POETRY.

The Symbol of the Dandelions.

The crocus cups were on the downs,
The hills were green with heather,
The dandelions' disks of gold
Shone in the bright spring weather;
The blue above, the green below,
Were glad and gay together:

Were glad, as were the merry lads,
And curly-headed lasses,
Pulling the dandelion stars
Among the fresh green grasses—
The gay, the splendid yellow disks
That grew in golden masses.

The spring time went; the summer brought
The hot and sultry day-time,
The scented rose, the singing birds,
The sweet dried grass of hay-time.
The dreamy, dusky evening hours,
The children's happy play-time.

But then the dandelion stars
Were downy, white and fairy;
They blew them south and east and west.
They were so light and airy;
Away they went, but ne'er came back
To bloom in sweet Glengary.

Away they went on summer winds,
But *where*, there was no knowing;
Yet on some sunny slope or field
Next spring would find them growing
To golden stars, to fairy domes,
Meet for the children's blowing.

And even so the children passed,
In spite of love's endeavor;
Some went beyond the star-strewn skies;
Some, hills and oceans sever;
But to Glengary's banks and braes
They came no more forever.

Yet still they lift their fresh young hearts
In old lands sad and hoary.
Or tell in new unplanted ways
Their simple childhood's story.
Ah me! If those more happy ones
Still keep it in heaven's glory!

I think they do:—both *there* and *here*
One Father's love are sharing;
The dying flower, the deathless soul,
Have the same Father's caring;
Our childhood's blossoms, loves and griefs,
Our manhood's work and rearing,
All help toward that higher life
For which this is preparing.

By Peter Peppercorn.

"Knowledge begins where belief ends."—*Ibid.*

I had belief, when I was young,
In all my parents taught me;
But that was ere experience
Had to my senses brought me.
I thought not then, but now I know,
There's many things deceiving,
And to my sorrow I have found
That seeing is not believing.

I saw what I believed to be
A type of human nature,
With handsome form and rosy cheeks,
A charming, lovely creature;
But oh! when paint and pads were gone,
Which had been so deceiving,
Alas! there was no beauty left—
Oh! seeing is not believing.

I saw folks flocking into church
To listen to the teaching,
And come out looking sanctified,
And all extolled the preaching;
But actions are the test of life,
As words are so deceiving,
Too many tares grow in the wheat—
Oh! seeing is not believing.

Three things above the rest I saw,
But could not solve the query,
Why justice, truth and honesty
Were such good things in theory;
But those I found who let them slide,
And practised most deceiving,
Somehow contrived to thrive the best—
Oh! seeing is not believing.

But what is now has been before,
And so it will be ever;
Manners and customs oft may change,
But human nature never.
The world's made up of good and bad,
The honest and deceiving,
Few real and many counterfeits—
But seeing is not believing.

Waxing and Waning.

Hope and the sun are like as one—
Both largest when they rise;
They shrink alike from morn till noon,
As life grows old and wise.

With what unbounded hope the boy
Begins his world career!
How wondrous large and bright with joy
Do rising suns appear!

But as the suns grow less and less,
And paler, as they climb
The vacant sky, so we confess
The cold deceits of time.

Our boyhood hopes will shrink and fade
As boyhood drifts away,
And one by one to rest are laid
The failures of the day.

And yet the sun at noon that turns
Its downward course will grow and grow,
Till in the west it rolls and burns
As large as half a day ago.

So, as we near that other sphere,
The early hope revives,
That all we thought was ours here
May be in other lives.

Secret.

I told my secret to the sweet wild roses,
Heavy with dew, new waking in the morn,
And they had breathed it to a thousand others
Before another day was slowly born.
"Oh, fickle roses!" said I, "you shall perish!"
So plucked them for my lady sweet to wear
In the pure silence of her maiden bosom,
The curled luxuriance of her chestnut hair.

I told the secret to a bird now building
Her nest at peace within the spreading tree,
And ere her children had begun to chatter
She told it o'er and o'er right joyously.
"Oh, traitor bird!" I whispered; "stay thy singing;
Thou dost not know, there in thy nest above,
That secrets are not made to tell to others;
That silence is the birthright of true love!"

I told the secret to my love, my lady;
She held it closely to her darling breast
Then as I clasped her came a tiny whisper:
"The birds and flowers told me all the rest.
Nor should'st thou chide them that they spake the secret—
The whole world is a chord of love divine,
And birds and flowers but fulfil their mission
In telling secrets sweet as mine and thine!"

—*All the Year Round*

Worthless Life Preservers.

The Washington correspondent of the Buffalo *Express* says that the recent tests of alleged "life preservers" along the lake coast by the local inspectors, which revealed the fact that many of them which are supposed to support the weight of an ordinary man would sink a cat, have induced Inspector General Dumont to give greater care to these essentials than ever before. He has just returned from New York, where he caused to be tested life preservers on two of the Sound steamers. Out of 3,000, ninety were found lacking in the necessary buoyancy, and he has in consequence ordered a thorough investigation into this subject throughout the whole of the navigable waters of the United States. During the coming season the law in this respect will be rigidly enforced, and steamboat owners are warned to be careful in fitting out their vessels that their life preservers come up to the standard.

Mr. Ball, of Niagara Township, says the peach crop has not been destroyed with them. There is a prospect of a good crop up to the present date at least.

Latest From Scotland.

Rev. David Macrae, Dundee, who is in ill-health, has left for England, where he is to stay a short time, preparatory to taking a trip to the Mediterranean.

A memorial has just been erected in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, by the officers and men of the "Black Watch" in memory of their comrades who fell in the Egyptian war of 1882.

Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. A. F. Cathcart, Berwick, died at Caldra House on the 6th inst. after a few weeks' illness. He was the youngest son of the first Earl of Cathcart, and was born in 1803.

The Dumbarton U. P. Presbytery has approved of the refusal of an Helensburgh church to ordain a man to the eldership who was in the habit of walking in the country on Sunday afternoons.

Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, of the Park Church, Glasgow, addressing a public meeting at Dunfermline on April 8th, said the proper way to extend the Church of Scotland was to endow the Churches under the old territorial and parochial system, and throw the doors open without money and without price.

At a sale in Edinburgh lately a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns' poems was sold for £40; and a volume of his writings, published in 1793, with an inscription on the fly-leaf in the poet's own handwriting, was sold at £21 2s 6d. At the same sale £16 was realized for a copy of Colin's poetical works which Burns had presented to Jean Lorimer.

Sir William Nairn was frugal to the extent of penuriousness. In his country house at Dunsinane he had only one bed, that he might avoid the expense of entertaining visitors. Dempster, of Dunnichen, one of his few friends, was visiting him on one occasion, when a severe storm arose, which determined him to remain all night. Every hint to induce his guest to take his departure proving ineffectual, he said: "George, if you *will* stay, you must go to bed at 10 and rise at 3, and then I'll get the bed after you."

Jerusalem for the Pope.

(Rome Correspondence of the Paris Gaulois.)

A few days ago an emissary, travelling incognito, of Herr Bismarck arrived here and stopped at the residence of M. De Schloezer, the Prussian Ambassador to the Pope. The emissary was subsequently received at the Vatican and then at once returned to Germany. The Catholic papers made a note of these proceedings, giving it to be understood that the affair was concerning the Pope's departure, without, however, entering into fuller details. To-day it is rumored that the emissary had come to inform Leo XIII. that Germany, in case His Holiness would leave Rome, would see to it that Jerusalem would be ceded to him in entire sovereignty, to there definitely establish the holy seat. It is not stated what the Pope's reply was, but there is every reason to believe that the Pope would never consent to leave Rome without intention of returning; that he might seek a temporary asylum outside of Italy, but never a new capital. As such an asylum it is objected that Jerusalem is too far from the centre of Catholic countries; that the Pope would find himself relegated to the borders of Mahometan, Orthodox Greek and Buddhist religions, and that he has already declared for a place of sojourn nearer Rome. England offers him Malta, and other hospitable powers places at about an equal distance, thus: Austria, a town in Tyrol; the Principality of Monaco, its own capital; France, it is said, the Hyeres Islands, etc. The question of Jerusalem as the new capital has already been raised several times, and the cradle of Christianity would certainly be more worthy of receiving the holy seat than any other city. Should the Pope be induced to fix his permanent residence there several questions would arise. Would the Ottoman Empire cede Jerusalem to the Pope? Would it be sustained in its resistance by a European power? Would, for example, Russia allow the centre of Catholicity to be transferred so near to her borders? These reflections naturally occur to Catholics and Italians who regard the Papacy as the source of Italy's greatness. Those who only consider the difficulties of the moment and see an opportunity of getting rid of them would be delighted with the success of the project attributed to Herr Bismarck—the departure of the Pope to Jerusalem.

Some Spring Fashions.

(Boston Transcript.)

Watered goods are seen everywhere. They are having a great run.

No lady can claim to be well dressed without a gossamer waterproof.

It is whispered that baseball suits are to be of oiled canvas during the season just opened.

Some nice warm gloves and mittens are shown by enterprising dealers. They sell very readily.

It is not considered "the thing" now to dry one's wash out of doors. It is a custom adhered to only by the vulgar.

Colognes and perfumery extracts have surrendered their place on my lady's dressing table to rock-and-rye and cough drops.

Bangs are still worn, but no fashionable lady would think of appearing in the street without having them swathed in veiling or some similar covering.

Ladies who have been in the habit of taking their pet dogs with them in their promenades may be surprised to know that the puppy is *passe*, the umbrella having taken his place.

A Wife Murderer's Trial.

Before Justice Burton, at Windsor, yesterday, Luke Phipps, the party charged with shooting his wife on the ferry boat, was asked when he would be ready. He said he had no counsel to defend him, and no money to hire any. He was very pale. His Lordship will likely assign counsel to defend him. The trial has been fixed for Friday. In the meantime the Crown are going to communicate with parties in Detroit whom the prisoner desires to have as witnesses.

"There is one thing about babies," said a recent traveller, "they never change. We have girls of the period, men of the world; but the baby is the same self-possessed, fearless, laughing, voracious little heathen in all ages and in all countries."

A PRINCESS' TROUSSEAU.

Wedding Outfit of Elizabeth of Saxe-Anhalt.

The trousseau of the Princess Elizabeth of Saxe-Anhalt, who is about to be married at Darmstadt to the Russian Grand Duke Sergius, is a marvel of the costumer's art and contains many beautiful toilettes, some of which are described below

Train dresses of white satin with tablier of rich silver embroidery, pointed waist cut low, with embroidery to match. Dress of white satin and point lace tablier covered with three flounces of point lace, over these a satin puff a la vivandiere, caught up on side with a large cluster of pale pink roses; train and waist of pink brocade; waist trimmed scarf-like from left shoulder to right hip with point lace bandoulieres of French roses. Toilet of white velvet, brocade and gros grain, trimmed with white ostrich feathers, sundry ribbon bows and passementerie. In this, as in some of the other white dresses, the national colors of Russia are used effectively, but discreetly, while in another dress, specified as "Russian costume," these colors show brilliantly, but nevertheless most tastefully. In another toilet on the skirt of cerise rep is a tablier of *drap d'argent*. This most effective contrast is softened by the lovely rich shade of velvet in the train, bodice of *drap d'argent*. Dress of dark red velvet and Venetian lace, the latter put on diagonally, alternating with puffs of velvet; narrow knife-pleating on skirt and train, over which falls a border of red ostrich feather tips; the same are used for collar and sleeve trimming. Another toilet is a lovely pink satin dress, in the pale delicate shade of pink ostrich tips; rich embroidery of dull pearls on tulle, and pleated satin panels on the side of skirt; duchesse lace, elaborately used as flounces and jabots on skirt and train, make this dress a marvel of taste; small bunches of beads on the jacket-like waist, which opens over a pearl stomacher, lace in neck and a plume epaulette, finish this toilet. Another pink satin dress has the tablier covered with tulle and crepe folds, both alternating on the sides, put on diagonally, scarf of lace, wreaths of roses, lilies of the valley down front of skirt. The train of satin is covered with seven broad tulle flounces; waist to match. Another is a dress of blue satin, tablier of diagonal puffs, with broad gray marabout borders which extend on bottom of skirt back to train; square train with a broad ruche; bunches of blue satin ribbon are put on the skirt as well as on the silk marabout trimmed waist. Of the wraps, one is of white Sicilienne, arranged long and flowing and lined with plush, trimmed with lace and heavy chenille fringe about fourteen inches deep. Besides these there are velvet cloaks, corsage wraps, light brown wraps of Ottoman with braiding of gold cord, arranged with brown beads and gold drops and many other beautiful articles too numerous to mention. A good part of the trorsseau is furnished by Berlin houses. Messrs. Gersen & Co. have made forty of the toilettes. Among them are a goodly number of white dresses.

Hunting Wild Elephants.

A number of young English nobles, including the Earl of Mayo and Lord Ronald Gower, have been hunting wild elephants in the Terai, a forest preserved for the purpose at the foot of the Himalayas. When the hunters have found a herd of a hundred or so of wild elephants, two hundred coolies are telegraphed for to do the "beating." They surround the herd, and, by gradually narrowing the circle and making all sorts of frightful noises, frighten the elephants into a narrow space in the centre, where a stockade has been built and an intrenchment dug, so that they cannot get away. The difficulty is in getting the elephants tied down, as they are very wild and dangerous at first. The hunting party have about fifty tame elephants with them, and these play a prominent part in forcibly civilizing their wild brethren. The poor coolies often get killed in this work, and are always very reluctant to go.

Prospered in the West.

Mr. Ed. Ore, formerly of Copetown, but now of New Jersey, was visiting his old home at Copetown last week, and while there he purchased his grandfather's homestead (Mr. Jacob Cope's farm) from Mr. Peter Wood, of Brantford, for the sum of $6,000. This was quite a surprise to the people, for it is only about three or four years ago that Mr. Ore left that section with not over $100 to seek his fortune in the Western States, and now it is said he is worth between $40,000 and $50,000. His great success appears to have been the result of a patent right for ornamental painting and graining. It is said he sold the right for the city of Chicago alone for $8,000. Mr. Ore talks of purchasing other two farms adjoining the Jacob Cope farm.

From Affluence to Poverty.

Frank Wade, a little old man who has spent the greater portion of the past ten years in jail as a vagrant, was released from the Hotel de Green on Tuesday, after serving a six months' term, and at once got on a spree, but where he got the money with which to buy the whiskey is a mystery. In the evening he was run in, but next morning he begged so hard that the Magistrate allowed him one more chance. Twenty years ago Wade was a well-to-do grocery merchant in Hamilton, but after the death of his wife he neglected his business and went gradually to the dogs.—*Toronto World.*

The Deadly Salt Lake.

The Mormons use Salt Lake solely as a bathing resort, and for that purpose it is dangerous, since if a person gets the intensely salt water into his mouth he will strangle quickly. Eight or ten people drown in this way every year. The lake is a most desolate and isolated body of water. No creature lives in it, and no person lives near it.

It is a singular coincidence that the late Duke of Albany was the second bearer of that title who has died in the Riviera. The next brother of George III., the Duke of York and Albany, died at the palace of Monaco in 1767, only a few miles from where Prince Leopold breathed his last.

WEARING APPAREL.

What Foreign Tourists Can Take into the United States Free of Duty.

A question of considerable interest to travellers returning from aoroad, namely, what constitutes "wearing apparel in actual use," which, by the law, is exempt from duty, recently decided by the Supreme Court in the United States, in the case of William Astor, plaintiff in error, against Edwin A. Merritt, collector, in error to the United States Circuit Court for the southern district of New York. The plaintiff in error, a citizen of the United States, arrived home from a visit to Europe in the end of September, with his family, by a vessel, and brought with him wearing apparel bought there for his and their use, to be worn here during the season then approaching, not excessive in quantity for persons of their means, habits and station in life, and the ordinary outfit for the winter. A part of the articles had not been worn, and duties were enacted on all those articles. The court holds that, under section 2505 of the Revised Statutes, exempting from duty "wearing apparel in actual use, and other personal effects not merchandise," the proper rule to be applied was to exempt from duty such articles as fulfilled the following conditions: First, wearing apparel owned by the passenger and in a condition to be worn at once without further manufacture; 2nd, brought with him as a passenger, and intended for the use or wear of himself or his family who accompanied him as passengers and not for sale or purchased or imported for other persons, or to be given away; 3rd, suitable for the season of the year which was immediately approaching at the time of arrival; and 4th, not exceeding in quantity, quality or value, what the passenger was in the habit of ordinarily providing for himself and his family at that time, and keeping on hand for his and their reasonable wants, in view of their means, habits and station in life, even though such articles had not been actually worn. The judgment of the Circuit Court is therefore reversed, and the case remanded with instructions to award a new trial. Opinion by Justice Blatchford.

Harry Leslie's Sad Affliction.

Harry Leslie, who made himself famous by crossing the Niagara Falls on a tight rope, is in a violent state of insanity. He has been arrested in New York for attempting to stab a man. His mania is said to be grief at the death of his wife, which occurred some time ago, and his failure to obtain steady employment. He created a sensation at his residence at Greenpoint by throwing a rope from an upper window and announcing his intention of walking across the street after thinking he had fastened it to the opposite house. A crowd of about 250 persons gathered below. While the rope was dangling from the window he clutched it and climbed on the sill, from which perilous position he was rescued with difficulty. Leslie thinks he is a wealthy man and buys blocks of property in Greenpoint, for which he gives worthless cheques for millions. He attempted to stab the policeman who arrested him.

A Church Sensation in Winnipeg.

A budget speech was delivered in the Congregational Church, Winnipeg, on Sunday last, and a little excitement was created, something that the delivery of a budget speech does not usually evoke. When the time came for beginning the sermon, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Silcox, called upon one of the officials to read the financial statement, and used this text for delivering a sermon on the necessity for more liberal contributions, if the church is not to close up. Mr. Silcox was somewhat sarcastic in his references, hinting that some of the mere economical members of the church are too literal in their belief that "salvation is free," and remarking that while some gave according to their means, others gave according to their meanness. The affair is a decided pulpit sensation.

A Wonderful Climate.

A country tramp who brought up at a farmhouse a few days ago, says the Detroit *Free Press*, claimed to have had all manner of bad luck, and, among other things, he mentioned that three fingers of his right hand had been so badly frozen during a cold snap in Dakota that the doctor had amputated them.

"Let us see," replied the farmer. A dirty paw was held out in response.

"Why, your fingers are all here and all right."

"Oh, of course, they are all right now, but during the three years it took to grow new ones I got so badly in debt that I lost all hopes and took to tramping!"

He got his dinner, but the farmer was in Detroit the next day making inquiries about the wonderful western climate.

Woman's Weight.

We had a letter recently asking how heavy a woman should be in proportion to her length. Of course a young girl may becomingly be thinner than a matron, but we think that we have been about right in making up the following table:

	Pounds.
Five feet in height should weigh	100
Five feet one inch should weigh	106
Five feet two inches should weigh	113
Five feet three inches should weigh	119
Five feet four inches should weigh	130
Five feet five inches should weigh	138
Five feet six inches should weigh	14
Five feet seven inches should weigh	150
Five feet eight inches should weigh	155
Five feet nine inches should weigh	163
Five feet ten inches should weigh	169
Five feet eleven inches should weigh	176
Six feet should weigh	180

English as She is Wrote.

The following letter has been received by Colonel McAfee, chief clerk of the Tombs Police Court:

LINLITHGO, Columbia Co., N.Y.

To Mr. the Chief of the Police Court, New York

DEAR SIR,—In order of the Family Kruger, of Schaffhouse (Switzerland), I implore you if you please for communication what is to do that her son Hermann Kruger can be found out. Kruger is since two years—America, and is silent since October, 1882 time, as he left Tuckerton, N.J., where he wrought on the fish factory. In expectation of your honored dedication please to agree my sincere salutation. HENRY A. IMHOF.

The dust has been laid, trees are quickly donning their summer suits of green, and the pink and white, and the pale green of the fruit blossoms, give happy promises of approaching summer.—*Victoria (B. C.) Colonist, April 15.*

LATEST FROM THE NORTHWEST.

The Battle river has been open for several days.

The new police barracks at McLeod are about completed.

Freight reaches Calgary from Hamilton in eight days.

Mr. Galt's stage coach made the journey between Medicine Hat and McLeod, 127 miles, in 30 hours.

Residents of Regina who refuse to give assistance in case of fire in that place are liable to a fine of $50.

The House has adjourned till to-morrow, and will adjourn to-morrow night to enable the delegation to proceed to Ottawa.

George Morgan, a mechanic on the Manitoba Road, was killed last night between Emerson and St. Vincent by being run over by a locomotive.

The review for March issued by the meteorological service of Canada shows that Winnipeg enjoyed more sunshine than any other city in the Dominion.

A correspondent of the Calgary *Herald* says that Silver City is quiet; that the people are awaiting the development of the mines, and that the new mining laws do not give satisfaction.

The engineers, firemen and other employees of the C. P. R. presented Mr. J. Spearman, travelling engineer, with a purse of $250 and a magnificent gold watch and chain last evening at Port Arthur.

Sowing has only been commenced on a few farms near Brandon, the frost not being yet sufficiently out of the ground. Between Burnside and Poplar Point, on Monday, seeding was observed in a great many places.

The Regina *Leader* says that some important changes have been made or are about to be made in the staff appointments of the Mounted Police, one of the most important being the promotion of Col. Herchmer to the position of Assistant Commissioner, with head quarters at Calgary.

Major Butler, who has been in the Northwest for several months on a military tour, under instructions from the Dominion Government, has returned *en route* to Ottawa, to report the result of his labors. He will then proceed to England on a visit, where he expects to arrange with some English noblemen to start a cattle ranche. He expects to have a thousand head of stock in this season, having an agent east just now buying cattle.

Ploughing commenced on the 26th of March.

The weather has been warm and calm for the past fortnight, with very little frosts at nights. Trees are budding, strawberries and spring flowers are showing up green, and many other indications point to an early spring.

It has been decided to rebuild the Hudson's Bay Company's steam mills recently destroyed by fire at Prince Albert.

The Cause of Odors in Plants.

What is the cause of these odors in plants? As a rule, they are due to certain volatile or essential oils. Two kinds of oil are known to chemists. One set are liquid fats, and when the attempt is made to drive them off by means of heat, the attempt is not a complete success. They will not wholly evaporate. A stain is left. These oils, therefore, are called fixed or drying oils. Necessarily these are the oils used as a vehicle for color matters by artists. Linseed oil is a familiar example. The fixed oils are compounds of the three chemical elements, carbon, hydrogen, oxygen—the last element in small proportion as compared with the other two. On the other hand the essential or volatile oils evaporate completely when heated, leaving no stain, and they are compounded of carbon and hydrogen alone. Highly scented, for good or evil, and very volatile, passing off readily into the air these oils are, as a rule, the cause of scent in leaves, in flowers, and in fruits.—*Science Monthly.*

A Noisy Trio.

A good story is told of the late Anthony Trollope, Norman Macleod and John Burns, one of the Cunard Company. They were intimate friends and made a tour in the Highlands together. Arriving at an inn late at night, they had supper and after their repast told stories and laughed, as Trollope used to do over here, regardless of other visitors, half the night through. In the morning an old gentleman who occupied a bedroom just above them, complained to the landlord that he had been so disturbed by the noise from the party below that he had been unable to sleep and he greatly regretted that such men should take more than was good for them. "Well," replied the landlord, "I am bound to say there was a good deal of loud talking and laughing, but they had nothing stronger than tea and herrings." "Bless me," rejoined the old gentleman, "If that is so, what would Dr. Macleod and Mr. Burns be after dinner?"

Inebriozoological Problem.

"Papa?" asked a 7-year-old son of a distinguished Senator—and the 7-year-old son's face wore an anxious look—"which is the drunkest, to be drunk as a biled owl or to be as full as two goats."

"Good heavens, child!" ejaculated the astonished parent, "What do you mean? How should I know?"

"I didn't know, papa; but this morning the cook said John, the coachman, came home drunk as a biled owl; and this afternoon, when Col. ——'s wife called on mamma, I heard her say that her husband said you were as full as two goats at the club last night."

The kid's conundrum remained unanswered.—*Washington Hatchet.*

In the desk of the Duke of Albany a paper was found with these words on it: "I wish to be buried in St. George's Chapel, where I was so happily married, and where I shall always have beautiful music played over me."

There has been a lively discussion in the Brighton Town Council. In the course of it, Mr. Alderman Lamb called Mr. Councillor Carpenter a "duomaniac." The *World*, which reports the affray, has not heard that any serious consequences ensued.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has started for Australia, a long sea voyage being recommended for his health.