Be Patient With the Living.

Sweet friend, when thou and I are gone
Beyond earth's weary labor,
When small shall be our need of grace
From comrade or from neighbor,
Passed all the strife, the toil, the care,
And done with all the sighing—
What tender truth shall we have gained,
Alas! by simple dying?

Then lips too chary of their praise
Will tell our merits over,
And eyes too swift our faults to see
Shall no defects discover;
Then hands that would not lift a stone
Where stones were thick to cumber
Our steep hill path, will scatter flowers
Above our pillowed slumber.

Sweet friend, perchance both thou and I
Ere love is past forgiving,
Should take the earnest lesson home—
Be patient with the living!
To-day's repressed rebuke may save
Our blinding tears to-morrow;
Then patience, even when keenest edge
May whet a hopeless sorrow.

'Tis easy to be gentle when
Death's silence shames our clamor,
And easy to discern the best
Through memory's mystic glamor,
But wise it were for thee and me,
Ere love is past forgiving,
To take the tender lesson home—
Be patient with the living.

—*Good Cheer.*

Extraordinary Adventure in a Train.

The wife of a forgeman named Wilkinson, who resides in Warrington, England, has just been the victim of an outrage which she alleges was perpetrated by a fashionably-dressed "lady" while travelling between Warrington and Norwich, on the London & Northwestern Railway. Mrs. Wilkinson tells a most extraordinary story, from which it appears that on Tuesday evening week she left Norwich, having been on a visit to some relations, and took train home to Warrington. She occupied a seat in an ordinary third-class compartment, in which sat another woman with two children. They were at that time the only occupants of the compartment, but immediately before the departure of the train a young "lady," fashionably attired, jumped into the carriage and took a seat opposite them. A few moments after the train had been in motion the stranger passed a few general observations and at the same time rose and changed her seat for one between the two women. There was nothing in her manner to excite the suspicions of the occupants of the compartment, but the "lady" had not been long seated before the women and children became unconscious. On returning to consciousness some little time afterwards the women missed their stylish traveller, who seems to have quitted the carriage at Greenbank station, taking with her the contents of the purses of both women, amounting to nearly £2. Singular to state the four unconscious occupants of the compartment came to their senses simultaneously. The women on looking round found that their purses had been abstracted from their pockets, and were lying empty on the seat. Mrs. Wilkisson states that her purse contained £1 1s 6½d, while the other woman, who comes from Runcorn, had in her possession about 17s, part of which had been given to her to make some purchases for a relation at Northwich. The matter has not been reported to the police as the parties appear to think that the probable arrest and prosecution of the "fashionable lady" would involve them in considerable expense.

Give It to the Preacher.

The exodus of young men from New Brunswick is so great that Rev. Mr. Mowatt, a Presbyterian minister in Fredericton, felt called on to refer to it in a sermon one Sabbath recently. It was the exodus from his own congregation that impressed him with its serious aspect. He said he was appalled at the number of the young members of his congregation who had called upon him during the year for church certificates and to say good-bye. The great majority of the exodians went to the United States. Referring to Mr. Mowatt's remarks, the Fredericton *Gleaner* says: "It is too true that too many are leaving us. And is it not time that our people should take some serious thought of the exodus? It is no empty wish to leave their cheering firesides and friends that impels the young men and young women of our city to go elsewhere. It is not that they have taken a dislike to our city and its people. It is simply force of financial circumstances which impels them thither. * * * * Is not the fault with our own people? We admit that the restriction trade policy of the Dominion Government is sapping the very life from our industries and general business; but when we have the opportunity to make our voice heard and its power felt we somehow or other forget our duty and vote for the continuance of the very evil we at other times so loudly complain of." It will now be in order for the Tory organs to charge Rev. Mr. Mowatt with "disloyalty," "running down the country," etc." He has stated what he knows to be a fact, and that is sufficient reason in the eyes of the average Tory newspaper why he should be denounced.—*Montreal Herald.*

A Slight Mistake.

The Dean of Durham (Dr. Lake) is very quick to seize an occasion. A large meeting of temperance reformers was held in Durham the other day. At the conclusion of Evensong in the cathedral, the Dean, seeing a larger congregation than usual, went to the lectern, and there in a hospitable speech welcomed the visitors to his cathedral. He commended their work, and compared it favorably with that of the Crusaders of old. The evident amusement with which the Dean's remarks was received may perhaps be accounted for by the fact that the temperance folk had taken their departure from Durham some hours before, and the Dean's hearers consisted of a host of "cheap trippers," who had availed themselves of the licensed victuallers' excursion to the Durham flower show.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

Time Required.

Husband—It takes you half an hour or more to find your pocket, doesn't it?

Wife (sweetly)—Yes, about that, John, dear; but it takes you longer than that at times.

The Montreal Nationalists are boasting that even if they lost the election they made the Government spend a heap of money and compelled their candidate, Mr. Lepine, to denounce the execution of Riel.

CURRENT TOPICS.

INSPECTRESS ANNA M. PARKS noticed the fulness of the skirts of Mrs. Matilda Bender, a passenger of the steamer Rhaetia, just arrived at new York. She was requested to step into a private room, and was there searched. Five pairs of satin slippers, three yards of crape, three yards of dress goods, four yards of alpaca and a pair of trousers, which she wore, were found.

AMONGST the Cree Indians of Canada the husband lives in the wife's house, but never speaks to his parents-in-law till his first child is born, and, though the father is not a member of the family, his child is, and so confers on him the *status* of "father of so-and-so," which becomes his name, the whole being then brought to a logical conclusion by the family ceasing to cut him.

THE kicker is a developer; the croaker is an incubus. The kicker incites to improvement; the croaker to indignation and resentment. The kicker only is heard when he is given one-dollar accommodation at three-dollar rates; the croaker would be just as noisy if he was getting three-dollar accommodation and paying nothing. The kicker is a lively, jovial, progressive fellow; the croaker is a dismal nuisance who lags superfluous on the stage.

REFORM in the matter of shirt-collars is demanded. John Crentz was found dead in Druid Hill Park, Baltimore, on Thursday night. A thin blue mark over the windpipe led the coroner to declare that the direct cause of the man's death had been a collar two inches high that he was wearing at the time of his demise. The popularity of high collars gives an unpleasant significance to this disaster.

MR. JACKSON, the husband of the late lamented authoress Helen Hunt Jackson, was married recently, and is now residing at Colorado Springs, Col. He married a niece of his first wife, and there is still, therefore, a Helen Hunt Jackson. The grave of the first Mrs. Jackson, known to fame as "H. H.," is literally covered with visiting cards left by tourists, who climb the mountain near Colorado Springs to visit the last resting place of this remarkable woman.

The eighth annual report of the English Inspector of Retreats under the Habitual Drunkards Act, 1879, for the year 1887 has just been issued. Sixty-six patients in the aggregate were admitted to the seven retreats during the year as against seventy-three in the previous year. Several patients received their discharge for various reasons at the request of the licenses from the local justices before the effluxion of time. Very satisfactory work was reported from all retreats.

THE Forth bridge, which has been styled the "Last wonder of the world," has been under construction six years, and will require another year for completion. The proportion of this vast and costly structure can hardly be realized from the figures. There are eleven spans, two of which measure no less than 1,710 feet each, making the most majestic arches the world has ever seen. The extreme height of the bridge is 361 feet; the foundations are some 91 feet below the surface of the water, and there is a clear headway of 150 feet for ships of all sizes to pass under.

THE United States War Department has recently been collecting statistics of the number of horses in several countries of the globe. Russia has 21,570,000 horses; America, 9,500,000; the Argentine Republic, 4,000,000; Austria, 3,500,000; Germany, 3,350,000; France, 2,800,000 and 300,000 mules; England, 2,790,000 horses; Canada, 2,624,000; Spain, 680,000 horses and 2,300,000 mules; Italy, 2,000,000 horses; Belgium, 383,000; Denmark 316,000; Australia, 301,000; Holland, 125,000, and Portugal, 88,000 horses and 50,000 mules.

THE Queen has granted permission to Mr. Fred. Kitton to engrave, for his forthcoming collection of Dickens' portraits, the pencil sketch of the novelist now in her possession. This drawing, which was made from life by R. J. Lane, the Associate Engraver of the Royal Academy, represents Charles Dickens as he was in the Pickwickian days. It was bought by the Queen from Mrs. George Cattermole, widow of the artist, who so ably assisted in illustrating "Master Humphrey's Clock." This interesting portrait is now being engraved for the first time, and will doubtless add considerable value to Mr. Kitton's book.

THE Pittsburg *Dispatch* recently said; "The faith-cure people seem to avoid Jacksonville, yet they have a chance there to make the best possible test of their theories." This challenge to the faith-healers did not long remain unaccepted. Rev. John L. Willetts, of Salem, O., writes to the *Dispatch* that a woman in his congregation is ready to go to Florida, provided the doctors will promise not to meddle with the patients intrusted to her, but leave them entirely in her hands. She thinks that not a single one will die under her treatment. Mr. Willetts believes that three-fourths of his congregation would follow him to Florida on the same terms, but it is said that in the present critical condition of affairs the authorities are not willing to countenance any experiments.

THE two hundredth anniversary of the death of John Bunyan, "The Glorious Dreamer," as he has been called, was recently celebrated. Large numbers of people, among them many Americans, visited the grave in Bunhill Fields, now tastefully enclosed and planted with trees and flowers, a graveyard where lie the remains of Thomas Bradbury, Cromwell's sons—Richard and Henry—Daniel Defoe, Dr. Isaac Watts, Dr. Waugh, one of the founders of the London Missionary Society, and many others of earlier and later renown. At the Bunyan Meeting House, Bedford, Dr. Brown, the pastor, and the biographer of Bunyan, improved the occasion by preaching from the words, "He was a burning and a shining light" (John v. 35), to a crowded house.

DR. BENING, a German Government official, professes to have discovered a new derivation for the name England, or the English. The word, he contends, does not originate, as has for a thousand years been supposed, from the Angles, or from the district of Angeln, in Schleswig, but from the Engern, a numerous and very powerful Saxon race, formerly living near the banks of the Weser. He bases his theory partly on the statements of the old British monk, Gildas. He lived considerably earlier than Bede, and speaks only of the Saxons who colonized Britain. Dr. Bening points out that, in Schleswig, Engelland is very small, and now has barely eight thousand inhabitants; moreover, it lies on the Baltic, not on the North Sea, like the country of the Engern.

THERE is a humorous as well as a serious side to the law. The old-fashioned way of leaving a shilling to the legatee with which to buy a rope to hang himself has been improved upon. Probate was granted last week of the will, dated 18th June, 1887, of a testator who died recently in London and left all his residuary estate to two grand daughters, having appointed as sole executrix a daughter to whom he bequeathed £25, and to his wife one farthing, which he directed the executrix to forward to her by post, unpaid, as an indication of his disgust at the treatment which he had received at her hands, and especially in respect of the abusive epithets, such as "old pig!" and others, which she used in circumstances which he explained, but did not think justified such opprobrious language. The will has evidently been carefully drawn, although not apparently by a solicitor, and is engrossed in a clerk-like manner, and duly executed by the testator.

Early Autumn Farm Notes.

Raw carrots, sliced, are appreciated by horses and cows at all times.

Turn the sod under after frost appears if you wish to kill the cutworms.

Do not put fresh skimmed milk into the churn unless you want to waste one-fifth of your butter in the buttermilk.

There are many instances where thirty-five bushels of grain might just as well be grown on one acre as twenty, if the right variety had been sown.

The small potatoes can be utilized by boiling them for stock. They are as valuable for that purpose as the larger ones.

Old brush, rubbish piles, etc., afford excellent harboring places for rats, and unless removed the rodents will work down and burrow under the barn walls.

Never allow a seedling tree to grow unless you intend to graft it. It is a waste of time, as no dependence can be placed on the quality of fruit from seedlings.

Rail fences are not cheap if the annual value of the land occupied by them is taken into consideration. Wire is much better as well as more durable.

Toads are the policemen of the garden. They speedily transport insect depredators to a place where they will do no more harm. And this interior jail is quite capacious.

Mr. Havmeyer, of New Jersey, has twenty-four silos of 2,000 tons capacity. He recently opened one that was filled seven years ago and found its contents in excellent condition.

Sprouts growing around the base and bodies of fruit trees are very unsightly, even though they may do no great harm, and should be removed without delay as soon as they appear.

Corn cut for fodder while in bloom, either to be dried or siloed, contains but 13 per cent. of solids. If left until ears are formed and the kernels begin to glaze it will have 25 per cent. of solids.

The famous cow Ruby Marchioness is dead. She was bought in 1875 for the magnificent sum of $6,615, although then only 5 months old. She has produced ten calves, all noted animals of great merit.

The great preponderance of testimony shows that soft food is better for cattle than is dry feed, and that in the dairy it is no trouble, with plenty of ensilage, to keep up the summer flow of milk all the year.

As soon as an animal is fully matured it ceases to gain, except in fat, unless very thin. It is the young animal that makes the heavier gain in weight, but it is easier to fatten a matured animal than a younger one.

Weeds that have not perfected the seeds can be used for bedding, after being dried, and then thrown on the manure pile, but if the seeds ripen they will be carried back to the land in the manure.

One True Gentleman.

This incident, told by James Payn, suggests a new and novel definition of a gentleman: "A lady singer, a little passee as to years, and whose voice was not so good as it used to be, failed to please the pitiless throng; they groaned and hissed, whereupon a person in the gallery called out, reproachfully: 'Let the bloomin' old cow have fair play.' Then the lady came down to the footlights, and with marked distinctness expressed her satisfaction, that in the assembly before her "there was at least one true gentleman."

A Tax on Marriage.

A London *Daily Chronicle* St. Petersburg telegram says that in Yarkand the Chinese authorities have imposed a most curious tax, namely, 5 cop on all women who intend entering the bonds of wedlock. A traveller who has been there informs me that all merchants who visit Kashgar are obliged to take a wife. As soon as they leave the town the wife obtains another husband, and thus the 5-cop tax brings in a considerable revenue to the Government.

When Tried, Make a Note Of.

An old New England housekeeper says: "No insect that crawls can live under the application of hot alum and water. Take two pounds of alum and dissolve it in three or four quarts of boiling water, then apply it with a brush while nearly boiling hot to every joint and crevice in your closets, bedsteads, pantry shelves, the cracks in the floor and the crevices in the skirting or mopboards."

Dr. W. L. Candee, of Milwaukee, Wis. who is nearing the century mark in life, saw the first steamboat ascend the Hudson and rode upon the first railroad built in the United States—between Albany and Shenectady. He was intimately acquainted with Robert Fulton, the inventor of steamboats.

"How does the new girl strike you?" asked a citizen at dinner lately. "She hasn't struck me yet," answered his wife, meekly. "But she has done almost everything else."

Aunt—Has any one been at these preserves? (Dead silence.) Have you touched them, Jimmy? Jimmy (with the utmost deliberation)—Pa never 'lows me to talk at dinner.

"SPACE COSTS MONEY."

Some Plain Words to Those Who Can Fit on the Cap.

The Galt *Reformer* publishes the appended remarks to its patrons, and as they apply—happily only to a few in this city—they are reproduced for their special benefit:

"We again call the attention of the public to the fact that our space costs us money, the same as a merchant's stock costs him, and they have no more right to expect us to give it to them free than they would have to expect a dry goods man to give them so many yards of cloth or a grocer to give them so many pounds of sugar. We have given dead-head notices of sports and entertainments in consequence of which they were very successful. We have given dead-head notices of church services, in consequence of which there was a good attendance and large collections. We have given columns of reports, and the promoters of these events have thought we were well paid and under a compliment to them if they sent us a few tickets gratis. One gentleman even told us that he thought there would be no necessity of getting any bills for an entertainment if we wrote it up well. Yet had we suggested that there was no necessity of paying him a salary if he would just do the work required of him gratis, this same gentleman would not have thought it was the correct thing. Fortunately for the printer these are only the exceptions, most people recognizing the fact that any printing they got was done at a reasonable rate, and was full value in itself, and that the advertising should be paid for—that the complimentary tickets were an invitation for a reporter to be present and take cognizance of what was going on; that this in the majority of cases was an inconvenience to the reporter himself who would naturally rather be attending to his own private affairs. Newspapers are now generally giving up the dead head advertisement principle; they find, like the railroads, that it does not pay, that in fact they cannot afford it. Labor and paper cost money. News is one thing, an advertisement is another, though there is more or less news in all advertisements. Many readers consider the advertisements the most important part of the paper, because from them they get the information desired, but if all the advertisements were put in free there would soon be no paper, or else subscribers would have to pay a great deal more for their papers than they do now."

Personal Points.

Mrs. Keefer is having a very satisfactory trip through the Maritime Provinces, speaking in the interests of temperance and of woman's work in relation thereto.

A Mr. Bell, of Lahave Islands, Nova Scotia, aged 86 years, is daily engaged in fishing, and goes six miles a day to haul his nets.

A museum has been erected to the memory of Lady Brassey in her husband's palace in London. Curiosities from all parts of the world are gathered there, and form, it is said, a remarkable collection.

Nearly three months ago Mrs. Youmans was attacked with muscular rheumatism, a day or two after her return from the Montreal convention. She is now suffering from inflammatory rheumatism in its most acute form, resting only while under the influence of opiates. Her friends hope she may soon be able to be removed to Dansville, N. Y., where she may have the benefit of special treatment given there, but at present this cannot be undertaken with safety.

The *Scottish American* says of Mrs. Burnett Smith (Annie S. Swan), who has been on a visit to Rev. Mr. Morton, of the Congregational Church, Hamilton: "She is the most popular Scotch novelist of the day. She intends spending a short season of recreation in Canada and the United States. We may be sure that wherever she goes the authoress of "Aldersyde" will be warmly welcomed.

A Thief's Gall.

The Chicago *Inter Ocean* of Sunday last has the following: J. Ross Robertson, proprietor of the *Evening Telegram*, Toronto, Canada, dined yesterday with a party of friends. Comparative honesty between Canadians and Americans was the facetious table talk. E. A. Cummings and R. C. Givens were present. While the party were about to leave a citizen came in and cooly took Mr. Robertson's silk umbrella and overcoat and walked out of the door. It was so cool a job that all were dumbounded. Mr. R. soon jumped to his feet and rushed to the door and caught the man on the pavement. "Excuse me, sir!" he said; "you have my coat and umbrella!" "Ah!" the man said; "indeed? Why, my dear sir," looking at the umbrella, "a mistake sure. Here they are." "You are the most polite thief I ever saw," said Mr. Robertson. "Yes, I've been in the business a long time. Say, Cully, please don't have me collared." "Why, no, indeed; they ought to send you to Congress—a man with your gall. I live in Canada, where they only sneak umbrellas and coats at night. "Good day, sir." The episode gained the Canadian editor the debate and cost the Chicagoan about $11.50.

A Relic of the Manitoba Rebellion.

Railway men in making the grade on the north bank of the Assiniboine, at Winnipeg, turned up the skeleton of a man, supposed to be that of Scott, shot by Riel's orders in the first rebellion. Military buttons were found, and Scott is said to have worn a similar kind on his clothing when shot. The bones have been carried off by relic hunters. The skeleton was only 20 inches under the surface and was within a short distance from where the tragedy occurred twenty years ago.

If there is anything that makes a thrifty Yankee mad it is to have a checked satchel, worth with contents about $5, turn up just after he has put in a lost baggage claim for $50.

Prof. Kolransch has recently estimated the quantity of electricity in a flash of lightning. He finds that from 7 to 35 flashes would be required to keep an incandescent lamp burning an hour.

Think of a man going to the gallows with the photograph of the girl he murdered in one hand and a small American flag in the other! That was the wretched spectacle afforded at the last San Francisco execution.

Caught by a Thread of Hair.

As Alice and I walked out one day,
In March's windy weather,
A gust blew one of her curls astray,
And we were close together.

A single thread, cast loosely by the air,
Around my button twisted,
The more we tried to untwine the hair,
The more the hair resisted.

And somehow our fingers got entwined,
Her cheeks grew hot with blushes,
I said "Let's never the hair unwind!"
And the March wind stirred the rushes.

All this was many a year ago,
But still, that day, I bless
Her hair is silver, while mine is snow—
Her answer—you all can guess it.

That single hair proved a chain of steel,
To bind us to each other.
Together we share our woe and weal,
And though wed, I am still her lover.

Is Marriage a Failure?

A correspondent says no, and asks: "What do your readers think of these rules to make marriage a success?"

Rule 1—Never under any circumstances let the wife introduce her husband to her mother.

Rule 2—Never let the wife ask her husband for money, but always pay her bills out of her own private income.

Rule 3—Never let the wife ask her husband where he is going or where he has been; and, at whatever hour of the night he returns, let him always find his wife waiting up with his slippers ready, and the spirit stand on the table.

Rule 4—Never let the wife ask the husband to come home to dinner at any fixed hour; and if he doesn't come at all take no notice.

Rule 5—Always have one or two pretty young lady friends staying in the house in order that your husband may have some one to talk to.

Rule 6—When the babies begin to come, put them out to nurse until they are of an interesting age, and have left off crying. Then buy all their clothes yourself, and when they go to school get your papa to pay for their education.

Rule 7—Never ask your husband to take you anywhere unless he offers to. Then be careful not to have a headache or to trouble him to get you anything. If after the play or the opera is over he wants to go to his club, say: "Don't bother to see me to the carriage, dear." Kiss him and let him go. If he objects to the kissing omit it.

Rule 8—When your husband sees you, always wear a smile. Never be ill or out of sorts, and never fail to let your husband know that you consider it a very great honor to have married him, and that you are filled with a sense of your own unworthiness for such an exalted position.

The strict observance of these rules will enable many a wife who is asked "Is marriage a failure?" to reply with a large and triumphant "No."

Our Sanity Never Secure.

Each mind feels a certain wave of unhappiness when it looks in upon itself and marks how many wheels must be in perfect order to secure what is called sanity. In such moments of introspection the thought comes that not only is the thinker crazy, but all men and women are not a little crazy; that perfect sense is impossible. A professor in a Chicago college walked into a canal in broad daylight. He was thinking of something else than the canal and of his good black suit of clothes. He enjoyed his scientific reverie, but he got wet. He had to retire to his home and change the external wrappings of his wise, pompous soul. The man who was telling this story of the unfortunate professor walked out of a railway car at the next station and left his valise in the rack to go on and on and and never to be found. Thus, while the canal wet the clothes of one rational being, the railway carried away all the clean shirts of another. A third man got off at the first station to wait for the next train to bring him his railway ticket and his bunch of keys. In an hour the ticket and keys came, but his big valise had been left behind and the trunk was not locked.

The persons designated as insane are a little less rational than the average, but in each person in the circle of nations there is going on a perpetual struggle between what is called the vital principle and the millions of atoms—the atoms being liable to stampede like a herd of wild cattle.—*Professor David Swing in Chicago Journal.*

Don't!

A health crank out West is preparing a manual of "Hygienic Donts." Here are a few specimens: Don't drink alcholic or malt liquors. Don't drink coffee, tea or cocoa. Don't drink hot water, for it parboils and destroys the stomach. Don't drink cold water, for it paralyzes the digestive organs. Don't drink milk, for it causes consumption. Don't eat bread, either leavened or unleavened; they are both deadly. Don't eat pork. Don't eat raw vegetables or fruit, for they both contain living organisms. Don't eat them cooked, for cooking induces deleterious chemical changes. Don't walk fast, as it uses up your life. Don't walk slow, as it makes the muscles flabby."

A Sequence in Courtship.

A surburban Boston poet has discovered that the order of sequence in courtship is first to get on good terms with the girl; second, with the dog; and third, with the parents.

During the month of August 12,894 immigrants arrived in Canada, and the total arrivals from January 1st were 116,027, or an increase of nearly 14,000 as compared with the same period last year.

The Empress of Japan is becoming one of the best informed women of the time. She is a student of German, Russian, French and Italian, and has certain days on which Japanese is a forbidden language.

Rev. R. T. Cunningham, of Bowden, England, was suddenly seized with illness on September 10th while attending a meeting of the Manchester Presbytery, and expired within a few minutes afterwards.

The Methodist congregation at Owen Sound, finding their present church too small for the congregation, propose the building of a handsome edifice west of the river in Bay Ward.

Mr. Gladstone was flogged but once at Eaton. So the English papers say in a "Personal" current there. He got the gad because he pluckily stood up for a boy who was a little deeper in the mud than Pupil Gladstone was in the mire.