

TIT-BITS.

A Great Injustice.

"You seem to have a tidy berth here," said a newly arrived American to St. Peter as he entered the golden gate: "and you have held it for a long time, I believe."
"Yes," said the saint with a sigh, "but I don't save anything."
"Why not?"
"Well, you see, I'm being constantly robbed to pay Paul."—Cape Cod Item.

No Enoch Arden.

"Say, secretary," said a wild-eyed individual as he entered the Mayor's office, "kin I get a permit to carry a pistol?"
"Is your life in jeopardy?" asked the genial secretary.
"In where?"
"Are you in fear of danger?" said the secretary, speaking somewhat plainer.
"Well," said the wild-eyed man, "I'm not 'zactly feared, as yer call it, but yo' see I married a woman who thought her first husband wuz dead. See? Well, now it 'pears as how he's turned up out 'n Dakota. After hearin' all about her a-marrin' me he just sits down an' writes my ol' oman as how he's on his way here to trim my eyebrows, jest to show me that he's no sickly Enoch Arden, wha'ever that means. Now, considerin' all things, hadn't you better gi' me a permit to carry a musket? Eh!"—[D. F. P.]

Cure for Asthma.

"Dissolve half an ounce of iodide potash in an eight-ounce bottle of water. Dose, a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water after meals."
The above is published by request. Iodide of potash is a drug that should not be rashly administered, and can only be safely used for any length of time under the eye of the physician.

Only Partly Married.

A gentleman who was walking behind two flashily dressed women in Central Park overheard the following conversation:
"Do you see that young lady with the straw hat on, in that carriage with the old gentleman with a big mustache?"
"Yes, I see them."
"Well, that's my daughter."
"You don't say so? Are they married?"
"He is, but she isn't."

A Safe Bit.

Day—That Joblets will take a drink with any one and will drink to and toast.
Weeks—I never knew him to drink to excess.
Day—Then you can bet Excess never asked him.

Hit on the Cause.

Harper's Bazar: Employer—Thompson, you are discharged.
Employee—But what have I done, sir?
Employer—Nothing; absolutely nothing. That's what I complain about.

Job's Objections.

New York Herald:—Elder Berry—It is no use trying to get Job Lots into the church. Dr. Thirdly—What does he object to in our belief? Elder Berry—To calling a king wise who married 300 wives.

Misunderstood.

MR. GRASS-SEED (in city bookstore)—I want ter get a book ter take hum, Mister. Clerk—Yes, sir; shall it be something light.
MR. GRASS-SEED—No! too heavy, Mister, 'caus' I've got some more fixings ter carry hum, an' I ain't as strong as I uster was.—[Tex. Siftings.]

A Mitigating Circumstance.

Hostetter McGinnis—It is mean of you to be always abusing your friend Jones behind his back.
Gus De Smith—I can't see it that way. If I abuse him to his face he will pound the life out of me.—Siftings.

The Man Who Had been thar.

They got on at St. Thomas to come west. Everyone could tell at a glance that they were a newly-married couple, and the light of love and happiness shone in their faces with thirty-two candle-power. As they sat down the young husband put his arm around her waist, and a minute later there was a grunt from an old man in the seat behind.
"Speak to me, sir?" queried the husband as he looked around.
"No! I hain't sayin' a word to nobody," was the reply.
Pretty soon the young wife rested her head upon her husband's shoulder and the old man uttered a "humph" which caused the bridegroom to turn his head and inquire:
"Were you addressing me, sir?"
"No! I hain't addressed nobody for over two hours."
Five minutes later the bridegroom reached his right hand up and pinched her cheek in a playful way and the "bygones" of the old man was heard half the length of the car.
"See here! said the husband as he turned about, "are you speaking?"
"I hain't bin speakin' to nobody, as I told ye before. Are you goin' right through to Detroit?"
"Yes, sir."
"Right in this car?"
"Of course."
"Jest bin married, I take it?"
"We were married two hours ago, sir."
"Wall, I hain't findin' no fault about it, I merely wanted to ask—"
Here he reached down for a bundle tied up in a linen duster, and the husband queried:
"Well, sir what is it?"
"Would it hurt yer feelin's if I went into the next car?"
"Of course not."
"Then I'll ask to be 'cusod. I wouldn't hurt yer feelin's for a thousand dollars, but I've been married three times myself and—"
"And what?"
"The old man bent over and whispered in his ear, loud enough for a dozen people to hear:
"Every one of 'em either run away from me or died on my hands, and I can't abear any recollection of it!"
He dropped a celluloid collar and a sock out of his bundle as he passed down the aisle, but he was too agitated to stop and pick them up.—[Detroit Free Press.]

GAMES FOR CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

COCKATOO.

Let all the players, save one, assume a name which rhymes with *you*, thus: Mr. Pugh, Mrs. Crewe, Master Hugh, Miss Bellow, Mr. Thew, Missie Sue, Mr. Chew, Missie Loo, Miss Bijou, Miss Ashew, Missie True, Mr. New, Mrs. Few, Miss La Rue, Mrs. Clew, &c., according to whether they are single ladies, children or gentlemen; and let them form in a circle or a straight line (whichever is preferred), either sitting or standing.
It is the business then of the left-out player to question the others with the utmost rapidity and bewilderment, and to try and entrap them into a wrong answer, when the one who makes a mistake has to pay a forfeit.

There are two rules to the game.
The first, that every question or every answer must end with the allotted rhyme.
The second, that each player's first answer must be his (or her) own assumed name, that, ever after, no matter under what provocation, the answer must be the name of his (or her) left-hand neighbor. In no case is there to be a syllable uttered else.
The left-out player begins by addressing as abruptly as possible, any one of the company. To illustrate the method, let it be supposed the question are put to "Miss Bellow," and that her left hand neighbor is "Mr. Pugh." Says the player (which must be always the first question), "Pray, who are you?" and the lady has to answer, "Miss Bellow."

"But is that true?" asked the player; when "Miss Bellow" naturally fears she has made a wrong reply, and is likely to cry out "Yes!" or something similar. She is, however, only to answer "Mr. Pugh," and if she stirs from that, must pay the penalty of a fine. To make her stir, the player piles her with questions of this sort: "What, next to you? Is that your view? And will he do? Has he a shoe? Are his eyes blue? Does he like stew? Will you pursue? Can he make glue? Is that your cue?" putting in every now and then, "But is that true?" as if a doubt really existed, and "Miss Bellow" ought to take care.

The player, as well as "Miss Bellow," must be narrowly watched; for the moment a question is put with more than four syllables, or which does not rhyme, a fine follows, and the player loses his (or her) post and must go into the ranks. When this occurs the player chooses a successor, saying "Mrs. Crewe, I change with you," and if "Mrs. Crewe" does not happen to be the right name there is a second fine. Every time any fine is incurred the company all cry "Cockatoo" and change places.

It is the privilege of the player to leave off questioning whenever he (or she) likes and to begin upon another of the company. The more frequently and capriciously this is done the more merriest follows, and a player can go up or down the line, or either way round the circle, with only the question "Pray, who are you?"—thereby reducing his chance of a fine; but the moment a person is asked this question a second time without the intervention of a string of questions elsewhere it is "Cockatoo!" as in the case of any other error, and the player has to retire.

The change of place, when it is Cockatoo, is good, because it shifts the neighbors.
For every fine a player can produce, i. e., for every error a player can discover, he (or she) redeems one of his (or her) own fines.

BLINDMAN'S BUFFALO.

Blindfold one of the company, and then let all the rest, one at a time, moo or low like a cow or bull. The blindfolded person is to guess who the mooer is.
The order of mooer must go according to place, or indicated by pointing the finger by the chief of the party; and each mooer must be endeavor to keep the moo disguised. The person guessed must be blindfolded in turn.

DISCARDED.

Put twelve playing cards on the seat of a cane-bottomed chair, and see which of the company, by a single discharge of the right-hand middle finger and thumb from underneath, can scatter the greatest amount of cards.

This discharge again, at the end of the trial.

TOB-BOGGANING.

Let each one of the company, in turn, stand upon his (or her) left foot, without any other support, and see which can hit a foot-stool the greatest number of times with the right toe.

Constitute yourself the Clerk of the Weather; then divide your company into groups of four, each kept well apart, and each standing ring-shaped, the faces inward. Arrange with them which walls of the room are North, south, east, west; and as you have the winds at your command, make as much confusion as possible. Cry, "The wind is east!" when every group must sway towards the west wall—as things would, if the wind blew from the east quarter. As quickly as possible, cry "The wind is south!" when the swaying must be towards the north; changing this to "The wind is north!" to get a southerly swaying, or "The wind is west," to get an easterly; and making the changes as unexpectedly as you can. Sometimes, also, make no change, but repeat the previous wind; and when you find your people knowing the points of the compass pretty well, cry "It is a whirlwind!" at which each group must whirl around as long as you keep up a whirl! which you of course contrive to do till you are sure a stoppage of it will leave each member of the company facing a different wall from the wall he (or she) faced before.

Any failure to follow the true course of the wind is met with a fine. Should you, or any other, fail, by an error in judging, or any other way, the company can cry out "A wind-fall!" and you have to send in your resignation.

THE ROYAL FAMILY.

When there is a company of not fewer than six persons and not more than twelve, take all the court-cards out of a pack, together with as many more as will suffice to let each player hold two. There must be a pool, to which each player contributes; and this is won by the player who can first lay down a king, queen, and knave of one suit, this constituting a perfect Royal Family. The players look at their cards, being careful not to let them be seen by any one else; and the player next the dealer begins, his privilege being to ask any one of the players he may fix on for the card he wants. He (or she) may have no part of any Royal Family in his (or her) hand, in which case it matters not whether he asks

for "His Majesty the King of Clubs," or "Her Majesty the Queen of Hearts," or "His Royal Highness, the Prince of Diamonds," or so on; but if he has one of a family, or two of a family, he will ask for the members of it, or for one of the members of it who is missing. Should the card addressed have what is asked for the card is handed over to the asker, who then declares, if that makes his family complete, that the game is at an end. Should the player addressed, however, not have the card asked for, the asker's privilege is over and the turn passes to the next player in rotation.

When there has been a successful asking, which yet does not lead to a declaration, the asker is of course left in possession of three cards, whilst the person asked is left with only one. Also, a person may chance to be asked by different players, for both cards, finding himself with none. In all such cases, on the arrival of the person's turn to play, such person can challenge any holder of three cards, to lay his three face downward on the table, when he can draw one, and pay for it by a subscription to the pool, doing this twice over supposing two cards are required. This is because a Royal Family must be composed of three cards, and a player without two cards to begin with could never win.

Players soon get to know in which hands the cards they want are held; unless, indeed, these get drawn face downwards, when of course only the last holders are in possession of the secret; for which comes a complication adding to the interest of the game.

A new deal with a new pool succeeds a declaration.
Court cards must be called "Their Majesties" and "Their Royal Highnesses" on pain of a fine. And none but Court cards have value.

DIVERSIONS.

Put a raisin in a bowl or basin on the table (there is to be no water in it), and let the company dive their heads in for it, in turn. When it has been successfully seized by one of the company put in another; and when any person has seized six, the game is won. An almond can be the prize.

COMB-UNICATING.

A Comb-plete Roar-chestra.

Provide every member of the company with a comb and a small sheet of soft paper, from which music is to be produced in the usual way by putting the comb between the paper, up to the mouth, and blowing between the teeth whilst humming. For the overture, all are to play together, with the piano as accompaniment, if that is possible. In turn, each member of the company must hum a solo, even if it be but a few unmelodious sounds. One of the company is to be chosen as conductor, at the fall of whose baton each solo is to cease, at a signal from whom the full orchestra is to begin and to end. The conductor is to indicate which soloist is to play, and he is to do this capriciously, because on the failure of a soloist to take his part he has to pay a fine.

Much comic "business" can be introduced into this by flinging the hair back, by a high collar, a handkerchief, a bouquet, by miming, or blustering, and so on. Also there is opportunity for skill in imitating roudrades, and by the whole orchestra playing a faint accompaniment to a solo, a mere rhythmic "tum" to mark the bars. Some genius can assume great gravity, &c. No one is to speak.

This would form a very good orchestra to precede an impromptu charade.

Manual Training in Schools.

The Chicago School Board is in two minds as to accepting the proffered gift by a wealthy resident of a sum of money to provide for manual training in one of the schools. It is difficult to imagine what objections can be raised against the object for which the money is donated. The Greek fallacy that work is menial is secretly cherished to-day, and this applies more particularly to manual work. Society, as it were, draws the line of demarcation with vigorous cruelty, and though not publicly expressed, we have castes no less than the Chinese and Hindoos, those engaged in manual work being considered the Pariah's of society. This accounts for the desire to be engaged in any occupation excepting manual labor. As a consequence our professions are overcrowded, the clerks are double or triple as numerous as positions to which they aspire. It is high time that the mistaken sentiment that manual work is degrading was changed. Handicraft, manual labor, trade and farming are just as honorable as occupation in a store or an office and oftentimes more useful. One of the dangers menacing society is the disinclination to follow the practical pursuits of life, including farming. A remedy for this evil is to remove this prejudice and barrier against manual work. Society can do its share by opening the doors to those engaged in manual labor, but upon the schools devolve the responsibility and duty of inculcating the desire for manual work in the minds of the pupils and giving them object lessons in trades, they might become inclined to follow as pursuits in life.

Prince George at Quebec.

Prince George was considered a good deal of a flirt when he was on the North American station. He was, too, somewhat democratic in his taste, and he never stopped to consider "who was who" if he wanted to dance with a pretty girl in a ballroom. In that respect he always succeeded in having his own way. When he was at Quebec there was a ball given in his honor at the Citadel. The weather was lovely, and tents were pitched about the place, while Chinese lanterns gave the "religiously dim" light to the outside surroundings. Admiral Watson, who was in command of the fleet, and under whose charge Prince George was, missed the young man, and he began hunting for him over the grounds. He asked several people, very quietly of course, if they had seen the Prince, but no one had. At last Admiral Watson's search was rewarded, as he looked into one of the tents and there saw Prince George in the "dim religious light" of that one Chinese lantern flirting with one of the prettiest girls in the Old Kock City.—London Star.

Switzerland has abolished national banks.
The man who invented free lunches in saloons is said to have been a colored man named Jim Richardson, who died recently in Chicago.
Telephones are put in the houses of Stockholm, Sweden, at a rent of \$2.75 a year each. For each call, however, there is a charge of two and a-half cents extra.

The Position of Women.

The condition of woman in any country is an index of the civilization there existing. In the country where she is found the social equal of man there the highest type of civilization obtains. In the Orient woman is a chattel; in Russia she is a serf; in Spain she is a servant; in England she is man's equal socially and legally. In the countries mentioned the plane of civilization ascends until it reaches its highest point in England. In the United States woman has secured the nearest approach to political equality. But heretofore even in English-speaking countries woman's sphere has been regarded as merely domestic. No doubt she ought to be conversant with domestic economy, but to confine her only to the duties of housewife, mending clothes and nursing children is unwarranted and unjustifiable. A knowledge of housekeeping does not preclude the desirability for woman to know something more. If, as the Orientals believe, that woman's only object is matrimony, a knowledge of matters outside the home were superfluous. But even if marriage were, as by nature it should be, the destiny of woman, we have arrived at a period of enlightenment at which a husband looks on a woman not merely as a privileged servant, but as a companion for life; the guardian of his children, a true friend to him in all respects, one capable of sharing his joys no less than appreciating his sorrows. The refinement of society, the knowledge that they are of the world, a prying into the treasures of literature, conversant with art and music, all are elements conducive not to her happiness alone, but to that of her companion for life, and the acquirement of these by means of early training and education, are as essential as the practice with the needle, or the superintendency of kitchen and cellar.

But aside from that, the rearing of children is the most sacred trust of a mother; the first object lessons that the child receives from its mother are indelibly imprinted in its mind. The unconscious assimilation of knowledge from its first teacher—the mother—is the foundation upon which may be reared the superstructure, education, and without which the efforts of the best teachers in the school may be futile. But to teach two requisites are essential; the one is the possession of knowledge, the other the imparting of that knowledge to others. Therefore the mother before essaying to teach her own children should have been the recipient of education herself. But such education comprises the harmonious development of the whole being; it is not merely an acquirement of a few dry facts indigestibly crammed into the mind; it is not the committing to memory of passages from books incoherently. It means a thorough development of all of the faculties; implies moral and physical training. While these conditions would suffice to induce us to afford girls a thorough education, there is another reason which is cogent. Women should not marry except for love, for there is nothing conceivable that is so subversive of morality as mercenary marriages. The fate of a young girl, for instance, marrying a tottering old man, merely for the sake of wealth is most deplorable, and the domestic infelicity in such marriages is told in the courts, in mutual separations, and occasionally in the divorce proceedings at Ottawa, and not infrequently in suicides. Happily in Canada these conditions are not so frequently met with as in the United States and some other countries, but the instances of domestic infelicity from this cause are by no means rare in our cities. But according to our present economic conditions, woman is unable to refuse marriage unless she is independent, and women cannot be economically independent unless she has means at her command with which to earn an honest livelihood either by the pursuit of some profession or other attainment, or by manual labor. Woman has afforded object lessons of her ability to secure her economic independence. Given the facility (and in Canada she has such to a greater extent perhaps than any other country) with which to acquire sufficient knowledge, we confer upon her a blessing by putting her in a position of absolute independence and of becoming a useful member of society.

A Traveller Rejoicing.

Summerside, P. E. I., Oct. 10, 1888: "Having used St. Jacobs Oil for a badly sprained knee, I can testify to its peculiarly curative properties, as less than one bottle completely cured the sprain." GEORGE GRAGO, Traveller for J. C. Ayer & Co.

Chicago is to have a statue of Benjamin Franklin twenty-one feet in height.
A Russian electrician is said to have lately patented a process of photographing and engraving on metals by means of electricity, by which the etching method is entirely dispensed with.

A San Francisco man woke up the other morning to find that half his beard had turned white, the other half remaining red. Worry and nervous exhaustion are supposed to have been the cause.

The 40,000 French coal miners who are making a concerted protest against the hardships of life and the injustice of employers have really little reason to believe that flattering prospects are before them. All that has been written about the collieries of France and England for several years tends to show that upper seams are being worked out, and that miners must go deeper and endure more dust and heat. The fact that deeper mining will add to the cost of production does not improve the prospects that the miners of the future are to have better pay and shorter hours. The work is hard and unhealthful, and the faithful toilers deserve the utmost consideration of the capital that employs them and every device that may mitigate the perils and discomforts of their service.

Hood's Hood's Hood's Hood's Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. \$1; six for \$5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

The Fireman's Hope.

Sick Fireman—I hope, my dear boy, that I haven't been too good in this life.
Consoling Friend—Why, I am astonished to hear you express any such hope at that! Explain the meaning of it.
Sick Fireman—Oh, well, I don't believe I'd enjoy myself a bit in the next world if I didn't have a chance to run to a fire now and then.—[Boston Courier.]

The prohibition of the export of wheat from Russia is simply the official recognition of the well-known fact that Russia has no wheat to spare. It is surprising that the recognition should have had any effect, such as is reported from London, where the announcement of it strengthened Canadian and American railway securities. It has been officially estimated that the export of wheat from Russia has already amounted to 20,000,000 bushels, and such dribbles as may henceforth find their way across the border, in spite of the prohibition, are not worth reckoning in the world's supply. Whatever may be the accuracy of the estimates thus far made of the European demand, it is certainly great enough to absorb the surplus of 285,000,000 bushels available for export from Canada and the United States.

"August Flower"

"I have been afflicted with biliousness, and constipation, for fifteen years; first one and then another preparation was suggested to me and tried but to no purpose. At last a friend recommended August Flower. I took it according to directions and its effects were wonderful, relieving me of those disagreeable stomach pains which I had been troubled with so long. Words cannot describe the admiration in which I hold your August Flower—it has given me a new lease of life, which before was a burden. Such a medicine is a benediction to humanity, and its good qualities and wonderful merits should be made known to everyone suffering with dyspepsia or biliousness." Jesse Barker, Printer, Humboldt, Kansas. G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

Can anything be depended upon in this uncertain and fluctuating world? Here is a Boston professor who swears that the parallels of latitude are not immutably parallel, but wriggle like a fishworm. If people cannot pin their faith in the parallelism of parallel lines, if the parallel is not only dead but out of plumb, what can they stick to, and on what can they stand and be not moved? Are the poles polar, and will the equator continue to equate. Star-eyed Science is grubbing too much, and these unsettling discoveries make old belief to shake and sag. Capt. J. Smith is gone and William Tell is told, and now must be the parallels of latitude take to unsteady habits? The Age of Reason grows unreasonable, and the moon jumps over the cow.

Decrease of population and depreciation of the value of property are remarkable facts in some of the states in the neighboring republic, where everything is supposed to be booming. Thus two counties in Missouri and eleven in Mississippi show decrease of population in the census bulletin just issued. As for land value in one of the most enterprising of New England States Connecticut, the Hartford Times tells of a farm of 320 acres in Salem. Forty years ago, the property was bought for \$7500. A few days ago, at auction, the whole property and improvements, 320 acres of good farming land and woodland, all fenced and with good buildings, brought only \$1400. We do not believe that in all this Dominion there can be found an instance of depreciation of farm property so great at this.

THIRTY YEARS.

Johnston, N. B., March 11, 1889.

"I was troubled for thirty years with pains in my side, which increased and became very bad. I used

ST. JACOBS OIL

and it completely cured. I give it all praise."

MRS. WM. RYDER.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT!"