

That Boy Lover of Mine.

'Twas my very first beau, ah me! how I loved him;
We wrote on our slates every day
And passed them quite sly from one side to the other.
In an innocent kind of way;
And this is the way we commenced the dear letters:
"I now take my pen in my hand
To inform you I'm well and hope you are also,"
With other words, please understand.

Not a boy in the school could compare with my lover;
A beautiful brown were his curls,
His eyes were as bright as the stars in the heavens,
Whenever they shone on the girls;
He was saucy at times, but in him it was charming.
Which to others may seem somewhat queer,
No matter, I loved him, his faults, sirs, seemed virtues,
This little love so dear.

He said that he never would love any other,
His words I did sweetly believe,
And oh! I was happy as birds of the morning,
Not dreaming that boys could deceive.
There came to our school in the course of the season
A girl that was pretty to view;
I quickly was forced to believe I had reason
To look on my beau as untrue.

He sweetly would smile on the girl I was hating,
Forgetting that promise of his,
When he would obtain, after cooing and coaxing,
What he styled a most ravishing kiss;
And this was my first, my very first lesson,
That boys could so love, then forget,
And leave little girls that were loving them dearly
To sorrow and useless regret.

The boy and the man are the same I am thinking,
As fickle and false as the wind;
Whenever they meet with a face that is pleasing,
They break every tie that may bind—
He flirted awhile with the girl he thought pretty,
Then left her, which served her aright;
He came sneaking back to the girl he had slighted,
To just "get the mitten" outright.
And now, my good sirs, I must tell you a secret,
Long sorrowful years have been told,
The boy I so loved in my earliest girlhood,
Is now just a sight to behold.

I truly am glad that apart we have drifted
And I row my own boat all alone;
That I hear not the voice that in youth was so charming,
Which now has a discordant tone—
And now, my dear sirs, you must sacredly promise
To tell me the secret I own.
If he were now single—that man I'd not marry
If he were a king on his throne.

INSOLVENCY SEQUEL.

Interesting Cases in the High Court.

The two cases of Benninger vs. Thrasher and Forrester vs. Thrasher, tried in the High Court of Justice, are interesting in themselves, but the points of law arising in them are still more noteworthy. The defendant was sued in the first action for the seduction of one Ellen Forrester, of Belleville, who herself brought the second action, for breach of promise of marriage. The plaintiffs succeeded in obtaining large judgments in both cases, but as the defendant was then worthless, no money was ever recovered from him, and he obtained his discharge in insolvency. Since that time, however, he has succeeded in amassing considerable property, and the plaintiffs have issued new executions to recover the amount of their judgments. He now contends that, as he has received his insolvency discharge, he is released from these claims. The Master in Chambers has decided against him in both cases, and he will now have to pay the penalty of his wrong-doing.

Cultivate a Sweet Voice.

There is no power of love so hard to get and keep as a kind voice. A kind hand is deaf and dumb. It may be rough in flesh and blood, yet do the work of a soft heart, and do it with a soft touch. But there is no one thing that love so much needs as a sweet voice to tell what it means and feels, and it is hard to get it and keep it in the right tone. One must start in youth, and be on the watch night and day, at work and play, to get and keep a voice that shall speak at all times the thought of a kind heart. But this is the time when a sharp voice is most apt to be got. You often hear boys and girls say words at play with a sharp tone, as if it were the snap of a whip. When one of them gets vexed you will hear a voice that sounds as if it were made up of a snarl, a whine and a bark. Such a voice often speaks worse than the heart feels. It shows more ill-will in the tone than in the words. It is often in nirth that one gets a voice or a tone that is sharp, and sticks to him through life, and stirs up ill-will and grief, and falls like a drop of gall on the sweet joys at home. Such as these get a sharp home voice for use and keep their best voice for those they meet elsewhere, just as they would save their best cakes and pies for guests and all their sour food for their own board. I would say to all boys and girls, "Use your guests' voice at home." Watch it by day as a pearl of great price, for it will be worth more to you in the days to come than the best pearl hid in the sea. A kind voice is a lark's song to the hearth and home. It is to the heart what light is to the eye.—*Jewish Messenger.*

The death is announced at Morpeth of the Rev. Dr. Anderson in his 87th year. His first ministerial charge was as parish minister of St. Fergus, which he continued to hold until the Disruption in 1843. Deceased was a prominent member of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. George Munro, the New York publisher, has endowed another chair in Dalhousie College, to be known as the "George Munro" chair of English literature, to which is added the subject of metaphysics. Dr. Schurman, of Acadia College, Wolfville, has been appointed to the new chair, the endowment of which amounts to \$2,000 a year.

—There is a fancy abroad that city people do not visit their country cousins until very hot weather, but even a blind man, boarding an incoming train, knows by his nose that the daily outpouring begins when the lilacs bloom.

—A Texas man has been sent to jail for thirty days for saying to an editor: "Come down stairs and I'll make a charnel-house of you!" The law won't permit any such sort o' houses down there.

A wealthy man displaying one day his jewels to a philosopher, the latter said: "Thank you, sir, for being willing to share such magnificent jewels with me." "Share them with you, sir?" exclaimed the man. "What do you mean?" "Why you allow me to look at them, and what more can you do with them yourself?" replied the philosopher.

RAMPANT OUTRAGE.

Agrarian Murders and Outrages in Ireland.

Two Farmers Shot and Brutally Maimed—Government Reward for Bourke's Murderers.

A last (Friday) night's Dublin cablegram says: The Government have lost no time in issuing an offer of a reward for the arrest of the assassins of Mr. Bourke. The proclamation appears in to-night's *Gazette* offering £2,000 for such information as shall lead to the conviction of the person or persons who murdered Mr. Walter M. Bourke and Corporal Wallace, of the Royal Dragoons. A further reward of £1,000 is offered for such private information as shall lead to the same result, and a free pardon and special protection for any accomplice who shall turn Queen's evidence. Also £500 for information which shall lead to the conviction of the person or persons who may harbor or maintain the murderers or assist them to escape. The assassinations are accompanied by a terrible outburst of agrarian crime. The facts reported this afternoon have created a profound sensation in Dublin. The Lord-Lieutenant and the permanent officials were at the castle until a late hour to-night sending instructions to various parts of the country regarding the protection of certain landlords and officials who are in just as much danger as Mr. Bourke was. The feeling of despondency in the capital was never greater. The feeling is intensified by the fact that the agricultural prospect throughout the country is particularly bright. It was expected that this would tend to promote contentment and quiet among the farmers. Some twelve months ago the unfortunate Mr. Bourke, who was a Commissioner of National Education, resigned his position as manager of the national school on his property, as he expected to be assassinated, requesting that the appointment be transferred to his brother, Captain Bourke.

An attempt has been made to assassinate Michael Brown, a farmer of Rathglass, a few miles from Gross Molina, county Mayo. The attempt was most daring and determined. Six men walked up to him in a field and asked him why he had taken a farm when he was warned against doing so. One man then placed a revolver against his forehead, and said, "Now you will get your reward." Another man interposed and said, "Do not kill him; he may be a good man yet." They then fired six shots at him, lodging two bullets in his thigh. Some time after he was found insensible. One bullet has been extracted, but it is stated that the man, who is 60 years of age, cannot live. The police patrol had only passed the scene of the outrage ten minutes before, and could hardly have been out of hearing of the shots. Four arrests have been made on suspicion. Another attempt was made to murder Henry East, an extensive farmer and millowner, living at Curraghtreoch, near Ballyfarnon, county Roscommon. It is perhaps one of the most daring outrages committed in Ireland. East, who had had some quarrel with his neighbors about cutting turf in his bog, was standing at 8 o'clock in his farmyard when three men with blackened faces and carrying heavy bludgeons jumped over the wall and attacked him in a most savage manner. His cries for help brought his son to his assistance, but he too was set upon and compelled to seek safety in flight. East's wife came to the door, but the assassins also threatened to murder her if she interfered. They returned to the attack on their victim. Drawing their revolvers, they fired several shots, three of which took effect, one bullet lodging in his hip, another breaking his leg above the knee, and a third smashing his foot below the ankle. The injured man was sinking rapidly when the last despatch from the place was sent. Four men were arrested, but he could not identify them as being among his assailants.

A Ballina despatch says: The inquest in the case of Melady, who was shot during a disturbance between the people and the constabulary, is concluded. Fifteen of a jury of twenty-one returned a verdict that death was caused by a gun shot wound inflicted by the Irish constabulary. The jury expressed sympathy for the relatives of Melady, and recommended the Government to compensate them.

A London cablegram says: In the House of Commons last night several amendments were proposed to the Repression Bill but were rejected. An acrimonious discussion ensued. Progress was reported.

Low Water in Boilers.

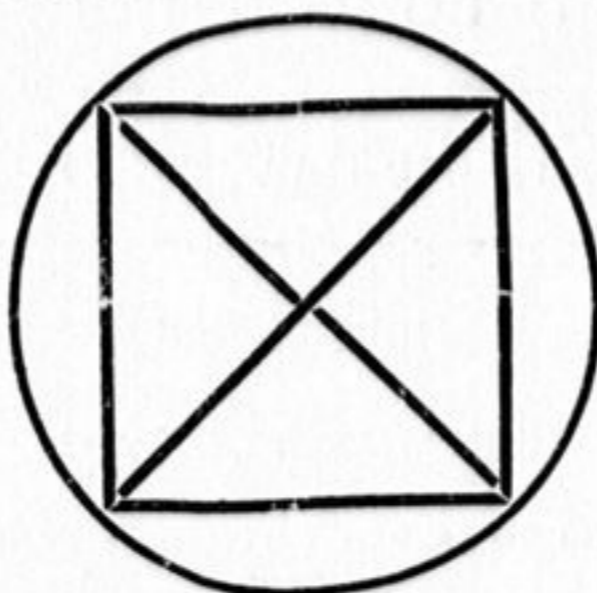
Locomotive, speaking of this subject, says that none of the appliances which are intended to give warning when the water is dangerously low are infallible. The tendency is to rely too much upon them, and under such circumstances, when they do become inoperative, they are worse than useless—they become very dangerous. This is especially apt to be the case where the water is not of the best quality, and the apparatus consists of anything in the nature of a whistle, connected to the boiler with small pipe connections. Such apparatus is almost sure to be neglected, so that the pipes become filled with sediment or scale, and then low water is tolerably certain to be the result. We would mention a case now which occurred a few miles here, where implicit reliance was placed upon a contrivance of this sort, and with the fireman in constant attendance the water got low, and the first indications of it that were noticed were the buckling of the plates of the shell and the tube-sheets, whereby the seams were started, allowing the steam and water to escape. When this occurred the fireman became frightened and fled, expecting to have his flight accelerated by the explosion of the boiler. Fortunately, this did not occur, as the boiler was well made, of excellent material, and hung together, to use a homely phrase, until the water had all escaped, but the boiler was totally ruined.

Hamilton Palace near Glasgow, the princely residence of the Duke of Hamilton, Brandon and Chatelherault, has been let to a wealthy Australian for a term of years, at a very high figure. The magnificent collection of bronzes belonging to the palace has been purchased by the same person and will not, therefore, be sold with the pictures and library.

AN OLD PUZZLE REVIVED.

What is now Keeping the Lawyers from their Briefs and the Merchants from their Ledgers.

Professor Tobin, of the Louisville Polytechnic School, the other day, says the *Courier-Journal*, at a hotel dinner-table drew the following diagram on the back of a bill of fare:



"Now," he said to the interested lookers-on who inquired as to the object of his sketch, "the object is to trace this figure of the circumscribed square without removing the pencil from the paper or retracing any of the lines."
"Can it be done?" asked half a dozen voices at once.

"You can all see me do it," and as he spoke the pencil flew around the various curves and angles and the figure was complete. In less time than it takes to write it all the gentlemen had taken out their pencils and were hard at work on the puzzle. The success was about uniform—each man found himself one line short. Again and again the same thing was accomplished, but no one was successful. Then the dinner came in and the matter dropped for the time being. But the end was not yet. The seeds had been sown and soon bore fruit. The single trial had been fatal to the peace of mind not only of those who were present, but by degrees of the whole community.

Since that day there has been a serious state of things in Louisville, for which Professor Tobin alone is responsible. The fever has spread like wildfire, and everybody is at work on the puzzle. It sticks more tenaciously than did the acorned 13, 14, 15, and the man who once has yielded to the temptation of trying to solve it is wretched beyond description. Not a scrap of paper is to be found that does not bear the mysterious cross which bears silent but incontrovertible testimony to the abortive efforts at solution which are driving to the lunatic asylum the wretched victims of the baleful diagram. Attorneys' offices, at the clubs and in the counting-rooms, "upstairs, downstairs and in the ladies' chamber," all Louisville is at work upon the puzzle, and it is said that the Board of Trade, though the puzzle is as old as the hills and can doubtless be done by a majority of the children in the public schools of New York, has made a formal demand on Professor Tobin to publish the solution lest business should be so utterly neglected that the grass will begin to grow in Main street.

Such is the excitement that the accomplished editor of the *Courier-Journal*, who was in New York on Wednesday evening on a telegraphic summons, thereby casting a shadow over a social gathering of his friends, in order to bring Professor Tobin to reason and insist on his putting a stop at once to the demoralization of the community.

Oiling the Waves.

Writing to the *United Service Gazette*, an anonymous correspondent suggests that the use of oil in calming a rough sea might be of great aid in connection with life-buoys. It is very astonishing the effect of merely one drop of oil on the surface of water around where it fell, yet how much would such a calm area created by it be appreciated by a struggling swimmer for dear life towards the life-buoy, if it were only charged with a small allowance of oil, with contrivance for its gradual oozing out, so as not to be discharged at once, and be thus drifted away in a compact area from the buoy? With this, exhaustion from enforced swallowing salt water when facing a rippling or crested sea, even with little wind, would to a great extent, I apprehend, be allayed. Again, oil might effectually be adopted in dropping a life-boat from the ship by calming the waters alongside; this could easily be done by a jet from the neighborhood of the engine-room, where are oil tanks and numerous pipes of discharge.

A CURE FOR SLEEP WALKING.—A correspondent writes: Having been troubled myself, about ten years ago, with the habit of getting up and walking about while asleep, and knowing how disagreeable and dangerous it is, I hasten to give a very cheap but effective remedy for sleep walking. Every evening, before retiring, place on the floor in front of the bed some towels soaked with cold water. When the somnambulist gets up and puts his feet into the water he is sure to awake, and will prefer to creep into the warm bed again rather than stroll around like a ghost. After a few surprises of that kind sleep walking loses all its charms. I tried this plan during six weeks, and attempted to leave the bed four times during that period, but was soon recalled to my senses by the cold water, and since then have been entirely free from somnambulism.

The hotel known as the Big Indian House, near Rondout, N. Y., was set on fire in the following singular manner: After the morning's milking two milk pails with concave bottoms were set upon a table which stood against the outside of the hotel to dry, as was the usual custom. About 11 o'clock in the forenoon it was found that a portion of the siding where the sun's rays had been converged by the milk pails was on fire, and a place a foot in diameter was already burned through the siding and sheathing.

FORTUNATE FATHER.—An Austin father complained bitterly of the way his children destroyed their clothing. He said: "When I was a boy I only had one suit of clothes, and I had to take care of it. I was only allowed one pair of shoes a year in those days." There was a pause, and then the oldest boy spoke up and said: "I say, dad, you have a much easier time of it now—you are living with us."—*Austin (Texas) Siftings.*

ONTARIO MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The President's Address—Cremation a Preventive Against the Spread of Contagious Diseases.

The annual session of the Ontario Medical Association began yesterday in Toronto, Dr. Coverton, the President, in the chair. On the platform were Drs. Workman, Toronto; Yeomans, Mt. Forest; Macdonald and Mullen, Hamilton. Among the delegates present were Drs. G. L. MacKellan, Hamilton; R. Secord, Bright; W. Burt, Paris; D. L. Philip, Brantford, and H. M. McKay, Woodstock.

The Secretary read a letter from Dr. Power, of Ottawa, regarding the formation of a mutual benefit association for the medical profession, and explaining how it could be established and conducted. After some discussion the communication was referred to a committee to report.

Dr. Coverton then delivered his opening address. The association promised to take a high rank among similar ones in America. After reviewing the work of the association since its formation, he advocated the establishing of local health boards and the appointment of local health officers as an aid to this association, also that doctors throughout the Province should send a list of the cases attended by them during each week with the severity and nature of the disease. The germ theory of zymotic and other diseases was scientifically adverted to, and the necessity of microscopic analysis as an important factor in discovering the origin and progress of diseases was considered. The opinion of eminent medical scientists in favor of the theory of the contagious nature of tuberculosis-phthisis was referred to and also the fact that such a belief was gaining ground among members of the profession. In relation to the disposal of the bodies of persons dying from contagious diseases the lecturer spoke of cremation as destroying all possibility of infection from those bodies. What favor the system may meet with among medical men remains to be seen, but there was little doubt that the public generally would at least at present oppose any such method of disposing of the bodies of their relatives.

Dr. Worthington, of Clinton, read a paper upon the treatment of diphtheria. Dr. Philip, of Brantford, followed with a paper on the treatment of consumption, and after some discussion the meeting rose to sit again at 8 o'clock.

In the evening Dr. Clarke, superintendent of the Toronto Insane Asylum, read and explained the treatment of the insane and also the treatment for nervous diseases. Considerable discussion followed and the assembly adjourned until to-day.

Fashion's Latest Frolics.

The latest importations of flowers include the flower horseshoes worn as bonnets, with and without a crown piece. They are of small and large flowers, arranged in rows divided by leaves. Large bunches of flowers and fruits are also arranged, ready to place upon the large hats in case of accident to the plumes with which they are trimmed. This arrangement will be appreciated by those ladies who have experienced the disastrous effect of the sea atmosphere upon ostrich tips and plumes. Large bunches of pompons and an aigrette may also be placed upon one side of a hat, the opposite side being filled with folds or draping of surah silk or velvet fastened with many fancy pins.

Among flower novelties are the immense velvet pansies, daisies, poppies and other aesthetic flowers. They measure from eight to eighteen inches in diameter, are colored in the most beautiful natural tints, and are arranged with one blossom and from one to three buds, without foliage. They are intended to fasten skirt draperies, and for corsage bouquets in the smaller sizes. They are not likely to become common, as the prices range from \$8 to \$15 apiece.

Killed by Hail Stones.

On Thursday evening a hail storm suddenly struck the city of Laredo, Texas. Hail stones as large as a man's fist for thirty minutes fell without interruption. Glass doors, windows, and other fragile objects were broken and several houses unroofed. A building in course of erection worth \$15,000 was demolished, killing one man and wounding two. John Shea was caught in the storm and his skull fractured. Charles Monster, beaten by the hail stones about the breast and shoulders, fell exhausted on the highway and died shortly after being conveyed home. After the storm the sun shone brightly and the skies were unclouded. The storm was the severest ever known there.

"My darling," said a fond husband, "I really believe my rheumatism has wholly disappeared!" She—"Oh, I am so sorry! Now we shall never know when the weather is going to change."

Mr. Bayley, late organist of Christ Church, Toronto, and leader of the Queen's Own Rifles Band, has been appointed organist in Wesley Hall, Grace Church, Winnipeg. He will also take the leadership of the Field Battery Band.

—Two friends after dinner, over their cigars, discourse of life: "Growing old is a bore, old fellow; one's powers must fall off, you know." "Not a bit; look at Tomkins, now." "Well?" "Why, at college he was awfully stupid, but he's past fifty, and still he grows stupider every day."

A Paris Frenchman, rejoicing or suffering under the elongated name of M. Verand de Sainte-Anne, has come forward with a bold plan for bridging the troublesome channel between England and France. He proposes (on paper of course) to construct the bridge from Folkestone to Cape Grisnez, and the structure is to embrace in its twenty-three miles nearly all the forms of architecture known in ancient and modern bridge building. Some parts will be tubular, after the style of the Victoria at Montreal, some iron framework, like the bridges on American railroads, and some will be viaducts of solid masonry, after the fashion of the work now in progress under the Hudson, between New York and Jersey City. The English people look upon the enthusiastic French inventor as a sort of Keely motor fraud, and the principal London journals are just now industriously engaged in ridiculing him.

French women have seven grades of mourning. The seventh, which is for second cousins, also answers for balls and parties. It is a happy combination.

OUR PRAIRIE PROVINCE.

The Indian Problem—Child Burned to Death—C. F. H. Management.

A telegram from Winnipeg, dated Sunday night, says: A letter received by the Indian Office from Lieutenant-Governor Dewdney at Qu'Appelle reports matters in a satisfactory condition throughout the Northwest. Four hundred Cree Indians had arrived there from the south in charge of the late Indian farm instructor at Fort Walsh. They expressed a desire to be placed on the Qu'Appelle reserve. Three or four thousand Indians at Big Lake, in the vicinity of Fort Walsh, have expressed a desire to go on the reserves and quit nomadic life. It is the intention of the authorities to urge them back from the frontier to avoid international trouble. The Indian farm at Fort Walsh has been abandoned, and that post will be no longer an Indian agency. The treaty payments will be made exclusively on the reserves, and after the harvest, to avoid the necessity of suspension of labor during this, to the aborigines, festive season.

Vice-President Hill is here. Rumor connects his visit with changes in the management of the Pacific Railway. Since the exposure Canadians are treated with more caution. Offences which formerly commanded dismissal are now visited with short suspension. A railroad man from the west of the track says not a mile of track is yet laid or grading done under Van Horne's management.

A little two year old child named Payne, who lived on William street, was put to bed yesterday, and after it had gone asleep the father and mother went out to gather firewood. During their absence the child awoke and got out of bed. Finding a box of matches, she began to strike them, and one falling on her night dress set it ablaze. The father rushed to the house and put out the flames as quickly as possible, but not before the child had been terribly burned. The poor little child's sufferings were relieved by death last night.

Dresses for Girls.

The opening of the principal houses exhibit the most elaborate dresses for children. An exquisite dress of shell pink faille and brocade in thistle pattern is made for a child of ten with full paniers and ruffles on skirt. Cinnamon, terra cotta and olive is one of the odd aesthetic combinations of color used this season. Rich colors and cuffs of lace finish these dresses. Nainsook dresses are made in Mother Hubbard style. They are shirred at the waist, where a deep ruffle of embroidery joins the waist. The lace dresses are made in French Princess style of fine insertions and edgings of Valenciennes lace or of India muslin and Irish point lace, or the sheer embroidery, which is made in patterns of lace. The most popular style for cambric or gingham dresses is a combination of the French guimpe and the Mother Hubbard fashions. The yoke and sleeves of this dress are of sheer white nainsook trimmed with embroidery. The rest of the dress is of cambric, shirred on to the yoke in Mother Hubbard fashion. Quaint little puffs decorate the shoulders. Dresses of soft chevrot wool or flannel are used for early spring and cool days throughout the summer. These are in Princess style, in a variety of designs. Army blue, in cayenne pepper mixture, cool stone grays or drabs, with an under surface of gay color, are a pretty choice. Picturesque frocks in old English style are of olive, dark terra cotta red, peacock or seal brown flannels.—*New York Mail.*

Another Charge Against Gilbert.

Appropos of the question as to the originality of the song, "For He is an Englishman," a *Trojan* writes: "The song 'He is an Englishman' is not the only plagiarism in 'Pinafore,' as will be seen from the following extracts from an old ballad called 'The Bumboat Woman's Story':"

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully served the ships
With apples, and cakes, and fowls, and beer, and
one cent dips—
And beef for the generous mess where the officers
dine at nights,
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rollicking
midshipmites.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon me
down below,
"Come down, Little Buttercup, come," for he
loved to call me so.

I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors
sometimes swear
But I never yet heard a Bun say anything wrong
I declare.

When Jack tars growl, I believe they growl with
a big, big D—
But the strongest oath of the "Hot Cross Buns"
was a mild "Dear me!"

Footlights.

Horndon's Opera Company have disbanded at Kingston. Mr. and Mrs. Herndon remain there.

The profits claimed to have been made by some stars during the past season are very large. There is claimed \$20,000 out of "Humpty Dumpty" in forty weeks. Buffalo Bill received about \$100,000, of which half was clear profit. Maggie Mitchell and John T. Raymond made about \$40,000, while "Sam'l of Posen" drew over \$60,000 in New York alone last season. Edwin Booth is said to have made \$85,000, and his manager, Mr. Abbey, \$15,000 out of his last season.

—London Punch: "A female is at the bottom of every conspiracy. Look for the woman in the Kilmainham Treaty mystery and you find her in O'Shea!"

Innocent Syracuse proposes to give its policemen keys to all the saloons, just to give the proprietors assurance that the law will stand between them and justice probably.

At the annual exercise of Hiram College yesterday Mrs. James A. Garfield was elected to the position of trustee, to fill the vacancy on the college board created by the death of her husband. General and Mrs. Garfield at one time taught classes side by side in this institute.

Just as a girl was about to drown herself at Athens, Ala., a man caught her. She struggled, but he held her fast. "I'll give you ten minutes to think it over," he said, "and if you then want to die I'll let you do it." When the time was up he released her and she quietly went home.

—It was a French woman who exclaimed, holding up a glass of sparkling fresh water: "Ah! if it were only wicked to drink this, how nice it would taste!"

Prince Bismarck is somewhat better, but continues to suffer much from gout, a waning appetite and indigestion. Acute pain has of late kept him from sleeping. If he is able to do so he will stay a few weeks in Berlin, in order to be present at the second reading of the Tobacco Monopoly Bill. It he cannot do this, he will immediately proceed to a watering place. In spite of his illness the Chancellor continues daily to work as much as possible with his second son, Count William.

Because you look down on a man it does not make it incumbent on him to look up to you.