

YOUNG FOLKS.

Love One Another.

Saturday night, and two children small... Love one another, and two children small...

Sunshiny Tilda.

The cold winter's wind blew fiercely, and... Sunshiny Tilda. The cold winter's wind blew fiercely...

I wonder if mother's drinkin' again... Sunshiny Tilda. I wonder if mother's drinkin' again...

Martha Jane, please hand me Polly... Sunshiny Tilda. Martha Jane, please hand me Polly...

I'm afraid you haven't had any dinner... Sunshiny Tilda. I'm afraid you haven't had any dinner...

I know you hate it now, Tilda; so do I... Sunshiny Tilda. I know you hate it now, Tilda; so do I...

I'll try to bring her home, Tilda... Sunshiny Tilda. I'll try to bring her home, Tilda...

Down upon her knees Martha Jane knelt... Sunshiny Tilda. Down upon her knees Martha Jane knelt...

No, I don't mean a word of that, you... Sunshiny Tilda. No, I don't mean a word of that, you...

CONVERSATION.

BY THE REV. E. A. STAFFORD, A. B.

Is conversation doomed to become a lost art? Some indications seem to point in that direction...

Is not the art of conversation, developed in a high degree, the relief which is needed? The answer would undoubtedly be in the affirmative...

Now this ought not so to be, and the less as it is easily within reach of a thorough remedy. I have spoken of conversation as a lost art...

But the question will start up, where and how should it be taught? The schools are already overburdened with subjects. There is no room to bring in a new department of high culture...

But beyond a doubt social life is the natural and great school of conversation. It is to blame, and open to a grave indictment for encouraging conversation to run down into mere exchange of a commonplace words...

Now, everybody admires the person who has the power to hold a company under the charm of his words in colloquial discourse. Instead of such persons being the exception they might be the rule...

ward in the entertainment of others, they stand something like the following:

The person will be a good listener. Respect for what others say is about the best introduction which a stranger can have for what he is going to say himself...

A woman will face a frowning world and cling to the man she loves through the most bitter adversity, but she wouldn't wear a hat that was out of style to save the government...

Examiner in sociology (to small aspirant)—"Can you tell me any thing peculiar about the cuckoo, in regard to nesting?" Student—"Yes, sir. Please sir he don't lay his own eggs himself, sir!"

TORONTO, ONT.

The widow Larkin says that the main reason why so many men have family troubles is that they marry a miss.

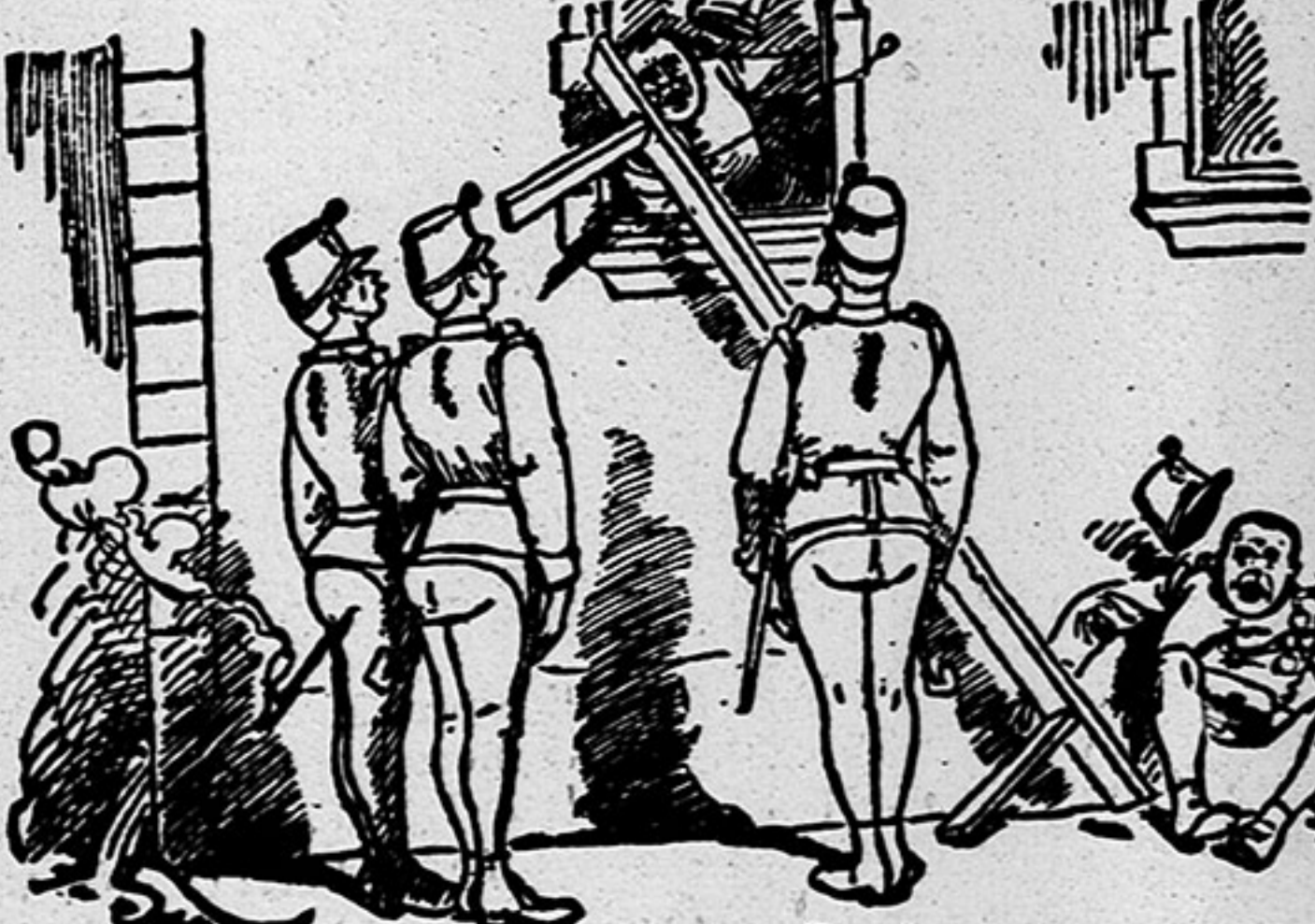
Tidal observations on the eastern coast of America have acquired a new importance since the Coast Survey has confirmed by recent observations the older suggestion that there are tidal fluxes in the Gulf Stream...



Hi! There!



ATTENTION!



AY, AY, SIR!

WINTER WRINKLES.

About the only time a man wishes he were a woman is when he is in a crowded street car.

A new comedy is called "The Girl With a Tin Heart." Nearly all the girls have a tin heart, when a young man comes round with a soft solder.

The saying, "full as a goose," does "the goose great injustice. A goose never gets so full that it has to hold on to a lamp post, as did some folks the other night.

"He is utterly unscrupulous," writes an Irish editor of a political opponent, "and his memory is so poor that he frequently forgets one minute what he says the next."

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"Don't you like this room?" asked the principal of the new teacher. "Oh, yes, I like the room well enough," replied the miss who had a large class of boys, "but I find it very sunny."

"Nana!" (her version of grandma) "is your papa dead?" "Yes," answered grandma. A long pause, and then came from the little lips: "Then the only papa you got is just a corn-popper!"

A scientific journal claims that nothing will improve a woman's complexion like early rising. This may be true, but every woman knows that for immediate results a powder rag is not to be sneezed at.

Examiner in sociology (to small aspirant)—"Can you tell me any thing peculiar about the cuckoo, in regard to nesting?" Student—"Yes, sir. Please sir he don't lay his own eggs himself, sir!"

Superintendent (to little girl)—"Now, my dear, how can you best show your appreciation to your parents for the liberal education they have given you?" Little girl—"By marrying rich, sir."

"Did you say or did you not say what I said you said? Because Walt said you said you never said what I said you said. Now, if you did say that you did not say what I said you said then what did you say?"

"Good morning Mrs. Gilligan; how is Patrick, this morning?" "Sure, he's no better, sir." "Why don't you send him to the hospital to be treated?" "To be treated, is it! Faith, an' it's the delirium trimmings he has already."

"Is it the Dothness of the Do, or the Doneness of the Did?" proposed a Hub tutor to a little Yankee kid. The Boating urohin's answer free at once took the bun: "The wopah tawm to use would be, the Diddness of the Done."

A little boy was asked how he liked his new baby sister. "Well," he replied, "I don't think she agrees with me." "And why not?" was asked. "I don't know," said he, "but I always want to cry when I see mother kiss her."

"Oh, mamma," said a little girl who had stopped in front of a glass case containing dentists' samples, "here is just what you want." "I have all the teeth I require," replied the mother. "But you haven't a thing fit to crimp pier with, have you?"

"Who was Moses?" asked a Sunday-school teacher. "He was an ox-driver," said a little boy. "An ox-driver!" repeated the teacher in astonishment. "What put that idea into your head?" "Cause," replied the boy, "wasn't he found among the bull-rushers?"

We learn from a reliable exchange that a good, healthy hippopotamus is valued at \$20,000. Here is an idea for the fashionable girls who lead a \$1,000 dog along. Get a hippopotamus and kill the other girls with envy. This suggestion is thrown out without any charge.

At a party one evening, Sully, the painter, was speaking of a belle who was a great favorite. "Ah," said Sully, "she has a mouth like an elephant." "Oh, Mr. Sully, how can you be so rude?" "Rude, ladies, rude! What do you mean? I say she has got a mouth like an elephant, because it is full of ivory."

"Now be a good little boy, Willie," said his mother to him one day, wishing to impress upon him the reward in store for the just, "and when you die you will have a gold harp to play on." "I don't know how to play on a gold harp," he grumbled, "and I don't want nuthin' anyway that I've got to die to git. Let Johnny be good and git the harp, and gimme a drum."

At a London dinner party the other evening the ladies entered one room and the gentlemen another. In each room there was a basket of flowers, and the ladies were asked to make choice of a flower from the basket, the flowers being all different. The gentlemen went through a similar proceeding in another room, and on the ladies entering the drawing room the gentlemen and ladies saw how chance had assorted them.

If Rich

The following lines, which are a paraphrase of Horace's well-known saying:

"Those wights who though the venturous ocean range, Not their own passions, but the climate, change."

Impart a lesson to all who think that they would be better and do better if their circumstances were changed. A writer in the Christian Standard brings out the futility of his expectation:

One evening, passing along a crowded street, I heard one boy saying to another, "If I were rich, I wouldn't"—and then the rest of the sentence was lost and I hurried on with the throng.

But I have wondered of an since, how that sentence was finished. Did the boy say,

"If I were rich, I wouldn't snub my poor relations?" or, "If I were rich, I wouldn't spend all my money on myself?" or, "If I were rich, I wouldn't work any more," or what?

We cannot know, but there is one thing quite certain. Whatever the boy does now that he is poor, he would do if he were rich.

If he is generous now, he would be generous then. If he is mean now, he would be mean then. If he works faithfully now, he would work with fidelity then.

For "he that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much."

English Elections.

The elections for a new House of Commons took place in Great Britain and Ireland during the fortnight beginning November 24, and ending December 8. The result of these elections was in several respects surprising and interesting.

In the last House of Commons, there were three hundred and fifty-four Liberals, two hundred and thirty-seven Conservatives or Tories, and sixty-one Irish Home Rulers. Thus the Liberals had a majority over the Tories of one hundred and seventeen, and over the Tories and Home Rulers combined, of fifty-six. But it must be added that of the sixty-one Home Rulers, only thirty-five followed the lead of Mr. Parnell, the Irish Nationalist leader. The other twenty-six were practically supporters of the Liberal party.

The Liberals were thus, in the last House, very strong, and the Liberal ministry of Mr. Gladstone was able, for five years, to have its own way in policy and legislation.

The situation is greatly changed by the recent elections. The new House of Commons will contain three hundred and thirty-four Liberals, two hundred and fifty Tories, and eighty-six Home Rulers. Thus the Liberals have lost twenty seats, the Tories have gained thirteen seats, and the Home Rulers have gained twenty-five seats. The new Home Rulers, moreover, are pledged and devoted adherents of Mr. Parnell, to a man; so that the real gain to the Irish Nationalists is fifty-one, and the real loss of the Liberals is fifty-six.

In short, the Liberals in the new House, will only have a majority of eighty-four over their Tory rivals, and the Tories and Home Rulers combined will have a majority of two over the Liberals.

Mr. Parnell and his party, therefore, has achieved his avowed purpose of securing enough Home Rulers in the new House to hold the balance between the Liberals and Tories, and to be able to make terms with one or other from a commanding position.

The greatest, perhaps, of the questions which will come before the new House, is that of the Irish demand for Home Rule. That demand means simply that Ireland shall have a local Parliament, which shall sit in Dublin, and make laws for the local government of the island. The connection Ireland and Great Britain would still, in that case, be maintained by the executive power, in the person of the Lord-Lieutenant, appointed by the Queen.

Since Mr. Parnell can convert, at will, either the Liberals or the Tories into a majority of the House, it is not improbable that some scheme of Irish Home Rule will, at no distant day, be adopted and put into operation. Indeed, both the Liberals and the Tories are considering how large a measure of Home Rule they can safely and successfully grant to the sister country.

Some of the features of the recent elections are interesting. In former times, the greatest strength of the Liberals has always been in the boroughs,—that is in the cities, towns, and villages; while that of the Tories has been in the counties. This time, the position of the parties is exactly reversed. The Tories made their gains in large towns like London, Liverpool, Manchester and Leeds. The Liberal gains on the other hand, came almost wholly from the old Tory strongholds in the counties.

The reason of the latter fact is, that the recent reform bill gave the suffrage to two millions of men of the laboring and the agricultural classes, who for the most part live in the counties; and these new electors seem to have very generally voted for Liberal candidates.

The elections were also notable for the defeat of some prominent men. No less than twelve members of Mr. Gladstone's late ministry were left out of the House, while four members of the present Tory ministry suffered the same fate. The most eminent defeated Liberal was Mr. Childers, who was Mr. Gladstone's Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Marquis of Lorne, son-in-law of the Queen, and lately Governor-General of Canada, was defeated; and so was Jacob Bright, the brother of John Bright.

The curious position in which the elections have placed the three parties in the new House, will undoubtedly give rise to exciting scenes and critical events when that House meets. The general prediction in England, however, is that the life of a House so constituted will be a brief one, and that fresh elections are likely to take place at a not distant day.

Fishing Tackle.

On the principal of preparing for war in time of peace now is the time to overhaul the fishing tackle and put it in readiness for the spring campaign. The rods should receive careful attention and the ferrules tested to see if they have loosened by any change of temperature or by the strain of last season's work.

The whippings should be replaced if frayed, and, if necessary the rod should be varnished. If the angler is not expert at this work he should send it to his rod maker whom he knows to be the most expert of all, at least he believes him to be, which is just as well. Rods should be cleaned and oiled, lines an leaders should be tested and if there is any frayed gut in the leader or among the fly snoods cut it out and tie it anew.

Fly snoods should be free from all cracks where the gut joins the fly, the most usual place for them to break, and the fly should be re-tied or the gut cut and whipped on tight, with silk. This is pleasant work for winter evenings and brings its reward in finding all things in readiness for the first trip to the streams.

Looking Beyond.

We seldom remember to look above, While worshipping ever at human clay, Till the precious treasures of earthly love Are hid in the shadows of Death away. Then a sombre veil is flung aside, To admit our love, as they pass along. But what they may find at the other side Is hid from the eyes of the gazing throng.

Those precious treasures that brighten our lives Grow brighter still as they vanish for aye. For Death's deep shadow the spirit survives, While we shed our grief on the mould of clay. We sell at our wearisome task each day Till the lips grow cold and the voice grows dumb And we drift in the present life away To the unknown shores of the life to come.

And the mystic touch of the spirit hands That falls on the hours is the magic link That guides our feet through the burning sands Till they rest in peace at the river's brink And when we are borne by the mighty tide Away from the grasp of the hands we love, We hunchy a net lest the waters may glide To the hoped-for shores in the realms above.

—Selected by Miss Mary A. Richards.