

A Song of Youth. Laughed the youth, "Love's silken chain Hath no charm for me When the whole world I may gain— Life is Love," quoth he. "Love is blinding," cried the youth, "From Love's altar fires Rises smoke that shines out Truth, Hides Life's high desires. "Daphne of the woodland shrine, Phyllis of the field, Seek to woo with arts divine, But to none I yield." Eros first laughed at his words, Then the god grew wroth, Like the whirl of humming-birds Sped the arrow forth. Where Hypatia of the school Taught philosophy, Bent the youth before the stool, For her love prayed he. Like a bird with broken wings, Which dares not to move, Listened he to abstract things, Life bereft of Love. "Love is life," the poor youth prayed, "All the world thou art, While the fair Platonic maid Smiled, but owned no heart. Eros laughed, "This is the cure Of the gods," cried he, "Who think Love does not endure Finds philosophy." —Flavel Scott Mines, in Harper's Weekly.

PORTIA, JUNIOR.

Portia was nineteen, and a princess by virtue of her beauty and amiability. Her father was learned, even-tempered, and unprepossessing; her mother handsome and of equable temperament, but not unduly knowledgeable—which may account for the fact that Portia herself, while of the intellectually beautiful type, was not superciliously lovely, as is so often the case with women similarly gifted. She could talk with a man without compelling him to feel his own ignorance, and, of course, this made her excessively popular with the male portion of the community in which she lived; but, rarer still, Portia endeared herself to women that plain girls, despite her beauty, loved to be with her. She had a way of making them feel that her beauty detracted from rather than enhanced their plainness, as though she shed the glamour of her personality on all those about her, just as the sun sometimes seeks out the dark corners of the earth, and makes gloom itself seem the source of light. Withal Portia was not conscious of prepossessing qualities, and went her way through life as simply, as quietly, and as sensibly as she could. That she should have princes dancing attendance upon her by the score was not surprising; that she should have preferences for certain princes was equally to be expected; that she should have at least two particular princes who wished her to be theirs was not startling; and yet, sensible as Portia was, when these gallant gentlemen made known their matrimonial hopes to her, she was startled. That, I think, was the only commonplace thing about Portia. To be startled by so insignificant an episode as two proposals on the same evening is quite in the line of woman's way. But Portia had an excuse for her embarrassment, which most women have not, and that excuse was that it was not until Prince Henry proposed marriage to her that she realized how much she cared for Prince John, nor did she awaken to the fact that she had a very warm place in her heart for Prince Henry until Prince John asked her the same question that had been put by his rival just two hours previously. To neither could she say no; to neither could she say yes—surely here was a dilemma! It is my own opinion that most women would have solved the problem by quarrelling with both princes, and marrying a third; and a man similarly placed would have settled it by the toss of a coin. Not so with Portia. Neither dissemination nor penny-tossing was one of her accomplishments. Frankness was plain as she could just how matters stood. "I—I think I love you both," she said. "And so, of course, I cannot marry either of you at present. Time alone can tell which of the two I love the better." Most girls would have said "which of the two I love the best." It was in matters of this sort that Portia showed her erudition. "Come back in five years," she added, "and I will decide between you. Meanwhile you should both bestir yourselves, for by that which you achieve are my feelings likely to be influenced. Ordinarily a question of this kind is settled on the basis of love and affection. Here the love and affection being in both cases equal, it becomes a question of those qualities plus the unknown quantity that must decide." "It depends, then," said Prince John, "upon that unknown quantity?" "Yes," replied Portia. "But supposing this unknown quantity turns out to be a third prince?" suggested Prince Henry. "The advantage is with you," returned Portia. "You have the start on him. If he overtakes and passes you, I am not to blame." And the two princes went out into the world and strove. Prince John devoted himself assiduously to many things, and succeeded in all. He became a lawyer of recognized standing, not alone of respectability, but of marked ability. In or out of court Prince John was sure to win any cause to which his energies were devoted, yet so fearful was he of not ultimately realizing the ideals of the still undecided Portia, that he branched out into literature. He wrote a novel that even pleased the critics. His work was discussed seriously by the pulpit, and although while writing he had no idea that such was to be the case, he found himself six months after the publication of his great work hailed as the father of a new philosophy. To counteract the effect of his novel, which, while gratifying, was not exactly to his taste, he became a humorist—a humorous humorist, who, while he brought tears to the eyes of his readers, as do most other humorists, did so less abruptly, leading up to them through the medium of laughter. Having shown his ability in this direction, Prince John, in order to show Portia what a universally accomplished person he was, turned his attention to poetry and the amateur stage, with such success that one of his poems crept into several Western papers credited to Tennyson, while his Hamlet was of such a quality that a prominent society journal called him "a mute, inglorious Booth," which, naturally, he construed into the highest possible praise. And what of Prince Henry? Alas! for every forward stride taken by Prince John, Prince Henry took one backward. He too

tried the law, and failed. He too tried literature, yet succeeded not. He too tried to become a young Napoleon of finance, and did so well that he met his Wellington, went through his Waterloo, and came out sans everything save his good name in less than six months. The good name he managed to retain, though it was sadly mortgaged. Money had been borrowed on it, but not in such a fashion as to lead to any suspicion as to his integrity. But his Waterloo by no means called for a St. Helena. Unabashed by repeated failures, Prince Henry was not afraid to fail again, and he did so, this time as an agent for an insurance company, his commission not exceeding two per cent. of his office rent. And so he passed on from failure to failure, and at the end of five years the two cavaliers presented themselves at the house of Portia—one eminent, rich successful; the other eminent only as a failure, rich only in debts, successful only in lacking success. And Portia received them both with smiles. Her heart was still true to both. "Hullo!" sneered Prince John, as he caught sight of Prince Henry entering the front door. "What are you here for? You don't suppose you have any chance now, do you?" "No," returned Prince Henry, sadly. "I am here simply as a matter of form; that is all. I said I'd be here, and here I am. I shall content myself with saying good-by to Portia, and congratulating you." "Ah!" said Prince John, softening. "You've had hard luck, Hal, for a fact. I'm dencely sorry for you, old fellow, but it wasn't my fault." "No," returned Prince Henry, "it wasn't." And then Portia came in. "We have come for your formal decision," said Prince Henry. "Of course I know what it is to be, so if it gives you any pain to announce it in my presence, don't do so. Let me take it for granted. There's no question about it, Jack has proved himself the better man." "That's very true," returned Prince Henry, "but I don't think it's nice of you, Prince Henry, to forestall my decision in that way. In fact, it almost impels me to change my mind, and marry Prince Jack." "Change your what and marry which?" roared Prince Jack. "I didn't hear exactly right, did I?" Prince Henry was speechless. He did not know whether to be full of joy or of amazement. "Change my mind, and marry you," repeated Portia, looking severely at Prince John. "You don't mean to say there is any question about my being accepted?" queried Prince John. "Why, certainly," returned Portia. "I had decided in Henry's favor because he scored the greater number of points. You have succeeded, and he has not. But he has been pertinacious. I admire you, I admire your ability to stand alone, I sympathize with your failure, so that the record now stands: Prince John—Love 5 points, Affection 5 points, Admiration 5 points, Total 15. Prince Henry—Love 5 points, Affection 5 points, Admiration 5 points, Sympathy 5 points, Total 20." "That's one way to look at it," sneered Prince John; while Prince Henry gazed blankly at the carpet. "Yes," replied Portia. "And here is another. You have fame and fortune. Prince Henry has nothing. You have shown your ability to stand alone. Prince Henry has not. Shall I give to the rich? Shall I support the strong and neglect the weak?" "Portia," said Prince John, "you are well-named. The great original herself would bow to you in the matter of argument. If Shylock could have had you for his counsel, he'd have got his pound of flesh." "Certainly he would," said Portia. "It was for Antonio to pay the bill, not for Shylock to collect it." "Good!" returned Prince John. "And good-morning. I congratulate you, Henry, on your good fortune, but I cannot say I envy you. Life with a woman so 'reasonable' as Portia cannot be bliss unalloyed." "Stay!" cried Prince Henry, springing to his feet. "I cannot consent to Portia's arrangement. She is yours, Jack, not mine. You have won her fairly and squarely. Take her, for I shall not." Portia looked faint. "No," returned Prince Jack. "She has expressed a preference for you, and that settles it. As a gentleman I cannot appeal from her decision, and I shall not remain any longer." "Jack, you must; for I cannot!" cried Prince Henry. "Not can I!" roared Prince Jack. "Gentlemen," said Portia, "do not quarrel, I— But she addressed the empty air. Both princes had rushed from the house, not to quarrel, but each actuated by a spirit of renunciation. Two noble hearts indeed were they and strong, for twenty years had passed since then, and Portia is still single. The renunciation is still on, however, and is likely to remain so for some time to come, since both princes have married—Prince John twice, and Prince Henry even now is enjoying his third honeymoon with John Kendrick Bangs, in Harper's Weekly. Loneliness Among Thousands. "Poor girl," she said. "She must lead an awful life. But then she must have known what it would be when she married him." "Is he unkind to her?" asked the woman. "Oh, no, I guess not. But they live in a little farmhouse out in the country with the nearest neighbors five or ten miles away. Think how lonely it must be!" "Yes, of course it's lonely, but she has her husband." "Oh, yes; he can't get away very well." "He hasn't got to the club?" "Certainly not. He'd have to ride 100 miles or so to find one." "And he doesn't have to stay away from dinner to entertain a country customer?" "If he stayed away he'd have to go without." "And she's sure to have his company evenings?" "Of course. But think of living on that vast prairie with no neighbors—hardly a house in sight. Can anything be more lonely?" "Oh, yes," said the little woman promptly. "What?" "Living in this city, in the midst of thousands, with clubs and theatres, but hardly a soul you know. No one can be as lonely as one who is alone among thousands. The loneliness of a little back room overlooking a court is nothing to the loneliness of a brilliantly lighted ball room to a stranger in it."—Detroit Free Press.

INDIAN PASSION PLAY.

AN IMPRESSIVELY DRAMATIC PORTRAYAL OF THE CRUCIFIXION. The Progress to the Cross Presented by the Natives of British Columbia—Thousands in Attendance—A Strange and Very Moving Spectacle. One of the most important religious events that has ever taken place in Western Canada was the recent presentation of the Passion Play by the Indians of St. Mary's Mission near New Westminster. The Indians have but little imagination, and accordingly the missionaries have had great difficulty in teaching them the various Bible stories. The plan of presenting a Passion Play was finally adopted a few years ago as the best means of giving the natives a conception of the leading events in the life of the Saviour. Several times the Indians at the various missions have essayed to present the play or parts of it, but never have they given so complete and realistic a production as on this occasion, and it is doubtful if the play has ever been so well presented on this continent. A party of distinguished Roman Catholic priests is now visiting the missions of British Columbia, and the play was given in order to show them the advance which the Indians of the Province have made. The visitors were Archbishop Duhamel of Ottawa, Bishop La Fleche of Three Rivers, Bishop Lorrain of Pembroke, Bishop Macdonnell of Alexandria, Bishop Brondel of Helena, Vicar-General Hamel of Quebec, Vicar-General Marchel of Montreal, and many other well-known members of the priesthood. The Indian tribes which took part in the conclave were the Shuswap, Thompson River, Fraser River, Squamish, Sechelt, Stickeen and Douglas. The thousands of Indians who had gathered from all parts of British Columbia, as well as the Eskimo, the Akyew, the bluffs overlooking the Fraser River, on which the mission stands. The tribes were in separate clusters of tepees, and in the center of each group was placed the standard of the tribe. In addition to these standards, bright banners were streaming from the tops of many of the tents, and the natives themselves were decked in their most gorgeous colors—the flaming reds and strong yellows, as usual, predominating. When the choir bearing the visitors arrived on the morning of Thursday, June 2, a drizzle was falling, but every Indian in the camp was standing by the track to get a glimpse of the fathers from the East. As the priests stepped from the train a Squamish chief, Harry, came forward, and in the native tongue delivered an address of greeting, which was translated by an interpreter. From the Mission Hill a salute of cannon was fired, and a long roll of brass bands, which was over, three brass bands, every player in which was an Indian, gave some remarkably good music. While the visiting clergy were taken into the mission for luncheon the Indians squatted on the ground by their tents, built smouldering fires for their native cooking, and munched dried salmon. The rain would stop occasionally, and then pour down again with renewed vigor, but the Indians said it need not be. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon the announcement was made that the play would begin. Two chiefs addressed the people in the encampment, ordering them to mass themselves at the foot of the winding path leading up the hill to the mission. The Indians gathered like an army on the lowland, and at a given signal from the two chiefs the procession moved up the steep slope. First came the women, carrying the papooses, then the young bucks, and after them a mixed crowd of old men and women, boys and girls. Slowly they moved up the hill, chanting in Latin, broken by the guttural sounds of their own language, the "Hail, Jesus." The song seemed to effect them greatly, for now their voices would rise high and shrill, and now would die away to a low moan. At the crescent the Indians would throw back their heads and wave their arms in a religious frenzy. The play had no speaking parts, but was presented in a series of eight tableaux. The stage was the broad, hard boulevard leading past the mission buildings. The tableaux were all placed at once, one after another, at intervals of about fifty feet, and consequently each scene had different sets of actors. Only the best of the Indians were chosen for parts, and so the honor of being in the performance was a high one, and the men and women selected were regarded as much to be envied. The tableaux were as complete as the limited resources of the mission would allow, and the costumes, which were carefully fashioned after those of pictures, were fairly correct. At the top of the hill a chief was stationed, giving in a low tone the command by which the procession divided, half going on one side of the boulevard, and half on the other. As they marched along, the Indians still sang their weird chant, and at each tableau or stage of the cross every one in the procession made a profound obeisance and crossed himself. The first group, or tableau, contained a stalwart Indian, roped in a white surplice and cloak of blue. He knelt in supplication, while six red-gowned natives lay on the ground behind him feigning sleep. The scene was the agony in the Garden of Gethsemane. The Indian representing Christ had been drilled until he seemed to have an unusually good conception of the part, for he threw his whole soul into the portrayal, and his face wore a wonderful expression of suffering and intercession. During the forty minutes while the spectators were waiting pass, he appeared to be in a state almost hypnotic, for not a muscle of his body moved. The second scene was Christ seized by the soldiers. An Indian, about the same in stature as the first tableau and wearing exactly the same dress, took the part of the Saviour. Other natives, with the shields, spears, helmets, and jerkins of Roman soldiers were binding the unresisting Lord. In the third tableau Christ appeared before Pilate. The Roman Governor was seated on a dais spread with scarlet, while his chair of state was covered with a robe of the same gorgeous color. Before him a slave held a basin and pitcher with which he was about to wash his hands, disclaiming all part in the crime which the Jews wished to have committed. Before the Governor stood Christ with downcast eyes and bound with chains. Near by was a group of sullen and angry Jews watching the proceedings of the trial. The fourth picture, the flagellation, was

horrible in its realism. Christ was bound to a post, and two savage soldiers were standing over him, with bloody knouts upraised. The Saviour, from whose back the blood was pouring, bent forward, his face showing both anguish and spiritual determination. In the fifth picture Christ sat in a rough chair, and soldiers with spears in their hands stood about him. One of them was placing on his head a crown of thorns, while the blood from his brow trickled down his face and stained his white garments. So true was the scene that the spectator could hardly rid himself of the idea that the blood was real. Fully as real was the next tableau, the burden of the cross. Overcome by the load, Christ had slipped, and his body was pinned to the ground by the heavy weight. The crown of thorns still pierced his brow, and his countenance was obscured by dust and blood. An Indian woman, as St. Veronica, stooped forward to wipe his face, and two soldiers with blows were urging him to rise to his feet. In the seventh scene Christ was meeting the weeping women of Jerusalem, and with a reassuring smile was telling them not to grieve for him. From this spectacle the procession, softly singing the solemn chant, passed into the large yard of the mission. There on a platform at the very edge of the cliff towered the cross. A waxen image of the Saviour was nailed to its arms, and clinging to the feet of the Crucified and receiving the drops of blood on her head was a Mary Magdalene whose long jet black hair streamed below her waist. Beside her was a dusky Virgin Mary, with dumb, tearless agony expressed in every feature. Near the edge of the platform a tall, handsome Squamish Indian, representing St. John, sat bowed in hopeless grief. Soldiers with swords and spears were grouped around the cross, and one held the hyssop to the sufferer's lips. As the chanting Indians came before this last tableau they were visibly affected, the song was hushed, and all silently fell to their knees. The spectators who had followed out of curiosity uncovered, and Protestant and Catholic alike bowed at the moving sight. The stillness had grown oppressive, when five of the chiefs arose, and each in turn called out in his own language that Jesus was dying, was dying, was dying. A shrill, mournful chant, repeated over and over, and echoed from the cliffs across the river was the reply. Then, at a signal, all arose, and filing past the crucifix each made a deep reverence. After the last man had bowed, and the crowd was slowly scattering, the sky grew dark again, and the rain began to fall.—Seattle Correspondence New York Sun. Value of Exact Knowledge. The importance of exact knowledge in many things cannot be over-estimated. A doctor was asked by a mother if arrowroot was healthful for a babe. He told her it was, and the mother fed her child on that alone till it was nearly starved. Had she known that arrowroot contains little but starch, which alone cannot long support life, she might not have furnished so apt an illustration of the proverb that "A little learning is a dangerous thing." Precarious Stock. Of all menagerie stock the monkey tribe is the most precarious. The comparative comfort of a roof tree does not compensate for the activity of their natural life, and, considering that they feed on fresh fruits in their primitive forests, it is not amazing that after a time an unlimited dietary of hazel nuts and stale buns is apt to disagree with the quadrumanal digestion. FOUND AFTER TWO SCORE YEARS. A Story Tinged With Romance and Sullied by a Remarkable Crime. Ellenwood (B.C.) Letter in the Los Angeles Times: After a patient, weary search extending over the Western continent and covering a period of nearly forty years, Charles Hartley, of Oswego, N. Y., a few days ago at this point ended a period in his eventful life by arresting Allen Hartley, his cousin, charged with the murder of his wife quite two score years ago. The man arrested is an old resident of this city, having lived here nearly twelve years. He served two terms as Mayor, and has been successful in the accumulation of a comfortable fortune. Four years ago he married a well-known lady of this place. Back of it is a story tinged with romance and sullied by a crime so remarkable in its details that it furnishes a chapter in criminal history. Allen Hartley is now an old man of nearly 70. When his locks were raven and his beard was young he married a charming young lady, the belle of the small interior town in New York State where both resided. Charles Hartley, the cousin, who yesterday, after such a lapse of years, caused the arrest of Allen, was an unsuccessful suitor. Though dejected all hope by the marriage of his cousin with the girl he still loved, this flame kept burning through the years, causing the tracking down and arrest of the wife murderer. Thirty-nine years ago next May Allen Hartley bade his friends a hearty farewell, and at the same time informing them with his wife he was going West to seek his fortune. No one saw the people leave the town, and finally murmurs of something foul play were freely made, but there were none to prove them, and at length they died away. When later the house in which the Hartleys had lived was being repaired and there was found in a cemented vault beneath it the skeleton of Agnes Hartley, the town went mad. But the murderer was gone and there was no trace. Charles Hartley swore to hunt him down if it took a lifetime and his fortune. It required forty years of one and as many thousand dollars of the other, but success has at last rewarded the long search. A Prolific Tree. It has been shown that the white elm of our bottom lands and groves yields, one year with another, at a very moderate estimate, to 329,000 seeds. Now, an elm ordinarily lives at least a full 100 years, and consequently, in the course of that comparatively short life produces nearly 3,000,000 grains, all coming from one original seed. Where Horses are Eaten. It is said that 1,000 horses are slaughtered for food every week in Paris, where horse flesh has come into general use among the poor as an article of diet. Palatable fishes of the same article of food are also frequently found on the tables of the poor of Berlin and Vienna.

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MONEY TO LOAN COMPANIES' & PRIVATE TO LOAN AT LOWEST RATES. H. B. DE BARRISTER, Corner of York & Kent Lindsay Dec. 30th, 1887. The Watchman THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1892. HOW A DRIVER Came North With His Parents, and Proved an End. Something happened that recalls a doctor's story. John Moore was an emigrant from Chicago and Erie, and he came through Hammond here and made a host of friends that made him a host of one of the old men went on, in fact, when the company was called the Atlantic, and was staggered with weight of debt and heavier than that usual, even the newest roads, he had been a fireman, that a hustler after any that would bring in his father's family was large one of thirteen children, a puzzle to live something back of that his father slave-owner in the South negroes depending upon occasionally earning an father was a physician became a surgeon-general federate army when the But when the war was last vestige of fortune was the old man came North at Fredonia, N. Y., which could go to school and ca of the dominant Yankee "The boy John was a us. He was so honest a capable, he never ab and never forgot his m the rest of us were having he worked like a Trojan the last dollar of his w treasury at home. If money as we had, and y princely qualities about endeared him to us and m ed whenever he came an "The task of bringing family was discharged at last of the 13 had gained was equal to all burden had married well, and mother were provided for got married. He found woman, and she made him as ever a good man brought her to Hunting made her a home, for h ing up, as I told you; then a fireman, now an very best class. He us schedule time, always trusty, always wi as good as a rich He came to have three he took them to church chance, for he held of Episcopal faith, and Gospel. He was as ha a man as ever I knew. "It was a cold Ja when the tragedy cam with ice all over the g wind blowing a gale. been delayed by the st made up the time and usual. As his engine telegraph office he dr cab to run in for order his footing on that— form and he slipped a mighty wheels crushed till the round, swift for him. "Of course I can't horror. No one can, writing under the splintered bones and rising on flanges bef conscious gaze—rising carried them up and down again, with awf lutions. "We pulled him out ed him into the sta terrible sight, that st unbrut trunk, but the ed body; for the legs the spirit in the ma superior to pain. "What do you thi asked me when I ha ination. "Well you're bad told him. "Oh, of course. Don't be afraid. Te ing to die?" "Yes, you can't l was the bitterest spoke. "How long?"