A Song.

Is any one sad in the world I wonder?
Does any one weep on a day like this?
With the sun above and the green earth under,
Why, what is life but a dream of bliss?

With the sun, and the skies, and the birds above me,
Birds that sing as they wheel and fly—
With the winds that follow and say they love me—
Who could be lonely? O ho, not I.

Somebody said in the street this morning,
As I opened my window to let in the light,
That the darkest day of the world was dawning,
But I locked, and the east was a gorgeous sight.

One who claims that he knows about it
Tells me the earth is a vale of sin;
But I and the bees, and the birds we doubt it,
And I think it a world worth living in.

Some one says that hearts are fickle,
That love is sorrow and life is care,
And the reaper, Death, with his shining sickle,
Gathers whatever is bright and fair.

I told the thrush and we laughed together,
Laughed till the woods were all a-ring;
And he said to me, as he plumed each feather,
"Well, people must croak if they cannot sing."
Up he flew, but his song, remaining,
Rang like a bell in my heart all day,
And silenced the voices of weak complaining,
That pipe like insects along the way.

Oh world of light! Oh world of beauty!
Where are the pleasures so sweet as thine?
Yes; life is love, and love is duty;
And what heart sorrows? Oh ho, not mine!

—*Ella Wheeler-Wilcox.*

TO SLEEP IN A COFFIN.

Scores of Young Men Respond to an Undertaker's Advertisement.

YOUNG MAN TO SLEEP AND MAKE himself useful in undertaker office; wages $5. Call at 1,259 Broadway.

The above interesting invitation appeared in the *Herald* yesterday morning, and strange as it may appear the undertaker was besieged with applicants desirous of sleeping in a pine box and answering the night bell of the undertaker's establishment. I saw the proprietor of the funeral office, and he told me that he had almost lost his patience, so numerous were the young men who were willing to rest their weary limbs amid such ghostly surroundings. "You see," he said, "there are a great number of young Englishmen—grooms, valets and what not—who come over here and have no place to sleep at night, and when they see an advertisement like mine, that offers them shelter and beer money, why, they jump at it. They may say 'ugh' outside, and swear they wouldn't sleep in a coffin, but they find it away ahead of a bench in the Park.—*New York Herald.*

He Cometh Not, She Said.

She is waiting in the darkness; she is waiting by the door, and she hears the sad sea moaning as it beats the sandy shore; and she hears the night-bird crying, and the wailing of the trees, and upon her fevered forehead gently blows the southern breeze; but in vain she stands and listens for the coming of the one who to her is prince and hero, who is brighter than the sun. Close the door, O weeping lady, close the door and weep alone, to the sighing of the branches to the ocean's sullen moan; to the screaming of the night bird, to the sobbing of the rain, as it falls like tears from heaven, pushing on the window pane. Let your eyes this night be rivers and your hair a mourning veil, let your soul float out to heaven in a wild despairing wail; for the footsteps of your hero do not echo on the shore, and to-night you'll never see him though you're waiting by the door; and you will not hear the music of the voice you love so well, you will only hear the moaning of the ocean's restless swell. Close the door, O weeping lady, look no more for him you love, better look for hope and comfort to the sombre sky above; to your side your love and hero all your watching cannot win, for he tried to paint the city and the peelers ran him in.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Friends of the Farmer.

It may be an advantage to point out some of the friends of the farmer, which, consequently, no farmer should destroy or allow to be destroyed. Among these are toads, which are, under all circumstances, the farmer's friend; moles and field mice, probably, do a vast deal more of good than harm; all birds, especially robins, wrens, thrushes, orioles, cuckoos, phebes, blue birds, woodpeckers, swallows and cat birds. The destruction of all these and many others, except for scientific purposes, should be made, under very heavy penalties, illegal in every State. The house sparrow, known better as the English sparrow, is to be rated an exception. This bird is now universally regarded as a nuisance, first, because of its grain and vegetable destroying propensities; secondly, because it drives away insect-destroying birds. Among insects, many wasps are friends, especially those with a more or less protruding horn or sting at the end of the abdomen. Lady-bugs and lace-wing flies live entirely upon destructive insects, especially plant lice and scale insects, and should never be destroyed. Dragon flies, or devil's darning-needles, are also useful as well as harmless.—*Bulletin 46, New Jersey, A. C. E. S.*

Romance of Crime.

One of a recent party of convicts bound for Siberia was a baroness and her husband, formerly her footman, sentenced each to twenty years' servitude. The baroness was married when young to an old man, and she fell in love with his footman. She poisoned her husband and was arrested, but the footman escaped. She subsequently escaped from the hospital where she was confined, sought out her footman lover, and married him. They settled in Kovno, and were only recently discovered there, living in abject poverty.

Northwest Rivers Dry Up.

The Saskatchewan is nearly run out and has hardly enough water to merit the name of a river. Sandbars everywhere meet the eye and cover a greater area of the bed of the river than does the water. At Pitt the channel is only a few rods wide. In the South Branch it is so low that it is found impossible to operate the ferry at Saskatoon, and fording the river has to be resorted to. Rafts are beached all along the river, and movements in the lumber interests are impossible. Battle River is also very low.—*Battleford Herald.*

—'If none but bakers played the game of baseball one might readily account for the muffin'.

CURRENT TOPICS.

THE Germans are still greatly interested in the larynx. At the Surgical Congress in Berlin recently more than one instance was shown of the entire removal of the larynx and subsequent ability to speak.

THE largest cat's-eye in the world arrived at London this week from Ceylon. Its present weight cut is 170 carats, and it is insured for 30,000 rupees. It is wonderfully beautiful, the gem giving out a wide, warm beam of opalescent light. Cat's-eyes of the first-class are now as valuable as diamonds.

HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, in reply to an offer from an American syndicate for a series of articles, writes: "At my age the stock of brain power does not wax but wanes, and public calls upon my time leave me only a fluctuating residue to dispose of. All idea of a series of efforts is therefore, I have finally decided, wholly beyond my power to embrace."

LORD BRASSEY has just fitted up and furnished a most interesting addition to his house in the shape of a collection of valuable curiosities gathered by him and Lady Brassey during their voyages around the world in the Sunbeam. The decorations and panelings of the room are made of sandalwood and teak. The room is deliciously fragrant, while the subdued colors of the walls and aisles form a beautiful background.

CHARLES WHITTMEYER, an eccentric German living at Mount Holly, N. J., created a sensation by announcing that he has offered his will for probate in order to have his estate settled during his lifetime. A clause in the will provides that one-half of his estate shall go to his wife Betsy so long as she remains his widow, and when she marries again the other half shall be paid to her, "as it costs more to keep two than one."

THE parasitic insects which have been imported from Australia to prey upon the cottony cushion-scale, the most serious enemy of the orange in California, are already multiplying rapidly in Los Angelee and sweep the scale before them, as has been the experience in Australia. Mr. Koebele, the agent of government, has brought to California a large supply of these predaceous beetles and will distribute them wherever the scale is troublesome.

OUT in Minnesota they have novel expedients for increasing the population. Lately in Duluth the employees of a broom factory struck, whereupon the proprietor advanced the wages of the married hands, and told the single men that unless they were married before the end of the month they would be discharged. Marriage was made the condition of retention in employment at an increased salary. With such original and enterprising employers within her borders, no wonder that Minnesota expects to double her Congressional representation after the 1900 census shall have been taken.

FRANK CARPENTER writes from Darjeeling, India: "I note some curious anomalies here in these old Himalayas. Many of the rude huts, which are of the same style as they have been for a thousand years or more, are roofed with galvanized iron, and the sides of some of them are sheeted over with square pieces of tin. This tin comes from Philadelphia oil cans, and some of the mountain huts are lighted by the Standard Oil Company's oil. Calico from England is coming into use among the natives, and many of the idols upon being inverted are found to have sunken into their brass bottoms the trade-marks of the Birmingham manufactories."

THE preference of shipowners for large cargo-carrying vessels is becoming more and more pronounced, and the companies more particularly engaged in the part of the shipping trade in which sailing ships are worked seem to vie with each other in securing "the largest ship afloat." Intimation is made this week that a contract has been placed on behalf of Messrs. Ant. Dom. Bordes & Son, Paris and Bordeaux, with a firm on the Clyde, who make the building of sailing ships a specialty, for the construction of a five-masted steel sailing ship to carry 6,000 tons deadweight. Not only will it be the first five-master, but it will be the largest sailing ship afloat.

SPEAKING of the run across the Atlantic in less than six days made by the City of Paris, the Philadelphia *Telegraph* says: "This new and undisputed Queen of the Seas is practically an American vessel; she is indeed to all intents a Philadelphia property, a controlling amount of her ownership being central in this city; yet by our perverse laws she is forced to fly the British flag. More than this, her submission to England is so absolute that she could, in the contingency of war between England and the United States, be converted by our enemy into a cruiser to bombard our ports and prey upon our commerce, the while she is virtually our own property." And yet they call it a "protective" policy which produces such results as these!

THE movement to erect a memorial at Kirkcaldy, Fifeshire, Scotland, in honor of Adam Smith, author of the "Wealth of Nations," a native of the town, is taking practical shape. A preliminary meeting of Magistrates and others, presided over by Provost Beveridge, has come to a strong opinion in favor of the movement. The idea is to build a large memorial hall, with accommodation for a free library, etc., at a cost of about £50,000. The meeting was most unanimous in the matter, and a committee was appointed to draw up a report, to be submitted to a public meeting of the inhabitants to be held at an early day, when arrangements having in view the raising of the fund will be discussed, and also probable sites for the proposed building.

THE Duke of Hamilton's decision to let Arran has caused much excitement in the Firth of Clyde district, as it is regarded, says a London newspaper, as only a preliminary step to selling the island. The shootings extend to 70,000 acres, and the estimated bag is 5,000 brace of grouse, 50 stags and 30 hinds, while in winter the island affords some of the best woodcock shooting in great Britain. The rent asked for the whole is £7,000 a season. The whole of Arran belongs to the Duke, except the estates of Kilmichael and Whitefarland, which are the property of the Misses Fullarton, whose family have been settled on the island since 1307, and the shooting over the estates is leased by the Duke of Hamilton. The Arran scenery, both on the coast and among the hills, is magnificent.

THE simplest way to moderate the glare of the light of incandescent lamps without losing too much of its lighting power is according to the *Electrische Anzeiger*, to give the globes a thin coating of collodion. With a little practice the uniform distribution of the collodion coating over the whole surface is soon achieved. Besides simplicity and cheapness this method presents the additional advantage that the coat is easy to remove with water. In connection with this communication the *Polytechnische Notizblatt* recommends to paint the lamps over with a solution of a salt, whereby they are covered by a coat of fine crystals. These innumerable crystals affect a diffusion of the light without materially diminishing its intensity. Salts of lead and tin are thought to be the most suitable for this purpose, but other materials may be found more convenient.

LAST week there was a great stir in the English religious world. Mr. Spurgeon opened with a vigorous attack upon Rev. Dr. Clifford, President of the Baptist Union, for attending service in South Place Chapel, Moncure Conway's old headquarters, now chiefly used by Comteists and secularists. Mr. Spurgeon wonders how a man professing to be a servant of Christ could associate himself with such a place. Clifford has been nursing his wrath, and on Sunday, from his own pulpit, delivered a reply. The other matter, according to a cablegram, is a personal quarrel between Rev. Charles Berry, who was offered the pastorate of the Brooklyn Chapel, and Rev. Dr. Parker, the famous Congregational preacher. Berry's offence lay in appearing on a political platform with Mr. Bradlaugh, the Radical atheist and member for Northampton. Mr. Berry defended himself with much vigor, and wound up by remarking that Parker is a man who makes emphasis do duty for originality—a statement which those who heard the rev. doctor preach in America will be able to appreciate. Dr. Parker has just made a somewhat incoherent reply to what he terms an unwarrantable and contemptible attack, and he also will have more to say on the subject next Sunday from the pulpit, into which it is now fashionable on that side to drag personalities and other extraneous matter. So far as the quadruple fight has gone, Spurgeon and Berry have had decidedly the better of it.

Latest from Scotland.

Montrose has given a commission for a statue of Burns to Mr. W. B. Rhind, sculptor, Edinburgh.

Last year £584,497—an increase on the previous year of £59,298—was expended on education in Scotland.

At the Bank House, Leith, aged 69 years, passed away John Aitken White, agent, Union Bank of Scotland.

The name of Dr. Marcus Dods is mentioned in connection with the vacant professorship in the New College.

Both Dr. A. K. H. Boyd and Cameron Lees have received the degree of LL. D. from St. Andrew's University.

Rev. Arch. Henderson, Lathones, on entering the 50th year of his pastorate there and who is retiring, has been presented with an address and £360.

During a thunderstorm on the 28th ult. the canteen at Blackness Castle, Linlithgowshire, was struck by lightning and the building was much damaged.

B. McGinn has just died in Arbroath Infirmary from some milk having turned into a hard substance in his stomach. Before taking it he had been drinking heavily.

Rev. John Robertson, Stonehaven, preaching in Glasgow the other day, said "He believed every word of the Westminster Confession, because he never read it."

The freedom of the royal burgh of Falkland was conferred on the 1st inst. on the Marquis of Bute. It is sixty years since the last honorary burgess was added to the roll.

An old ledger has recently been brought to light in Edinburgh. It belonged to a merchant of the sixteenth century. At the top of the inside board, the bookkeeper had inscribed the words "God bless this buik and keip me and it honest."

Bishop Wordsworth preached in St Giles', Edinburgh, in connection with the graduation ceremony. This is the first time an Episcopalian dignitary has appeared in the pulpit of St. Giles since the day on which Jenny Geddes made her name historic.

The foundations of what was the Castle of Macduff, Thane of Fife, are at present in the course of being uncovered in the explorations at old Falkland House, and special attention will be given to the dungeon where the Duke of Rothesay was starved to death.

"BRIGHT'S DISEASE has no symptoms of its own," says Dr. Frederick Roberts, of University College, London. First get rid of the kidney disease by using Warner's Safe Cure, then the effects of the symptoms will be removed.

Of the fifty or more ambitious writers who have attempted to fill Josh Billings' shoes, not one has succeeded in attracting attention.

Plush and tapestry coverings for fine furniture have had their day, for a time anyhow, dealers say, and satin, both plain and brocaded, is taking their place.

The Queen of Greece amuses herself by writing poetry.

The gentle wave of a lace-edged pocket-handkerchief has carried more poor fellows to their doom than the mighty breakers of the sea.

St. Catharines tax rate has been struck at 21 mills.

Washington has 20,000 more women than men.

STAINS ON BRICKS.

The Ugly White Coating Can be Prevented

"Many a noble building is half ruined almost as soon as completed," said a contractor yesterday, "and many another will go on suffering this same process for a long time to come. Early in their career quantities of brick structures become coated with a white frosty covering by some mysterious process, and once stained their beauty is lost forever. Stone buildings enjoy no immunity from this unsightly coating, and a number of the finest brown stone edifices in New England have been by their means robbed of a portion of their grace. The most noticeable stains are generally upon walls that have a northern or eastern exposure and are most subjected to rain storms. They become soaked with moisture, and the white coating forms upon their surface while they are drying off. About the chimneys, along the lines of leaky water spouts and upon the bricks that form or lie near the payment the stains are apt to be especially prevalent, as in such spots the dampness dries most rapidly, and thus the ugliness of the coating is hastened and accentuated. The excrescence is derived from both the brick and the mortar, and is a combination of sulphates of lime and magnesia, which is formed during the process of burning. If proper precautions were observed in the erection of prominently exposed buildings these effects might be minimized. For instance, lime that is absolutely devoid of magnesia should be used for mortar, and in the manufacture of bricks wood should be the fuel, as the sulphurous vapor arising from a coal fire is sure to mingle to some extent with the burnt clay. With these ingredients, sulphur and magnesia, removed there can be little danger of disfigured walls. Yet it will be many a day before builders will come to learn this. They would rather manufacture their materials in the present slipshod fashion, and let the owner take his chances as to subsequent disfurement by wind and weather."

Mind-Reader Bishop's Peculiarities.

Washington Irving Bishop, who died the other day, seemed always to belong to the darkness and the night. It was very unusual to see him about in the day time. At the Gedney House, where he stopped before his last trip to California, he usually occupied his room until 4 or 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when he got up and took breakfast. Then he was to be found around town all the evening and until 4 or 5 or even 6 o'clock the next morning. It was the most common thing in the world to go into any of the cafes along Broadway at 3 o'clock and find Bishop the centre of an admiring crowd, which he had been entertaining for perhaps an hour or two previously. When he got into the exhilarated condition resulting from frequent potations he was in the habit of making the most extraordinary statements concerning himself. I remember him one night in Milligan's announcing as an important secret that Sadie Martinot was his sister. However this may be, it is true that T. Brigham Bishop, the talented bucket-shop man and the composer of "Pretty as a Picture," is his brother, and in some respects quite as remarkable a human being as the late mind-reader.—*New York World.*

Decorations at Balmoral.

A variety of alterations and improvements are to be carried out at Balmoral during the next two months. It has been decided that a number of the jubilee presents are to be sent to Balmoral, and they will be arranged in the drawing-room and library, and in the entrance hall and corridor, which are now pretty well filled with statues and busts of various members of the Royal family, including Theed's white marble statue of the Prince Consort, who is represented in Highland dress; and of this work a gigantic replica, in bronze, is a prominent object in the grounds. The sitting rooms at Balmoral are principally decorated and furnished in Stuart tartan, of which the Queen is very fond, and the walls are adorned with the heads of stags and other sporting trophies, and hung with engravings and photographs representing Highland scenes, and a few portraits; but there are very few pictures, and none of any merit, as Her Majesty's large collection (*i.e.*, those which are her own private property) is divided between Osborne and the private apartments at Windsor, except a few pictures which are kept at Buckingham Palace.—*London Truth.*

Fancies About Figures.

The seven days of creation led to a septenary division of time in all ages.

Nine knots made in a black woollen thread formerly served as a charm in case of a sprain.

Women who wish to preserve the slimness and contour of their figures are advised to learn to stand well.

In many parts of England and in the United States an odd number of eggs is put under a setting hen.

When a servant maid finds nine green peas in one pod she lays it on the window sill, and the first man who enters will be her beau.

There is a well-known superstition, current since the days of Ovid, that particular virtue, strength or danger lies in the ninth wave of a series.

Why He Flirted.

An Atchison man whose wife was quite fat was caught flirting, and he made a rather novel explanation of his conduct. "The great ambition of your life," he said to his wife, after being caught at it, "was to become slender. Knowing that there was no efficacy in the stuff known as Anti-Fat, I resolved to flirt away your superfluous flesh. It wrung my heart to do it, but I was willing to make any sacrifice for your happiness. So I flirted, and you began to lose flesh. You are now as spirituelle as you ever wished to be. Come to my arms, and say you never doubted me."—*Atchison Globe.*

Kept His Word While Dying.

Israel Stoops, who a few days ago fel from a roof, died to-day. Shortly before his dissolution the man said to his wife: "When my soul leaves my body and enters the other world I will let you know by crossing my hands upon my breast." He kept his word, and died immediately after giving the sign.—*Los Angeles despatch.*

WOMEN MAKING UP.

Their Doing So Pleases the Men—All Nonsense to say They Should Not Do So.

It is all nonsense to tell women not to "make up," says the Philadelphia *Inquirer*. They will do it, and we must confess that some are positively repulsive mostly because they endeavor to do away entirely with all the dainty accessories so necessary to a charming and attractive toilette. The trouble is that so many silly women, in their anxiety for self-improvement, overreach the mark which divides refined elegance from grotesque vulgarity. The fault lies not so much in the use of some one or more articles to improve defects, but the way in which they are used. Ah! the men are so fearfully inconsistent. That is the trouble. How often they are heard to declare, in terms most emphatic, that woman's greatest charm is in being perfectly natural. Now watch them, please, when introduced to a fascinating bit of femininity. Do they stop to study up causes and effects to find just what has given that delicate tinge of color to the pretty white cheek, to inquire why the eyes look so dark and brilliant as they dance and sparkle beneath the curly, duffy bang? Of course not. The inconsistent creature, man, realizes but one thing. The girl is lovely, and he who is so ready to condemn is also the first to admire. The cute little woman laughs in her sleeve and goes on her way rejoicing, feeling quite repaid for the extra attention given to her skilful and artistic make up.

ONTARIO POSTAL NEWS.

New Offices Opened in Ontario—Others Closed—Changes in Names.

During the first three months of this year the following new post offices have been opened in Ontario: Barryvale, Bagot, Renfrew; Cloudslee, Lefroy, Algoma; Eagle's Nest, Brantford, Brant; Hesson, Mornington, Perth; New Flos, Flos, Simcoe; Parkersville, Stephenson, Muskoka; Whiteball, McMurrich, Muskoka.

These post offices have been closed: Baltie's Corners, Glengarry County; Patterson, York County; Rabbit Mountain, Algoma County.

Changes have been made in the names of post offices thus: Credit to Springfield-on-the-Credit; Farmersville to Athens; Red Rock to Nepigon; Serpent River to Cook's Mills, and Stewart Station to Fort Caldwell.

The Milford Bay post office, in Simcoe county, established as a summer office only, is now kept open all the year round.

The following new money order offices were established in Ontario on April 1st: Baden, Deemerton, Dundalk, Hepworth, Nepigon, Schreiber, South Woodslee, Springfield-on-the-Credit.

Latest Fashion Gossip.

A Paris despatch says that on Saturday Buffalo Bill gave a reception at his show, at which 15,000 attended. The ladies blossomed out in exhibition style. The chief attraction, of course, was Madame Carnot, in a grey faille with embroidered side-panels as ornaments. A shoulder cape of black lace reached to the waist, elaborately covered with garlands of black jet. A small black lace bonnet was trimmed with scarlet poppies.

Miss Marie VanZandt's gown was noticeable for its simplicity. It was made *à la Princesse*, of black poult-de-scie, with a front of black thread lace.

A Distinction With a Difference.

It was at a fancy dress ball that a very handsome woman approached the usher to be announced. As the usher laid his hand on the door he asked: "What name shall I announce?" "Oh," was the response, "lady in dress of the period of Queen Anne; no particular character." The usher flung wide the door, and in stentorian tones announced: "A lady in a dress of the period of Queen Anne—without any character."

Little Dick's Report.

Little Dick—"Mamma, that new doctor across the way asked me who was our family physician." Mamma—"Well, dear, we are never sick, and we have not needed one." The New Doctor (next day)—"Well, my little fellow, did you find out the name of your family physician?" Little Dick—"We don't have one, and we are never sick."—*New York Weekly.*

After Luncheon.

Edith (at Delmonico's, comparing assets with Ethel)—What shall we do? We haven't enough to pay the bill! (A pause of dismay). Ethel (brightening)—Why, I see what we can do. We'll have the bill sent C. O. D.—*Puck.*

Very Appropriately Named.

She (romantic)—Oh, how beautifully significant those Indian names are! Alabama, for instance. "Here let us rest!"

He (unromantic, but determined to be no better one)—Yes, and there's—c—M—nongahela. "Here let us drink!"

A pause follows.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox's husband is on the road a great deal selling goods, while his wife is at home writing poetry. He carries in his travelling valise 27 pictures of his wife, taken by different photographers during her rise to poetical fame.

Mrs. Krarer is a three-foot high Esquimaux woman now lecturing in the States.

—A well-known doctor says that babies cry for water and are crammed to repletion with milk instead, and cry the more, for which they get paregoric, nauseous oil, etc. They need water as much as older people, both physiologically and feelingly, and should be regularly supplied with all they will drink.

—*Garden and Forest* quotes this simple method of testing the quality of a pear: Write a name with pen and ink upon the dry skin of the fruit. If the ink is quickly absorbed, leaving clear, sharp lines, the quality of the fruit is good. If the skin does not absorb the ink quickly, and the lines are blotted, the quality is inferior.

—We do not trade with a disagreeable person unless we are obliged to; we often buy articles we did not expect to purchase, just because the man who waited on us was pleasant.—*Dry Goods Chronicle.*