The Grey Review.

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THE GREY REVIEW

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CHAS. RAMAGE Editor & Proprietor.

StandardBank of Canada

Head Office, Toronto.

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Durham	7.15 a.m.	6.40 p.m
Holstein	7.40 "	7.10 "
Mt. Forest	7.55	7.35 "
Palmerston	8.20 "	8.10 "
Guelph	10.25 "	"
Toronto	12.20	"
London	11.15 a.m.	
	GOING NORTH	
Durham	3.45 p.m.	10.00 p.m
Holstein	3.15 "	9.34 "
Mt. Forest	2.55 "	9.2
Palmerston	2.15 "	8.56
Guelph	10.31 "	5.34
Toronto	8.30 a.m.	4.25 "
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DURHAM.

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FOR TWENTY-FIVE YEARS DUNN'S BAKING POWDER THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

CANADIAN CATTLE IN GERMANY.

Hamburg Dealers Are Looking to This Country for Support.

A man's misfortune is the opportunity of others, and in this view it would be well for the Canadian authorities to immediately take steps to open up a trade in cattle with Germany, which has excluded American cattle and dressed beef in retaliation for the imposition of a discriminating duty on German sugar at United States ports. An agent of the United States Department of Agriculture was sent to Germany to enquire into the exclusion of United States cattle, and he reports that Hamburg dealers are

LOOKING TO THIS COUNTRY

for supplies and are making efforts to obtain permission to import live cattle from Canada, which are free from Texas fever. This is a hint which the Canadian authorities should not be slow to avail themselves of, and once the opening is secured Canadian cattle exporters may be depended upon to make the most of it. The argument will be used that as Canadian cattle have been placed under embargo in the Great Britain as diseased it would not be well to admit them to Germany. But United States cattle were excluded from Great Britain for several years before the same rule was applied to Canadian cattle, and in the absence of conclusive proofs of disease, the latter should not be excluded now, and would not be, but that English agricultural interests are deferred to It is well known that the range cattle from the south-western states exported to Great Britain were diseased, and, therefore,

PROPERLY EXCLUDED;

still that did not prevent the Germans from taking them, and in Germany the United States found compensation to a great extent for the market lost in England. It is not through any spasmodic outcry against disease that the Germans are refusing United States cattle, but because they are incensed at what they held to be unfair treatment for German products under the new tariff, and this quarrel, for which Germany has just cause, creates a demand for cattle and dressed beef in Germany which Canada can supply, and of better quality that can be got from the States. It rests with us to improve the opportunity which presents itself, and that immediately.

Happy Condition.

Farmer Green—"He's a fine colt; he ain't never been broke."

Horsy Hardup—"Never been broke! By Jove! he's deuced lucky."

The men who succeed best in public life are those who take the risk of standing by their own convictions.—Garfield.

Brotherly Kindness.

Oh! kindly judge thy erring friend or foe;
We cannot tell the current's undertow,
Which, while he calm and upright seems to stand,
May wash away from him the ebbing sand.

Beneath the surface of a quiet life,
There may be waging oft a bitter strife,
Between the ranks of duty onward led,
And those led on by passion's hydra-head.

And we look on the while with careless eyes,
As those who watch the calm of starry skies;
Anon! the veil is drawn from tragedy unseen,
As we behold the drama's closing scene.

We then are quick to shed the friendly tear
Upon the wrecks completed by despair;
With bated breath, we speak the words of praise,
Which we withheld in dark desponding days.

We gladly bring the blossoms rare and sweet,
His deadened senses, as we hope, to greet
And fashioned into cross they gently rest,
A mocking tribute on his pulseless breast.

Ah! better far the smile of kindly cheer,
To lift from living heart its care and fear;
And words of sympathy that quickly fly,
Like angel messengers from on high.

A little leaf, enhanced by generous trust:
A rosebud, fragrant in its crumbling dust:
By them the funeral gifts are only dross;
By them, we ease the spirit's heavy cross.

Extend thy hand with ever ready clasp;
You know not who amid the throng may grasp
Its firm support, to help him bear the load
Of hidden woe along life's rugged road.

Let charity with countless graces crown,
O'er human weakness, sin and guilt abound;
A vestal virgin, still may she impart
The flame of love to every sinking heart.

So may we charge each glance, and word, and act,
With that sweet, wondrous, magic, nameless tact,
Which peace and comfort yield to those oppressed;
And guide the weary ones to promised rest.

FOR THE OLD LOVE'S SAKE.

Every Sunday the father and son, as neat as two pennies, set out for a walk together. They had been seen in the museums, in the Jardin des Plantes. They had also been seen before dinner in a little cafe in the Quartier, where Tony indulged in the only dissipation of the week, a glass of absinthe, which he tarried over and sipped slowly, while Adrien, sitting alongside of him, on the leather-covered bench, looked at the picture papers.

"No, mesdames," said the concierge, who was given to sentimentality, to the gossips. "That widower will never marry again. The other Sunday we ran across another, in the Montparnasse Cemetery, it is there his wife is doubtless buried. It makes one sad to see him with his child. He must have loved his dead wife dearly. It is a rare thing, but there are some like that. He is inconsolable."

Alas, yes; Tony Robec had loved his wife tenderly, and would not soon console himself for her loss. But he was not a widower.

His life had been simple and unhappy.

He was a conscientious workman, but not an expert at his trade; it had taken him a long time before he had been able to "set type" rapidly and make good wages; and for this reason he had not thought of marrying until after he had passed his thirtieth birthday. He should have chosen a sensible girl, having, like himself, learned the lesson of economy. But love is never conventional. Tony lost his head to the pretty frivolities of an artificial flower-maker

of nineteen years; a good girl, but so frivolous, thinking of nothing but her clothes, and knowing how to dress on a few francs like a little princess. He had some money saved, which he spent in setting up housekeeping; buying a wardrobe with a long mirror front, for which he paid 85 francs in the Faubourg Saint-Antoine, so that his wife could see her pretty figure from head to foot. He married his Clementine, and the first few months were a foretaste of Heaven. How they loved each other! They had two rooms on the fifth floor in the Boulevard Point-Royal, with a mite of a balcony, from which they could obtain a bird's-eye view of Paris. Every evening as he left the printing-house on the left bank, Tony, his overcoat hiding his blouse, and looking almost like a gentleman, waited at the corner of the Pont des Saints-Peres for his little wife, who was on her way home from the Rue Saint-Honore, where she worked. Arm in arm they hurried gaily along to the far-away home and gayly prepared their evening meal. But the Sundays were inexplicably delicious. It was so pleasant a home that they would not go out. Oh, what charming Summer breakfasts they partook of by the open window, the panorama of the great city spread out before them and the blue sky above! While he sipped his coffee and smoked his cigarette, Clementine watered her flowers on the balcony. Overcome by her prettiness, he would rise and kiss her white neck, she would cry out in her soft voice: "Finis donc—que tu es bete" Then came a child, their little Felix, and every fortnight they went to visit him at Margency, where he was out at nurse. He died of convulsions at the end of a year. They had soon been consoled by the birth of Adrian, whom the mother desired to nurse herself. She left the shop and took work home, but made only half her usual wages; she dressed tastily and played the lady in the Luxembourg gardens as she pushed her baby in his wicker carriage in front of her. Tony had to make a greater effort; he took extra work on a night newspaper, yet the housekeeping was straitened. They ran into debt. Then the child grew and went to the infants' school, and the mother, without occupation, naturally a coquette, fell into the habit of dangerous flirtations. Imagine this poor man, old before his time, bowed down with care and work, and this foolish young thing of twenty-five, as pretty as a Greuze! One evening, coming home with the boy whom he had taken from school as he passed by he had found a letter on the mantel-piece, from which, upon opening it, had fallen Clementine's wedding ring. In this letter the naughty child had said good-by to him and her child, and asked him to forgive her.

Oh! romantic jurymen, who always acquit the outraged husband, who, seeing things blood color, murders the erring and her lover, under the excuse of pa ate crime; you are going to find my Tony incandid very rious per haps even a little vile. But he was more heart-broken than angry. He mourned deeply, and when Adrien said to him, "Where is mamma? Will she return soon?" he would embrace the little one passionately, and reply: "I do not know."

Clementine had gone away in the first part of May. Oh, how perverse the odor of lilies sometimes is. Tony in the July term had sold nearly all of his furniture in order to liquidate his debts, and had gone to live in the Rue Delambre, trying to economize. This was where he was living so quietly, so honestly, with his little boy and where they took him to be a widower.

Toward the last September the workman had received a letter from his wife, four pages of incoherent, despairing pleadings. She was abandoned, betrayed, in turn the mistress! She was repentant, and she cried out, begging for mercy. This made our poor Tony very unhappy. But reassure yourselves, ferocious jurymen, with hearts as jealous as the Moor of Venice, and be kind enough to reinstate this unhappy man in your good graces for a short time. He was proud, and made no reply to the guilty woman.

He heard nothing more from Clementine until Christmas Eve.

On that day for several years he had been in the habit of going with his wife to lay a modest bouquet—a few artificial violets with a rose in the centre—on the grave of their little Felix, their first born, who had died so young and who was buried at Montparnasse.

For the first time since his marriage Tony Robec was obliged to perform this pious pilgrimage alone, but for his little Adrien, and as he passed under the cemetary gate way in the gloomy Winter day—despise him again, you terrible Othellos of the jury—the image of the absent fugitive came more vividly before his eyes and caused him more pungent sorrow.

"'Where is she now?" he thought. "What has she become?"

But on reaching Felix's grave, which he only found after a long search, he stopped in surprise.

On the first stone lay three or four playthings, such as one would give to the poorest children—a trumpet, a Punchinello and a jack-in-the-box. They had just been laid there evidently, for they were brand-new, having been bought that very day.

"Ah! here are some toys!" cried Adrien joyously, on his knees before his treasure-trove.

But the father, spying a piece of paper tied to the playthings took it up and read these words, the writing of which he recognized: "For Adrien, from his little brother Felix, who is now with the Christ Child."

All at once he felt his son press against him and heard him murmur, in a frightened voice, "Mamma!" and some few feet away from him, kneeling among a group of express trees, he saw his wife, clothed in a poverty-stricken robe and shawl. Oh, so pale! her eyes so sunken! her joined hands extended toward him supplicatingly.

After a shiver, caused more by the anger at the remembrance of the wrong done him than by pity for the condition of his miserable wife, whom he had once so passionately loved, he pushed the little one toward her gently.

"Adrien," he said, "go and kiss your mamma."

She seized the child and strained him to her convulsively, kissing him hungrily on his lips, his eyes, his hair and then rising and turning a beseeching look upon her husband, she murmured:

"How good you are."

But he was already standing near her and replied, his dry mouth emitting a harsh sound:

"Do not speak and give me your arm."

It is not far from the cemetery to the Rue Delambre. They walk the distance quickly. Tony felt Clementine's arm trembling as it rested on his. The child walked beside them, his mind already occupied with his playthings.

The concierge of the house in which Tony lived was standing upon the threshold of her room.

"Madame, he said to her, "there is my wife, who has been in the provinces for the last six months, tending to her sick mother, and who has returned now to care for me and the little one."

And as they climbed the staircase he was obliged to partly carry the poor woman, who had burst into sobs and was almost fainting from emotion and joy.

On reaching his room, Tony seated his wife in the only armchair, placed her child in her arms once more; then he opened a bureau drawer, drew forth a common pasteboard box and took Clementine's wedding ring from it, placed it upon her finger without one reproach or bitter word; without one rebuff for the past; and silently and gravely, with the large generosity of simple hearts, he kissed her on the forehead to assure her more completely that he pardoned her.

A PROFESSIONAL FLOGGER

Exposed By Mr. Labouchere in London.

Mr. Labouchere has been compelled again to expose a horrible scandal, which there is no law in this country to suppress It is the work of professional floggers o girls and boys and men. The establishment of the woman who advertises her services at terms from five shillings up is described in Truth as the result of a call by prospective clients. The flogger showed what she frankly called the torture-room. There is an iron bedstead, on which, she explained, the victim is extended across a pillow. On either side are straps intended to meet across the body and hold the victim down, while the arms and legs are fastened to the four legs of the bedstead by contrivances like handcuffs. Gags and pads are used to stifle the cries of the victims, and these were also produced, the pads being used for the younger girls, who are liable to bite their lips under the torture, and thus disfigure themselves permanently. Among the instruments of flagellation exhibited by the woman were two cat-o'-nine-tails, one consisting of thongs of leather and the other of knotted cord, about sixteen inches long. There was also a cat made of a leather strap slit into strips about a foot long. Birches of ordinary pattern were also produced, these being preserved in brine to keep them supple. The flogger explained that she no longer received children at her house, but treated them at their own homes, taking her appliances with her. The torture room was reserved for big girls and adults. The last time Mr. Labouchere exposed this interesting industry he found it impossible to check it by law. The neighbors, however, made the place so hot for the flogger that she had to move several times. Her latest address is printed in Truth, with the suggestion that the same remedy be applied again.

George Elliott, formerly a resident of Widder, but now of San Francisco, has lately been elected to the California Assembly.

PURELY CANADIAN NEWS.

INTERESTING ITEMS ABOUT OUR OWN COUNTRY.

Gathered from Various Points from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Orillia kills tagless dogs on sight.

Firebugs are active in Owen Sound.

R. Brammer, founder of Orillia, is dead.

George Easterbook is fire chief of Tweed.

Bothwell is to have a Farmers' Association.

Diphtheria is again prevalent at Lloydtown.

Chimney Island, in the St. Lawrence, is for sale.

John Kidd's house, Mono Mills, has been robbed.

Brockville's new asylum is ready for patients.

A lad at Gore Bay was fined $20 for shooting a dog.

The Mennonites have had a great revival at Nottawa.

"Pumpkin Pie" parties are popular in the country.

Orillia's boys play football on the streets of the town.

Jeffery's saw mill, Victoria Road, has been burned.

James Knechtel, prominent architect, Berlin, is dead.

The old Methodist church at Hampshire Mills is for sale.

The Kingston Fair Association wants to sell its grounds.

For its size Penetang has the best fire protection in Ontario.

Athens is organizing a syndicate to buy a $2,100 stock house.

The Kingston street railway carries 8,000 passengers weekly.

A five-pound horned owl was on sale Hamilton last week.

Perth has a ladies' hockey club with a membership of thirty.

The Oddfellows of Renfrew have just dedicated a fine new hall.

Mr. Sole, aged 91, the oldest resident of Hensall, died last week.

The Mennonites have bought the Methodist church at Sunnidale.

Waterloo county has given $1.000 each to Berlin and Galt hospitals.

The new Presbyterian church at Moncton, N. B., has been dedicated.

Rev. Father Ronan will be promoted from Wallaceburg to Ingersoll.

The old Graham woollen mills, are being refitted as a chopping mill.

A new Presbyterian church at Snake River has just been opened.

Perth's grand jury wants the Government to make tramps work on the roads.

The Hamilton Street Railway Company has declared a satisfactory dividend.

The fire insurance rates in Winnipeg have been restored to their original figures.

Rev. W. F. and Mrs. Clarke, Guelph, recently celebrated their golden wedding.

Kingston will probably organize a society for the protection of women and children.

Rev. G. B. Cooke, Acton, has been presented with a purse of $100 by his parishioners.

The Stratford Turf Club will offer $5,500 in prizes for its meet on July 11th, 12th and 13th.

Stratford will vote upon the expenditure of $16,000 for an electric light station and plant.

A company is being formed in Perth for the manufacture of car and locomotive wheels.

James A. Laidlaw, of Hamilton, has been appointed storekeeper of the Brockville asylum.

The assessed value of property in London, Ont., is $15,328,710; $250,700 higher than last year.

The G. T. R. does not intend to go back to the tri-weekly service about Palmerston this winter.

Dr. J. W. McIntosh, of Gore Bay, has been appointed Associate Coroner for the District of Manitoulin.

Mr. William Sharpe, of Westwood, Ont., treasurer of the Township of Asphodel, was recently robbed of $500.

One hundred men will be employed at Kingston this winter in building a new dredge for Connolly Bros.

Mrs. W. Colwell, wife of the editor of the Paris Review, has received a legacy from an aunt in the Isle of Wight.

Mayor Oill, of St. Thomas, has issued a proclamation declaring compulsory vaccination as provided by the statute.

The Capital Lacrosse Club will form an athletic association and build a club house at an expenditure of from $10,000 to $20,000.

Out of 100 applicants for work in the Hamilton quarries not one in ten is willing to crack stones, but all want quarry work.

An Alvinston woman wrote her address for a music peddler, and found she had signed a note for $18 and ordered a lot of music.

Chatham has sold debentures of $10,018, bearing 4½ per cent. interest, to Hanson Bros., of Montreal, for $10,501, a premium of $483.

Mr. Robert Park, temporarily appointed Public School Inspector for West Kent, has been permanently appointed by the County Council.

Miss Minnie Black, of Jarratt's Corners, was knocked down by the horses of a drunken driver a few days ago and severely bruised.

The Bell Telephone Company has been awarded the contract for the erection of a system of electric fire alarm for Chatham to cost $1,210.

An orator at one of the University unions bore off the palm of merit when he declared that "the British lion, whether it is roaming the deserts of India or climbing the forests of Canada, will not draw in its horns nor retire into its shell."

If You Want to be Loved.

Don't contradict people even if you are sure you are right.

Don't be inquisitive about the affairs of even your most intimate friends.

Don't underrate anything because you don't possess it.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe all the evil you hear.

Don't repeat gossip, even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't express a positive opinion unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't jeer at everybody's religious beliefs.

A Hard Question.

Teamster—"You're a agent fer the S.P.C.A., ain't you?"

Deacon De Good—"Yes."

"And you're a church member, ain't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, if you had a balky horse, what would you do—beat the horse, or just sit down and cuss?"

Don't try to be anything else but a gentlewoman—and that means a woman who has consideration for the whole world and whose life is governed by the golden rule: "Do unto others as you would be done by."

BANANA LORE.

Interesting Information Concerning This Popular Fruit.

We all know how cheap and nourishing the banana fruit is, and this accounts for its great popularity. Have you ever heard it called "the lazy man's dinner?" Well, this name is no libel on the fruit, for if you ever live in a hot country you will soon learn how appropriate this new name is. We all know how grateful it is to feel a breeze and see the leaves fluttering ever so lightly when the thermometer is in the nineties, and so in the West Indies the long flag-like leaves of the banana flutter and rustle in a most pleasing way. Then, when a storm approaches, they fly out like ship's pennants, and, like them, too, often get split into ribbons.

The blossom, of a peculiar purple-brown color, rises erect on a spike from the centre of the plant, and, as each flower drops off, a tiny pod forms which rapidly increases in size. As the "bunch of green sausages" increases in weight, the flower and fruit spike begins to bend down, need its own weight, and now comes the lazy man's opportunity As the negro rests under the shade of the broad leaves he can pick a banana off almost without the exertion of moving; sometimes, indeed, he could catch one between his teeth. No wonder, then, that the West India negro will not willingly work. He asks the planter, "Why should I?" The sugar, starch and oil contained in the banana are the necessary sustainers of life, and in a hot climate supply the bread and beef of colder climes. Other fruits—the guava, lemon, orange and lime—supply the acids to keep his blood cool, the peppers and other pungent plants act beneficially on the liver, and, when he tires of his banana dinner, sweet potatoes or yams and sugar cane offer variety.

So the planter sadly realizes that plenty of bananas is not an unalloyed blessing for him, even if the crop be a most productive and remunerative one. Neither does the negro find the banana always a good thing. The terrible snake of the West Indies, the fer-de-lance, is very fond of coiling himself round the stem, and the equally deadly tarantula makes it his favorite resort. Woe be to the one who hurriedly picks his fruit in the glare of the sun without carefully examining the stem first. For nature, in her defence of all creatures alike, allows the snake to change its color to that of its surroundings, and often the most watchful eye is deceived.

In Central Africa, especially in the Lake Nyassa district, the tribes regard the banana as a sacred fruit. When one of their number dies the fruit he loved in life is planted over his grave, so that his spirit may enjoy it. These bananas are henceforth sacred to the relatives, who hold them in great awe. No one dares to anger the spirits of the departed by picking the fruit, and the stranger who unwittingly does so carries his life in his hand.

Ever since the Indian mutiny, when the British Government received such a bitter lesson for disregarding the superstitious feeling of the tribes, orders have been issued to all in the Government service to refrain most carefully from a violation of such prejudices and as far as possible to learn of the folk lore of the country.

Every year adds its quota of published records and ere long we shall gird the world with a band of knowledge of our fellowmen. The most degraded savage can still help us in our study of the development of the human race, and his inherited sentimenta. Surrounding us with a halo, the flowers and fruits of his primitive agriculture are with him "makers of history." Truly, indeed, "there is nothing too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible."

RUSSIAN AFFAIRS.

It Is Not Likely That the New Czar Will Reverse the Foreign Policy of His Father.

The new Czar has, during the past two months, seen the whole world doing homage to the great work of his peace-keeping father. He must know better than anyone else that the foreign policy followed by the late Czar was not lightly, but, on the contrary, very deliberately, chosen. It is not likely that he will reverse it. The first of Russia's interests at the present time is peace. She wants peace to develop her growing commerce, and to enable her to carry out that mighty work of migration which is to begin when the completion of the trans-Siberian railway opens up the vast uninhabited regions of Central Asia to her congested populations. As to the question of internal constitutional reforms, it can scarcely be supposed that in this respect Nicholas II. will be either willing or able to continue indefinitely the policy of his predecessor. His father was more of an anachronism than even a Czar of Russia need be. With his simple character, his reliance on the religious aspects of his office, and his complete realization of the part of a paternal autocrat, he resembled an Emperor of the middle ages rather than a monarch of the nineteenth century. But Russia, with her literature and her intelligent classes, is not entirely an empire of the middle ages. Besides, the young Czar has characteristics of hopefulness. He can keep his own counsel, he is not a weakling, he is both intelligent and cultivated. While he maintains the foreign policy of his father so far as peace-keeping is concerned, there is reason to suppose that his attitude towards a more liberal administration of the Empire than his father favored may be such as to make Russia a very much happier and more habitable place than it has been before. The news from Russia will, therefore, be looked for with great interest. It will be altogether a new experience for the world if the growth of new institutions of freedom and light should take the place of those repressive measures which we have been accustomed to associate with the name of Russia.

CRUEL DECEPTION

By Which a Liniment Peddler is Making Big Money.

An enterprising fakir has been working a cunning trick on a number of unfortunates in different parts of the county. He travels about peddling a liniment that promises to cure many ailments, deafness being one of them, and when he finds a person afflicted with partial deafness he asks permission to try, free of charge, his "lightning liniment." He carries two watches, one a very loud ticker and the other a very weak ticking one. Before applying his remedy he holds the weak ticker to the ear of his patient, who, of course, can hear no sound. Putting it back in his pocket, he rubs the ear with his liniment a while, then holds the loud ticking watch to his victim's head, and asks if he can hear it tick. Deceived by the similarity of the watches, and able to detect the sounds of the last one to which he listens, the deluded person imagines his hearing has been benefited, if not restored, and at once buys several bottles at a big price. The trickster has been quite successful with his scheme in several localities, and is making money by his deception off the gullibility and misfortune of others.

Equal to the Occasion.

Old Beau—How you have grown since I saw you a year ago, Miss Winifred!

Bright-Eyed Damsel—I'm not the smallest fraction of an inch taller, Mr. Gayman. I got my growth three years ago.

Old Beau—Oh but you've grown ever so much in my estimation.

YOUNG FOLKS.

Grandpa's Way.

My grandpa is the strangest man!
Of course I love him dearly.
But really it does seem to me
He looks at things so queerly.

He always thinks that every day
Is right, no matter whether
It rains or snows, or shines or blows,
Or what the kind of weather.

When outdoor fun is ruined by
A heavy shower provoking,
He pats my head and says, "You see,
The dry earth needs a soaking."

And when I think the day too warm
For any kind of pleasure,
He says, "The corn has grown an inch—
I see without a measure."

And when I fret because the wind
Has spoiled my things all whirling,
He looks at me and says, "Tut Tut!
This close air needs a stirring!"

He says, when drifts are piling high
And fence posts scarcely peeping,
"How warm beneath their blankets white
The little flowers are keeping!"

Sometimes I think when on his face
His sweet smile shines so clearly,
It would be nice if every one
Could see things just so clearly.

A True Deer Story

One day Helen cuddled down beside her papa, who was resting on the lounge.

"Please tell me a story about yourself when you were a little boy," she said persuasively.

"Oh, no I'm too tired;" papa answered with a yawn.

A silence of two or three minutes followed; than Helen lifted her head and peered cautiously into her father's face.

"You have rested a long, long time, papa. You'll tell it now, won't you?"

Papa laughed and said, "I've told you about the good times my sister Vinie and I used to have playing together, and now I am going to tell you about a time which was not so pleasant, when we had a real adventure with a wild animal, and were as badly frightened as two little children could be,"

"Was it a bear? Did it bite you?" asked Helen, sitting straight up on the lounge and looking at her papa with big eyes.

"Don't interrupt me," said papa, pinching her soft cheek, "and you shall soon here all about it."

"Just across the road from our house was a woods where your Aunt Vinie and I often played. It was so nice out there in the cool shade with the soft green grass for a carpet, and everything smelling so woodsy and sweet, that we liked it better than any other place in the spring and summer.

"Our old dog, Watch, always went out with us, as a bodyguard, grandpa said; but whatever the object, Watch enjoyed the fun quite as much as we did.

"One day when we were at play in the woods we saw a fine, large deer come into an opening among the trees and stop to look at us. We watched him for a while and then went on with our play. A deer was not an uncommon sight in Iowa in those days and we never thought of being afraid of him. We changed our minds the next moment, however, for the deer rushed at us, knocked us over, and stamped and pawed us viciously.

"I was about four years old then and Vinie was eight. The children of our age ever screamed louder than we did.

"Old Watch had raced off after a frisky squirrel, or the deer would not have dared to come near us, and when he heard our cries he came bounding back with boiling blood and fighting instincts all alert.

"He made straight for the deer, which barely escaped him as it leaped from us and ran for life through the woods, pursued by the furious dog.

"Our eldest sister heard our cries, too, and came running to us and helped us to the house. I was more scared than hurt, but Vinie had two hoof cuts on her head from which the blood flowed freely, and which were several days in healing."

"Did you ever play in the woods again?" asked Helen

"Oh, yes; we never thought of staying away. We took Watch and had many happy hours there, but no more serious adventures."

"THERE HE IS!"

How Sir Hope Grant Was Paid Back in His Own Coin.

Sir Hope Grant was one of those sensible and fortunate men who "know how to take a joke," as the common saying is. While commander-in-chief at Madras he made a pleasure expedition into the country, accompanied by his staff, some members of which like the general himself, were ardent sportsmen. With them were Doctor Mackenzie and his wife. Mrs. Mackenzie was a charming Irish lady, very pretty and very vivacious, and General Grant, as he says, "used to delight in chaffing her." Meanwhile the talk of the younger officers ran largely upon the shooting of tigers, and other such exploits.

One morning, says Sir Hope, we were having a breakfast picnic, and the ladies were getting the meal ready, when a cry was heard from the jungle, "Bagh! bagh!" that is "Tiger! tiger!" Breakfast was forgotten, and we shouted eagerly for our guns.

Campbell had some awkwardly shaped bullets, which he had the greatest difficulty in ramming home, and so excited was he that at every stroke of his ramrod he was bedewed with perspiration. Biddulph's man brought up his pony by mistake instead of his gun, which also caused great irritation of temper: but at last we started.

I told Doctor Mackenzie to look after the two ladies, and not to allow them to run any risk, a task which he kindly undertook, and we soon came up to the native who had given the alarm. He looked pale and frightened, and pointed out to us the direction in which the tiger had moved off.

Our head native sportsman took the lead, and we followed into the jungle. Finally the man who had given the alarm pointed with his finger and whispered, "There he is!"

After gazing steady for some time, I saw a large animal crouching in the jungle, and whispered to my next neighbor that it seemed to be of enormous size. Biddulph and I got behind trees, but Macleod, who had been laughed at for allowing a tiger to escape on a previous occasion, crawled up within thirty yards, took a steady aim and fired.

The tiger did not move, and Campbell, who had been a little behind Macleod, rushed up in a state of excitement, exclaiming, "He's dead! He's dead!"

And so he was; for to our unspeakable discomfiture, the "tiger" turned out to be a stuffed leopard's skin. We returned crestfallen to our breakfast, and to increase our chag