

YOUNG FOLKS

SLIPPERS.

"Sh-h-h-h now! Somebody might hear."
"No, they won't. Listen, Uncle Phil. Me and Susie want to buy a pair of slippers for grandfather, handsome ones you know—for a New Year's present. We're going to put our money together, because one of us hasn't got enough. We've got thirty cents apiece. Will that do?"
"Yes, I think it will," said Uncle Phil.
"Or, p'raps that's too much!"
"Well—no, I think it will be about right."
"We'll go down this afternoon and you can show them to us. And, Uncle Phil, you can keep a secret, can't you?"
"You must p-r-r-omise not to breathe one word!"
"Keep it till we say you may tell."
"Keep it in a pany."
"In a what, Susie?"
"In a pany. That's the way to keep a secret. I heard mamma read it in a book." Susie hunted out a book, and ran to mamma to show her the poem in which came the line—

"The secret kept inviolate."
"There," she said, "a violet's almost the same as a pany."

"I'll keep it," said Uncle Phil, solemnly, "in violet or pany or anything you say, Susie. I'll keep it if I have to get a dozen people to help me."

"Pretty ones, we want," exclaimed the two as they stood before Uncle Phil's show case.

"With rosebuds or forget-me-nots, and things on," said Susie.

"Pahaw, that's what they have on girl's doings," said Tom, in contempt. "When I was down at cousin Roland's he had a splendid pair—a tiger's head on the toes. When he crossed his feet and put 'em up on the fender it made you think of a fight."

Uncle Phil had no tiger-headed slippers, but he found a pair of dog's heads which charmed Tom, though Susie did not like them at all. She spied a pair, with daisies and a fern leaf, which exactly suited her fancy. She declared the dogs were ugly and snubby nosed and puggy looking (as, indeed, they were), which made Tom angry.

"I'm a boy and I'm bigger than you, and I'm going to have the dogs."

"Isn't it polite to give up to the ladies, Uncle Phil?"

Uncle Phil could not say no to such an appeal, and began to realize that he had undertaken a task quite beyond him, as customers waited and there appeared no prospect of the very differing tastes being brought to an agreement.

"I'll tell you," he said at last, "each of you take one slipper you like best and leave grandfather to choose."

Nothing better could be done. They were wrapped separately, and Tom wouldn't speak to Susie as they walked home.

New Year's was always a busy season, but mamma thought it a good time to have a little talk with the children; and she always managed to find a half-hour for them.

So, with little Bert on her lap, Susie's curls falling over one shoulder, and Tom's short-cropped head resting on the other, she tried to impress on them a lesson of love for the year coming, drawn from experiences of the year that was gone.

As she whispered of kindness and gentleness between brother and sister, Tom glanced shamefacedly over at Susie, and wished he hadn't been so cross. And Susie's little heart was soon filled with a plan which brought her back to mamma as soon as the others were all out of hearing.

"Mamma let me go down to Uncle Phil's please, all alone. She had never been so far by herself, but she coaxed and coaxed "because it was for New Year's" so the little fur cap went on over the curls, and soon the small lassie stood again smiling up at Uncle Phil.

"I thought I'd change," she said holding up the daisies and fern leaf. "Tom's the biggest, and of course he knows best, so I think I ought to give up, don't you?"

Uncle Phil had his own opinion about that, but he kept it to himself as he wrapped up the mate to Tom's dog.

She wanted to get into the house without Tom's seeing her, and she did, for he was at that moment in the barn, looking lovingly at the puggy dog's head.

"But I'll do it!" he said resolutely, and he went out by the alley gate and down the street, reaching the store a half hour after Susie had left it.

"I believe I prefer the other slipper, after all, Uncle Phil," he said in a very off-hand manner. "I think they will really be more suitable."

Uncle Phil looked puzzled, then seemed about to speak, then checked himself and turned quickly to the shelves.

As Tom was going out of the door he stood holding it half open so long that a lady customer looked impatiently at him as the sharp wind shook her ostrich tips. Then he marched back to his Uncle.

"That's hosh, you know, Uncle Phil, about being more suitable and all that. I think the dogs are twice the prettiest, but I'm sorry I was so ugly to Sue—and—good-bye—"

Now he felt like an honest boy.

He met Susie in the hall skipping in to tea as he got home. He seized and raised her from her feet with a mighty hug.

"O Tom dear! I'm going to be good to you all the new year."

"Me, too, Sue," was his fervent though rather indifferent answer.

She was half afraid he would read in her beaming face all about what she had been doing. And he clapped both hands over his mouth for fear it would laugh itself out—this secret which must be kept inviolate.

"I can't find my slippers," said grandfather, coming into the sitting-room, with stockings feet on New Year's morning.

"Here they are grandfather. You must have left them here last night." Susie and Tom, having crept into his room over night and taken away the old ones had just now unwrapped each a new one and placed before his chair.

"No, I didn't," said grandfather, stoutly, as he seated himself and drew them on.

There seemed an uncommon stiffness about them, and he held up both feet into a better light to see what was the matter.

"Oh—h—h—h—h!" cried Susie.

"Oh—h—h—h—h—h!" screamed Tom.

"Why? I exchanged mine!" exclaimed Susie.

"So—did—I!"

Both stared as if the double exchange ought to have made the two mere alike than ever before.

As the others gathered around to see, Uncle Phil relieved himself by a fearful shout of laughter, and then went on to explain how it was that the slipper question was unsettled, and seemed likely to remain so, for Tom declared that Susie's choice should be kept, while Susie insisted that Tom's should.

At last Uncle Phil proposed a solemn family council on the matter.

But grandfather gathered a boy in one arm and a girl in the other, and gave Tom a loving kiss, and Susie two. Then the car old gentleman settled it himself, and how do you think he did it?

"I shall keep them both," he said, with a decided stamp of the flowery slipper. That was how.

And to this day the puppy dog and the daisies and fern leaf move slowly side by side about the house, serving as an every day reminder to Susie and Tom that they had resolved to be good to each other "all the New Year."

SAVED FROM THE GRAVE.

How a Chicago Dentist Restored His Wife to Life.

Five weeks ago the wife of Charles P. Pruin, a dentist of Chicago, gave birth to a child. This was followed by an attack of puerperal mania. They were living at the suburb of Oak Park. As his wife grew worse rapidly Mr. Pruin consulted a physician, who, after seeing the patient, recommended the use of anæsthetics to quiet her nerves. The doctor here alluded to did not handle the case, but an Oak Park physician was called in and he also adopted the same course of treatment, administering

STRONG DOSES OF MORPHINE.

The lady was found to be rapidly sinking, till one night she fell back on the pillow lifeless. Her breathing had ceased and the pulse was gone. The attending physician, who was by her side, made the usual examination and distinctly pronounced her dead. He placed his hand upon his wife's chest and by some method tried to produce an artificial respiration, having long made a special study of anæsthetics in connection with his profession. He proceeded to work the arms back and forth, pressing his hand on the chest, thus producing an artificial movement. The two doctors who stood by not only endeavored to dissuade him from continuing the operation, but remonstrated with him for committing what they deemed a profanation of the dead. He continued his efforts, and after a lapse of some minutes the patient

BEGAN SLOWLY TO REVIVE.

She has steadily improved and is now able to move around. The doctors confess that she would certainly have died but for these extraordinary efforts at restoration.

Directions to Speakers on Religious Topics.

1. Don't talk too much.
2. Don't talk unless you are posted.
3. Give the best you have.
4. Don't talk when people are asleep. Wake some one and you will hold the rest.
5. Don't try to show off your learning.
6. Get hold of the most stupid man and you'll hold the rest.
7. Don't try, but don't be afraid, to make people laugh. Milk that slops one way will do the other.
8. Be natural; don't try to be some one else.
9. Avoid cant and pulpit tones.
10. Don't talk too long. A man in London, who preached until the people all left, said he thought it was a pity to stop when there was nobody to hear.
11. Don't hesitate to repeat what God uses.
12. Don't keep on talking just because you are holding the audience. Send them away hungry.
13. While the people are gathering use the time with song.
14. Shoot where people stand. As the old Quaker said to the burglar: "Friend, I am going to shoot where these stands. They had better get out of the way."
15. Don't gesture and move about too much, and don't talk with your hands in your pockets.—D. L. Moody.

Proud of His Sister.

The Chicago Tribune relates the case of a young man who was regarded as a phenomenon, because he took his sister to all the best entertainments, and actually devoted himself to her during the lecture and opera season. Being praised for his unusual attention to his sister, the young man promptly and proudly replied:

"No, there's nothing wonderful or extraordinary about it. She is the only woman I know in whom I have the most thorough confidence. She is always the same, always pleasant and affectionate, and to tell you the candid truth, I am afraid she'll go and marry some of those imitation men around here, and be unhappy all her life."

"She has nobody else to look to, and I'll take care she does not have to look to anybody else. I suppose some day a genuine man will come along. If he's a genuine man, I won't object. Until he does come, she's good enough for me, and if I ever find as good a girl, I'll marry her."

The example is most commendable. A young man would do well to seek his sister's society until he finds another lady as good as his sister.

The circulation of the London Times is now confined to clubs, hotels, restaurants, persons who hire it to read, a very limited class of business men, and families of exceptional affluence; but thousands coming under the latter head do not take it. It is, no doubt, always glanced over—for few persons actually read through its yards of print—by the majority of peers and members of the House of Commons. The effect of the new enfranchisement will be to diminish its influence still further, as the new voters know nothing of it. While, however, its circulation declines, or at least stagnates, it probably is as an advertising medium more valuable than ever. The London morning paper having the widest circulation among the well-educated class is the Standard.

A GLENGARRY DOUBLE SLEIGH OF FIFTY YEARS AGO.

BY JOHN FRASER, MONTREAL.

No. 17.

The old people of Montreal may have some faint recollection of a Glengarry double sleigh of half a century ago, but to the young of this generation, and even to young Glengarrians of the present day, it will be a novelty to them to learn how their worthy grandfathers used to come to town. Therefore, we shall bring them back to those quiet old times before the introduction of railways in this Canada of ours.

There were two noted annual arrivals in those days which caused more talk and created greater excitement on the streets of old Montreal than the arrival of an ocean steamer. One was the first Indian canoe from the North-West, carrying the news and the letters of a past year from those then nearly Polar regions. The other was the first batch of Glengarry double sleighs to reach "John Grant's" or some other of the Scotch Inns or Taverns of Montreal about Christmas week, loaded with all good things to replenish the cellars of the citizens, and to place before the traders in pork, butter, cheese, etc., an opportunity for profitable investment.

Glengarry was then, as now, some 70 to 80 miles from Montreal, but travelling was different. You could not then take an early train at Lancaster or Alexandria and come to "Town," as Montreal was then called, spend some six hours and get back the same night. To undertake a journey in the old days in winter was a matter of a week—two days to come down, three days here, and two to return. A contemplated visit in the old time by a Glengarry farmer was known from one end of his concession to the other. It was spoken of for weeks at Kirk or Chapel as an event, and many and various were the little commissions imposed upon him to execute.

Since the construction of railways the farm houses are stripped, nearly weekly, by traders purchasing everything the farmer or his good wife has to sell, such as eggs, butter, cheese etc, therefore doing away entirely with the annual visits of the Glengarry double sleighs to Montreal during the past thirty years. The present object is to picture some of those old double sleighs with which the writer was familiar in his young days.

The county of Glengarry, at the time of which we write, was fairly an agricultural one. The land had not yet been overworked nor impoverished. The farms were well stocked, having from 10 to 15 head of horned cattle, some half a dozen of good horses, a team or two of oxen, some 15 to 20 pigs, and about 50 sheep on each farm, besides a well-filled poultry yard of hens, turkeys, ducks, geese. From such resources at hand the reader may fancy the people lived in great comfort. The only scarcity was ready cash.

The young men of the county usually went to the shanties during the winter months, with their teams of oxen or horses, to haul the square timber from the woods in which it was cut to the nearest stream bank—thence to be floated in the spring. By this means they earned a good amount of ready cash which they carried safely to their homes in the spring. The hospitality of the people was unbounded, particularly to strangers, just such as existed in the Acadia land of old time, and un molested by visits of revenue inspectors or gaugers, Donald and Evan "plied the beverage from their own fair sheaves, that fired their Highland blood with mickle glee."

A great change has taken place since those primitive days. The young men during the past forty years have almost entirely left the county, a goodly number of them to follow the occupation of contractors on public works in the United States and Canada; many of them have prospered. Not one half, we believe, of the young men could now be found in the old county of Glengarry as were there at the time of the Rebellion of 1837, when nearly two thousand fighting men were mustered in one week.

We invite the reader to come with us, in retrospect, to a farm house in Lochiel, in the then backwoods of Glengarry. There is a large home-made sleigh standing empty under the barn shed. It is some 10 to 12 feet long; 4 to 5 feet wide, with sides 3 to 4 feet high. The runners were cut from a large birch or elm tree. The whole is "home made," except the iron on the runners and the necessary nails and bolts. The whiplike trees and traces may be the same

as used for plough or harrow. This is the old Glengarry double sleigh, all home made, strong and well built, of which we write.

Now to the leading—let us take a peep at its contents:—Some ten or a dozen small tubs or kegs of butter in the bottom, a dozen or two small cheeses, a few bags of timothy seed, then much prized, a few fowl, turkeys, geese, etc., to fill up gaps—then 8 to 10 well fatted hogs, (Glengarry pork was nearly equal to Irish) besides many little odds and ends, such as home-made socks and mits, then much prized in Montreal, and, maybe, a few extra hides and stray furs collected at the farm house during the year. This was something after the fashion a Glengarry double sleigh was loaded in the old time before leaving for Montreal. The whole, we suppose, to weigh about 2,500 to 3,000 pounds, representing a cash value from \$200 to \$250.

The time is the second week of December, with good sleighing; the delay in starting is waiting to hear if the ferries had frozen over. All is now ready. Food for man and horse had to be added to the load. This was some dozen bundles of hay and a few bags of oats for the horses and a small kist or box containing a good sized boiled ham and a couple of loaves of bread with a few other small items, such as a select cheese and a little "oreudie" for the men on the road. By the way—this top load of hay towering high, something like a loaded elephant, served as a nice protection for the men from the cold winds by making a cozy seat in the centre of it, and if the good wife made up her mind to go down to town she would be nearly as comfortable as at her own fireside.

The reader might suppose the cost for such a trip of eighty miles would be very expensive. It did not cost over a dollar and a half in cash to reach Montreal. Here it is, an actual fact. The end of the first day found them at the Cedars, a halt having been made at midday to water and feed the horses—this cost nothing; they were fed from out of their sleigh supplies. The men also had their food with them, but we shall allow them to have indulged in a few pots of beer on the road during the day, costing about a quarter of a dollar. Beer was then cheap—three or four coppers a glass. This was the actual outlay in cash the first day until they reached the Cedars.

The horses had to be stabled at the Cedars costing a quarter of a dollar for a double stall for the night. The men fed their horses from their own supplies, costing nothing. As for the men (there were always two with a double sleigh) a double sleigh would cost a shilling, but Glengarrians of that day were accustomed to rough it, and invariably made beds for themselves in a corner of the old-fashioned large bar-rooms by using their buffalo robes and blankets, thereby saving a little. We shall, however, suppose they spent a quarter each for beer, or something else, to wash down the food from their supplied box.

The first halt the second day was at the Cascade, to water the horses, and sixpence for beer. The next was at St. Annes, to water, and another sixpence for beer. The third was at Pointe Claire, for an hour, to feed horses and men, and we shall allow a shilling for beer. Lachine is the next halt, to water, and sixpence for beer.

The charges for beer on the road may not have been actually indulged in by the men, but they had to pay about sixpence at each halting place to the country innkeeper for the use of his sheds to water and feed their horses, and for this payment were each entitled to a glass of beer, take it or not.

About sunset the second day a long string of double sleighs (Glengarrians always came in squads of twelve to fifteen) might be seen between Dorr's brewery and the Tanneries jogging along at the slow pace of about five miles an hour. If their approach was slow, they made noise enough, announcing the coming of the Cameron and the Macdonnell men to town.

The reader of to-day never heard the merry ciling-along of the loud sounding large Glengarry sleigh bells of those days. They could be heard fully half a mile distant. Those Glengarry bells were as characteristic of the people as were their own bagpipes. Highlanders always make a noise by making themselves heard and felt when they come to the front—be it at market town, in the legislative halls or on the battlefield.

Just as the shades of evening are closing over the unlighted streets of old Montreal, the sleighs are passing down St. Joseph street, some wending their way to "John Grant's," on St. Henry street; others to "Sandy Shaw's," at the corner of Wellington and Grey Nun street; a few to "Widow McBaron's," on St. Paul street, opposite to

the centre of the present St. Andrew's street, and a portion of them finding their way to "Jemmy Cameron's," the Glengarry Inn, on Main street.

There were a goodly number of hotels and taverns in Montreal, having long since they could stable their horses for a couple of a dollar a day, while they fed them on their sleigh supplies, therefore making them a mere trifle for the two or three days in town. The men could live like princes, as they thought, at a cost of half a dollar a day each. This was the charge per day for any one of those Scotch Taverns.

The morning talk the next day at breakfast table, rich or poor, was of the arrival of the Glengarry sleighs. The importance such an arrival was to the old inhabitants of Montreal. Perhaps it had been cut off from the outside country waiting the freezing of the rivers and many articles of country produce brought scarce and dear, and sleigh loads of things from the Townships, Argenteuil and Glengarry, were anxiously looked for.

An early visit to the Scotch Taverns, the thrifty housewives of old Montreal, found Donald, Evan and Sandy prepared with all the native dignity of Highlanders to greet their town customers and to show the ladies to inspect their good things, of tubs of butter, cheese, turkeys etc., and found ready customers.

Glengarry butter had a special character of being good in those old days, and the arrivals found ready sale to private families, the traders and merchants picked up a balance. Some of the older Glengarrians who had visited town several times had learned that sides of pork cut into "roasting pieces" found a ready sale, and fore they had prepared themselves for the demand, by which they profited largely.

Our Glengarry friends soon found their sleighs empty and their pockets full of hard silver. We shall allow them to prepare for their return home, after purchasing the needed articles as they required for their houses and farms, these being mostly in the hardware line—such as axes, saws, etc., but one very common article, a pool salt, took up most of the sleigh; and every sleigh carried half a ton of salt. This article was cheap, about a shilling a bushel, but one of the most expensive to the farmer to buy from the county, owing to the heavy charge of transport of those days.

The old Glengarry double sleigh, like the once far-famed mail coach of England, is now an institution of the past—a relic of departed days, farwell! The writer has endeavored to picture one of those sleighs to the best of his humble ability. Although not a Glengarry, he was familiar in his young days with a Glengarry double sleigh as most Glengarrians, and has seen squads of twenty-five and sometimes fifty on the road at one time, and was with the Glengarrians on their return to Montreal in February, 1838, when there were about one hundred double sleighs conveying the two regiments.

A newspaper man never hunts for a sensation. He always "accepts the position." He is never "bounced." He merely publishes his connection.

It seems that a Nevada Indian has beaten the champion Chinese poker player quite badly. There is no doubt of the Indian can be civilized.

Mrs. Linda R. Richards, late superintendent of the training school for nurses at the Boston City Hospital, is going to Toronto five years to establish and conduct a similar institution there. It will be partly Government patronage.

A Connecticut valley paper making firm sent to the Paris Exposition a blank book weighing 200 pounds, and having an enormous page, as a sort of universal graph album. Only one fourth of the page were filled in Paris, after which it served as a local fair, and last year was sent to Orleans, where it was filled. It has now been returned to Holyoke, Mass., and will be exhibited. It contains 60,000 pages, some well known.



FIG. 19.

MILLINERY.

Hats have not varied much since the season began. The effort made to place the trimming toward the back takes well with a garniture of satin ribbons; otherwise it looks stiff. Stockingette hats at \$3.50 of ten have a brim of silk Astrakhan; the latter is also used for flat or full crowns, with



FIG. 18.



FIG. 20.

beaver, felt or velvet brims, the joining of the two materials being hidden by a double row of corded silk folds of velvet. Smoothly covered hats of velvet, with tips and bows, are certainly the most stylish designs shown. Figure No. 20 shows a popular shape, with moderate brim trimmed with regular fashion, caught here and there finished with a bright wing on the side, banded with brown and gold ribbon, a full bow of moire ribbon in the back, and a crown and four tips draped over the front. Figure No. 19 represents the sign of seal-skin trimmed with fur. The shape shown in figure No. 18 is a turban over red with boucle cloth and a regular fashion, caught here and there finished with a bright wing on the side.