He'd Had No Show.

Joe Beaull 'ud set upon a keg
Down to the groc'ry store, an' throw
One leg right over 'tother leg
An' swear he'd never had no show.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show!"
Then shift his quid to 'tother jaw,
An' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw, an' chaw.

He said he got no start in life,
Didn't get no money from his dad,
The washin' took in by his wife
Earned all the funds he ever had.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."
An' then he'd look up at the clock,
An' talk, an' talk, an' talk, an' talk.

"I've waited twenty year—let's see—
Yes; twenty-four, an' never struck,
Altho' I've sot round patiently,
The fust tarnashion streak er luck.
"Oh, no," said Joe,
"Hain't hed no show."
Then stuck like mucilage to the spot,
An' sot, an' sot, an' sot, an' sot.

"I've come down regerler ever' day
For twenty years to Piper's store;
I've sot here in a patient way,
Say, hain't I, Piper?" Piper swore,
"I tell ye, Joe,
Yer hain't no show;
Yer too dern patient"—ther hull raft
Jest laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed, an' laffed.
—*S. W. Foss in Yankee Blade.*

Mr. Gladstone on the First of Genesis.

In *Good Words* for April Mr. Gladstone comments at length on the creation story as given in the first chapter of Genesis. He does not think that the days of creation were either days of twenty-four hours or geological periods. "It seems to me," he says, "that the days of the Mosaist are more properly to be described as Chapters in the History of the Creation. That is to say, the purpose of the writer in speaking of the days was the same as the purpose of the historian is when he divides his work into chapters. His object is to give clear and sound instruction. So that he can do this, and in order that he may do it, the periods of time assigned to each chapter are longer or shorter according as the one or the other may minister to better comprehension of his subject by his readers. Further, in point of chronology, his chapters often overlap. He finds it needful, always keeping his end in view, to pursue some narrative to its close, and then, stepping backwards, to take up some other series of facts, although their exordium dated at a period of time which he has already traversed. The resources of the literary art, aided for the last few centuries by printing, enable the modern writer to confront more easily these difficulties of arrangement, and so to present the material to his reader's eye, in text or margin, as to place the texture of his chronology in harmony with the texture of the action he had to relate. The Mosaist, in his endeavor to expound the orderly development of the visible world, had no such resources. His expedient was to lay hold on that which to the mind of his time was the best example of complete and orderly division. This was the day, an idea at once simple, definite and familiar. As one day is divided from another not by any change visible to the eye at a given moment, yet effectually by the board chasm of intervening night, so were the stages of the creative work several and distinct, even if, like the lapse of time, they were without breach of continuity. Each had its work, each had the beginning and the completion of that work, even as the day is begun by its morning and completed and concluded by its evening." Mr. Gladstone expounds this ingenious theory at considerable length and in an interesting way. There are other readable contributions in the number.

Unhealthy Work for Laundresses.

The laundress earns from $3 to $7 a week, with an average of from $5 to $6. She works in rooms where pipes leaking and dripping clothes keep the floor wet most of the time. In winter the water freezes and the floor is covered with ice. She must always be provided with two pairs of shoes, as she cannot wear the water soaked ones in the street. Indeed, a complete change of apparel is necessary in winter. The ironing rooms cannot be ventilated, laundrymen claim, because it is impossible without admitting smoke and soot from the outside. The irons are heated on great furnaces in the center of the room, that they may be easily accessible from either side, and the heat at all times is oppressive, in summer intolerably so. In this, as in most employments, there is too much difference between the wages paid to men and women, and convict labor reduces prices.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Eat Nothing with Fish.

I think it is a wise plan that an English friend of mine tells me Sir Morell Mackenzie adopts in his own family, and has caused to be followed by many of his friends and patients—that of never allowing bread on the table when he has fish there, says a writer in the St. Louis *Globe*. Under no circumstances will he eat, or permit to be eaten, fish or bread at the same time. He holds that the presence of bread in the mouth prevents the detection of the presence of a bone, which is lodged in the throat before it is discovered, and strangulation follows. The wisest way is certainly to eat fish alone, never with bread or similar substances, for there is much danger in fish-bones.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* says: The proposed trip of the Thirteenth Regiment to Toronto, Ontario, as guests of the Queen's Own, during the Flower Carnival on July 1st, has been abandoned, the council and officers agreeing that it was inopportune on the year that the regiment is going to camp.

One of the most marvelous features of astronomical photography is the way that a camera will register the images of stars invisible to the human eyes. The same instrument which shows to the human eye stars of the fourteenth magnitude, which in the entire heavens would register about forty-four million stars, shows to "the photographic eye no less than one hundred and thirty-four millions! After an exposure of one hour and twenty minutes a photographic negative of the whole firmament would display to the astonished gaze of the beholder a luminious dust of four hundred millions of stars.—*Exchange.*

Few of us would be any better if we could judge ourselves according to the estimate of other people.

The Czar's brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, is going to take some friends through Siberia and them how like an earthly paradise a Russian prison pen is.

SHOULD HORSES BE SHOD.

Interesting Discussion Carried on at the London Animals' Institute.

"As the public are being invited to view a collection of horseshoes at the Animal's Institute, and a series of papers are being read on the art of horseshoeing, the question whether our horses should be shod at all might be raised opportunely," says the *Pall Mall Gazette*. "Use and wont have so accustomed us to shod horses that it will appear to many to be as absurd to discuss the practice as it would be to begin a contention as to the wearing of boots. But it is not by any means the first time that the wisdom of nailing an iron shoe on the hoof of horses has been called in question. Some years ago the matter was hotly debated, when the advocate of the shoeless system came in for the abuse usually awarded to the pioneers in any reform. The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty of Animals also give it out that they would prosecute any one who rode or drove a horse without shoes, being convinced that it would be a piece of cruelty to do so. If they are still of the same mind they need not lack a subject for prosecution, as we know of more than one owner of horses who has converted theory into practice.

A doctor in considerable practice in the north of London has been driving one of his horses for nearly a year past without shoes, and his experience confirms in the fullest degree the views of the Rev. J. G. Wood, as set out in his book on "Horse and Man," a perusal of which induced him to make the experiment. When the shoes were first removed the hoofs were soft, and in order that they may harden and so return to the natural condition, the horse was kept on a hard floor in the stable for three months. That is a costly but necessary preparation where shoes have been used, but later economies will more than balance the account. At the close of the period named he was put to work, and, notwithstanding the tear and wear in all weathers and on hard and soft roads indiscriminately, the hoofs are to-day perfectly sound.

Frost makes no difference to the surefootedness of the unshod animal, and whil the brother practitioners were confined to the stable owing to the slippery condition of the roads, he went his rounds with absolute safety.

This is a clear demonstration that a horse can do traction work without shoes with distinct advantage both to the animal and the owner. And the Rev. J. G. Wood contends that it can do saddle work also, better than when shod, on any description of road. Veterinary surgeons, farriers and grooms may be skeptical, but practice is better than theory. The following are the advantages which one of the author's correspondents sets out as the result of his personal experience.

1. Five or six pounds per annum are saved by non-shoeing, including the frost nails in winter.
2. Can gallop on a road covered with ice, when other horses are not safe even with the use of frost nails.
3. The weight of the shoes is taken off the feet, which is a considerable help to the horse.
4. The foot, being flat from the frog and down to the ground, leaves no receptacle for stones.
5. There is none of the unnecessary jar caused by the shoes, so that the horse travels freer and lighter.

The doctor's groom, who is an enthusiastic convert to the new system, not only confirms these advantages but claims that the animal is saved from various diseases of the foot caused by shoeing, while its surefootedness is most remarkable. It steps high and goes well, and at the end of a day's work its feet are perfectly cool. If this surefootedness can be secured without detriment to the hoof, it certainly would be an incalculable boon to the horses which are constantly coming to grief in the greasy London streets, and besides it would afford not a little relief to those who have to watch the torture of the animals as they make painful efforts to regain their foothold.

New System of Building.

A very favorable account is given in the French papers of the new system of building houses of iron and steel plates, introduced into France by M. Danly, manager of the Societe des Forges de Chateleneau, who has set forth its various advantages with much practical detail, attracting considerable attention to the method. It has been satisfactorily ascertained, it seems, that corrugated sheets of such metal, of more than a millimeter in thickness, are sufficiently strong for building houses several stories high, and the material, of course, allows of a considerable variety of architectural ornamentation.

The plates thus employed are of the finest quality, and as they are galvanized after having been cut to the sizes and shapes required no portion is left exposed to the atmosphere. In addition to this it is asserted that houses constructed in such manner are very sanitary, and that all ventilation and heating arrangements can readily be carried out. In England this system of building has found much favor, the superiority of the new over the old system consisting in the method of corrugating and galvanizing the metal.—*Philadelphia Record.*

The Latest Hair Cut.

What is the latest thing in a hair cut? I haven't been officially notified of any deviation from the pompadour cut. But one of my men told me the other day that he had heard there was going to be a revolution in the cut. He said that the old-fashioned cut was going to return. That is, straight across the back, the hair about the ears to be left thick and long and combed over on the temples—hooked over. That was the sort of cut your father had when he was courting your mother. See? I don't know where my man got that idea, but he is always getting an idea somewhere. —*Interview in Chicago Tribune.*

It is again rumored that an English syndicate is negotiating for the purchase of the Union Stock Yards at Chicago, the price being $10,000,000.

Old Mr. Cumso (as the clock strikes 12) —Is that young man in the parlor with Mabel a minister? Mrs. Cumso—What makes you ask that? Old Mr. Cumso—I inferred so from the fact that he is holding a protracted meeting.

Never touch a vine that has three fingered leaves—that is, leaves divided into three parts. Vines that show five fingers may be handled with safety. Poison ivy has three fingers.

"THE MAN FROM NOWHERE."

A New Star in the English-Speaking Literary World.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling, like Lord Byron, awoke one morning and found himself famous. Not yet 25 years of age, and a year ago nothing in the literary world, he is now the literary hero of the present hour in England; and if the strong wine of praise which is pressed to his lips does not make him lose his head, he may yet fill a larger canvas than he has yet essayed. He was born in India, his father having been head of the Lahore School of Art, and was educated in England, returning when 16 years of age to the land of his birth. Since then he has travelled through the United States, and as special correspondent in India has gone through the deserts of Bikanir and the mines and opium factories of Lower Bengal, his name being a household word throughout almost the entire Empire. It is in the portrayal of Anglo-Indian and native Indian life that his genius has found its outlet, and his selection of short stories entitled "Plain Tales from the Hills," published by Frank T. Lovell & Co., New York, display a wonderful power of character drawing, and that perception of the essential which belongs only to the born story-teller. Mr. Kipling's sketches of native Indian life are the result of conscientious labor. His information has been obtained at first-hand in the very heart of native cities, in dens no European ever penetrated before; and, with a happy knack of making people talk for his entertainment, his researches have been facilitated by a perfect mastery of Hindustani as taught in books, and also of an inner-life familiar tongue, known in India bazars as "chotee bolee," words of which "women's talk" is a very free translation. He has an incisive power of representing in half a dozen pages a complete action, and much of his work is of a very high imaginative quality. No one hitherto has attempted to treat Tommy Atkins, the British soldier, as a separate human entity instead of the 900th component part of a whole, but Mr. Kipling has represented him as he is. He has intense, untiring sympathy with Tommy; he has eaten and drank with him, and has smoked countless pipes in his company, and as a result his types are living types, palpitating with actuality, rude figures of a rough-hewn race, and unlike anything in literature. The three characters in whom he most delights are Mulvaney the Celt, Learoyd the Yorkshireman, and Ortheris the Cockney, and they are simply as inimitable as Athos, Porthos and Aramis. The stifling atmosphere of the plains and the languorous delights of Simla are all depicted by him with masterful vigor and exquisite grace, and while as a satirist his eye is keen, his touch is gentle and kindly. He may yet, as a high literary authority has said, become a second Dickens.

Quebec as a Military City.

Quebec has always been essentially a military city, and ever since the days when the immortal Wolfe scaled its frowning heights, its history and traditions have been intimately connected with those of the British army. It is now twenty years since the last of Her Majesty's regiments marched out of the gates of the impregnable citadel, built by the Duke of Wellington, but the Union Jack still waves from the flagstaff of the Queen's bastion, overlooking the grandest harbor in the world, the gateway of British America; and the evening gun is still fired, and last post sounded by men in the uniform of the Royal Artillery. So with the people. The best families of the city are descendents of old army officers, many Quebec boys, educated at the Military College of Kingston, are to-day serving the Queen in all quarters of the globe; and in the old Anglican cathedral, in whose chancel the tattered colors of Her Majesty's 69th Regiment still hang, the vestry clerk—himself a hero of the Light Brigade of Balaklava, and bearer of thirteen wounds—shows to visitors the monuments erected to the memory of sons of Quebec who fell at Seringapatam and at Delhi. The English-speaking settlements near the city were largely founded by military men. As an evidence of this the cemetery of the country parish of Valcantier, on the line of the Lake St. John Railway, contains the graves of nineteen Waterloo veterans. How many country parishes in England can surpass this record?

A Refreshing Bath.

A warm salt bath is very refreshing to any one suffering from the exhaustion of travel or of a long shopping expedition—which is as trying to mind and body as anything that can be undertaken by a woman. Away from the seashore a very simple substite for sea water is a cup of rock salt dissolved in warm water and added to the bath. When the salt is irritating to the skin take a warm bath and sponge off with a mixture of violet or lavender water and alcohol, about half and half, and rub briskly with a warm friction towel. Such a method prevents the exhaustion and danger of cold which follow a warm bath.—*New York Tribune.*

How He Got Down.

Lady (commiseratingly)—And how did it happen, my poor man, that you became reduced to this abject condition?

Tramp—By being a Christian, madam.

L.—By being a Christian? Impossible!

T.—It is the truth, madam. I attended a church fair once, and all the money I possessed in the world I had with me. When I left the fair I was penniless, and here I am.

Ready to Poker Little Fun at Her.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jones, struggling with a pot of jam at the dinner table the other day, "see if you can open this pot."

"Not with my luck," murmured Jones, who had been sitting up the night before with a sick friend. "I'll pass it blind," and he sighed dejectedly behind his newspaper.

The town of Sefron, near Fez, Morocco is inundated, and the whole place is in ruins. Fifty-three Jews and many Moors have perished.

Four young whales, each about seven feet long, appeared in the Thames, Eng., recently. They gamboled about in the river, while great crowds looked on.

A STORY OF THE DAY.

Lord George Jeffreys as he Appeared During the "Bloody Assizes."

Who is not acquainted with the blood-stained and infamous record of Lord George Jeffreys, of England? The story of the "bloody assizes," in which he is the central figure, will continue to be read with horror and amazement to the end of time. It has no parallel. Perhaps the best account of it is given by Macaulay in his history of England, though every writer of note who has had occasion to touch upon it has grown eloquent in describing its horrors. The author of the brief sketch of Lord Jeffreys in the British Encyclopedia says: "It was in this 'bloody assize' that he was to deepen the stain that already tarnished his fame, and to make the name of Judge Jeffrey's a synonym for a monster of bloodthirsty cruelty, blasphemous rage, and brutish intemperance. In the 'campaign he gave rein to his ferocity; he was maddened with slaughter; and his appetite for blood grew with what it fed on. The horrible glare of his eye, the savage lines of his face, his fierce shouts of wrath, terrified and confused guilty and innocent alike. With hateful cunning he let it be bruited that the only hope of mercy lay in pleading guilty, and by this cold-blooded artifice lightened his labors. He had a powerful incentive to active butchery; the vacant post of lord chancellor was to be won by good service. The estimates of the number of his victims vary: the official returns to the treasury was 320; Lord Lonsdale says 700, and Burnet 600. Upward of 800 were transported to the West Indies as slaves, while others only escaped by purchasing their pardons from the judge at most exorbitant rates." When King James fled Jeffreys made an attempt to escape to Hamburg, but was captured, and after narrowly escaping death at the hands of an infuriated mob, was thrown into the tower of London. There he lay for some months, tortured by anguish of mind and body, dying miserably on the 18th of April, 1689.

How to Dress Children.

The maternal pride that prompts all mothers to dress their children as well as possible under adverse circumstances, says a sensible writer in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, also induces them to spend many an hour over their clothes without begrudging either the labor or time. Fortunately, the most appropriately dressed girls are the plainest clothed, just at present; but, by being plain in style, it does not follow that the little frock is not to be of a dainty material, tastefully made and in a becoming manner. Do not put too sombre a color upon a sad-faced child; neither have all around sashes on a stout little figure, which requires tapering effects. A little thought will soon settle this part of the task, which is the simplest. Blouse suits of the cottons imitating flannel; lawn-tennis flannel, which is part cotton; and all-wool blue-and-white flannel and serge are the most comfortable of play dresses, and for little ones at the seaside nothing can replace them. If trimmed in any manner let it be with cotton or woolen braid, according to the material of the dress. Sew the gathered skirt, which is amply full and hemmed, to a silesia underwaist, and have a sailor blouse, with the regular sailor collar and coat or skirt sleeves with a round neck or tiny band as preferred. Misses wear the blouse suits made in a similar style, and their half-worn skirts may be entirely worn out with two or three odd blouses made in this fashion, or as belted waists of wash surah or striped tennis flannel.

Nainsook for guimpes may be had ready tucked, or the white embroidery can be used. Separate guimpes are advocated, as they are easier to wash. White frocks are of plain nainsook or embroidered flouncing, 27 inches wide. Those of last season may be remodeled by adding a waist-belt of insertion, vest of the same and revers of edging over a tucked guimpe. If the skirt is too short lengthen it with a row of insertion let in. Plaid and striped ginghams are always neat with accessories of embroidery, and small figured sateens are frequently made over for little ones and worn with the inevitable guimpe, which is called an "American idea," though it originated in France.

Any dress to be made over for a young girl can have new sleeves, yoke and short border of tartan plaid woolen goods, cut bias. This may be used for any plain, dark woolen goods, and if the renovated dress is of striped material the extra portions added are of plain cashmere. Their sleeves are full, collars high, or pleated and turned over, and the skirts are usually full and gathered. Round waists, jacket bodices and pointed basques having full fronts are worn by young girls, with full vests, girdles, half-belts and cuffs similar to those worn by older girls. The only silk addition made to their toilettes is of surah or India silk in small figures.

Still Hoping.

Miss Hevyrox—No, John, I cannot listen to your love. Farewell forever.

John—Might I ask one question.

"Yes."

"Is this a Simon-pure farewell or one of the Patti brand?"

Not a Wise Investment.

Brine—So you have been buying real estate out West?

Freshleigh—Yes; bought 16 lots.

Brine—What did you make on the deal?

Freshleigh—Made an ass of myself. Do you want to buy them at a fruitful discount?

VICTORIA UNIVERSITY.

Valued Gifts to the Institution Announced at the Recent Convocation.

At the recent convocation of Victoria University Chancellor Burwash announced that the following gifts had been made to the institution:

1. In the name of Mr. Edward Jackson Sanford, B.A., the foundation of a museum in anthropology. Edward Odlum, M.A., has for several years in Japan, and in Australia and the Pacific islands, been engaged in researches in anthropology. He has made extensive and exceedingly valuable collections of articles illustrating the primitive life and early civilization of the race in these interesting lands. These he has offered to place at the disposal of his Alma Mater, and to continue his work to make the collection as perfect as possible in illustration of aboriginal American life. The expense of this work Mr. Sanford has undertaken to defray, and by this act erects in his Alma Mater a permanent and most conspicuous and interesting monument of the day of his graduation.

2. In memory of the late Hon. Senator Macdonald, Mrs. Macdonald continues the Macdonald bursary.

3. Mr. George A. Fox has this year established in the Faculty of Theology a bursary of the value of $25 a year in New Testament exegesis.

The Corn Exhibit in Edinburgh.

The Edinburgh *Scottish Leader*, May 7th, gives a lengthy and enthusiastic account of the American Indian corn exhibit at the Exposition in that city. Colonel Murphy who has the exhibit in charge, is not only showing the Scotchmen the different varieties of corn produced in the United States, and explaining to them the immensity of the crop and its remarkable cheapness, but he is teaching them its manifold uses in the production of starch, glucose, oil, whiskey, etc. "This is the first time," says the *Leader*, "that the people of Scotland have been taught how to cook maize; and, no doubt, many after seeing and tasting the numerous excellent qualities of that form of food will wonder why they have so long been kept in ignorance of them." At the risk of having its patriotism impeached the *Leader* declares "that Indian corn bread is pleasant to the taste and lighter than oatmeal," and that "if people are once acquainted with the really wholesome and nutritious food that can be made from this corn it is thought that exportation may prevent the waste in America.

Colonel Murphy has had printed fifty different ways of making appetizing and nutritious dishes from corn meal, furnished him by the *Record*. If he should prevail upon the people of Great Britain to learn how to properly prepare corn for the table all the rest would be easy. They would find that it is as good food for men and women as for horses and oxen. And what a blessing cheaper bread would be to the very poor!—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Your Grace."

It is told of the late Duke of Rutland that he one day met the little daughter of one of his gamekeepers. "Well, little one," he asked, "and what do you call yourself?" "For what we are about to receive may the Lord make us truly thankful; amen," was the astonishing reply. The child had simply followed home instructions to the effect that if the duke should ever address her she should be sure to say "Your grace." —*New York Tribune.*

First crank, at the ball game—Look there! Mickey is going to steal third base. He can do it. They can't put him out. There he goes! Second crank—They've put him out. First crank—Yes; the blamed idiot might have known he couldn't get to third.

Amy—What do you think of the young cornetist, Mabel? Mabel—Oh, he is just utterly toot-too.

Emperor Wilhelm has had an electric railway made for bringing the dishes from the kitchen into the state dining-room.

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