A Fantasy.

What is a girl's life, pray?
  A little garden space
Within whose every spring
  She sees her beauteous face;
Where she is sole possessor
  Of all she hears and sees,
From the fluting of birds in summer
  To the honey of the bees;
Rosy wreaths and strings of pearl
All belong to the happy girl.

And what is a boy's life, pray?
  A quiet, shady nook,
Where he has nothing to do but play,
  Nor ever read a book;
A kingdom of contentment,
  Which every hour discloses
Some new delight of sense and sight,
  Fresh growth of sweeter roses;
A rich inheritance of joy
That crowns with light the happy boy.

We might be more than happy
  And lead such perfect lives
If all of us were children
  And none were husbands, wives;
But boys grow and girls grow,
  Together or apart,
Till some day each discovers
  The other has a heart.
This halves their joys and doubles their cares
And ends in wrinkles and gray hairs;
  In the feet that rock the cradle,
    In the hands that toil for bread,
  The trouble about the living,
    The sorrow above the dead.

What can we do, then? Nothing more
  Than those who begot and bore us;
  They make our lives before us
As theirs were made before.
We must be up and doing.
Maidens flying and men pursuing;
Then hey! for billing and cooing,
And ho! for wooing and winning.
  The world will never mend,
Love was before the beginning,
  And will be after the end.

—*Richard Henry Stoddard.*

Past Her Usefulness.

BY ANNA D. WALKER.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no;
Dear grandma, with her locks of snow,
Her placid face, her loving tone.
How sorrowful, how lost and lone,
We'd be without that presence dear,
Who tries to comfort and to cheer
In every dark and gloomy hour,
Her loving heart it gives the power.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no;
Each kindly smile she doth bestow
Will help to cheer us on our way,
Like sunshine on a darksome day.
Each time we note that furrowed brow,
That frame which age has bid to bow,
Her head so white with winter's snow,
We feel new love within us glow.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no;
We would not dare to say 'twas so.
Our hearts might grow all hard and sere
Were it quite empty, grandma's chair.
We think upon her feet all worn,
With journey full of steep and thorn,
We view her pale and wrinkled hand
And touched to tenderness we stand.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no;
She rocks the cradle to and fro,
Dear grandma faithful watches keeps
While baby on the pillow sleeps.
Winter and spring, we softly say,
Eveningtide and dawn of day,
Baby a bud of promise sweet,
Grandma the head of ripen'd wheat.

Past her usefulness, no, ah, no;
We're sure it never can be so.
We clasp her in a warm embrace,
We print a kiss upon her face,
We think on all that she has done,
We view the victory nearly won,
And softly cry, we cannot bear
To have it empty, grandma's chair!

A Shattered Illusion.

know not if 'twere chance or fate
  That brought the maid and me together;
At table d'hote one night at eight
  Our talk began about the weather.
We had no introduction—no;
  But this displays no lack of breeding.
Our seats were next each other, so
  It was a natural proceeding.

She dressed in stunning English style;
  Her hair was neatly coiled and braided.
"Ah! blessed," I thought, "is Britain's isle
  If home for eyes so softly shaded!"
Our rambling chat that waxed apace
  Was interspersed with frequent "fahneys."
I'll not deny the "fetching" grace
  Of "reahly" slipped betwixt her glances.

Still something nameless made me doubt
  Her being truly, bluely Briton,
Yet when one little phrase slipped out,
  With horror was my bosom smitten.
"I guess"—She could not call it back,
  And laughed to hide her sweet confusion.
Oh, lovely Anglomaniac,
  To shatter thus my fond illusion!

Ye Cannibal and Ye Missionaree.

A cannibal lived on a cannibal isle,
  And was thinner than thin could be;
His legs were as lean as the tail of a rat,
His head rattled round in his number-five hat,
And he left no mark on the sand where he sat,
  Oh, a woful sight was he!
  So he was—
  A dismal sight was he.

Now, there came to this island from over the main
  A laudable missionaree;
His weight was three hundred and forty-three pound,
His paunch and his jowls and his tonsure were round,
And he left a mark when he sat on the ground
  Just two-and-a-half feet by three.
  So he did—
  Just two-and-a-half feet by three.

But the moral I'm trying to teach in my song
  You soon will be able to see,
For the Christian proved docile and teachable quite;
He learnt from the heathen the thing that was right,
And one Sunday morning, as soon as 'twas light
  He ate up the cannibalee!
  Yes, he did—
  He ate up the cannibalee.

Oh, the Wretch.

"My darling, you do not bestow upon me so much affection as you did before we were married," remarked a pouting bride of four years to her husband. "Don't I?" he replied. "No, Charles, you do not; you pay very little attention to me." "Well, my dear," observed the wicked husband, "did you ever see a man run after a street car after he had caught it?"

Suited to the Ocassion.

At the barracks.

"How goes it, sergeant?"

"Pretty well, Major, only I'm hungry as a horse."

"Orderly, have a bale of hay sent around Sergt. Brown's quarters."

Nautical.

"The manner in which the English are buying up our breweries is getting to be a serious matter."

"That's so. With the lager beer schooner departs the last vestige of our American shipping."—*Boston Transcript.*

A fox at Horbling, in Lancashire, England, was compelled to retreat from her earth, owing to its flooding by heavy thunder-rain. She proceeded to bring her cubs out one by one into a field, where she was observed by two men. Then finding that escape with the four was impossible, she deliberately attacked her own cubs and killed them one after the other, after which she hastily scampered to a neighboring covert.

DUE TO SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION.

An English Physician Reports a Death From this Cause.

A phenomenal occurrence, nothing less than the spontaneous combustion of the human body, is claimed to have taken place recently. Dr. Booth reports the case as follows in the *British Medical Journal*:

On the morning of Sunday, February 19th, I was sent for to examine the remains of a man, age 65, a pensioner of notoriously intemperate habits. I found the charred remains of the man reclining against the stone wall of the hay loft. The main effects of combustion were limited to the corpse, and only a small piece of the adjacent flooring and the woodwork immediately above the man's head had suffered. The body was almost a cinder, yet retained the form of the face and figure so well that those who had known him in life could readily recognize him. Both hands and the right foot had been burnt off, and had fallen through the floor into the stable below among the ashes, and the charred and calcined ends of the right radius and ulna, the left humerus and the right tibia and fibula were exposed to view. The hair and scalp were burnt off the forehead, exposing the bare and calcined skull. The tissues of the face were represented by a greasy cinder, retaining the cast of the features, and the incinerated mustache still gave the wonted military expression to the old soldier The soft tissues were almost entirely consumed. On my return from other work, later on, I found that the whole had been removed. The bearers told me that the whole body had collapsed when they had tried to move it en masse. From the comfortable recumbent attitude of the body, it was evident that there had been no death struggle, and that, stupefied with all the whisky within and smoke without, the man had expired without suffering, the body burning away quietly all the time.

Children's Luncheons on Excursion.

I offer the experience of one family hoping it may be of use. Our children had not lived many years before we were convinced that grown people cannot judge of the appetite of the young, so we resolved that they should never be denied food when they asked for it, and concluded that good brown bread was least likely to hurt them. I do not think we should have allowed a child to eat all the time, but we were never troubled in this way. When the children were young we had a large three-seated "carry-all," into which we used to pack and drive to woods or streams within ten miles, and spend as many hours as they were interested and happy. A can of milk, dry bread and fruit was the only lunch they ever had or wanted. Visitors who sometimes went with us used to think it rather unkind treatment, till they saw with what hearty appetites the bread was eaten and realized how harmless bread crumbs are. One afternoon their father took two of them, about 6 and 8 years of age, to another part of the country, and, returning, had to wait a few minutes at the Broad street station. The children complained of hunger and were taken into a restaurant, where the waiter vied with their father in offering tempting cakes. In vain, nothing suited; till, somewhat out of patience, their father asked, "Well, what do you want?" "A piece of bread," was the meek reply, and the waiter had a very disgusted expression as each child turned away with a half loaf of bread and a contented face. Even small children can be taught that eating in public is scarcely permissible, but plain bread, properly eaten, annoys others as little as anything can. Would it not be a good idea for grown people, too, to look upon their picnics and days of "outing" as opportunities to enjoy the country, to get exercise and fresh air and to be satisfied with bread?—*Isabella in Philadelphia Ledger.*

Drawing the Credit Line.

Merchant Tailor.—I am sorry to say it, Mr. Goodheart, but as this is to be your wedding-suit, I must demand cash on delivery.

Mr. Goodheart.—Eh? Why, I've had had an account with you for years, and I've always paid promptly to the hour, the very hour, sir.

"Yes, Mr. Goodheart, but you were a bachelor and had the handling of your own money."

A Poser.

The modern child is an analyst. The small kid was playing with the scissors and his kindly old grandmother chided him.

"You mustn't play with the scissors, dear. I knew a little boy just like you who was playing with a pair of scissors just like that pair, and he put them in his eye, and he put his eye out, and he never could see anything ever after."

The child listened patiently and said when she got through:

"What was the matter with his other eye?"

An Unpromising Match.

Mrs. Henpeck—My dear, you will make a sad mistake if you marry Mr. Meak. He has no beard, and he wears a wig.

Daughter—What difference does that make?

Huh! You try managing a husband with no hair of his own, and you'll find out."

A Pardonable Sin.

Editor's Wife—I wonder what can be the matter with Mrs. Smith; she hasn't returned my visit yet.

Editor (absent-mindedly)—Perhaps you neglected to enclose a stamp.

Long-Distance Vision.

He—May I see you home?
She—Is your eyesight good?

An Unexpected Development.

Sick dude—Oh, doctor, what ails me? Doctor—I am surprised to find that you have brain fever.

—Mathematics has its oddities. The multiplication of 987,654,321 by 45 gives 44,444,444,445. Reversing the order and multiplying 123,456,789 by 45 a result equally odd is obtained—5,555,555,505. Is that curious or isn't it? And there is plenty more where that came from.

About a year ago the Dakota farmers began to import cats to destroy the mice in the wheat fields. Now they have got all the cats they want, and are howling for bootjacks.

HOW HE GOT HIS WIFE.

A Novel Courtship Ends in a Happy Marriage.

It is not often in this generation of self-reliant and independent young men, that the son will allow the father either to choose or pay much attention to his own choice of a young lady for matrimonial purposes. But Mr. Edy B. Haviland, of Boston, Ont., had faith in his father's excellent judgment, and will now pin that faith tighter than ever upon this *pater*, for he has recently married the girl of his father's choice and thinks he could not have done half so well for himself. It appears that some time since, Willis Haviland (the father), who is a member of the religious sect called Plymouth Brethren, was on Manitoulin Island preaching, and while at Manitowaning met a Miss Maggie Elliott, young, amiable and good looking. He fancied her for a daughter-in-law and in a short time had his son in correspondence with her. Acquaintance ripened into some sort of a tender affection, and an engagement and wedding followed. The young man, who is but 22 years of age, had never seen his betrothed, but he went for her about the first of this month, married her and brought her to his home in Boston about a week ago.

The reception was pleasant to all concerned and the newly married couple had several incidents of their trip to relate that were amusing. The difficulty in procuring a marriage certificate was their first trouble, but that was overshadowed by the exchange of Mrs. Haviland's trunk, containing besides clothing, the certificate duly signed, sealed and delivered. She has a trunk full of gentleman's apparel that she would like to exchange for her own. The young people received a large number of lovely presents, and the bride has already found that there are warm hearts in Boston open to her. May their lives be long, happy and prosperous!—*Brantford Expositor.*

CLEANING CLOTHES.

How to Restore the Freshness of Worn Clothing and Make it Like New.

It is a mystery to many people how the scourers of old clothes can make them almost as good as new. Take, for instance, a shiny old coat, vest or pair of pants of broadcloth, cassimere or diagonal. The scourer makes a strong, warm soapsuds, and plunges the garment into it, souces it up and down, rubs the dirty places, if necessary puts it through a second suds, then rinses through several waters, and hangs it to dry on the line. When nearly dry, he takes it in, rolls it up for an hour or two, and then presses it. An old cotton cloth is laid on the outside of the coat, and the iron passed over that until the wrinkles are out; but the iron is removed before the steam ceases to rise from the goods, else they would be shiny. Wrinkles that are obstinate are removed by laying a wet cloth over them, and passing the iron over that. If any shiny places are seen, they are treated as the wrinkles are; the iron is lifted, while the full cloud of steam arises, and brings the nap up with it. Cloth should always have suds made specially for it, as if that which has been used for white cotton or woolen cloths, lint will be left in the water, and cling to the cloth. In this manner we have known the same coat and pantaloons to be renewed time and again, and have all the look and feel of new garments. Good broadcloth and its fellow cloths will bear many washings, and look better every time because of them.—*American Analyst.*

The Idol of the Town.

The most popular song in England just now is monopolized by the London idol, Miss Vesta Tilley, and is entitled "Bachelors." Miss Tilley is a drawing favorite both for herself and her manager. For him she draws all the dudes of the metropolis to spend their money in the music hall, and for herself she draws $200 to $250 per week. The song runs as follows:

I want a girl of flesh, not stone,
  (Chorus—So do I!)
Whose heart will beat for me alone;
  (Chorus—Oh, what joy!)
A tender, pure, impulsive maid;
  (Chorus—Hard to find!)
A comforter when sorrow comes;
  (Chorus—Brave and kind!)
A John Bull's daughter like her dad;
  (Chorus—Good and true!)
Until I find one I shall search England through.
  Chorus—And I'll not go away to Yankeeland
    To seek out there a lady's heart and hand!
    An English girl, if win her love you can,
    Is good enough for any Englishman.

Another chorus to this song touches rather heavily upon the matrimonial combination of Prince Henry of Battenberg and Princess Beatrice:

Had I been born a handsome German Prince,
I might have been a son-in-law long since;
The royal maid of thirty-six I'd splice,
By doing it for half Prince Henry's price.

Bobby's Disappointment.

Bobby has been playing on the porch while his mother was calling within. She suddenly appears at door with hostess ready to take her leave, when Bobby bursts into tears and cries:

"Mamma, ain't you going to stay to lunch?"

"No, dear."

"Boo—hoo—hoo—well, you said you would—boo—hoo—hoo."

(Painful silence, followed by rapid leave-taking.)

Duty.

Mrs. De Style—Were you at church last Sunday? I didn't see you.

Mrs. De Fashion—I saw you.

"Did you? How did you like my new bonnet?"

"Oh, it was perfectly lovely! It came from Paris, I'm sure."

"Yes, my dear friend. Mrs. Devout smuggled it in for me."—*New York Weekly.*

A Brilliant Idea.

Hardware Dealer—Now, Mr. Rusticus, there's what I call a bargain. That stove has a quick oven, and the draught is so arranged that it will save one-half your fuel.

Mrs. R. (who is a student of economics)—La sakes, pa! why not get two and save all the fuel?

The Cincinnati street railroad company is putting in an electric motor plant. The tugging horse on the street car must go.

TELEGRAPHIC SUMMARY.

News from Rome states that the Duchess of Aosta has given birth to a son.

Owing to the dry weather in Manitoba there promises to be great scarcity of hay this year.

Sir John Macdonald will start on July 3rd on his usual summer trip to Dalhousie, N.B.

The Austrian budget for next year includes an estimate for the formation of 14 heavy batteries.

Advices from Pangani are that the Arabs have rejected Capt. Wissmann's terms, and that an attack is imminent.

The weather in Paris is very fine, and Canadian and American visitors to the exhibition are flocking there in great numbers.

A later despatch from Newcastle, N.S.W., says all the miners in the pit except two were rescued. The two bodies were recovered.

The members of the American Society of Civil Engineers in Paris visited the Eiffel tower and were entertained by M. Eiffel the other day.

The members of the Right in the French Chamber of Deputies have issued a manifesto protesting against the actions of the Republican majority.

The Customs Department has seized $8,000 worth of goods at Montreal belonging to the Vacuum Oil Co., of New York, on the alleged ground of undervaluation.

The Prince of Wales has sent to the Lord Mayor of London £100 towards a fund to be used for the expenses of English patients who are treated by M. Pasteur at Paris.

Frank Woodruff has commenced a suit for $19,500 damages for libel against the proprietor of a Chicago dime museum who has on exhibition a wax "figger" of the horse thief as one of the accomplices in the Cronin murder.

The Toronto police made a vigorous attempt yesterday to capture the burglars, or some of them, who have been infesting the city lately. The streets were specially patrolled and two crooks caught after a smart chase, during which several shots were fired.

The evictions on the Ponsonby estate were continued on Saturday. The evicting party encountered strenuous opposition, and a number of arrests were made. A mob which tried to rescue the prisoners was dispersed by the police with their batons. Several persons were injured.

A despatch from Shanghai says that Russia has occupied Deer Island, in Corea, as a coaling and naval depot. There is a Russian man-of-war there, and nobody is allowed to land or leave without a permit from the admiral. The possession of the island gives Russia great advantage over England.

A Rome despatch to the *Standard* says Archbishop Feehan, of Chicago, having made a long report to the Vatican through Cardinal Simeoni on the criminal acts of the Clan-na-Gael, the Pope has given instructions that power be granted the archbishop to take whatever measures he may deem oppertune to declare the Clan-na-Gael in opposition to the Church.

It was recently discovered that a plot was being concerted among the convicts in Kingston Penitentiary to revolt and gain their liberty, and on Saturday by the advice of Sir John Thompson a number of soldiers were placed in hiding with a view to contingencies. The fact that the plot was known, however, in some way got to the ears of the malcontents, and the expected denouement did not take place.

Two girls, aged 17 and 19 respectively, arrived at Buffalo on Saturday from Johnstown, where they had been deprived of friends and food by the terrible flood. They were penniless and desirous of proceeding to Almonte, Ont., where they had friends who would care for them. The flood sufferers' fund at Buffalo not being available for that purpose, State Officer Winspeare sent them on at the expense of the State.

At an Imperial Federation League meeting in London on Saturday night, Sir Charles Tupper, after admitting that the federation idea was now received in Canada with as much enthusiasm as in some other colonies, suggested the holding of a convention, representing all parts of the Empire, to consider the question of federation in all its bearings. He urged that one result might possibly be the adoption of an Imperial fiscal policy beneficial to the Empire as a whole. Lord Herschell, the Chairman, in the course of his speech, remarked that, if such a convention be held, it must be at the desire of the colonies. Mr. Rankin, member of Parliament for Leominster, afterwards urged Canada to take the lead in pressing for a convention such as suggested by Sir Charles Tupper.

Ten thousand quinine pills form one of the New York contributions for the Johnstown sufferers.

Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.—*Emerson.*

A laborer named Thomas Murphy was killed at Quebec yesterday afternoon when working on shipboard, by being struck on the head by a piece of timber.

William Lyman was brutally assaulted at Windsor by a colored man named Henry Williams on Monday afternoon, and died Tuesday at Harper Hospital, Detroit.

The West Peterboro' County Orange Lodge has passed resolutions condemning the action of the Grand Lodge at Goderich in reference to the Jesuits' Estates Act.

Two miners of Dortmund, in Westphalia, Germany, have just been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude each for using revolvers on the occasion of the disturbances growing out of the recent strikes.

Nine families were evicted at Youghal, Ireland, yesterday. Among those dispossessed was an aged woman named Sweeney, to whom the last sacrament was being administered when the evictors arrived. Mrs. Sweeney was subsequently reinstated.

Torrential rains, accompanied by thunder, have swept over Hesse, South Westphalia, Nassau and Thuringia, Germany. The storm extended east to Saxony and south to Bavaria. Serious damage was done to corn, hay and fruit crops. Several persons and a large number of cattle perished.

At the inquest at Armagh into the cause of the railroad accident near there last week, representatives of the Irish Northern Railway Company, on whose road the disaster occurred, announced that the company would accept all liability for the accident and was prepared to consider all claims for damages on account of loss of life and injuries that might be presented.

Some time on Tuesday night Mrs. Boyd and Miss Thompson, accompanied by A. Symonds and John Gillespie, left Blyth for parts unknown. Mrs. Boyd leaves a husband and six small children behind her. She took advantage of her husband's absence at work in the country, leaving her six small children all alone to do for themselves as best they could. The youngest is not two years old.

Word has reached Montreal of a terrible drowning accident that took place some days ago on the River Rouge, at the joint log drive of the Ottawa Lumber Company and Hon. J. K. Ward. In order to save portaging, a foreman named Emery Cote and two young men—one a French-Canadian, Monte Bello, and the other an Indian named Barnaby Shawen, tried to descend the mountain rapids in their canoe. The craft, which was rather heavily laden with utensils, provisions, etc., ran on a rock and was smashed to pieces. Cote got ashore, but the other two were drowned. The Indian Barnaby, though only about 24, was one of the best canoemen on the river. He is described as an exceedingly fine fellow, and was the only support of his widowed mother and her family, who live in Arundel township.

The impression prevails in Ottawa official circles that the Jesuit Incorporation Act will not be referred to the Supreme Court.

The Dominion Government have been notified of the discovery of an anthracite coal mine at Canmore, N.W.T.

Mr. Robert Flynn, of Arden, late Warden of Frontenac county, was thrown from his buggy and picked up unconscious. Death is feared.

In the Montreal Episcopal Synod yesterday the motion condemning the recent Jesuit legislation was carried, without debate, by a vote of 70 to 29.

A youth named Dore got entangled in the machinery in the Mountain Grove saw mill, near Brockville, and had his legs so crushed that both had to be amputated.

O'Donovan Rossa and Wilber Hendrickson, of the *United Irishman*, were arrested at New York yesterday on a charge of libel preferred by Patrick Sarsfield Cassidy.

An unknown man, aged about 20 years, was found drowned in the river at Leclercville, county of Lotbiniere, Que., on Monday, by the crew of the tug Boston.

Mr. Winstanley, a Protestant Home Ruler, has been privately selected for nomination as the next Lord Mayor of Dublin. The nomination is equivalent to election.

It is reported that Mr. A. P. Ross, ex-M. P. for Cornwall, has been appointed superintendent of the Cornwall Canal, in place of Mr. Macdonald, who will be superannuated.

The crop outlook in the vicinity of Ottawa, where there are low lying lands, is not bright. Potatoes have suffered the most, and in some districts will be a total loss.

The Orangemen of Medicine Hat, N.W.T., are appealing to their brethren throughout the country for ten-cent subscriptions to furnish and provide nurses for the Medicine Hat General Hospital.

The Dominion Line steamship Montreal, which arrived in Quebec on Wednesday, was the first vessel to come through Belle Isle Straits this season. She came through on Sunday, 16th inst. The straits are clear of ice, but there are numerous icebergs scattered about.

A young man named John Archambault was drowned in the Ottawa River, near Aylmer, Que., yesterday morning at Breckenridge. It seems he started out intending to shove along the float wood he collected, and it is supposed took a tit and fell in. He was 23 years old and leaves a wife and one child.

At Chambly Canton, Que., yesterday morning three men and a boy started fishing from a boat. A heavy gale came upon them and the boat filled with water and went down. Alex. Rivers, his son and Louis Savard were drowned. The other man managed to keep afloat for ten minutes when assistance arrived and he was rescued.

Alfred Cousin, switchman, M.C.R. yards, St. Thomas, met with an accident on Wednesday evening of a serious and painful character. While coupling two cars his left hand was carried into an Amos coupler and ground to a shapeless mass. He was carried to the Railroad Hospital and the hand amputated above the wrist. His relatives reside in Cayuga.

Arthur Rushton, the 11-year-old son of Mr. Robt. Rushton, boilermaker, Hincks street, St. Thomas, while watching the Salvation Army parade on Wednesday evening, was run over by a rig, both wheels of which passed over his head and neck. He was picked up for dead and hurried into Duncombe's drug store, but was restored to consciousness after some time. He has sustained severe scalp wounds and other injuries.

A Sure Cure for Consumption.

One of the "sure cures of consumption" sold in Philadelphia was analyzed and found to consist of rum, molasses and extract of dandelion.—*Rochester Democrat.* Well, what of it? If that won't cure consumption, what will?—*Buffalo Courier.*

What Might Have Been Expected.

"And how did Blifkins become insane?"

"By absorption. He slept for three months beneath a crazy quilt."

Andrew McFarlane, landlord of the Crawford Hotel, Windsor, died of heart-disease at 8 o'clock Friday morning, leaving a widow but no children.

An American, now in Liberia, writes that he saw on a single Sunday one missionary and 50,000 cases of gin landed on the African coast. Why so much missionary?

Hans Christian Andersen, according to Mr. Gosse, was a peculiar and decidedly unpleasant child. The genius of the youthful Andersen was stimulated by weeding in the garden of a lunatic asylum and by inventing little tales for the benefit of the old ladies in the neighboring poorhouse.