

YOUNG FOLKS.

RIQUET WITH THE TUFT.

Once upon a time a queen had a little son, who was so ugly and ill made that for a long time the poor little baby was thought hardly human.

Seven or eight years after this the queen of a neighboring country had two little daughters, twins, at whose birth the same fairy presided.

"Heaven grant it!" sighed the queen; "but are there no means of giving a little sense to the one who is so beautiful?"

"I can do nothing for her, madam," returned the fairy—"nothing as regards her own fortunes; but I grant her the power of making the person who best pleases her as handsome as herself."

Accordingly, as the young princesses grew up, their perfections grew with them; and nothing was spoken of but the beauty of the elder and the wit of the younger.

One day, when she had hid herself in a wood, and was crying over her hard fate, she saw coming toward her a little man, very ugly, but magnificently dressed.

"I cannot comprehend, madam," said he, how so charming and lovely a lady can be so very sad. Never did I see any one who could at all compare with you."

"That's all you know," said the princess, and stopped.

"Beauty," continued the prince, sighing, "is so great an advantage that, if one possessed it, one would never trouble oneself about anything else."

"I wish I were as ugly as you and had some sense, rather than be as handsome as I am, and such a fool."

"Madam," said Riquet politely, though her speech was not exactly civil, "nothing shows intellect so much as the modesty of believing one does not possess it."

"I don't know that; but I know I am a great fool, and it vexes me so, that I wish I was dead," cried the princess bitterly.

"See that you train up this child in the way that he should go: that you surround him with the best influence, and that you give him a good example. If you do so who knows but what he may become a John Wesley or a Gladstone? What is his name?"

"Nellie, sir," replied his mother, "There are five of the guests under the table and I can't move."

"Do you take after your father?" "Yes, these trousers were his'n before I got 'em. Yer see he's bigger'n me."

How It Did Blow.

The latest story that has been sprung on an anxious public relates to a parrot that was sold into a good moral family and shocked the household very much by using profane language.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

One of the best signs of Canadian progress and prosperity is to be found in the reports of our railways.

"If you please, madam," replied the head-cook, politely, "we are cooking the wedding-dinner of Prince Riquet with the Tuft, who is to be married to-morrow."

"Tomorrow!" cried the princess, all at once recollecting her promise; at which she was so frightened that she thought she would have fallen to the earth.

"You see me, princess, exact to my word; and I doubt not you are the same, come to make me the happiest of mankind."

"Prince," said the lady, frankly, "I must confess that such was not my intention, and I fear I shall never be able to do as you desire."

"I can well believe it; and if I had to do with a brute, instead of a gentleman of sense and feeling, I should be very uneasy," returned she; "but since I speak with the cleverest man in the world, I am sure he will hear reason, and will not bind me, now a sensible woman, to a promise I made when I was only a fool."

"If I were a fool myself, madam, I might well complain of your broken promise; and being, as you say, a man of sense, should I not complain of what takes away all the happiness of my life?"

"Then, madam, I need not lose my happiness; for if I have the gift of making clever whosoever I love best, you also are able to make the person you prefer as handsome as ever you please. Could you love me enough to do that?"

"I think I could," said the princess, and her heart being greatly softened toward him, she wished that he might become the handsomest prince in all the world.

Ill-natured people have said that this was no fairy gift, but that love created the change. They declare that the princess, when she thought over her lover's perseverance, patience, good humor and discretion, and counted his numerous fine qualities of mind and disposition, saw no longer the deformity of his features; that his hump was merely an exaggerated stoop, and his awkward movements became only an interesting eccentricity.

Some friends of ours are bringing up their small boy in what they consider a properly devotional path. Among other serious exercises he has been trained to say grace at table and expected to do so regularly.

A youthful married couple, whose house has recently been glorified by the addition of a fac simile of the beautiful little mother, decided to have the christening service at home.

Funny Passer By—"What are you digging for my friend?" "Trench Digger—"Money," F. P. B.—"When do you expect to strike it?" T. D.—"Saturday night."

In Vino Sanitas. "There are five of the guests under the table and I can't move."

Had to Take After Him. "Do you take after your father?" "Yes, these trousers were his'n before I got 'em. Yer see he's bigger'n me."

How It Did Blow. The latest story that has been sprung on an anxious public relates to a parrot that was sold into a good moral family and shocked the household very much by using profane language.

When she returned to the palace all the court was astonished at the change. She, who had annoyed everybody by the impertinent, tasteless or downright foolish things she uttered, now charmed everybody by her wit, her pleasantness and exceeding good sense.

Meanwhile, prince came in through to ask in marriage this wonderful princess, who was as clever as she was beautiful; but she found none to suit her, probably because the more sense a lady has the more difficult she is to please.

Something New.

Solomon was very nearly right when he said, "There is no new thing under the sun."

Imagine for a moment that your mother had always kept such a record; could anything be more fascinating than to turn over its pages and look with pleased interest at a bit of the pink gingham which she wore to her first picnic, or the scrap like the lavender silk which she had on the day when she met your father for the first time?

Now for the practical side. If a girl starts a Dress Album and keeps it carefully, I am sure that the result will be to make her more prudent and economical in her purchases, as she sees before her such a faithful mirror of her expenditure.

An appeal is made by the Vicar Apostolic of Labrador for funds to send provisions to the famine-stricken people on the Labrador coast, and if their lives are to be saved it appears that there is no time to be lost.

Count Von Moltke, who has just completed his 89th year, is the oldest among the remarkable number of aged great men who grace the closing decade of the nineteenth century.

French Housekeeping. In an article on "A French Woman at Home" in the "Ladies Journal," Dorothea says:—She helps to cook the dinner she has bought for servants who are wasteful with the charcoal, and she knows to an inch how little she can use.

Yes, though a lady born and bred, refined, elegant, and agreeable in society, a belle in her way, yet she does not think it beneath her dignity to lighten the household expenses by practical economy and activity.

The dinner of a French family is cheap and simple. There is always a soup, the meat of the stew-pan—sometimes, if not strict in expenditure, another plate of meat—generally two vegetables, dressed and eaten separately, and sometimes, not always, a sweet dish; if not that, a little fruit such as may be the cheapest and in the ripest season.

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She Knew Him. Employer—Miss Remington, will you be my wife? Miss R.—Yes, Mr. Lover, but I must continue to do your typewriting, or you must send the machine back to the office.

Mere Matter of Form. "Why do the girls of the period lace so tightly?" "I don't know—a mere matter of form, I suppose."

A Big Phosphate Deal. OTTAWA, Nov. 23.—The first result of the recent visit of Messrs. Hutchison and P. Wurzbarger, the scientific agent of the Anglo-Continental Guano Company, late Ohlendorf's was brought about last week.

One of the New York papers discussing the Weldon Extradition Act says: "The United States cannot receive surrendered fugitives from Canada under its provisions without co-operating with a dependent State in discrediting the supreme treaty-making power of the Imperial Government."

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