GRANDMA AND THE REBEL.

A Christmas Story of the Canadian Rebellion Of '37.

By Kate Westlake Veitch.

[This charming story is from the *Ladies' Journal*, of Toronto, for which it was specially written. It pleasantly interweaves a Christmas tale with an incident of the Canadian Rebellion of 1837, and thus has a historic interest as well as timeliness. The *Ladies' Journal* under its new editorial management is doing much to develop native Canadian literary talent.—Ed.]

All day the fun had been fast and furious.

The grey winter dawn had hardly grown strong enough to steal through the frost-frescoed panes of the nursery and put to shame the faint flicker of the night-lamp when two little white-robed figures had crept in, and with trembling, impatient hands felt in Santa Claus' corner by the wide fire-place for their stockings, hung there in hope the night before.

They had meant to be so quiet that baby and nurse could not possibly hear, but joy and surprise are hard to bear in silence and ecstatic "Ohs" and "Ahs" would burst from their lips, and sibilant "Hus-s-shs" did not help the matter, for soon the sound of baby's prattle and nurse's sleepy remonstrance joined with their excited whispering, reached beyond the limits of the room and more bare little feet pattered down the hallway.

Before very long all the younger members of the household, in all stages of dress and undress, were gathered around the nursery fire, and what a shouting of Christmas wishes there was when father appeared in the doorway trying to hide from them that mother stood just behind him peeking at them over his great broad shoulder. The treasures all wanted to exhibit at once from big sprawling Tom with his chest of tools and his snow-shoes to little cousin Amy—orphan Amy, whose mother had left her since last Christmastide—with her Russian lady doll in a real fur circular and owning a trunk so full of changes of raiment that a queen might envy her.

The smile on mother's face broadened and deepened as each one told how their presents were exactly what they wanted, "only nicer and more of them," as shy Cathy, with her tendency towards early piety, said demurely.

Baby had been jumped almost sick in his new patent jumper; Tess, who scorned girly toys, had sent her circus train—locomotive, menagerie cars full of animals, passenger and baggage cars and all—whizzing again and again over its curving rails; Nell had let cousin Amy's Russian lady sit on her kitchen table while they both investigated the pots and pans of Nell's nickel-plated range and all had seen everything to the very last candy or nut in everbody's stocking before the call to breakfast came.

Then came the reading of the old story of the shepherds watching their flocks by night and of the wee helpless babe cradled in the manger—that ever new old sweet story of peace and good will to men.

And as Christmas is children's day, if any day in the year is, all the big folks became children, too, and all played together, father and mother and the young man cousin fresh from college, stately cousin Grace in the dignity of early womanhood, cousin Mabel in her maidenly sweetness and even grandma—grandma with her snowy hair and tender eyes and placid smile that was like a benediction.

And at the mid-day Christmas dinner all ate quite as much as was advisable and perhaps a little more, to shew their appreciation; and then followed more play and wild romping games that made the grown folks pant with weariness but was sport unalloyed for the little ones.

Unnoticed by the children the seniors had one by one stolen away.

Baby had dropped his new blocks but holding fast to his old rubber dolly had toddled off rubbing his eyes with his chubby fist.

The dusk was creeping out of its lurking places in the corners, spreading the folds of its filmy veil, and the house grew silent.

With heads close together the three little girls were perched at a window watching the soft fluffy snow-feathers fall against the glass, and making pictures with their fingers as they breathed upon the pane.

The heads leaned heavily against each other, little sighs and yawns escaped them, they looked around and discovered that it was almost dark and that only Tess and Tom were left on their deserted playground.

The "tired hour" had come.

"Let's go find Gran'ma," said Amy in a whisper, and she and Cathy and Nell tiptoed off leaving Tom and Tess still trying to mend the smoke-stack of the disabled locomotive.

Tom was getting irritable and Tess advised him to run it into the room house for repairs and strike work till next day and then she and Tom, with hands in pockets and shuffling steps, went to seek grandma, too.

They found her in her own bright sitting-room with its plant-embowered windows, birds and flowers, soft curtains and warm rugs. She was seated in her wide old-fashioned rocker with baby curled up, asleep, in her lap, and the little girls on the hearth rug leaning against her knees. The hands that were always so busy knitting stockings for sturdy legs were idle now and were crossed over baby's breast, the fingers that trembled with the involuntary quiver of age holding her glasses. They were hands that in their knotted joints and blunted finger-tops spoke of years of early labor, though their softness and smoothness of surface told just as plainly of an early declining. Her face was so calm and peaceful, the hair drawn back from the hollowing temples was white as her snowy cap and the lines deep graven about the mouth and eyes spoke of sorrow and trouble, but of sorrow hallowed and trouble long since past.

Tom threw himself down before the fire, flat on his back with his heels away up against the tiles, and Tess on a footstool poked her close cropped head under Grandma's elbow with her cheek resting upon baby's chubby knees.

There was silence for a little while and then Cathy, sighing softly, said, "This is the very nicest part of the day."

"So it is, almost," said cousin Amy slyly. "It would be quite if gran'ma would tell us a story."

"Oh, do, Gran'ma, please," said Tess. "A story about wolves and bears and blizzards."

"A real true story all about wars and fighting!" exclaimed Tom.

"A story about a little girl that truly lived," said Nell.

"A Christmas story about Canada—and love," pleaded Cathy.

The dusk was deepening. The fire glowed more brightly, throwing out an occasional flame that lighted up the intent faces of the children and the face serenely sweet of the grandmother.

"Let me see——" said grandma, reflectively. "How can I please you all? A true Canadian Christmas story, about a girl, and love, and war, and wild beasts and wintry weather. Well, if Tom will step kicking his heels and Tess won't wriggle any more I'll tell you a story, a true story, that will be something like you want."

There was a shuffling of little bodies as the children snuggled down into easier listening positions and then grandma, tapping her glasses against her slender wedding ring and gazing steadfastly into the fire began:

"It was long, long ago, when Toronto was only muddy little York, and this street that we live on was part of the unbroken forest. In the place of the beautiful big warm houses like this there were only a few scattered wooden buildings roughly built and more roughly furnished. It was so long ago that there were no railroads or steamboats or telegraph lines, and the journey from here to where grandpa is today, that only takes three hours by train, took five or six days and sometimes more over the stretches of new made roads."

"And weren't there any trolley cars or telephones then?" asked Nell.

"No, Nellie, nothing of that kind, and there were few churches and hardly a school at all and the mails, when there were any, were carried on horseback or wagon. It was when Canada was almost a wilderness that a man with delicate white hands and a sad, discouraged face came from England with his wife and family to begin life anew in a new land. It had taken them four months to cross the ocean and reach their destination in an unsettled part of the London District. They found themselves located on the land that the Englishman had purchased with what money remained from a ruined fortune, found themselves there in a dense forest miles from any settler with the long cold winter close upon them.

"Was the little girl there, too, gran'ma?" asked Amy.

"No. She was not born till the following Spring," answered grandma. But her sister Mary about Nellie's size and three boys as big or bigger than Tess and Tom were there, and another baby boy like our baby here had died and been buried at sea."

Grandma paused a quivering hand across her eyes and rubbed her glasses with her handkerchief.

"The father was not very strong," she went on, after a short pause, "but the boys were great strapping fellows that nothing could tire. They had come straight from school and college and had never thought to have need to work—but they put their whole heart into building the rude log hut and making a clearing and doing all they could to make their mother comfortable and keep their father from discontent. And their mother was so brave, so patient, so heroic—there was never a mother like her, there never could be unless another mother bore just such trials as God sent her."

"She must have been like our mamma," said Nellie.

And softly orphan Amy asked, "Is she living now?"

"No, dear, she went to her home in heaven long ago. She was like your mother, children, in many ways. But her's was an exceptional life. She grew strong by bearing heavy burdens. But I think she always let the Lord help her carry them."

Tess had begun to fidget and at last she asked, "Were there any bears where they lived?"

"Yes, bears and wolves and wild cats. And often the boys shot them. And many a deer they shot and wild fowl and snared all kinds of wild creatures, and but for the fish and birds and meat they brought home from their hunting the family would have fared very badly, especially in the seasons when the wheat was frosted before it got ripe. For bread made from frosted wheat is like heavy dough, it will never bake to taste cooked, and sometimes that and potatoes would be all they had."

"That must have been awful nasty," said Tess. "I'm glad I live now."

"The seasons passed along. First a hard, hard winter in the little hut with one room and a loft and a lean-to. And here in a wet late spring a little girl was born and her name was—Lizette. And a hot summer passed and a dry fall and more winters and summers, and the time passed not unhappily, for families began to come in and settle in the neighborhood. And the nearest one was a man with a grown-up family and one orphan nephew.

"And the nephew's name was Paul, and he was a great sportsman and a good lad to work, and he went everywhere with Lizette's brothers though they were older than he, and he made a pet and plaything of Lizette."

"Was he as big as me?" asked Tom.

"Not when he first came but he grew so tall and straight and handsome and he was so gallant and true and full of fun and life and mischief. The Englishman had begun to get on, the fields around the house grew broader and sleek cows grazed among the stumps of the clearing, and crops of wheat and corn and potatoes and oats gladdened his eyes, and Canada was beginning to feel like home when law troubles came. The land that he had bought was claimed by another, his title was not for the land he had bought and it had been sold again to someone else. He refused to give it up and then began a struggle that embittered his life and deepened his discontent and made every hardship and drudgery seem doubly hard."

"Why didn't he send for a lawyer?" said Tess, whose father was a lawyer.

"Law was a strange thing in those days and rights were hard to prove and those who held the power laughed at equity. But Lizette's father did not suffer silently. Twice he travelled all the way to York and everywhere he went he spread the story of his wrongs, and whenever he heard of other people's wrongs or of official mismanagement he talked about it to everybody.

"Then came the cholera year, when awful tales of disease and death were told and terror seized the hearts of all. It was early in August in that year that one day, when the boys had been to the mill, that the eldest came home sick. Before midnight he was dead, and two days after the youngest died. Before evening the one remaining brother was stricken, he too died. The father was almost crazed with grief. The mother burying her agony in her own heart tried to comfort her husband. Paul came when she would and during the grave, and helped to lay away his friends. And he helped with the work, with the harvesting and threshing and preparing for the winter. And he went hunting and brought home game, and always he was ready to be a playmate for Lizette."

"How old was she then, grandma?" asked Cathy.

"Not so old as Tessie, quite and not nearly such a great strong girl. She was a shy, timid, sensitive child (much like little Cathy) and she was afraid of so many things but mostly of the dark. The sight of the dark woods, the sound of the wind in the tree-tops, a winter storm with the snow-covered ground and the wind howling. It filled her with silent terror. She was not much like a backwoods child."

"She was a muff," growled Tom.

"Perhaps so, laddie, but I think she was suffering for the terrors that her mother bore that first fearsome winter in the new land. But you won't understand that little ones. Her mother never laughed at her fears, and neither did Paul. Her mother tried to hide any cause of terror from her, but Paul tried to make her overcome it. She was afraid of cows and Paul took her to drive them home and held her hands while she tried to milk them; and he took her riding on his bay mare, holding her in front of him. In the fields and woods they were always together, hunting for wild honey in the stumps of trees, digging roots, picking berries, gathering nuts, finding curious flowers and butterflies and birds' eggs. Lizette's sister Mary was big and strong and such a housekeeper. She could cook and spin and weave and churn and milk. But Lizette was the gardener and planted all the garden stuff, the green vegetables, the flowers, and the small fruits and looked after the chickens and ducks—but the geese and the turkey-gobblers frightened her even when she was a great big girl."

Tess and Tom sniffed derisively, but the little ones smiled a sympathetic, "I don't blame her," at each other.

"Those were troublous times in Canada," Grandma continued. "There was tyranny and oppression and wrong upheld with a powerful hand; and against injustice there was no appeal. And among those who denounced the government and the clique who ruled the government was Lizette's father. Smarting under a sense of his own wrongs he talked bitterly both in public and in private, and was foremost among the political agitators of that district. And Paul sided with him and against his uncle, who was in high favor with the powers that ruled, and who sat in parliament and held many small offices that brought him great gain.

"But when there was talk of taking up arms to enforce those rights that it seemed impossible to get by peaceable means Lizette's father drew back. He was opposed to bloodshed and violence. But by this action he made no friends. The party favouring rebellion were more his enemies than the party calling themselves loyalists. He was at enmity with all, and would have quarrelled with Paul, too, but Paul only laughed and came the same as ever. But paul did not draw back as Lizette's father did. He was among the boldest and maddest of the rebels in all the London district. He was busy all that fall of 1837 drilling recruits, gathering arms, riding to meetings and transmitting mysterious messages. The danger and excitement fired his blood. A few days before the memorable 5th of December, when Mackenzie led his band of insurgents in the ill-advised attempt to take Toronto, Paul and Lizette's father had met with a runaway accident, and while Paul escaped with severe bruises and a sprained wrist the older man had his leg broken. This mishap almost drove Paul into a fever for he was hourly expecting orders to march with the rebels of the west to join Dr. Duncomb's forces and lend their aid to the movement, and it was all Lizette and her mother could do to keep him quietly in bed while they nursed him back to health. Both he and the father were still in bed when a rumor travelled from Toronto, none know how, telling of the repulse and flight of the rebels under Mackenzie and the westward march of the troops to arrest and imprison all sympathizers with the rebellion. Paul rose from his sick bed and the news he heard convinced him that all hope of success was over and that it would not be safe for his friends if he returned again to their home.

"One day a party of militia searching for Paul came to Lizette's home, and heaping every indignity on the inmates and committing devastation, searched the house and barns, tearing down hay and straw stacks, raising the flooring, beating through the hay in the lofts with their swords and bayonets. But they could not find him. They left with loud and fierce threats, and would have taken Lizette's father off under arrest but that when they had dragged him from his bed he had fainted again and again from pain, and his wife shamed them for their cruelty."

"Was Lizette there?" "and was she scared?" the children asked breathlessly.

"Yes, she was there and she was terrified, for she was the only one who knew where Paul was hidden. And she took food to him and blankets, all in the dead of night, away down a ravine where there was a great hollow tree—a tree that had two trunks growing from one root, and one was hollow, but the other hid the opening and protected it. It had been an open fall, but it grew colder now and on snowy nights when Lizette had to go out into the wind and darkness no one knew what she suffered or what terrible shapes her imagination called up out of the shadows.

"Sometimes Paul would not be there when she reached the tree, and then her heart would ache with fear for him till she saw him again.

"Nothing was said at home, though they must have missed the things she took to him, her father's pistol and rifle, her mother's purse, the bear-skin coat that had been her brother's. They were purposely blind, for what they did not know they could not tell.

"Another search party frightened Lizette so much that Paul determined to try and make his escape from the country. When Christmas was almost there, there seemed to come a lull. Fewer companies of militia of self-appointed bands of vigilants scoured the country, searching homes, demanding food, arresting hunted radicals; and on Christmas day, when twilight made the wood look ghostly in its winding sheet of snow, Paul said goodbye to his sweetheart. When trouble came they had found out they were more than playmates. Paul kissed her that last day and told her how he loved her. He asked her to be true, for some day, as surely as he lived, he would come back and claim her for his little wife, and he called her 'his brave darling' though she was trembling with fear, and the tears were freezing on her white cheeks.

"'If I am not back before, dear love,' he said, 'you may look for me next Christmas day. And if my coming is delayed do not give me up, but always on Christmas day expect me, for I will surely come.' And then they parted, he to go into unknown dangers, she to fear and watch and wait.

"When Lizette's father grew well he found that his neighbours held aloof from him. The now silenced and disgraced rebels passed him by, and all others treated him with open scorn. His home became unendurable and strong efforts were again made to dispossess him of his land. His spirit suddenly broke. He gave up the contest and moved away from the London district out into the wilds of the northern country in an unsettled wilderness and there began life afresh.

"Two Christmas days had passed in the new home and another was approaching. Lizette's sister had married and lived twenty miles away, and the house was very lonely for the mother had gone over the hill to see her little new grandson, born the week before, and Lizette and her father were left to spend Christmas alone.

"But Lizette was happy although not word, not one had ever been heard from Paul. And she sang as she mixed the pudding and made the mince pies and plucked her enemy, the big turkey gobbler, for something told her that Paul would come on that Christmas day. The evening before was clear and frosty, with hard-packed snow enough to cover the ground and Lizette's father came in from doing the chores and sat down by the fire, moodily sighing.

"'Sam has asked a holiday,' he said to Lizette, 'and I have let him go till day after to-morrow. I wish mother was home. It's real lonesome without mother.'

"'Yes, so it is,' said Lizette.

"'It's hardly worth while keeping Christmas at all,' he said, wearily. Then he sat silent looking at the fire, and after a while said, 'why can't we shut up the house and go over the hill to see Mary and the baby and bring mother home? I can't do without her any longer.'

"Lizette's heart sank. She said nothing about her own reason for wanting to be home, nothing about Paul, but with pleading and persuasion she showed him how much better it was for him to go and leave her to mind the house. There were so many reasons, besides the frosty weather, that made it dangerous for all to be away—her bird, the chickens, the cow—and mother must not come home late at night to a cold house. And before dawn next day he was away, with Lizette's 'Merry Christmas!' ringing in his ears and she was left alone.

"All day as she worked she would pause and listen for the sound of sleigh-bells or the fall of a footstep. But there was nothing. The sunlight of early morning had given place to a dull leaden greyness. The wind shifted from north to south with a suggestion of thaw, then veered to the west and spasmodic flurries of snow began to strike against the panes. The clouds took a darker hue, the pine trees round the house murmured and moaned, the snow fell faster, the wind whistled and shriek ed.

"Lizette had pinned a scarlet bow with a cameo brooch to the broad lace collar that finished the neck of her new wool dress, but long before dusk came on all her bright hopes had vanished, and only fear possessed her as she wandered from the fire-place to the windows and watched the increasing gale. Every gust of wind that shook the casement, every swirl of driving snow that sifted in through the glass and around the sashes and door frame, seemed so many voices saying, 'For three miles around you there is not a living soul,' we have you at our mercy,' though you call till you die nobody will hear you.'

"Then a new terror seized her. The snow was drifting. It was now high up about the window-ledge on the west, and the hollow at the foot of the hill would be impassable. Her father and mother would be caught in it and would perish, for the cold was most intense. To die there so near home—the thought was madness! she would not harbor it. They would never start in such a storm. They would know that she would be all right, that she could look after everything! That reminded her. The cows must be milked, the live stock must not be left to suffer. She would have to stay alone all night, she would have to go out into the storm alone, but what of that? Nothing would harm her.

"Not waiting a moment she dressed warmly and struck boldly out into the white fury of the storm. Blinded, stumbling, caught and buffeted by the wind she struggled on. She reached the barns, breathless but alive. Tottering, trembling, the tears rolling down her frost-bitten cheeks she went about her work, and finished it. How she got back she could never remember. Now erect, now on hands and knees, she staggered blindly on for what seemed hours, but at last, somehow, she found herself back in the darkness of the kitchen—safe. With head drooping she sank to the floor and was slipping into unconsciousness when she saw the door from the front room open slowly, and there stood a gigantic fur-clad form, outlined darkly against the firelight——"

There was a faint sound at the door, grandma looked around, and with a startled cry, exclaimed:

"There he is now! Look children! There is Paul."

The gas was lighted in the hall and threw bright light upon the figure standing in the door-way—a figure in an astrakhan coat with bent shoulders, scant white locks, and long snowy beard.

"That! Why that's not Paul. That's Gran'pa," laughed Nell, jumping up and running to him.

The children all crowded round, kissing him and wishing him "Merry Christmas" for he had just returned from a visit to a son in a distant city.

"What's all this?" he asked, when he had kissed grandma and sat holding her hand in the firelight.

"Oh, Gran'ma was telling us a boss story about a blizzard and a girl called Lizette, and she was so excited she thought you were Paul, who was a rebel and went away."

"And so I am. Lizette is your grandmother—the sweetest, bravest girl, the truest wife that ever lived."

"Ah, but her name is Elizabeth," said Tess, wisely.

"Elizabeth for dignity, Lizette for short," said Grandpa. And if I had not come back just when I did you children would have had to whistle for a grandmother. If I had not reached sister Mary's early and started Lizzette's father off home before the storm broke, we would never have reached there alive. We almost perished as it was, and for three days we were snowed in completely. But we were happy, were we not, my Lizette?"

"But where were you all that time, when you were a rebel?" asked Tom.

"Ah, that's another story."

The girl of the period says she objects to flattery, but she likes to have her sleeves left.

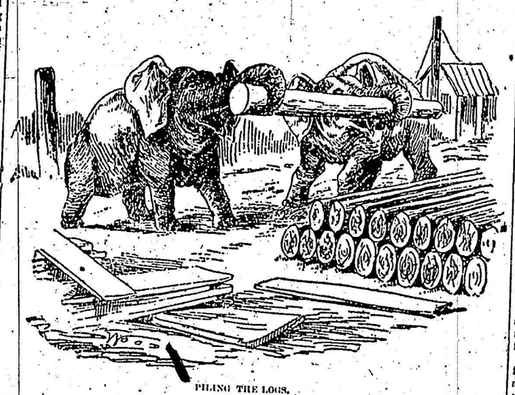
ELEPHANTS RUN A SAWMILL.

A Wonderful Herd of Trained Pachyderms in British Burmah.

The Work of Taking the Logs from the River, Piling Them, Running the Sawmill, Stacking the Lumber, and Preparing the Feed for the Animals is All Done by the Elephants.

The displays of trained animals, broken for show purposes, can not offer the slightest comparison in interest to the trained elephant exhibition one sees in the City of Moulmein, British Burmah. The most absorbingly entertaining feature of the novel sight is the paradoxically industrial character which the work of these huge Indian pachyderms assumes. It hardly seems possible that the work of a sawmill, usually done by human hands, could be accomplished through the medium of the elephant's trunk and the elephant's sagacity; nevertheless it is a fact that the Irawadi Steamship Company uses some forty to fifty elephants in the operation of its saw mills at Moulmein, and the teak wood so largely entering into the construction of ships is here made ready for the hands of the artisan.

A gentlemen lately returned from a tour of the East gives an interesting account of the manner in which the mills are operated. The logs are chopped in the interior and floated several hundred miles down the

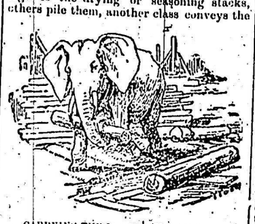


PILING THE LOGS.

Salwin River to the mill, which is situated on the banks of the stream at Moulmein. Here the logs are formed into a boom, and henceforth the work of transporting is done by the elephants.

THE LOG BOOM.

The boom is very similar to those we see in the lumbering districts of Wisconsin and Michigan, but instead of the sight of men, brightly garbed in red and blue, running from log to log and moving them with long steel-pointed poles, we see great, ponderous elephants wading and swimming among the teak logs and pushing them toward the shore. The logs are not sawed directly from the water, but are first seasoned, and the elephants not only bring the logs from the water to the land, but also stack them in huge piles, convey them to the mill, saw them and afterward pile the lumber. Of course each elephant performs only such certain parts of the work for which he has been trained, and the entire herd is divided into companies of from two to eight. One division of the pachyderms does the work in the water, another company carries the logs to the drying or seasoning stacks, others pile them, another class conveys the



CARRYING THE LOGS TO THE PILERS.

dry logs to the mill where some of the elephants do the work of sawing, still others pile the sawed lumber, and another herd carries hay and prepares the food for this great industrial combination of brute strength and intelligence.

But the most wonderful, interesting, novel and almost incredible feature of the entire combination is the sight of two monstrously large male elephants that actually act in the capacity of bosses or overseers of the work. These move from place to place among the working elephants, spurring them on, pushing driving, and frequently chastising a lazy or recalcitrant member of the force.

Very few men are needed to direct the elephants in their work. From six to eight of the animals usually work in the water. These wade or swim according to the depth of the water, to the log boom, and loosening several logs at a time tow them to the shore at a certain point. Each of the company of elephants that convey the logs from this point to the drying place has a chain attached to his neck reaching to the ground. At the bottom of this chain is a loop, through which the log is run. A man directs the movements of the elephants in placing the log within the coil of the chain. The elephant picks up another log by his trunk, and in this manner drags two at a time to the seasoning stacks. About eight elephants are employed in this capacity. The work of piling the logs to dry is done by two female elephants. Each winds her trunk about the log near the end, and together they raise it in a horizontal position and place it on the stack.

THE SAWMILL.

After the logs have dried sufficiently they are ready for the mill. Two female elephants take the dry logs from the piles and deliver them to a herd similar in training to those that work between the water and the seasoning stacks. These convey the logs to a track over which a small car runs to the mill. Only one log at a time is placed upon this car. As soon as a log is in position on the car an elephant, trained for this particular part of the work, pushes the car to the mill. Arrived at the mill, the log is pushed from the car to a carrier that passes beneath the buzz-saw. As soon as the log is thus transferred to the carrier the elephant operating the car returns for another log, while another huge beast, trained to do the sawing, operates the carrier and pushes the log against the saw. But the interesting part of the work does not end here, for, as the log is being sawed into the desired boards and timbers, another elephant receives the completed material, piling the slabs on one side and the more valuable product on the other. But two men are required to oversee and direct the elephants used in sawing the logs.

Another detachment of the herd is used in carrying the lumber from the mill to the yards and sheds. For this purpose very long trucks with the low front and back wheels close to each other are used. There are elephants trained for loading the sawed material upon these trucks while others push the loaded trucks to the sheds. In the lumber yard are the "pilers" or elephants that take the lumber from the trucks and place it in piles for further seasoning.

ELEPHANT HASH.

As stated before, there is one detachment of this strange army of laborers which does the "kitchen work" for the hotel de elephant, or whatever the feeding place of these big fellows may be called. Some may be seen carrying hay for the stables, but by far the most interesting sight is the preparation of the food. This is composed of grass, bran and molasses, and is mixed in a large vat. While some are carrying these different components of this highly delectable elephantine boarding house hash, others are engaged in mixing it with pestles which they dexterously manipulate with their trunks. The narrator observed one of the elephants suddenly stop in his work with the pestle and refuse to wield his mixing-stick any further. One of the two big boss elephants was called to the scene, and picking up the recalcitrant's pestle beat him with it over the back and hips until he whiningly returned to his work.

PREPARING DINNER.

Only about ten men are employed in directing the work of the entire herd of elephants. Those who have seen this novel mill at Moulmein in operation all agree in giving it the credit of being the greatest exhibition of trained animals in the world and say that Hagenbeck's, and, in fact, all other trained animal shows are simply nowhere near "in line" with it. The mill hands, or more properly speaking, the mill trunks of this institution, have never yet gone out on a strike.

A Modern Financier.

Business Man—"See here, sir! You gave me a check on the Highfly Bank, and I find that there is no such institution."

Financier (who has been playing in hard luck)—"Hold on to the check my dear sir. It will be all right. The bank isn't in operation yet."

"Sir!"

"Oh, it's all right. After I get a few thousand of those checks out, the holders will find it to their interest to club together and help me start the bank."

English Prison Discipline.

A correspondent of the Boston Herald, in an article on English prisons, gives much interesting information regarding the life of convicts behind English prison bars. A comparison of the rules of an American prison with those of an English prison shows that the American prisoner has many more comforts and liberties. A man in an English prison is almost as dead to the outer world as he would be in his tomb. Nothing in the way of food or reading matter can be sent in to him by his friends. He is never permitted to see a newspaper or a magazine. He can write and receive letters only at long intervals, and from the time he enters the prison until he leaves it he is not permitted to speak unless he is addressed by a prison officer.

A prisoner sentenced for a term of three years or less may see a visitor once in three months in the presence of a prison officer, and he may write one letter. To men who's terms are longer such privileges are granted less frequently.

For the first month the prisoner's bed consists of nothing but a broad board like a table-top, three or four inches above the floor of the cell. He has no mattress, and the bedclothing consists of a rug, a blanket, a pillow and two coarse sheets. At the end of a month, if he has earned a sufficient number of good conduct marks, he has a mattress three nights a week. Later he has a mattress five nights a week, and at a still later stage, if his conduct has been unexceptionable, he may have a mattress every night.

He has also in his cell a bucket, a water-can, a tin wash-bowl, a towel, a soap-dish, a salt-cellar, a wooden spoon and a tin plate. He never has a knife or a fork and he has nothing to eat requiring the use of these implements.

He must get up at six o'clock, and his breakfast is brought to him at half past seven. He eats every meal in his cell. In the first stage of his imprisonment he has only bread and water for breakfast, and for dinner a pint and a half of "stirabout," a gruel-like mixture of oatmeal and Indian meal.

In the fourth and best stage of his imprisonment he has a pint of porridge with his bread for breakfast, and a better dinner, but even the fourth-stage bill of fare is never changed throughout the year. There are no holiday dinners, nor an extra dish on Sundays, as in some of our American prisons.

Not all the prisons have workshops attached to them, and where there is no work shop, a man who has a labor-sentence must go on a treadmill for two hours and a half in the morning, and for two hours and three-quarters in the afternoon.

In some prisons there is a worse kind of labor than even the treadmill. It consists of turning a heavily weighted crank, which serves no purpose whatever except to record the number of its own revolutions. A day's labor consists of from eight to ten thousand revolutions. In others prisons the prisoners are set to pumping water. As this serves no purpose, it is not so depressing as the crank movement.

The entire system of discipline in English prisons is military in its rigidity, and it is never relaxed. There are no "demonstrations" of discontent, of delight, or of contempt on the part of the prisoners; pandemonium is never reproduced, as it is in prisons in some of the states; the hooting and whistling, the yelling and "cat-calling" in which American prisoners sometimes indulge are never even remotely imitated in an English prison.

The English convict is not by nature more respectful or orderly than the American convict, but he knows that disobedience will be immediately punished; he knows that the statutes of Parliament have framed the conditions under which he is to serve out his sentence, and that the power and the system of the prison are such that he must obey the rules or suffer the consequence.

Escapes from English prisons are so rare that they assume the character of marvels.

She Would Neither Paint nor Powder.

"I positively will not use cosmetics," said a lady to the writer, "yet my complexion is so bad that it occasions me constant mortification. What can I do to get rid of these dreadful blotches?" "Take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," was my prompt reply. "Your complexion indicates that you are suffering from functional derangements. Remove the cause of the blotches and your cheeks will soon wear the hue of health. The 'Favorite Prescription' is a wonderful remedy for all diseases peculiar to your sex. Its proprietors guarantee to return the money if it does not give satisfaction. But it never fails. Try it." The lady followed my advice, and now her complexion is as clear as a babe's, and she enjoys better health than she has for many years.

To permanently cure constipation, biliousness and sickheadache take Dr. Pierce's Pellets. Of dealers.

Ordered it Rare.

Waiter—"Here you are, sir! porterhouse steak rare—that was your order, I believe."

Guest—"Hum! It isn't long since this beef was killed, is it?"

"I—'I a'pose not, sir."

"No, can't be very long. I see it is still warm."

Alma Ladies College, St. Thomas, Ontario.

The past year in attendance and scholastic results was the best in its history. A graduating class of 23, an attendance of nearly 200, a record of about 100 Certificates in the Provincial Art Examinations including the Silver Medal for Design and Bronze Medal in China Painting, with 3 Awards (Oil Painting, Water Color Painting and China) at the World's Fair, a fine health record and growing favor with the public, are among the evidences of Alma's growing prosperity, and popularity.

Young ladies desiring Music, Fine Art, Elocution, Commercial Science or better general education will find Alma one of the best as well as one of the cheapest of Colleges for young women. 60 pp. Announcement free. Principal Austin, A. M.

A WOMAN'S TRIALS.

A Happy Release From Years of Suffering.

Mrs. Blondin Relates a Story of Deep Interest to all Women, Thousands of Whom Suffer as she did—Life was Almost Unbearable.

From the Cornwall Freeholder.

Since the publication in these columns some months ago of the particulars of the marvellous cure wrought on Mr. William Moore by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, there has been a largely increased demand in this section for this sovereign remedy for the many ills that weak human flesh is heir to, and the druggists report an immense sale. That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills possess genuine merit does not admit of a shadow of doubt. Not a week passes that cures of long standing illness are not reported through the agency of this marvellous remedy, and columns might be filled with the experiences of persons who have been restored to vigorous health by reason of their life-giving properties. A very noticeable case has been brought to the attention of the Freeholder, and that the facts might be given for the benefit of other suffering mortals we have taken the trouble to verify them.

Everybody in Cornwall knows John B. Blondin, who has for several years been employed by Almon B. Warner as an agent for the sale of sewing machines, furniture, etc., especially among the French section of the town, where he is thoroughly acquainted and highly respected. Those who were intimate with Mr. Blondin sympathized deeply with him in the heavy affliction he suffered for many years in the continued illness of his wife, who from a complication of diseases was unable to render any but the slightest assistance in household matters, which were perforce left to himself and his small children. Mr. Blondin at that time lived in the north-west part of the town, which, for lack of drainage is rather unhealthy, and to the bad sanitary condition of his house, among the other causes, Mr. Blondin attributes his wife's breakdown. Mr. Blondin now resides over the old post office. And when the reporter called there he was introduced to Mrs. Blondin, who appeared well and hearty and certainly very far removed from the wreck of humanity such as she must have been from all accounts, a few months ago.

"I wish you could tell me something about your case, Mrs. Blondin," said the reporter, "though I should hardly think from your looks you had been an invalid."

"Well sir," said Mrs. Blondin, "I was for several years a very sick woman. I had a constant racking headache, no appetite, my skin was dry and peeling off, I had pains in my back, neck and shoulders, and was constantly tired and indeed very miserable."

"Yes," interjected Mr. Blondin, "I began to give up all hope of ever seeing her well again. I had spent a good deal of money in doctoring and she seemed to be getting worse instead of better, in fact I had made up my mind she was going to die, and most people were of the same opinion."

"What was it that cured her?"

"Well," said Mr. Blondin, "I was talking to a neighbor one day, and he said why don't you try those Pink Pills that are so much talked about? I had not paid much attention to them, but thought they might be worth trying."

"I didn't want to take any more medicine," said Mrs. Blondin, "but after some persuasion I sent for a box of the Pink Pills and I must say I had not finished the first box before I began to feel better. The first benefit I experienced was that my headaches were not so severe; then they disappeared altogether and with them the pains I had been complaining of. I began to take more interest in the affairs of the house, and was able to send the children to school again. My neighbors noticed the difference, and by the time I had taken five boxes I was as well as ever in my life. I had been very thin but gradually regained flesh and strength again, and felt altogether like a new woman. I have recommended Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to many of my friends and neighbors and know of several cases where they have done much good. There are many women suffering as I did and I earnestly recommend them to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a thorough trial."

Druggists say that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have an enormous sale, and from all quarters come glowing reports of results following their use. In very many cases the good work has been accomplished after physicians had failed, and pronounced the patient beyond the hope of human aid. An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for all diseases arising from an impoverished condition of the blood, or from an impairment of the nervous system, such as loss of appetite, depression of spirits, anæmia, chlorosis, or green sickness, general muscular weakness, dizziness, loss of memory, locomotor ataxia, paralysis, sciatica, rheumatism, St. Vitus' dance, the after effects of la grippe, all diseases depending upon a vitiated condition of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, building anew the blood and restoring the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. Beware of imitations and substitutes.

The Wisdom of Years.

Father—"Your income is small, and that girl hasn't a penny in her own right."

Son—"That's true, but she has lots of rich relatives, who are sure to remember her."

Father—"That's the trouble. They will visit you by the dozen, eat you out of house and home, and outlive you both in the end."

Worth Ten Dollars a Bottle.

Any person who has used Polson's Nerviline, the great pain cure, would not be without it if it cost ten dollars a bottle. A good thing is worth its weight in gold, and Nerviline is the best remedy in the world for all kinds of pains. It cures neuralgia in five minutes; toothache in one minute; lame back at one application; headache in a few moments; and all pains just as rapidly. Small test bottles only ten cents. Why not try it to-day? Large bottles 25 cents, sold by all druggists and country dealers. Use Polson's nerve pain cure—Nerviline.

Little things often change the current of life. A moment's temper has often severed a friendship which might have lasted a life time. An unkind and hasty word has left a mark which death seems scarcely to have erased.

A.P. 389.

25 DOSES 25¢ THE GREAT SHILOH'S CURE. TAKE THE BEST COUGH CURE 25¢ 50¢ & $1.00

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat. Sold by all Druggists on a Guarantee. For a Lame Side, Back or Chest Shiloh's Porous Plaster will give great satisfaction.—25 cents.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A PERFECT CURE. Have you Catarrh? This Remedy will relieve and Cure you. Price 50cts. This Injector for its successful treatment, free. Remember, Shiloh's Remedies are sold on a guarantee.

Keeping Warm.

The boy was sitting out on the front steps of the house shivering as the policeman passed by at midnight.

"What are you doing here?" asked the officer.

"Tendin' to my business," answered the boy cheerfully.

"Well, I guess you had better go in the house. You'll freeze here."

"That's my business. You go on about yours."

"This is mine."

"Is it?" and the boy chuckled.

"Yes. Why don't you go in?"

"'Cause I don't want to," said the boy, getting up and slapping his arms around himself. "Me and pap got home about two minutes ago, and he told me to wait outside while he went in first; he thought mother'd make it hot enough for two. I know mother, so you go on about your business, and if I freeze you may have to pay for the funeral," and the boy moved off to the street corner and stood for the boy to go in.

People in the North-West

Know from experience that Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor is the only remedy to be relied upon for the extraction of corns. This is the case everywhere throughout the Dominion. Be sure to get Putnam's Painless pop corn cure. At dealers everywhere.

You may wear a big cory anthem that's worth its weight in gold, but you'll be out of fashion all the same unless you've got a cold.

"HITS," OLD, CHRONIC PAINS SUCCUMB TO ST. JACOBS OIL. IT HITS THE SPOT AND CURES.

Bronchitis ACUTE or CHRONIC, Can be cured by the use of SCOTT'S EMULSION of pure Cod Liver Oil, with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda. A feeble stomach takes kindly to it, and its continued use adds flesh and makes one feel strong and well. "CAUTION."—Beware of substitutions. Genuine pr