doctor picked a skull off the table and placed it in the man's hand. "This is the skull of the man you killed," he said in a half-jocular way, as if imparting a fact of no special importance.

At this moment a hurried knock came to the door. "A man has split molten lead on his foot at the foundry," a voice said, "and could the doctor come at once?" The doctor looked at me and said: "Sit still; I will be back before he awakes." With that he was gone and I sat alone with a hypnotized man who held a skull in his hands and had received his cue. I thought he would fall off into a deep sleep, but to my amazement his eyes began to stare about him in a restless, haunted way, and his whole frame shook with nervous excitement. I instinctively felt that something terrible was about to happen. The air of the room became heavy and I felt as if I were held fast by my chair. What could be the meaning of the man's actions? Had the doctor touched a secret spring in his mind, and was I about to be made the confidant of a crime? But before I had time to realize what it all meant, I heard words uttered in half terrified tones that made every nerve in my body tingle: "My God, Torrens is it you?" I could do nothing but listen. We two were alone. It was a winter's night, not yet six o'clock, but rapidly growing dark, and the sleet was beating against the window panes. "Is it you," he said again, and then he went on: "You took her from me and I killed you as I would a rat. I hated you from the day you stole her from me, and when I saw you here and heard from your lips that she was dead, I knew that you were the cause, that your harsh treatment had brought her to the grave, and I swore that you would never quit my sight alive. The day I met you all the old feeling came back to me. I recalled the face of the only woman in the world that I had ever loved, and while I almost smiled while you spoke to me of her death, I felt the demon tugging at my heart and urging me on to strangle you. I led you up the hill, round past the grove where the cattle was grazing quietly by the brook side, on the pretence of taking a short cut to the hotel, and with one blow of my fist I struck you down. How I leaped for joy and laughed aloud as I saw you writhing on the ground at my feet, and how strong I felt my arm grow as I matched a stone from the side of the brook and struck you again and again! Oh, it was a happy revenge! Look! I here are the very cracks in your skull. I shouted to the dumb cattle to see how at last I had paid you back for the wrong you had done me, and again and again I cried out: 'See, Kate, look at his face, brains oozing out, and his lying tongue protruding from his lying lips!' What a sweet revenge! I could have lain down beside you and died for very joy to think that at last the world was rid of the man who had shattered my boyish hopes and wrecked my life. I dragged you to the brook, and along the shallow stream I waded, dragging you by the neck-band, and over to the marsh, where all through the long winter you rotted, and when your body was found no one knew who you were, and you were buried in a pauper's grave."

And as the hypnotized subject shivered rather than spoke these fatal words he sprang to his feet, dashing to the floor the skull he held in his hands, and with a shriek that told of exhausted nature he fell headlong to the floor.

To tell the plain truth about the matter I was frightened and two dumb-founded to be able to do anything but sit and stare for full five minutes. I felt the perspiration standing on my forehead-like beads, but realizing that something must be done I matched a jug of water from the doctor's table and threw it over the prostrate man, who was working his whole frame as if in convulsions. Happily the doctor came in shortly afterwards, and administered a soothing draught which soon sent the man to sleep. But not one word did the doctor say, nor one question did he ask, although there lay the broken skull on the floor of the surgery. I have always thought this strange. Did he guess all that had occurred? I cannot tell. The man's name I never knew, nor have I ever looked upon his face again. The doctor may have known him, but if he did he kept it to himself, as the subject was never after broached between us. All that I know is that this man confessed to me that he was a murderer. But did he confess his own crime or the crime of another?

That question has come back to me a thousand times and in a thousand different forms. How came the skull of the murdered man into the possession of the doctor? Was it really Torrens' skull? Did this strange man recite to me the details of a deed done by the doctor and photographed on his mind by the doctor's will, as the whole scene flashed through the doctor's mind, or did he tell me of a crime committed by himself? That one of these men is a murderer I know, for the body of a man had been found in the very spot indicated by the hypnotized subject, as I discovered by searching the files of the local paper, which lie before me as I write these lines. It is the only point at which the creek enters the marsh, and the skull was battered in and broken in the very way he had described. Did the doctor suspect what his strange patient had told me? And how came it, as I learned from the account of the finding of the body after the ice had thawed away, that the doctor had called at the hotel and carried away the value of the victim within a month after Torrens had disappeared?

I have met the doctor a hundred times since, wandering about the fields,

listening to the singing of the birds, for he is a great lover of nature, and plucking the flowers, for he is a bit of a botanist, but never once has he referred to the strange man upon whom he experimented in his surgery, nor has he ever asked me how came the skull to be in fragments on the floor and the man in convulsions. I have asked myself a hundred times, "Which of these two men is the murderer?" And I have asked myself as many times, "Is either of these men Merrifield?" But to this day to neither question can I find an answer.

ALEX. F. PIRIE.

THE FAMOUS CONNECTICUT BLUE LAWS.

These laws, enacted by the people of the "Dominion of New Haven," became known as the Blue Laws because they were printed on blue paper. They were as follows:

The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of the independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

No man shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion and that Jesus is the only king.

No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing of magistrates or any officer.

No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day.

No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or feasting days.

The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset on Saturday.

Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone laid above one shilling per yard shall be punished by the grand jurors and the selectmen shall tax the estate £200.

Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of £5.

No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play an instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or Jewsharp.

No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them, as he may do with less scandal to Christ's church.

When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

A man who strikes his wife shall be fined £10.

A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court.

GREAT SLAUGHTER.

The greatest number of men ever killed in a single battle is hard to determine. Sylla destroyed 300,000 men in each of three battles, one being at Cheronea. The Persians are said to have lost 250,000 at Platana. Second Chronicles xiii. 17, records 500,000 slain on one side, which may not have been in one battle. First Kings ix. 26, gives 100,000 on one side destroyed in one battle. Many historians pay little attention to statistics of losses, but look for the influence of the conflict, and such as give figures often caution us regarding the unreliability of the number which they mention as being killed in remote times.



Outraged Ostrich.—So you're the sucker I've been laying for!



SADI CARNOT, PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

Marie Francois Sadi Carnot was born in France, August 11, 1837, and is now 55 years of age. He is a grandson of the Carnot of the Directory, "the organizer of victory." M. Carnot entered political life in 1871 as a member of the Assembly, was Finance Minister in 1879 and again in 1887, and in December of the last named year was elected President of the Republic in succession to M. Grevy.

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BOGUS BUTTER AND BAD CHEESE.

In the manufacture of butter and cheese Canada is becoming famous. Our cheese is specially good and firmly established in the markets of the world and in time, through the establishment of canneries, our butter will certainly attain a like reputation. The present position of our dairy exports should be clearly understood by all interested in the country's welfare. From the trade and navigation returns we take the following statement of exports:

	1890	1891
	lbs.	lbs.
Cheese, produce of Canada,	94,266,187	106,202,140
Cheese, not the produce of Canada,	1,329,690	9,508,800
Butter, produce of Canada,	1,091,585	3,768,101
Butter, not the produce of Canada,	1,237,498	1,967,743

The gradual annual increase in our export of domestic cheese, the fact that our butter trade seems to be once more regaining its feet, and the large amount of United States produce shipped by way of Canada clearly show that we should all be well informed in regard to the conditions and causes that may improve or set back our dairy trade.

The United States exports of cheese have gradually decreased since 1881. From 148,000,000 pounds in 1881 they dropped to 85,000,000 pounds in 1889. The partial explanation is given in a letter from the Liverpool Provision Trade Association & Exchange Co., an extract from which we here give: "The directors of this association respectfully wish to draw the attention of your government to the exportation from the United States to the United Kingdom of what is termed filled butter. This article is a compound of skim milk and grease, such as old butter, oleomargarine or lard, etc." Filled cheese has been manufactured in Ohio, Illinois and Wisconsin, but we believe an effort has been made to control the business in some parts of the States.

The Department of Agriculture at Washington reports that the production and exportation of oleomargarine injured the genuine butter export to the amount of about \$5,000,000 a year, this being offset by an export of the substitute to the amount of only about \$3,000,000 a year.

And now appears another "substitute" for butter, a process that bears the mark of fraud upon its face. It is appearing in different forms in different parts of the States and is attracting capital to its support. It may be advisable to give our Canadian readers some information and some warning.

Dr. H. W. Wiley, chemist to the Agricultural Department of the United States, in January, 1892, published a report on the subject, Examination of a Butter Adulterant. The method proposed claims to enable one to make a much larger quantity of butter out of milk than is ordinarily done. The directions are to take a pound of butter and a pint of fresh milk, add a few grains of a compound furnished, and by gently churning all together two pounds of butter may be obtained. Dr. Wiley gives the analysis of a sample of genuine butter, and also of the counterfeit made as directed, which at once shows the fraud of the method:

	Genuine Butter. per cent.	Substitute, per cent.
Water,	15.92	49.55
Butter fat,	80.53	45.45
Curd,	3.17	3.66
Ash,	0.38	1.34

The compound used, therefore, simply emulsified the milk, retaining a large portion of water and curd, giving a substance resembling butter in appearance but being much softer and of poorer keeping quality. On examination the compound furnished proved to be anhydrous sulphate of soda, pepsin, and some coloring substance. The article produced is therefore not genuine butter; the method is productive of fraud, and, like all methods of producing extraordinary results, should be carefully investigated. Canadians will no well be prepared for all such frauds whereby it is claimed that more butter can be got from milk than is really contained therein.

SUPERNAL BEAUTY.

Often in the crowded ball-room when the air o'erflows with light
And the harp's impassioned throbbing thrills the very heart of night,
I can catch from sweeping motion, beauteous forms and voices low,
Something of the love and glory flashing where the cycles flow—
Something of the speechless splendor that I think the angels know.

Or when gazing on some wondrous triumph of man's magic art,
Oft I've felt the blood of beings higher than this groveling heart
Thro' the very inmost chambers of my spirit throb and dart.

Songs there are too, heard at even, that or melt or fire the soul,
Till it seems to lose its presence reaching forth to grasp the whole.

These brief moments when a gladness mixed of sorrow floods our eyes
Are but dim uncertain glimpses of the glories of the skies.

In them we behold an instant just the hem of garments rare,
Just the hem of spirit garments fluttering swiftly thro' the air,
Hinting of Supernal Beauty we perceive but never share.

Owen Sound. JAMES A. TUCKER.

WHY EASTER IS SO IRREGULAR.

The apostolic age had scarcely passed before discussions ensued and discussions ensued as to the proper time of celebrating Easter. It was early held by the great majority of Christian churches that much importance should be attached to the day of Christ's resurrection, and it is easy to understand how the violent controversies were brought about when differences of opinion grew in reference to the time of year when the feast should be observed. The question was brought before the Council of Nice, and finally settled for the whole church, by adopting the rule which makes Easter day to be always the first Sunday after the full moon, which happens upon, or next after, March 21, and if the full moon happens on Sunday, Easter day is the Sunday after; so that by this arrangement, Easter may come as early as March 22, or as late as April 25.

The people of the United States expend \$80 per head on drink each year.

The length of new railway built in the United States in the first four months of the current year was 1,084.

In 1717 the exclusive right of making molasses from Indian corn was granted to a Connecticut farmer.

Last year Scotland drank three times the quantity of spirits per head of population that was consumed in England.

It is estimated that there are 1,000 forms of religion practiced in the world at the present time, and that 3,064 languages are spoken.

Sir Isaac Newton's nephew, a clergyman, always refused a fee when he married a couple, saying, "Go your way, poor wretches, I have done you mischief enough already."

The Austrian Minister of War has issued orders for dogs to be trained for service as messengers and sentinels, and also to assist in discovering the wounded on the field of battle.

Farmers or others living at a distance from a butcher can keep fresh meat very nicely for a week or two, by putting it into sour milk or buttermilk, and placing it in a cellar. The bone or fat need not be removed. Rinse well when used.

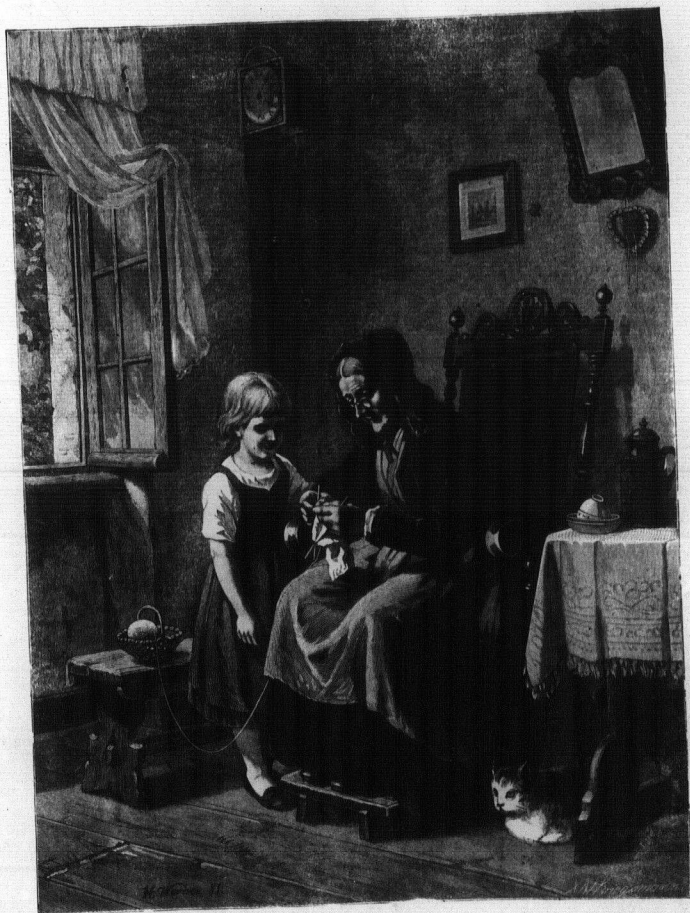
Five pounds is the average yearly consumption of tobacco in the United States for each person in the country. Three times as much is chewed as is smoked in form of cigars; twelve times more is smoked as cigars than as cigarettes, and cigarettes and snuff are about even.

The late King of Wurtemberg boasted of a bulk of person that was in inverse proportion to the smallness of his realm. His sojourn at the Court of Vienna was cut short owing to an unfortunate incident. So enormous was his development that in all the dining tables at home he had a semicircular space cut out to enable him to sit down to his meals with comfort. It seems that no preparation had been made for him in the Austrian Court dinner tables. One night a great banquet was given. During the meal some remark was made which the king construed as a slight on himself. Wild with rage, he jumped up with such suddenness that the table, caught by his protuberant bulk, was overturned, and all the dishes, plate-glass, and decorations were hurled upon the floor with a fearful crash. His Majesty fled from the room, amid the laughter of all.



Chorus of Bathers—The sea serpent! The sea serpent!

Mr. Gravely (coming out)—The folk down here seem to be pretty modest before strangers. I'll be jiggered if those girls ain't fine runners.



THE KNITTING LESSON.

HOW CA



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for it. It's a f

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HOW CALEB AN' ME WENT TO CHICAGO.

BY MALVINY.

I was sittin' by the window knittin' Caleb's winter socks when he bust into the room sayin', "Malviny Jones, what do you 'spose Silas McDougal has sent me?"

"Land alive!" says I, "how'd I be expected to know, when I ha'n heard anything about it? What is it, anyhow?"

I know if Caleb says, "Malviny Jones, there is somethin' very unusual, so I we'd best look buckus you might think, when he looked over his specs kind o' solemn an' says, "A check for five hundred dollars, Malviny Jones!"

"Land alive! what for?" says I.

"Well," says Caleb, "I don't

exactly know, but I rather think that he found out I wanted to buy Menzie's medder, an' sent me the cash to pay for it. It's a little more'n it's worth, but I'm needin' a new set o' harness too."

"Pshaw!" says I, "Silas never heard o' Menzie's medder, an' 'sides that you don't need any more land; you've got more now than you can till. It's kind o' strange he didn't send no writin' with it to tell what it's for."

Caleb ain't so very smart. He ain't as smart as I be. I found that out quite a spell ago, but, land-alive! I never let on to anybody that I know it, an' I wouldn't to you, only I know you're close mouthed. Caleb knows it, but he don't suspicion I do, an' tries his best to keep me from findin' it out. Howsom-ever, I brag to folks about his cure, smart ways, just as other women do, an' it does beat all the lot o' lyin' women will do about their men's goodness an' smartness; the very ones whose husbands are meaner'n dirt an' dumber'n dogs too, an' ev'ry body knows it. Of course, I don't deny some men are good an' smart, but their wives make 'em out altogether too good society for the angels. So I've about come to the conclusion if lyin' about their men keeps the women out o' heaven, they won't be any there but old maids.

No, I ha'n't forgot my story. When I said that about the writin', Caleb looked sort o' sheepish an' says, "I guess there is somethin' Menzie's medder,"

"I 'spose you went read that 'till you're bought Menzie's medder," says I, kind o' sarcastic like.

"Well, ye needn't git smart," says he. "I just about know that's what it's for." But he opened this letter an' began to read:

"DEAR AUNT AND UNCLE.—You can't imagine the joyful surprise it was to me, to meet my little daughter, with a spring in her step and roses in her cheeks. I am convinced that, if she had not gone to your house, I should have been unable to keep her with me another year. I am a millionaire but you know how more than poor I should be without my little, motherless girl. I am sorry you will not let me pay her board, for then I could feel free to send her again next year, as I wish to do. Will you not come to New York this winter? I enclose a check to defray expenses, and will be glad to entertain you. Of course if you do not consent to visit us, use the money for any purpose that will give you pleasure. I am sure you will not pain me by refusing to accept it, and I hope you will come. Your loving, grateful nephew. "SILAS MCDUGAL."

You see Silas is Caleb's sister's child, an' all of his folks are dead exceptin' Caleb and his little girl, the sweetest, purest little thing I. We both cried when she went away. Caleb said he didn't, but he was black'n the stove an' there was two little rivers that started under his eyes an' ran most down to his chin, clean through the black'n.

We both thought through another Laura, an' we nary gon' to New York, about the way to use.

Caleb wanted to I thought we ought expect an' plush. An' there we he'd it, able like, when in way home from Caleb an' me all of Ellie, so we her about it. She us to go to New York, but I wouldn't go there's so many cars to change an' I was afraid somethin' would happen.

Caleb kind o' wanted to go an' he says, "What's the use o' bein' afraid, Malviny? I'll be along with y'; ain't I yer nat'ral protector?"

I just looked him over, kind o' stidy, an' I says, "Caleb Jones, where was my nat'ral protector when the burglar got in the house? Where was he then?" says I. Caleb didn't tell me he was under the bed, 'cause he knew I knowed it already, but he didn't say New York another time. After the found I was not agin' gon' to New York, Ellie began arguin' us to go to Chicago.

"It's too bad," says she, "for you and uncle to live all your lives within a hundred miles of a great city and never see it. You ought to go and see the sights. You've got land enough, and your house is neat and comfortable. You need recreation more than anything else. Besides, Silas wants you to use the money for pleasure." Caleb thinks Ellie's aigh about perfect, an' so do I, an' the upshot of it all was, we decided to go.

we jist couldn't git summer without one of us felt like but we didn't agree the money.

boy the medder, an' to have a brussels cheers for the room. janglin' along, soci-comme niece Ellie on school.

think the world an' got to work an' told tried her best to get man's to change an' I



Ellie an' Caleb went to Hoopsville an' hed my winter bunnit made over, with some brand new ostrich tips on it. It cost four dollars an' looked purty. Caleb thought it was awful dear, but Ellie said it wa'n't none too good for Chicago, an' Caleb got some new black clothes an' I was proud of him 'em.

Well, when we got all ready, we hed an awful time startin'. It's ten miles to Hoopsville, where we take the cars, an' our train went about twelve o'clock, so we hed to go early. We got up somewhere's near four in the mornin' an' when I was gettin' breakfast Caleb poked his head in at the door an' hollered,

"Malviny Jones, where ap airth is my dean shirt?"

An' I said, "Right on top in the bureau draw, Caleb." But land-alive! he couldn't find it. Men are cur'us. Caleb's kep' his shirts in that draw twenty-seven years, an' whenever there was anything gon' an' he was in a hurry I've hed to get 'em for him. Then Caleb kep' forgettin' ev'rythin' an' gon' back after it, an' I got most out the gate with my new bunnit hangin' on the back of the rockin' cheer in the sittin' room. Finally we got off to Hoopsville in plenty o' time for the train. We hed an hour or two to get rested. Then the big engine come puffin' up, an' we started.

I never see purtier country than there is 'tween here an' Chicago. Nice slopin' hills cuddled round the quietest, greenest little valleys. Peaceful rivers with the clear brown water shippin' along reluctant like. Cornfields where the wind plays dirges over the dyn' leaves. Dancin' blue lakes laughin' back at the sky, marsh medders all glowin' with the autumn wild flowers. Then the trees with turnin' colors, the beeches an' oaks, the scarlet an' yellow swamp maples, the red sumac, an' stretchin' off in the distance, the green tamarack, made a sight fine enough to dazzle Mrs. Sheba, the Bible tells about.

Well, I did enjoy that ride. The cars went dreadfull fast, but they went so smooth an' comfortable that I wa'n't a mite afraid.

Ellie's traveled round right smart, an' she told us all about the cable cars an' elevators an' ev'rythin' she could think of that we'd need to know. Then, she said we'd better hire a cab an' go to a good hotel an' take first-class accommodations. She said it would be a particion to us, an' we'd better tell the clerk as how we'd never been to the city afore an' hed take more pains to explain things.

So we did just as Ellie told us, an' I never see a pelister gentlemanlier young man than that clerk. He took us up stairs in the elevator himself, an' showed us the bathroom, an' explained the fire escape to Caleb—Caleb was awfully took with that escape—an' told us all about pressin' the little nub when we wanted anything. You see the little nub rings a bell away off some place.

An' the purtiest room he hed, oh my! I never see anything half so nice. Big an' bright, an' right on the corner o' two streets. The fire was out in the grate, but Caleb said after supper we'd hev some bull's. I liked the chers, they was low and cushioned, silk cushions togm, but Caleb didn't like 'em. You know he's tall an' thin an' they ain't no place for his legs when he sets on a low cher, but they suit me exsactly, me bein' short an' chunky like.

They was a longish kind of a marble topped table settin' over in one corner, that I'd never see anything like, an' I wondered what it was; it hed sich queer lookin' un'er parts. Caleb loved it wa'n't a table, it was a settee an' jist the ticket for him, an' spite of all I could do he went an' sat on it.

Purty soon he jumped up an' yelled, "Jehosaphat! This house is afire."

"Where, where?" says I.

"Right behind the settee," says he, an' he jerked off his coat an' begun undoin' his collar.

"Oh, Caleb! What'll become of us? What on airth'll we do?" says I.

"Land o' Goshen, Malviny!" says he, a pullin' at his boots. "Don't git so excited. Run out somewheres an' holler fire, I'm a gon' down that rope."

I run out in the hall an' tried to holler, but land alive, I couldn't make no noise, I was that scart. Howsomever there was a man passin' that heard me an' he says, "Where?"

"Here—here! Behind that settee," says I.

"That man kind o' grinned an' says he, "I 'spect there is fire there. That ain't a settee, it's a radiator."

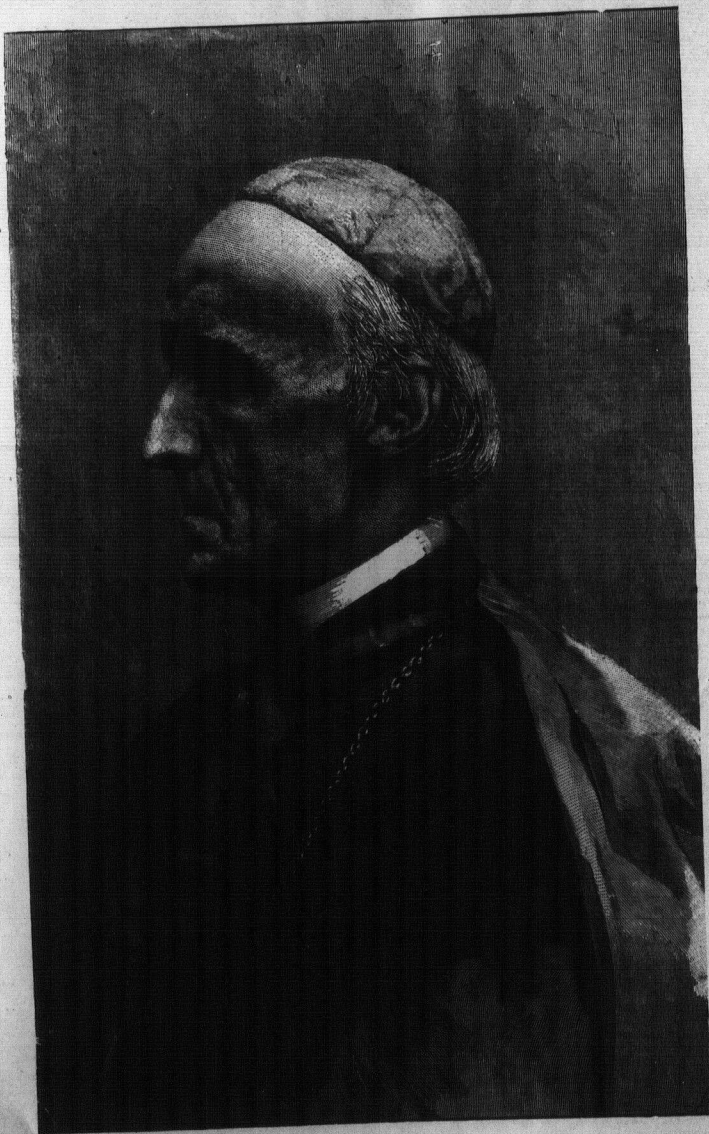
"A what?" says Caleb.

"A radiator, a steam heater," says the man.

An' sure enough that little table lookin' thing was all they was to warn that big room. Well, Caleb was too beat for anything, but I was tickled 'cause I knowed all the time it wa'n't a settee. Howsomever I kep' still, 'cause I could see he was beat, an' I knowed by the way he felt o' 'em, that he was dreadfull worried for fear he'd scorched his new trousers. I just thought, 'sposin' it hed 'g' been my ostrich feathers, how'd I 'a' felt? An' I concluded it wa'n't best to say anything naggin' jist then.

Land-alive! I do you hev to go home? Well I'm sorry for I'd jist begun an' there's a lot more to tell, all about the lyin' an' gon', an' the sights we see. We jist hed the best time we ever hed an' stayed a hul week. It's a wonderful lively place, an' there's some big din's there all the time. Any day you're there you can see more'n you can to Hoopsville at the fourth o' July or a rally.





THE LATE CARDINAL MANNING.

Wall, wife, it
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A PROSPEROUS COUPLE.

Wall, wife, it's fifty years ago sence you an' me was tied,
An' we hev clum the hills or life together side by side.
How we hev prospered, hain't we, wife? and how well off we be—
Wen we wuz splied we owned one cow, an' now, gosh, we own three.
I owed five hundred on this farm, five hundred dollars then,
But I hev prospered for beyond the gen'l run or men.
A kindly Providence has shaped the rough course of events
An' now I owe four twenty-five and thirty-seven odd cents.
'Twas only fifty years ago you only had one dress,
To aggravate your beauty and increase your loveliness
Now you've got two scrumptious dressed, an' a most tremendous bonnet,
With a monst'ous horticultural fair a-flourishin' upon it.
Three chairs wuz in our sittin' room but fifty years ago,
But we hev prospered wonderfly, an' now there's five, you know.
We've gained a lamp, a puddin' dish, an' extra yoke or steers,
A grin'stone, an' a dingle cart, an' all in fifty years.
It's all true 'wat our pastor said, the worl' moves fast to-day,
An' with a quick, electric whiz goes spinnin' on its way;
It jest goes spinnin' on its way until its work is done,
But there's few spinnars, my dear wife, who've spun we have spun.

SAM WALTER FOSS.

THIS IS A HORRIBLE PICTURE.

Probably the most graphically horrible description of a modern battle scene ever written is this by Ambrose Bierce, an American who has issued a book containing titles of the Civil War. A colonel, previous to a battle had boasted to the general in command of the immovable coolness and dare-devil bravery of a certain Captain Coulter in his division. For the sake of his reputation the name of the general is not mentioned nor is it said whether the army fought for the North or South. However, when the battle commenced the enemy was found to have twelve cannon strongly entrenched on an eminence immediately in front of a large family residence, and these were doing deadly damage. There was a niche in which only one gun could be placed to partially reply to the twelve but it seemed inhuman madness to attempt to get that one gun in place for a leaden ball swept over the niche.

The general called the colonel and sneeringly asked him if he thought his "brave and cool Captain Coulter" dare take that gun and operate it against the twelve. The officer expostulated against such a proposal saying it was certain death to all who would engage in such a hazard, and moreover if they succeeded in getting the gun in place it could do nothing against twelve, especially when they had every advantage in location. "Oh," sneered the general, "your captain is only equal to easy things it seems." Stung by the words the colonel sought Captain Coulter and communicated the general's desires.

"Is it necessary?" asked the young man, turning pale.

The colonel was annoyed at the visible cowardice of the man he had praised for bravery, but when the command was repeated the young captain saluted and rode away to bring up his one gun against the twelve. The slaughter was frightful and gun after gun was brought up over the bodies of the dead men. The colonel was amazed that the general permitted the uneven fight to go on. Then one of his own men said to the colonel that there was something unusual about this.

"Did you know," he said, "that Coulter is from the south and that the house behind the battery is his own house. His wife is probably there with their child. Our general knew and visited them before the war and got into some trouble there."

The colonel, his eyes blazing with indignation, went into the pit out of which the smoke rolled. He took it upon himself to stop the useless fight. This is what he found:

"Within the debris, barely broad enough for a single gun, were piled the wrecks of no fewer than four. They had noticed the silencing of the first one disabled—there had been a lack of men to replace it quickly. The men? They looked like demons of the pit! All were hatless; all stripped to the waist, their reeking skins black with blotches of powder and spattered with gouts of blood. They worked like madmen with rammer and cartridge, lever and lanyard. They set their swollen shoulders and bleeding hands at each recoil and heaved the heavy gun back to its place. There were no commands; in that awful environment of whooping shot, exploding shells, shrieking fragments of iron and flying splinters of wood, none could be heard. Officers, if officers there were, were indistinguishable; all worked together—each while he lasted—governed by the eye. When the gun was sponged it was loaded; when loaded aimed and fired. The colonel noticed something new to his military experience—something new and unnatural; the gun was bleeding at the mouth! In temporary default of water the man sponging had dipped his sponge in a pool of his comrades' blood. In all this work there was no clashing; the duty of the instant was obvious. When one fell another, looking a trifle cleaner, seemed to rise from the earth in the dead man's tracks, to fall in his turn. With the ruined guns lay the ruined men. Alongside the wreckage, under it, and atop of it, and back down the road—a ghastly procession—crept on hands and knees such of the wounded as were able to move. The colonel had to ride over those who were entirely dead in order not to crush those who were partly alive. Into that hell he rode up alongside the gun and in the obscurity of the

last discharge tapped upon the cheek the man holding the rammer, who straightway fell, thinking himself killed. A fiend sprang out of the smoke to take his place, put paused and gazed up at the mounted officer with an unearthly regard, his teeth flashing between his black lips, his eyes, fierce and expanded, burning beneath his bleeding brow. The colonel made an authoritative gesture and pointed to the rear. The fiend bowed in token of obedience. It was Captain Coulter."

If anything more terrible than that description has ever been written, I have never seen it. That is war in its reality, stripped of its romance and its glory. The story ends, of course, in disaster—all of them do. Captain Coulter finds his dead wife and child in his ruined house—wrecked by the guns he was forced to fire.

Such a description as that, though horrible to read, will do more to discredit war than anything else. It helps forward the New Idea which civilised peoples are beginning to express so earnestly: "Let us have international arbitration and quit wholesale murder."

THEY AGREED THEN AND AFTER.

A Baptist minister took charge of a parish near Boston, where he knew that one man was decidedly opposed to his pastorate. Soon after his arrival the Rev. Mr. X. called upon Mr. A.

"Brother," said he, "I hear that you think I am the wrong man to be the pastor of this church."

"Well, to be frank," replied Mr. A., "I do think that another would have filled the place better."

"Now, that is just what I think," said the pastor. "But as long as we hold this opinion in opposition to the majority of the parishoners let's try to be unselfish and make the best of it."

After that call Mr. X. never had a firmer friend nor more faithful champion than Mr. A.

RECONCILIATION.

As thro' the land at eve we went,

And plucked the ripen'd ears,

We fell out, I know not why,

Oh, we fell out, I know not why,

And kiss'd again with tears.

For when we came where lies the child

We lost in thought years,

There above the little grave,

Oh, there above the little grave,

'Ve kiss'd again with tears.

TENNYSON.

WHEN DUNDAS WAS SHAVED.

A story is told of Dundas, who, when being shaved at Edinburgh, suddenly felt the razor drawn across his throat, while the barber rushed from the room, exclaiming, "Take that, traitor!" Dundas put up his hand to feel for blood, but the crime had been committed with the back of the razor. On his appearance in the Cabinet, after this story had doubtless reached his colleagues, Mr. Pitt inquired, "Are you quite sure your head is on your shoulders?"

A SYMPATHETIC BOY.

Young Hopeful—Papa, it worries me awful to think how much trouble I give mamma.

Papa—She hasn't complained.

"No, she's real patient. But she often sends me to the stores for things, and I know she gets most sick waitin' when she's in a hurry."

"Not often, I guess."

"Oh, she's most always in a hurry. She gets everything all ready for bread, an' finds at the last minute she hasn't any yeast; or she gets a pudding all fixed, and finds she hasn't any nutmeg or something; an' then she's in an awful stew, 'cause the oven is all ready, and may be company comin'; and I can't run a very long distance, you know, and I feel awful sorry for poor mamma."

"Humph! Well, what can we do about it?"

"I was thinkin' you might get me a bicycle."

THE WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

Fifth year,	Wooden Wedding
Tenth year,	Tin Wedding
Fifteenth year,	Crystal Wedding
Twentieth year,	China Wedding
Twenty-fifth year,	Silver Wedding
Thirtieth year,	Pearl Wedding
Fortieth year,	Ruby Wedding
Fiftieth year,	Golden Wedding
Seventy-fifth year,	Diamond Wedding

The proportion of the human figure are six times the length of the right foot. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the end of the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is also one-tenth of the total height. From the crown to the nape of the neck, is one-twelfth of the stature.



THREE OF A KIND.



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A MALAY DUEL.

HOW TWO BORNEO HEAD HUNTERS SETTLED A DEADLY FEUD.



THE SHOOT

I HAD traveled some two or three miles without a sight or sound to take a shot at. The irrepresible monkeys followed me overhead and warned the jungle population of my movements, and in angry disgust I turned abruptly toward a padi clearing, and, skirting the edge, mounted to the top of the opening and lay down in the growing padi to watch for a chance shot. The clearing sloped gently downward to a flat. The padi stood about two feet high, and afforded me a fine hiding place, and withal a clear, unimpeded view. With advanced rifle and finger upon trigger, I lay at full length watching for a chance at deer or pig. For ten minutes I lay motionless, when a chattering of the monkeys drew my attention to the jungle beneath them, to the left of the clearing, some two hundred feet away.

A young Malay stepped out into the open. He looked scrutinizingly over the clearing, and then sat down and drew out his betel box and calmly prepared himself a morning chew of sirih. He was a slender young specimen of manhood, as fine a Dyak as I had yet seen. In dark blue trowser tights, with hood, as colored mess jacket and turban, the rising sun tinted his orange-hued skin until it shone in rich contrast to his sombre clothing. The inevitable dagger and kris were at his waist. Lazily he wiped the lime upon the sirih leaf; calmly he cut a piece of betel off the nut, and daintily placing a piece of tobacco beside it, rolled up the leaf, placed it in his mouth and placidly commenced to chew. A long stream of blood-red expectoration announced the commencement of his enjoyment. It was a short-lived peace. In astonishment I watched him suddenly turn his head and stiffen into keen attention.



MARK OF

The next moment he sprang upon his feet, twisted his turban tightly round his head, and stood with kris and dagger drawn facing the jungle, with eyes riveted upon one spot. Turning my eyes in that direction I beheld a sight that held me fascinated. At first I could see nothing clearly, but a movement drew my attention to the crouching figure of a man. Steadily, step by step, he developed into the clearing. Like a cat he advanced toward his adversary. Both men were crouched forward, grasping their kris in their right hands, while the left arm, thrown across the body, clutched the dagger pointing outward. Each with his eyes fixed upon the other's orbs. With a flash of recognition I remembered Yusuf's garments and then Yusuf himself. My interest became redoubled in the deadly combat which was taking place before me.

Step by step Yusuf circled round his enemy, closing in nearer and nearer to the fray. His eyes never left their concentrated stare upon the other's orbs.

His adversary stood springy as steel, watching every movement, keeping ever turned toward the foe his deadly kris and dagger. They stood within six feet of each other. Each quivered and shook with the tension of strained muscle and contracted tendon. Suddenly the enemy made a bound toward Yusuf. As rapidly the other sprang aside and swung back his kris is springing. Not a sound betrayed the result, but as the enemy now circled round Yusuf I saw the dark red stain across his back which betrayed the kris' deadly work. Again and again the dark blue sprang upon the orange red. Again and again Yusuf nimbly sprang aside, and scored a deadly cut each time.

And then the dark blue weakened. A pause of five minutes, while Yusuf slowly circled round his adversary, spent all the latter's strength, wasted with the running life blood. He staggered backward, and, like a panther, Yusuf was upon him, cutting and stabbing with all the fierceness of a maddened beast. The dark blue sank, a fainting heap, before him. No cry for quarter, no scream or whimper from the heroic warrior soul. He had fought and lost. There was nothing to be said.

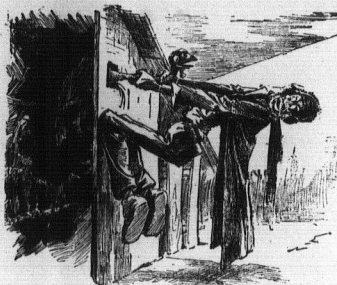
Yusuf bent over him, busied for some moments, while I rose, and descending the hill, advanced to see what help I could render. Before I had advanced six paces, Yusuf suddenly straightened up, and, with half a dozen bounding springs, had disappeared into the jungle. I advanced toward the fallen man and then stopped short in sudden horror. His head was gone. The bleeding track lay hideous in the morning sun. His enemy had cut and taken off his trophy, the custom of the head hunters.

"Let the dead bury their dead." I turned away and walked rapidly back to the village of Talang.

Dick was sitting chatting with the natives, awaiting the arrival of Rajah Rahman.

"Dick, there's going to be trouble here presently; let's start away on the best excuse you can make," I remarked carelessly, as I walked into the village, preserving an outward air of unconcern, for the benefit of the natives.

Dick was a cool hand. Turning to the natives he addressed them gravely: "Men of Talang, my time is valuable. I have many more places to visit. Repeat my messages to Rajah Rahman when he comes among you, and tell



"QUIT VER SQUAWKEN! KAIN'T VE!"

him to come and visit the Kampame's chiefs at Sandakan when he can. All royal chiefs will be feasted and made welcome when they come to see us."

With ceremonious salutes and courtesies we were escorted to our boat, and in a few minutes were paddling rapidly down the stream.

I told Dick of all I had seen that morning. Dick smiled as he answered: "Three weeks ago Rajah Rahman visited the village of Manang in the early morning and carried away the head of Yusuf's father from the very portals of his house, where he was mending fish nets. Yusuf has commenced his revenge. It will take us many a day to straighten out and balance accounts between these head hunters' vendettas."

Toward evening we reached the village of Menang. Upon a pole before young Yusuf's house was the freshly decapitated head of his enemy.

A BIG CAT DROVE THE BURGLARS.

A Denver correspondent of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* writes as follows: An old lady living alone in a large and dreary house in the western suburbs of this city has just told the neighbors of an attempt to burglarize her house, and the marvellous manner in which the attempt was thwarted. She is well known to have considerable money, as the income from her property exceeds her expenses; and as she has a horror of banks, it is the general impression that she keeps the money about the house. She is quite alone, except for a servant woman who comes in the morning and does the work, returning to her home at night. She is followed by an enormous cat, brindle and white, rejoicing in the name of Dot. He weighs at least sixteen pounds, and attracts a great deal of attention on account of his size, but allows no one to touch him but his mistress.

On several occasions when dogs have strayed into the premises Dot has attacked them and sent them howling and bleeding from the place. "Last Wednesday night," she says, "I wasn't feeling well and went to bed as soon as the servant left. I slept upstairs in the south room. Before going to bed I went all around below stairs and fastened every door and window, just as I always do. Dot was sleeping on my bed, just as he always has done all his life.

In the night I was awakened by a sudden motion he made, and found when I put my hand on him that he had raised his head and was listening, trembling all over, he was so nervous. Then I listened, and distinctly heard footsteps creeping up the stairs. I was so frightened that a smothering sensation came over me. I could hear the footsteps come up to the top of the stairs, and then a hand went feeling along the hall for the door of my room. Directly he found the door, and then the hand went feeling for the latch, and having found it, turned it and the door opened. I knew well enough what was going on, but I could not move or even scream. I just lay there as though I were dead. I heard the feet begin to move slowly across the floor toward my bed, and soon he was touching the bed. Just at that moment Dot made an awful leap, and I am sure he must have landed square on that man's head, for of all the wild yells that ever came from a mortal throat that was the worst. 'Dick! Dick! come an' help! the devil's got me!' he screamed, and ran for the door. Dot jumped off, but the man must have been blinded with blood, for he fell down the flight of stairs. Dot landed on his head again as he arose, and the comrade interfering he sprang upon him and a new voice commenced to curse in tones of terror. The men escaped."



A KISS



SHIRT.



MAUD MULLER.

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Caledon
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Preston
Prince Edward
Renfrew, S. R.
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Russell
Simcoe, E. R.
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Stormont
Toronto
Victoria, E. R.
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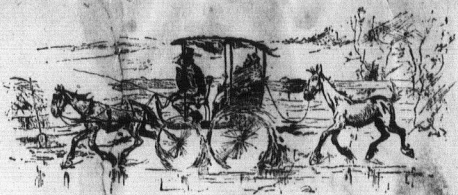
Territories are not entitled to vote; in other parts of Canada only those Indians who, not being qualified, or possessed of land on a reserve, with improvements of not less value than \$150, are entitled to vote. In the North-West Territories every person, other than aliens or Indians, is qualified to vote who is a *bona fide* male resident and householder of adult age, and has resided within the electoral district for one year prior to the election. By special provisions, voters are given in persons in British Columbia and Prince Edward Island, and coming within the Dominion franchise, were at the time of the passing of the Act (26th July, 1885), entitled to vote according to the then existing provincial law, but only for so long as they shall be so qualified. In addition to the Indians mentioned, the judges of every court, whose appointments rest with the Governor General, are disqualified and incompetent to vote at elections for the Dominion of Canada. The same is true of the judges of the provinces, and at all counsel, agents, attorneys and clerks of candidates who may be permitted to stand for office. The same is true of the judges of the courts of appeal, for their services are disqualified from voting in the district in which they have been so engaged, but not elsewhere.

Below is given a list of the constituencies and their representatives in the Provincial Parliaments :

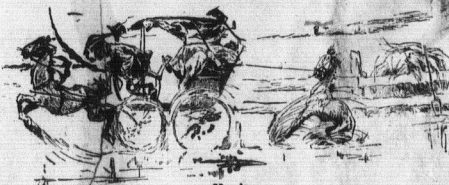
MANITOBA.

HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY.

[illegible]



Hi!



Hay!



Help!

THE GREAT IRISH LAWYER.

"I'll commit you, sir," roared an indignant judge to Curran, who had denounced the grand jury. "I hope you'll never commit a worse thing, my lord," retorted Curran.

"No man," said a wealthy upstart, "should be admitted to the bar who has not an independent landed property." "May I ask, sir," said Curran, "how many acres make a wiseacre?"

A barrister entered the court with such a peculiar wig that it caused a general titter. "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" he asked. "Nothing but the head, sir," Curran replied.

Describing an extremely pompous and solemn man Curran said, "He would not even be seen to smile lest the world should think he was too familiar with himself."

When Curran and "Bully" Egan met on the dozing ground, the latter complained of the advantage his antagonist had over him and declared that he was as easily hit as a haystack, while as to firing at Curran, he might as well fire at a razor's edge. Whereupon Curran waggishly proposed that his size should be chalked out on Egan's side, and that "every shot which hits outside that mark should go for nothing."

THE TOBOGGAN GIRL.

Though cunning in her winter gown,
And pretty as a buttercup,
You find her nicer going down
Than when you have to drag her
up.

GOING TOO FAR.

"Have you any cold victuals?" inquired the rusty-looking pilgrim, "to spare for a hungry—"

"No!" snapped the woman at the kitchen door.

"Perhaps I was wrong in asking for cold victuals," he rejoined, apologetically. "If I had suggested tenderloin steak with baked potatoes, madam, and a cup of cocoa—"

"You wouldn't have got that, either."

"H'm! My own preference, I acknowledge, would have been roast turkey with cranberry sauce, chicken salad, a morsel of Roquefort cheese and French coffee, with, perhaps, a glass of—"

"It wouldn't have done you any good to ask for that, either, you impudent, insulting vagabond! You ought to go to work!"

"Madam," interposed the rusty tourist, with dignity, "I can overlook your total inability to satisfy the gastronomic requirements of a man with a somewhat fastidious appetite, but when you apply offensive epithets and offer unsolicited advice you are preening altogether too far. Madam, good morning!"

And as he got around the angle of the kitchen he could plainly hear the dipperful of hot water strike the wall of the house opposite with a terrible swish.

AN ACTOR'S UNKNOWN FRIEND.

"Joe Jefferson," said an old theater-goer, "had taken a lady to a restaurant, and when he put his hand in his pocket to pay his bill he didn't feel a penny. He explained his position to the cashier, but the cashier 'didn't know him.' The perspiration began to ooze when a gentleman stepped up, laid a \$20 bill on the desk, and said:

"I know you, sir, allow me to settle."

Jefferson was profuse in his thanks, and, when near the door, said:

"You must give me your name and address, sir, in order that I may call around to-morrow and settle."

"Never mind that," said the stranger with a smile. "The bill was a counterfeit and I got \$17 in change."

ANECDOTE ABOUT MR. SPURGEON.

To illustrate what he meant by going direct to the point, Mr. Spurgeon told how he had one day met a laboring man on a day resting for a moment with a loaded barrow and wiping perspiration from his forehead. "It's a hot day, my man," said Mr. Spurgeon sympathetically. "Yes, it is," said the man, looking straight at Mr. Spurgeon. "and I never seed a man look more like standing a pint of beer than you, my life." "That man," said Mr. Spurgeon, "went straight to the point." We are not, however, informed whether he got any nearer to the pint.

AN INSTANCE OF THE WONDERFUL TENACITY OF A BULL-DOG.



1.—"Now I saw him go in." (If he had looked at the other end of the hole he might have seen—never mind.



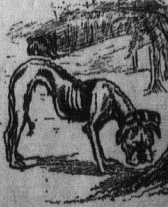
2.—"And I'll wait till he comes out."



3.—"And settle him."



4.—"He'll be hungry before I shall."



5.—"I'm a bull-dog and can stand more than a rabbit can."



6.—Let us moralize.