CURRENT TOPICS.

Dr. Jameson of South Africa is a man of large hopes and large ideas. Had he been otherwise he would not have been the friend and agent of Cecil Rhodes. In 1896 Dr. Jameson hoped that his bold but hopeless dash on Johannesburg would bring South Africa under the British flag. At the opening of the Colonial Conference a few days ago he expressed the hope that South Africa would be consolidated and represented at the next conference by one Premier. It is probably much too early in the century for any such consummation.

That there will some day be a federated South Africa, a union like that of Canada or Australia, is little short of inevitable. It is the logic of the situation. As the provinces of Canada united and became the Dominion of Canada, and as the colonies of that region became the Commonwealth of Australia, so in the fulness of time will there arise a united South Africa extending from Lake Tanganyika to Cape Agulhas. It will be another of those great political institutions which have developed under British rule and control.

In their progress toward such a state the people of South Africa are as yet hopelessly handicapped in one way. Sentiment counts for much. All men desire the right to include themselves in some specifically named group. The settler in Canada becomes a Canadian, in Australia he is an Australian, in New Zealand a New Zealander; and even in smaller places he may be a Newfoundlander, a Jamaican, or a Bermudan. In South Africa about all that a man can become is a rather vague colonial. In time the Afrikander will in all probability be adopted. At present it is somewhat discredited through its use by the Boers.

It is not likely to come before the next Colonial Conference, but the day will probably come when the people of a united South Africa will be as proud of being South Africanders as the people of Canada and Australia now are of being Canadians and Australians.

THE GREATEST OF THESE

Love Is Born of Faith; It is the Child of Hope.

And now abideth faith, hope, love, these three; but the greatest of these is love.—I. Cor. xiii., 13.

A man's character is the best commentary on his philosophy. If you remember that the one who rises to the sublime heights of this song of love ditties, but a great, impetuous soul, who through years of perilous toil spent himself in services for humanity, you begin to see what he meant by love.

Love is not an emotion; it is not in itself a passion. It is a principle, a law of life and service which bears fruit in emotion, which becomes a dominant passion. It consists not in the way we feel toward others, but in the relation we determine on maintaining toward them. It is not a matter of your sentiment for men, but of your service for them.

The love that blindly follows the emotions and the passions may be so essentially selfish as to sweep one on to degradation; the love that definitely, perhaps in apparent coldness, determines upon the service of others, the gift of the life to others, lifts the soul to the fact and the heart to the likeness of the Most High.

THIS LOVE IS SELF-GIVING.

The great Teacher could call on men to love one another, even as He loved them, because the one great and significant fact of his love was that he was ever under the moral and spiritual impulse of the conviction that He was giving His life to the world. There remain to us no emotional love phrases from the lips; there remains the picture of love in action, going about ever doing good.

Out of the principle of love, the adoption of this philosophy which regards life as one grand opportunity to be of service, regards every other being as an opportunity to help or cheer, grows the real joy of living, springs emotions divine and heaven born. You cannot love in this way without becoming lovely.

Eyes of love transfigure all the creation. Only the selfish become cynical. It is greed, the philosophy of getting and gaining, that makes the world seem empty, cheerless, a tomb of blasted ambitions. But to those who seek the good of others, the flowers of joy and kindness, the beauties of hope and human faith, all things that are good abound more and more.

Love gives whatever we have to humanity in the faith that it is worth while. It sows the seed of kindness, gentleness, courage, aspiration, in faith that the seed will bear fruit to the future; it scatters pearls of wisdom, believing that men are better than swine. And out of faith in men, hope for them, and service and self-giving to them, rise the satisfying emotions of life.

LOVE BECOMES A PASSION.

Where is there greater enthusiasm, stronger evidence of compelling motives and dominating impulses, than in those men and women who have tasted of the joy of serving their fellows, giving their lives in lowly or in lofty ways that other lives might be the richer? There is more of eternal power and sublime poetry in the giving of one cup of cold water in the name and spirit of the Master of Love than in all the love sonnets ever written.

The true and full self is found only through love's service. Never is the mother nobler than when love leads to the lowliest service. Never do we find the glory of life until we are willing to embrace its shame. If only our loved ones, our kin or friends, our race or world, may be enriched and saved. The secret of making the most of love, the secret of saving the world lies here.

We need not wait for the mighty impulse of some great affection, some overpowering emotion. We need not wait for the hour in which we may do some great, world attracting deed. Love gives itself to that which lies nearest; its service never halts for opportunity. The least thing done in this spirit of self-giving unlocks the door of love's joys and blessings and makes us partners with the Lord of Love and Life.

HENRY F. COPE.

THE S. S. LESSON

INTERNATIONAL LESSON, MAY 12.

Lesson VI. Joseph Forgives His Brothers. Golden Text: Eph. 4. 32.

THE LESSON WORD STUDIES.

Based on the text of the Revised Version.

Intervening Events.—After briefly referring to the birth of Joseph's two sons our Genesis narrative, following the text of our last lesson, proceeds to an account of the important events transpiring during the years of famine in Egypt. The famine extended beyond the borders of Egypt and was felt also in the land of Canaan where Jacob dwelt with his sons. These are sent into Egypt to buy corn and are recognized by their brother Joseph. Having volunteered the information at their first interview that they have still a younger brother at home, Joseph, in order to test them, demands to see this younger brother. Simeon, therefore, is left captive at the court of Pharaoh as a guarantee that when the brothers come again they will bring Benjamin with them. On their second journey to Egypt Benjamin accompanies his brothers and the whole party are entertained at a banquet by Joseph who still conceals his identity from them. On this occasion Benjamin is especially honored, and the brothers, to their astonishment, are placed at the table in order of their age. Upon leaving Egypt their money is again returned to them secretly, Joseph's cup being at the same time placed in Benjamin's sack. They are recalled and brought before Joseph. Judah, speaking in the name of his brethren, admits that a just retribution has befallen them in this inexplicable event; and afterwards, speaking in his own name, makes an eloquent intercession in behalf of his younger brother, offering to himself remain in servitude in his stead. Overcome by the earnestness and pathos of Judah's words, and convinced that his brethren have changed in character for the better since their cruel treatment of himself, Joseph discloses himself to them. At first his brothers are unable to answer him, but encouraged by the warmth and tenderness of his greeting their fears are allayed. Joseph assures them that all that has transpired in his life has been permitted by Providence in order that he might in this time of need be an instrument in God's hand for the preservation of the lives of many. The details of the second of Joseph's making himself known to his brethren belong to the text of our to-day's lesson.

Verse 1. With the begining of this chapter we reach the climax of the whole story of Joseph.

All them that stood by him—His Egyptian servants.

Every man . . . no man—Referring again to the court servants attending Joseph, and other Egyptians which may have been present.

2. He wept aloud—Hebrew, "Gave forth his voice in weeping." The literature of all ancient Oriental people bears testimony to the fact that the emotions played a much larger part in the life of these early Eastern peoples than it does in modern Occidentals. Thus the soldiers in royal armies oftimes gave way to loud lamenting and weeping when they met with disappointments in their plans of campaign.

Troubled at his presence—As well they might be, their conscience accusing them strongly for the past great injury done their brother in whose power they now find themselves.

5. God did send me before you—As in his earlier life and during the time of his humiliation in prison, so now in the day of his triumph and glory, Joseph gives God credit for every good turn in events, and points out the providential purpose and direction in the events which have transpired.

7. Preserve you a remnant—Descendants—sufficient in number at least to receive the fulfillment of God's promises to their forefathers, Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob.

By a great deliverance—Or, "to be a great company that escape."

8. A father to Pharaoh—A figurative expression for beneficent adviser and administrator. In the Turkish language the expression "chief father" is still used as a title for the principal minister of state.

10. The land of Goshen—From the Egyptian "Kesem" or "Kes." A name, or administrative district, in lower Egypt between the Nile river and the Bitter Lakes, a lowland region made marvellously fruitful by means of canals leading from the Nile. The district is still considered to have the best pasture land in Egypt.

11. I will nourish thee—Similar favoritism shown by a Hebrew in high position in a foreign land to a fellow-countryman is given in Esther 8, 1-8, which compare.

Lest thou come to poverty—The inevitable fate which must come upon them in Palestine before the remaining years of famine still to come are pass. The bitter, abject poverty which came upon the Egyptians themselves is vividly described in the succeeding narrative.

14. And he fell upon his brother Benjamin's neck—Now that Joseph had succeeded in making his brethren understand the situation and his own feelings toward them, the actual greeting takes place, Benjamin receiving the first and warmest welcome.

The long passage which intervenes between the two sections of our lesson text (Gen. 45. 16-50. 14) should be considered as part of the lesson for to-day. In this passage are recorded the migration of Jacob into Egypt, his welcome there at the hand of Joseph and also at the court of Pharaoh, a list of the descendants which accompanied him out of Palestine, the settlement of the Hebrews in the land of Goshen, and the selection of Joseph's brethren to have charge of the cattle and herds belonging to the king, the progress of the famine and the extreme poverty which came upon the once independent land holders of Egypt. The Egyptians, after spending all their money for corn, part with their cattle and finally offer Pharaoh their lands and themselves in return for the sustenance of their lives. This results, according to the narrative, in a permanant change in the Egyptian system of land tenure, the entire land with the exception of portions owned by the priesthood, becoming the personal property of the king, for which tenants subsequently paid to the crown an annual rental. Not long after Jacob's arrival in Egypt he foresees his approaching death and gives his last instructions concerning his burial, adopts and blesses Manasseh and Ephraim, the sons of Joseph, and finally gathers all of his sons about him and gives utterance to his final words of prophecy and blessing concerning them and their future. Chapter 50 opens with an account of the burial of Jacob by his sons. Joseph accompanying his brethren into Palestine on this sad and memorable occasion. The closing verses of our lesson text deals with the events subsequent to the burial of Joseph and are followed in verses 22-26 by a brief account of the death and temporary burial of Joseph in Egypt.

Verse 15. Fully—Surely.

16. Thy father did command before he died—As a motive for Joseph to grant to them a favorable hearing his brethren point out that their request is made in obedience to their father's express command.

17. The servants of the God of thy father—The brothers incidentally remind Joseph that he and they are worshippers of the same God, which fact constitutes a further claim for them on his leniency and mercy.

18. Servants—Lit., "bondmen."

19. Am I in the place of God?—Have I the divine authority and power to inflict retribution upon you? In Gen. 30. 2, the same expression is used with a slightly different application.

20. But God meant it for good, to bring it to pass as it is this day—indicating the didactic import of the entire narrative, which is that God sometimes is pleased to accomplish his purpose through human means, without the knowledge and even against the wishes of the agents which he employs.

Much people—Egyptians and Israelites.

21. I will nourish you—Apparently the famine was not yet a an end.

HOPEFUL.

Harold: "Papa, when I grow up, can I get married?"

"My son, do let us anticipate the worst."

MOST PECULIAR HOUSE

VISIT TO M. KNAPP, OF TROYES, IS A WEIRD EXPERIENCE.

Place Where Electricity is Used for Cooking, Waiting on Table, and Dish-washing.

One feels as if one were going over a chapter from Jules Verne or the "Arabian Nights" when one reads the account given in La Vie Illustree of a visit to the house of M. Georgia Knapp of Troyes, France.

It was 8 o'clock in the evening when the guest reached M. Knapp's gate and pressed an electric button. In a few seconds a flood of light burst violently from an electric projector, brilliantly illumining the gateway.

I moved to one side, declares the man, but the light moved also. Perplexed and startled, I stepped again to the right; the light followed me. In a few seconds more the garden path was illumined in its turn, while a clear, strong voice rang out from a stone pilaster and said to me:

"Ah, it's you, cher monsieur! I didn't recognize you. Come in! You're welcome! All the others are here, and we're waiting for you."

At the same moment I heard the lock unfasten and the gate opened wide before me as if moved by an invisible hand. I was alone in the long, deserted path; the same mocking voice cried out from its pillar:

"Why don't you come in?"

Hearing a sound behind me I turned instinctively and saw the gate gently close. I felt that I was being observed, that my every movement was being spied upon. But by whom? From what quarter? I saw nothing and as I press ed forward I muttered between my teeth:

"JOVE, BUT THIS UNCANNY!"

"There is nothing uncanny about it," replied my invisible interlocutor, who seemed to be dogging my footsteps. "Don't worry. Come this way; now turn to the right. Here you are. Enter, monsieur; I'm waiting for you in the vestibule."

As my foot touched the first step of the porch I felt a gentle friction upon its sole. What rand was repairing an involuntary oversight and wiping my boots before I entered? Between the narrow boards of the porch I saw the bristles of the brush that so vigilantly guarded the cleanliness of the stairway.

Following my host, who received me at the threshold, I entered the study—a veritable laboratory in which were assembled all the instruments of modern chemistry and mechanics. With the genial smile that never leaves him, he said to me: "You are now in the realm of the fairy Electricity. If you like, we'll pass on into the dining room, where several friends who have been kind enough to accept my invitation are awaiting us."

We all sat down around the table, in the centre of which were several ordinary epergnes; then, between these epergnes and the guest, an elliptical open space bordered by a band of silver-plated metal; then, in front of each cover, a bar—half silver, half glass—making a circular rail dividing off the open part of the table. A bunch of flowers with slender stems sprang from the large central epergne; also there were huge Parma violets.

"We're going to have things all to ourselves all the while," said our host. "No servants will come near us."

His hand pressed upon a little four footed pedestal provided with keys and a many colored card, the master of the feast waited without speaking a word. Perfect stillness reigned at the moment and so we were enabled to hear a slight tinkling and then a sound like the rolling of drums in the room beneath us. All at once the light streamed forth, the great flowers of the central epergne suddenly became incandescent, and the violets upon the table formed

AN ARTISTIC GLOWING GARLAND.

And now the steaming supper made its appearance. Borne upon a disk let into the table at one end of the elliptical open space. Without a sound it moved toward the place of honor.

As the spoon was turned away frim the guest he leaned forward a little to grasp it, but you would have believed this intelligent supper had read his mind for the plate turned around of itself and brought the spoon to his hand. Then it passed on silently and after a little came back to proffer a second helping.

After the supper came a basket into which we put our dishes. In twenty seconds our twelve covers had disappeared and returned to the room below.

The bread basket and the bottles borne upon special supports came next, and then the supper continued, the viands being set before the guests in plates warmed by electricity.

Moving my feet about beneath the table, I found that I had been favored, like the rest of the company, with an electric foot warmer, which I could turn on or off by pressing the toe of my boot upon a little lever alongside it.

As the repast came to an end, the room became quite warm. The magician then said, "One degree more, and a fresh breeze will come in." Two minutes later the air began to stir around the table and the temperature changed in a few moments.

When the mercury rose to the highest point permitted, it had closed the circuit of an electric ventilator in the basement, which let in, beneath the table, a current of air cooled by perfumed water, and thus enabled us to avoid draughts from open windows.

After the dessert, which made its appearance upon a platter blazing with a thousand colored flames, we asked our host to take us behind the scenes. Our first objective was the kitchen.

Upon the walls were all sorts of apparatus—levers, commutators, amperometers, disjunctors, and rheostats upon big slabs of marble. The range and ovens were made of alluminum in novel shapes.

HERE WAS THE ELECTRIC OVEN,

in which the delicious fowl was roasted which we had just eaten. The interior of this oven is composed of a series of reflectors and its top contains incandescent lights, by whose rays the roasting is accomplished.

This curious roasling process begins at the centre, the outside being done last. The operation is perfectly regular, and is complete—according to the weight of the fowl—in from twenty to thirty minutes.

Now, as the current passes through an ingenious timepiece, regulated in advance, the fire goes out as soon as the fowl is roasted and a bell announces that "Madame est servie."

Eggs a la coque are boiled without water by rays of light. Mayonnaise sauce is prepared in three minutes; when it is done the motor stops automatically and a bell rings.

In a corner we saw upon a revolving table all the culinary apparatus run by electricity—the meat chopper, the churn, the machinery for the making of pastry, the grinding of coffee, the preparation of creams and sauces and the sharpening of knives. To secure the work you want done you have only to press a lever and the process goes forward without noise or the need of surveillance.

An electric machine washes dishes, fifty at once, in thirty seconds, and you don't have to wipe them, for they come out clean, dry and shining.

We next noted the long table, in the middle of which is the clever dumb-waiter that carries the dishes to the dining room just over it. The whole thing works automatically.

Bring the lever to "Up" and it starts on its way and halts at the end of its journey. Bring the lever to "Down" and it makes ready to receive a new dish.

The electro-mechanical apparatus which opens the great door and whose working had so puzzled me is to be seen close by. After a rapid inspection of it I understood why I had been seen, why I had been heard and how I had been answered, although no one had been near me; again it was electricity that

PERFORMED THE FEAT.

Electric spies are posted almost everywhere, even in the garden, and the slightest word is grasped in special receivers.

The contrivance for opening the door involves a switchboard that plays the part of a concierge whose vigilance and accuracy are perfect. A bronze head occupies one side of it, the eyebrows bearing the words "Entree" and "Service" and the mouth the word "Lettres."

If you ring at the outer gate the eye corresponding to this indication turns white, so that it is made known at which entrance you have rung. If the postman drops the mail into the box the tongue darts forth from the mouth and substitutes the word "Courrier" for the word "Vide."

As for the powerful electrophone, that can carry the human voice a long way and still leave it sonorous, it is provided with a little lever that enables you to disguise your voice so that you can yourself inform visitors that you aren't at home.

And now observe how, near the doors of each apartment, are set certain instruments working like automatic fire alarms regulated to report any previously determined degree of heat. Winter or summer, if the temperature rises above the degree indicated at the moment, all the bells in the house are set ringing.

Next a visit to the sleeping rooms. Upon the night table a tiny switchboard on an infinitesimal standard. Turn a button, and the electric warming pan in the bed becomes hot.

Turn another button and your sixteen candle electric light begins to shine—at a cost of a tenth of a cent an hour. When morning comes turn still another button and your curtains and blinds open electrically. From the "office" at another signal come the newspapers and the coffee or chocolate without needing any one to bring them.

And now a visit to the laundry, where a little dynamo turns the two rotary washing machines. In the first the linen turns about twenty minutes, in the second about the same length of time. A complete drying apparatus completes the plant.

When we returned to the drawing room our host coolly announced that all this was only a beginning. He has undertaken the production of a sort of light so like that of the sun as to fool plants into growing in it, dyed stuffs to bleach in it, and even atoms to vibrate in the neighborhood of its arc.

Would you like to write a letter? You need only dictate it in a loud voice and it will emerge from the gravophone all written in a legible English hand; it would even be possible, given the desired degree of sensitiveness, to apply it to the telephone so that a subscriber could receive messages in writing if he happened to be out when they came.

Such are the marvels achieved by M. Georgia Knapp, marvels that qualify him to rank as the successor to Jules Verne, and even to Antoine Galland.

CANADA SUITS THIS LADY

ENGLISHWOMAN'S EXPERIENCES IN ONTARIO.

Great Future Awaits People With Capital as Well as Laborers in This Country.

Just now the suitability of Canada for English people of different classes is being canvassed on both sides of the Atlantic. Usually the discussion ranges around the chances for the labor, the small farmer and the artizan with little or no capital. In an article in the London Express a lady signing herself "C. V., Oxford," sets forth the opportunities Eastern Canada, in particular, offers those of the English middle class with more or less capital. As being different from the ordinary point of view, and interesting on that account the article is reproduced in full. It reads:

As an Englishwoman long resident in Canada, I have read with much interest the interview with Mrs. Simpson Hayes, and the article subsequently published in The Express regarding the demand in Canada for educated women.

I would add to the discussion the experience of an Englishwoman who has now become a Canadian, and has brought up a family of seven children in the Dominion. In certain sections of society in England the idea prevails that, while the advantages which the emigrant from the labor and artizan class may enjoy in Canada are undeniable, the gentle-born would find little incentive to migrate. This idea may have gained credence through the avowed policy of the Canadian Government Immigration Department to encourage primarily the agricultural laborer and domestic servant, in deference, it may be supposed, to the crying need for this class in a country which is only on the verge of real development.

But it is an erroneous idea that no one else may profit from emigration. A great portion of Eastern Canada is as highly civilized, though not as thickly populated, as the Motherland. While, however, the picturesque incident of the laborer who migrated with only sufficient money to pay his fare to Winnipeg, six years ago, and is now a member of the municipal council of the town near which he located, and has a snug little sum in the bank, is set forth to attract his fellows, little or nothing is heard of people who, like ourselves, went to Canada with a fair amount of capital—which has grown in bulk, thanks to buying Canadian securities—and who have not relinquished the traditions and habits of life which were ours in this country.

LAND OF OPPORTUNITIES.

Canada is a land of magnificent distances, and consequently it presents magnificent opportunities for men, women, and, above all, children of every class.

My husband was a member of a well-known country family, was possessed of a fairly comfortable income, which was not, however, sufficient to allow of his keeping pace with the growing demands of an increasing family and the many channels of outlay which a man of his position has to meet in England. We migrated to Eastern Canada when our two eldest children were mere babies, and we have never for one instant had cause to regret the move.

My husband found employment which was congenial to him, and we settled in an eastern town. We have travelled the length and breadth of Canada, and have friends scattered throughout the Dominion. Our two eldest boys were educated primarily at one of the Government schools, where the system is excellently well calculated to prepare boys for the life before them, and the fees are merely nominal. Later they went to one of the large public schools, much on the same principle as the public schools in England, and from school they entered Trinity College, Toronto, where many of the professors are Oxford and Cambridge men.

GIRLS AND BOYS.

One of our boys entered the Imperial army through the Military College at Kingston; and will shortly be exchanged into the Canadian Regular Army at Halifax. The three girls received their grounding from an English governess, and they have been for three years at the Cheltenham of Canada, Havergal College, Toronto, a most flourishing college, presided over by the sister of one of our English bishops, and with a staff of women holding first-class Oxford and Cambridge degrees.

Our eldest boy is now a bank clerk in one of the Western towns, owning a "broncho" and a member of one of the smartest polo clubs in the Dominion, and enjoying an existence unknown to any bank clerk in this country.

Society in Canada is delightful. It is true that you are in the midst of what is social evolution in its most decided form; but you will find certain "sets," within what is known as society, which answer your particular requirements. Those who delight in what is called "smart society" will find a way of access if their purses allow of lavish expenditure, but there are literary, musical and artistic, and many societies to be found in every community.

MELBA AND MARIE HALL.

We go to Toronto to hear great singers like Melba and Marie Hall. My family advanced in all the large cities. The daughter of Lord Minto, Governor-General, passed her vacation at the Toronto College of Sports fill a great part in Canadian social life. Golf clubs, tennis and yacht clubs, hunt and country clubs fill up with men and women who are a wholesome-minded lot, whom it is a pleasure to meet. There is a freedom from chaperonage, but this is balanced by the excellent moral tone which pervades all Canadian communities. There is not the division between young and old noticeable in England, and a spirit of good-comradeship prevails, which does not, however, mean the extinction of the parent noticeable in the States.

We have openings for every one of our boys assured, and have seen them with a definite good in view. The girls are happy, strong, self-reliant, extremely well-informed in all the concerns current affairs. We have relinquished none of the traditions our forefathers worth retaining, and have acquired a wider outlook than those who remained in the same old rut, ceaseless striving to make ends meet in this overtaxed rate-burdened corner of the Empire. We owned not a rood of land in England. Today we are homes'ead in an eastern town on a large slice of our capital invested in Canadian Pacific Railway lands in Canadian Northwest.

I write this on the eve of our return to Canada, booking our passages from the Canadian Pacific Railway offices, Charing Cross with as much ease as one might take one's ticket for the Crystal Palace. Our ocean voyages are made light in the palatial turbine steamers which have converted the Atlantic ferry into a "mere ferry"; and we hail with joy the prospect of the spring which awaits us in one of the great fruit growing districts of Ontario, a veritable garden of blossom in May and June.

POSES AS PRINCE.

Bogus Nephew of Menelik Seeks Loan From English Mayor.

A strange story was told to the Mayor of Grimsby, England, the other day by a colored man, who called himself Prince Thomas Makaroo, nephew of Menelik, King of Abyssinia.

The Mayor was rung up on the telephone at 6 o'clock in the morning by one of the principal hotels of the town. "I'm Prince Makaroo, of North Africa," said the voice. "I've just landed from Hamburg, and before going to Buckingham Palace I should like to see you."

The Mayor, Alderman Pickwell, made an appointment for later in the morning, and the "Prince," in tall hat and fashionably cut clothes, drove to the Town Hall. He explained that he had been in communication with Buckingham Palace in regard to the question of the Zulus as a consequence of the importation of Chinese labor into South Africa, that he had been robbed of his roubles, a watch and 1,000 marks, and that he wanted a temporary loan.

Inspector Bagley, who was called in by the Mayor, identified the "Prince" as "Khaki Jim," a man with a criminal record. He confronted him with a photograph, and detained him pending enquiries.

NOT WORTH TROUBLING ABOUT.

The doctor had been summoned hastily, and he alighted from his carriage with a grave face.

A woman was awaiting him on the step, but he noticed that she had a more anxious look he had expected to see.

"I understand," he said, "that your boy has swallowed a quarter. What is he?"

"Oh, sir," was the reply, "I'm glad to tell you we made a mistake. It wasn't a quarter—it was only a cent!"

TAUGHT TO OBEY.

"What would you do, Henry, if burglars got into the house?" asked her husband.

"Do?" replied the man. "Just what they told me. I've never had my own way in this house yet."

New Zealand has women's franchise, and out of 212,000 women qualified to vote, 174,615 went to the polls at the last election.

"MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S."

THE HISTORY OF SOME POPULAR PHRASES.

Origin of Sayings Which are Familiar Wherever the English Language is Spoken.

Although in some cases several versions have been given of the origin of popular sayings, there are quite a number which can be traced to one authentic source, and the history of these is sometimes of rather a humorous character.

"My Eye and Betty Martin."

The origin of this phrase has been told by Dr. Butler, who was head master of Shrewsbury School, and afterwards Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. It apears that many years ago a party of gipsies were apprehended and taken before a magistrate. The constable gave evidence against a very extraordinary woman, named Betty Martin. She became violently excited, rushed up to him, and gave him a tremendous blow in the eye. After which the boys and rabble used to follow the unfortunate officer with cries of "My Eye and Betty Martin."

"MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S."

This expression arose from the ancient custom of hanging a slate behind the ale-house door, on which was "P" (pints or quarts) against the name of each customer, according to the quantity which he drank, and which was not expected to be paid for till Saturday evening, when he received his wages.

While in the opinion of one authority the phrase

" BEFORE I COULD SAY JACK ROBINSON."

originated from a very volatile gentleman of that appellation, who would call on his neighbors and be gone before his name could be announced, it is generally considered that Brinsley Sheridan, the famous dramatist and orator, gave rise to the saying. On one occasion Sheridan was attacking a politician named Jack Robinson, who was a great favorite of George III. When denouncing bribery and its originators, Sheridan, in reply to the cries "Name! name!" pointed to Robinson on the Treasury Bench, exclaiming at the same time, "Yes, I could name him as soon as I could say 'Jack Robinson.'"

"TO KICK THE BUCKET."

Tradition has it that an ancient sheep hung himself by its neck to a beam while standing on the bottom of a pail, or bucket, kicked the vessel away in order to pry into futurity, and it was all up with him from that moment. He had "kicked the bucket."

"HE'S A BRICK."

This is a comparatively modern saying and possesses a peculiar history. Not many years ago a duel took place in Scotland, and the person who was charged with its preliminary arrangements carried with him to the ground two bricks, which he so placed as to mark the distance between the combatants, when their pistols were discharged. Several shots having taken place without effect the parties became reconciled and returned to Glasgow together. One of the seconds, being asked how his principal had behaved, replied, "Like a regular brick," meaning that he had been as immovable as that which was at his feet, at the time when the shots were exchanged.

"CATCHING A TARTAR."

A native of Tartary is said to be respectable for his prowess in a battle an Irishman called out to his officer—"I have caught a Tartar!" "Bring him here, then," was the reply. "He won't let me," replied Pat, and as the captive carried off his captor, the saying caused much amusement, and has been a popular phrase ever since.

Anyone who has witnessed the manufacture of a rustic wheelbarrow can be at no loss for the origin of the saying

"AS CLEAN AS A WHISTLE."

A piece of [illegible] long and the thickness of a [illegible] hammered all over with the back of a knife until the fibres are detached from the wood and [illegible] drawn off. A reed and [illegible] having been made in the [illegible] is replaced and the instrument is completed. When stripped of its orange, the whole wood, with its colorless sap, presents the very acme of cleanliness.

"AS RIGHT AS A TRIVET."

[illegible] seems to have [illegible] upon the fact that a trivet, or any other article with three legs of equal length, will invariably stand firm on the same height or height. The [illegible] however, obtained with a four-legged stool, considerable skill and accuracy being required to ensure it resting on all four legs at once.

Whether sign-painters ever take umbrage at hearing the phrase

"GRINNING LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT."

the writer does not profess to know. It was on account of the unsightly efforts of one of the craftsmen, it is said, that the saying arose. Some years ago a sign-painter of Cheshire attempted to represent a lion rampant, which was the crest of an [illegible] family, on the signboards of many inns. But the lions were so faulty, and resembled cats to such an extent that they were always called by the name of the lame.

"AS MAD AS A HATTER."

One is at a loss to understand why a hatter should be made the type of insanity, rather than a tailor or a shoemaker. An authority, however, explained the origin in the following ingenious way. The French compare an incapable or weak-minded person to an oyster. "He reasons like an oyster," they say, and it is suggested that, through the similarity of sound, the French huitre may have given occasion to the English "hatter." From "Il raisonne comme une huitre" may have come out, "As mad as a hatter."

"RAINING CATS AND DOGS."

This phrase is derived from the French word catadoupe, a waterfall; cats and dogs being the nearest approach which John Bull can find for the expression.

It may not be generally known that a herring dies immediately upon its removal from its native element from want of air. Accustomed to swimming near the surface, it requires a good supply of air, and so it comes about that the gills, when dry, cannot perform their function. Hence the saying: "As Dead as a Herring."—London Tit-Bits.

Over a hundred thousand Russian peasants who have emigrated to Siberia from the famine-stricken districts have been unable to secure free lands.