

Getting Square.

Half of Oshkosh, one I go
Tell me what I am to know!
Does your father still desire
I can never be his heir?
Hear my vow before I go—
I'll be even with him yet.

By those trees bleached to gold,
And those bangs in tinsel rolled;
By your hi, hi, freckled cheek;
By my dollars, six a week;
You can say I told you so—
I'll be even with him, though.

By the aid which he might lend,
By his cash I'd like to spend;
By the joy which he could crowd
Upon one who's poor but proud;
Tell him that I make my wage—
I'll be even with him, though.

Maid of Oshkosh, I must flee,
For another waits for me;
I shall wed your rival, sweet,
Who resides across the street.
When her wealth secure I've got—
Then I'll show him what is what.

—Byron parodied in Chicago Herald.

Childlife on the Canal.

One of the curiosities of life displayed along the water-front of this city is the way children are reared in absolute safety aboard canal boats. Any person who takes the trouble to visit Centuries slip or the neighboring docks where canal boats lay up can witness every day the common sight of a group of toddling children playing on the open decks of the low bulwarked boats, but he never hears of one falling overboard. On one canal boat, the Betsey Ann, of Whitehall, that lay in Centuries slip the other day, was noticed a novel arrangement for keeping the little ones within the bounds of safety. On the after deck a regular playground had been fenced off for the youngsters by building a high picket fence over which they could not climb. This had a swinging gate secured by a snap, staple and padlock. Inside of this inclosure were four children who made the air ring with their shouts, telling of their unalloyed happiness and contentment with the arrangement. On another boat a little way distant in the same slip was another queer arrangement to keep the little tots from falling overboard. In the centre of the deck was fastened a stout ring bolt, to which were fastened three stout but small ropes. At the end of each rope was a stout leather belt buckled about the waist of a rugged, sunburnt youngster. The ropes were just long enough to prevent the children reaching the edge of the deck, but were not too short to allow them ample room to play in. The children seemed happy, too, and were not disturbed a particle by their tether. On nearly all the boats the children are allowed to roam about the deck at will, both while coming down the river in tow and while tied up to the dock. Many of them are born aboard the boats, and there they grow up in many cases, marry, selecting their mates from aboard other boats and immediately taking up the life followed by their parents. —New York Times.

Ingenuous Modes for Checking Fires.

An old story is being resurrected against a usually quiet, but somewhat excitable resident of the suburbs. It is alleged that a fire had been started in the attic of his house through the heat of one of the chimneys. With rare presence of mind he rushed downstairs and seized a milk pail from the kitchen table, rushed out to the cistern, threw the milk out of the pail, pumped some water into it and rushed upstairs, only to find that his wife had seized a large pail of water from one of the bedrooms in the upper story and extinguished the incipient conflagration. As there were four large ewers of water in the upper stories the progress of mental reasoning which had induced the excited resident to make such a furious onslaught on the milk pail would be extremely interesting to trace, if such a thing were possible. He should have had the presence of mind possessed by another property owner, who discovered that a spark from a neighboring conflagration had lighted upon the slightly slanting roof of his house, and had set fire to the shingles. All the buckets and tubs and pails had gone for use in the big fire, and there was no one to bring them back. But the owner of the house, even in that moment of peril, kept cool-headed. He rushed to the pond, which stood by the house, and deliberately set down in the water. To race upstairs and out upon the roof was the work of a moment, and then he "sat on" the fire in more senses than one. He saved the house. —Boston Advertiser.

No Muddy Feet on Chinaman.

Nobody ever saw a Chinaman with muddy shoes, no matter what the weather, unless some hoodlums had pushed him into a puddle, says a Chinaman in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. We take care of our feet instinctively, and get into a habit of walking carefully. If you watch on a muddy crossing you will see one American after another pick his way over cautiously, and yet land on the other side with mud on his toes, while a Chinaman will walk along after him with his usual gait, and, seemingly, not noticing his feet, stepping on the other curb with not a particle of mud on the tops of his shoes. But when he crossed the street he did not walk as the Americans did. Had he done so, he would have been as muddy as they. They stepped along gingerly on their toes, or, at least, the front part of the foot. In this way they put all the weight of their body on the thinnest part of the shoes, from top to bottom, and when it flattened out with each step the mud touched the leather. The Chinaman walked over with the weight of his body on the heel and instep of the shoe and the toe barely grazing the ground. The foot of the shoe that felt his weight was firm and unyielding, and did not spread into the mud.

A Monument to Mrs. Hayes.

On the lofty top of Pike's Peak a monument has been reared to the memory of Mrs. Lucy Webb Hayes. It was begun by members of the W. G. T. U. who were travelling there, and a notice was erected inviting all who wished to add a stone. In less than three months a massive pile of stones was heaped up, and now the monument is as noticeable as that of Helen Hunt, which friends reared near Colorado Springs.

Thirty years ago the British government armed the battle ship Duke of Wellington with 131 guns at a total cost of \$85,000. To-day it costs that government \$120,000 to put a single sixteen inch gun in a man of war.

EXERCISING A NICKEL.

A Nice Little Story About How it Settled Seven Debts.

How "money makes the mare go" was shown by an incident that occurred yesterday on a Chestnut street car, and exemplified the power contained in one little nickel says the Philadelphia Inquirer. A stout man handed a dime to the conductor, who, before returning the change, collected a nickel from a female passenger, evidently a washerwoman, and handed the nickel to the stout man. Turning to a passenger, a friend evidently, and who had got on before the stout man, the latter handed him the nickel, remarking with a laugh at the same time: "There, Bob, I owe you 5 cents, and that squares us."

"Bob" took the coin with a smile, and, leaning across the aisle, said to an acquaintance with whom he had been talking, and who was accompanied by a lady, evidently his wife:

"There's that 5 cents I bet you on Boyer's majority."

The acquaintance flipped the coin from his right to his left hand and handed it to his female companion with the remark:

"There's that five cents I borrowed for that cigar this morning."

Smiling sweetly the lady accepted the coin, and, reaching over, dropped it into the washerwoman's hand, saying:

"There's the five cents I owe you, and that just makes us square."

It was all done so quickly and in such an offhand way that it was not until the coin was in the hand of its first possessor that the passengers whose ownership it had passed realized what a number of debts the small piece had paid, passing in turn through the hands of the washerwoman, the conductor, the stout man, the stout man's friend, the stout man's friend's acquaintance's wife, and the stout man's friend's acquaintance's wife's washerwoman, in all paying seven debts, and coming back to the original possessor. It sent all hands into a brown study, and the story is true, too.

The Tools of Asiatic Workmen.

One more illustration of the stage of advancement which has been reached by the mechanical geniuses of Asia I will borrow from a cutter's shop. Remember that it is the best work of men who are in the full heat of the struggle for life that we are noting. These cutters have to compete in the streets of their city with the work of the men of Sheffield. And this is the device that they have been able to originate as the climax of ingenious machinery for the sharpening of knives. They have a grindstone mounted on an axle fixed upon the platform of the lift or stall where they do their work. A rope is passed three or four times around the middle of the narrow street, in front of the cutter's shop, stands a man with one end of the rope in each hand, gravely pulling away. When he pulls the right hand the grindstone revolves toward him; when he pulls the left hand it revolves from him. By the grindstone squats the knife-grinder cross-legged, obliged to turn the knife over every moment as the stone changes its course of revolution. There is something pathetic in the spectacle of these men who have wrestled with the problem of changing a reciprocating motion to a rotary one; have wrestled doubtless as valiantly as Edison with his mighty problems of electro-dynamics, and then have given up the problem as insoluble, like the problem of the dying machine, and have settled down to such devices as the most favorable basis on which they can contest their market with the aggressive Europeans. —Asian Correspondence New York Tribune.

The Population of India.

The new census of India gives the population in March, 1898, as 269,728,000, of which 60,684,378 belonged to the native races. Distributed according to religion, in round numbers, the Hindoo population, in millions, is about 190; the Mohammedans, 81; "aboriginals," 64; Buddhists, 34; Christians, nearly 2; Sikhs, nearly 2; Jains, 1 1/2; while Parsees, Jews and others, are comparatively very few. The Church of England has nearly 300,000; the other Episcopal Churches 20,000; the Church of Scotland, 158,000; Roman Catholics, nearly a million, and Syrians, Armenians and Greeks, over 300,000. About 106,000,000 males and 111,000,000 females are neither under instruction nor able to read or write. Details are given of 100 different languages spoken. Hindustani comes first with over 82 millions; then Bengali, with nearly 40; Telugu, with 17; Marathi, also 17; Punjabi, 16; Tamil, 13; Gujarati, Canarese, Oriya, Malayalam, Sindhi, Burmese, Hindi, Assamese, Kol, Souththal and Gondi come next in order. Next to Calcutta, Bombay and Madras, Hyderabad is the most populous city in India, Lucknow coming next.

Scotch Coroner's Dilemma.

A Scotch coroner was called upon recently to hold an inquest in the case of a man who dropped suddenly dead of apoplexy while in the act of committing suicide with a fish knife. It was a curious case, for if the man had not fallen dead instantaneously there must have been a large quantity of blood about, which there was not. The blood on the knife was only one spot which had run down it. The coroner said it was an extraordinary case, and one that was seldom known. The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony.

Precept vs. Practice.

Keckey—Blim, what makes you whistle so much?
Blim (apologetically)—It's a habit I've got into, Keckey. I do it without thinking.
Keckey—It's an annoying habit, Blim. No man, Blim (lights a cigarette), has rights to form any habit (puff) that make him a (puff) confounded nuisance (puff puff) to those about him.

Two herds of hogs in Chatham township have been found to be extensively infected with cholera. Dr. Steen, V. S., Inspector, directed by Dr. Bryce to act as Inspector, but Dr. Cowan, the Dominion Inspector, refused to recognize his authority. —Newspaper advertising, rightly started, rightly stuck to, solidly backed up, ensures business success.

VENTILATION.

Most Important Matter During the Winter Season.

We have now come to the time of the year when we shall sit with our windows closed and our doors shut, and shall consequently feel the loss of that pure air which we have hitherto admitted through open doors and windows, says a writer in the Ladies' World. Not only shall we suffer this loss, but we shall have to endure the untold evils that accompany the warmth of stoves and furnaces. We can do much, however, to mitigate these evils by judicious ventilation of our houses, but it will require some management and a little study to accomplish this. The simplest method of ventilating a room is by opening the window from the top and putting it up from the bottom, allowing the foul warm air to escape and the pure air to enter. An open fireplace helps greatly to keep the air pure. If the bedroom windows are guarded by shades and all blinds, one at least may remain open all night, provided it does not subject the sleeper to a draught, and the effect will be highly beneficial. This should most certainly be done in any apartment heated by a stove or furnace, as carbonic oxide escapes from either as ordinarily manufactured. Air is sure to become unwholesome whenever it stagnates long, so the best thing one can do is to make it circulate, or at least to set it in motion outward from the room, and this can be done, as we have said, by opening the window at top and bottom. If windows and doors are opposite each other, open both, if it is only for 60 seconds, and let a strong rush of cold air come in; and this will drive the heated foul air out. On coming into the room after this ventilation, no one with any sensibility can fail to discover the healthful difference between foulness and purity. This simple act of ventilation should be performed in every sleeping chamber where lamps have been lighted and people sitting before retiring. This thorough air cleansing will be needed in addition to opening the shades and leaving them thus with blinds closed and shades drawn down.

Information About "Yourself."

The average number of teeth is thirty-two.

The weight of the circulating blood is 28 pounds.

The average weight of an adult is 150 pounds and six ounces.

The brain of a man exceeds that of any other animal.

A man breathes about 20 times a minute and 1,200 in an hour.

A man breathes about 18 pints of air in a minute, or upward of seven hogheads a day.

The average weight of the brain of a man is 34 pounds; of a woman two pounds and eleven ounces.

Five hundred and forty pounds, or one hoghead and 1 1/2 pints of blood, pass through the heart in one hour.

The average height of an Englishman is 5 feet 9 inches, of a Frenchman 5 feet 4 inches, of a Belgian 5 feet 6 1/2 inches.

The heart sends nearly ten pounds of blood through the veins and arteries each beat, and makes four beats while we breathe once.

One hundred and seventy-five million cells are in the lungs, which would cover a surface thirty times greater than the human body.

The average of the pulse in infancy is 120 per minute, in manhood 80, at 60 years 60.

The pulse of females is more frequent than that of males. —Boston Journal of Commerce.

Teaching Telegraphy on the Congo.

Some black boys on the Congo are now learning the art of telegraphy. They live in the catarract region. A short telegraph line has been stretched over the hills and the boys are sending messages to one another. Their instructor is Mrs. Bentley, the wife of one of the best known African missionaries. The last time she was in Europe she learned telegraphy for the purpose of training native operators, and she hopes to have them all ready for service by the time the Congo railway stretches a line along the river. When a French or German operator tries to send a message in English it is to be observed that he makes rather a bad job of it, particularly if the penmanship is a little blind. As these boys can read only in their native language it is possible that some of the French messages they will transcribe will have a little value as curiosities. —New York Sun.

Fashionable Tea.

It is stated that a fashionable way to make tea for callers now is to use a hollow silver ball, freely perforated. This is filled with dry tea leaves, and is let down into a cup of boiling water by a tiny chain, remaining there until a sufficient amount of the aroma and color of the leaves have been imparted to the water. It is also given out that Athenians of the fashionable world, who constantly yearn after some new things, are at present interested in the suggestion of the triangular tables for dinner parties. It is done by arranging three tables in a triangle. The host sits at the point of the triangle, with the two most distinguished female guests on his right and left hand. The hostess occupies the centre of the base of the triangle, and has the distinguished men with her.

—The King of Siam is a magnificent object in state attire. He glitters from head to foot with jewels worth more than \$1,000,000.

—Mrs. Modjeska takes a cold bath in the morning and a hot one before going to bed—one to make her bright, the other to make her sleep, and both for health.

—Little Girl (at the ballet)—Mamma, when are the Indians coming on? Mother—Hush, dear; there are no Indians. Little Girl—Then who scalped all the men in the front seats?

JUST THE SAME.

The hotel guest has a winsome way as he quietly books his name: Two hours later he kicks like a steer. When he strikes the fourth floor, cold and dead.

But he gets there.

Two babies were shot by their father, Joseph Smith, a New York letter-carrier, yesterday. Elizabeth, aged 2 years, is dead with a bullet in her stomach and Mary, aged 11 months, is at Bellevue hospital with a bullet in her breast. The father, who is 30 years of age, was arrested.

EXPERIENCE.

Experiences of a Well Known Professor in London.

For forty years M. Bertrand has been the leading and most intelligent exponent in London of this admirable art, says the Pall Mall Budget. This sketch was begun with a reference to the duel in the "Dead Heart"; and intentionally so, because the main inspiration of that duel was M. Bertrand's. For weeks before the production of the play Mr. Irving and Mr. Bancroft were diligently rehearsing the duel scene in Warwick street. Just eight-and-twenty years ago M. Fechter and Mr. Herman Vezin were rehearsing, in the same place and under the same tuition, the duel in "Hamlet." Charles Dickens and Rev. J. C. M. Bellow (whose genius as a reader equalled Dickens' as a writer) were occasional witnesses of the rehearsal. Their names remind me how many famous men have handled the foil, or watched its handling, in Warwick street. Some of the best swordsmen in the army had their rudiments or (to quote Mrs. Major O'Dowd) their "finishing" from M. Bertrand. In the days when Napoleon III. was pondering the vanity of things mortal at Chislehurst, his brilliant, impetuous boy was fencing with all comers at Bertrand's. Napoleon himself looked in frequently, when the room was quiet; and the master remembers vividly the brusque "Bon jour, Bertrand!" with which the beautiful Eugenie used occasionally to present herself in the doorway. The Napoleonic affections of M. Bertrand are inborn. He is a member of the society of Waterloo. The salle d'armes in its pictures, its sculptures and its trophies, is a sort of museum of the associations that have contributed to its fame, and a museum in little of all that appertains to "escrime" as an art. In the 40 years that have whitened the aggressive moustache and imperial of M. Bertrand, he has taught fencing to three generations of the bluntest blood of England, and he is teaching now the great-grandchildren of his earliest pupils. Far parentheses, he can tire out, foil in hand, the most stalwart fencer in his school—which, I think, says something for the art as a preservative of health and vigor. I questioned him on this point. "Go to the doctors and ask their opinion," answered M. Bertrand. "I class my pupils in three divisions. First, there are those who want fencing as a pastime, and the operative singers, in whose art whether they agree with me or not—a knowledge of the foil is absolutely indispensable. Thirdly, there are the people who are sent to me by the doctors. Half my pupils are ordered here by their medical men—overworked students, barristers and literary men, whose livers have got out of order, hypochondriacs and sentimentalists of all sorts. Voyez vous, there is not a nervous disease of the century which is not curable by the fencing master. Of all the physical exercises, this is the most thorough and complete. It calls into play every muscle in the body. It acts and reacts on every organ. Fencing is harder work than boxing, and more wholesome, though far less severe, than riding. And it is so enticing! That is half the good of it. It allures much more than any gymnastic exercise. Advance a little in fencing, and you cannot leave it off. The first steps over, the task becomes a delight; the teacher has no longer any need to gild the pill."

Most Perfect Postal System.

The Berlin postal service, long one of the best postal services in the world, has just been improved by a unique innovation. On November 1st ten large postal wagons, with sorting tables, stamping arrangements, and everything else used in preparing mail for transportation, were sent out from Berlin station C over ten routes to the city limits to collect the contents of the city mail boxes. The officials who accompanied the wagons sorted, stamped and bunched the mail brought them from the boxes by a porter, while the wagons were being driven in from the outskirts of the city. In this way an hour, and often enough, two hours, was saved from the time before required for preparing mails for the trains. A letter box was attached to the side of each wagon, so that pedestrians in the street could throw in their letters whenever the wagon stopped. These postal wagons have been a complete success thus far, and will be continued in use. Most of them cover their routes in just an hour. The Berlin post officials boast that they now have the quickest city mail service in the world. —New York Sun.

Husband—"Did you ever notice, my dear, that a loud talker is generally an ignorant person?" Wife—"Well, there is no need of your yelling so to impress it on my mind."

WHAT IS GOOD?
"What is the real good?" I asked in musing mood.
Order, said the law court;
Knowledge, said the school;
Truth, said the wise man;
Pleasure, said the fool;
Love, said the maiden;
Beauty, said the page;
Freedom, said the dreamer;
Honor, said the sage;
Fame, said the soldier;
Equity, the seer.

Spoke my heart full sadly:
"The answer is not here."

Then within my bosom
Softly thus I heard:
"Each heart holds the secret;
Kindness is the word."

—John Boyle O'Reilly in Georgetown College Journal.

—Gillouddy (knowingly)—"Got a cold, eh? What have you been taking for it?" Jimson (wearily)—"Oh, advice from two or three hundred cranks." And Gillouddy changed the subject.

—Wife—"Harry, do you see how attentive that couple on the sofa are to each other? I'm quite positive there's something between them." Husband (after a look)—"I think you're mistaken, my dear."

BECAUSE.

"Man's head and woman's heart, they say,
In perfect harmony should be.
In wedded life, now tell me, pray,
How will it be with us?" said he.

"Your head, George, and my heart," she said,
In perfect harmony will be
(As they are now) when we are wed.
Because my heart is soft, you see.

—Pillow-shams have gone out of style, and already there is a marked decrease in divorce applications.

OLD CHINESE BRIDGES.

Engineering Skillmen in the Celestial Empire.

The Chinese suspension bridges, dating from the time of the Han dynasty (206 B. C. to 220 A. D.) furnish striking evidence of the early acquaintance of the Chinese with engineering science. According to the historical and geographical writers of China it was Shang Liang, the commander of the army under Han Tan, who undertook the construction of the roads in the Province of Shensi, to the west of the capital, the high mountains and deep gorges of which made communication difficult, and which could be reached only by circuitous routes. As the head of an army of 10,000 workmen Shang Liang cut through mountains and filled up the valleys with the soil obtained from the excavations. Where, however, this was not sufficient to raise a road high enough, he built bridges resting upon abutments or projections.

At other places, where the mountains were separated by deep gorges, he carried out a plan of throwing suspension bridges stretching from one slope to the other. These bridges, appropriately called by the Chinese writers "flying" bridges, are sometimes so high as to inspire those who cross them with fear. At the present day there is still a bridge in existence in Shensi 400 feet long, which stretches across a gorge of immense depth. Most of the bridges are only wide enough to allow of the passage of two mounted men, railings on both sides serving for the protection of travellers. It is not improbable that the missionaries who first reported on Chinese bridges two centuries ago gave the initiative to the construction of suspension bridges in the West.—Iron.

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Graduates of Alma Commercial College are now in lucrative positions in the leading cities of Canada and the United States. Full courses in Book-keeping, Photography, Penmanship, Type-writing, Certificates and Diplomas granted.

Young ladies pursuing either of the above courses can also enter for Music, Fine Arts, or Elocution and enjoy all the advantages of residence. Rates low. 60 pp. An announcement free. Address Principal Austin, A.M.

Anti-Frobish Steamer.

Prohibitionist—Have you any doubts as to Brother Bink's loyalty to the cause?

Second Prohibitionist—None whatever; why?

Prohibitionist—I hear it was whispered that he came over from France on La Champagne.

Woman! be fair, we must adore thee!

Smile, and a world is weak before thee!

But how can a woman smile when she is suffering untold misery from complaints from which we must all escape? The answer is easy. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is an infallible remedy in all cases of "female weakness," morning sickness, disorders of the stomach, nervous prostration, and similar maladies. As a powerful invigorating tonic it imparts strength to the whole system, and to the womb and its appendages in particular. As a soothing and strengthening nerve it subdues nervous excitability, irritability, exhaustion, prostration, hysteria, apoplexy, and other distressing, nervous symptoms commonly attendant upon functional and organic diseases of the womb. It induces refreshing sleep and relieves mental anxiety and despondency. Sold by druggists, under a positive guarantee, from the manufacturers, to give satisfaction.

Why He Spoke.

"Young man," said an old gentleman to a reporter, "do you expect to follow your present vocation in the next world?"

"I hadn't thought of that sir. Why do you ask?"

"Because if you do, you can write up glowing accounts of things without being far out of the way."

They "Swore Like our Army in Flanders."

may be said of many sufferers from biliousness, headache, constipation, indigestion, and their resultant irritability, intellectual sluggishness, ennui, etc. The temptation to thus violate a sacred commandment, however, is speedily and permanently removed by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets—tiny, little, sugar-coated antibilious Granules; nothing like them. One a dose. Druggists.

At an "L." Station.

Fond Mamma—Emily, child, don't get into that crowd. You'll get squeezed.

Emily—That's just like you, mother.

You never want to have me enjoy myself.

Beauty's Dower.

Where grace and beauty most abound,
True happiness will oft be found.
Where ruby lips and glowing cheek
The gift of rugged health bespeak.

The artist, Nature's nobleman,
Will risk the treasure of his art,
Depicting, deftly as he can,
The lines engraven on his heart.

Fair maiden, may life's richest joy
Spread her bright mantle o'er thee;
May years but gently with you toy,
And pleasures sweet, without alloy,

With fairest blossoms cover thee;
But should, perchance, thy beauty fade,
Thy canst call quickly to thy aid
Our Golden Medical Discovery.

Remember that Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a sure cure for all skin eruptions and diseases of the blood.

—What a fine thing old age is!" said M. Angier not long before his death. "One is surrounded with care, attention and respect. But what a pity that it lasts so short a time!"

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