

The Western Mail

VOL. XIII. FENELON FALLS, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, OCT. 31, 1885. NO. 37.

FOR DAISY'S SAKE.

BY SOPHIA LAUGHER, TORONTO.
Author of "Pansy," "Homilies," "Lady Ingleton's Sin," etc., etc.

At the moment's notice, the picture of the simple, trusting girl who to have been his bride.

The Christmas snow lay thickly upon a newly made grave in Westleigh churchyard when Philip Ashlin sadly took his last look at the girl who had been his bride. He had been in London in search of his lost love, poor, traced her to the great city and searched with the aid of detectives all night and day, he failed to get a clue to her whereabouts.

Months dragged on and at the end of May he was still persevering trying to find her, when he saw in the newspapers that Captain Beaumont had joined his regiment and sailed for Africa. "But where was Daisy? Dead? Oh, would to God that were possible," he thought as with a heavy heart he returned to Westleigh. In the evening as he entered the village he passed at the gate of the churchyard and mournfully neared the grave whose new marble slab told the name of Anthony Vernon. In the waning light he was horrified to find the body of a woman lying senseless on the grass-grown mound. He raised her tenderly in his arms, for he knew it was Daisy. Daisy! butah, how different was the pale, emaciated form resting against his heart to the blooming, lovely girl who had so cruelly thrown away his love to choose the false vows instead of the true.

"I will win her love now," he vowed as he kissed the closed eyelids and pale lips, "and, please God, as my honored wife she shall be happy once more. Daisy, my love, my love, look up at me, only one little word! It is I, Philip, Daisy, my darling, speak to me!" But Philip Ashlin pleaded in vain; Daisy Vernon was dead!

Near to a Hotentot kraal in Central Africa an English regiment had encamped. Far away from the encampment the glaring sun shone down on the tall form of a man—an officer—shot through the heart. His handsomely bronzed face was still damp with the dew of death, but the dark, glassy eyes still wore their cruel Mephistophelian gleam.

The tall form and passionate fair face of another soldier—evidently an inferior—bent over him, with a wild agonizing cry raised his eyes to Heaven as he fell on his back. "At last my oath is fulfilled, Oh, Daisy, my love, my love, for your sake, God forgive me; this is my revenge."

THE FARM.

The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day his longed step and his weary woe. The first object he saw as he entered the house was his wife sitting at the table. All showing the work of the good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife, Her hair was low and simple, and her face, With face all fire and good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

She shined bright when the farmer goes out, Birds sing and lambs frisk about, The brook babble and the wind hum, While he works the good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

How brightly the wife speaks about within— The dishes to wash, 'neath the milk to skim, For dear ones at home her heart is kept; There are steps to make, From day to day she has to go, And she steps to take, All for the good of the land.

When the day is over and the evening has come, The creature of earth she is, He takes a rest 'neath the white shade tree, From the labor of the day she is free; Though he sows, And he hoed, And he hoed, And he rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun, Takes the burden up that never done, The farmer of earth she is, He takes a rest 'neath the white shade tree, From the labor of the day she is free; Though he sows, And he hoed, And he hoed, And he rests from the work of the land.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS COST.

Two Fond Fathers Compare Expenses for One Year.

Two fond parents, well fixed in life, who live adjoining each other in an American city, were discussing the relative cost of keeping a boy and girl. Both spoke from direct experience. The father said: "I believe it costs more to keep a boy."

"And I believe it costs more to keep the girl," replied the other.

So they began to figure it up.

"Now let us take the case of our own children," said the former. "Take my son Charles, for example. He's going into his 19th year. He is not extravagant in his dress, nor does he do any work. During the winter he wears his clothing, soiling it, and he wears a handsome form and pretty face, and she declared that she would not marry 'the ugly old heathen.' Her part costs, however, were determined not to lose the chance of getting so near a neighbor as a Singer sewing machine. The old man promised to send it up that day, and walked off with his hands in his pockets, thinking, doubtless, how many times it would take to pay for it. By the time he got down town he forgot what kind of a machine was wanted; the men brought up stairs to Amelia's sitting room. As soon as that lady saw that her orders had not been obeyed to the letter, she deliberately pulled the offensive machine to the door and, giving it a shove, pushed it down the stairs, until it reached the bottom, all broken to pieces.

The next day a 'Singer' stood in the place allotted for it, and nothing more was said of the affair. Upon the occasion of distinguished guests, Amelia, who was present at a dinner table, amused herself by throwing some notes of the window. Brigham manifested his annoyance at this proceeding without effect, when finally he exclaimed: 'Amelia, my dear, I wish you would throw those shells out upon the grass. They are a nuisance.' 'If you don't like to have them there you can pick them up,' said the wayward father, as he arose from his chair and left the room.

When she had left, Brigham turned to his guests, and said: 'I wish you would see to it that you will excuse my wife. She is so headstrong that I cannot control her.'

THE WRONG CUSTOMER AGAIN DISTURBED.

He was the greenest old man you ever saw. He looked around the passenger coach in a way before and he sat down so softly, and seemed to be so afraid of damaging anything, that all the passengers smiled.

By and by a young man went over and sat down next to him. This young man might have been directed by filial affection, and he might not. "Which way, uncle?" he softly asked.

"Me? Oh, I'm going to see my darter in Toronto."

"This is the first time I've ever for the kitchen. I've driv' off seventeen miles with the oxen to see my other darter, but oxen ain't no comparison to these keers."

"You should say that you've got a lot of money to go to Ontario and back."

"Dreful lot, but I jist sold the farm, you know."

"I presume you could change a hundred-dollar bill for me?"

"No, I can't do as that."

"I jist want you to buy and by. This is good weather, eh?"

"Stordinary weather for fall. James has been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all safe."

Nothing further was said for some time, the old man looking out of the window and the young man reading a paper. The train made a few stops, and the car was so warm that after a little while the old man began to yawn and nod. He thought it off for him to lean his head back, and his gentle snores mingled with the rattle of the wheels.

A slim white hand, with tapering fingers, rested on his leg; then it was elevated to his forehead. He touched with the tip of his finger the hair of a serpent creeping forward to strike. The fingers touched an old-fashioned wallet. The young man continued to read, and the old man slept on. Inch by inch the wallet was lifted from its snug resting place. The hand was almost ready to remove it entirely, when something happened. With a sudden movement of his right hand the old man pinned the interloper's ear, and his voice was heard calling: "You blamed skunk! But I knowed all the time who you were after! Where's the conductor?"

There was a rush of passengers, and they found a helpless, yet elated pickpocket and an indignant, but yet confused old man.

"Consign his pickpocket, but he took me for an old haystack from a back napper! Work roots on me, will ye! Set a trap for me and fell into it yourself, eh?"

"Even a professional pickpocket hadn't been enough to urge a single excuse. The fellow hadn't one blessed word to say, and he walked off to the baggage car to be kicked to the platform at the next station.

"Ye s-e-e," said the old man, as he turned to the inquiring passengers. "I had'n't order done it. When a man has his corn stable, or darter with all sorts of folks, he had better order paid for greenhorn and break a young man's heart like this. I must put a curb on my spoorts; I'm getting too old to be playin' jokes on confidin' young men!"

Grapes are an easy and pleasant cure for dyspepsia.

FROM THE RED TO THE BOW RIVER.

The Southern route through Manitoba from the Red River westward has been well brought before the notice of the reading public and is the portion of the province which is most densely settled. Along the route south of the river there are railway towns of Emerson and Morris besides several villages where railways have not reached. In this stretch we have the houses of the old settlers and native farmers with their narrow river frontage and in many respects the appearance of the settled forty years ago. On the other hand the two railway towns mentioned show the effects of mere enterprise than judgment. Morris had at one time a population of some hundred, but has not much more than half of that number now. It has suffered severely from overbuilding, and is only now beginning to show a reaction of a favorable kind. It is surrounded by a beautiful country, which may be looked upon as one of the best agricultural sections of the province, and now that the boom ideas of its speculators have been rudely wiped out, its healthy growth is setting in. It must yet take its place as a market town of some importance and there are points about it which are so attractive to the staid-looking for an industrial location. With the main line of the C. P. R. Southwestern running through it, and the Red River high at hand it has good shipping facilities for manufacturing concerns. At present the business institutions number about twenty, and include a flour mill which has been some time silent. Emerson, the gateway city of Manitoba, is another place where over speculation has lain like a load upon progress, and when a town is so situated, it is not surprising that it should have a low standard of business speculation. It has its fine business blocks, some of them built by scheming speculators who never paid for them, and thereby forced quite a number of traders into insolvency, and a low standard of business speculation of considerable pretensions. At one time its population was considerably over 3,000, but now does not number more than 1,500. Besides having every facility for business in the way of buildings it had but for the scheming of speculators now have been a prosperous town, and contending for the position of second trade point in the province. It is the key to the Northwest by the Hudson Bay Railway being constructed. Its prospects are good for the future, and there are indications that a better era has set in, and that it is on the way to a considerable prosperity. It has still nearly forty places of business of every kind including a flour mill, a saw mill, a brewery and several small industrial institutions, and has good solid business men, who will survive to see the day when the boom has passed. From Emerson northward we advance into the garden of the Northwest, the famed Southern Manitoba, acknowledged by all who have been through it to be the finest grain raising country in the West. From Morris north and west there is a wide stretch of the first line of the district, and at the latter place we leave the beautiful natural valley, which the energy and industry of the Mennonite settlers from Russia have made a huge and fertile prairie. The conditions under which there are some sixteen business places, and an amount of business is done which would only be credited to those who have been frequently there in winter, and seen the long lines of grain laden wagons, and the appearance of the Mennonite population in appearance. It is undoubtedly a wonder from a business point of view, especially when we consider that its population does not exceed one hundred and fifty.

At Morden the end of the Mennonite settlement is reached, and the town itself draws its trade from a country settled by people from different countries, and all settled on farms, which for grain raising advantages have no equal in the West. From Morden north and west there is a population of about 400, and has forty business institutions in it. It is as yet too young to have any important industrial institutions, but is probably the best grain point of its size in the whole Canadian Northwest. About seven miles from it stands the town of Neche, which was the town of the past, nearly all its merchants having moved into Morden with their effects.

Leaving Morden for the west by rail, we commence the ascent from the valley to the table land above the prairie, and through the villages of Thornhill and Dallingford, and surrounded by waving grain fields as far as the eye can see, we in time reach Mantou. The present terminus of the Pembina Mountain section of the C. P. R. Here we have a population of at least 500, and over thirty places of business. As Morden is the grain market of the valley, so Mantou is the grain market of the upland plateau on which it is located. It is simply dropped in the center of a huge grain raising area, and is a main business town in every respect. Like Morden it is too young for important industries, but its day of industrial growth cannot be far distant.

From Mantou westward the work of extending the line is now going on, and while millions of bushels of grain are waiting to be carried out of the country by rail. On the western side of the Pembina Valley, which is crossed about ten miles west of Mantou, there are some fine places of business. The town of Neche, which is probably the best grain point of its size in the whole Canadian Northwest. About seven miles from it stands the town of Neche, which was the town of the past, nearly all its merchants having moved into Morden with their effects.

TOM THUMB ON HIS HEAD.

Cunning Tricks of a Bright-Eyed Baby Elephant.

There is great rejoicing in P. T. Barnum's Winter quarters over the recovery of the trick baby elephant from the time of Jumbo's death. The baby elephant feels as glad as anybody, and his exuberance of spirits keeps Scott, the trainer, in a constant worry. The plater had no sooner been torn off Tom Thumb's leg than he was kicking his heels in the air. The baby next climbed on top of the tiger's cage, and astonished those animals by leaping to the air and turning a somersault with the agility of a professional tumbler. He then sat on his back, and his piteous wailing brought Scott to his assistance. After drinking a gallon of beer the baby felt better and danced around the ring on his hind legs to the music of a passing organ. Tom Thumb does not sleep as well as he formerly did, but he has managed to get a little rest. The baby's friskiness continues it is thought that Mr. Barnum will be obliged to confine him in a cage. Scott thinks, however, that Tom Thumb is so overjoyed at his recovery that he is actually frisking like the baby of a circus, and will soon settle down to the staid life of a trick clown elephant.

The Prince of Wales's lost dog, Bang was recovered, I learn, in Stockholm, after his Royal Highness's departure for Hungary recently through the collar with the Prince's name on it. It was delighted at its recovery, master, who was disappointed at its recovery.

THE FARM.

The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day his longed step and his weary woe. The first object he saw as he entered the house was his wife sitting at the table. All showing the work of the good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife, Her hair was low and simple, and her face, With face all fire and good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

She shined bright when the farmer goes out, Birds sing and lambs frisk about, The brook babble and the wind hum, While he works the good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

How brightly the wife speaks about within— The dishes to wash, 'neath the milk to skim, For dear ones at home her heart is kept; There are steps to make, From day to day she has to go, And she steps to take, All for the good of the land.

When the day is over and the evening has come, The creature of earth she is, He takes a rest 'neath the white shade tree, From the labor of the day she is free; Though he sows, And he hoed, And he hoed, And he rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun, Takes the burden up that never done, The farmer of earth she is, He takes a rest 'neath the white shade tree, From the labor of the day she is free; Though he sows, And he hoed, And he hoed, And he rests from the work of the land.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS COST.

Two Fond Fathers Compare Expenses for One Year.

Two fond parents, well fixed in life, who live adjoining each other in an American city, were discussing the relative cost of keeping a boy and girl. Both spoke from direct experience. The father said: "I believe it costs more to keep a boy."

"And I believe it costs more to keep the girl," replied the other.

So they began to figure it up.

"Now let us take the case of our own children," said the former. "Take my son Charles, for example. He's going into his 19th year. He is not extravagant in his dress, nor does he do any work. During the winter he wears his clothing, soiling it, and he wears a handsome form and pretty face, and she declared that she would not marry 'the ugly old heathen.' Her part costs, however, were determined not to lose the chance of getting so near a neighbor as a Singer sewing machine. The old man promised to send it up that day, and walked off with his hands in his pockets, thinking, doubtless, how many times it would take to pay for it. By the time he got down town he forgot what kind of a machine was wanted; the men brought up stairs to Amelia's sitting room. As soon as that lady saw that her orders had not been obeyed to the letter, she deliberately pulled the offensive machine to the door and, giving it a shove, pushed it down the stairs, until it reached the bottom, all broken to pieces.

The next day a 'Singer' stood in the place allotted for it, and nothing more was said of the affair. Upon the occasion of distinguished guests, Amelia, who was present at a dinner table, amused herself by throwing some notes of the window. Brigham manifested his annoyance at this proceeding without effect, when finally he exclaimed: 'Amelia, my dear, I wish you would throw those shells out upon the grass. They are a nuisance.' 'If you don't like to have them there you can pick them up,' said the wayward father, as he arose from his chair and left the room.

When she had left, Brigham turned to his guests, and said: 'I wish you would see to it that you will excuse my wife. She is so headstrong that I cannot control her.'

THE WRONG CUSTOMER AGAIN DISTURBED.

He was the greenest old man you ever saw. He looked around the passenger coach in a way before and he sat down so softly, and seemed to be so afraid of damaging anything, that all the passengers smiled.

By and by a young man went over and sat down next to him. This young man might have been directed by filial affection, and he might not. "Which way, uncle?" he softly asked.

"Me? Oh, I'm going to see my darter in Toronto."

"This is the first time I've ever for the kitchen. I've driv' off seventeen miles with the oxen to see my other darter, but oxen ain't no comparison to these keers."

"You should say that you've got a lot of money to go to Ontario and back."

"Dreful lot, but I jist sold the farm, you know."

"I presume you could change a hundred-dollar bill for me?"

"No, I can't do as that."

"I jist want you to buy and by. This is good weather, eh?"

"Stordinary weather for fall. James has been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all safe."

Nothing further was said for some time, the old man looking out of the window and the young man reading a paper. The train made a few stops, and the car was so warm that after a little while the old man began to yawn and nod. He thought it off for him to lean his head back, and his gentle snores mingled with the rattle of the wheels.

A slim white hand, with tapering fingers, rested on his leg; then it was elevated to his forehead. He touched with the tip of his finger the hair of a serpent creeping forward to strike. The fingers touched an old-fashioned wallet. The young man continued to read, and the old man slept on. Inch by inch the wallet was lifted from its snug resting place. The hand was almost ready to remove it entirely, when something happened. With a sudden movement of his right hand the old man pinned the interloper's ear, and his voice was heard calling: "You blamed skunk! But I knowed all the time who you were after! Where's the conductor?"

There was a rush of passengers, and they found a helpless, yet elated pickpocket and an indignant, but yet confused old man.

"Consign his pickpocket, but he took me for an old haystack from a back napper! Work roots on me, will ye! Set a trap for me and fell into it yourself, eh?"

"Even a professional pickpocket hadn't been enough to urge a single excuse. The fellow hadn't one blessed word to say, and he walked off to the baggage car to be kicked to the platform at the next station.

"Ye s-e-e," said the old man, as he turned to the inquiring passengers. "I had'n't order done it. When a man has his corn stable, or darter with all sorts of folks, he had better order paid for greenhorn and break a young man's heart like this. I must put a curb on my spoorts; I'm getting too old to be playin' jokes on confidin' young men!"

Grapes are an easy and pleasant cure for dyspepsia.

FROM THE RED TO THE BOW RIVER.

The Southern route through Manitoba from the Red River westward has been well brought before the notice of the reading public and is the portion of the province which is most densely settled. Along the route south of the river there are railway towns of Emerson and Morris besides several villages where railways have not reached. In this stretch we have the houses of the old settlers and native farmers with their narrow river frontage and in many respects the appearance of the settled forty years ago. On the other hand the two railway towns mentioned show the effects of mere enterprise than judgment. Morris had at one time a population of some hundred, but has not much more than half of that number now. It has suffered severely from overbuilding, and is only now beginning to show a reaction of a favorable kind. It is surrounded by a beautiful country, which may be looked upon as one of the best agricultural sections of the province, and now that the boom ideas of its speculators have been rudely wiped out, its healthy growth is setting in. It must yet take its place as a market town of some importance and there are points about it which are so attractive to the staid-looking for an industrial location. With the main line of the C. P. R. Southwestern running through it, and the Red River high at hand it has good shipping facilities for manufacturing concerns. At present the business institutions number about twenty, and include a flour mill which has been some time silent. Emerson, the gateway city of Manitoba, is another place where over speculation has lain like a load upon progress, and when a town is so situated, it is not surprising that it should have a low standard of business speculation. It has its fine business blocks, some of them built by scheming speculators who never paid for them, and thereby forced quite a number of traders into insolvency, and a low standard of business speculation of considerable pretensions. At one time its population was considerably over 3,000, but now does not number more than 1,500. Besides having every facility for business in the way of buildings it had but for the scheming of speculators now have been a prosperous town, and contending for the position of second trade point in the province. It is the key to the Northwest by the Hudson Bay Railway being constructed. Its prospects are good for the future, and there are indications that a better era has set in, and that it is on the way to a considerable prosperity. It has still nearly forty places of business of every kind including a flour mill, a saw mill, a brewery and several small industrial institutions, and has good solid business men, who will survive to see the day when the boom has passed. From Emerson northward we advance into the garden of the Northwest, the famed Southern Manitoba, acknowledged by all who have been through it to be the finest grain raising country in the West. From Morris north and west there is a wide stretch of the first line of the district, and at the latter place we leave the beautiful natural valley, which the energy and industry of the Mennonite settlers from Russia have made a huge and fertile prairie. The conditions under which there are some sixteen business places, and an amount of business is done which would only be credited to those who have been frequently there in winter, and seen the long lines of grain laden wagons, and the appearance of the Mennonite population in appearance. It is undoubtedly a wonder from a business point of view, especially when we consider that its population does not exceed one hundred and fifty.

At Morden the end of the Mennonite settlement is reached, and the town itself draws its trade from a country settled by people from different countries, and all settled on farms, which for grain raising advantages have no equal in the West. From Morden north and west there is a population of about 400, and has forty business institutions in it. It is as yet too young to have any important industrial institutions, but is probably the best grain point of its size in the whole Canadian Northwest. About seven miles from it stands the town of Neche, which was the town of the past, nearly all its merchants having moved into Morden with their effects.

Leaving Morden for the west by rail, we commence the ascent from the valley to the table land above the prairie, and through the villages of Thornhill and Dallingford, and surrounded by waving grain fields as far as the eye can see, we in time reach Mantou. The present terminus of the Pembina Mountain section of the C. P. R. Here we have a population of at least 500, and over thirty places of business. As Morden is the grain market of the valley, so Mantou is the grain market of the upland plateau on which it is located. It is simply dropped in the center of a huge grain raising area, and is a main business town in every respect. Like Morden it is too young for important industries, but its day of industrial growth cannot be far distant.

From Mantou westward the work of extending the line is now going on, and while millions of bushels of grain are waiting to be carried out of the country by rail. On the western side of the Pembina Valley, which is crossed about ten miles west of Mantou, there are some fine places of business. The town of Neche, which is probably the best grain point of its size in the whole Canadian Northwest. About seven miles from it stands the town of Neche, which was the town of the past, nearly all its merchants having moved into Morden with their effects.

TOM THUMB ON HIS HEAD.

Cunning Tricks of a Bright-Eyed Baby Elephant.

There is great rejoicing in P. T. Barnum's Winter quarters over the recovery of the trick baby elephant from the time of Jumbo's death. The baby elephant feels as glad as anybody, and his exuberance of spirits keeps Scott, the trainer, in a constant worry. The plater had no sooner been torn off Tom Thumb's leg than he was kicking his heels in the air. The baby next climbed on top of the tiger's cage, and astonished those animals by leaping to the air and turning a somersault with the agility of a professional tumbler. He then sat on his back, and his piteous wailing brought Scott to his assistance. After drinking a gallon of beer the baby felt better and danced around the ring on his hind legs to the music of a passing organ. Tom Thumb does not sleep as well as he formerly did, but he has managed to get a little rest. The baby's friskiness continues it is thought that Mr. Barnum will be obliged to confine him in a cage. Scott thinks, however, that Tom Thumb is so overjoyed at his recovery that he is actually frisking like the baby of a circus, and will soon settle down to the staid life of a trick clown elephant.

The Prince of Wales's lost dog, Bang was recovered, I learn, in Stockholm, after his Royal Highness's departure for Hungary recently through the collar with the Prince's name on it. It was delighted at its recovery, master, who was disappointed at its recovery.

THE FARM.

The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day his longed step and his weary woe. The first object he saw as he entered the house was his wife sitting at the table. All showing the work of the good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife, Her hair was low and simple, and her face, With face all fire and good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

She shined bright when the farmer goes out, Birds sing and lambs frisk about, The brook babble and the wind hum, While he works the good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

How brightly the wife speaks about within— The dishes to wash, 'neath the milk to skim, For dear ones at home her heart is kept; There are steps to make, From day to day she has to go, And she steps to take, All for the good of the land.

When the day is over and the evening has come, The creature of earth she is, He takes a rest 'neath the white shade tree, From the labor of the day she is free; Though he sows, And he hoed, And he hoed, And he rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun, Takes the burden up that never done, The farmer of earth she is, He takes a rest 'neath the white shade tree, From the labor of the day she is free; Though he sows, And he hoed, And he hoed, And he rests from the work of the land.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS COST.

Two Fond Fathers Compare Expenses for One Year.

Two fond parents, well fixed in life, who live adjoining each other in an American city, were discussing the relative cost of keeping a boy and girl. Both spoke from direct experience. The father said: "I believe it costs more to keep a boy."

"And I believe it costs more to keep the girl," replied the other.

So they began to figure it up.

"Now let us take the case of our own children," said the former. "Take my son Charles, for example. He's going into his 19th year. He is not extravagant in his dress, nor does he do any work. During the winter he wears his clothing, soiling it, and he wears a handsome form and pretty face, and she declared that she would not marry 'the ugly old heathen.' Her part costs, however, were determined not to lose the chance of getting so near a neighbor as a Singer sewing machine. The old man promised to send it up that day, and walked off with his hands in his pockets, thinking, doubtless, how many times it would take to pay for it. By the time he got down town he forgot what kind of a machine was wanted; the men brought up stairs to Amelia's sitting room. As soon as that lady saw that her orders had not been obeyed to the letter, she deliberately pulled the offensive machine to the door and, giving it a shove, pushed it down the stairs, until it reached the bottom, all broken to pieces.

The next day a 'Singer' stood in the place allotted for it, and nothing more was said of the affair. Upon the occasion of distinguished guests, Amelia, who was present at a dinner table, amused herself by throwing some notes of the window. Brigham manifested his annoyance at this proceeding without effect, when finally he exclaimed: 'Amelia, my dear, I wish you would throw those shells out upon the grass. They are a nuisance.' 'If you don't like to have them there you can pick them up,' said the wayward father, as he arose from his chair and left the room.

When she had left, Brigham turned to his guests, and said: 'I wish you would see to it that you will excuse my wife. She is so headstrong that I cannot control her.'

THE WRONG CUSTOMER AGAIN DISTURBED.

He was the greenest old man you ever saw. He looked around the passenger coach in a way before and he sat down so softly, and seemed to be so afraid of damaging anything, that all the passengers smiled.

By and by a young man went over and sat down next to him. This young man might have been directed by filial affection, and he might not. "Which way, uncle?" he softly asked.

"Me? Oh, I'm going to see my darter in Toronto."

"This is the first time I've ever for the kitchen. I've driv' off seventeen miles with the oxen to see my other darter, but oxen ain't no comparison to these keers."

"You should say that you've got a lot of money to go to Ontario and back."

"Dreful lot, but I jist sold the farm, you know."

"I presume you could change a hundred-dollar bill for me?"

"No, I can't do as that."

"I jist want you to buy and by. This is good weather, eh?"

"Stordinary weather for fall. James has been worried about his corn, but I guess it's all safe."

Nothing further was said for some time, the old man looking out of the window and the young man reading a paper. The train made a few stops, and the car was so warm that after a little while the old man began to yawn and nod. He thought it off for him to lean his head back, and his gentle snores mingled with the rattle of the wheels.

A slim white hand, with tapering fingers, rested on his leg; then it was elevated to his forehead. He touched with the tip of his finger the hair of a serpent creeping forward to strike. The fingers touched an old-fashioned wallet. The young man continued to read, and the old man slept on. Inch by inch the wallet was lifted from its snug resting place. The hand was almost ready to remove it entirely, when something happened. With a sudden movement of his right hand the old man pinned the interloper's ear, and his voice was heard calling: "You blamed skunk! But I knowed all the time who you were after! Where's the conductor?"

There was a rush of passengers, and they found a helpless, yet elated pickpocket and an indignant, but yet confused old man.

"Consign his pickpocket, but he took me for an old haystack from a back napper! Work roots on me, will ye! Set a trap for me and fell into it yourself, eh?"

"Even a professional pickpocket hadn't been enough to urge a single excuse. The fellow hadn't one blessed word to say, and he walked off to the baggage car to be kicked to the platform at the next station.

"Ye s-e-e," said the old man, as he turned to the inquiring passengers. "I had'n't order done it. When a man has his corn stable, or darter with all sorts of folks, he had better order paid for greenhorn and break a young man's heart like this. I must put a curb on my spoorts; I'm getting too old to be playin' jokes on confidin' young men!"

Grapes are an easy and pleasant cure for dyspepsia.

FROM THE RED TO THE BOW RIVER.

The Southern route through Manitoba from the Red River westward has been well brought before the notice of the reading public and is the portion of the province which is most densely settled. Along the route south of the river there are railway towns of Emerson and Morris besides several villages where railways have not reached. In this stretch we have the houses of the old settlers and native farmers with their narrow river frontage and in many respects the appearance of the settled forty years ago. On the other hand the two railway towns mentioned show the effects of mere enterprise than judgment. Morris had at one time a population of some hundred, but has not much more than half of that number now. It has suffered severely from overbuilding, and is only now beginning to show a reaction of a favorable kind. It is surrounded by a beautiful country, which may be looked upon as one of the best agricultural sections of the province, and now that the boom ideas of its speculators have been rudely wiped out, its healthy growth is setting in. It must yet take its place as a market town of some importance and there are points about it which are so attractive to the staid-looking for an industrial location. With the main line of the C. P. R. Southwestern running through it, and the Red River high at hand it has good shipping facilities for manufacturing concerns. At present the business institutions number about twenty, and include a flour mill which has been some time silent. Emerson, the gateway city of Manitoba, is another place where over speculation has lain like a load upon progress, and when a town is so situated, it is not surprising that it should have a low standard of business speculation. It has its fine business blocks, some of them built by scheming speculators who never paid for them, and thereby forced quite a number of traders into insolvency, and a low standard of business speculation of considerable pretensions. At one time its population was considerably over 3,000, but now does not number more than 1,500. Besides having every facility for business in the way of buildings it had but for the scheming of speculators now have been a prosperous town, and contending for the position of second trade point in the province. It is the key to the Northwest by the Hudson Bay Railway being constructed. Its prospects are good for the future, and there are indications that a better era has set in, and that it is on the way to a considerable prosperity. It has still nearly forty places of business of every kind including a flour mill, a saw mill, a brewery and several small industrial institutions, and has good solid business men, who will survive to see the day when the boom has passed. From Emerson northward we advance into the garden of the Northwest, the famed Southern Manitoba, acknowledged by all who have been through it to be the finest grain raising country in the West. From Morris north and west there is a wide stretch of the first line of the district, and at the latter place we leave the beautiful natural valley, which the energy and industry of the Mennonite settlers from Russia have made a huge and fertile prairie. The conditions under which there are some sixteen business places, and an amount of business is done which would only be credited to those who have been frequently there in winter, and seen the long lines of grain laden wagons, and the appearance of the Mennonite population in appearance. It is undoubtedly a wonder from a business point of view, especially when we consider that its population does not exceed one hundred and fifty.

At Morden the end of the Mennonite settlement is reached, and the town itself draws its trade from a country settled by people from different countries, and all settled on farms, which for grain raising advantages have no equal in the West. From Morden north and west there is a population of about 400, and has forty business institutions in it. It is as yet too young to have any important industrial institutions, but is probably the best grain point of its size in the whole Canadian Northwest. About seven miles from it stands the town of Neche, which was the town of the past, nearly all its merchants having moved into Morden with their effects.

Leaving Morden for the west by rail, we commence the ascent from the valley to the table land above the prairie, and through the villages of Thornhill and Dallingford, and surrounded by waving grain fields as far as the eye can see, we in time reach Mantou. The present terminus of the Pembina Mountain section of the C. P. R. Here we have a population of at least 500, and over thirty places of business. As Morden is the grain market of the valley, so Mantou is the grain market of the upland plateau on which it is located. It is simply dropped in the center of a huge grain raising area, and is a main business town in every respect. Like Morden it is too young for important industries, but its day of industrial growth cannot be far distant.

From Mantou westward the work of extending the line is now going on, and while millions of bushels of grain are waiting to be carried out of the country by rail. On the western side of the Pembina Valley, which is crossed about ten miles west of Mantou, there are some fine places of business. The town of Neche, which is probably the best grain point of its size in the whole Canadian Northwest. About seven miles from it stands the town of Neche, which was the town of the past, nearly all its merchants having moved into Morden with their effects.

TOM THUMB ON HIS HEAD.

Cunning Tricks of a Bright-Eyed Baby Elephant.

There is great rejoicing in P. T. Barnum's Winter quarters over the recovery of the trick baby elephant from the time of Jumbo's death. The baby elephant feels as glad as anybody, and his exuberance of spirits keeps Scott, the trainer, in a constant worry. The plater had no sooner been torn off Tom Thumb's leg than he was kicking his heels in the air. The baby next climbed on top of the tiger's cage, and astonished those animals by leaping to the air and turning a somersault with the agility of a professional tumbler. He then sat on his back, and his piteous wailing brought Scott to his assistance. After drinking a gallon of beer the baby felt better and danced around the ring on his hind legs to the music of a passing organ. Tom Thumb does not sleep as well as he formerly did, but he has managed to get a little rest. The baby's friskiness continues it is thought that Mr. Barnum will be obliged to confine him in a cage. Scott thinks, however, that Tom Thumb is so overjoyed at his recovery that he is actually frisking like the baby of a circus, and will soon settle down to the staid life of a trick clown elephant.

The Prince of Wales's lost dog, Bang was recovered, I learn, in Stockholm, after his Royal Highness's departure for Hungary recently through the collar with the Prince's name on it. It was delighted at its recovery, master, who was disappointed at its recovery.

THE FARM.

The Farmer's Wife.

The farmer came in from the field one day his longed step and his weary woe. The first object he saw as he entered the house was his wife sitting at the table. All showing the work of the good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

By the kitchen fire stood his patient wife, Her hair was low and simple, and her face, With face all fire and good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

She shined bright when the farmer goes out, Birds sing and lambs frisk about, The brook babble and the wind hum, While he works the good of the land: For he saw, And he knew, And he moved, All for the good of the land.

How brightly the wife speaks about within— The dishes to wash, 'neath the milk to skim, For dear ones at home her heart is kept; There are steps to make, From day to day she has to go, And she steps to take, All for the good of the land.

When the day is over and the evening has come, The creature of earth she is, He takes a rest 'neath the white shade tree, From the labor of the day she is free; Though he sows, And he hoed, And he hoed, And he rests from the work of the land.

But the faithful wife, from sun to sun, Takes the burden up that never done, The farmer of earth she is, He takes a rest 'neath the white shade tree, From the labor of the day she is free; Though he sows, And he hoed, And he hoed, And he rests from the work of the land.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS COST.

Two Fond Fathers Compare Expenses for One Year.

Two fond parents, well fixed in life, who live adjoining each other in an American city, were discussing the relative cost of keeping a boy and girl. Both spoke from direct experience. The father said: "I believe it costs more to keep a boy."

"And I believe it costs more to keep the girl," replied the other.

So they began to figure it up.

"Now let us take the case of our own children," said the former. "Take my son Charles, for example. He's going into his 19th year. He is not extravagant in his dress, nor does he do any work. During the winter he wears his clothing, soiling it, and he wears a handsome form and pretty face, and she declared that