

Par excellence—a good father. Remember the poor. It costs nothing. The bossy gyp righter—the proof-reader. The disease of the meter—gas truck fever. Osmen's last request: "Dig me a grave, fill it."

The peach crop has been officially destroyed. The man who "found his level" was a carpenter of course. "I look out for a number won," says the young speculator who scans a lottery list.

It doesn't speak much of the size of a man's mind when it takes him only a minute to make it up. An English paper says that Americans are good listeners. Our invention of the telephone proves it.

Are the sails on the Ship of State made from the Presidential canvas? asks a young statesman from Brooklyn. Even the homeliest man, when assisting a fellow-passenger to put his nickel in the street car box, is passing fare.

"Mine is a lofty calling," sang the tenor as he uplifted his voice to the Cand hung on to it like a darkey to a melon on a moonless night. "A man I lived a long while ago, didn't he?" questioned a Sunday school lad as he trotted along by the side of his teacher.

"A very long while ago," was the answer. "Then I guess Chicago must be an ancient city." "What makes you think so?" "I heard father say that Ananias was a reporter in a Chicago newspaper."

As somewhat of an inducement to amateurs we take this method of announcing that every one sending us a poem on "Spring" this year will receive a pound of dynamite done up in a beautiful sheet of colored tissue paper. Now is the time to get up clubs.

"When I was out West last summer," said the baggage smasher, "I saw the biggest sunset I ever saw in my life." "How big was it?" asked the brakeman. "Why, I should say," replied the other, "casting about for an adequate simile, 'that it was about the size of a Saratoga trunk.'"

Mrs. Bonanza Mackay's latest Worth dress is described as a "poem." From a description on us infer that it resembles a poem that is inserted in the editor's waste basket. It is not red. This is a veritable joke but the temptation to write what we think is necessary to overcome.

# The Sunnion Daily Gazette

VOL. XII. FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1884. NO. 4.

**Not Yet.**  
BY SCIAN COOLIDGE.  
"Not yet," he cried, "not yet! It is the dawn, and life looks so fair. Give me my life, my love, my dear. It is a gift that I should crave my share. The common sense and the common air. Before I go away, take it with you!"  
"Not yet!"  
"Not yet," she cried, "not yet! The day is not yet, and I am tired and frail. Day was too full, my resting time has come. Let me sit still and hear the nightingale. And see the sunset colors shift and pale. Before I take the long, hard journey home."

**CUPIDITY AND CRIME.**  
CHAPTER XX.  
"Tell me all, Vance!" Nora cried, when her senses awoke. The anguish of such a waking might well have turned the strongest brain and broken the stoutest heart; but when the first wild rush of memories was past, the girl grew strangely calm—but the unutterable agony of a lost soul seemed, to Vance Singleton's fevered fancy, to look through the great gray eyes. No wonder that the young man grew pale as a fainting girl. The task she set him might well appal the bravest.

"I remember Arthur left me," she said, pressing both hands to her temples, and looking up with a hunted desperate gaze that made Vance's kind heart ache. "I remember that we had a quarrel, and then I remember Lord de Grotton—dead. Oh, the gray eyes dilated and darkened horribly. 'I can see the blood—his blood—still on my hands, my dress, everywhere!'"

"Hush, Nora!" the young man broke in, with almost savage sternness, for the girl's voice rose to a shrill hysterical scream, and her words were fraught even now with hideous peril, might even now consign her to a doom of which the more thoughtful turned his head. But his heart ached for the lost creature, with the snow of winter on the graceful girl-head, and all Cain's anguish burning in the young heart and looking through the lovely haggard eyes.

"If only they need not speak those words," Vance thought, with painful passion—"the fatal words that would bluster their lips in passing, and make them shun each other's gaze for ever after!"

"Nora," he said more gently, taking the hot hands in his, and drawing the girl down upon the couch beside him, "my poor dear Nora, do not speak more of—the terrible things that have been. Think that for a while trouble crazed you, and now that the madness is passed—"

He paused, hardly knowing how to end the sentence. "Forget, and be happy!" would be too cruel a mockery; and yet, "Nora looked at her step-mother, a shade of bewilderment in her gaze; evidently she did not follow his argument to its logical termination. "How Vance wished that Nettie were there to help him with her quicker wit and more potent pleading! But Nettie was out, and in her absence the girl went on forenoon and dreamed had come.

"I must speak, or I shall go mad again!" Nora persisted, with a passionate ring jarring all the old melody of the soft pretty voice. "I think and think, but I can call back nothing after that. It is as though a curtain thick and black and impenetrable dropped between the two halves of my life.

She listened in the absolute silence she had promised, her face becoming rigidly, terribly calm. Only the great changeful eyes, now dark as night, now brightening to a clear luminous gray, in any way interpreted the feelings that warred within her.

"Thank you," she said, when at last he brought the halting, incoherent story to a close. "You and Nettie have been more than mortal in your goodness to me. Knowing what you knew, thinking what you thought, your life has been sacrificed to me—a murderess!"

"I am dead, you know," she said, with the sad far-away smile that gave her beautiful face a sweetly spiritual look. "Nora Vansittart has her life before her—we must arrange that afterwards—but Nora Bruce is buried in Stoke Vernon after today. We will not disturb her grave."

"But, Nora," Nettie interrupted, in quick dismay, "you speak as though this state of things were final. That must not and shall not be—must it, Vance? Some day your innocence will be proved."

"I think not, dear," Nora interrupted, touching with soft caressing fingers the shining rings upon the low white brow. "I think that those who found me guilty then would hardly reverse their verdict now."

Nettie looked thoughtful, and Vance knew instinctively what doubt was troubling her mind. Had they done harm, and not good, by their precipitate step? Had they condemned Nora to a life that was worse than all? No wonder that the other world condemned me, when you, even you, believed me guilty of this sin!"

"And are you not?" The words broke from the man's lips in a hoarse whisper; his heart beat with such wild fierce throbbings that he could hardly force himself to speak. A thousand frantic thoughts flashed through his brain, bewildering him with their rapid rush. In all his agonized musings on the subject never once had he entertained the saving thought of Nora's innocence before.

"And are you not?" The words broke from the man's lips in a hoarse whisper; his heart beat with such wild fierce throbbings that he could hardly force himself to speak. A thousand frantic thoughts flashed through his brain, bewildering him with their rapid rush. In all his agonized musings on the subject never once had he entertained the saving thought of Nora's innocence before.

restlessly discontented with herself and a world of little she had asked much and obtained little—the older, in the somewhat shabby weeds of her widowhood, a less important personage than the beamingly complacent lady who was Lord de Grotton's mother-in-law-elect; but in all substantial things these two were altogether unchanged.

From boarding-house to boarding-house, from Continental town to Continental town, they had wandered in obedience to Christine's imperious will and restless craving for excitement. Vainly had Mrs. Bruce protested that the strain upon the slender income left them by her late husband, and upon the remittances sent from time to time by the perpetually absent Vance, was greater than they could bear; the slightest protest was invariably followed by a furiously recriminatory system, from which the weakened nervous system of the elder woman instinctively shrunk.

"My face is my fortune," Christine would say, with concentrated bitterness, "and a fortune that falls off every day. If you will not be burdened for life with a penniless old-maid daughter, you must let me make my last venture now. If I am unsuccessful at the end of a couple of years, I promise you there is no hole of a country town so out of the way and obscure that I will not creep into it and hide my diminished head with pleasure."

Whereupon Mrs. Bruce, remonstrating no more, but sighing very dolefully, would say— "Very well, my dear, it shall be as you wish; but money is getting very low, and at the last place—"

"I wasted three new dresses and a long flirtation, I know." Not all her self-control could keep the angry mortified flush from Christine's pale smooth skin. "You will not meet a master easier, mother, by blinding my fallow in my face. Nothing venture, nothing win, you know; and I will fling my last stake before I consent to our mouldering away together at little Pedlington-by-the-Sea."

So the last stake was played, and, with it, contrary to all her expectations, Christine won her prize. Fate placed her at a table de-haute next to a tall, stout, olive-complexioned, black-eyed, black-haired man, upon whom the waiters attended with distinguished respect, and whom his fellow-guests regarded with amused and yet deferential attention.

"A Jew!" was Christine's first mental comment, as her keen sidelong glance surveyed the bold aquiline sweep of features, the full sensual lips, the dark eyes, and hidden and slowly moving, yet amazingly shrewd and bright. "And a rich Jew too!"—she noted the glitter of the priceless diamonds on the big white hands and in the wide expanse of shirt-front.

In both conjectures she was right. Mr. Ismael Benjudah, or the Baron Benjudah, as he preferred and had some shadowy claim to be called, was rich in the estimation of people with less limited notions than Christine; and he was also a rather famous person in his way. Every one who was any one knew him in one of his multifarious characters at home or abroad. Benjudah the financier was great upon "Change, Benjudah the money-lender was hand-in-glove with half the aristocracy and more than one impeccable foreign sovereign. Benjudah the connoisseur was known and respected in art circles. Benjudah, himself, a more than respectable musician, was the proprietor of a foreign concert-hall and opera-house, and was more than suspected of an interest in two or three influential papers. In fact, Benjudah was Protean, and in one shape or other pervaded society to such an extent that there was something remarkable in the fact that even Christine had never encountered him before.

## BRAZILIAN POLITICS.

### The Emperor's Health—Republican Feels.

The Emperor, like a great many uncrowned mortals, had a rather sharp bilious attack in the later days of December, but was soon all right and on foot again. Naturally, all the official world was in a flutter of anxiety for news of his health, and there was a perfect shower of telegrams from Europe, especially England, whither, it seems, the Emperor had sent a sensational telegram which set the financial and concessionary world in a great anxiety.

Fortunately, the question of the succession to the throne is not an immediate one, and the Emperor, though very white-headed and weak upon his lower limbs, is hearty in body and vigorous in mind. It is, however, one which troubles many minds, as it is feared that the Princess Imperial, unable as she is and politic as she has learned to be, will not even be counseled and assisted by her husband, the Comte d'Eu, be able to deal with the Republicans and the unruly elements which merely seek to destroy. In the cities, especially among the disappointed and ambitious professional classes, so numerous in the capitals, the Princess Imperial is accused of devoteism and of being ready, in order to obtain papal favor, to place the country at the feet of the curia.

But in Brazil respect for monarchy is still traditional and instructive, the prestige of power is enormous, even among those who affect to scorn it, and, once endowed with the glamour of the crown, it is very likely that she would be unhesitatingly accepted by the great mass of the nation. The Emperor would lie rather in the metropolis, where a pronouncement of the three thousand military forces in garrison might readily upset all the calculations of the politicians. If the Rio Garrison and the fleet could be secured all the provinces from St. Paulo to Para would have to obey, as the blockade of a few ports would ruin the planters and perhaps induce the slaves to rebel.

But it would not be so easy to deal with Rio Grande do Sul, as, owing to its proximity to the Argentine and Uruguayan republics, its trade could find outlets, and, moreover, the population is warlike and strongly tinged with republican leanings and has not forgotten, how, forty years ago, the province not only maintained its independence as a republic in spite of the efforts of the empire, but even subjugated a part of the province of Santa Catharina. Knowing this, it has been the policy to treat Rio Grande as the favored child, and money has been spent like water in furnishing it with railroads at the cost of the nation. But peoples, even more than individuals, feel little gratitude for past favors, and a Rio Grande South republican union with Uruguay to the south and the provinces of Santa Catharina and Parana to the north, is one of the probabilities of the next decade. Uruguay is too small to stand alone; it must gravitate toward Brazil or toward Argentine. By language and public institutions it is related to Argentine. Its situation and commercial interests urge it toward Rio Grande do Sul, to which it furnished the best solution of the Rio Grande port difficulties. Moreover, forty thousand Rio Grandenses are settled in Uruguay, forming one-sixth of its population and owning one-half of its lands, of which only a third is in the hands of the natives of the republic.

## THE CUBAN PANIC.

### A Black Friday in Havana—Business Paralyzed.

The Havana correspondent of the New York Herald says that a Cuban Black Friday has come, and gives a very gloomy account of the finances of the island. Recently a rumor was spread that the savings bank in Havana, which was considered there as much surer than the Spanish government. The government itself was wise and prompt enough to step in and stop the panic. Had the savings bank, the bank of the poor, failed, the consequences might have been very serious in Havana. The Bank of Catalonia, which held thousands and thousands of dollars, the savings of the poorer classes, fell a hopeless crash recently to the tune of \$2,000,000. The other day fell the house of J. M. Bolivar & Co. to the tune of \$1,000,000 or \$1,500,000. Both of these were esteemed as among the securest houses in the island. Bolivar & Co. were allowed an extension of two years in the hope of redemption.

Faith may not be wholly destroyed in Cuban finance, says the correspondent, but it is the simplest truth to say that all men who have anything to lose here in Havana and in other leading business centres of the island are looking gloomily out for a certain "Black Friday" at no distant date, unless the mode of conducting the commercial business of the island is speedily and thoroughly altered.

"Let me off here, conductor dear; I did intend to go on to Teddy Hoot, but ain't goin' back to get me ticket." As he alighted on the platform an acquaintance saluted him with: "An' it's salute you are, Mike? Will you stay over Christmas?" "Inside I will." "How's your work wid' yer?" "Poor poor. I hadn't been lucky enough to lose me thicket I shouldn't 'a' got 'ere at all."

## GEMS OF GOLD.

To love is to make a compact with sorrow. It is less pain to learn to your than to be ignorant in age. He that hath no silver in his purse should have it on his tongue. It is safer to be humble with one talent than to be proud with ten. To count but few things necessary is the foundation of many virtues.

A large mass of error is easily embalmed and perpetuated by a little truth. Peace is the evening star of the soul, and virtue is the sun; and the two are never far apart. By taking revenge a man but even with his enemy; but in passing it over he is superior. Envy is a voice which keeps no holiday, but is always in the wheel, and working its own disk.

True goodness is like the glow-worm, it shines most when no eyes save those of heaven are upon it. If you pursue a well-trodden pathway for a long while, you will finally pursue it alone. A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

In life it is difficult to say who do you most mischief—enemies with the worst intentions, or friends with the best. Of all the gifts that nature can give us, the faculty of remaining silent, or of answering apropos, is perhaps the most useful. Society is composed of two classes—those who have more dinner than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinner.

Believe nothing against another but on good authority; nor report what you hurt another, unless it be a greater hurt to another to conceal it. Affectation in any part of our carriage is lighting up a candle to our defects, and never fails to make us be taken notice of, either as wanting sense or smugness. Ceasing to learn is beginning to die. Schooling is not only needed for girls and boys, but for men and women through every phase of life if they would complete their career.

The worst things are the perversions of good things. Abused intellects often make the dangerous villain; abused sensibilities make the accomplished tempter; abused affections engender the keenest misery. Kind words are bright flowers of earthly existence; use them, and especially around the fireside circle. They are the jewels beyond price, and powerful to heal the wounded heart and make the weighed-down spirit glad.

The plain doctrine of integrity is rarely found in reality. It is easy to profess, easy to profess, easy to profess; but integrity is rare. The gods approve of the depth, and not the tumult of the soul. As the sun does not wait for prayers and incantations before he rises, but straightway shines forth, and is hailed of all; so do not wait to do good for applause and noise and praise, but do it of your own desire; and like the sun you will be beloved.

You may tame the wild beast; the conflagration of the American forest will cease when all the timber and dry wood is consumed; but you cannot arrest the progress of that cruel word which you uttered carelessly yesterday or this morning. Bad words are as influential as the plague and the pestilence. They have wrought more evil than battle, murder and sudden death. They creep through the ear into the heart, call up all its bad passions, and tempt it to break God's commandments. A few bad words got into the ear of the mother of mankind; and they led her on to eat the forbidden fruit, and thus to bring death into the world.

At the ceremony of cremating the remains of the late Babu Keshub Chunder Sen, the great Brahmo leader, has taken place. At about 10 1/2 A. M. Babu Keshub Chunder Sen expired at his residence at Lily Cottage, and immediately after his remains were laid out on a new sandal wood bedstead, which was covered with marigolds, jessamine, and roses. The corpse was dressed in a white silk dhoti, and at intervals some of the disciples of the Brahmo leader sprinkled rose water on it and placed garlands of flowers all over it. At noon the bier was removed to the new chapel, adjoining Lily Cottage, which was being erected for the late Babu Keshub Chunder Sen's private devotion, and at 3 1/2 P. M. a photographer came and took a number of photographs, which were then lying an object of teaching regard to hundreds of the Brahmo leaders, disciples, friends, and admirers. Shortly after this the male mourners and visitors were requested to leave the chapel to allow of the entrance of a number of the female relatives and followers of the deceased, who then entered and gave vent to their feelings of grief and sorrow at the death of their beloved leader.

The bier, with the remains, was then carried in procession along the roads from the chapel to Nimitollah Ghaut, followed by thousands and thousands of natives of all castes and creeds, and by a very numerous gathering of leading European gentlemen in Calcutta. At Nimitollah Ghaut the body was, with Brahmo rites, placed on the funeral pyre, which was composed entirely of samans wood. After cremation the ashes were collected and placed in a urn, which will be deposited in the deceased minister's private chapel. The procession was headed by a disciple, who bore in his hands a banner, bearing on it the words, "New Dispensation."

As the procession reached the old Brahmo Mandir in Colootollah, the body was put down and a hymn chanted. "Glory be to the man who has got a clean heart," and the same ceremony was repeated when the procession passed the Sashyaram Soman Mandir, the chant being repeated at intervals till the burning ghaut was reached. No better proof could be found of the respect and esteem in which the late Brahmo leader was held than in the thousands of natives who followed the remains to the cremation ceremony and in the thousands who visited Lily Cottage in Circular road, to see the last of the remains of the great Brahmo leader, among whom was his son-in-law, the Maharaja of Kuch Behar, and other most prominent natives in Calcutta.

If we would have powerful minds, we must think; if we would have faithful hearts, we must love; if we would have powerful muscles, we must labor. Colonel Barre was blind of one eye, and the other was far from strong. Lord North had been blind for some time, and had paid his Lordship a visit, who received him kindly, saying, "Colonel Barre, nobody will suspect us of insincerity, if we say that we should always be overjoyed to see each other."