

A Fiddler's Ode to His Old Fiddle.

Turn,
Worn,
Oppressed I mourn;
Sad,
Three-quarters mad.
My eye gone,
Credit none,
Duns at door,
Half a score;
Wife gone lame,
Others all g.
Nurse a-railing,
My whooping,
Baby crooping;
Beside poor Joe,
With festered toe,
Come, my time-worn friend,
With gay and brilliant sounds,
Thy sweet, yet transient solace lend,
Thy polished neck in close embrace
I clasp, while joy illumines my face.
When o'er thy strings I draw my bow,
My drooping spirit pants to rise!
A lively strain I touch, and lo!
I seem to mount above the skies
Where on Fancy's wings I soar,
Heedless of the duns at door—
Oblivious all, I feel my woes no more;
But skip o'er the strings,
As my old fiddle sings,
"Cheerily oh! merrily go!
Pretend to good master,
I will find music
If you will find bow."
From E up to G, to G down below.
Fatigued, I pause to change the time,
For some adagio, solemn and sublime,
With graceful action moves the arm,
My heart, responds to the soothing charm,
Throbs equally; health-convincing care
Lies, vanquished by the soft mellifluous air,
More plaintive grown; my eyes overflow,
And resignation soothes my wrinkled brow,
Beedy hautboy may squeak, flute may squall,
The serpent grunt, and the trombone bawl,
But by Folly, my old fiddle, Prince of all,
Could ere Dryden return, thy praise rehearse,
His ode to Cecilia would seem
ragged verse. Now, to the case, in
flannel warm to lie, Till called
again to pipe thy master's eye,
Apollo.

HOW THE BIRD FLIES.

Why No Combination of Wings will Enable a Man to Fly.

The London Engineer, in a review of the various flying machines that have been invented, comes to the conclusion that a successful one is a physical impossibility, and that the attempt to devise one must be classed with such delusions as the search for the philosopher's stone or the secret of perpetual motion. No combination of wings will enable a man to fly till he can wield them with as much muscular power to the pound of weight as a bird exerts in flying. If a man had in his legs the muscular energy and leverage of a flea, he could jump a mile in three leaps; and if his arms had in proportion to his weight the driving power of a wild pigeon's wing, he would have no use for railways or balloons. The transportation problem would be solved. Moving himself so easily and swiftly he would not need to move anything else. The albatross, weighing twenty-eight pounds, can keep its wings, thirteen feet from tip to tip, in motion all day, while the strongest man, weighing six or eight times as much, would exhaust all his strength in keeping even an albatross' wings in motion for half an hour. "We have in the bird," says the Engineer, "a machine burning concentrated fuel in a large grate at a tremendous rate, and developing a very large power in a small space. There is no engine in existence, certainly no steam engine and boiler combined, which, weight for weight, gives out anything like the mechanical power exhibited by the albatross." Consequently no machinery yet devised can operate wings with sufficient power to sustain its own weight in the air, and there is no known machinery by which a man can wield the force necessary to fly like a bird. Keely's alleged discovery, or some new process of storing and exerting great and elastic power in apparatus of light weight might supply the deficiency, but science has not learned how to develop in inanimate machinery anything like the mighty nervous energy which acts in the bones, sinews and muscles of a living bird's wing.

The Sin-Eater.

The superstition of the sin-eater in Wales is said to linger even now in the secluded vale of Cwm-Aman, in Caermarthenshire. The meaning of this most singular institution of superstition was that when a person died the friends sent for the sin-eater of the district, who, on his arrival, placed a plate of salt and bread on the breast of the deceased person; he then uttered an incantation over the bread, after which he proceeded to eat it, thereby eating the sins of the dead person; this done, he received a fee of two-and-sixpence, which, we suppose, was much more than many a preacher received for a long and painful service. Having received this, he vanished as swiftly as possible, all the friends and relatives of the departed aiding his exit with blows and kicks and other indications of their faith in the service he had rendered. A hundred years since, and through the ages beyond that time, we suppose this curious superstition was everywhere prevalent.

How to Square Numbers.

The new method for squaring numbers, invented by Mr. Bona, of the Williams College freshman class, is as follows: Beginning at the left, multiply the double of each digit of the given number by the number represented by the preceding digit, and write each product under those already obtained in such a way that its right-hand figures shall be two places to the right of the right-hand figure of the preceding product. Then square each digit successively, beginning at the right, and place the right-hand figure of the first result one place to the right of the right-hand figure of the last product before obtained, and the right-hand figure of each succeeding square two places to the left of the right-hand figure of the preceding square. Add the columns together, and the result will be the required square.

—One of the best of living sculptors cannot carve a turkey.

The following artists have been engaged to paint scenery for the Cincinnati Dramatic Festival: Voeglein, Maeder, Harley Merry, Hoyt, Weston and Gratcher.

—How did we come to possess our present dress? is one of the questions by the editor of Nature. Can't say, sir. Presume the tailor didn't know you.

There are some persons who can't take a joke, but Fogg is not one of them. One of the boys, acquainted with Fogg's frequent changes of abode, asked him what he thought was the cheaper, to move or pay rent. "I can't tell you, my dear boy," replied Fogg; "I have always moved."

A HAT FULL OF MOLASSES.

The Latest Device of Thieves and How the Trick was Played.

A robbery committed under peculiar and ludicrous circumstances was on Tuesday evening explained to the Central office authorities in New York. The story told by the friends of the victim is that on Friday afternoon a well-dressed stranger entered the grocery store at the corner of West Eleventh and Washington streets, and asked John H. Von Dohlen, the proprietor, who was then behind the counter, to change a ten dollar bill. The groceryman took a roll of bills from his pocket and gave his visitor two five dollar bills. There was in all about \$300 in the bundle of greenbacks which Von Dohlen foolishly displayed.

A short time afterward two young men neatly dressed walked into the store. They appeared quite merry and laughed loudly. One of them said to Von Dohlen that they had made a rather odd bet and wanted him to settle it. Von Dohlen asked the nature of the bet, whereupon he was told that they desired to know which of their hats would hold the most molasses. The groceryman laughed, but when one of the strangers gave him his hat and said he would pay for the molasses used Von Dohlen began filling it with the syrup. When the hat had been filled to the brim Von Dohlen gave it back to the stranger. A second after one of the men grabbed the storekeeper about the arms, while his comrade placed the hat filled with molasses on his head. They then rifled his pockets and relieved him of his roll of greenbacks. After securing the money the men ran out of the store, and Von Dohlen, although nearly smothered, started in pursuit, but after running several blocks gave up the chase. As the trick is new the police are anxious to discover the ingenious young men.

Latest from Manitoba.

A Winnipeg telegram says: It is reported here that Mr. E. P. Leacock, M. P. for Birtle, will succeed Senator Girard as Minister of Agriculture in the Local Government.

The City Council at its meeting last night instructed a special committee and the City Solicitor to draft a memorial to the Dominion Government asking that immediate steps be taken to have an accurate survey of the Red River made north of Winnipeg, with a view to deepening and widening it to prevent a repetition of the floods of last spring.

One hundred and fifty newspapers were entertained to a festival last night in Selkirk Hall by Mrs. Pitblado, wife of the pastor of St. Andrew's Church. Lieutenant-Governor Aikins presided, and Justice Taylor and other speakers addressed the boys. The hostess was presented with two pieces of silver as a mark of appreciation of her kindness.

The Local Legislature has again been prorogued until the 10th of March, and it is not stated that it will then meet for the despatch of business.

A man named Sexsmith, supposed to be from Mount Forest, Ont., while working in a well on the farm of John Barton, six miles west of Wolsely, near Regina, struck gas, and before the rope could be lowered he became powerless, owing to the gas. The body has not yet been recovered.

Prof. E. Stone Wiggins, of Ottawa, is reported as saying that the gale blowing at that city yesterday from the west was the reflection of his storm from the Rocky Mountains. The storm must consequently have crossed this meridian west over the Gulf of Mexico early this morning, and is now on its eastern course via Quebec to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The professor says this storm is one of the most dangerous to shipping that he has ever predicted, and must already have been disastrous in the North Atlantic.

Crows Have a Live Meal.

The weather is extremely cold in Iowa. The Newton, Ia., Journal says: "One of the remarkable incidents of the present spell of severe cold weather is the fact that crows are actually feeding off the bodies of live hogs in the stock yards in this city, and several large fat hogs there have at this time large holes an inch or more deep about the shoulders that have been bored into them by the bills of the crows. The belief is that the crows are so nearly starved to death that they have adopted this plan. Boys have been hired to shoot the crows which congregate in large numbers to keep them from utterly destroying the hogs."

The Great Cold out West.

Says the Brandon Sun: The extraordinary average of thirty-two and a half degrees below zero was the result of the meteorological observations taken at Prairie College, Rapid City, during the week ending Wednesday, the 24th ult. The highest reading for the week was 17 and the lowest 49.5. A record such as this approaches perilously near to the appalling. We are glad to be able to qualify, to some extent, the terrors it is calculated to excite by the information that the cold was not only exceptionally severe but of exceptionally long duration. Nothing like it has been known for years.

Since the British occupation of Cyprus very little systematic attempt has been made to excavate the archaeological treasures of the soil; but wherever the ground is probed it yields fruit, and the result of a recent digging on a small scale at Salamis has just arrived at the British Museum, in the shape of a consignment of curious small half-round figures in terra cotta, for the most part draped female divinities holding various attributes, and somewhat rudely modelled according to archaic types, though the execution itself does not apparently date from a very early period.

"Revolutionists," said Dumas, "are a good deal like the street-sprinklers. They can make it muddy in sunshine, but they can't make sunshine when it is muddy."

The Medical Press relates that at Chester, England, an inquest was held over the body of a man who had been more or less drunk for forty consecutive years. He, his wife and his son had been in the habit of drinking the droppings of various tap houses in the town—a beverage which they purchased for about a shilling a gallon. The curious fact was developed that the only night he had been sober for many years was that upon which he died.

GETHESEMANE.

Life Among the Trappist Monks in Kentucky.

(Louisville Cor. New York Times)

Few people, even in Kentucky, know that flour is a short journey from this city there flourishes a monastery of Trappist Monks. It is situated in a little hamlet in the southern part of Nelson county, Ky., on the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, about 40 miles south of here. Externally the monastery resembles any other; but when the doors are once passed the visitor feels as if he had stepped back into the middle ages. The visitor is courteously received and given a cot in a cell. At midnight he is awakened by the bell which calls the monks to the midnight mass. The monks continue at their devotions about six and a half hours, and then they march in silent procession to the chapter room. Here they meet every morning, and here punishment is meted for all offences against the rules. The abbot's chair is an elevated throne, and in walking to his seat the abbot passed over his own grave. The culprit who awaits judgment also stands on this terrible spot. For punishment, some are deprived of their meals for a day; others are ordered to prostrate themselves on the floor while the monks walk over them. When a decision is given the delinquent never murmurs, but immediately sets about its fulfilment.

By an ancient rule of the order all Trappist monasteries are built in the form of a quadrangle, inclosing a court. All around this court extends the cloister, used by the monks as a promenade. Here the inmates never speak, not even to visitors, nor do they in the refectory, dormitory or churches. In the graveyard back of the church is the tomb of Mrs. Nancy Miles, and by her side the remains of Mrs. Mary Bradford, only sister of Jefferson Davis. Each monk's grave is marked by a black cross, on which in white letters, is painted his monastery name. At the foot of each grave is a stool, which the monks used in praying for the souls of the departed. The dead are not inclosed in a coffin, but are simply wrapped in their gowns and buried.

When a death occurs, a fresh grave is immediately opened for the next one who passes away. In the dormitory each monk has a cell with walls of heavy fire-brick, containing an iron cot. The monk always sleeps with his clothes on. The regular time for rising is never later than 2 o'clock, but on feast days it is two hours sooner. In these cells, every Friday night, the monks scourge themselves with a knotted whip of many lashes in remembrance of the scourging of the Saviour. Except by a physician's prescription a monk never tastes meat of any kind, fish, eggs, butter or lard. Their diet is exclusively vegetable. No stimulants, not even tea or coffee or tobacco, are used in any form. In the dining-room each monk is provided with a tin plate and a wooden fork and spoon. From September 14th to Ash Wednesday only one meal a day is allowed. From Easter Sunday until September 14th they eat two meals daily—one at 11 and the other at 6 o'clock. For seven years those who wish to enter are on trial and all the hardships are put upon them. They can go away any day during this period if they desire, but when the time of probation is over they take a final vow and are irrevocably sundered from the world. There are about sixty monks in this monastery. Only two Americans belong to the Order, one from Selma, Ala., and the other from Philadelphia. A remarkable rule of the Order is that which precludes all females from entering the abbey, save only the wife of the ruler of the nation. The Gethesemane Abbey owns 1,800 acres of land, half of which is in a state of high cultivation.

STORING WHISKEY.

Inwardness of the Application to Dominion Government—What the Distillers Want.

The Buffalo Express says: "An apparently rather astonished press agent telegraphs from Ottawa, the Canadian capital, that a great number of United States wine merchants and distillers have been making inquiries of the Dominion Government regarding the importation and bonding of liquor in Canada. They are desirous of sending liquor into Canada in bond, to be held there for awhile and again returned to the United States. There is much speculation as to the object. The good people of Ottawa must pay very little attention to what is going on in the United States, otherwise they would know that these liquor dealers want to get rid of paying some \$80,000,000 in taxes on about 90,000,000 gallons of whiskey, which has been held in bond in this country as long as the revenue laws will permit. If it stays here it must pay the tax, but it may be taken out of the bonded warehouses for export without paying it. If Canada will let it be in bond without paying duty till we can drink up the surplus stock, then it will be brought back to this country, sold, and the tax paid. That cannot well be done now, simply because the distillers have got on hand as much whiskey as the American people—chronically thirsty though so many of them are—can drink in three or four years. If Canada will take this whiskey on low storage and no duty for a few years it will thus help our amiable distilling interest out of the very painful predicament into which, with its eyes wide open, it has very foolishly plunged itself."

A Belle of Lively Days Doomed.

The famous old war ship at Sacketts Harbor is to be sold. The building of it was commenced soon after the victory at New Orleans, and it was named in honor of that event in the winter of 1814-15. In sixty days from the time the timber stood in the woods the ship was advanced to its present state. On receipt of the news of peace the work was stopped. During the construction of the vessel hundreds of choppers and numerous teams and teamsters were at work, while the ship carpenters brought from the sea-board by Eokford swarmed the sides of the growing hull. In another thirty days the ship would have been finished. In its disappearance Sacketts Harbor will lose a curiosity which has attracted sight-seers during sixty-eight years.—Kingston Whig.

—The following wise saying by Solon is, we regret to say, not generally recorded in his works: "Young man, never out your nails before buttoning on a collar."

"LORD" COURTNEY DENISON.

A Well-known Adventurer Gone to His Last Account.

The recent death of a notorious adventurer named Denison has brought to light the fact that the young man was actually patronymic he always bore, but also revives a whole host of stories which reflect nothing but discredit upon the scion of nobility. It appears that he was a son of Lord Londesborough. His father was a member of the Cunningham family, but changed his name to Denison on receiving a legacy. When Lord Londesborough died young Denison's mother married Lord Fitzgerald, between whom and his stepchildren much ill-feeling existed. At 18 years of age the young man was required by his stepfather to enter the army, but this he refused to do, and ran away to Belgium. Here he was reduced to such straits that he was compelled to dispose of all his personal property, and so, as a last resort, he shipped on a cabin boy, to Philadelphia as a cabin boy. He landed there penniless, and accepted employment at picking strawberries, making from 10 to 25 cents a day. This means of livelihood could not last long of course, and he was compelled to write to his stepfather for assistance, and was granted an annuity of £100 until he became of age. Then followed the methods of existence which gave him such an undeniable notoriety in Canada and the States, where he visited most of the principal cities, and reaped a rich harvest everywhere until at length in each case he was discovered as a dead beat. In 1881 he returned to England and obtained some of the private fortune that belonged to him. While on this visit he received a document from a Welsh lady recommending him to all patriotic Welshmen, which afterward proved of great value to him. Shortly after his return to this continent his means again became exhausted, and in "roughing it" in the Western States he contracted a pulmonary disease that eventually took him off. Arriving at Denver he secured a situation as an express driver, but afterward worked on a sheep ranch. About a year ago, being taken suddenly ill, he went to board with a Welshman named Jones, who cared for him until his death.

A Mistaken Marriage.

Some time ago a gentleman well known among commercial travellers stopped at a boarding-house noted for old-time silverware and deep dishes. The house was operated by a widow, with whom Juckles, the traveller, fell very much in love, that is commercially in love, for Juckles has a wide open eye for business. "What a fine house this would be," he mused. "The widow is very handsome and hasn't any particular education, but hanged if it don't stand a man in hand to make the best shift he can. I'll marry this woman and have a home."

Next evening he requested a business interview with the woman, and while they were seated in the parlor, Juckles, who can be very tender, said:

"Mrs. Hotsel, during my very short stay in this house I have become very much attached to you."
"Lor, Mr. Juckles."
"Yes, my dear Mrs. Hotsel, I am a peculiar man and my love is inexplicable," and he looked at the furniture. "I have never been in love before."
"Lor, Mr. Juckles."

"Now, you are a woman of soul, and I love you with a devotion that knows no imitation, that cannot be drowned."
"Lor," exclaimed Mrs. Hotsel throwing herself into his arms, "I never thought that a rich streak of luck would strike me."

They were married the following night, and the next day Mrs. Juckles said: "I didn't know what I was a-goin' to do, but Providence has provided; you see I was hired to run this house while the owner was away." Juckles turned away and wept. He had married a "servant woman" whose husband had died in penitentiary.

A Maiden in the Washington Whirl.

Few, indeed, are the people who can keep up the round of Washington gayety without sadly showing their weariness. An exception to this rule is a young daughter of an army officer stationed in that city. All winter she has been busy with receptions and dinners, kettle drums and Germans, and on Wednesday as she came into Mrs. Chandler's parlors she looked as fresh and rosy as if it were her first day. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused, and presently I had an opportunity to inquire of her how it was that she was able to endure that to which stronger women yielded. "Oh," she replied, laughing, "mamma is almost a crank on that subject. She is bound I shall not look passe at the end of this my second winter. Every night when I get home, no matter how tired I am, a warm water bath is given me, after which I drink a bowl of bouillon, and am put to bed in the guest chamber, which is more quiet than my own. In the morning I am not called, but arise when I awake, which is not often before lunch time. It grows very monotonous, I assure you, but if I go I have to submit. I tell mamma she treats me as if I was a Maud S. or a prize-fighter."
—Cleveland Herald.

Mr. Gladstone as a Highlander

In a recent speech Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, M. P., doubtless thought himself very clever when he expressed the supposition as an extravagance that Mr. Gladstone might at some future time claim to be a Highlander. Mr. Gladstone's Conservative brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, of Fasque, has saved him that trouble, for if Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett takes the trouble of referring to Burke's Royal Descent, "Pedigree LXX., Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart.," he will find that Mr. Gladstone can trace a lineage (beside which even that of Ashmead-Bartlett grows pale) through Highland Robertsons, Munros, Mackays and "gay Gordons," to the Royal houses of both England and Scotland.

No permanent injury was done to the statue of Daniel O'Connell, at Limerick, last month, by the unknown men who smeared it with yellow paint. The outrage was attributed to the Scots Greys quartered in the city, and the feeling against them was such that for a time it was deemed prudent to keep them in their quarters.

COUNTY OF ONTARIO!

Sittings of Division Courts for 1883.

Published by order of the General Sessions.

WHITBY.—Jan. 2, Feb. 1, Mar. 1, Apr. 2, May 1, June 1, July 3, Sept. 1, Oct. 2, Nov. 1, Dec. 1.
BROUHAM.—May 2, July 4, Sept. 3.
PORT PERRY.—Jan. 3, Mar. 2, Nov. 2.
PORT PERRY.—Feb. 12, Mar. 19, May 7, June 12, July 31, Sept. 3, Nov. 5, Dec. 10.
UXBRIDGE.—Feb. 13, Mar. 20, May 8, June 19, Sept. 4, Nov. 6, Dec. 11.
CANNINGTON.—Feb. 14, Mar. 21, May 9, June 20, Sept. 5, Dec. 12.
BEAVERIDGE.—Feb. 15, Mar. 22, June 21, Sept. 6, Dec. 14.
UPPERMERIDON.—Mar. 23, June 22, Sept. 7, Dec. 14.
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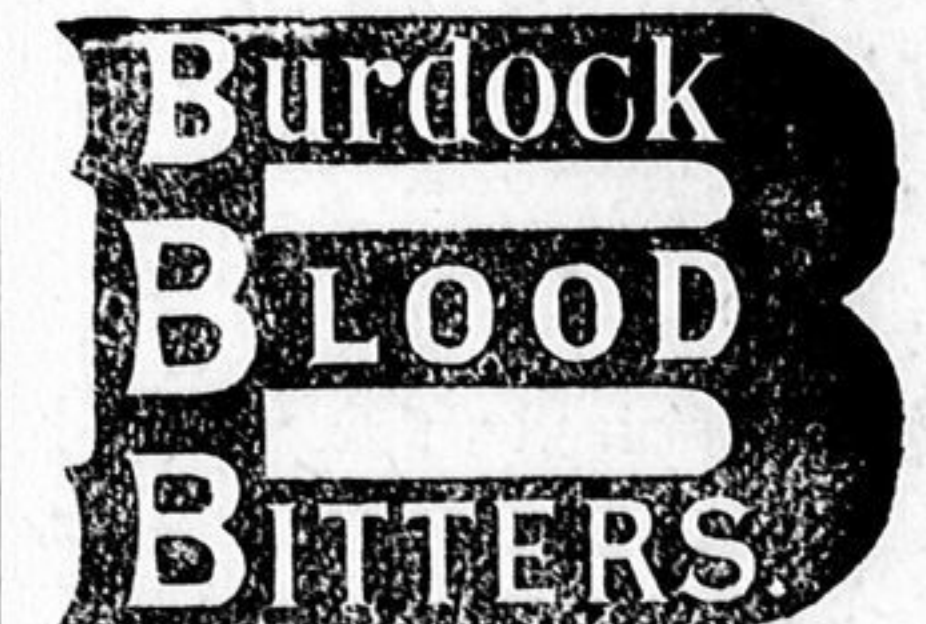
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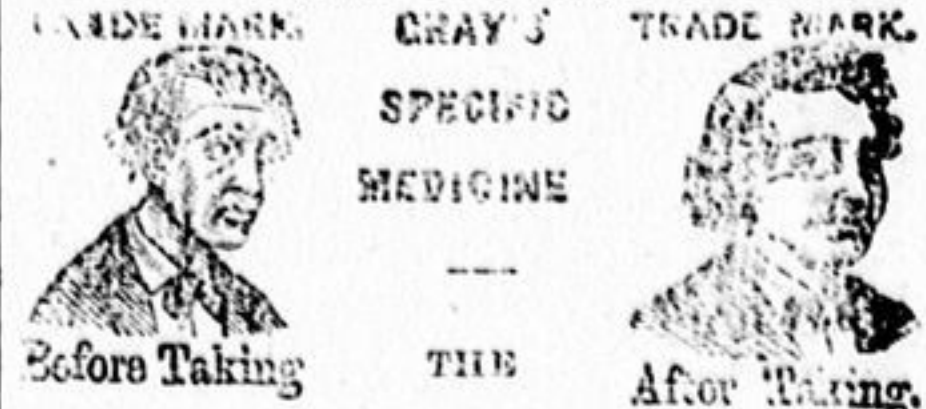
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