My Stout Old Heart and I.

My stout old heart and I are friends,
Two bivouac friends together!
Nor daily wars, nor daily blows,
Have called out our white feather.
We've 'listed till the campaign ends—
For calm or stormy weather.

My stout old heart and I have been
Through serious scenes of trouble.
We've been denied; our hopes have died;
Our load's been more than double.
And yet we've lived. And we have seen
Some griefs in Lethe bubble.

My stout old heart and I have fought
Some bitter fights to ending;
And if or not we've victory got,
We've not been hurt past mending!
The wounds are all in front we've caught,
And easier for the tending.

My stout old heart and I, you see,
We understand each other—
Old comrade true, my hand to you!
On honor, tell me whether
You're daunted yet?—"To arms!" beats he
"Retreat is for another!"

Eyes right! Guide centre! Forward march!
Dress where the colors fly!—
Six feet of ground, or triumph's arch—
My stout old heart and I!

The Dreams of a Worker.

What was it?—the dream of a worker—
A picture whose tints were too bright;
A vision that cheer'd while it lasted.
But faded too soon into night!

A dream of a face amongst others,
More sweet than the fairest one there,
With eyes like the stars in the heavens,
And glittering gold waves of hair!

A dream of a voice, to whose music
I listen'd with rapture how sweet;
Its tones caught my heart and enthrall'd it,
And bound it in chains to her feet.

'Twas only a dream, fellow-workers,
A rest from the world's round of strife,
A respite from some of its troubles,
A glimpse of another fair life.

What was it?—the dream of a worker—
The echo, perchance, of a prayer;
A picture whose colors are fadeless,
On whose hopes were too fair!

In an Old Book.

What is it, Jenny,
Dropped from the book—
Down on the carpet?
There it is—look!

Only some violets!
Lay them away
In the old book again;
Dear, let them stay.

One would not guess
That once they were blue,
They are so faded—
Ah, I am too!

Changes have come, love,
Since they were given;
They are dead; I am here
He is in heaven.

They were a small gift,
Trifling, I know;
But they were given me
Long years ago.

Down in the shadows
Of the old yew
He and I parted;
There's where they grew.

I was to give them back
When we next met—
Fifty long years ago—
I have them yet.

Put them back, Jenny,
Put them away,
They have been there
This many a day.

PNEUMONIA.

Don't Experiment with the Disease, but Let a Doctor do That.

Pneumonia is inflammation of the lungs. When the inflammation is on the lining of the chest it is pleurisy, says Dr. B. V. French in the Boston *Journal*. The two may be combined. Pneumonia is a dangerous disease and requires prompt action. It is preceded by a chill, from which it sometimes is difficult to restore the natural heat. This chill is followed by a high fever, in which the heart beats rapidly. Chills may come from other causes than pneumonia, but unless sure of the cause and sure that it is not dangerous, it is safe to suspect a coming pneumonia and to send at once for a physician. On no account attempt to manage the case without one. The disease is too serious to warrant such an attempt. Until he arrives do what you can to equalize the circulation and temperature. Keep in bed between woollen blankets or sheets, increase the temperature of the room, apply to the affected parts old soft cotton—not linen—cloths wet in hot water, in which has been mixed one-half of a teaspoonful of mustard to a quart of water, and to this apply heat from tins or bottles of hot water or hot bricks; rubber water bags are best; apply heat in the same way to the feet. Do not increase the quantity of mustard. The object is to excite action in the skin, but to avoid an irritation that would hinder or destroy action. As these cool replace them at once by others, not allowing the temperature to reduce at all. On no account must the patient get out of bed. For medicine give aconite, four globules, every half hour; this is homœopathic. When the perspiration returns and the patient can sleep, let him sleep; continue heat for a time, and when it is reduced let it be done with great care. If the patient needs food let it be of a plain, simple kind. Avoid cold drinks until the natural condition of the skin is restored. If asked what medicine should be given by those who prefer allopathy, we reply that we do not know. The question can better be answered by a physician of that school.

There is an immense rocking stone in the woods about seven miles from Halifax, N. S., which can be rocked almost as easily as a cradle. It has but few visitors, not many Haligonians ever having seen this natural curiosity, although situated in their immediate vicinity.

"German women are much interested in their housekeeping; they obey their husbands religiously, because they have to, and are very fond of fancy work and—gossip," says an American girl in a letter from Berlin to the *Christian Advocate*.

The owner of some tenement property in London was lately fined $150 for failing to keep it in proper order. He appealed, but only to be told that he was really liable to a fine of $700.

The Sipah Salar, or commander-in-chief of the Afghan army, wears a crimson uniform covered with gold facings, and a black helmet. Gholam Hyder Chirki is a man of great stature, resolute looking, and of commanding appearance. He is a Ghilzai of the district lying between Kushi and Ghazni, his native village being Chirk, hence his distinctive name Chirki to distinguish him from numerous other Gholam Hyders. He played a leading part in the first fights about Cabul.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

Fashionable Gossip for Young and Old.

SOMETHING ABOUT GARDENS AND LAWNS.

Fashion for Hair Dressing for 1885.

(Agreed on by the Hair Dealers' Association.)

The spring and summer fashions for ladies' hair dressing will not change materially from the styles which have prevailed during the winter; the hair continues to be worn high, the bow knot on the crown of the head, with a few waves and short curls tapering toward the neck, being almost universal for ordinary wear. The front hair is worn very fluffy in Pompadour shape, a perfect nest of short waves and ring curls; many ladies use a small Pompadour roll to heighten the front hair, and pin their front coiffures. These styles are worn by young ladies also, but there are many ladies, particularly those whose hair is turning gray, who do not think these curls are dignified, and who prefer to wear the hair parted in the centre, and waved in large waves at the sides, "Madonna style."

The straight bang is still worn by a few, but since the little cash girls in fancy stores have adopted this style, this fashion is on the wane. Fashionable hairdressers' stores are filled with different styles of ornamental hair goods, all intended to save the ladies the trouble of arranging their own hair. Never was additional hair so much worn as at present, although it does not appear so, as it is not fashionable to wear bulky chignons. But the front coiffures which often cover almost all the head are so artistically made that no one would suppose that they are merely conveniences, removable at will. A fashionable lady can thus appear as a blonde or a brunette, or with golden auburn locks, as it may please her fancy, as many do.

Shell pins, plain, are used altogether for arranging the loops of hair. Fancy shell pins, silver and Rhine stone ornaments in endless variety, are worn in the back hair. For evening wear, puffs of flowers and feathers. For young ladies knots of flowing ribbons.

Spring Fashion Notes.

Black fans are appropriate with almost any costume or for any time or place.

A black silk remains the most useful and convenient of toilets.

Linen collars and cuffs will be more generally worn this season than for many years.

There are Spanish laces in all colors to match the silken fabrics now so popular, and these will be used in great profusion.

Dividing the honors with Spanish lace, we find the Marquise, which is especially popular and comes in various new and attractive patterns.

Jetted Zouave jackets, very short, and beaded in small designs, are worn over waists of house dresses of black silk, satin or surah.

Rough straw sailor hats, with a large, many-looped bow of velvet ribbon in front, are furnished by English tailors to wear with summer woollen dresses.

A new Tam o' Shanter cap for tennis and for country wear is made of straw in lace-like open design or in braiding patterns, and is mounted over a satin crown of suitable color for the dress with which it is to be worn.

There is a fashion of wearing moonstones for bridal jewels. The moonstone is a lucky stone. Fine moonstones are somewhat rare and expensive. Those of fine quality have a luminous beauty which is exquisitely soft.

Black is always much worn in Paris, in summer as well as winter; black lace toilets are extremely fashionable; the bodice and foundation skirt are of lace tulle, and all the trimmings formed of lace flounces.

For little girls, the American style still prevails; the loose plaited frock with sash about half way down the skirt, or the jacket opening in front to show a full plastron and a fully plaited and very short skirt. They generally wear the long paletot, while their elders, young girls in their teens, wear the short cloth jacket.

The Gladstone acket is a stylish double-breasted garment made with two rows of buttons in the front running down in V shape from the shoulders to the waist-line, then widening again. It is made of striped and checked cloths, and also of the tufted bourette cloth. It is usually without trimming, but it may have a border passing around the hips, made of loops of half-inch braid placed lapping and lengthwise, separated by two straight rows of the braid.

Fancy printed or brocaded woollen materials of light texture are very prettily arranged in combination with self-colored tissues of the same style. These arrangements are much less elaborate than they were last year. Thus, over a perfectly plain dress of self-colored material a wide scarf of brocaded tissue made of one entire width of the fabric is draped across the top of the skirt and brought up very high over the hips to the back, where it is tied into a loose bow with long drooping loops and ends.

For ladies' dressy toilets the fashionable mantle is the small mantelet, bridling the shoulders and well curved in at the waist, of fancy stamped velvet, brocaded or ribbed silk, trimmed with lace and passementerie, beaded with jet and pretty grelot fringe tipped with jet bugles; for jet is very fashionable this season, and is used for trimming not only black dresses and mantles, but also colored ones. Colored beads are also in great vogue, and are combined with embroidery in silk and velvet applique.

The new bonnets are high in front and pinched in as closely at the sides as the formation of the head will allow. Gold appears upon nearly every one in some shape or other, but chiefly in that of tinsel crowns on gold wires. Bright poppy color is in great favor for trimmings as well as for whole bonnets and hats. A sweet little bonnet of poppy-red crepe, arranged with narrow tucks all over the crown, is dotted with small straw bobs. A thick ruching of the red crepe surrounds the edge, and a bunch of elderberries, set in their own leaves, forms the high trimming.

Skirts are made very simply, either plaited in round plaits or merely gathered on to a band. The jacket-bodice is much worn, but by no means exclusively so—that which comes down only a little below the waist at the sides, being curved in over the hips and peaked in front and at the back, is also very fashionable; and, on the other hand, many costumes are made with the back-cut princess fashion, while the front is finished into one or two small points. There is also the full bodice, either plaited in a plastron or with the fronts gathered and crossed one over the other; some are peaked and some have a round waistband, so that each lady may choose that which suits her figure.

Flowers and the Lawn.

Start the lawn-mower.

Petunias thrive in hot places.

Plant in clumps rather than in lines.

Pond lilies may be grown from the seed.

Salvias need plenty of pot room until planted out.

Evergreens can be safely planted several weeks later than deciduous trees.

There is no better remedy for greenfly on house plants than tobacco dust or snuff sprinkled on the insects.

Plant out winter flowering carnations and violets; slight frosts will not hurt these plants, while the gain that comes from their getting well established before hot weather is important.

Heavy Soil for Flowers.—Because you may have none other, don't think you cannot make it fit for flowers. A good dressing of sand, coal ashes and manure, will assist it wonderfully in the way of plant development. Good drainage is also of first importance. These points attended, and you may have a strong and first-rate soil for all kinds of flowers. If it will not be quite as early as a sandy loam, on the other hand there will be less liability of suffering from drouth in the summer.

White Worms in Flower Pots.—Complaints are frequent about these. We know of two remedies, but both of which should be applied with care. The one is: A tablespoonful of wood ashes for a six-inch pot, spread over the surface, and then mixed up with the soil to a depth of half an inch. The little worms cannot stand the lye, while the potash proves stimulating to the plants. With a smaller or a larger pot, there must be a proportionate variation in the quantity of ashes used, for this is a point one cannot be too careful about. The other remedy calls for a slight sprinkling of red pepper over the surface of the soil. The next watering or two afterwards will carry its strength downwards, and the intruders will succumb.

How Gladstone Apologizes.

Mr. Gladstone—I have to ask permission to tender a personal explanation which I hope will not be altogether without some convenience to the House. It has reference to words that fell from me on Monday night. It was part of my duty then, as I thought, in relation to the demands made upon us for information, to refer to the precedents afforded by former votes of credit. It had been my intention to refer to those precedents in a manner purely defensive, formal, and raising no subject of contention; but I was led by circumstances to which I need not refer undoubtedly to introduce into a portion of my speech some references of a highly polemical and controversial character—[Opposition cheers]—with regard to procedure under the vote of credit of 1878. Now, what I wish to say in the frankest manner is, first of all, it was a suggestion to me from the course of the debate and from circumstances that had happened at the moment, and it was no part of the intention with which I had determined upon the statement I was to make to the House. It was an unpremeditated suggestion, and an act upon the spur of the moment. (Hear, hear.) I have further to say, sir, that I very much regret having acted so. (Loud cheers.) I look back upon the whole circumstances, upon the patriotism and forbearing conduct of all sections of the House on that occasion, to which I attach the highest value, and I feel that those words of mine might have had a tendency to cause a descent from the higher ground of the matters which we have under our consideration to a lower ground. (Hear, hear.) A tendency, I mean to say, to revive a controversy which is bygone, which belongs to the last Parliament, and which none of us, I think, would desire to revive. I feel that that was not for the public advantage, and I wish to make this statement in the frankest manner and without waiting for any criticism. (Cheers.) I will just add that it may be I shall reprint in a corrected form that speech, and if I do so I shall certainly append to it this expression of regret. (Cheers.)

Sir S. Northcote, amidst Opposition cheers, expressed himself gratified at the apology of the Prime Minister.—*British Parliamentary Report.*

Crop News Not Encouraging.

The *Farmers' Review* (Chicago) says "Winter wheat prospects are the poorest ever seen. The spring wheat is not all seeded. Oats are not all in and the corn is yet to be planted. The only favorable fact that we can mention to-day is that there is no present prospects of a drouth. The most serious fact is the failure of the winter wheat crop. Its magnitude is not yet fully realized."

THE Ameer of Afghanistan in taking the sword, presented to him by Earl Dufferin, on behalf of the Queen, said in a firm voice: "With this sword I hope to strike any enemy of the British Government," a remark which was received with cheers. This sword was prepared by Messrs. Hamilton & Co., of Calcutta. It is mounted with diamonds and cost 15,000 rs. The inscription on the scabbard runs thus: "This sword was presented to His Highness Abdur Rahman Khan, Ameer of Afghanistan and its Dependencies, by his friend, the Earl of Dufferin, Viceroy of India—Rawul Pindee, 1885."

It is officially announced that the epidemic of trichiniasis prevailing from September to December last in the district of Magdeburg, Germany, resulting in 403 cases of sickness, of which 66 proved fatal, was caused by a single pig. Careful investigation proved that death was in every case due to eating the flesh raw.

Cider is called by a new essayist, "wine with the bar sinister."

FISH CREEK STRUGGLE.

Staff-Sergeant Mitchell, a Former Hamiltonian, Relates His Experience.

HIS IDEAS OF HALF-BREED WARFARE

The Rebels Were Poorly Equipped and But Indifferent Shots.

Mr. David Mitchell, of Hamilton, has received the following letter from his brother, who is a staff-sergeant in the 90th (Winnipeg) Regiment, and a brother of Thomas Mitchell who is reported among the wounded at Batoche:

FISH CREEK, Saskatchewan,
April 30th.

DEAR BROTHER DAVE,—Four weeks ago last Friday night I left Winnipeg for the front and reached Troy next morning and found the first half of the 90th Battalion, who had been there two days ahead. On the Monday following, the left half of the regiment proceeded north to Qu'Appelle, where a week was spent again. On Monday, being reinforced by the right wing, the battalion continued their journey north. The marching would not have been so hard had the roads been free from sloughs, but when one has to walk with soaking feet it makes them tender and subject to blisters; then again we had at times to pitch our tents on wet ground and occasionally went into camp in a snow storm, and as often in the morning our boots would be frozen as stiff as sticks. I am certain that on several occasions the thermometer must have registered below zero. During our journey, and every night with hardly an exception, it froze. Notwithstanding all these drawbacks our progress was uninterrupted by sickness or casualty of any kind, and with the exception of two days' rest on the road to enable the transport to catch up, our trip was continuous from day to day until we struck the river at Clark's Crossing. Here a long delay took place. We got to the last named place on a Friday. Next day the Grenadiers came into camp and we welcomed them as best we could and very soon the two regiments were on good terms with each other. On the following Thursday the forces moved down the river towards Batoche's Crossing, about 30 or 35 miles distant—the 10th, supplemented by the Winnipeg Field Battery and part of the scouts of "A" Battery on the north bank, the 90th Battalion, "A" Battery, "C" School and scouts on the south bank, each party numbering a little over 400 strong. Work from last Thursday may be said to have begun in dead earnest. On that night a strong outlying picket kept guard on three sides. I was sergeant of the rear guard. Nothing transpired during the night to frighten us except the howling of wolves. About 8 o'clock next morning we were again on the march, F Company (90th) forming the advance guard. (I may say I had the honor to be sergeant of the three files ahead.) We had only proceeded about four miles when the sound of firing was heard a short distance ahead and immediately the scouts fell back. We at once extended for skirmishing and the remainder of the company doubled up to support us. In less time than it takes me to write these lines we were upon the rebels. They were strongly placed behind a ridge that fell suddenly below the level and sloped down into a ravine or coulee. As soon as we came out of the bush we were within 75 yards of their fire and suffered some damage, but our first rush forced them to seek, without delay, the better and far safer refuge of the coulee. During the first rush the hiss, hum, ping and zip of the various kinds of bullets they were firing at us were well sustained, and the fire was promptly returned by the 90th. Capt. Clark was wounded a short distance from where I stood, but I did not know of it for quite a time, as I was industriously engaged and had no thoughts but what were called into play by the work on hand. In fact I cannot remember anything, until I reached the edge of the ridge, of the others' movements and very little of my own. On getting there I had a little time to look about me and saw some dead and wounded horses and the wounded being taken to the rear. To the extreme right a hot engagement was in progress in which the "C" School fought a gallant fight. The enemy set fire to the prairie, trying to smoke us out, and also with the intention of outflanking us, but after an hour's hard work they retreated into the heavy bush. All this time a constant fire was kept up on the coulee and returned, the enemy being entrenched in an almost impregnable position. Very soon the "A" Battery had their guns on them. I don't think that outside of Hades itself were men placed in so hot a place. Along with the shells a constant stream of rifle bullets were poured in, and the war-whoops of the Indians and the "Courage, mon braves!" of the breeds were completely silenced. During the afternoon the Winnipeg Field Battery and part of the 10th made their appearance; but, much to their annoyance, they found the battle almost over. They extended for attack and approached the coulee in the rear, almost within whispering distance; but, with the exception of a few shots from the pits, the firing had ceased. About 5 p.m. the 90th re-formed and were marched towards the river, a distance of, perhaps, a mile and a half. A safe camp ground was found, and here we have been ever since. On visiting the scene of the engagement a dreadful scene of blood was witnessed. About 50 horses, most of them in the coulee, were found lying in their blood, and traces of human blood were seen in the pits and in the bush. The whole place was literally cut up with shells and bullets. Only two dead Indians were found, from which fact I deduct the following, which I suspected during the fight: "The Indians left in a hurry." We have no means of telling what their losses were, but I think it must have been very great. They fought desperately, but from the first it was plainly seen that only their instinctive ability to take cover and their strong position enabled them to stand as they did. From my experience of "rifle cracks" and shooting in particular I think they are poorly equipped, and must before long, if they mean fighting, have to completely succumb; but I rather think they will try to get out. It is pity, too, for they are not a bad people; only ignorant, and have had their minds played upon by cunning and designing men. Our total loss has been nine killed and about forty wounded.

We are now all in our camps and will proceed together. I am of opinion that the march to Prince Albert will be continued to-morrow, as the wounded are to be moved from here to Saskatoon. Then I need not conjecture what may happen on the road as you will have the news sooner than this can reach you. I had intended writing you before, but sent all my letters home. Tom and I are standing the campaign well. We both agree that we were never in better health. You should see the chunks of fat pork and the dishes of beans that I can eat; it would horrify you. I don't think I would like to live here. It is a fine-looking country; the scenery is very nice and the land grand, but, oh, it is a cold place. Winnipeg is tropical compared with here. When I look about me here at the signs of prosperity amongst ignorant half-breeds, how much more comfortable could we make ourselves in a Christian climate.—Yours affectionately,

COULSON.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

What is Expected of Her—After all her Place is in her Home.

(Canada Presbyterian)

There is a lively discussion going on at present in the *Interior* on the duties of that important person—the minister's wife. Reading the lines and reading between the lines one can easily see that there is a great deal expected of the minister's wife over there, a fact which we commend to the attention of Canadian ministers' wives whose husbands may be casting wistful glances at the far-away green fields on the other side of the lines. Happily, we have a sound public opinion on that question in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. There may be a few congregations that expect a minister's wife to neglect her duties to her family and "take the lead" in various kinds of church work, but the great majority expect nothing so unreasonable. They know they never called the minister's wife. They know they don't pay her any stipend. They know she has her own household duties to attend to, and they neither ask nor expect that she should do more church work than any woman in the congregation who has equal opportunities. If she can do more, and does more of her own accord, good and well; but no respectable congregation demands it. It does not, by any means, follow that because a woman happens to be a minister's wife she ought to be a leader in everything, any more than it follows that the elder's wife, or the deacon's wife, or the manager's wife, or any other man's wife, should occupy that position. If there is any leading to be done, let the woman lead who can lead best. It may often happen that the woman who can lead best has no husband at all. The tools for the man that can best use them—and the woman, too, no matter who her husband is, and even if she hasn't a husband, the motto should hold good. That is the way the question should always be settled.

Out-door Life for Women.

The redemption of women's health, I am more and more convinced, depends on their taking to out-door life and activities. Reading high class memoirs, which are in every one's hands now-a-days, of the Carlyles, the Sterlings and F. D. Maurice, one is distressed to hear the continual story of weak health and women who, brought face to face with the realities of life, immediately droop, languish, and are a long time dying. If they have a house to keep, and a share of the actual work, like Mrs. Carlyle, at Craigenputtock and Chelsea, they sicken mysteriously, and their life is a time of wrestling with household affairs, alternating with refuge on the sofa, or months in the doctor's hands, in that wretched, unimprovable state which justified the sigh of a much-tried husband who "wished his wife would get better, or something!" Have I not, through the ignorance of my day and generation, wasted life enough in attacks of the familiar household demon, nervous postration, which only vanishes on turning the patient out of doors? Twice and again, friends have looked pityingly on me as good as gone, but taken out of doors ten hours a day, as good for nothing else, sun and wind wrought their spell of healing, and health came again. Henceforth no more in-door life than must be for me, and I would urge other women to fashion their lives so as to spend them in the open air. —*From "How to Dress for the Garden," in Vick's Magazine for May.*

Kitchens in Cuba.

Most American housewives would be interested in a Cuban kitchen and I suppose dumbfounded at its primitiveness. I don't think there is a chimney in Havana, with the exception, of course, of factory chimneys. The nearest approach is to be found in the large hotels, where a slight opening in the wall of the kitchen permits the escape of smoke—through a tile perhaps. The "stove" consists of a series of basins about a foot square, in which charcoal is burned. The ashes fall through the grating to the floor or into receptacles provided for the purpose. The fumes rise to poison the air, and escape as best they can, except there be the small opening referred to. Pies and cakes are unknown practically, but everything else except the very largest roasts is cooked on these simple fires. If a pig is to be roasted whole or a number of large birds, they are placed in a tight stone or plaster oven, the air in which has previously been heated to the roast point by means of blocks of wood, the embers of which are removed before baking. The heat will be retained long enough to accomplish the baking.—*Letter in the Concord Monitor.*

Never so Smart as the Boy.

"Yes," said Jones, "I've travelled all over the world. In fact, I may say I've seen everything."

"Met lots of people, I suppose, that you've talked with?" said Smith.

"Yes, sir, couldn't begin to count 'em."

"Lots of old people?"

"Thousands."

"There's one man you never met."

"Who is he?"

"The old gray-headed father who is half as smart as his son."

"No," replied Jones sadly, "I never met him; he doesn't exist. I know how it is myself."

"And so do I," said Smith.

And the two shook hands warmly and went up street together.

The Governor of Georgia dines in state on possum and potatoes.