

The Joke of Long Ago.

He stops you on the corner, and he gaily spins it over. And you pause and listen, silent, though you've heard it all before. You remember every syllable, anticipate each pause, and can point the usual time for interruption and applause.

You have heard it in the orchard as you lolled beneath the trees. Shaking algebra and Latin for the humming of the bees. You have heard it at the corner when the day's dull labor's o'er.

The leisure-bless assembled at the village general store. Though each reciter altered it for fear it might grow tame. It lived in the affection staunch and faithful—still the same.

My fiddle? Well, I kind o' keep her handy, don't you know? Though I ain't so much inclined to tromp the strings and switch the bow.

My playin's only middlin'—times I picked up when a boy—The kind o' sort o' fiddlin' that the folks call corduroy.

From the strings across her middle to the screechin' keys above—From her open, over bridge and to the ribbon round her throat.

How can vile man be justified with God? And how can he be clean of woman born? Behold, the very man is dark before Him!

Man is indeed unclean and worthless; but With joy I remember liveth; That He shall stand at the appointed day.

Two little cheeks round and fair, Two little lips with fragrant signs, Two little nose and two blue eyes.

Johnnie Got it Mixed. Mrs. De Courcy Bluff—Good gracious, Maude, what is this I hear? Johnnie says you told Miss Van Gils that young Astorbond was a faithful hog.

The Penny Post in Australia. Victoria introduced the penny post all over its territory this year as a loss estimated at about \$300,000 per annum.

To Farmers. Don't sign any paper which a stranger presents, no matter what he says about it, and no matter how innocent the thing appears.

The general opinion among those who have made a study of the subject is that the imperial Rome is bankrupt. The municipal authorities and private individuals, presuming too much upon the immediate growth of the city as the capital of Italy, have gone into extravagant enterprises.

In a recent lecture on cookery at Chautauque, Mrs. Emma P. Ewing declared that good food is indispensable to piety.

FIFTY YEARS HENCE

A Prophecy by the Past Master of St. Cecile Lodge, F. and A. M.

There is a Masonic lodge in New York which holds its meetings in the day time. It is known among the fraternity as the "afternoon lodge" or the "matinee lodge," and its membership is chiefly made up of actors, musicians, morning newspaper men and others whose occupations oblige them to be on duty at night.

This lodge, the designation of which is St. Cecile, No. 568, F. and A. M., celebrated its 25th anniversary on June 17th in the commandery room of the Masonic temple. A large audience of members and friends were most agreeably entertained by a number of actors, singers and instrumentalists, including Fred. Solomon and Geo. Olmi of the Casino, the "Country Fair" quartette, Geo. W. Morgan, the organist, and others.

When the programme was rather more than half finished, Mr. Charles H. Govan, former master of the lodge, was presented to the audience, and gave a most unexpected address. He began by saying that twenty-five years was quite long enough to determine the vitality of an organization, and that it was reasonable to suppose that St. Cecile Lodge was destined to an existence of great duration and vigor.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that fifty years from now, in this same indestructible edifice, there will be a celebration by the members of this lodge of the magnificence of which we can form only a faint conception. I expect to be present on that occasion (laughter). It has often been said that sickly people live the longest if they are not too sickly. They are prudent and temperate because they have to be. Therefore, as I have not enjoyed robust health for twenty years, and never will again, I expect, by reason of the extraordinary precautions I will have to take, that I will be alive when all my big red-faced brethren of middle age have died off from congested livers, apoplexy, fatty degeneration and other ailments peculiar to those who live not wisely but too well.

"Brethren,—I have just arrived from the great metropolis—Chicago—where I have been making a visit to some of my grandchildren and great grandchildren, who are settled there. Worshipful Brother Griffith, of this lodge, accompanied me to the station, and as the electric express was about to start, not more than six hours since, his last words were: 'Tell the brethren of St. Cecile that although I cannot be with them in the flesh I will be with them in the spirit. Tell them also that I will address them for a few minutes through the microphone.' Fifty years ago it took me nearly a third of the time to reach this spot from the eastern section (then called Brooklyn) as it did to-day to come from Chicago, and as I overlooked this beautiful city from the top of the tunnel tower, at the western end of this street, before descending the chute, and recalled the smoke-enshrouded desert of brick and mortar known as New York in the past, I rejoiced that I had been spared to see this happy time. I can appreciate the change as you young men cannot. You have never known what it was to live in a city with so few parks; that the only playground for most children was the streets; where, instead of the beautiful elevated sidewalk, with all the retail stores on the same level, with roadways underneath, and the ground floors of the business district given up to wholesale traffic, horses, carriages, carts and pedestrians, bales, barrels and boxes were all jumbled together on the busy ground, and you had to risk your life as you crossed; where, instead of the silent electric motor, which takes you wherever you want to go at a rate of five miles a minute, you had to depend on a horrible, nerve-wearing arrangement on rails, called an elevated railroad, which roared like a leviathan while it crept like a snail, and on which you shivered in winter and stewed in summer.

"This is now a city of homes, but in my young days it was largely a city of hovels. Since the government first took the transportation business out of the hands of rascally corporations it has gradually become habitable for every workingman to sit under his own roof-tree, for it now costs no more either in time or money to ride twenty miles than it formerly did to ride one mile, and the portions of Westchester Long Island and East Jersey lying within a radius of twenty miles from this spot, which were once solitary and desert-like, now blossom like the rose. In my early days hundreds of thousands of strong men tramped the country looking vainly for somebody to hire them. I have seen women picking up rags and paltry odds and ends in the streets for a livelihood. I have seen little children barefooted on November nights selling papers or begging pennies. I have seen swarms of them at work in dingy factories when they ought to have been at play. I have seen sick men at work, when they ought to have been in bed because they could not afford to stop. All these evils were rife in my time, because of a system of taxation which choked production at the foundation head and permitted a few idlers to grow rich at the expense of their toiling brethren.

"Meanwhile the people, though daily conscious of a great wrong, were sorely confused by the sophistries of the press and the pulpit, both of which tried to delude us into the belief that we were a free and happy people, amid the clamor of socialism, anarchism, nationalism and I know not how many other isms, each of which was warranted to be a sure cure for all the ills afflicting the body politic. I am thankful that the people have at length the wisdom to see that the remedy for all the evils besetting them lay in a simple amendment of the laws by which the products of labor were released from taxation, and all government revenue was derived from a single tax on the rental value of land. No words of mine can describe the magical change which followed when the incubus of land monopoly was lifted from our civilization. The good results were so pronounced and unmistakable that our example spread like wildfire throughout the world. Natural opportunities being everywhere set free, no man suffered from enforced idleness. Land speculation was abolished, for the reason that holders could no longer afford to keep land idle, but had to build, cultivate or sell. This caused such a demand for labor that wages went up like a rocket and have stayed up ever since. The working and business day was gradually shortened from ten or twelve hours to six—from 9 a. m. to 3 p. m.—because every labor-saving invention, instead of serving to still further enrich the land owners, went to lighten the burden of life for all mankind.

"St. Cecile, as you all know, was once an afternoon lodge. Now, the only difference between this and other lodges is that we meet two hours later—at 9 in the evening instead of at 7. Theatrical and musical performances being now given between the hours of 5.30 and 8.30, actors and musicians are enabled to attend lodge in the evening and meet with their brethren in other walks of life. The ladies are no longer obliged to wear themselves out and spoil their beautiful complexions over cooking stoves and wash-tubs, or to roughen their fingers with ashes, clinkers and caustic soda, washing powders, or to burn themselves up with kerosene oil; for all laundering is now done as if by magic at the public laundries, hygienic knowledge has become so widespread and the race has so gained in vigor that raw food has largely taken the place of cooked, and tea and coffee are no longer a daily necessity; every house has its own electric light plant and its own ice machine; and manufacturing and culinary operations are now conducted by means of water gas, which is far cheaper than coal used to be, and a rising era is now started by simply turning a gas-cock, which at once turns on the gas and ignites it. The whiskey business has ceased to be profitable; the old prohibition party found out long ago that the chief cause of intemperance was poverty—that men drank to forget their misery—but when poverty was abolished there was comparatively few troubles left to be drowned in the flowing bowl. Drunkenness is now considered a disgrace, because there is no excuse for it. Inventions have not proved an unmixed blessing, however, for us Masons, for since the wonderful improvements in flying machines we are obliged, during our meetings, to have a tyler at every window. The beautiful and spacious parks and commodious dwellings which distinguish the east central quarter of this island occupy ground once the site of wretched tenement houses, where neither decency nor comfort was possible and where children died like murrain-smitten sheep. The struggle for existence is no longer the desperate battle it once was, in which men grew prematurely old and sank into the grave before their time; business and professional jealousy no longer array men against each other; standing armies, so long a standing menace to the peace of peaceful parents, and the lesson of universal brotherhood set for mankind one hundred and fifty years ago by Brother Robert Burns has been so well learned that, really, my brethren, I do not see that there is much further use for our order, except to preserve well loved traditions and to promote sociability."

THE DEAD HAND.

A reporter who has been investigating the Newfoundland trouble on the spot writes as follows: "The colonial fishermen are a lot of big, strong, good-natured fellows, inured to every sort of privation and hardship. They are two nationalities—Englishmen from the west country, and Irishmen from the south of Ireland. The present generation of them is native-born. Immigration ceased fifty years ago. The families of the greater part have been in Newfoundland for more than a century, and have never moved from the granite cliffs, or the sheltered cove, where their forefathers first made a home. A braver people could not be found, but their simplicity, utter lack of ambition and their long continued wedlock with poverty have taught them to suffer the extremes of misfortune with patience. The evils of which they complain to-day have existed for fifty years, but it is only within the last six months that they have begun to use the language of menace. Now they speak up frankly. They have gradually acquired a knowledge of what the old treaties contain, how they came to be made and what the interpretations are which the contending politicians put upon them, and they do not hesitate to say that they will endure them no longer. One of the fishermen, an intelligent old chap, with a frame of iron and a face as gentle as that of the great black dog which lay on the 'fluke' beside him, put the case in this way: 'I were all well enough, sir, in them days before me as an' me fourteen childer was borned at all, for them two ould kings to patch up their quarrels by slicin' up Nuffinon' betwixt 'em. Ay, it were all right thin, dye see? But now, me an' me fourteen childer is here, an' we couldn't help bein' here, none of us, and bein' here, we've our livin' to mek, and we don't give a dom about them dead an' gone kings, nor what they said.' We confess to a strong sympathy with the sentiment of the concluding sentence. Too much respect is paid to the sayings and doings of old dead and gone kings. 'The evil that men do lives after them.' King Charles presented great estates to his illegitimate children, and the people of England two hundred years later pay large sums every year to the progeny for permission to use a portion of their native land. King William was equally generous to his Dutch kingy Portland or Beninck, and the terms of the gift kept Englishmen poor two centuries after William's death. What right had Queen Anne to compel men who were not born when she died, to hand over a large portion of their earnings to the descendants of the Duke of Marlborough, as a perpetual pension? In the early days of Upper Canada, the Crown Lands were granted lavishly to men who had political influence. Who has not read of the old documents—"I, Peter Russell, Administrator of the Government of Upper Canada, do grant to you, Peter Russell, gentleman, that 'portion of land,' etc. By virtue of that performance, the Toronto Baldwin has been able to live in luxury without labor. The documents by Canadians to the Hudson Bay Company, and to the Canada Company—something for nothing—betoken our respect for the doings of dead-and-gone kings. How much better and nobler is the Jeffersonian idea that the land belongs in usufruct to the living. The people who want to use it should have easy access to it. The rent of the land should go to the Government for current public expenses. The men of a past age were at liberty to rule in their day, but what a farce it is that they should continue to rule and hamper the men of this age. Was wisdom buried with them?"

Englishmen. What do I like best in England? asks Bab, The men. I like them because they are real, and by real I mean lacking in pretence. I like them because they are big and healthy-looking. I like them because they wear their clothes as if they grew on them, and not as if they were assumed by the assistance of a shoe-horn. I like them because they realize their own rights and insist upon having them. I like them because, while they are polite, they do not make you think it is a sugar icing like that on pound cake. I like them because they like children, dogs and horses. I like them because they can row a boat, ride a horse and drive a four-in-hand well, or else not at all. I like them because they are big and strong looking—I prefer a brute to an effeminate man. I like them because they like American women.—New York World.

Gorgeous Parasols. A contemporary has this to say for the parasol offering: "The sun umbrella, or as the French say, the en teus cas, is in danger of being displaced by the parasol. The former is the most useful article, as it serves a double purpose. Chiffon and crepe and other flimsy stuffs of gossamer lightness are the materials run on for parasols. Some of the most gorgeous are ornamented the handles. These are rooted to the stick itself, and don't get out of the way by the heat or pressure of the hand. Some of the newest parasols are entirely veiled with butterfly net. They are wonderfully pretty." Nevertheless, the red sun umbrella has been the seller "par excellence" of the spring season, and at the present writing is having the strongest kind of summer resort popularity.

Curious Lore of the Hog. In Buffalo, when anybody shows a trace of hogghabness in the street cars, or does anything wicked on the streets, they say he is a Canadian. In St. Paul they lay it on the Minnesopolitans; and when anybody in Chicago starts to paint the town people shake their heads pityingly and say he is from St. Louis. So in Philadelphia, who ever raises a row in this peaceful hamlet is said to be from Jersey, just as in New York the victim of the bunco stealer and the fresh and green are said to be Jerseymen. To Jersey means, in Philadelphia and among New Yorkers who know Philadelphia customs, to go on a spree, to the theatre, or on a vacation in which each man pays his own expenses.—New York Sun.

The difference between a self-made man and an "upstart" is simply this: One is your friend and the other isn't. Rosettes of different colors, of narrow velvet ribbon, are the only stylish trimming on some of the bonnets, with crape or tulle rosettes of different colors decorate large hats.

SLEEP IN HOT WEATHER.

One reason, no doubt, why so many people become "pulled down" in health during hot weather is that they do not exercise care to get their necessary amount of sleep. At the very time when the demands upon the endurance are greater than at any period of the year, they devote fewer hours to recuperating their bodies in nature's perfect way than at times when the demand upon the physical resources is only normal.

Of course it is to be remembered that this is the season when there is the greatest temptation to neglect the good old maxim of "Early to bed." At no other time of year is a bad-room less inviting than now, when, especially if it is near the roof, as bad-rooms often are, its air will be hot and stagnant until changed by the evening breeze from the lake.

At no other season are the temptations to sit out on the front piazza so great as now. This latter practice is one of the pleasantest of those which characterize American informal social life and need not be entirely sacrificed. But to devote to it hours which should be passed in sleep is to shorten one's life and one can be of very little use to society after he is dead or to himself either so far as the masters of this mundane sphere are concerned. As the comic Irishman in the rhyme puts it: "What's the world to a man when his wife is a widow?"

The young can stand even less than the old the drain on their vitality caused by insufficient repose. The growing time of life, the time when body and mind are in the developmental stage, is a time when nutrition and conservatism are imperatively necessary. So let the young folk, as well as the old folk, see to it that their summer evenings that they get to bed betimes.

Those who find it difficult to sleep on account of the heat can readily circumvent old Sol by taking a bath. If it is only a hasty sponge bath it will do wonders in cooling the body, softening and freshening the skin, and preparing the system for the ready enjoyment of "tired nature's sweet restorer."

Awakening from such a sleep as it is possible to secure even in warm rooms through which there is a draft of air, one is refreshed and fitted to cope with much better advantage with a hot day of weather than the tired and jaded beings who have tried to get along without duly refreshing themselves of the only recuperative process which is at everybody's command.—Evening Wisconsin.

Popular Theories May Be Explored. We should not be surprised if the labor of the Prison Reform Commission exploded a few popular theories. Chief McKinnon, of Hamilton, and several other good authorities are of the opinion that the prevailing idea that jails are schools for crime is mainly fiction. They hold that criminals are made outside and that want of classification is not a main factor in causing crime. Perhaps the overcrowded Toronto jail is an exception. There is also a prevailing impression that boys are often worse than the men. The boys are better under his care use language that the men would not use. The revelation is a sad one, but no doubt there is much truth in it. There are several other points on which the public hold views that may be shown to have little or no foundation in fact. What is wanted is the truth, and let us have that no matter how many popular theories have to go by the board.—Canada Presbyterian.

An Ingenious Definition. Teacher—Now children, here we have the word "Intuition." Who can tell me what it means? Phenomenally Bright Scholar—Intuition is that faculty of the human mind which enables a person to distinguish at a glance a patent medicine advertisement from a real news article.

We hear a good deal now and then of the "shot-gun" policy down South and of the negroes lying in terror from the wrath of the white men. A colored man from Virginia, however, after a visit to the Northern States, comes to the conclusion that the Southern negroes are better treated and have more rights than their brethren of the North. He says: "Being a native of Danville, Va., and the son of a former slave, I have been living North but a brief period, but from what I have seen of the two sections I claim the Southern negro has more privileges and advantages than his Northern brother of the same race. Though I have used my utmost endeavor to avail myself of the 'equal rights' so boastfully mentioned by the 'friends of the negro' in the North, I am deterred from the workshops, from the counting-rooms, from official positions, or from any occupation I may seek, except that which requires me to wear the white apron badge of cook or waiter, or as a hot-carrier. I must seek only the positions least remunerative if not the most menial. When I pass along Lombard street, Philadelphia, I find that prejudice against them has crowded the negroes together like hogs in a pen, and I venture to assert that there is not a spot south of Mason and Dixon's line where the negro is in so much misery, or faces such squalid poverty, as the poor denizens of Lombard street and the other miserable quarters in which he has been compelled on account of his color to reside in the 'good City of Brotherly Love.' It would be wise to let a little of the sympathy that arises from the love of the brother in black to begin here at home. The South has done, and is still doing, more for the negro than many suppose. Negroes have been sent from the South to the United States Senate, to the lower House of Congress, to the State Legislature, and they have held minor positions, but have yet to hear of a 'black Congressman' from the Republic. The South is a single negro that has ever been considered good enough to hold the position of postmaster or any other position that requires an ounce of brain-work. It is a well known fact that the rights of the negro as freely expressed for the 'rights of the human race' down South can be better extended in the North."

Mrs. Patti, it is said, has an insatiable appetite for stewed prunes, which she eats for her complexion. The King of Belgium requested the honor of contributing best man for Stanley's wedding and named Comte Darbois for that honor.

Object Lessons. Teacher—What's the past tense of see? Pupil—"Seed." "What's your authority for that form?" "A sign in the grocery store." "What does it say?" "Timothy seed."

A little, unprotected, electric light wire can heat a gigantic one-price clothing house out of sight when it comes to giving a man ready made fits.