Jamie's Comin' Hame to Me.

(From the Dundee News.)

By the river sadly sitting,
Sat a maiden at her knitting.
While the sang birds fast were flitting
To their hame in yonder tree.
Sweet her silvery voice was ringing
Thro' the vale the echo bringing;
This the burden o' her singing:
Jamie's comin' hame to me.

Oh! the days are lang and dreary,
Ance sae happy and sae cheery,
And m' life is sad and weary
Sin' he gaed across the sea.
He has left me lonely, mourning,
Longing for his safe returning,
Love within my bosom burning;
But he's comin' hame to me.

Fast the summer leaves are dying.
While the autumn winds are sighing,
And the ship is homeward plying;
Soon I will my laddie see—
See his face my cares beguiling,
Welcome him frae danger toiling;
Soon I hope to see him smiling;
Jamie's comin' hame to me.

Oh the tenderness, the feeling,
Like angelic music stealing;
Oh! the love the face revealing,
As she sang her melody,
And the strain so sweetly flowing
Mingled with the soft winds blowing,
Singing 'mid the sunset glowing—
Jamie's comin' hame to me.

Latest from Ireland.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson and his son are at present in county Clare.

Three Irishmen have been Prime Ministers of Victoria, Australia.

Mr. P. Mahoney, M.P., has presented Mrs. Gladstone with a Kerry heifer from the Irish Exhibition.

The new schools of the Christian Brothers, which have been erected at a cost of £6,000, were opened at Castlebar the other day.

Mr. Mitchell, Superintendent of the Great Southern & Western Railway, died very suddenly at Kilkee, on the 16th ult., while entering the sea to have a bath.

Rev. James White, of Carrickfergus, has been presented with a purse of £300 at the celebration of his jubilee. His church is one of the oldest in Ireland, having been organized in 1620.

A sad drowning accident, by which two little children, daughter of Mr. Stewart, Nun's Island, lost their lives, occurred recently at the Salmon Weir. They fell in opposite the jail, and when found life was extinct.

An old woman, named Bridget Manning, died on September 24th, in the Drogheda Union, of which she had been an inmate for some years past, leaving behind her the sum of £120. She had no known relatives.

A costly and handsome stained glass window has been erected in Rathgar Church, Dublin, "In loving memory of the Rev. Wm. Fleming Stevenson, D.D., first pastor of this church; ordained March 1st, 1860; died Sept. 16th, 1886."

Rev. Thomas Olden, vicar of Ballyclough, Mallow, under the title of "Holy Scriptures in Ireland One Thousand Years Ago," is about to publish a translation of an Irish commentary on St. Paul's epistles ascribed to the eighth century, and preserved in a manuscript at Wurtzburg.

Aughavana, the famous shooting lodge of Mr. Parnell, has been sold by him to the Government. The glen is one of the most historic spots in Ireland. It was there Lord DeWilton was defeated with much bloodshed by Feagh MacHugh O'Bryne, and some of the chief exploits during the Irish rising of 1798 were witnessed in the glen.

Eaten by an Alligator.

A horrible story was brought to the city to-day from Ossabaw Island. Three days ago half a dozen negro boys were swimming in Buckhead Creek. Marck Jackson, 18 years old, swam out beyond the others and was treading water when suddenly he gave a shriek, threw up his arms and disappeared. There was commotion in the water and the other boys hurried ashore. A few minutes after a 'gator's nose was seen for a moment sticking up above the water. Johnson's parents did not accept the 'gator story. They thought that the boy had the cramps and drowned. They got some of their neighbors to drag the creek. Several hours were spent in searching for the body, but it could not be found. Yesterday the boys found a suspicious spot on the bar, making out in the creek, and the sand had been terribly disturbed, but the tracks were too large for a turtle's. They began digging in the loose sand, and were horrified at uncovering a human body. When all the sand had been removed the trunk of the missing body was seen. The legs and arms were gone and the body was horribly mangled. It is the 'gator's habit to bury its food, and it is supposed the negro boy was samian's victim.—*Savannah Special in the Macon Telegraph.*

A Rat Steals $177.

A Brantford correspondent sends the following: Charles Tomlinson, night watchman at the Plewes mill, in Holmedale, had an extraordinary experience yesterday. He was doing some work at about 5 a.m., and took off his coat and vest, the latter containing a roll of bills to the value of $177. When he proceeded to put on his things again he discovered that the money had disappeared, and at once came to the conclusion that the rats, of which there were a number in the vicinity, must be responsible for the theft. Acting upon this impression, he searched high and low until 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon, when his diligence was rewarded by discovering the missing roll on a sill in the basement near a rat hole. The bills were somewhat gnawed, but otherwise they will prove just as serviceable as ever.

Conclusive Evidence

Myrtle—He's awfully attentive to her, you know.

Lily—How far has it gone?

Myrtle—Very far, I'm afraid. He held her prayer-book upside down at church yesterday, and I'm sure I heard him say "woman" instead of "amen."

—Rather a novelty has been introduced lately in the shape of a noiseless clock for sick rooms, the invention being coupled with a night-lamp. When the lamp is lighted the necessary diminution takes place by combustion. At other times a mechanical arrangement allows the water to drop in the regular fashion. The fluid escapes at a uniform rate and keeps both clock and lamp a-going.

LIFE IN MANITOBA.

The Freaks of the Frost and the Prospects of Settlers.

DELICIOUS PRAIRIE SCENERY.

A Country Without Rain From September Till Spring.

We have been favored with a perusal of an interesting letter written by Mr. James Aikenhead, the well-known Toronto wholesale merchant, who is now visiting in the neighborhood of Brandon. It was addressed to his son, Thos. E., and from it the following extracts are made:

As every thoughtful person in Ontario takes an interest more or less in the wheat crop of Manitoba, I suppose you would like me to say something on that subject. From all I could learn from farmers and storekeepers at Brandon, Griswold, Oak Lake and Virden, there will not be more than half the crop saved. The frost has not merely damaged the wheat this year, it has utterly destroyed it. The reason of that is that seeding time came two weeks later than usual, and the frost caught the grain in a state of development when it was not able to bear it, and the result was that there was scarcely anything at all in the ear. Other years frozen wheat could be sold for at least half price, or could be kept for seed for the coming season, as it answered just as well for that purpose as if it had not been frozen, or on a pinch you could make bread of the flour, which could well be used by parties that could not afford to be too particular. In my journeying to and from the above named places I have passed thousands and thousands of acres that the owners will never attempt to make any use whatever of. Many of the farmers have already burned their wheat; one can see fires in every direction; others, who do not intend to use that land next year, leave the crop standing to be removed when they have more leisure. The frost has been very erratic in its operations and no one can account for this. It has taken the country in sections. One man in Oak Lake told me he considered himself well off, he had only four acres frozen, but his brother, who owned the farm next to his, had not enough for seed for next year. The same way the party I am stopping with has not been damaged at all, and his brother, who only lives two miles away, has actually no wheat. Then again, some have had a part of their crop slightly damaged and the rest good; but cases of that kind appear to be very rare. Some parties tell you very philosophically that as a Province they will not be worse off than they were last year; that if half the crop is lost, still as much more will come in as did last year, for they are getting nearly or altogether twice as much for their wheat as they did last year. This will be very consoling to those who have lost half and will get as much for the balance as they got last year for double the quantity, but I don't see where the comfort comes in for the poor fellows who have little or no wheat. I think they at least will be very much worse off, whatever the Province may do.

When I came to this Province I had an idea, which I think is very prevalent in Ontario with parties who have never visited Manitoba, that is, that the prairie is one continual level, which soon becomes very monotonous. No idea could be more erroneous. About three miles from here you come to a chain of hills that extend for a great many more miles than I can tell or find out by inquiry, but I know by experience that a drive among these hills is one of the greatest pleasures that a man could possibly have. Get in a comfortable rig behind a good span of horses—if you have the ribbons in your own hand so much the better. At first you get up quite a nice little hill; as soon as you reach the top you see one a little higher and make your way to it to find that you have half a dozen to choose from, and you have to select one to bring you to a higher plane. At last you see one and you think that when you reach there you will surely be at the highest point of the ridge, but when you get there you find that hill top rises above hill top in every direction till at last you feel quite sure that you have got among the everlasting hills in more senses of the word than one. As you go darting along from hill to hill you feel the air very invigorating. It is that in all parts of this country, but I think there is an additional flavor about the air in the hills; it is delicious—you feel that you want to drink it in. When at last you have reached the top of the ridge the prospect in every direction is grand beyond description.

Another thing that takes very much away from the monotony is what are here called bluffs. They are patches of red willows, very stunted; never grow very high, and seldom reach three inches in diameter. It is not thought good to have many of them on a farm, but a few of them are very convenient near the house. The fowl are very fond of them, and delight to go off and find a place for themselves to build a nest. They also supply plenty of firewood, good enough for summer use, but not heavy enough for winter. If near the house they also afford a great amount of shelter from the stormy winds that blow. There are often swales in the centre of the bluffs. A swale is a natural hollow in the land. In the spring, when the snow melts, the swales are all full of water, and wild ducks on all of them. There are some very extensive swales. As the summer advances the small ones gradually dry up, and the wild geese and ducks flock in great numbers to the larger ones.

I will mention only one other break in on the monotony, that is, the ravines—you meet with them in almost every direction. When you come first to the edge of one and look down at the road you think it must be very dangerous to drive a span of horses down there and up again at the other side, but when you have gone through them a few times you get rid of that feeling. The ravines also have their uses at this season of the year, when all the small swales are dried up and the large ones are too far away. The farmers have to send the cattle to the ravines to drink. They have to go from the farm that I am stopping at present, but they have not to go far in any of the ravines till they come to hollows where there is plenty of water for the cattle. They have no fall rains in this country. They never expect to see rain, except it may be a passing shower, from the 1st of September till the following spring.

They have no barns here, all the wheat is stacked in the field when it is cut, four stacks forming a square with a space in the centre for the threshing machine to pass in. The machine is fed from four stacks. When the threshing is over the grain is brought to the granary to be winowed and sacked ready for market, and the straw is all burnt up. No value is set on wheat straw. A farmer keeps as much oat straw as he thinks he will require for bedding the cattle. If hay should run short in the spring the oat straw can be fed to the cattle, and it will keep them in some kind of condition till the hay comes in. But no use at all is found for wheat straw.

IT IS RIGHT TO KICK.

Better Do So Than Submit to Being Imposed Upon.

I have met the railroad hog a great many times, writes M. Quad in the Detroit *Free Press*. I never meet him without making a kick. He is growing scarcer every day, and I sometimes flatter myself that I have contributed to drive him out. When I left Toledo for Cincinnati the other day the train was crowded and people were standing up in every coach. In my car was a man occupying two seats. He had a bad looking head on him, and he cared so little our rights for that he did not look up from his book. There were five of us standing up, and I said to the group:

"Gentlemen, there are three seats for which we have paid. Let us take possession."

"He'll kick and raise a row."

"But we'll kick and raise a bigger one."

"Yes, but what's the use of quarrelling with a hog?"

"It is just such men as you who have made him a hog. You have allowed him to impose on you until he has come to think he owns the railroad."

Not one of the four would move. I went to the other end of the car, where three women were crushed into one seat, picked up a 12-year-old boy near by, and walked up to the hog and asked:

"Have you paid for four seats here?"

"That's my business!" he promptly replied.

"And mine and the public's."

I cleared the seat of his baggage, seated the woman and the boy, and then crowded in beside the hog. He made an awful row, but it was useless. He was left with what he had paid for, and we got what our tickets called for. Let every passenger kick on the railroad hog, and he must go.

One day last spring there were 10 of us at a hotel table in Nashville. The soup was scorched and no one could eat it. Not a potato brought to us was done. The milk for the coffee had turned. I invited the others to go to the office with me and kick. They were drummers every one, but not one would go. When people speak of drummers as kickers they are way off. They will put up with more and do less complaining than any other class of men on earth. In the present case one of them spoke for all when he said:

"Yes, things are bad and ought to be righted, but we are here only for the meal and it won't pay us to kick."

I went out alone. The landlord was in the office, and I asked:

"How long since you were in the dining-room?"

"A week, I guess."

"You don't oversee the meals?"

"No."

"Well, please go to the head table and taste the milk, examine the potatoes and smell of the soup."

He departed at once. When he returned he was hopping mad. The head waiter was called out and dressed down, the head cook got nicely peeled, and the landlord shook my hand and said:

"That kick of yours will benefit this house $5,000. I had no idea things were running thus."

The natural inference with him was that as long as no one kicked everything must be going all right and everybody satisfied. A thousand men had no doubt gone away mad and injured his house.

A THIEF'S FATE.

Shot Dead While Trying to Bite Off a Young Woman's Finger.

An Indianapolis despatch says: Jesse Mason, who lives near the village of Stilesville, Hendricks county, was paid some money on Saturday. That night, about 8 o'clock, Logan York, of that neighborhood, with one of his associates, went to Mason's house and asked for matches. While Mason turned to get them York and his companion rushed into the room. Miss Mason came from the family room, and, taking in the situation, seized a chair, with which she attacked York. He seized her hands, put one of her fingers in his mouth and was biting it off when her brother, Oran Mason, ran to her assistance and, placing a shotgun over her shoulder, shot York in the face, instantly killing him. The other man escaped.

Is a Mormon Elder a Clergyman?

An Ottawa telegram says: An inquiry has been received by the Department of Justice from a resident at Wilberforce, Ont., as to whether or not a Mormon elder can legally celebrate marriage in this Province. The reply was that Chap. 131, R. S. Ontario, provided that a minister or clergyman of any religious denomination might legally solemnize marriage between two persons not otherwise incapacitated, the parties being licensed or the banns having been first duly published, and that it was a question of fact whether or not a Mormon elder was a minister or clergyman within the meaning of the statute.

A Terrible Life.

"I don't understand women," remarked a postman, "and"—after a pause—"I don't believe I want to, either."

"What's the matter?"

"If I hand a letter to a woman she looks at me severely and says: 'What! only one?' If I give her six she says: 'What! only six?' and if I had a hundred for her she would make the same remark. If I have only a paper to deliver—well, it's a terrible life to lead."

The Prince of Wales has discarded brown flannels this year for a gray suit.

Rev. Donald McGillivray was ordained as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church to China at St. James' Square Church Toronto, last night.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY

Lady Stanley has promised to visit the Ottawa convents shortly.

Counsel finished their argument in the suit against the Ontario Investment Association on Saturday.

The four Chinamen still continue to be the temporary wards of the Grand Trunk Railway at Niagara Falls.

A man named Dierch, second officer of the ship Sidderha, lying at Quebec, attempted suicide yesterday, but was rescued.

Thomas Demers, employed by Messrs. Breaky, lumber merchants, of Etchemin, Que., was killed on Friday by some cars which he was loading passing over him.

Mr. D. W. Newcombe, the postmaster of Yarmouth Centre, who was stricken with paralysis while stepping out of his buggy at his son's residence in St. Thomas, died on Saturday.

On Saturday Robert Swanton, barber, of St. Thomas, accused of the theft of $375 from Dan Coughlin, cattle buyer, and arrested on suspicion some days since, confessed his guilt.

A farmer named Peter T. McIntosh, who resides at Glen Falloch, in the Township of Charlottenburg, near Cornwall, was struck by a freight train on Friday night while walking along the track near Loney's Corners, and instantly killed.

Mr. Mung Koon, merchant, of Montreal, who was naturalized as a British subject in 1886, and has resided in Canada for five years, is very indignant because the United States authorities will not allow him to proceed to New York to attend to his business. He is anxious to test the case in the law courts if that is possible.

David Hill, of Strathroy, died on Friday night. His death was brought about by the exertions he had made in nursing and attending some of his friends who had been taken ill with diphtheria. Having been much weakened by his attention to them he administered some medicine to himself incautiously, which so prostrated him that he was unable to recover. He was buried at St. Marys this morning.

On Friday afternoon a quarrel occurred at Englishtown, near Port Hope, between Stephen Barkwell and Wm. Mitchell, a ship-carpenter, who was digging in a potato patch belonging to Mrs. Nelson and to whom Barkwell had lent a rake. While asking for the rake angry words occurred between Barkwell and Mitchell, and the latter used his hoe, he says in self-defence, and inflicted ugly wounds on Barkwell's right hand. Mitchell was arrested.

Henry Morris and Charles Jarvis, two youths of London West, who had a good time a week ago with money belonging to the father of the latter, were before Judge Elliot Saturday afternoon on the charge of stealing money. The evidence was clear against them, and young Jarvis was sentenced to four years in the reformatory for the offence. Morris was allowed out under suspended sentence. He was accused of receiving the money, knowing it to have been stolen.

About 3 o'clock yesterday morning a number of citizens of Smith's Falls were alarmed by a loud report. It was thought by some that an earthquake had taken place, but investigation revealed the fact that the post-office had been robbed. Burglars forced an entrance through the iron door at the back of the building and completely ransacked the office safe, which was literally destroyed by the nitro-glycerine. About $500 worth of stamps, $40 to $50 cash, and two tin boxes containing Mayor Ferguson's (the postmaster) private papers are missing. The citizens turned out in large numbers yesterday and scoured the neighborhood without success.

Mr. Gladstone has found time to write an article entitled "Queen Elizabeth in Reaction and in Reform" for the November "Nineteenth Century."

Emperor William and King Humbert reviewed 33,000 troops at Camp Centocelle, Rome, on Saturday. Ten thousand spectators gathered to witness the review. Emperor William repeatedly expressed his admiration of the bearing of the men. He especially praised the manœuvres of the Bersagliere and mountain artillery.

Public concern about the Whitechapel murders, though no longer at white heat, is smouldering and ready to break out again in a panic if occasion offers. Not much has been gained by the coroner's inquest, and little that is either new or important is revealed. The police are still daily assailed for their inability to discover the murderer. Socialist leaders, notably those who cannot forget or forgive their defeat at Trafalgar square, are publishing elaborate attacks on the whole police system. The effort to drive Sir Charles Warren out of office is continued, with no visible result.

The German Emperor's visit to Rome interests the English, irritates the French, rouses the Italians to enthusiasm, and produces in Berlin that solid satisfaction which springs from the success of a great policy. Italy regards the Emperor as her guest. Yet he has gone from the Quirinal to the Vatican, only changing carriages by the way at the German Embassy, and the Pope has received him as cordially as the King. European journals do not push enterprise to the point of professing to state what passed at this memorable interview. There is, however, a general agreement that at Rome as at Vienna the young Emperor has shown unfailing tact in difficult positions.

Perhaps no incident in the history of the week has created so much amusement as the appearance of Sir William Harcourt in a new character, as an apostle of temperance and chairman of a temperance meeting. Sir Wilfrid Lawson claims the credit of converting him, but Sir William's movements have always been considered with reference to current politics. The temperance people were strong enough to force the Ministry to abandon the licensing clauses of last session's Local Government Bill. Sir William and his friends, finding themselves compelled to elect between the publicans and the teetotallers, have cast in their lot with Sir Wilfrid Lawson's United Kingdom Alliance.

J. H. Zehner, of East Saginaw, Mich., a poor man who during the summer kept a peanut and flower stand, has just drawn $5,000 in the New Orleans lottery.

Wm. Jarvis, aged 12 years, shot Pearl Kelly, aged 5, yesterday afternoon with a pistol at Waterloo, N.Y. The boy told the girl to stand off and see if he could shoot her eye out. The girl complied and he fired, the ball taking effect over her eye. She is dangerously injured, and the doctor thinks she cannot recover.

Al. Moore, a young man mixing in social circles and of good family (says an East Saginaw, Mich., despatch), employed in a drug store in Saginaw and latterly in a drug store on this side, while under the influence of morphine, it is supposed, remembered the combination of Mr. Bernep's safe, went there, opened it and took $60. He was arrested and bound over to the Circuit Court. In default of $500 bail he is in durance vile.

A. O. U. W.

Important Decision Regarding Liability of the Order.

A decision has been rendered in the Supreme Court of Iowa in the Ancient Order of United Workmen controversy. The case came from Clinton county, in that State, where Henry Bock was a member of Schiller Lodge. After the division in the Order in 1882, at which time Schiller Lodge remained with the State organization, Bock and several other members united in organizing a new lodge called Loyal Lodge. The Grand Lodge—National branch—refused to issue to him a new certificate without the surrender of the former one. Bock kept up his dues in both lodges until his death. The State Grand Lodge paid the full amount of the certificate held by his wife, taking up the receipted certificate. Like claim was then made upon the Loyal Grand Lodge, but payment was refused without the surrender of the certificate, which the claimant could not produce. Suit being brought, the District Court found for the defendant. The Supreme Court affirms the finding on the ground that Bock had only one contract of insurance, the full amount of which plaintiff has received.

Points to Young Writers.

There is a great deal in sending the article to the journal for which it isn't at all adapted.

Wait at least two days before you write to inquire why you haven't heard about the article.

When your article is finished, don't revise it. Above all, don't prune it; that might strengthen it, but it will also shorten it.

Write on paper foolscap size, or on wall paper if it is more handy. It creases so beautifully when you cram it into the envelope.

Use pale blue ink, and don't aim at legibility. If you have no blue ink, black ink that has been frozen and thawed out three or four times will do as well.

Should the editor, through dementia or the idotic fortuity of circumstances, accept your article, send him another right off. In fact, keep sending them. Load them in a gatling gun and make a target of him.

If you live near the publication office, don't send your MS., but take it yourself. Read it to the editor; read it boisterously, so that others within hearing may enjoy it. They may doubt the massiveness of your brain, but not the capacity of your lungs. Get into the editor's lap, if possible; walk all over him, figuratively speaking.

A Plausible Reason.

Jack—Say, Dick, why don't you marry that Miss Jones, if you esteem her so highly?

Dick—There are serious objections to such a step, Jack.

Jack—Objections? I am sure she is pretty enough, amiable, intelligent, of good family, and not without worldly inheritance. What possible objection can you have?

Dick—I s'pose I can tell you something in confidence and you won't repeat it?

Jack—Every time, old boy. What is it?

Dick—The objections were filed by Miss Jones.

The Season's Manly Sports.

Mrs. Scrubbins—Oh, dear! I'll be so glad when the hunting and fishing season is over. My husband is awfully fond of such manly sports, but he always overexerts himself.

Caller—I should think he would learn by experience.

"Well, he don't. He got back last night so tired he could hardly walk, and this morning he's upstairs with the awfulest headache and he can't eat a thing. Such a time as he must have had keeping out of the way of snakes. He thinks he sees 'em yet."

Mr. Levy-Lawson, proprietor of the London *Daily Telegraph*, is dead.

—The new hussar coat is very stylish, with its black silk passementeries flocked with gold on the jacket fabric of deep blue or Russian-green cloth. Somtimes they are decorated with aignillettes or tags, with gold or silver points. The peculiar style of these military coats consists in the superb fit of the shoulders, the majority of them being slightly wadded.

—Husband (on his return from business)—Why, my dear, what is the matter? You look ill. Wife (faintly)—Oh, John, I've just been reading an almanac, and I find I have twenty-seven diseases, any one of which may prove fatal.

Mr. G. W. Newcombe, Yarmouth Heights, lost $3,500 by the flight of Leslie, the Winnipeg Customs House officer, recently. Leslie was Mr. Newcombe's agent in the Northwest, and collected his rentals, etc. Before leaving for the land of the free, Leslie gathered in all rents and arrearages and fled with the funds.

—Bride—Henry, do you know that you snore?" Bridegroom—No; do I? I'm very sorry to hear it. Bride (dryly)—So am I.

—Don't ridicule the poor man who supports ten or a dozen dogs. Perhaps that's the only way he has to keep pup.

Coal loses from 10 to 40 per cent. of its evaporative power if exposed to the effects of sunshine and rain.

The Prince of Wales and Crown Prince Rudolph have returned to Vienna.

Daniel Goulding, formerly a warder in Tullamore jail, was arrested yesterday, charged with having committed perjury at the inquest into the death of Mr. John Mandeville. Goulding deposed at the inquest that Mandeville had been ill-treated by himself and other warders under orders of the governor of the jail. Goulding was bailed.