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YOUNG FOLKS.

Notice to Santa Claus. BY ROBBIE.

Don't want much from Santy: Only choo-choo cars; And a half a dozen Chocolate cigars;

And a bag of marbles; And a lot of books; And a pole for fishin'. Lines, and sev'ral hooks; Half a dozen sets of

Stone and wooden blocks; Dozen pounds o' candy Done up in a box: Three or four small steamboats;

Ten or twenty cents:

And a small toy farm-yard S'rounded by a fence; One small bowlin'-alley; Suit o' soldier clo'es ;

Music-box; an orgin; Punch an' Judy shows; Bow an' arrer; also, Possibly, a gun; And a putty-blower

Would be lots o' fun; Elephants and lions That could walk and roat, After bein' winded, Up and down the floor.

These, and sev'ral others, Hangin' on the tree. I've a sort of notion 'd Be enough for me.

His First Christmas.

So this is Christmas! I don't know exact-I thought Christmas was just a kiss which my mamma gave me when I woke up, because she said, "This is Christmas, dearie." Then I thought it was a stocking that my mamma had hung by the fireplace the night before, and which she took down quite full of funny things this morning.

There was a lovely silver rattle with little bells, and when I shook it, it went "ting-a-ling-a-ling ting-a-ling-a-ling." I played with it a long time, and I heard mamma say " it was so kind of grandma to send it to me; it kept me quiet for almost an hour." I did not know I had been making a noise, but I suppose I don't always know. Then there was a stick with a funny little man that went up and down. It made me scream every time hejumped. When it was time for my nap and mamma put me in my little crib, I kept thinking of it all the time, and just how it looked, and I thought I should never go to sleep. When I woke up I had a nicedrink of milk and a little piece of sugar. "Because it was Christmas," mamma said. I had seen the sugar on the table a great many times before, so I didn't see how that could be Christmas.

A little while after that I had a pain of Johnston : that made me cry very hard, because it hurt, and mamma had to walk up and To buried merit slowly raise the tardy bust. down, up and down with me for a long time. That part was very nice, for I like to be walked. First I thought the pain might be Christmas, but I remembered I had had that kind of a pain a great many times before. My mamma said she thought it was the sugar, but I didn't think anything so good as sugar could make me feel

Then I was taken down stairs, and put on the floor in the parlor. I liked that, for I could do just what I wanted. The only thing I couldn't do was to fall off, and that was all the better for me and my poor

ittle head. Pretty soon I heard a noise in the hall, big! I was afraid at first they would not see me, and that I might get hurt, so I crawled 'way over in the corner. Mamma came after me, and picked me up in her did not think I had been abused; I thought memorials may we not read England's I had gotten on very well when there were so many big people around, and I was very glad they had left me alone. My! how many there were! More than I had ever seen before, and they all looked so beauti-

came up and said, "How do you do!" and particularly so in the case of Mr. Lowell. "Merry Christmas!" to me: I thought it The vote of thanks was adopted unanimouswas very good of them, and that all these ly, and Mr. Bayard made a brief reply of little boys and girls must be "Christmas." One little girl kissed me, and I didn't cry. She had a great deal of hair; it was very pretty. I think I heard her ask where my two of them held me for a little while, and I warn you not to the what is, and you do shoulders. I know what is, and you do I didn't move for fear of falling off; the not." place she held me on was so small. I think I liked her better than any one. They were so big.

I was just beginning to get used to so That little baby didn't cry, so I tried very services of the ferry cause great inconvenhard to be good, too. The big boys to be good, to

After that she said she thought it was time for me to go to bed, and she held me up in her arms and I shook a "day-day" to all the big boys and girls, and some of them came up and kissed me again. Then my mamma and I had a nice time up in the nursery, and I thought that everything that had happend all day must be Christmas. That seemed the best way to think about it, and it made me feel better.

The last thing I thought just as I dropped off to sleep, all tucked up in my little crib, was what a very nice thing Christmas is, and how glad I was I had lived to see it. - [Harper's Young People.

THE LOWELL MEMORIAL.

Remarkable Speech by the American Ambassader.

The following speech by Mr. Bayard, the resolution. United States Ambassador to London, made at the unveiling of the memorial to James Russell Lowell in the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey is well worth reproducing in full :-

Westminster Abbey when, for the second come to pass for another generation." time, the name of an American is inscribed in this double sanctuary of religion and re- wrought by Hah-Undo-Tah, or the "Red wafted across the Atlantic, and they fall heard before of the prediction just repeated ly what Christmas is, but it seems to be in the clear and musical notes upon the by his father, and this filled him with new loving ears of two countries whose people ambition. But how could he, a boy afraid out of his hands. once a year, but, so far as I can see, it only speak the same tongue. Longfellow and to go to the river in the dark, hope to do comes once in a lifetime-at least this is the Lowell, here in Westminster Abbey in this great deed? first time that it has come in all my life. blended fellowship, are worthy companions All night he sat thinking about it, the Christmas seems to consist of a great many of that band who sung with Wordsworth, taunts of his parents rankling in his breast.

> me to attempt a portraiture of Lowell. Happily, this is needless, owing to the eloquent address of Mr. Stephen, which is especially grateful to myself and my comthe country whose son is its subject. It is a strong saying that 'blood is thicker than water.

"Every day proves how the ties of common origin and ancestry are stronger than written treaties. The inborn sympathies of race finally silence international discord and jealousy. It is pleasant to recall in this chamber that the man in whose honor this unveiling takes place to-day stood twelve years ago speaking words of honor and affection of Dean Stanley, that pure, noble being whose memorial is before us, seemingly the guardian spirit of this venerable place. But eight years since the voice of Lowell was again heard in these precincts when the bust of Coleridge, the gift of Americans, was unveiled. I am glad that this mark of honor to my dear countryman was erected so soon after his death. The reproach of long delay, often just, cannot be made here nor can be applied the words

"For here brotherhood in letters and kindred spirits hasten to give buried merit a

just memorial. I cannot forbear to wish, however futile ita may be, that he should have been permitted to torsee this honor. It was his purpose to bring the people of Great Britain and the United States to a better knowledge of each other, to replace suspicion by confidence, and ignorant animosity by friendly appreciation.

"He liked to call himself a man of letters. Truly he was the master of the English tongue, and he made his skill and knowledge the agency to interpret the better feeling of both branches of the race having and in a few minutes some big boys and sense of grateful pride will be felt when they girls came into the room. They looked so | learn what the name and fame of their countryman, the poet, scholar, statesman and patriot, have received at the hands of Britons in this venerable temple of national arms and said, "You dear abused little to England in general," was the last message religion, honor and renown. 'Give my love

represented ?" Mr. Chamberlain moved the adoption of a vote of thanks to Mr. Bryard. He said that Englishmen claim common interest, common pride, and almost common owner-Mamma held me on her lap, and they all ship in great Americans, and this was

thanks.

Ill-Assorted Marriages.

hair was; but perhaps she couldn't see it. A few years ago a young girl married a sword-grass, that was thrust in his girdle, Reinforced by Siamese Soldiers—A Reign I know my hair is very nice, for mamma famous general amid much comment upon as a modern belle might wear a favorite says so every morning when she brushes it the way in which Love leveled age, in this flower. Then came some general instrucwith my little brush. There was one very union of May and December. It was gen- tions, as to his conduct in his assumed big boy. I thought he was splendid and erally considered that the bride's beauty and character. wished I was like him. He didn't want to freshness were offset by her husband's speak to me and cried a little. I thought prominent position in the sight of the whole the lake shore, which was in view of the he had a pain like mine, and I was gladhe country. Not very long ago the sister of island where the Red Sorcerer lived, and had a nice mamma like mine to take care this same young wife became engaged to of him. Then there were two big girls; another well-known army officer of years, first I thought there was one, and then I discretion and celebrity. The married lady thought there were two. I couldn't make addressed the most impassioned appeals to supposed princess was to say she had travelout how many there were, because they all the other to reflect upon what she was looked just alike. I never saw so many look just alike before. They had on lovely her arguments was this seriously worded return to her native place. blue ribbons like on my cap that I wear complaint: "I know what it is to carry when I go out, and they looked at me as meals upstairs for two years to an old man though they liked me very much. One or and I warn you not to take the care on your

A Submarine Bridge.

One of the most famous and most successmany big people when some one pulled the ful of modern engineers is at present visitcurtain, and there was the most beautiful ing Canada, closely inspecting the C. P. R. thing I had ever seen. I cried at first-I Mr. Lillyequist, the gentleman to whom we him like a wall, and he could only find his could not help it—but my mamma held me refer, has a large-sized scheme on at present, way by going in the way he had started. very tight and told me not to cry, that it and in order to carry it through, he feels was the "Christmas tree!" Then Christ that it is necessary to study the methods Indians saw the shining bowl they came mas was a tree! And all the trees I saw in by which the engineers of the C. P. R. have flocking to the beautiful princess, who were Christmas! I couldn't make it one last ales. The plan which he himself and it made me cry some more. This tree has in view is the building of a submarine And so the Red Sorcerer came after his was not like the other trees; it had little bridge and tunnel between Denmark and bride in the state canoe, the ribs of which lights all over it, and balls, and oranges, Sweden under the Oresund. Owing to the were formed of living rattlesnakes, with and apples, and dollies, and doggies, and a large shipping traffic it is impossible to heads pointed outward to protect the chief hard to be good, too. The big boys and lence on both sides of the water. The fact although the bridegroom's mother opposed naturally fall to our Canadian producers. girls jumped up and down and clapped their that Mr. Lillyequist has undertaken so long the hasty union, saying no good would hands. I think they liked it worm the that Mr. Lillyequist has undertaken so long the hasty union, saying no good would hands. I think they liked it very much. a journey for the purpose of studying the come of it. Even after the ceremony the she can the general and the studying the come of it. Even after the ceremony the she can the general and the studying the come of it. Even after the ceremony the she can the general and the studying the come of it. Even after the ceremony the she can the general and the studying the come of it. Even after the ceremony the she can the studying the come of it.

THE RED SCOURGE.

A Legend of Lake Superior.

BY LOUIS PHILLIPS.

On the shores of the great inland sea, Lake Superior, there lived many years ago a tall, fearless Indian and his wife. They had one son, about 16 years old, who had listened to so many of the wild legends of the tribe that the demon fear had taken firm hold of him.

the hunt, tired and thirsty. He asked less body had been discovered, when he Odshedoph, which was the son's name, started off to find his friend, the old woman and meant "Strong Wishes," to go to the who makes war. She was delighted to see river for some water. The boy refused, him again so soon, and, cutting off a lock saying he was afraid, and neither threats of the Red Sorcerer's hair, she bade the

At last the father said, with a sigh: "Ah! my son, I had hoped it would be your mission to kill Hah-Undo-Tah, and thus rid our tribe of a powerful enemy. The wise men have said this would be done "I hold myself happy in that I have been by one of our family, but either they have permitted to be in the Chapter House of failed in their prophecies, or it will not Odshedoph had heard much of the evil

nown—the bust of Longfellow, and now the Sorcerer," a powerful chief living on an memorial of his brother poet, both from island out in the "big water," and who our own kindred beyond the sea. The sallied forth at times on murderous exforms of these two gifted sons of America peditions, to the terror of the northern are clasped in the bosom of the land of their tribes. The boy knew that whoever should birth; their ashes rest in peace at home, rid the earth of this monster would be made but the echoes of their fame have been the greatest living chief. He had never

things that seems to last quite a long time and who gave us nobler love and nobler At daybreak he started westward, taking sign of nature. Men are bern to help each woman, whom Odshedoph recognized as the rect life. old woman who makes war.

From time to time she struck her staff and admits of no meditation. upon the ground, and this had caused the How much better is it to torgive injuries noise he heard. The staff was ornamented | than to revenge them-for revenge of one with the heads of birds, and every time injury exposes to more.

ed their different notes. When the old witch entered the lodge. and scorpions? Odshedoph crept nearer. She took off her cloak, fringed with the scalps of women, and when she shook it the scalps uttered shouts of laughter. Odshedoph was now stop no man living knows. peering in at the door, when the old woman turned suddenly upon him. He was too short life, rather than contrive to gall and much frightened to run. even when she approached him, and laid a hand on his

Looking at him kindly, she told him she had watched him ever since he left his fath- own. er's lodge. After she had given him supper, and he had told her how he came to leave home, she said :

"Were you really afraid to go to the river in the dark ?" "Yes, I was," answered Odshedoph.

At this the old witch shook her staff and cloak, when the birds and the scalps made a horrible din. "Are you afra a now ?" asked the witch.

"Yes, I am," replied the boy; "but not as much as I was of the dark. "Why," asked the old woman, very

"Because I know you will not let anything hurt me," Odshedoph answered. Again the old woman shook her staff and cloak, but the birds notes were all in accord,

and the laughter was like music. "You will do," said the witch, "for you are very brave. "Brave!" echoed the boy, in astonish-

"Yes," said the witch, smiling and nodding her head many times, "the bravest of the brave, for you have the courage to tell the truth. It is written that you are to thing, did we leave you all alone?" But I of Lowell to Thomas Hughes. In these am to help you, so keep up your courage."

But I had been aloned. I then I of Lowell to Thomas Hughes. In these But the stripling's heart began to fail But the stripling's heart began to fail a skillful pilot is always provided for it; reply to Lowell and the nation be faithfully him, as the old woman began her prepara. it is good for every man to fortify himself

First, she applied a magic comb to his hair, which caused it to grow long, like a is an unjust thing to believe in private and girl's. Then she dressed him in beautiful to be angry openly. clothes, such as a princess of his tribe might wear, and painted his face in a most bewitching manner.

in the lake, near by, he was so charmed that revenge once executed can never be rehe nearly fell in love with himself, like | called. Narcissus of old.

His friend now gave him a bowl of shining metal, and a sharp blade of scented

He was to go down to a certain part of drink out of the shining bowl.

Many of the Indians would then come

When Hah-Undo-Tah heard this, he and hanged. would come in his own canos. After the marriage, Odshedoph must make the opportunity to cut off the bridegroom's head with the blade of sword-grass.

It was now morning, and the old woman told the young man to start out on his mission. At first he kept up a good heart, but when a full sense of his undertaking came over him, his courage failed him. Turning

Then they all danced around it, and sang a engineering feats of the C. P. R. speaks mother voiced her doubts of the new she saw the roses at the flower show she ex-

of the lodge to the beach where they had landed. The bridegroom followed her to have she sat weeping, and, resting his FOREIGN CABLES. by planning a number of delightful slaughters, in which she was to assist, one of Prof. Tyndall's Lamentable Death-His

His bride, in the meantime, was gently stroking his forehead and crooning a lullaby. Soon the "terror of the lake" fell asleep, and Odshedoph, taking the blade of swordgrass from his belt, cut off the head of the sleeping sorcerer. Taking one of the canoes, he soon crossed to the main shore, carrying One dark night his father returned from the cries of the Indians told him the headnor persuasion could move him from his young man change into his own clothes, and set out at once for home, bearing the head with him, which would establish his reputation for bravery beyond any ques-

Upon his arrival home, he found his party deeds. When the head of Hah-Undo-Tah was shown to the assembled tribe a John." great shout of triump and thanksgiving went up that one of their own people had done this deed.

Odshedoph was made a powerful chief. His name was placed among the great war- pump.' riors of the earth, for in all the land that lies between the great waters beyond which no eye can see, the Red Sorcerer had been feared, and Odshedoph had delivered them

Anger a Pernicious Vice.

only his bow and arrows, with which he other; anger makes them destroy one over him all day. Mrs. Tyndall gave her "I am unable in the few words permitted supplied himself with food. On the third another; Love ventures all to save annight, just as he had lain down to rest, he other; anger ruins itself to undo another. heard a rumbling noise, and, looking about, Nature is bountiful, but anger is a per- over. saw smoke issuing from a hollow near by. nicious vice that carries along with it Going hastily toward it, he saw an Indian neither pleasure nor profit, but, on the patriots, and which will be received thus by lodge, in the door of which stood an old contrary, destroys all the purposes of a cor-

Anger judges a cause without hearing it, he might have survived.

she struck the earth with it the birds sound- If anger were valuable because men are

made afraid of it, why not cherish adders Anger itself is much more hurtful to us

injury is limited, but where anger may Why should we not make the best of our

than the injury that provokes it, for the

torment others? Our wrath cannot go beyond death, and the very hour we may have set for another's

destruction, peradventure may be our There is an end of contest, when one side deserts it; and the payment of wrath with kindness puts an end to the controversy.

It is the part of a great mind to despise injuries; and a wise man should treat an angry man as a physician does his patient; looking upon him as sick and delirious, disregarding his words and actions, and attending only to such efforts as may conduce to his recovery.

Will any but a madman quarrel with a mad dog when he can pacify him with a crust or a kindness.

Let us have a care of temptations that we cannot resist, and provocations to anger that we may not be able to bear. When an angry fit overcomes a man, le

him look in a glass, and the very spectacle of his own deformity may cure him. Anger will abate after careful consideration; time turns anger into just judg-

It is not enough to control our own passions, unless we endeavor to amend others, and herein we must accommodate the remedy to the patient; some are won by somebody should suddenly cry " mouse !" entreaties, others are gained by mere shame and conviction, and some by delay.

A tempest may arise out of a calm, but on his weak side.

Never condemn a friend unheard; for it

A jealous person is apt to take that to himself which was never meant for him ; let him, threfore, suspend his anger, and When the young man looked at his image | chide himself for over-credulity; for his

OHINESE PIRATES.

of Terror on the Tonquin Coast.

A Victoria, B.C., special says :- According to advices received by the steamer Victoria the Chinese pirates are now organized on shore under an ex-army officer of Siam and are being reinforced by Siamese soldiers, who have vowed vengeance upon all Europeans, the French in particular. The Tonquin coast therefore is in a state of terrorism. The pirates recently raided the town of Bacle, tortured M. Roty so as to secure a ransom, put M. Boujer in prison, and are starving M. Fritz. Boujer is reported to have tried to escape, but was captured

Danish Margarine.

The butter-makers of Denmark have long held an enviable position in controlling the British butter market, but of late there has been an unexpected demand for Canadian butter in its stead. As yet the supply has not equalled the demand but there is the prospect of a steady trade being opened in that line. The Danish producers have learned to make margarine and during the last year they exported some 16,000,000lbs, of that unpalatable article to Great Britain. Much of it entered the United Kingdom indignant at the swindle. If Denmark is noted hunter and a swell society man. The to hold the butter trade she must close death of several members of his family is margarine factories, or else her people said to have been the reason for his giving must agree to swallow the whole output of the remaining years of his life to religious rancid grease. Should she not consent to work.

pretty song. My mamma played on the volumes in praise of our anadian immate of the household, at which the bride claimed: "Oh, what a lovely lot of Jack Mrs. Blumer—"You can't get in, my

Wife's Fatal Blunder.

Trans-Atlantic Mail Question.

A London special says :- The coroner's jury in the case of Prof. Tyndall, who died suddenly on Monday last, has returned a verdict that the deceased came to his death from the effects of an overdose of chloral, taken by mistake. The drag was given to Prof. Tyndall by Mrs. Tyndall, who mistook it for sulphate of magnesia.

Mrs. Tyndall was a witness at the inquest. She testified that her husband was accustomed to take two teaspoonfuls of syrup of chloral at night, and two teaspoonfuls of magnesia in the morning. On the day of his death, she mistook the bottles containing the medicine and gave him two teaspoonfuls of chloral. The chloral was in ents mourning for him as one dead. They that it tasted sweet. She then looked at changed from a timid youth into a man who When told what had been done, Prof. had seen many wonders and achieved migh- Tyndall said, "You have killed your

Mrs. Tyndall further testified that after Prof. Tyndall had taken the chloral he jumped out of bed and said, "Let's do all we can to tickle my throat. Get a stomach

Mrs. Tyndall caused Dr. Winstanley to be immediately summoned, and gave her husband a mustard emetic. He vomited, and was then placed back in his bed, and surrounded with hot water bottles. He was also given coffee. He became naconscious. Dr. Winstanley did all he possibly could for him, and later in the day he regained his senses, and recognized and spoke to the doctors. The latter worked morning, and at 6.30 in the evening all was

Dr. Winstanley testified that he had used an electric battery on Prof. Tyndall. The professor had received about 80 grains of chloral. Had his lungs not been disabled

Dr. Buzzard, who had been Prof. Tyndall's physician for four years, supported Dr. Winstanley's testimony. He said that Prof. Tyndall used chloral, taking about a teaspoonful nightly. Prof. and Mrs. Tyndall were an affectionate and devoted couple, and he was satisfied that the death of the professor was purely accidental.

WELL KNOWN PEOPLE.

Something Interesting About Them.

The Queen of Greece is president of a sis terhood devoted to the reformation of criminals, and she personally visits prisoners.

Simon Cameron is reported to have once said that he would sooner ride a thousand miles on a railroad than write one personal W. D. Howells is said to have enough

literary work mapped out and contracted for for the next year to assure him, with the royalties on his published books, an income of \$30,000. Edward Payson Weston, the famous ped-

estrian, is now past 50 years of age, and has tramped not less than 60,000 miles in public. He is desirous of an opportunity of repeating some of his former triumphs. Mr. Howells, writing of James Russell

Lowell, says: "He was one of the most tolerant men that ever lived, so much so that I think he would have invented toleration if Roger Williams had not been before Lady Eva Quinn, wife of Capt. Wynd-

bam their presumptive of the Earl of Dunraven,) has killed six grown tigers from the frail shelter of a howdah. But she'd probably get up on a chair in a hurry if

Bernhardt says that the longer she lives. the more she likes dumb animals. "They are so friendly when you do them no harm -they are so unlike men," she says. Sarah's newest pets are two young jaguars which she brought from South America, and a

Sir Thomas Esmond, M P., is conducting a crusade against the English language in County Cork, Ireland. The effort is to make the English language unpopular, and with this end in view Sir Thomas and a score of other patriots who own their own carts are having their names and addresses writter in Irish only on the vehicles.

Gen. O. O. Howards, commander of the eastern division of she United States army. is a frequent attendant at the Young Men's Christian Association meetings in New York. Last Sunday he delivered an address on the subject "Loving Kindness Between Father and Son." He is one of the most noted Christian workers in the United States Army.

Henceforth the signature on the notes of the Bank of England will be "Horace C. Bowen," who has been appointed cashier of the world-famed institution, in succession to F. May, who has held that office for a generation, and whose signature has appeared on all the bank notes that have been issued by the "Old Lady of Threadneedle Street" for the last twenty years.

The temperance people of this country, the United States and England, are already making arrangements for the observance of Neal Dow's ninetieth birthday, on March 20, 1894. Temperance societies in all parts of the world are asked to co-operate, each one conducting the celebration according to his own judgment and opportunity, but all to send congratulations to Gen. Dow.

Lord Bennet, the only living son of the Lord of Tankerville, England, is an evangelist who is at present conducting a revival in Sing Sing, New York. He is assisted by

Mrs. Blumer-" I am afraid that young dear. She has locked the door."