

# "ROUGHING IT IN THE BUSH."

CHAPTER III.  
OUR JOURNEY UP THE COUNTRY.

Fly this plague-stricken spot! The hot, foul air  
Is rank with pestilence—the crowded marts,  
And public ways, once populous with life.  
Are still and noisome as a churchyard  
vault;  
Aghast and shuddering, Nature holds her  
breath  
In abject fear, and feels at her strong heart  
The deadly fangs of death.

Of Montreal I can say but little. The cholera was at its height, and the fear of infection, which increased the nearer we approached its shores, cast a gloom over the scene, and prevented us from exploring its infected streets. That the feelings of all on board very nearly resembled our own might be read in the anxious faces of both passengers and crew. Our captain, who had never before hinted that he entertained any apprehensions on the subject, now confided to us his conviction that he should never quit the city alive: "This accursed cholera! Left it in Russia—found it on my return to Leith—meets me again in Canada. No escape the third time." If the captain's prediction proved true in his case, it was so in ours. We left the cholera in England, we met it again in Scotland, and, under the providence of God, we escaped its fatal visitation in Canada.

Yet the fear and the dread of it on that first day caused me to throw many an anxious glance on my husband and child. I had been very ill during the three weeks that our vessel was becalmed upon the Banks of Newfoundland, and to this circumstance I attribute my deliverance from the pestilence. I was weak and nervous when the vessel arrived at Quebec, but the voyage up the St. Lawrence, the fresh air and beautiful scenery were rapidly restoring me to health.

Montreal from the river wears a pleasing aspect, but it lacks the grandeur, the stern sublimity of Quebec. The fine mountain that forms the back-ground to the city, the Island of St. Helens in front, and the junction of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa—which run side by side, their respective boundaries only marked by a long ripple of white foam, and the darker blue tints of the former river,—constitute the most remarkable feature in the landscape.

The town was, at that period, dirty and ill-paved; and the opening of all the sewers, in order to purify the place and stop the ravages of the pestilence, rendered the public thoroughfares almost impassable, and loaded the air with intolerable filth, more likely to produce than to stay the course of the plague, the violence of which had, in all probability, been increased by these long-neglected receptacles of uncleanness.

The dismal stories told us by the excise-officer who came to inspect the unloading of the vessel, of the frightful ravages of the cholera, by no means increased our desire to go on shore.

"It will be a miracle if you escape," he said. "Hundreds of emigrants die daily; and if Stephen Ayres had not providentially come among us, not a soul would have been alive at this moment in Montreal."

"And who is Stephen Ayres?" said I.  
"God only knows," was the grave reply.  
"There was a man sent from heaven, and his name was John."

"But I thought this man was called Stephen?"

"Ay, so he calls himself; but 'tis certain that he is not of the earth. Flesh and blood could never do what he has done,—the hand of God is in it. Besides, no one knows who he is, or whence he comes. When the cholera was at the worst, and the hearts of men stood still with fear, and our doctors could do nothing to stop its progress, this man, or angel, or saint, suddenly made his appearance in our streets. He came in great humility, seated in an ox-cart, and drawn by two lean oxen and a rope harness. Only think of that! Such a man in an ox-cart, drawn by rope harness! The thing itself was a miracle. He made no parade about what he could do, but only fixed up a plain pasteboard notice, informing the public that he possessed an infallible remedy for the cholera, and would engage to cure all who sent for him."

"And was he successful?"  
"Successful! It beats all belief; and his remedy so simple? For some days we took him for a quack, and would have no faith in him at all, although he performed some wonderful cures upon poor folks, who could not afford to send for the doctor. The Indian village was attacked by the disease, and he went out to them, and restored upwards of a hundred of the Indians to perfect health. They took the old lean oxen out of the cart and drew him to Montreal in triumph. This established him at once, and in a few days' time he made a fortune. The very doctors sent for him to cure them; and it is to be hoped that in a few days he will banish the disease from the city."

"Do you know his famous remedy?"  
"Do I not?—Did he not cure me when I was at the last gap? Why, he made no secret of it. It is all drawn from the maple tree. First he rubs the patient all over with an ointment, made of hog's lard and maple-sugar and ashes from the maple tree; and he gives him a hot draught of maple-syrup and ley, which throws him into a violent perspiration. In about an hour the cramps subside; he falls into a quiet sleep, and when he awakes he is perfectly restored to health." Such was our first tidings of Stephen Ayres, the cholera doctor, who is universally believed to have effected some wonderful cures. He obtained a wide celebrity throughout the colony.

The day of our arrival in the port of Montreal was spent in packing and preparing for our long journey up the country. At sunset I went upon deck to enjoy the refreshing breeze that swept from the river. The evening was delightful; the white tents of the soldiers on the Island of St. Helens glittered in the beams of the sun, and the bugle call, wafted over the waters, sounded so cheery and inspiring, that it banished all fears of the cholera, and the heavy gloom that clouded my mind since we left Quebec. I could once more hold sweet converse with nature, and enjoy the soft loveliness of the rich and harmonious scene.

A loud cry from one of the crew startled me; I turned towards the river, and beheld a man struggling in the water a short distance from the vessel. He was a young

sailor who had fallen from the bowsprit of a boat near us.

There is something terribly exciting in beholding a fellow-creature in imminent peril, without having the power to help him. To witness his death-struggles,—to feel in your own person all the dreadful alternations of hope and fear,—and, finally, to see him die, with scarcely an effort made for his preservation. This was our case.

At the moment he fell into the water, a boat with three men was within a few yards of the spot, and actually sailed over the spot where he sank. Cries of "Shame!" from the crowd collected upon the bank of the river had no effect in rousing these people to attempt the rescue of a perishing fellow-creature. The boat passed on. The drowning man again rose to the surface, the convulsive motion of his hands and feet, visible above the water, but it was evident that the struggle would be his last.

"Is it possible that they will let a human being perish, and so near the shore, when an oar held out would save his life?" was the agonizing question at my heart, as I gazed, half-maddened by excitement, on the fearful spectacle. The eyes of a multitude were fixed upon the same object—but not a hand stirred. Every eye seemed to expect from his fellow an effort which he was incapable of attempting himself.

At this moment—splash! a sailor plunged into the water from the deck of a neighbouring vessel, and dived after the drowning man. A deep "Thank God!" burst from my heart. I drew a freer breath as the brave fellow's head appeared above the water. He called to the men in the boat to throw him an oar, or the drowning man would be the death of them both. Slowly they put back the boat,—the oar was handed; but it came too late! The sailor, whose name was Cook, had been obliged to shake off the hold of the dying man to save his own life. He dived again to the bottom, and succeeded in bringing to shore the body of the unfortunate being, he had vainly endeavored to succor. Shortly after, he came on board our vessel, foaming with passion at the barbarous indifference manifested by the men in the boat.

"Had they given me the oar in time, I could have saved him. I knew him well—he was an excellent fellow, and a good seaman. He has left a wife and three children in Liverpool. Poor Jane!—how can I tell her that I could not save her husband?"

He wept bitterly, and it was impossible for any of us to witness his emotion without joining in his grief.

From the mate I learned that this same young man had saved the lives of three women and a child when the boat was swamped at Grosse Ile, in attempting to land the passengers from the *Horsey Hill*.

Such acts of heroism are common in the lower walks of life. Thus, the purest gems are often encased in the rudest crust; and the finest feelings of the human heart are fostered in the chilling atmosphere of poverty.

While this sad event occupied all our thoughts, and gave rise to many painful reflections, an exclamation of unqualified delight at once changed the current of our thoughts, and filled us with surprise and pleasure. Maggie Grant had fainted in the arms of her husband.

Yes, there was Tam,—her dear, reckless Tam, after all her tears and lamentations, pressing his young wife to his heart, and calling her a thousand endearing pet names.

He had met with some countrymen at Quebec, had taken too much whiskey on the joyful occasion, and lost his passage in the *Anne*, but had followed a few hours later in another steamboat; and he assured the now happy Maggie, as he kissed the infant Tam, whom she held up to his admiring gaze, that he would never be guilty of the like again. Perhaps he kept his word; but I much fear that the first temptation would make the lively laddie forget his promise.

Our luggage having been removed to the Custom-house, including our bedding, the captain collected all the ship's flags for our accommodation, of which we formed a tolerably comfortable bed; and if our dreams were of England, could it beotherwise, with her glorious flag wrapped around us, and our heads resting upon the Union Jack?

In the morning we were obliged to visit the city to make the necessary arrangements for our upward journey.

The day was intensely hot. A bank of thunder clouds lowered heavily above the mountain, and the close, dusty streets were silent and nearly deserted. Here and there might be seen a group of anxious looking, care-worn, sickly emigrants, seated against a wall among their packages, and sadly ruminating upon their future prospects.

The sullen toll of the death-bell, the exposure of ready-made coffins in the undertakers' windows, and the oft-recurring notice placarded on the walls, of funerals furnished at such and such a place, at cheapest rate and shortest notice, painfully reminded us, at every turning of the street, that death was everywhere,—perhaps lurking in our very path; we felt no desire to examine the beauties of the place. With this ominous feeling pervading our minds, public buildings possessed few attractions, and we determined to make our stay as short as possible.

Compared with the infected city, our ship appeared an ark of safety, and we returned to it with joy and confidence, too soon to be destroyed. We had scarcely re-entered our cabin, when tidings were brought to us that the cholera had made its appearance; a brother of the captain had been attacked.

It was advisable that we should leave the vessel immediately, before the intelligence could reach the health officers. A few minutes sufficed to make the necessary preparations; and in less than half-an-hour we found ourselves occupying comfortable apartments in Greenough's hotel, and our passage taken in the stage for the following morning.

The transition was like a dream. The change from the close, rank ship to large, airy, well-furnished rooms and clean attendants, was a luxury we should have enjoyed had not the dread of the cholera involved all things around us in gloom and apprehension. No one spoke upon the subject; and yet it was evident that it was uppermost in the thoughts of all. Several emigrants had died of the terrible disorder during the week, beneath the very roof that sheltered us, and its ravages, we were told, had extended up the country as far as Kingston; so that it was still to be the phantom of our coming journey, if we were fortunate enough to escape from its headquarters.

At six o'clock the following morning, we took our places in the coach for Lechins, and our fears of the plague greatly diminished as we left the spires of Montreal in the distance. The journey from Montreal westward has been so well described by many gifted pens, that I shall say little about it. The banks of the St. Lawrence are picturesque and beautiful, particularly in those spots where there is a good view of the American side. The neat farmhouses looked to me, whose eyes had been so long accustomed to the watery waste, homes of beauty and happiness; and the splendid orchards, the trees at that season of the year being loaded with ripening fruit of all hues, were refreshing and delicious.

My partiality for the apples was regarded by a fellow-traveller with a species of horror. "Touch them not, if you value your life." Every draught of fresh air and water inspired me with renewed health and spirits, and I disregarded the well-meant advice; the gentleman who gave it had just recovered from the terrible disease. He was a middle-aged man, a farmer from the Upper Province, Canadian born. He had visited Montreal on business for the first time. "Well, sir," he said in answer to some questions put to him by my husband, respecting the disease, "I can tell you what it is; a man smitten with the cholera stares death right in the face; and the torment he is suffering is so great that he would gladly die to get rid of it."

"You were fortunate, C—, to escape," said a backward settler, who occupied the opposite seat; "many a younger man died of it."

"Ay; but I believe I never should have taken it had it not been for some things they gave me for supper at the hotel; oysters they called them, oysters; they were alive! I was persuaded by a friend to eat them, and I liked them well enough at the time. But I declare to you that I felt them crawling over one another in my stomach all night. The next morning I was seized with cholera."

"Did you swallow them whole, C—?" said the former spokesman, who seemed highly tickled by the evil doings of the oysters.

"To be sure. I tell you, the creatures are alive. You put them on your tongue, and I'll be bound you'll be glad to let them slip down as fast as you can."

"No wonder you had the cholera," said the backward man, "you deserved it for your barbarity. If I had a good plate of oysters here, I'd teach you the way to eat them."

Our journey during the first day was performed partly by coach, partly by steam. It was nine o'clock in the evening when we landed at Cornwall, and took coach to Prescott. The country through which we passed appeared beautiful in the clear light of the moon; but the air was cold, and slightly sharpened by frost. This seemed strange to me in the early part of September, but it is very common in Canada. Nine passengers were closely packed into our narrow vehicle, but the sides being of canvas, and the open space allowed for windows unglazed, I shivered with cold, which amounted to a state of suffering, when the day broke, and we approached the little village of Matilda. It was unanimously voted by all hands that we should stop and breakfast at a small inn by the road-side, and warm ourselves before proceeding to Prescott.

The people in the tavern were not stirring, and it was some time before an old white-headed man unlocked the door, and showed us into a room, redolent with fumes of tobacco, and darkened by paper blinds. I asked him if he would allow me to take my infant into a room with a fire.

"I guess it was a pretty cold night for the like of her," said he. "Come, I'll show you to the kitchen; there's always a fire there." I cheerfully followed accompanied by our servant.

Our entrance was unexpected, and by no means agreeable to the persons we found there. A half clothed, red-haired Irish servant was upon her knees kindling up the fire; and a long thin woman, with a sharp face, and an eye like a black snake, was just emerging from a bed in the corner. We soon discovered this apparition to be the mistress of the house.

"The people can't come in here!" she screamed in a shrill voice, darting daggers at the poor old man.

"Sure there's a baby, and the two women critters are perished with cold," pleaded the good old man.

"What's that to me? They have no business in my kitchen."

"Now, Almira, do hold on. It's the coach has stopped to breakfast with us; and you know we don't often get the chance." All this time the fair Almira was dressing as fast as she could, and eyeing her unwelcome female guests, as we stood shivering over the fire.

"Breakfast!" she muttered, "what can we give them to eat? They pass our door a thousand times without any one alighting; and now when we are out of everything, they must stop and order breakfast, at such an unreasonable hour. How many are there of you?" turning fiercely to me.

"Nine," I answered, laconically, continuing to chafe the cold hands and feet of the child.

"Nine! That bit of beef will be nothing cut into steaks for nine. What's to be done, Joe?" (to the old man.)

"Eggs and ham, summat of that dried venison, and pumpkin pie," responded the *aide de-camp*, thoughtfully. "I don't know of any other fixings."

"Bestir yourself, then, and lay out the table, for the coach can't stay long," cried the virago, seizing a frying-pan from the wall, and preparing it for the reception of the eggs and ham. "I must have the fire to myself. People can't come crowding here, when I have to fix breakfast for nine, particularly when there is a good room elsewhere provided for their accommodation."

I took the hint, and retreated to the parlor, where I found the rest of the passengers walking two and two, and impatiently awaiting the advent of the breakfast.

To do Almira justice, she prepared from her scanty materials a very substantial breakfast in an incredibly short time, for which she charged us a quarter of a dollar per head.

At Prescott we embarked on a fine new steamboat, *William IV.*, crowded with Irish emigrants, proceeding to Cobourg and Toronto.

"While pacing the deck, my husband was greatly struck by the appearance of a middle-aged man and his wife, who sat apart from the rest, and seemed struggling with intense grief, which, in spite of all

their efforts at concealment, was strongly impressed upon their features. Some time after, I fell into conversation with the woman, from whom I learned their little history. The husband was factor to a Scotch gentleman, of large landed property, who had employed him to visit Canada, and report the capabilities of the country, prior to his investing a large sum of money in wild lands. The expenses of their voyage had been paid, and everything up to that morning had prospered with them. They had been blessed with a speedy passage, and were greatly pleased with the country and the people; but of what avail was all this? Their only son, a fine lad of fourteen, had died that day of the cholera, and all their hopes for the future were buried in his grave. For his sake they had sought a home in this far land; and here, at the very outset of their new career, the fell disease had taken him from them for ever—where, in such a crowd, the poor heart-broken mother could not even indulge her natural grief!

"Ah, for a place where I might grieve!" she said; "it would relieve the burning weight at my heart. But with see many strange eyes glowering upon me, I tak' shame to myself to grieve."

"Ah, Jeannie, my poor woman," said the husband, grasping her hand, "ye maun bear up; 'tis God's will; an sinful creature like us maun repine. But oh, madam," turning to me, "we have sair hearts the day!"

Poor bereaved creatures, how deeply I commiserated their grief,—how I respected the poor father, in the stern efforts he made to conceal from indifferent spectators the anguish that weighed upon his mind! Tears are the best balm that can be applied to the anguish of the heart. Religion teaches man to bear his sorrows with becoming fortitude, but tears contribute largely both to soften and to heal the wounds from whence they flow.

At Brockville we took in a party of ladies, which somewhat relieved the monotony of the cabin, and I was amused by listening to their lively prattle, and the little gossip with which they strove to wile away the tedium of the voyage. The day was too stormy to go upon deck,—thunder and lightning, accompanied with torrents of rain. Amid the confusion of the elements, I tried to get a peep at the Lake of the Thousand Islands; but the driving storm blended all objects into one, and I returned wet and disappointed to my berth. We passed Kingston at midnight, and lost all our lady passengers but two. The gale continued until daybreak, and noise and confusion prevailed all night, which was greatly increased by the uproarious conduct of a wild Irish emigrant, who thought fit to make his bed upon the mat before the cabin door. He sang, he shouted, he harangued his countrymen on the political state of the Emerald Isle, in a style which was loud if not eloquent. Sleep was impossible, whilst his stentorian lungs continued to pour forth torrents of unmeaning sound.

Our Dutch stewardess was highly enraged. His conduct, she said, "was perfectly odious." She opened the door, and, being stowing upon his several kicks, bade him get away "out of that," or she would complain to the captain.

In answer to this remonstrance, he caught her by the foot, and pulled her down. Then waving the tattered remains of his straw hat in the air, he shouted with an air of triumph, "Git out wid you, you ould witch! Shure the ladies, the purty darlins, never sent you wid that 'ugly message to Pat, who loves them so entirely, that he means to kape watch over them through the blessed night." Then making a ludicrous bow, he continued, "Ladies, I'm at your service; I only wish I could get a dispensation from the Pope, and I'd marry yeas all." The stewardess bolted the door, and the mad fellow kept up such a racket that we all wished him at the bottom of the Ontario. The following day was wet and gloomy. The storm had protracted the length of our voyage for several hours, and it was midnight when we landed at Cobourg.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A Story of Royalty.

At a party in Berlin Prof. Curtius, an intimate friend of the late Emperor, related a story which had been told him once by his august patron, illustrating the character of Queen Victoria. The Emperor, then King of Prussia, but an exile in England, had witnessed the tremendous enthusiasm displayed by all London in front of Buckingham Palace after the well-known attempt on her Majesty's life, when she was slightly wounded, and was present the same night in the Queen's box at her Majesty's theatre when the ovation of the audience on seeing her Majesty entered knew no bounds. Scrued by his own anomalous position—an exile at the hands of his own subjects, and his kingdom on the point of destruction—the King could not restrain his tears; but the Queen, seeing his great emotion, seized his hand, and with true womanly instinct divining its cause, said in an affectionate and sympathetic voice: "Your Majesty will live to experience a similar demonstration toward yourself from your own subjects." Prophetic words which the Emperor never forgot. The King of Sweden was, on his last birthday, the recipient of a pretty little letter from a Swedish girl six years of age, who, beginning her epistle "Dear King," informed him that as his birthday coincided with her own she had written in order to congratulate him, particularly as she "loved her dear King so very much." He wrote back: "I thank the little Miss S. A., six years of age, for her letter of congratulation on my birthday, which is also hers. May she become a good woman, and thus afford pleasure to her King Oscar." The letter was accompanied by a handsome gold bangle.

## Flavor of Eggs.

The *Fanciers' Review* says: "We'll wager a dime that hens fed on the manure heap and compelled to drink barn-yard water will give their eggs a 'peculiar flavor.'" We think the *Review* is correct. The quality of eggs can be improved or deteriorated by the feed. A continuous feeding with chopped onions will impart a strong onion flavor to eggs, and for that matter, to the flesh of the fowl too, if killed at the time of eating onions. Food should be clean and of good quality, if good food is desired from the product of the feeding. Remember the old saying that "like produces like."

Show me not substance; realities govern wise men.—(William Penn.)

A French investigator has come to the conclusion that women have a larger proportion of brown eyes than men.

## Seizing the Opportunity.

An English magazine lately told the story of the keeper of a wine shop in Paris with Germany, found himself utterly ruined. In his cellar was a heap of sardine-boxes. It occurred to him that sardine might be removed from them and sold, and the tin boxes themselves converted into little metal toys for children.

He set at work, succeeded, and in a few days he had established a factory in which thousands of sardine-boxes were melted and sent out again, glorious in gilding and varnish, as toy soldiers, arm-chariots, Venetian lanterns and buttons.

One of the most prominent financiers of the Southern States found himself penniless and an invalid at the close of the War.

His business had been solely the making of money and neither he nor his wife and three children could support. What should he do to provide them with bread? He would gladly have taken a position as a clerk, but nobody would employ him.

He still owned a few acres of sterile land on which once grew a wild plant which negroes expressed the favor to be used as their master's table.

Colonel M—, in his perplexity, remembered this sance. He visited the old place and found not one bush yet standing. The pods he distilled juice enough to fill a small bottle with sance; and this he carried as a sample to the chief caterers and grocers in New Orleans, and took orders for the next season. The seeds were planted. Then followed two or three years of anxiety and hard work; and then success.

The sance has its place now on tables every part of the country.

Success in life often lies hid in trifles, but the keen eye, the ready wit, and, above all, patient, tireless labor, are needed to bring it from its hiding-place. The success of the steam-engine was within every kettle for thousands of years. But one man had the vision to see the hidden agent and the skill to set it free.

## Healthy Professions.

All professions are healthy as compared with trades. What men are longer in than scientists, archaeologists—there is a profession of archeology, but let that pass.

Lawyers, clergymen, physicians, actors—some professions, notably the bar, to which might be added the stage, the early training is said, in a serious banter, to kill the weaklings. To some extent this is true of all professions. Men without self-control, as a rule, young, whatever their occupations. In other cases, however, the conditions under which the classes named are the most favorable. The two things that most readily kill men who attain middle age are anxiety or loss of interest. The man who goes to bed not knowing what a turn in the market may elevate him, wealth or stoop him to ruin dies of a stroke of the brain. He who has made his fortune and retired feels, unless he has cultivated a hobby, that he has no place in the world, and dies of inanition.

As a rule, the professional man of fit has learned what he can do. If he is not for the line he took he has slipped out of it, if he is making a fortune it is a career of interest, and with little trouble or anxiety to himself. It is not his own case, that the barrister pleads, the physician combats, the parson arraigns. If again he is moderately successful, his earnings, though small, are pretty safe. He gets as near an approximation to security as fate in a world such as this accords, and he may hope, during exceptional circumstances, that the future will be as the past. His occupation, meanwhile, brings him consideration and intelligent surroundings, and his life is fairly and pleasantly varied. Once the philosopher's temperament is reached the combustion of life is very rapid.

## Paper Lace.

A New York correspondent says that paper fabric will actually take the place of genuine cloth to some extent in the forthcoming summer toiles. The rather startling novelty about it is that the chemist, or at least that portion of it disclosed between the front edges of the jacket, is composed of paper, stamped and cut in imitation of lace and embroidery. I am told that this innovation was premeditated, to the extent that an offer was sent to China three or four years ago for the manufacture of the stuff in the fibrous sort of paper produced only in that country. Thus it is that the masculine example of paper collars and cuffs has been followed, in an idealized manner, by the feminine acceptances of paper chemises. The paper looks exactly like soft, unlaundered linen, and is quite tough enough, it is said, to say, to prevent easy accidents in the way of rents. Patterns are ingenious imitations, not only of plain fine linen but of lace. That is, timely, because there is a tendency to use lace more generously with dress toilets for the afternoon. Some ladies are returning to the handsome real laces so long laid aside, while the merchants still find their best profit in the fine hand-woven imitation laces so long popular. Gaudes, net, blonde, and silk muslins, together with ribbons, are combined with frills and jabots of lace in plastrons, vests, and fichus of various kinds. Even for full-dress toilets the senatoria jackets are worn with a full blouse of cream-white China crepe.

## What Smoking Does For Boys.

A medical man, struck with the large number of boys under fifteen years of age whom he observed smoking, was led to inquire into the effect the habit had upon their general health. He took for his purpose thirty-eight, aged from nine to fifteen, and carefully examined them. In twenty-seven he discovered injurious traces of the habit. In twenty-two there were various disorders of the circulation and digestion, palpitation of the heart, and a more or less severe nervous system. In twelve there were frequent bleedings of the nose, ten had disturbed sleep, and twelve had slight inflammation of the mucous membrane of the mouth, which disappeared on ceasing the use of tobacco for some days. The doctor treated them all for weakness, but with little effect, until the smoking was discontinued, when health and strength were restored.—(British Medical Monthly.)

## PHARMACEUTIC AND USEFUL.

Pharmaceutique states that a remedy for phylloxera has been discovered by M. Laffon of Capendu, and which has proved successful. It consists of a solution of nitre of mercury.

Only doses antipyrin diminish fever, but, according to Henocq, it also checks hemorrhage. In cases of epistaxis and similar bleedings, the powder should be insufflated into nasal chambers, or a solution of antipyrin may be applied by means of a plug of cotton-wool.

These casts may be made to resemble the face by painting them with whitening with very thin French-polish tinged with Venetian red. If the surface is too dilute with methylated spirit. Let the first coat dry before applying the second, which is usually sufficient to give very satisfactory results.

To wash a chamois-skin: Use a weak solution of soap and warm water, rub plenty of soap into the leather, and allow it to soak for two hours, then rub it with water, soda, and yellow soap. If soap-pod of pungent flavor from which negroes expressed the juice to be used as their master's table.

Colored balls for removing stains: Cut up good yellow soap and put it into a jar, should stand in a saucepan of boiling water. When the soap is melted, stir in a quantity of silver-sand until it is pretty thick. Take off the fire, and add two or three spoonsful of glycerine. When getting stiff, make into balls about the size of an orange. When cold, they can be rolled away. If the hands are stained or discolored, these balls will restore them to their usual whiteness and smoothness.

Colimine, a new antiseptic, is a derivative of tartar; its exact chemical composition has not yet been ascertained. It is possessed of marked bacillidic and sterilising qualities in one or two thousandths. Its derivative of the cholera are equally remarkable, and its properties are equally remarkable, being the offensive smell of putrefying food, according to Kortum, the solution, applied to wounds, hastens cicatrization in a marked degree; it is moreover a powerful antiseptic.

A very good and agreeable imitation of the beverage known as "kefir," which is a kumiss, used extensively in phthisis and other wasting diseases, may be made by following a simple method, described by Lery in a German chemical journal. Slightly prepared sour milk is briskly shaken, and then placed in a soda-water bottle with two per cent. of sirup. The bottle is well corked and kept in a warm place for three or four days. At the end of this time a most agreeable effervescent beverage is obtained by uncorking the bottle, which contains some two per cent. of alcohol required for use more speedily, a few drops of lemon-juice should be added to the mixture.

To clean white or very light silks, take a pint of lukewarm water and mix with it a good ounce of soft soap, four ounces honey, and a good-sized wineglass of gin. Unpick the silk and lay it in widths on the kitchen table. Then take a perfectly new scrubbing brush, dip it in the mixture, and rub the silk firmly up and down on both sides, so as to saturate it. Rinse it in cold water twice, free from soap, and hang it on a clothes-horse to drain until half dry; then dip it with a piece of thin muslin between the iron, or it will be marked on the back side. Keep the silk quite smooth and laid on the table, so that every part may come under the brush. White silk should be a little blue in the water. Silk stockings should be carefully washed in water, neither hot nor cold. Any purple stain soap will do, and the stockings should be dried on wooden frames made for the purpose. White silk handkerchiefs must be washed in a lather of pure white soap, with a squeeze of blue, with a handful of salt, has been added to prevent color from running.

## Exasperating Stupidity.

Brooklin (as an illustration of the stupidity of Manitoba towns). "Why, Brooklin, only seven years ago a band of Blackfeet held a war dance right here on the prairie! Think of that, sir!" "Why, I thought they'd broken the vases, and trampled all the shrubbery down."

## Asking the Impossible.

Wife—If I were to be kidnapped, would you be spirited away from you, what would you do?  
Husband—No danger of that, my dear wife.—Well, just imagine it, you know I'd be in a limit even to the imagination.

## Like Cures Like.

Bobby had made himself sick by surfeiting eating too many jam tarts.  
"Now, Bobby," coaxed his mother, "I will take this medicine like a little man, and you can have almost anything you like."  
"Case I have some more jam tarts, ma."

## Fully Qualified.

"I see," said the duke to the baronet who advertised for a young man of good attainments, integrity and good address to manage his private menagerie. Now my son-in-law is A. I, and as for my address, it is at the banker's. There's no better in town, and the engagement did not last long.

## Look Here.

Do not feel blue and despondent, do not weep and tear away at nerve, and have you been disappointed in your remedy that will afford certain relief. If so, go at once to any of our sample bottles of *Polson's Nervine* never fails to cure all internal or external ailments, such as rheumatism, neuralgia, cramps, headache, indigestion, and all other ailments. *Polson's Nervine* is a pure vegetable, and always successful. It is sold at 10 cents; and large quantities at a discount. Try a ten cent bottle.