which will be missing in my recital. Mr. S. C. Peterkin was a prosperous youngish man of business who got ahead in spite of his constitutional modesty. This was in his was in society more than in trade: he was afraid of women more than men. For a long, long time he had set his heart upon a lovely young lady, whose sweetness was like her name, which was Violet. He had often called upon her, and resolved again and again that he would make her an offer of his heart and hand, but as often that heart failed him. Through the whole of the evening he would sit and

Gaze upon her as a star Whose purity and distance make it fair,"

and come away without making any progress in his suit. At last he lecame alarmed by the fact that the deshing Captain Latham, of one of the Sound steamers, was often at the house when he called to see his charmer, the charming Violet. At last he could not bear the suspense any longer, and he ventured, with much hesitancy and awkwardness, but with do-or-die determination, to ask her if she would be his. With remarkable cool-

ness she replied : "You should have spoken long ago, Mr. Peterkin; I have been engaged to Captain Latham for some time past, and we are to be married very shortly. I am sorry to disappoint you, but we will be as good friends as ever, and you must come to see me just th same. The captain will always be glad to have your company."

brighter day soon dawned, for within three months after they were married the captain fell off the steamer in a fog on the Sound and was drowned. Now Peterkint ok heart. 'He would have the widow.

A year of mourning wore s'owly away. He kept his eye on the widow but would not insult the memory of the dead by proposing until a decent interval had passed. The year ended, and he laid his heart again is indicated at the little feet of Violet. She heard him quietly, and quietly remarked, "My dear Peterkin, 1 am sorry to disappoint you again, but for the last six months I have been engaged to Dr. Jones. It was hard to friend the handsome Lawyer Bright, but Dr. Jones was so good to me while I was sick in the winter after my husband's death that I promised him I would be his at the end of the year."

So poor Peterkin retired once more; the widow Latham became Mrs. Dr. Jones, and so remained, while the discomfited Peterkin wished the doctor might take enough of his own pills to make an end of him.

Time passed on. Peterkin was walking down Broadway one day, while not very far ahead of him he saw two men, one of whom he knew to be this hated Dr. Jones. A large flat stone was being hoisted to the coping of a new building; the rope gave way; it fell and instantly killed the two men. Peterkin rose to the emergency of the moment. For the dead he could be of no avail. His thoughts were on the widow. He turned; he ran, he flew, to her abode. When she entered the room where he awaited her he

"My dear Mr. Jones, I bring you dreadful news. I was walking on the street, when I saw a stone fall from a house upon your poor husband, and he is dead; but you must let me comfort you. I beg you now to be mind, my Violet, at last."

"Dear Mr. Peterkin, I am so sorry! but when Dr. Jones and Mr. Bright were both begging me to marry, I took the doctor, and promised Mr. Bright, if anything happened to Jones, I would certainly be his. So you see I am engaged. I am sorry, for I do think a great deal of you, ny dear Pet-

Peterkin was very calm and self-contained. He said, "And will you promise to be mine | these words: when the lawyer is no more?"

"Certainly I will, with all my heart and goul." "Then come to my arms, my Violet, for

the same stone that killed the doctor was the death of Bright, and you are mine at last."--Harper's Magazine for April.

# Eclution of a Great Mystery.

People often wonder what becomes of the old tomato can. Waggons can be seen on the street almost every day, filled with old tin cans of every description, picked from the vacant lots or the streets. They are taken to Newark and sold for fifteen cents a hundred. The price is small, but cans are numerous, and the gathering of them pays handsomely, it our informant tells the truth. The Newark purchaser sorts them out and puts them irto a large furnace, which softens them so that they can be rolled by machinery into plates. These plates are artistically blackened and present a smooth, polished sueface. The trunk makers buy them to bind the edges and bottems of trunks, and often to cover defects of woodwork. In this manner old tomata cans become a most ureful as well as ornamental material. The process of heating the cans also has its profitable result, for the solder, running through a grate into a receptacle, is sold for twelve cents a pound, it alone paying, it is claimed, all the price originally paid for the cans .-From the Central New Jersey Herald.

# Flowers in Potatoes.

A gentleman from Utica in Louisville, who wished to send some beautiful flower buds to his wife, was at a loss how to do so. A florist friend said he would fix them. He cut a potato into two pieces and bored holes in them into which he instrted the stems of the buds, and placed them in a box with cotton to support them. A letter from the recipient acknowledged the remembrance, and said that the buds had developed into full-blown flowers. There is sufficient moisture in a good sized potato to support a flower for two weeks in a moderately cool temperature. Flowers from bouquets or baskets may be preserved in the same way. The potatoes can be hidden by leaves or mosses .-- Utica Observer.

Lord Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, is to be the guest of the New York Bar Association in the summer.

#### Weather Signs.

The following quotations are taken from a lecture on "Weather prognostics" delivered by Mr. Wm. Marriott, before the Meteorological Society of England: When round the moon there is a brugh (halo,) The weather will be cold and rough. When the sun goes pale to bed, Twill rain to-morrow, it is said. When the clouds are upon the hills, They come down by the mills. Mackerel sky and mares' tails Make lofty ships carry low sails. When the wind veers against the sun, Trust it not, for back it will run.

It is in the rain's mouth. When the mist creeps up the hill, Fisher, out and try your skill. If larks fly high and sing long, expect fine

When the wind is in the south,

weather. When sea-birds fly out early and far to seaward, moderate winds and fair weather

may be expected. If rooks goes far abroad, it will be fine. Cranes soaring along and quietly in the air foreshow fair weather.

If kit s fly high, fine weather is at hand. Wild geese, wild geese, ganging out to sea, Good weather it will be.

When owls whoop much at night, expect fair weather. Bats or flying mice, coming out of their holes

quickly after sunset, and sporting themselves in the open air, premonstrate fair and calm weather.

Peterkin went away sorrowful. But a | Chickweed expands its leaves boldly and fully when fine weather is to follow. White mist in winter indicates frost.

> When fires burn faster than usual and with a blue flame, trosty weather may be expected.

> In winter, when the sound of the breakers on the shore is unusually distinct, frost

Clear moon, Frost soon.

In winter, when the moon's horns are sharp and well defined, frost is expected. make up my mind between him and his If the wind is north-east three days with-Eight days will pass before the south wind

If wind follows sun's course expect fair

All the above prognostications, it may be remarked, are in strict accordance with scientific observation.

### Adelaide Neilson's Grave.

"Do many persons come to see Miss Neilson's grave?" I asked the gatekeeper. "Yes, a good many. But its mostly Americans that visit it, mum."

"Who put up that beautiful marble

"I suppose 'twas the Cametery Association, mum. "Are any of her friends or relatives bur-

ied here?

"Not that I'm aware of, mum. I only keep the gates.

How stupid he was! Juliet's tomb in Brompton Cemetery, London, had for me a far keener, if melancholy, interest than the so-called tomb of Juliet in Verona. That is known to be a humbug. This has far better claim to be the tomb of Shakespeare's own Juliet. It is a picture which will linger always in my memory. I see it now, the green grave, the heavy white marble cross and the vivid red and yellow flowers shining through the mist of rain. The spattered rain spots in my note-book are still there, where the drops fell thick and fast as I copied the inscription on the monument-

> In Loving Memory of Adelaide Neilson, Died August 15, 1880. Gifted and Beautiful. Resting.

That was all.

# Drink in England.

Public house property in the large cities of England is rapidly depreciating in value. There were thirty public houses within half a mile of Liverpool Custom House closed within the year, because they did not pay the cost of rent, taxes and license fees.

This change is owing to the position recently taken by the Medical Profession and the English Church Officials. Beer-drinking had become so common as to endanger the wellbeing of the nation, and a few earnest men set about effecting a change. Some fifteen years ago things looked most discouraging in the mother country, but the influence of a few leading physicians was secured in advocacy of the truth. Such names as Gull, Thomson, Kerr, Richardson, Carpenter and Colanett were amongst the first to turn their faces against prescribing it, and what a change for a better state of things?

How many of Toronto's leading physicians will stand up against their pecuniary interests, and lend their influence in freeing this country from a similar cause? Of course, we have not become degraded to the same extent that the lower classes had been in Great Britain, but surely, we are low enough in the scale of degradation and misery. Stand up, gentleman, and show your manhood

# A Tea-Drunkard.

The term "tea-drunkard" is known throughout Russia, and implies, not the abuse of robur or any spirit distilled from the herb, but that the cup which cheers intoxicates also, if zealously adhered to. Strong tea is well-known to be a powerful though fleeting encitant of the nervous system; and if the reader likes to make the experiment let him drink a dozen or fifteen cups of tea in the Russian style-that is, without cream or sugar, but flavored with a drop of lemon-juice-in the space of a couple of hours, and he may arrive at the conclusion that there is something rational at out such a epithet as tea-drunkard after all. - Chambers' Journal.

Rabbit hunting by moonlight is now a fashionable sport in various parts of Illinois.

### The House of Lords.

A roll-call of the lords spiritual and temporal in the fourth session of the twentysecond parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland has just been issued. According to the usage of parliament, when the house appoints a select committee, or sends a committee to a conference with the commons, the lords are named in order of rank, beginning with the highest; otherwise the call begins with the junior baron. In the roll each peer has a number set against his name to show his rank in the house. Five royal princes are at the head of the list, and at the end are the two most recently-made peers, Lord Alcester and Lord Wolseley, whose number is 524 in the roll. This number is in excess of the total number of spiritual lords and temporal. The discrepancy arises from certain lords appearing twice, both in their due rank in the peerage, and also of high officers of state. Lord Selborne, besides being an earl, stands seventh on the list, taking precedence of every one except the royal dukes and the archbishop of Canterbury, who is not yet on the list; Lord Spencer comes ninth, as lord president of the council, and Lord Carlingford next, as lord pr.vy seal. Lord Sydney, as lord steward, takes precedence among earls, and Lord Kenmare, as lord chamberlain, among barons. Lord Erne also holds two places in the roll, as earl of Erne and Lord Fermanagh. Every peer has set against his name any office or superior title in the peerage of Ireland or of Scotland that he may hold .-London Times.

## What Whiskey Does.

The recent heavy failure in the whiskey trade of New York brings to mind the name of one of the most notorious women of our period, the wife of one of the parties to the collapse. Whiskey is a commercial article, and methodical persons engaged in its manufacture probably thrive as well as men manufacturing quinine or opium, or beer. But whisky often effects its manufacturers as it does their consumers. An old newspaper friend of mine, now decessed, by the name of Knowlton, who had once lived at Peoria, Ill., and, I think, was born there, said to me that the families of distillers who had grown rich in that district very often went to pieces. I asked him if it was not because they and their children sampled their own goods too much. "It may be that," said Knowleon; "but the religious people ascribed it to a Providence." The big whiskey men about Cincinnati, or at least some of them, fell to sampling their own wares too much, and most of them broke up, I believe, or have heard, and the big whiskey man become an object of pity. The whiskey cases in Chicago and St. Louis during Grant's administration were terrible tragedies .- "Gath" in Cincinnati Enquirer.

#### A Big Nevada Wildcat.

One Sunday night recently, as Daniel Tyer and Bill Dye were strolling about a mile from their home, near Wallace, Calaveras county, they heard their dogs making a noise a short distance away. On reaching the scene of the trouble they found that the do s had treed a monstrous wildcat. The cat seem to feel quite secure, and stretched i self at full length along one of the branches of the tree, and turned its halfsleepy-looking eyes on the dogs beneath. Tyer got his shot gun loaded with buckshot as quickly as possible, and, blazing away, knocked the wildcat off the limb to the ground. A terrible fight at once ensued between the animal and the besiegers. It soon vanquished the dogs, and then started for the young men. Tyer was just as quick as the cat. He had put one charge in his gun, and he knew he must put that where it would do the most good. As the cat made a spring Tyer fired, killing the infuriated animal. The cat weighed a hundred pounds.

# Simple Cure for Cold Feet.

The following remedy for cold feet is recommended by the Fireman's Journal for sedentary sufferers, as well as policemen, car drivers, and others who are exposed to the cold: All that is necessary is to stand erect and very gradually to lift one's self up upon the tips of the toes, so as to put all the tendons of the foot at full strain. This is not to hop or jump up and down, but simply to rise—the slower the better—upon tiptoe, and to remain standing on the point of the tees as long as possible, then gradually coming to the natural position. Repeat this several times, and, by the amount of work the tips of the toes are made to do in sustaining the body's weight, a sufficient and lively circulation is set up. A heavy pair of woollen stocking drawn over thin cotton ones is also a recommendation for keeping the feet warm, and at the same time preventing their becoming tender and sore.

# How Mr. Dawson Lost his Sheep.

Mr. Andrew Dawson was crossing a flock of 700 sheep over Rock Creek, near his housa. He had taken some waggons, removed the end gates from the beds, put them end to end, and was running the sheep through. They had been taken through to an island, and the waggons were taken to the other side, placed in position, and the sheep started on across. About 200 had got through when a roaring noise was heard, and the men on the island looked up and saw a wall of ice and water about four feet high rushing down upon them. In an instant they were engulfed, with the 500 sheep remaining on the island. The two men, Mr. Dawson and his son, succeeded in getting out, but the sheep were swept away. -Winfield Courier.

Mount Ætna is at its old work of erupting, and, of course, many of those who stay in its neighborhood are quite perplexed and terrified at its doings. It seems there have been about sixty of these exhibitions during the last century. They must be very grand as spectacles, but one is all the better for being only a visitor,—that is, if he wish to enjoy the sight to perfection. It is, as in the case of much meaner fires, the man who can say 'I'm but a lodger' who can take in all the most noticeable features of the scene with the greatest satisfaction

and comfort. Wagner left several great volumes of autobiography.

#### FASHION NOTES.

Double apron fronts for dresses are re-

Bright plaids will be much worn by child-Plain silk mitts, will be more worn than

lace ones. All colors are fashionable, but red is most

Plaid skirts with plain corsages will be much worn. Azaleas are the house plants of the passing

Jersey waists are more popular for child-

ren than ever. The Jersey is destined to great popularity this season.

The shade of lilac known as Ophelia is revived in veilings.

Postilion backs are the most frequent finish for pointed coreages. Navy blue remains the favorite color for

yachting and mountain suits. Buckles, large and small, are the popular millinery ornaments this season. The empire puff worn at the bottom of the

skirt has been revived in Paris. Sleeves of dresses and of mantles and wraps are made high on the shoulders. Box pleatings and flat puffs appear around

the bottom of many pointed bodices. The latest importations of Paris dresses

have larger tournnres and hip draperies. The favorite style of evening corsage is high behind, but low, oval, or square in front.

Terra cotta, dark blue, and dark red are frequent combinations in suits and in millinery this spring.

Pretty capotes with straw crowns and brims composed of pleatings of lace will be much worn as the season advances.

New flannel suits for children are made of cheviot flannels, garnet blue, dark green, and gray being the favorite colors.

The summer silks which come in large plaids of brilliant blues and reds sell more readily than any other for dress skirts. Large plaids are used for dress skirts to

be worn with velvet, velveteen, Jersey webbing, and plain veiling, and plain silk bodices. New wraps are in every conceivable shape from pardessus to mantles, do'mans,

jackets, jerseys, redingotes, and visites, havelocks, and raglans. Ottoman silks have the run of popular favor, but failles, gros grains, and satins

of all grades, from duchesse to merviellieux, are used in dressmaking. Two aprons, one long and square, the

other short and much wrinkled and looped around the hips, appear on the latest importations of French dresses. Sheer mull muslins, dotted, sprigged, or figured in Greek squares, stars, and other

designs, are being made up in large quantities for young girls' graduating and commencement dresses. Tinted nuns' veilings in shades of pale

terra cotta, crushed strawberry, raspberry, corn blue, and ashes of roses, will take the place, in a measure, of the cream and white wools so popular for evening dresses last summer.

Mr. Charlton's Bill and Blackmailing. What is all this fuss about black mailing and so forth which has been raised in connection

with Mr. Charlton's proposal to make seduction criminal? We have no hesitation in saying that it is all a piece of transparent humbug inaugurated and supported either by those who, in a certain sense, are literary, perhaps, also-indeed very likely-literal eunuchs as well, and who are always eager to get credit for "breadth" and exalted views, or by those who themselves have led pitiless licentious lives, and who are, theretore, afraid, not of being blackmailed, but of getting something like what they have long since deserved, who have made it their business and their boast to lead thoughtless, illtrained girls to ruin and then to brag of their conquests, like ill-conditioned, unhanged caitiffs, as they are. There are too many of such wretched fellows everywhere, and, no doubt, some of them will air their eloquence in due time in Parliament on the subject as they are always ready to show their presumptuous, illiteracy and feelingless selfishness through the columns of newspapers. It is quite true that seduction is the product and characteristic of a mean, degraded, illtrained age, an age of dwarfed virtues and gigantic vices, where man has little or no chivalry and women has little self-respect. But, even in such an age, there is a difference to be noted. A man never seduced the woman he really loved. A woman has too often allowed herself to be seduced at the prompting of something which she believed to be love, which was all she ever knew, q perhaps, could know under that name. W. at once acknowledge that there must be omething wrong with the moral fibre and general training of the woman, who, under any kind of promise, could allow herself to he so treated. But, is the ignorance, the comparative want of womanly delicacy, or of the instinctive self-respecting indignation of a true woman to be taken as a sufficient reason for allowing designing scoundrels to ply with impunity the r unhallowed trade at the expense of impulsive, ill-trained, "soft," and ignorant girls? We say no. Every one, almost, knows of cases where raw, ignornorant, inexperienced county cases have been brought to Toronto and elsewhere, and abando ed among the lost sisterhood of the city streets in circumstances the most pitiful that could be imagined, and with a pitiless indifference on the part of the seducers which rendered them well deserving, not merely of imprisonment, but of literal crucifixion. And, yet the cry is, Let it all pass for fear there might be blackmailing! Pshaw, you humbugs! By all means raise the tone of self-respecting womanhood, so that every one, though even the most licentious ape that ever dishonored the likeness of a man, may stand abashed and rebuked of a purity in which he has never believed; but, at the same time, take care to cast a shield of protection over those who can easily be talked over, and whom the poet has well described as persons Whose heart is blinded,

And feels, and loves, and will not reason, And they are lost, poor things ! poor things !

-Toronto Truth.

#### SEA-WEED.

An Effective Appetizer and a Nutritious Food-How it is Gathered and "Saved" in Ireland-An Industry Giving considerable Employment.

The New York Times, in a recent issue, gives an interesting issue of the uses of the "flower's of the sea" It says that, in Ireland, sea-weed as an article of food is not new to the people who dwell along the coasts. In the very best of times they consume a considerable amount of the choicest varieties for medicinal purposes. That which has the greatest popularity grows luxuriantly upon rocks that are submerged during the high tide. The saving process is a very simple one. At low tide the wives and daughters of fishermen gather it in baskets and spread it in such a way that it will catch the sun. The effect of this treatment changes its greenish color to a dark purple, and it is then stored in bags. On the western coast the people call it dilusk and sell it to summer visitors. As an appetizer it is considered very effective. It is a common sight at the western wateringplaces to see the children munching it during the midday airings on rock and heath. But as the effect of this kind of sea-weed is to increase rather than allay hunger in those unaccustomed to its use, the natives of the coast line cannot be expected to derive much nourishment from it as a continuous diet. As a matter of fact, they do not. A woman in the County Clare a few years ago, through the desertion of her husband and her inability to walk to a village a few miles distant, was compelled to subsist wholly on sea-weed. She ultimately died of starvation, and the stomach was found to be almost full of sea-weed. In the County Donegal, according to the latest cable report, the residents of the vicinity of Gweedmore, a little postal village, have been driven by the scantiness of provisions to make the principal meal of the day on sea weed. It is, therefore, not surprising that every house has one or more of its inmates on the sick-list. If the kind of seaweed which is known in this country as Irish moss and in Ireland as carrageen was more plentiful in Donegal the sufferings of the people would not be so great. That is really capable of affording a much more nutritious food than any other of the five hundred or more varieties. Scores of peasant women live by gathering it from the rocks in summer. They spread it upon the grassy slopes near the ocean until it whitens and hardens in the sun, and then pack and ship it. It is the Irish "mild-cure" bacon -too valuable to be kept for home consumption. Carrageen is still used by wellto do Irish families for blanc mange making. It is first steeped in cold water, then strained and the liquor boiled in milk. When poured into molds, sweetened, and flavored with lemon or vanilla, it becomes as stiff as corn-starch, and far more palatable. Before its medicinal virtues were proclaimed to the world the peasants of the coast had it nearly all to themselves. During late years they have been content with an occasional meal.

### LEAVEN OF HUMOR.

If the Earl of Dalhousie were to read Dr. Dix's sermon, he would infer that the difficulty in this country was not that men married the sister of a deceased wife, but married the sister of a wife still living.

Nebuchadnezzar ate grass, my son, because he was living at a college boardinghou e and had to fill up on something, and grass seemed to combine more nutrition and cheapness than anything else on the bill of

An English bishop querulously remarked to his servant that he was dying. "Well my lord," said the good fellow, "you are going to a better place." "John," replied the prelate with an air of conviction, there's no place like old England."

A preacher who was not well acquainted with the elecutionary art placed the reflection on the wrong word, following the literal italic in I. Kings xiii., 27, and read: "And spake unto his sons, saying, saddle me the ass, and they saddled him.

Sunday-school teacher: "What is the first and most important of the sacraments?" Little 7 year-old female scholar: "Marriage ' Teacher: "O no! baptism is the first and most important." Small girl: "Well, it may be with some folks, but marriage comes first in our family; we are respectable people, we

An inquisitive temperance man: "Where do the wicked men go who drink liquor?" asked a temperance lecturer of a small boy at an Austin Sunday-school. "Well, some of them go to Bornefeld's saloon and some go to the Iron Front, but the wickedest ones -the legislators-always go to the nearest saloon. If you ask pa, he will show you where you can get the best beer."

A Scotch minister, forgetting his specticles could not read the hymn, so he said "My eyes are dim, I cannot see." The precentor immediately sang, "My eyes are deem; 1 caw-noot see." The minister explained, "I spoke of my infirmity." This was sung as the second line. The minister pleaded, "I merely said my eyes were dim." These words were sung, and he sat down, saying, "I did not mean to sing a hymn." When this line was sung the services closed.

A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquors. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered the Quaker; "It is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth and thou wilt never be drunk again." The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it.

Telephonic improvements go on apace. Every likelihood that everybody will be able to talk with his friends across the Atlantic before he is much older. So be it. All success to these who are thus abridging time and actually destroying distance,

Alexander H. Stephens never married, but it is reported that the lady he was in love with lived to regret her mistake.