

MISCELLANEOUS.

Those who are acquainted with the peculiar virtues of a pillow made from pine straw in relieving sufferers from lung or bronchial troubles may not be surprised to learn that fine, soft pine shavings are an excellent substitute. People afflicted with coughs, asthmatic and bronchial complaints have derived much benefit from sleeping for a few nights on pillows or mattresses filled with pine shavings.

The New York Evening World will present the mother who has the greatest number of living children a \$100 gold certificate, while those mothers who come second and third in the list will receive respectively \$50 and a double eagle. The offer is not open to Canadian mothers, but the parents of average-sized families may content themselves with the reflection that it is quality, not quantity, that is going to tell in the next generation.

A congress of American nations has been invited to meet at Washington. Canada is not a nation, but a dependency, it is claimed, and therefore, was not invited. Why then was not Great Britain bidden to be represented? She possesses far more land on this continent than is comprised in the United States and her interests are greater than the majority of the other countries put together. But she is ignored. Why? Because the Congress is summoned in direct antagonism to British interests.

Elise Eisler, of New York, recently applied for a divorce from her husband, whom on two occasions, when he came home intoxicated, she had locked out of the house. Her complaint was that he would not live with her. Whether she expected him to spend the night on the doormat, to ascend to the house-top, or climb in some other way like a thief and a robber, is not specified. She did not get the divorce. Americans grant divorces pretty easily, but they draw the line at a woman who cannot perceive the insurmountable difficulties of living with a person who locks the door in one's face.

The little island over the possession of which, it is said, the United States and France may have a quarrel, is called Great Inagua and is under the jurisdiction of the Haytian Government. The United States has long coveted it, because of its suitability for a naval station. It commands the channel between Cuba and Hayti, the possession of it would enable our neighbors to scrutinize all commerce proceeding to Panama and beyond. For similar reasons France has also been desirous of it. It is said that just before ex-President Salomon left Hayti he proposed to the Government at Washington that it should purchase control of the island.

There is a good deal of wailing and gnashing of teeth in the United States among the Blaine Republicans over the fact that Russell Harrison, the President's son, has had some honor paid him in England. A recent despatch to the New York "Tribune" said: "The presence of President Harrison's son in London has been recognized in a marked way by the royalties. He is treated as a kind of American heir-apparent." Young Mr. Harrison, it seems, dined with the Queen, Lord Salisbury, and a number of English notables, and the Republican Anglophobes across the line are wild with rage. This is not surprising in view of the fact that twirling of the British lion's tail was one of the processes by which the Republican victory last fall was won.

According to a report of the Commissioners in Lunacy recently presented to the British Parliament there were in England and Wales on the 1st of last January 84,340 lunatics, being an increase of 1,697 on the number returned in the previous year. Of the whole number 7,970 were returned as lunatics of the private class, 75,632 as paupers, and 738 as criminals. The increase is nearly 300 in excess of the average increase for the preceding ten years. Speaking of this fact the "Times" says:—"It is not easy to say how far this increase is due to a positive increase of lunacy throughout the country, and how far it is due to the admission into licensed establishments of cases previously existing but not previously brought under the supervision of the Commissioners."

In the State of New Jersey it seems that children can be seized on account of their parents' debt, and there was a case of it in Trenton. Four children, of four, six, eight and ten years of age respectively, were deserted by their parents, and while the neighbors were debating what ought to be done, a woman appeared on the scene and announced that as the parents had borrowed \$35 from her and had decamped without paying her, she meant to hold the children as hostages for the recovery of the debt, and if the parents ever turned up again they would require to pay the loan before she would give up the children. This extraordinary claim was apparently recognized as lawful by the overseer of the poor, who induced her finally to let the children go for \$30. If there is any such law as this on the New Jersey statute book then the sooner it is expunged the better for the credit of that commonwealth.

Hyena-Spearing in India.

The hyena, though a most useful scavenger, is not a noble looking animal, and his nature is decidedly curish. He is not a beast usually selected for the chase, but affords a certain amount of fun when nothing better is to be had. Many a sportsman, when disappointed in finding boar, has had a run after a hyena. These beasts do not go at any great pace or charge like a brave old boar, yet they are not easy to spear, by reason of the quickness with which they turn and twist. The animal has just turned sharp at right angles, and thrown out the man who is about to spear him, letting another out in, while the horse of a third, putting his foot in a hole, comes down, and then, getting rid of his rider continues the chase on his own account, biting and striking at the hyena, which makes no attempt to resent this strange onslaught. We observe that Mr. Moray Brown, in his excellent book, "Shikar Sketches," mentions a similar incident. But doubles and turns can not always save the hyena; at last a well-directed spear thrust ends his career on earth and finishes the difficult pursuit.

Limited Conveniences.

Mistress, entering the kitchen "Bridget, have you cleaned the oven yet?" New cook (with an injured air)—"As well as I could, mum, with nothing but yellow soap to clean it with."

FOUGHT AT WATERLOO.

One of the Combatants Still Living and Able to Tell His Story.

John Scott is an Englishman, still living and still able to do some manual work, who took part in the battle of Waterloo. He is described as a healthy-looking man for his age, rather tall, but with a heavy stoop in his shoulders, which makes him look shorter than he really is. His features are regular, and though his whiskers are white there is scarcely a white hair in his head. His employment is not laborious, even for a man who is nearly 85 years of age. His chief work is to ring a bell in the morning, at night, and at the meal hours. His personal recollections of the battle in which he took part are confined to what went on immediately around him. Interviewed a short time ago by a reporter for the Newcastle Leader, he said:

"My father was a soldier in the Black Watch. I was brought up in the army, and was in Belgium in June, 1815. What I had to do was to play the triangle. I was in the Black Watch too, but my arms weren't much just a pistol and a small sword. Quatre Bras was a good deal worse than Waterloo in my opinion. My father spoke Gaelic as well as English, and a lot of the Black Watch spoke Gaelic. But Wellington said he would not have it, for 'by the living God he would have every man speak English.'"

"After the battle we got a rest, and then we had to march to Waterloo. About 11 o'clock on the night of the 17th of June it commenced to rain heavily. The rain poured as hard as it could, and what a night that was! It was a potato field we were in, but I wrapped my cloak around me and got a good sleep. I remember I lay just on the side of a little bank, and the water was running down on both sides of me, while in the morning there were two inches of mud around us. At daylight we were up, and each of us got a glass of rum and a ship's biscuit."

Before the fighting began the Duke of Wellington came riding up to us and cried: 'Now, I hope you are well and ready.' One of our soldiers saluted him and replied: 'Yes, we know our duty.' Wellington smiled and rode off.

"As for the battle, I remember very little. It was nothing but fighting and excitement. The Hanoverians were a splendid lot of men, and all of them fought well; but as for the Belgians, if Wellington had only known what they were he would not have given one of them a horse. We were short of horses and he would have taken theirs and made every man of them tramp on foot. They never fired a shot, for as soon as the first crack was heard they were off as hard as they could go. All day long the fighting went on, but the smoke hung so thick around us that we could see little. There was nothing but firing and shouting on all sides. Sometimes when the smoke lifted we could see fighting all around us, sometimes in front or to our right and left, where we could see the cavalry charging each other. Then a lot of horses would come flying across the field in all directions, neighing and kicking wildly. Their riders were gone; they had been shot out of the saddles and the horses were galloping madly away to escape. There was an English regiment near us and I remember seeing the French charge at them. As soon as ever they would appear the English would yell: 'England forever!' Here they would get at them! and then they cheered, fired away, and off would go the French."

"Sometimes we lay on the ground doing nothing. We could scarcely see twenty yards ahead of us for smoke, but then we would know something was coming. We would be fired straight at them, and away they went and were gone in the smoke again. But they would soon turn, and back they would come again. And so it went on all the time. I was not frightened; I was too excited for anything. I played my triangle and shouted 'Scotland for ever!' till I was hoarse, and could scarcely speak a word. I never got a scratch, but I think it must have been my height that saved me. I was a little that I had not much risk to run, but the Black Watch was so out up that it had to join with the Seventy-seventh."

"But the French had no chance that day. They were no match for our army, and the little Frenchmen could not stand the big Englishmen. It was the same with the cavalry, for our men could ride over them. The English could have fought all night but the French would not let them."

Mr. Scott maintains his contempt for the French to the last. "They hate us yet," said he, "but the English beat them at Waterloo, and can always do it."

Popular Books.

Many people deplore the fact that fiction is by far the most popular sort of reading matter with patrons of public libraries. It is safe to say, moreover, that they lay the blame for this state of affairs to the younger readers. But there is evidence to show that this is a mistake. The New York "Commercial Advertiser" recently sent out a series of questions respecting the class of books taken from public libraries, and the following answer given by one of them by the librarian at Indianapolis is substantially the same as that given by the officials at Columbus and Boston:

"The popular belief that boys and girls use the public library for the purpose of steeping themselves in fiction is not held by librarians nor borne out by facts. It is a common everyday sight to see a boy or girl pass proudly out from the library with a book much beyond their years, to be followed some time later by their kind, tender mother, or their hard-headed father, with a very light novel. The statistics of reading in public libraries show that in every thousand and volume of fiction circulated, two-thirds are taken by adults and one-third by young readers."

It is to the seniors, therefore, that we must look for improvement in this matter.

The Manchester Ship Canal.

Anyone unconvinced by a sight of the canal itself that the task of making it is a serious one would assuredly be converted if he saw the plant and machinery at work. Though the canal is only 35 miles long, there are about 200 miles of railway line laid down on or near its banks, and 150 locomotives are at work upon them to remove the soil dug out by 15,000 human and 80 steam navvies. One of these latter has been known before now to feed full 650 railway waggons, holding four cubic yards apiece, in the course of a day. But when there are 50,000,000 cubic yards to be excavated 2,600 is a mere flea bite. In all the ground at the present moment is valued at upward of £700,000.—[Murray's Magazine.]

"OLD JACK'S" YARN.

"Well, my lads, I can see with half a look out of my starboard eye that if I am to have any peace, I must spin you a yarn," said Old Jack, as the boys gathered around him eager for a story, "but just where to begin is a puzzler."

"Let me see, did I ever tell you about that thunder storm we had away down in the tropics? No! Then just wait a minute till I fill my pipe, and I'll heave ahead." "A long time ago, I shipped as an ordinary seaman aboard a large Nova Scotia barque called the Sultehna. She was lumber-laden and was bound from Victoria, B. C., to Cape Town, South Africa. We had a plum pudding voyage till we arrived in about 30 degrees South Latitude and there is where I had my first experience with a storm at sea."

"One fine morning we passed within sight of Pitcairn's Island and had lovely weather all day, but when I relieved the lookout at eight bells (midnight) I knew there would soon be a decided change. Far away astern the horizon was shrouded by one solid cloud whose blackness was enough to make one shiver, and once in a while I could see a faint glimmer flash through it and shortly after I could hear a growling, such as old Carlo makes when he tries to get away with his rations."

"We were carrying considerable canvas and altogether I did not like the looks of things. I knew that my position on the topgallant forecastle was not to be envied when there was lightning to be contended with."

"In a remarkably short space of time that cloud was directly over us, but, to my surprise, there was no more thunder or lightning and I was just about to congratulate myself when there was a sudden change in the things that we loved, 'Ben Bolt,' for at that instant everything which I could have seen in broad daylight stood out with startling distinctness. Apparently a beautiful ball of electricity had alighted in front of me, and quickly following it came a crash that was simply appalling. I thought that the jarth had split asunder and that we were to be engulfed in a fathomless abyss underneath the vessel's keel."

Then I heard the mate sing out for me to 'let go the fore royal halyards!!!' I obeyed with such a degree of promptitude that it came near being the ruination of the spar, for as the wind was directly aft, you see the sail was becalmed by the mainroyal, and when I cast the halyards adrift the whole outfit fell until it was stopped by the drifts, and it is a mystery to me that the yard escaped being snapped in two."

Well, I regained my station again, and tried to find a safe place, but my search was a failure. All hands were at work shortening sail."

Meanwhile, the bombardment continued, and, boys, I began to wonder if some of them there gods, Neptune and Vulcan and those fellows, were not planning our destruction. Every hair on my head rose up like a wire, and if my sou'-wester had not been tied to my head by a rope yarn, it would have taken a cruise on its own account forever and a day."

Pretty soon it began to rain or rather pour in a most violent manner. Suddenly there was a flash more brilliant than the others; then a crash which seemed to tear my ears from my head, while from the iron-work in my vicinity there suddenly sprang a solid sheet of flame which extended at least sixty feet ahead of the ship. I fell senseless to the deck, where I lay for about two minutes totally unconscious. When I recovered I thought I was overboard, and immediately began to swim, but soon discovered my mistake, and found there were eight inches of water on the sloping deck."

I immediately rushed aft to help man the boats, but no damage had been done the ship and she was not leaking a particle. All the watch on the deck were knocked down by the concussion but I was the only one stunned and have always thought this was caused by there being so much iron-work around me. All the ship's standing rigging was of iron wire and when that thunder bolt struck so near us it appeared as if a million green fiery serpents were chasing each other through it."

The squall left us as suddenly as it came. Fifteen minutes after the last mentioned flash of lightning the sky was perfectly clear and the stars twinkling as merrily as if such a thing as a squall had never been thought of. We sheeted home, hoisted our sails and once more the sharp outwater of the clipper barque sent the white spray flying as she swept majestically onward towards the rolling fountains."

Pointers on the Fashions.

"The correct tints for letter paper," says a Chestnut street stationer, "are cream white and mauve, or a delicate shade of blue. Square envelopes are used with paper that folds once. Ladies employ a monogram in gold and colors in the left-hand corner, or directly in the centre of the sheet. Some, however, prefer the double cipher that is in vogue in England."

Fans of stiff feathers have for the moment usurped the popularity of the ostrich feathers. The edges of the softly-colored quills are pinked and scalloped at both sides and top, and charming scenes are painted across or elaborate designs in gold and silver traced upon the stiff surface."

A pretty sailor hat was made by facing the brim with white silk laid on in tiny plaits, a wide ribbon passed about the crown, and where it was twisted to a cluster of loops was set a bunch of clover leaves and blossoms of uneven length that bobbed and swayed gracefully with every movement of the head."

With the universal fashion for blouses of every sort are the all-important belts that confine the fullness of the waist. These are of soft dressed leather, ribbon, canvas and metal links. Leather, with silver clasps, is the most popular, and worn by men and girls alike with tennis and yachting suits."

George's Recipe.

Bride—"George, dear, when we reach town let us try to avoid leaving the impression that we are newly married." "All right, Maud, you can lug this valise."

A Surprised Bond Street Boarder.

"Mrs. Scraggs, hand me the butter, please." "Mr. Darringer, it's exhausted." "Why, you surprise me! I thought it was strong enough to last a long time."

EXPORT CATTLE TRADE.

The Lesson A. D. Frankland is Teaching Canadian Breeders.

The Canadian Gazette has the following:—Ald. Frankland has just presented a striking object lesson to Canadian cattle breeders and feeders of the great advantages they now reap from their free entry into British markets. Writing from Liverpool on June 13, he points out that while good United States bullocks from two to four years old, weighing from 1,300 to 1,550 pounds average, have been sold in Liverpool at from \$3 85 to \$4.25 per hundred live weight, Canadian shipping cattle were at the same time being bought from \$4 50 to \$5 per hundred; and he adds, "I am sorry to say the Canadians were not so good a sample." How, it may be asked, can this inequality exist? Simply because Canadians by their clean bill of health and the inestimable privilege they enjoy of free access for live cattle into British markets, realize from one halfpenny to three farthings per pound more than United States exporters, and these low prices for United States stock are likely to be maintained, and this is especially felt during the Canadian shipping season, from the beginning of May to the end of August. But by their system of early maturity United States breeders and feeders can build up a two-year-old steer to weigh 1,350 pounds, living weight, and when slaughtered produce or turn out 734 pounds of beef, the very weights sought after in every part of Great Britain, and not only wanted in preference to larger carcasses, but sold at a slight advance. To Canadians, then, Alderman Frankland addresses this pertinent query:—Why not follow the United States' example—why keep your animals longer than necessary if by care and attention you can save twelve and even twenty months' feed? Until this is done Canadians will, he thinks, fail to do their best in British markets, and fail to find the full profit to which the quality of their fat cattle and the immunity of their herds from disease should entitle them.

British Investors in the U. S.

British capitalists have been investing their money in the most wholesale manner of late in the United States. Twenty-seven millions sterling are said to have gone into breweries alone; large sums have been expended on flour mills, and an immense purchase of dry goods houses is now proposed. In the midst of the flow of wealth into the Republic comes a note of warning to the capitalists who are thus pouring their money into a country which is anything but friendly to Britain, and of whose differing State laws and State rights they have little knowledge. It is pointed out that many of the individual States of the Union have adopted an extremely hostile attitude towards alien investors in their real estate, and that while the British capitalist will find himself safe in some States, in others he will run grave risks of losing his entire investment. The laws of the State of Pennsylvania are extremely harsh in this particular, and the Minnesota Legislature has recently enacted that it shall be unlawful for any one who is not a citizen, or who does not propose to become one, or for any corporation not created by or under the laws of the Republic or of the State, to acquire, hold or own real estate. While means are often found to evade these requirements of the law, it will still be evident that considerable danger exists for the incautious or ignorant investor, and that if any hostile feeling should be aroused in the country, and it is easily done during election times, the British capitalist might have bitter cause for regretting his faith in the friendship of the United States people.

A recent cartoon in a New York paper hits off the present situation very well. John Bull is represented with a number of bags of gold hanging from his belt as approaching Uncle Sam with the remark: "It's a lot of trouble to buy you up pleomeal; what will you take for your whole blooming country, anyway?" Canadians cannot but wish that the British investor, in his own interest as well as in ours, would utilize more of his wealth than he now does in building up the great mining and other industries of which this country is capable, and which would afford him a safe and paying investment.

WIRELETS.

Premier Mercier, of Quebec, is confined to his house by illness.

The Algerian has resumed her trips, repairs having been completed.

Windser thinks it is now big enough to doff town clothes and assume city habiliment.

Mayor Grenier, of Montreal, is suffering from an affection of the kidneys, brought on by fatigue.

It is said the pack of salmon in British Columbia this year will be 100,000 cases more than last year.

Burke, the Cronin suspect, was taken to Chicago chained to the car floor, handcuffed to two detectives and guarded in both front and rear.

Mrs. MacMurohy, wife of Mr. A. MacMurohy, principal of Toronto Collegiate Institute, was drowned while bathing at Youghal, near St. John, N. B.

Arithmetic and Ethics.

Carl, about six and-a-half years old, was asked how much a man would gain if he bought a barrel of flour for eight dollars and sold it for twelve.

Instead of the expected answer—"four dollars"—Carl said, with astonishment and indignation,

"Why if he bought it for eight dollars, he ought to let the other man have it for eight dollars, or it wouldn't be very nice of him!"

Another case of ethics coming out instead of arithmetic:

The question was given, "If a man bought butter for fifteen dollars, and, finding it damaged, sold it for ten, how much did he lose?"

Most earnestly and with deliberate severity, Carl replied:

"But if the butter was bad, the man ought not to sell it! He ought not to sell bad butter.—[Wide-Awake.]

Won by a Nose

"Seems a strange thing for me to say, but I really won my wife by the similarity of taste in the matter of perfumes. It was the heliotrope in her little missive that led me to determine about wooing her in all earnestness."

"Indeed! Then in the matrimonial race you may be said to have 'won by a nose.'"—[Yonkers Gazette.]

The Street Pavements of London.

There are three kinds of pavement in use in the London streets, says a London letter in the N. Y. Times. The least used at present is that of stone. Where it does exist, however, it is much better than those in New York. The stones are long and are set on a heavier surface being much smaller than our Belgian blocks. Under these stones is a heavy bed of gravel and stone, the whole pavement being about eighteen inches in thickness. The wooden pavements are also formed of much smaller blocks than those tried in New York. But the most extensively used pavement in London is that of concrete. I saw one torn up for repairs a day or two ago, and had an opportunity to discover how it was built. First a foundation of stone is laid down in good substantial blocks. That is covered with tar and gravel, and upon this are set blocks of wood on end, tightly pressed together. Over these, cementing them together, and when rolled smooth, forming the surface of the street, is put on the concrete. The entire pavement is over two feet thick, and is as solid as natural rock. It is as smooth as a billiard table and over it the heavy vehicles of all kinds used in London roll smoothly and easily. One never sees a team of horses vainly struggling to pull a heavy load out of a hole in these streets. The stream of vehicles moves always smoothly and steadily onward, save when checked by the silent majesty of the inexorable English law represented by the extended arms of an insignificant London "bobby."

Where They Rear Girls in Cages.

In the report of United States Consul Griffin, stationed at Sydney, the consul tells of a remarkable custom of the inhabitants of New Britain, as follows: "The inhabitants, it is said by Wallace, have a peculiar custom of confining their girls in cages until they are old enough to be married. The custom is said to be peculiar to the people of New Britain. The cages are made of twigs of the palm tree, and the girls are put into them when only two or three years of age. The Rev. George Brown established a Wesleyan mission in New Britain in 1876, and I learn from him that these cages are built inside of the houses, and that the girls are never to leave the house under any circumstances. The houses are closely fenced in with a sort of wickerwork made of reeds. Ventilation under the circumstances is rendered very difficult. The girls are said to grow up strong and healthful in spite of these disadvantages."

They Yearn for Each Other.

How easily the experienced eye of the hotel clerk detects the secret of a bridal couple. Genera ly the unfortunates are 'potted' by their action. It is the expression of the faces as they walk side by side, or are whirled away on a railroad train, that gives the man away. She smiles sweetly on her new master, who smirks back in a loving fashion until every passenger in the car is 'onto' them. They yearn for each other and the feeling is clearly portrayed. At the hotel the sometimes put on a "front," believing they can deceive the genius who presides at the desk. The clerk never fails to size them rightly. The bride is usually overfamiliar to the bell boy, and her husband steps up to the register and writes "and wife" with a great big "W." The clerk asks "hubby" if he'll have a room with a bath, and that personage says "yes" (if he is not dazed for a time) with an emphasis intended to imply his ability to buy out the place if he so desired. Then the clerk "soaks him" with the costliest in the house and adds \$10 to the bill when he takes payment. Such is life.—[Buffalo Express.]

What Steam has Done.

A very interesting calculation has recently been made by the Statistical Bureau in Berlin. Four fifths of the power machines at present in activity in the world have been erected during the past twenty-five years. The country which possesses the highest amount of horse power is the United States, with 7,500,000 horse power; then follow England, with 7,000,000; Germany with 4,500,000; France, with 3,000,000, and Austria-Hungary, with 1,500,000. These figures do not include locomotives, of which there are 105,000 at work, with a total horse power of 3,000,000. Thus the total horse power in the world is 46,000,000. A steam "horse power" is equivalent to three actual horses' strength, and each living horse represents the strength of seven men. Thus the total horse power of the entire world represents the work of 1,000,000,000 men, or more than twice the total working population of the earth. Steam has thus tripled the entire human work power of the earth.

"He Got There Just the Same."

"Edith?" "Yes, Tom?" "I—I have a very important question to ask you, And—" "Yes, Tom?" "Now, don't work any sister racket on me."

"What is your question, Tom?" "I—I—well, the fact of it is, my name is going to be printed in the local paper soon—in the local paper, down next to the advertisements, don't you know; and I was wondering whether it would be all alone among the deaths or with yours among the marriages?" "Oh, Tom! ain't you oute?"

Ambition Foiled.

Farmer's Wife—"Well, Joshua, did you get things fixed to turn our house into a Summer health resort?" "Farmer—" I'm afraid the plan won't work, Miranda. I went to Saratoga and two or three places and I found out we can't have no health resort without spilling our well water so the cattle can't drink it."

Then and Now.

"In 1816," says a London exchange, "it took just one bushel of corn to buy one pound of nails; now one bushel of corn will buy ten pounds of nails. Then it required sixty-four bushels of barley to buy one yard of broadcloth; now the same amount of barley will pay for twenty yards of broadcloth. It then required the price of one bushel of wheat to pay for one yard of calico; now one bushel of wheat will buy twenty yards of calico."