

YOUNG FOLKS.

Three Little Dolls.

I have three little dolls in my play-room
Annie, and Fanny, and May,
And one is witty and one is pretty,
And one is naughty all day.

And some people wouldn't believe it,
And others would think it queer,
But the third is my pet and my darling,
Naughty, but dearest dear.

And over and over I kiss her,
And over and over I say,
I never could spare the dolly,
Who is often naughty all day.

MAUD'S REMINDER.

"Oh," exclaimed Maud impatiently, "I wish mother wouldn't! Why can't she let things alone?"

Out of the window she had caught sight of her mother working in a flower-bed which an intruding mass of periwinkle with its multitude of rooting, progressing runners threatened to occupy to the exclusion of the rightful plants.

"I'd sooner let that old flower-bed go than work out there," thought Maud, I wonder if it's necessary for me to go and help her? I don't want to one bit! Gardening is such a bother."

She turned away from the window. "I don't believe I will," she concluded.

"I want to read that paper Uncle Frank sent, with all those pictures in it of the fireworks at the soldiers reunion. There's ever so much historical information in that paper, too. One ought to know about the history of one's country."

And Maud settled herself on the lounge and read her paper.

Out side in the warm sun her mother worked. She had hurried through her indoor tasks in order to have some time to spend in the garden, for she had been afraid that the ever advancing periwinkle would root out some plants that she did not want to lose. But she was tired, and the periwinkle's interlacing rootless seemed like shoe-strings, the knots of which she could never get rid of. She pulled and hoed, and still more weeds and periwinkle confronted her.

"I'm so tired," she said to herself.

No wonder she was tired. She had worked enough. She had hurried down stairs before six that morning to be sure to get breakfast ready for her son who had to catch the train to the city. It would never do for him to be late at the store. And as for Maud's doing such a thing as running down stairs and lighting the fire, and getting her brother's coffee and graham gems, and eggs ready, Maud's mother would have been astonished if such a thing had occurred. Maud was strong and well, but she was not much help to her mother. And yet Maud accounted herself a Christian.

After seeing her boy off, Mrs. Crowell had put Maud's breakfast where it would be warm when she should come down. Her mother washed dishes and heated some water for some flannels that must be washed, too. Mrs. Crowell swept and dusted, and made beds, and hurried through the most of the usual household work in order that she might have time that forenoon for the extra outdoor toil. Her boy was in the store day and evening, and had no time to help about gardening. Neither could Mrs. Crowell afford to hire some one every time there was something in the garden that ought to be done. And Maud never seemed to think she could help. Some way, ever since she came home it had been so. When she had been attending the seminary she had been doing much but study, and her mother had been doing much but work be-

throat. Supposing she should ever have to say that! Maud's memory awoke.

"When I was going to school," she thought, "mother worked and worked at home, sweeping, and cooking, and washing paint and windows, and ironing, and doing everything, and she was so tired at night, and yet I couldn't spare time from my lessons to help get supper, and she'd tell me to keep at my books, and she'd wash dishes, and everything. Some mothers would have thought they needed me too much at home to let me keep on going to the seminary, but mother wasn't that way. She had too hard a time getting her own education to start me on mine. And how she used to spend time hearing my lessons when I was little and wasn't strong enough to go to school all the time? Some mothers couldn't have thought they could spare a couple of hours a day to hear a child recite, but she did. And here I am, letting her do everything now! What sort of a Christian have I been? A person who didn't even profess to be a church-member might have been better."

The next morning Mrs. Crowell awoke with a kind of indistinct feeling that she had heard some one go softly down stairs a while before. But she thought she must have been mistaken.

"It can't be time for Harry to be up yet," she thought as she hurriedly made ready to go down to her usual work.

It seemed to her she was tired to begin with. She was always tired. There was so much to be done.

But when she reached the kitchen, she was half startled. Maud stood there turning hot water into the coffee-pot. There was a fire. The table in the next room was set for the breakfast that was almost cooked.

"Why, Maud!" exclaimed her mother.

"I'm up early for once," returned Maud quietly.

But it was not till after two or three days of such helping that Mrs. Crowell realized what happened. One morning Maud took the broom and the carpet-sweeper out of her mother's hands, and insisted on doing the day's sweeping upstairs.

Mrs. Crowell went away by herself into the parlor, and listened to Maud's steps as the girl went up-stairs. Her mother's eyes filled with tears. It seems so good to have a helper.

"Oh," almost sobbed the mother to herself, "I knew Maud cared! I do believe she has thought, at last!"

How Ponto Went to Church.

It was laughingly said in Uncle Jerry's family that Ponto was a pious dog, for he always followed the carryall to church, and lingered to return home with his friends after service. This was considered a rather decorous trait in the dog, and even Deacon Jerry was known to crack a mild joke on Ponto's regularity in "assembling himself together" on Sunday morning.

But one bright Sabbath, when the apple trees were in blossom, and the factory girls had donned their new straw bonnets, and all the more fortunate boys were looking so spruce in their fresh spring suits that it was a pleasure as well as a duty to present themselves at the quaint village church, Ponto resolved to be no longer a doorkeeper and accordingly he sidled up the aisle after his mistress and followed her into the pew. When he showed no disposition to regard her hint to go out as he came in, the timid lady concluded to let him be where he was, hoping against hope that he would disturb no one. Uncle Jerry owned two pews, and Ponto might, during good behavior, be allowed to spread himself in one of them. His demeanor was reverential enough for a time, but when the immemorial seamstress of the family appeared at the door of the pew, escorted by a suitor from a distance, who was hospitably entertained at the deacon's house in view of the fact that he was a man of substance and a class-leader withal, Ponto challenged the latter with a few gruff words.

He had taken an objection, based, it was said, on the fact that the suitor was a stranger.

and this was a most embarrassing situation. The men who did the unloading on the contrary were "loaded." They wore bare legs and slippers to the heel, a costume eminently uncertain glory of an April day.

The bare, brown limbs of the men offered a wide contrast to the Arabs up and down the street.

He paused in his rapid talk and said in a low voice: "Then there would have been a great deal to be said, and I'd been to blame. God knows, I'd been to blame."

to be found. On the arrival of the family at church there he was, awaiting them; but he showed no inclination to enter.

From that time until the day of his death Ponto never failed to disappear early Sunday morning, and to reappear in the churchyard at half-past ten. But never again did he cross the threshold of the church door.

FOREIGNERS HAVE LA GRIPPE.

Natives of Warm Climes Catching it at Chicago.

A Chicago, Ill., despatch says:—Visitors from the tropics who are not accustomed to snow and sleet and chilling rains have had a rough experience this week. Many of them came here late in order to escape the early spring, and were somewhat surprised to find that they had dropped into town almost in midwinter. There is not a native of the warm countries now at Jackson Park, with the possible exception of the Arabs, who is not sick, either with la grippe or bronchitis, and the only reason these sons of the desert are exempt from the ills that beset the other warm blooded people is that they are full of beer all the time. They have taken very kindly to the Chicago brew. In fact they drink it at every opportunity and are very quarrelsome in consequence. The most pitiable objects at Jackson Park are the Cingalese, who left the sunny clime of far away Ceylon to build the Cingalese Court on the lake front, not far from the warship, and Cingalese pavilions in the agricultural, woman's and other buildings. The court is to be a magnificent affair, but the thin-blooded workmen cannot finish it in the face of the Michigan breezes that blow from off the big lake of that name. Nearly every workman is utterly incapacitated, while not one of them is well enough to do a fair day's work. They sit in their quarters,

HOLLOW-EYED AND AS GHASTLY

as their coffee complexions will permit, and gravely cough the time away. The inhabitants of Java, Sumatra and Borneo are quite as badly off. They cannot work either, most of them being down with la grippe. It is as much as the most hardened Chicagoan can do to keep in good condition in such weather, while it is an utter impossibility for these sons of the sun to get up steam enough to work. A few warm, sunny days might bring them around all right, but they are not the sort of days we are having now. It was warm enough up to Wednesday, but it turned very cold then and has been chilly ever since. The Japanese want to complete their bamboo village as soon as possible, but they can't work on it while they are so sick. The Japanese, who went through the winter all right so bundled up that not even the tips of their noses could be seen, are shivering now and many of them can do nothing. They thought that when spring came it would stay, but it didn't. These subjects of the Mikado, who count every day they are absent from home as a day absolutely lost, are heartily sick of Chicago and everything connected with it. The giant Zulus who are guarding the precious clay from the mines of Kimberly are not only heart-sick, but sick in body as well. The clay is said to contain diamonds in the rough valued at \$250,000, and when the Fair opens the Zulus will proceed to dig them out for the edification of visitors. Tiffany is to set the diamonds when they are produced. But the Zulus feel as though they would not live to perform the task allotted them, although the doctor says they are all right, it being nothing more nor less than a case of la grippe. Hamsech, the native police man of the "Street in Cairo," was in a bad humor to-day. The chilly wind whistled about his baggy calico trousers and his pink and black blouse. Then he drew his dirty brown blanket closer about his shoulders and swore strange Egyptian oaths at people who tried to push past him through the gate in the wall which encloses the tapering minaret and the mosque and all the horde of picturesque and

SHIVERING ARABS AND EGYPTIANS.

He was guarding the consignment of donkeys, camels and other beasts being unloaded from the cars. The men who did the unloading on the contrary were "loaded." They wore bare legs and slippers to the heel, a costume eminently uncertain glory of an April day.

The bare, brown limbs of the men offered a wide contrast to the Arabs up and down the street.

He paused in his rapid talk and said in a low voice: "Then there would have been a great deal to be said, and I'd been to blame. God knows, I'd been to blame."

A STATION MASTER'S MORTAL AGONY.

The Lapse of Memory of a Railroad Official Nearly Causes a Fearful Tragedy—Quick Wit and the Use of Nimble Fingers Avert a Catastrophe.

I had been travelling all the afternoon, and it was with a feeling of disgust that I alighted at the little station of D—, where I must wait five hours for the train to take me to the city. There was no one in the station but the station master, and as misery loves company we were soon on friendly terms.

As the evening wore on I occupied myself in examining the railway maps and in finishing a novel which I purchased that afternoon on the train. At about eleven o'clock I heard the dull and laborious puff of a freight engine approaching in the distance. Louder and louder the noise became, until, suddenly, with a glare from the headlight, the great locomotive thundered by the little window and in a moment the train rolled away in the direction from which I had come a few hours before.

Silence again fell upon us. We continued our talk, interspersed now and then with moments of quietness, broken only by the frequent clicking of the telegraph instrument on the table under the window.

At last I finished my novel, and again sat idly tossing about my watch charm. The station master sat opposite me, with his feet on the edge of the telegraph table, while he carelessly ran over the columns of a newspaper. I was on the point of making some remark when suddenly there came a sharp clicking of the instrument.

My companion sprang to the table and answered the call. Instantly I saw that something unusual had happened. As the little brass key clicked off the message I saw the station master's face grow white, then livid. He rose quickly from his chair, placed his hands over his eyes, and almost shouted, "My God! What have I done!" I sprang to his side, asking him what was the trouble. He rudely pushed me away, and with a look which I shall never forget, fairly yelled: "Don't speak to me! Don't speak to me! Then he sank into a chair with his hands convulsively grasping the arms.

But it was only for a moment. Quickly gathering himself, he drew up the table, and, then followed some of the most exciting moments that I have ever experienced.

Wondering what it all meant, yet realizing that something must have occurred in which he was an important actor, I closely fixed my eyes upon him. No sound save the spasmodic ticking of the machine and the heavy breathing of its operator was audible.

He sat bolt upright in his chair, his left hand on the arm, his right busy with the key. His eyes were riveted on the table before him. For a minute he was busy with his message, and then, silence. And what a silence! Not a muscle moved, not a sound could be heard. Even the agent's breathing had stopped.

He watched his machine with the eye of a lynx. I stood behind him, my heart throbbing with anxiety and fear. At last after a silence which seemed ages, the machine began to click. I watched him while the message came forth from the wires. It was, evidently, a satisfactory reply, for he did not appear more agitated.

Then the machine stopped. He rose from his chair and came toward me. It needed no words to tell me that he suffered during those five minutes. Great drops of sweat rolled down his cheeks. His hands shook with anxiety. Placing them both on my shoulders he addressed me thus in a hurried and impassioned voice:

"I don't wonder that you were surprised—heaven knows that I was awfully frightened—but listen:—I got orders this afternoon to stop the freight train which just went by here on our turnout. I was to detain it until the express should arrive and then allow it to go on. But somehow or other I forgot the order, as you know, and didn't think about it till a few minutes ago."

Soon after it went I heard from B—, two stations above here sayin' that the express had just left there for this station. You see it doesn't stop at A—, the one between here and B—. That message reminded me of my mistake, and now the express and freight have both been running toward the same station. If the express had arrived there first, and left before the freight got there, or they had not received my message, then—then—"

He paused in his rapid talk and said in a low voice: "Then there would have been a great deal to be said, and I'd been to blame. God knows, I'd been to blame."

TRADE AND COMMERCE.

It is said that shad are used as money in many of the North Sea islands.

France has three dynamite factories, which produce over 25,000,000 dynamite cartridges a year.

The hair springs for watches are made principally by women on account of the careful handling required.

The orange crop in Southern California this year is said to have been the largest on record, amounting to 7,000 car loads.

The earnings of the Canadian Pacific Rail way for the week ending April 4th were \$397,000, an increase of \$3,000 as compared with the corresponding week of last year.

An American, Mr. Henry, in Longuyon, France, has constructed a clock entirely of paper, which has run regularly for two years, with no greater variation than a minute a month.

Fall wheat has wintered well in most sections throughout western Ontario and appears to be in a healthy condition. A 1 though too soon to venture a prediction as to the crop, it certainly has got a good start and if favorable conditions are continued a good yield should result.

The gold exports from New York so far this year are \$41,084,076, against \$13,072,460 for the same period in 1892, and for last week alone \$4,880,200. Imports for the same period were only \$5,751,500, and for last week \$91,085.

One of the first dynamite factories was founded at Isleton, Switzerland, about twenty years ago by Xavier Bender on the suggestion of Louis Fabre, chief engineer of the St. Gothard tunnel, in order to obtain means for blasting the rocks. The mechanical operations are mostly performed by women with simple machines which are worked by hand.

The streets of Rome are shortly to be lighted throughout by electric lamps supplied with current from dynamos located at the cascade at Tibur, twenty miles from the city. This plant is known as the Tivoli long distance power transmission line, and has been used considerably for experimental purposes before beginning practical work. There is evidently no doubt as to its practicability.

The Cataract Construction Company of Niagara hope to have their mammoth turbine wheels and monster dynamos at work next July for those who may desire to use their power. More than \$2,000,000 and many lives have been sacrificed to this gigantic undertaking—this harnessing of the mighty Niagara to serve the manufacturing world and the enterprise is now, after two years work, drawing near completion. No where in the world has any hydraulic work of such magnitude been attempted; and no where are there wheel-pits 160 feet deep, and wheels capable of developing 5,000 horse power. This is an immense unit for a turbine; and the largest heretofore known in the United States is 2,000 horse power.

According to English papers, glass houses may be one of the features of the not far distant future. They say that stone and brick are not unlikely to be superseded as building material by blocks of glass. They would not necessarily be transparent, and as they would be cast of large size the process of erection would move forward with unusual rapidity. Glass is practically moisture proof and indestructible, and as it need not be of fine quality, it is estimated that it would be as cheap as brick or stone. It will readily be noted that the glass may be colored to suit the whim of the builder, and a man may easily live in a house reflecting all the colors of the rainbow. No opinion is given of its attributes as a conductor of heat and cold.

Gold exports move not only in settlement of trade balances, they take place also to pay to import of securities, to meet the demand for coin of financial centres in which credit is crushed by panic, and also to financial centres in which the rate of money is higher than at the point of export. The rate for money is now relatively higher in London, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, and St. Petersburg than in New York; and gold goes there because it pays better to loan it there than in New York, just as currency, gold and paper is going from our own financial centers to the West because there is better demand there for money. This has as much to do with the abnormal European Accumulations as the alleged war preparations.

Those interested in the shipping of Canadian cattle to Great Britain are not satisfied with the negative and conditional promise of the minister of Agriculture last week at Montreal to investigate the open charge of substituting unsound Irish cattle for sound Canadian ones as a trick to drive Canadian cattle out of the British market.

A very serious charge, deliberately made by responsible business men; and if true, a cause than that of common justice. Canadian nor British (and especially the latter) should rest until the seat of the matter is as well known as that