The Fenelon Falls Gazette.

VOL. IX. FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1881. NO. 11.

THE WITS.

The French fleet will, of course, sail into the bey of Tunis.

Some of the country school-boys call the school-houses tanneries.

A farmer friend calls one of his early vegetables "Waterloo," bacause it is a big beet.

It has been authoritatively denied that Gen. Hancock was coolest when on the point of a tack.

A western paper reports the birth of a male child with wings. Probably nature intended him for a bank cashier.

Proverbial Philosophy—One hair in the hash will cause more hard feeling than seven illuminated mottoes on the wall can overcome.

The Hon. Phineas T. Barnum called at the white house the other day to pay his respects and leave a package of matinee tickets.

The Lowell Citizen has discovered that "L. S." printed after the signatures on the blanks of legal documents means, "Lick the seal."

To Friends at a Distance—We have no more room in our waste-paper basket for jokes about "sound investments" being "lying telephone shares."

A MISSISSIPPI man puts it thus: "At the earnest solicitation of those to whom I owe money I have consented to become a candidate for county treasurer."

A GIRL hearing her mistress ask her husband to bring "Dombey and Son" with him when he came home to dinner, set two extra plates for the expected guests.

HE was about 4 years old, but he was a hopeful youth. "Papa have you done anything down town that you think I ought to whip you for if I were as big as you are?"

A GOOD-NATURED traveller fell asleep in a train, and was carried beyond his destination. "Pretty good joke, isn't it?" said a fellow-passenger. "Yes, but a little too far-fetched," was the rejoinder.

"WHO are you?" asked a police justice of a drunken Irishman at the bar. "Lord Beaconsfield, if it plaize yer honor." The justice thought the answer over for a moment and replied: "Oh, I see. The whisky made you dizzy.

COLLEGE: Dampening! Old Triggs: "Hello, Jones, got your feet sopping wet, haven't you? Why don't you wear rubbers, as I do? I haven't wet my feet for six months." Jones: "Well, I should think you'd be ashamed to say so.

BRITISH: At an "impassionist" painter's: "What sort of a subject are you going to paint on that immense black canvas?" "How, sir? That, sir is my greatest masterpiece." "Is it? What is it?" "A picture of nothing in space."

FLASHER having had his portrait painted, asks the opinion of his friend Dabbs, a retired house-painter. Dabbs: "Well, it's like you; but if you've paid $75 for it you've been done. Why, there ain't half a pound of paint on the whole thing!"

WHO said that a house divided against itself could not stand? Turkey has had war or revolt or riot in every province, and been under the thumb of Europe, for the past four or five years, and yet she stands up like a decision of the Supreme Court.

A BERLIN butcher has written a five-act comedy that is about to be presented in that city. The author, it is presumed, "steaks" his reputation on its success, and the actress who speaks tender-loins will be "dressed to kill," of course. The price of admission for choice seats will be forequarters.

A LITTLE boy who was to pass the afternoon with the doctor's little daughter was given two pieces of candy. When he returned, his mother inquired if he gave the larger piece to the little girl. "No mother, I didn't. You told me always to give the biggest piece to the company, and I was the company over there."

PACIFIC COAST—"Bong-tong audience, said Mr. Mackay to Col. Hungerford. "Wee" replied the colonel to our John. "Eleet—cram de la cram—hote tong, eh?" quoth John, as his shirt bosom swelled with conscious pride. "Wee," said the colonel. The colonel then shook hands with the Comstock millionaire and congratulated him on his flow of French. The curtain went up and one of the stars flashed like a meteor before the spectators. "Magnifeek!" cried the colonel. "Tray bean!" shouted Mr. M. "Onkoree!" shrieked the colonel. "Toot sweet!" yelled John. After the play, Mackay drew the colonel to one side and whispered in his ear: "I dont mind tellin' ye I spake Italian as well as I do French—do you?" "Yes" replied the colonel. "I guess we've both been cultured in the same hot-house.

Woman's Softening Influence.

"It's astonishin'," remarked the old Yankee forty-niner, as he nodded over his glass to a friend, "what a coward a man is at home—a reg'lar crawlin' sneak, by Jove! I've travelled a good bit, and held up my head in most o' the camps on the coast since '49. I've got three bullets inside o' me. I've shot and been shot at, an' never heard nobody say I hadn't as good grit as most fellers that's goin'. But at home I'm a kyote. Afore I'd let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn't A 1 when it's like stiff amalgam, I'd fill myself as full as a retort. I've done it lots o' times. Most o' my teeth is gone from tuggin' on beefsteak that the old woman fried. D'ye think I roar out when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. While I'm rubbin' my shins and keepin' back the tears, I'm likewise sweatin' fur fear the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn't use to be so," sighed the poor fellow, thoughtfully, rubbing his shining scalp. "When we first hitched, I thought I was the superintendent; but after a year or two of argyin' the pint, I settled down to shovin' the car at low wages. I kin lick any man o' my age an' size," cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. "I'll shoot, stand up, or rough-and-tumble for the fun o' doin it; but, when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall, an' take off my muddy boots, an' hear the old woman ask if that's me, I tell you the starch comes right out o' me."

Business of the Bank of England.

The business transacted by the Bank of England has no parallel with that of any other establishment in the world, inasmuch as it combines with an ordinary banking business the management of the National Debt and the issue and payment of the greater portion of the note-circulation of the country. Some idea of the magnitude of the work may be formed when it is stated that there are no fewer than 236,500 accounts open in the public funds; that the number of bank-notes issued during last year was above 15,250,000, representing a sum of £338,000,000, and that a similar amount was cancelled, an accurate register of each operation being kept, so that any note paid into the bank during the last five years could be produced within a minute or two, with information as to the channel through which it had found its way back to the Bank, although the register represented 77,000,000 of notes, stowed away in 14,500 boxes. If stitched end to end, those notes would extend to 12,500 miles.

Josh Billings' "Trump Cards."

AFTER a man gits to be 38 years old he kant form any new habits much; the best he can do is to steer hiz old ones.

ENY man who can swap horses, or ketch fish, and not lie about it, iz az pius az men ever git to be in this world.

THE assayest man I ever met iz a hen-pecked husband when he iz away from home.

AN enthusiast iz an individual who believes about four times az much az he kan prove, and he kan prove about four times az much az any bodey believes.

THOZE people who are trieing to get to Heaven on their kreed will find out at last that they didn't have a thru ticket.

Too long courtships are not alwuss judicious. The partys often tire skoreing 'fore the trot begins.

YOUNG men, learn to wait; if you under- [illegible] to sett a henn before she iz ready you will [illegible] your time and confuse the hen besides.

Only.

Only a baby,
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to mother's breast.

Only a child,
Toddling along,
Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy,
Trudging to school,
Governed now by sterner rule.

Only a youth,
Living in dreams,
Full of promise life now seems.

Only a man,
Battling with life,
Shared in now by loving wife.

Only a father,
Burdened with care,
Silver threads in dark brown hair.

Only a gray-beard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound,
Overgrown with grass,
Dreams unrealized—rest at last.

IN THE MIDST OF PERIL.

By the Author of "HIDDEN QUICKSANDS," "A RELENTLESS FOE," "MAGGIE O'CONNOR'S FORTUNES," &c.

CHAPTER XII., AND LAST.

The inmates of the Priory were in deadly peril. The first door took longer to break open than the hall-door had; it yielded at last however, shivered to pieces by the axes of the rebels. But, when they found that the next door, and the next, demanded the same labor, they were infuriated. There was a cry several times of "Burn it down!" but their captain interfered.

"The ould wood would burn like tinder," he said, "and the sodgers would see the flames. Besides, we've promised to save Miss Desmond, who is one of us, and we will. Work on with a will, boys!"

But they began to think it strange that the pursuers had not returned, and the captain grew uneasy. The fourth door was down, but there were five others; and every moment, if the tutor had escaped, placed their necks in jeopardy. Still the men's blood was up; obstacles only roused and infuriated them, and the captain knew that he dared not order a retreat. The fifth door took still longer to break open; the sixth, which was wedged, was almost immovable, and the axes had to cut open the panel low down for the arm to go through and remove it. The doors were of a thickness not dreamed of in modern times; and thus the rebels had only just broken open the last but one after two hours' toil. In the meantime the pursuers had come back and warned them of danger approaching; but the men, growing more and more dogged as the resistance opposed to them was more provoking, would not heed.

The inmates were in the last room. Glorvina had revived, and now sat pale, mute, as if turned to stone, Eva trying to arouse her. Mrs. Coghlan, clasping her little ones to her beating heart, wept silently. Tim O'Brien stood with folded arms leaning against the wall and gazing at Glorvina with a sort of sullen despair. He—perhaps he alone—had read her swoon aright.

And now the crashes, the imprecations, the sound of hideous voices, drew nearer and nearer, and the party could at last distinguish cries of "We will have their hearts' blood!"

There was a nearer, louder crash, than a blow on the last door, which seemed to fall on Mrs. Coglan's heart as her little Norah screamed with childish affright. The sound, revealing how near the assailants had drawn to their victims, and hailed with a shout of fiendish glee from the Whiteboys.

Here they are, buoys, at last!" cried a voice.

Then something was muttered.

"And that's true for you; it'll save time," replied the stentorian tones of Captain Rock, "Hillo, Misther O'Brien; are ye there?"

Tim made no answer. But Glorvina, starting to sudden life in her care for others, answered loudly—

"Yes, Mr. O'Brien is here."

"Then bid him open the door for his friends."

She turned and confronted Tim. The traitor's head dropped beneath her glance of scorn.

"It was for your sake," he murmured.

"Traitor!" was her reply.

But his friends outside were impatient.

"Now look you, Tim O'Brien," said the same commanding voice, "I order you by your oath to open this door, and cause no more delay, which is risky for you and us. Open at once, or—you know the forfeit."

The coward actually moved to obey; but Glorvina threw herself across his path and stood with her back to the door.

"You shall kill me first, vile traitor!" she said.

Perhaps Tim would have used his strength and moved his slight opponent from his path, but Coghlan, who had been stunned by grief and indignation, suddenly seized him and pulled him down. Murphy flew to his master's assistance, and the footman, with ready intelligence, drew out his knife, cut off pieces of the alarm rope, and bound Tim hand foot, he making scarcely any resistance.

"Will you open again shouted Captain Rock. "Obey at once, or you shall die with these traitors of Ireland!"

"I am bound hand and foot," muttered Tim.

"And we are saved!" shrieked Eva. "The Hussars—the Hussars!"

Yes, there was the gallop of horses and the sound of the trumpet!

Captain Rock threw down his axe, with an imprecation. He and the Whiteboys had heard the approaching horsemen, and they at once made off. But escape was not easy now.

Guided by a handkerchief which Eva waved from the window to their friends, the soldiers came right on the Whiteboys, and there was a hand-to-hand fight. A few broke through the Hussars and got away; but half or more of the band were taken, and were finally bound and confined in the lower rooms of the house on the north side.

Then Captain Leicester knocked at the door to tell the family they were safe, and to ask admission. He entered looking flushed.

"You are safe; I am thankful to say," he announced.

Mr. Coghlan wrung his hand, while Mrs. Coghlan and her daughter could only thank him by their tears. The relief from that agony was almost too much to bear. His eyes lingered tenderly on Eva; but it was Glorvina who came to him and laid her hand on his arm, saying in a strangely hoarse voice—

"How did you know?"

"That gallant fellow Surridge brought the tidings," he replied. "He came covered with blood and could only say. 'Whiteboys at the Priory! Ride for life or death, rests on your speed!" We needed no other bidding."

"He is not dead?" she asked with white lips.

"I really can't say. He was carried in and the doctor went to him. I hope he will live."

Then suddenly his eyes fell upon the bound form of O'Brien,

"Mr. O'Brien!" he exclaimed in amazement.

Coghlan glanced down at the postrate traitor.

"Yes, this gentleman," he said bitterly, "was a friend and ally of the Whiteboys. He was—I believe I have good grounds for thinking so—kind enough to cut the rope of the alarm-bell at the time he was enjoying my hospitality, thus insuring our destruction had not my son's tutor risked his life for us."

"Then he must consider himself my prisoner," said Leicester haughtily; and, leaving the room, he soon returned with two or three of his soldiers, to whose charge he committed the detected traitor.

The exhausted family descended with him to the drawing-room. Murphy received orders to give the soldiers the best of food and drink the house supplied. Refreshments were also brought to the chilled and weary ladies and children, and then Mr. Coghlan suggested that they should go to bed.

"Sleep sweetly," whispered Leicester to Eva, as she said 'Good morning'—for day was drawing near, through it was not yet light. "We watch over your safety."

Mrs. Coghlan, Eva, and the wearied children were soon wrapped in slumber.

Not so Glorvina. She had known Tim O'Brien from boyhood; she understood how vain and weak he was, and how the hope of winning her by a sham rescue had lured him on. And then there was his old father. It would break his heart to have his son brought to a disgraceful death. She did not attempt to undress. She stole out towards the room were Tim was a solitary prisoner and watched. Only one sentinel was at the door, and he was walking carelessly up and down. She advanced to him.

"Will you oblige a lady?" she asked, with her sweetest smile.

"If it's in my power, ma'am," he replied respectfully.

"I wish to say a few words to Mr. O'Brien—the prisoner," she said. "Will you let me in?" And she offered him a five-pound note.

The man's eyes sparkled at the sight of it.

"I don't see that it can do any harm," he answered; but, if I do, ma'am, you'll never tell I did?"

"I solemnly promise you I never will."

"Then pass," he said unlocking the door and admitting her.

Tim was sitting at a table, his head bowed on his arms. His bonds had been removed, and food stood by the side of him. He looked up as she entered.

"Glorvina?" he exclaimed.

"Yes, Tim; I have come to see if I cannot save you."

"You forgive me then? You do not utterly scorn and loathe me?"

"I pity you—I pity still more your good old father!"

"Oh, Glorvina, I did it all for love of you—because I wanted to appear to save you, to seem the bravest of the brave, since courage was the charm to win you; and I knew, I felt that I was a coward!"

He bowed his head in utter shame as he spoke.

"It was a terrible delusion," she said, with repressed contempt; "but now we have no time for talk. These windows are so closely barred that no sentries were thought to be needed outside them. I bring you a file"—she gave it to him—"and you can cut through the bars, I think, unheard, for the door is thick. Once out you know how to escape from the grounds by one of the by-paths. But stay, you will need money. Here are fifty pounds—all I have just now—and let me hear in some way when you are safe."

He had fallen at her feet, and, seizing her hand, he covered it with kisses and tears. She drew it away with a feeling of loathing.

"Make haste!" she said. "You have no time to lose."

Then she advanced to the door and called "Sentry," rapping on it at the same time, The sentinel, on the watch for her summons, opened the door, and she passed out swiftly. The man glanced in, saw that his prisoner was safe, and locked the door.

* * *

The next day it was found that O'Brien had escaped, and that two bars of the window had been cut through. In his heart Coghlan was glad that his old friend's son had not to endure the awful fate awaiting the rebels; and no great efforts were made to trace him. That morning Leicester had a long conversation with his host, in which he represented to him how dangerous longer residence at the Priory would be, and he besought him to take the ladies to Dublin, and to give him Eva in mariage.

"When," added the young soldier, "I will sell out, and you can all come and stay with me and my wife in my place in England."

To both requests the father assented; indeed the ladies had vowed they would not remain at St. Kevin's. It was settled that the Hussars should stay to guard them during the needful preparatians for departure, a duty which proved equally agreeable to Eva and her lover; and, thus for a time united, it was almost with regret they saw the day come when they were to leave their old home, though now full of snch terrible memories.

Mr. Coghlan had gone, the day after their rescue, to see and thank the heroic clergyman to whom they owed their lives. He found him still weak and his arm painful; loss of blood had been the chief inqury, and the flesh wound promised to heal well; but what a wound it was—the whole length of the arm! It was wonderful, the doctor said, that he had not bled to death.

The Hussars kept him with them till he was well, and nursed him with tender brotherly care. They thought him such a hero that they regretted he was not one of themselves. Captain Leicester was excessively kind to him: and it was with him he journeyed to Dublin when he was well enough to resume his educational duties. It was even then a very pale and weak young man who entered the handsome Dublin drawing-room behind his friend—now soon to become a bridegroom—and who received, with his old diffidence and bashfulness, the thanks and congratulations of the family.

Teddy now looked up to Mr. Surridge as the greatest of heroes; and the boy's innocent admiration and hero-worship were almost touching; even Norah abated her efforts at teasing, and felt as much reverence for the tutor as she was capable of.

He had been back only three days, when, as he was sitting writing in the new school-room, he heard a knock for admittance. At his "Come in," Glorvina entered, looking very lovely from the brilliant carnation that burned upon her cheeks.

She held two or three quill pens in her hand, and with a little nervous laugh she said—

"I have come to ask if you will be so good as to mend these pens for me, Mr. Surridge. I am so stupid at doing it.

He took them from her hand, and, with a ready "Of course, with pleasure," proceeded in a matter-of-fact way to comply with her request. She seated herself at the table and played with her rings. By-and-by she said timidly—

"Do you know, Mr. Surridge, that I think you are the bravest man I ever knew, or ever shall know?"

"Oh, Miss Desmond!" he exclaimed deprecatingly, and colouring deeply.

"And she continued, "don't you remember that the banshee promised me that my husband should be the bravest man I ever knew?"

He sprang to his feet, his face aflame.

"Miss Desmond," he exclaimed, "what can you, what do you mean?"

"What I say"—with an arch smile, and holding out her hand, "Oh, don't be so stupid!"—stamping her foot. "How can I marry the bravest man, if he won't ask me?"

Another moment, and he was kneeling beside her, looking up with happy incredulous eyes into her blushing smiling face.

"Oh, Glorvina, it is impossible!" he cried. "I—I adore you; but you—you cannot possibly love such an ugly fellow as I am. It is just pity, or generosity, or gratitude"—piteously—"that makes you speak thus."

"It is neither pity nor gratitude," she said, very shyly now.

"Then it is love! Oh, Glorvina, my sweet, my darling, say that you love me!"

And she murmured it in his arms.

When at length they parted the girl said with a merry laugh—

"It was as near being a proposal on my part as well could be, James. But I saw it was hopeless to leave matters to you, and I thought I would play Desdemona."

"Dear how could I speak?" he said tenderly. "You so rich, so beautiful! I could not have dared."

"Yet you dared death for me," she said, with emotion. "Ah, James, the banshee prophecy is fulfilled! I shall marry the bravest man I know."

A double wedding took place soon afterwards, of James and Glorvina, Eva and Captain Leicester; and, on their return from the honeymoon, which was spent on the Continent, the Coghlans joined them in England.

But by-and-by, when "the troubles" were over, the family returned to Ireland. By that time popular feeling in the neighbourhood had undergone a revulsion in their favour. Mr. Coghlan had provided for the widow and children of O'Rouke, and the poor woman had told her friends how hard the Squire had tried to get a pardon for her Dan.

The quick-witted people began to see why he had acted as he did, and to understand that he did not love them less because he had done his duty. Moreover, the agitators were no longer active.

Glorvina and her husband often visited St. Kevin's Priory. James had, soon after their marriage, sent a handsome present to Kathleen, which enabled her lover at once to "speak to the priest," and, on their marriage, to set up in a little holding of their own. Here one day Kathleen owned to them—when questioned by James—that the appearance of the banshee had been planned by Captain Rock, and that the figure had been represented by an agent of his; also that she herself had been employed to wail beneath Glorvina's window. For the people knew that the heiress's sympathies were with them, and were anxious to save her and the tutor from the danger threatening the family.

Glorvina in jest used to declare to her husband that she had been shamefully inveigled into marrying him by this pretended prophecy; but he read the truth in her eyes even before she added—

"Yet I shall always bless the Whiteboys for showing me that the man I already loved was worthy of a princess."

She had, long before, received a letter, given to her by an unknown messenger, which informed her that Tim O'Brien had reached America in safety. He told Glorvina in it that he meant to begin a new life, and "for her sake," try to keep at least an honest man.

Often, when children blessed their union, and their love, tried by years, grew only more tender, Glorvina would bless the happy peril to which she owed her husband.

The Average Russian.

As for the Russians being "barbarians," and to a great extent incurably barbarous, that is a position susceptiable of a great deal of argument from many different points of view. The most familiar, most *ad captandum*, and perhaps the most unjust theory is that even the better educated and refined of Russians are at the very best only coated with a thin veneer of civilization. The great master of cynical terseness in expression, Prince Bismarck, has lent the immense weight of his celebrity and his repute for far-reaching sagacity in judging the characters of mankind to the "veneering" and "barbarian" hypothesis in his famous dictum. "The Russian is a capital fellow till he tucks his shirt in." To understand the tremendous force of this merciless resume of the Muscovite character one must have lived in Russia. Ivan Ivanovich, the moujik—peasant, droschky driver, mechanic, laborer, or what not—wears his shirt—usually a red cotton one—outside his other garments. All those familiar with Russian humanity know Ivan Ivanovich to be, on the whole, a "capital fellow." He is frank, brave, generous, affectionate and docile. He is a fervent devotee of the grossly idolatrous rites of the Russo-Greek Church which some Anglican Ritualists are insane enough to think can, without much difficulty, be brought into communion with the Church of England. He is grossly ignorant; but he has the utmost reverence for the offices of the church, and does not think the worse of his pope or priest when, in his village, he is occasionally called upon to assist in carrying home from the dramshop the ecclesiastic, dead drunk, on a stretcher. Ivan himself gets tipsy whenever he has the chance of doing so: but he is the best-natured of sots, and too much beer or vodka scarcely ever makes him riotous or pugnacious. Inebriety the rather incites him to the shedding of maudlin tears, or to an excess of piety in expectorating to the right and left in order to exercise the devil.

Truthful he can scarcely be said to be. He has been too recently a slave to be able to understand the moral culpability of telling a lie, but he is passing honest. He is, in fine, "good wood," capable of being seasoned and fashioned to many useful purposes, and he is in particular, industrious, patient and submissive. He is not very inventive, but he has a curiously strong imitative faculty, almost Chinese in its concentration and laborious fidelity to the thing to be imitated. Thence he can be taught to be an admirable cabinet-maker, an inlayer, an enamelist, a pottery painter, and a worker in metals. Similarly his womankind are the most skillful of embroiderers. He is very domesticated and very fond of his children, although he occasionally thrashes his wife. Of strong liquor, as I have hinted, he is passionately fond; otherwise he is content to live on the simplest and coarses fare. White bread he seldom tastes; "brick tea" is, after corn brandy, his favorite beverage; half-pickled ogurts, or dwarf cucumbers, enter largely into his diet, and with bad drainage, help to give him typhus and the cholera; and he can sleep anywhere—the top of a stove is his most chosen resting-place—quite indifferent as to bed-clothes. There is no braver soldier than Ivan Ivanovich when he is drawn for the conscription, and cropped and shaven, and put into a hodden-gray gaberdine, with a spiked hemlet on his head and a rifle in his hand.

"You must admit, Jim Webster, that you stole those pullets," said the Galveston judge to the culprit. "Jedge," responded Jim, "I dont really believe I stole dem chickens. In de fust place, jedge, nobody saw me take 'em. In de next place dey could not be found on my premises, because I had done hid dem chickens under de floor. I can't help believin', jedge, that I is innocent as a lamb."

LAND TENURE.

The History of Landlordism in Prince Edward Island.

Moncton Times.

Prince Edward Island is the only British province in America that has been under a system of land tenure. In 1767, the Island, which was then an unsettled British colony, was divided into sixty-seven townships, the majority of which were awarded army and navy officers by the Government as a recognition of services. From that date up to 1853 the system of land tenure remained unbroken, and agitations similar to those that now exist in Ireland were frequently resisted, and the assistance of troops sometimes became necessary. In 1853 an Act was passed by the Local Legislature of the Island for the purchase of the estates of such proprietors as might be disposed to sell them. This Act received the assent of the Queen, but many of the proprietors refused to entertain the propositions of the Legislature, and the result was the purchase of the land proceeded slowly. The agitation for the abolition of the tenant system meantime gathered new force, and the proprietors, experiencing great difficulty in the collection of their rents, suggested a commision to enquire into the whole matter. In 1860 such a commission was constituted, the Hon. John H. Gray, of New Brunswick being named by the British Government, the Hon. Joseph Howe by the Island Legislature, and the Hon. Mr. Richie by the landlords. The award of the commissioners was objected to, however, by the landlords, and the award was set aside. The tenants' agitation then became alarming, a Tenant League was formed, and the collection of rents resisted to such on extent that a detachment of troops was forwarded to the Island from Halifax to assist in maintaining the law and to preserve the rights of the landlords. The question was not finally settled till 1875, when, Confederation having been secured, what is known as the "Land Purchase Act of 1875" was introduced. Since that date the Government has succeeded in purchasing the interests of the landlords in 203,847 acres, and compulsory land purchase being the rule, there are now no landlord interests in the island. That the change has been beneficial few doubt, though it is asserted that under the system of tenantry many of the farmers acquired considerable wealth. The grand total of seperate holdings in the province is 8,485, for which the Government paid $1,226,468.83, selling to the tenants, as a rule, at a lower price than the purchase amount. The great bulk of the holdings is in lots of from 50 to 100 acres each, and barely 125 contain more than 200 acres. These facts are principally gathered from a report, dated November 4, 1880, forwarded to the Gladstone Government by the Public Lands Office of Prince Edward Island, the Gladstone Government having applied for it while the basis of land reforms in Ireland was being considered.

Feeding Horses.

The horse has the smallest stomach in proportion to his size of any animal. Fifteen or sixteen quarts is its utmost capacity. This space is completely filled by four quarts of oats and the saliva that goes into the stomach with it. Horses are generally over-fed, and not fed often enough. For a horse with moderate work six or eight quarts of bruised oats and eight or ten pounds if fine hay a day is sufficient. This should be fed in at least three meals, and is better if fed in four.

A horse's digestion is very rapid, and therefore he gets hungry sooner than a man. When he is hungry he is ineffective, and wears out very rapidly. Water fills the stomach, lower the temperature, and dilutes the gastric juices; therefore a horse should not drink immediately before eating. Neither should he be watered immediately after eating, because he will drink too much and force some of the contents of the stomach into the larger intestine, which will cause scouring. Scouring is also caused by too rapid eating, which can be prevented by putting half a dozen pebbles, half the size of the fist, into the manger with the oats.

GIVE only a moderate drink of water to a horse. A large drink of cold water before being driven will have a quieting effect on a nervous horse. A race-horse always runs on an empty stomach. Digestion progresses moderately during exercise, if the exercise is not so violent as to exhaust the powers of the horse. I consider bruised oats worth twenty per cent. more than whole. They are more completely digested. I prefer oats to any other grain for horses. Cracked corn is very good under some circumstances, but I wouldn't use meal or shorts. The disease called big head is caused by feeding corn.

When a horse comes in hot I would give a moderate feed immediately. If the horse is too tired to eat I would take his feed away. A heated body is a reason against watering, and for feeding, for the system is then just in the condition to begin digestion. A horse will not founder if fed moderately when hot. I prefer dry feed unless a horse has some disease of the throat or lungs. Do not consider it worth while to cut hay. I always feed hay from the floor, then the horses do not get particles in their eyes.

Too Many Lawyers and Too Many Fees.

The rock that the legal profession are in most danger of coming to wreck on is that of excessive charges. There is a continual low growling in the community on this subject. The following, in an English lay newspaper, does not exaggerate the matter: "There are certain well-known firms of solicitors who can never be got to render a statement; they are perpetually applying for checks on account, and generally have the faculty of asking for these at some critical time in the procedure, when they know that the litigant cannot help paying, in order that his case may go on. Other solicitors punish the inquisitiveness of any who may wish for a detailed bill of costs by making it out to an extent vastly in excess of the round sum originally demanded." It is notorious that the charges are altogether out of proportion to the time given, the work given or the consideration received, and all kinds of vexatious obstacles are thrown in the way of any who seek to effect a reform in this respect. The fact is, that the ranks of the legal profession are overcrowded, and are being added to year by year to an extent which the public interests by no means require. Yet the exclusiveness that obtains with regard to methods of procedure, and the stringent rules imposed upon all the members of the craft, prevent that wholesome competition which exists in all other trades. The consequence is that the public are robbed, and that a comparitive few of the members of the legal profession obtain for themselves the chief portion of the spoil, while the great bulk of them struggle on as best they can. Our legal exchanges are filled with discussions on lawyer's costs. The community are bound to have cheaper justice, if they can.—Albany Law Journal.

MAKE weather predictions if you want to be talked about.

THE girl whom Tom Hancock wanted to marry at Indianapolis was only 15, and she said that he must wait at least two years, Then he asked her to kiss him, and she declared that he would have to wait for that too. The second disappointment crushed him, and he committed suicide.

HEARTACHES AND REMORSE.

Gambling in Chicago and Misfortunes of Gamblers.

"Yes," said a well-known gambler, in answer to an interrogation from a Chicago *Morning News* reporter yesterday: "Chicago is one of the greatest gambling centres in the United States."

"But," he continued, "it isn't now so much so as it was six or seven years ago. I tell you the 'boys' had a good time when Jake Rehm was Chief of Police, and Joe Medill and Colvin, Mayors."

"How do the gamblers manage to get on their feet after they have once been completly and irretrivably broke," asked the reporter.

"Well, you see, they borrow from one another, and then pay back when they make a winning. A professional gambler when he does win generally wins a large amount; but it is a fact that the majority are broke twenty-nine days in every month. I remember some five years ago that two waiters, who worked at the Commercial Hotel, went in one evening to a game on Clark street known as the 'Combination.' The extent of their assets was twenty-five cents, and they wished to make it a half dollar to enable them to purchase two oyster stews. The game was faro, and No. 1 sat down and soon ran the quarter up to $5. No. 2 was then given a stake, and they both went in and soon had $200 out. Not yet satisfied, they laid down their money, and at 6 o'clock in the morning they had won between them $2,300. Being inclined to be sports, they took the money and opened a faro bank of their own, in the Nevada block, corner of Washington and Franklin streets. Everything ran along smoothly for a few weeks, until one night a drunken brakeman from one of the railroads went up and won the roll. The men then went back to their old business, and though they often tried they could never strike it again."

"There is a great deal of cheating done at faro, ain't there?"

"Yes; at the time of which I am speaking the West Side was filled with brace games, especially Halsted street. They usually had men steer victims to the game. For instance, a man meets another on the street, enters into a conversation, treats him, and then insinuates that he is going up to a faro-bank to try his luck and asks his friend to accompany him and look on. They go up, the 'capper,' buys a stack of chips, with money which, of course, belongs to the bank; he stakes the victim and they both play. For a short period they are allowed to win, and then they commence to lose, 'capper' apparently losing as much as the victim. It generally ends in the 'sucker' losing every cent, and after he has departed the 'capper' gets forty per cent. of the winnings, the dealer ten, the remainder going to the bank. A good 'brace' dealer commands a large salary in gambling circles."

"Who has made the largest winning in Chicago at a legitimate game?"

"Well, there is a well-known member of a liquor firm here who drew out some $12,000. Al. Smith won $9,000 one time in this town; and speaking of losses, a capitalist from England passed through this city four years ago on his way to Colorado to purchase land. While here he became acquainted with an obliging young man who talked about England to him and took him up in the Kentucky block where he finally lost over $30,000. It is needless to remark that he did not buy any land in Colorado."

"What is your opinion, anyway, of gambling as a profession.

"It is a profession of heart-aches and remorse. If a man is in any business he had better leave gambling alone, for in the end he will come out a heavy loser. A man out of business, who has nothing to lose and all to gain, who is sharp and shrewd, may manage to live by gambling, but it is a very precarious existence."

Whims of an Empress.

The Empress of Austria came to Paris much disposed to receive no official visit. She is a great, a very great lady in reality, and in her own eyes; very capricious and strong-willed in carrying out her fancies and whimwhams. In the German fashion she can leave rank aside and be very charming with people of no rank to speak of, if such is her good pleasure. Capt. Middleton, who is her esquire on the hunting fields of England and Ireland, had never reason to know that she is the proudest of the proud. With the circus girl Elise, who was last year the idol of the Parisian Gommeux, her Majesty is almost motherly, and is very companionable. They smoke cigarettes together and talk gaily on equestrian subjects—the only subject which interests the Kaiserin. But Elizabeth holds in foul scorn nouveaux on riches and self-made great ladies. All her prejudices and what she deems her principles are on the side of feudalism and right-divine monarchy, which, by the way, never lived on good terms with the barons of the feudal period. She looks—although Austria is now under a free government—upon the English constitutional monarch with pity mingled with contempt, and calls her a poor, poultry-yard fowl, who has no wing-power to take a high and independent flight. When the French Republic was represented at Vienna by parvenu Ambassadors, the Empress was scarcely civil to their excellencies on the rare occasions on which they had opportunities to approach her. The Chief of the French Executive called on her Majesty at the Hotel Bristol and was received by her. The crowned Clorinda was surrounded by her household. Part of her hair, which is still of a burnished hazel-brown shade and splendidly luxuriant, was coiled round her head, and the rest was allowed to fall down behind her. She was dressed in a plain black velvet costume, with a linen collar and an enameled broach. Elizabeth speaks French well, but with a German accent.

The Empress of Austria has little taste for reading. When she is at home she is generally very tired and lolls back in a deep, soft arm-chair, or lies on a sofa puffing cigarettes. She has an album by her with photos of her horses, her favorite dogs, her grandchild and her children. She hates brilliant assemblies, has no wish to be popular, thinks parliaments contemptible, abhors republicans and cannot imagine how the world was ever able to get on without steam locomotion. Her traveling train is a miniature palace. Bohemian glass is much employed in lending color and brightness to the little dining-room. The couch in the bed-room is suspended. A small oratory, opening and shutting at will, like a press, testifies to the orthodoxy of her Majesty, who is not, however, a devotee.

A RICH Frenchman named Dugaste, who during his life time was tormented with the fear of being buried alive, bequeathed a large sum of money to the Academy of Sciences, from which a prize of 2,500 francs was to be given away every five years for the best treatise upon the real signs of death and the means of preventing too hasty burials. According to the scientific feuilleton of the *Siecle* the problem has not yet been solved, although several works have been written on the subject. It is generally conceded, however, that when the temperature of the body is but 25 degrees, or when the muscles are no longer influenced by powerful electric shocks, death is proved beyond a doubt.

INTERESTING NEWS.

THE very candles and tapers selected at first to burn around the late Czar's bier, it has been discovered, were filled with nitro-glycerine and other explosives.

SPECIMEN of fossil woods and lignite are reported to have been brought to the surface from a depth of 191 feet while boring an artesian well at Galveston, Texas.

A CINCINNATI boy, aged 12, not only disobeyed his father's injunction not to touch a gun, but used the weapon in such a way as to escape the threatened punishment. He comitted suicide.

EXPERIMENTS have been made on animals with pure hydrocianic acid by M. Brame. The bodies of those killed with it remained unaffected by decomposition for about a month. During that time the acid remained in the tissues, and especially in the stomach. It could be easily separated by distillation, but much more readily from the tissues of herbivorous than of carnivorous animals.

THE removal of old Cetywayo from the fort where he had been held in such close captivity is said to have been accomplished entirely under the advice of Bishop Colenso, who, knowing the Zulu character well, scruples not to affirm that the very contrary means to insure the faithful allegriance of so brave a nation as ever appeared on the face of the earth should have been adopted, "A ceremonial of talk" would have done more, he thinks, to conciliate the Zulus than the imprisonment of Cetywayo.

THE London *Sportsman* having published a report that the American Paine had asserted that he was the only expert pistol shot in Europe, and would like to find somebody who would meet him in that description of marksmanship, the *Sporting Gazette* of Vienna replies with a letter from Joseph Schulhoff, a well-known sporting man of that city, who challanges Paine to a pistol match at 400 paces for £1,000, and says that he has long sought a man who is willing to enter such a match with him and dosen't care from what part of the world he comes from.

THE *Moscow Viedomosty* directs attention to the profusion of money which the Nihilists seem to have at their disposal, and observes: "No pecuniary resources at all comparable to it has ever been possessed by the Socialists of other countries. These latter have always attempted to carry out their plots in the cheapest way possible, generally with a knife or a revolver. With us (Russians), on the contrary, all anarchical attempts, of the last three or four years at any rate have proved to be the result of a complete system of revolutionary organization, having adequate means for the support of its members and for suborning persons to carry out whatever behests might be required of them. The source from which the Russian anarchists obtain these pecuniary means remains a mystery; but the required funds are always at their service."

THE appearance of the Marquis of Blandford in the pages of *The Nineteenth Century* as a radical land reformer has taken the town by storm in London. The Marquis has never hitherto given the least indication of an addiction to letters or of the reform of himself or anything else, but has been a source of infinite trouble to his own family, and of as much disgust to that of his wife, a daughter of the Duke of Abercorn, who has on more than one occasion been compelled by his misconduct to pass long periods away from him. The turn he has now taken will be ascribed by many to a desire to put himself in antagonism to his father, the Duke of Marlborough, in politics, and it will, further, doubtless be freely hinted that he is not the real author of the essay to which his name is attached, which is in truth about the only respectable performance with which he has hitherto been credited.

SINCE peace has been declared, the city of London is busily getting up an emigration on an extensive scale for the Cape of Good Hope, and holding out great temptations to all willing to risk the danger of the climate and the prospect of being kicked out of the country at any moment. By last year's statistics 2,607 emigrants from England landed in South Africa. But agricultural laborers did not number more than half. They could produce among them £10,743. The Cape Government makes known that the most liberal terms will be offered to emigrants of this description—land at ten shillings an acre, payment for which may be made by easy installments, and an annual ground rent of one per cent. on the amount. It is perceived that the only chance possessed by England of retaining her colonies is by the infusion of the English element. At the Cape two-thirds of the white population are of Dutch descent. The arrival of some thousands of English yeomen would serve to leaven the lump.

Amateurs and Editors.

Amateurs are very apt to look upon editors as their most implacable foes. The cool persistence with which they decline to avail themselves with contribntions which the contributor is convinced would make the fortunes of the journals, if they only knew it—such blindness to self-interest—rouses pity in the breast of the worldly wise amateur. He indites a letter of remonstrance to the misguided editor, and is promptly crushed. In some a less tender emotion than pity is aroused by such conduct. Rage very often