

YOUNG FOLKS.

Young Folks Among the Zulus.

There is a warm climate, so warm that the little babies do not need any clothes. There are cold sometimes for the little babies to be without a blanket. There is a white frost down in the mountains in the Winter, but it never comes down to the houses on the hills. A way back sixty miles from the Cape is a little ice, and beyond that there is some snow. The mountains had never seen snow down to America. One morning as the children were in their sleeping-rooms they were very much excited and they went to pick up the snow to see what it was like. But they threw it down quickly. They said it burnt their fingers; they said it was very hot.

12th Dominion News

Armpit stings close at six o'clock. Prince Albert has a dog of the name "Battledore" which has been with him fifteen years. Battledore Presbyterians have decided to build a new church. Frosts have injured the potato and other crops in Cape Breton. At Summerside, P. E. I., during a recent storm, a cow, a goat, fifteen sheep, a horse, and a dog were killed by lightning. The dog was trotting along under a wagon when struck. Bampton has a dog that has howled regularly every night for twelve months, and the effect on the dog has been to reduce a powerful baritone voice to a hoarse yelp. The animal's early disease is anxiously desired. The first of a great drive of logs started through the drive at Eganville a few days ago. At the time of starting the tail of the drive was in Golden Lake, and it was thought that when the tail would reach Eganville the head would be at the mouth of the Bonaventure, over thirty-five miles distant. The Sabbath School statistics of the Nova Scotia Methodist Conference show an average attendance of 1,000 in excess of last year. The number of conversions reported was 634, and the number of children pledged against intoxicating liquors, tobacco, and profanity, 3,187, an increase of 1,599 over the previous year. Mr. George Park, a leading farmer of East Garafaxa, was found dead in a field a few days ago. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of death. He was a native of Scotland, much respected in the community in which he was known. His widow and family are well provided for. Mr. W. English, of Peterborough, proposes that his children shall bathe without drowning. He has constructed a box thirty feet long by 1.5 ft wide, and four feet deep, and has moored it to a large beam in the river, near the shore. It is so arranged that the bathers may raise or lower the box to suit their requirements. With a prudent engineer the contrivance should effectually answer the purpose in view. Israel McLaughlin, who attempted an assault on Miss Stewart, of Hampton, N. B., has been sentenced to imprisonment for life. He is a notorious character, and has been guilty of the same offence in Truro, Chatham, Newcastie, and Woodstock. Previously he had served a term of six years for assault on a young lady of Careleton. He is a native of St. John, and was a soldier in the Union army during the American war. Mr. H. P. McCraney, son of Mr. W. McCraney, M. P., was in Vancouver during the first conflagration. He had a narrow escape with his life, and, as it was, lost all his clothes, except those in which he stood. Mr. McCraney having finished a heavy contract on the Vancouver Island Railway, recently purchased an interest in a sawmill in Vancouver city. He was one of the few fortunate ones whose premises were not burned out. Advice from St. Catharines report an epidemic of black eyes. The trouble began with two young men connected with the retail coal and wood business. The first round resulted in nothing serious, and was followed by an hour's adjournment. The second round was participated in by half-a-dozen of the friends of the principals, and all succeeded in having themselves finished in more or less attractive colors. The police were at lunch. An ex-student of the Agricultural College, now employed near Eden Mills, made loud professions of his abilities as a fisherman. Some persons, however, had so little faith in his attainments in this line that they made a wager that a young lady of the neighborhood could outfish him, he, however, to catch six to her one. The result was that the young woman caught nine fish, one of which was a trout weighing a pound and a half, while the ex-student caught six shiners. Mr. A. A. Fillmore, of Albert county, N. B., about three years ago changed what was apparently a fifty-dollar bill for a stranger. The bill proved, however, to be only worth \$5, a cypher having been ingeniously pasted beside the figure 5. The first person suspected proved his innocence. A second party was arrested, tried, and acquitted, and nothing calculated to throw light on the mystery transpired until a few days ago, when Mr. Fillmore was approached by one of his neighbors who acknowledged that he had the bogus bill changed, asked to be forgiven, and restored the money with interest. A singular case was reported from Bristol, Que., recently. Miss Minnie Baird, aged about 22 years, daughter of Mr. John Baird, is just recovering from an illness of three months, and for four weeks and four days of that time she took no nourishment but a little lemon water. She became greatly emaciated, being reduced to a mere skeleton, and grave fears were entertained that she would not recover. Physicians were called in, but the case was beyond their power—they did not understand her case, and could do nothing to benefit her. A short time ago her appetite returned and developed to such an extent that she has a continual craving for food. Her complete recovery seems assured. Mr. N. C. Blair, a landscape painter of Montreal, is supposed to have been drowned while sketching on the Upper Ottawa, near the outlet of the Chalk River. The guide who accompanied him says that about ten days ago he took his pencils and portfolio and started up the Chalk River in a canoe, presumably for the purpose of pursuing his daily work. He has not been seen since. His canoe was found bottom up in the river, and the hat he wore when leaving camp was discovered floating with the current. The river, at the point where he is supposed to have been lost, is neither wide or wild. To suspect him of suicide is out of the question, and there seems to be no reason to apprehend foul play. Mr. E. Alexander and Mr. F. Bettsford, of Montreal, have started for the camp with the hope of finding some trace of the missing painter.

2nd Dominion News

I had just sat down beside some comrades who were having their breakfast, and lifted a sardine to my lips, when Captain F— came hastily up and held me that there was an officer dancing with rage on the water-tina and calling for me; and he added in a whisper: "I think, by the nature of the language he is using, he must be a very big swell." So I put the sardine down untasted, and went off to see what was the matter. True enough somebody was there, and I could perceive a large solar top bobbing above the water depot like an agitated mushroom. Its owner was a small man, and to secure a more commanding position, had mounted on a pile of empty tins, from which point of advantage he fired off his remarks like shrapnel shells. "Look here," he said, as soon as I came within range, "did you give orders for the mules to have water?" "Certainly not, sir; animals are only to be watered when the wells have been captured." "Very well; here is your representative, the officer!"—with withering scorn—"you leave in charge, breaking the orders and watering mules." Here the luckless A— was understood to say that he was not doing anything of the sort, but was only looking at a paper on which some one had written a request for water for mules. "I don't care, sir! I saw you with my own eyes take this paper in your hand, and if you were not going to water the mules, what were you doing with it?" "Pardon me, sir," remarked A— meekly, "but if you are not more careful those tins will come down;" for he saw the pile beginning to tremble beneath his superior's wrath. Down jumped the other as if they were red hot, but as soon as he found himself on firm ground continued the attack. "I'll tell you what it is, sir," he said, "this water is as precious as our life's blood, and there is only one thing to do to prevent its being squandered; we must make an example of an officer." Here he fixed his glance sternly on poor A—, whose enormous big eyes and somewhat cadaverous face gave him a most melancholy expression. "He must," continued he slowly, "be taken outside the zareba and shot." "Why, certainly, sir; a very good thing, too," I replied cheerfully; but just for decency's sake, before consigning my friend to an early death, I added: "If you will trust me, I will be responsible that the mules get no water, and there is still a large reserve in store." I did not dare to look at A—, who, notwithstanding his solemn face, was perceptibly shaking with internal spasms of suppressed mirth, which threatened at any moment to be too much for him, though he pulled himself together and managed to look as sober as a criminal at the bar, when the other replied, severely: "I am glad to hear you say so, and I will trust you; but—" and here he again fixed A— with his eye before turning away, as though regretting his leniency—"mark my word. If that officer attempts to give water to the mules he must be taken outside the zareba and shot." "You evidently are not good enough to be shot inside the zareba," I said to A—, as, bidding him prosper at his post, I returned to my breakfast. I feel I have described this scene very feebly, but there was a fine, old-fashioned flavor about the idea of casually shooting an officer before breakfast that tickled me immensely.

SUMMER SMILES

People going on excursions are so happy to get home that they are glad they went. "What pretext did your husband have for beating you?" "It wasn't pretext your Honor; it was a club." A fellow named Carney fell through a Montreal sidewalk last Spring and has become one of the snags of the city. Contributor—"Here is a manuscript I wish to submit." Editor (waving his hand)—"I'm sorry. We are all full just now." Contributor (blandly)—"Very well; I will call again when some of you are sober." "I am convinced that the world is daily growing better," remarked a reverend gentleman to a brother-clergyman; "my congregation is constantly increasing." "Yes," replied the other, who happened to be a penitentiary chaplain, "and so is mine." In these times of "money lying idle" we heard of a man in New York who, when he attends church, couples a pew the furthest from the pulpit to save the interest on his money while the collectors are passing the plate for contributions. Father—"What ought I to do to a boy who is lazy and disobedient, who has no respect for his parents? What should be done to that kind of a boy?" Son—"Don't, for goodness sake, talk him to death. Give me the larkin that's comin' to me, an' be done with it." Missionary (to newly-converted chief of a cannibal tribe)—"Well, Luke, how about cannibalism? Four weeks ago you slaughtered your father; have you not improved since?" Cannibal—"Yes, indeed, my teacher; since then I have only eaten a couple of very distant relatives." Mr. Isaacstein—"Ah sir, you rentered mine pay a goat service, sir, in pulling him out of de water, and I shall never forget it, sir, never." Life Saver—"Oh, well, that's nothing." Mr. Isaacstein—"Nothing, mine front? Did you know mine pay had on vum of mine twenty-five dollar suits?" A poetess, bewailing the inconstancy of man, says: "If I should live a thousand years—of course none of us can—I'd never forget those broken vows nor love another man." Considering the character of her poetry, her declaration that she can't live a thousand years is cause for widespread rejoicing. The baby was doubled up by the cramps and yelling at the rate of a mile a minute as the father and mother stood over the crib with the laudanum bottle between them. "No, Julia," he said gently but firmly, "you pour it out; that child is growing so much like your mother that I can't trust myself." An Irishman, owing to dreadful misfortunes, resolved to commit suicide. But as he did not wish it to be known, lest it should leave a stain on his family, he left a note on the table to the following effect: "I hope you will not think that I committed suicide. The pistol went off as I was cleaning it." "My dear," said an anxious wife to her husband, who is running for office, "we must economize in every possible way." "I do economize," he replied. "Yes," she replied bitterly, "you spend \$10 or \$15 a day treating a lot of bar-room loafers to beer and whisky just to get them to vote for you. Do you call that economy?" "Certainly; that's political economy." "Well, pop," said Jimmy Tuffboy, "be a gen' ter the circus in the afternoon or evening." "James," said his mother, "I hardly think your father intends to take you at all." "Not take me! Then the circus might as well not show." "You can go this evening, my son," interjected his father. "Evening! I was in hopes you'd take me this afternoon, 'our Uncle Ben's promised to take me in the evening." A fable traveler (to neighbor in a railway car)—"Your name is very familiar to me, Mr.—or—ah—Quiet Stranger—My name is Mactronskieskie Korococotobter. I am a Pole. A fable traveler—Yes; or—it isn't your name so much as your face; I was about to say your face was very familiar to me Quiet Stranger—Yes; I have been in prison fourteen years. I was discharged this morning. A fable traveler keeps on traveling, but quite affable.

WOOD PILE DISCIPLINE

Burdette gives his Adirondack Expert— Every human male man, who possesses even a lingering taint of temper, should keep an axe and a wood pile somewhere handy, that he may rush out and work off his wrath when it waxes fierce. There is nothing in this vain old world that will send a man back to his appointed work, with a more willed collar, and a truer comprehension of himself, than thirty minutes wrestling with a full flavored axe. He can use it so fiercely on the wood. All the fury of his nature, all the hate he feels for his enemy, he can infuse into that axe handle, and how the chips will fly. Not very artistically, probably, but they will fly. And presently it begins to dawn upon the man that he is feeling more calm. Evidently he is experiencing a change of heart. He does not hate his enemy so bitterly, after all. The axe weighs about eighty-one pounds on the up stroke. He does not hate his enemy at all. He changes his stroke and begins to chop on the system of Italian penmanship, the up-strokes heavy and the down ones light. He rather loves his enemy now. At last he puts all his failing strength into one terrific blow. He misses his tip with the axe and smites the chopping block with the handle. A single ax though he had swallowed an alarm clock goes from elbow to hip, and back again, and the axe drops from his powerless hands, and a weak, limp, nerveless, perspiring, trembling, gasping thing, he staggers into the house, lies down on the first thing that looks like a lounge and is ready to die. There isn't a fear or a fault in his heart. Death has no terrors and life has no temptations for him. He has chopped out all his baser nature and is just as ethereal and spiritual as he can be on this side of the Jordan. It is great medicine. People with whom I have been quarrelling all Spring would be amazed to see me now. I foolishly contracted, two weeks ago, to keep a camp fire going. I didn't know then that it took all the forests in the Adirondack spurs to keep up one little camp fire. I am not a large, broad, tall, snowy man, and the axe they gave me might have beaten down the brazen gates of what you may call it that what's-his-name bearded, if ever he did besiege it. I have fallen trees with that axe that would have made Mr. Gladstone shudder. They tell me I must say felled, not fallen, but I know better, because I only cut down fallen trees. My wrists are larger than my knees, which goes to show that I don't pray as hard as I chop, but I haven't strength enough to hate anybody; I am too limp to commit the lightest sin, so I haven't much need of prayer. I didn't write last week because I couldn't cese my fingers over anything smaller than an axe handle. We tried tying the pender to my elbows, but they wouldn't bend with that kind of an implement. My hands are a little better this week, but I am as badly ax-ridden as ever. I hear voices calling even now for "More wood," though I assure you I have cut a cord between every paragraph. At least, I think I have. Farewell. I will go out and chop until the axe flies off the handle, which is every five minutes, and then I am going to heap high the faggots, and crawl into the camp fire and show the old martyrs how sweetly and joyously a man can roast himself rather than out one solitary stick of wood more.

Killed in Time.

A husband who had been out shooting, but had not been successful, rather than return home empty-handed, stepped into a shop and purchased a hare. "There, my ducky," he said to his wife on reaching home, "you see I am not so awkward with the gun after all." "Let me see!" "Isn't he a fine fellow?" "My dear," said the wife, as she carried the hare to her nostrils, and put it down with a grimace, "you were quite right in killing him to-day; to-morrow it would have been too late." "How is this, son-in-law: you went to the last night, and here it is scarcely two months since you lost your wife?" I acknowledge it, mother-in-law, but then you know I dance so sadly!"

Married Women's Names.

It is becoming the fashion among married ladies to keep their maiden name in addition to their husband's surnames. This practice has long been in vogue among actresses and other ladies who have made a reputation for themselves before marriage, the benefit of which they are unwilling to lose. The names of Mesdames Goldschmidt-Lind, Trebelli-Bettini, Lammens Sherrington, and hosts of others, will readily occur to everyone as cases in point. But until lately the fashion was confined to actresses, singers, authoresses, and other ladies whose loss at marriage through the change of name would have been so substantial a pecuniary one that it might be estimated in thousands of pounds. It is only now that ladies in private life have begun to realize the fact that their own lot in unchanging their name, and thus, to a great extent losing their identity, is quite as real, and quite as important to themselves as the actress' would be to her, although possibly no one would go so far as to say it had a monetary value. When a girl marries, it is usually only the favored few who are present at the wedding breakfast who really manage to remember her new name and address. How often we hear the question: "What is Mary So-and-so's name now, and where does she live?" How often the answer brings the rejoinder: "Dear me! we must have been quite close to her the other day; what a pity we did not know, we should have liked so much to go and see her." Hence the present movement on the part of married women. It certainly will have many advantages if it becomes general, not only to the ladies themselves, but to all their friends and acquaintances, especially if the double surname comes, in course of time, to be the distinguishing mark of a married woman, for as it would form part of a lady's ordinary signature, which the title of Mrs. or Miss does not, many a correspondent would be relieved from the harassing doubt which now besets him as to whether he is to address his reply to Mrs. Miss, or Esq.

He Wasn't That Kind of a Hindoo.

"And do you," said the visitor to the obese to the swarthy Hindoo in the Mother Hubbard pants, "do you actually worship yonder white elephants? Do you heathen get out each morning to offer oblations while clustered around his feet? Do you actually worship such sagaciously animals on the fabled banks of the sluggish Nile?" "That's that!" laughed the exhibition Hindoo. "Do you—ah—hold these white elephants as sacred animals in the land of the Lotus Eaters?" "Be jabers, an' that's all poppycock to me. That kind of stuff be you givin' me? O! am here for \$10 a week an' found an' while I get worships the Virgin Mary and fall to payin' me respects to a runt like you may see all fish in Paddy O'Hara."



From Over the Fence: "S'POSE YOU 'S GOT ALL DE NEWS DE MORNING, BREE PWEVIER?"

Over the Fence: "YAAH, TWEETY MUCH ALL. DEY IS HAVIN' GREAT TIMES DOWN I NOVA SCOTIA. YOU KNOW, DE YANKEES WANT TO FISH BY DE SHOAL, AN' DE CANADIAN GUY. DE BELIEVANTS AN' DEAT MAN, AND WHEN DE TWO FIGHTFUL NAVIES COLLODE DE CIVILIAN WOULD WILL BEAR' CONFLAMMATED AN' DE 'SHE'LE ROOJON!"

A Patagonian Paradise.

Not long ago Patagonia was believed to be one of the most desolate and uninviting parts of the world. It has been learned within the past three years, however, that a part of Patagonia is not to be judged by the bleak and verdureless Atlantic seaboard. The Argentine Military expeditions have brought home some astonishing reports, which are now supplemented by the discoveries of Col. Fontana. This gentleman, the Argentine governor of the Chubut province, has just explored the Chubut river from its mouth to the Atlantic coast to its head streams in the Cordillera, travelling 3,000 miles, and ascending in various directions a large region extending 250 miles south of 42° south latitude. In a letter which the president of the Argentine Republic received from him a few weeks ago, Col. Fontana said that he had discovered many fertile valleys, well-watered plains, immense tracts of rich pasture, a number of lakes, and extensive forests containing trees of unusual size. "I have found," he writes, "new lands of a superior quality, well adapted for civilization and cattle raising, and a healthy climate, an abundance of wood, and mineral resources. This region, I believe, is destined to become one of the most beautiful and prosperous parts of the Argentine possession." The country explored by Col. Fontana is just a little south of the regions concerning which previous expeditions make almost equally glowing reports.